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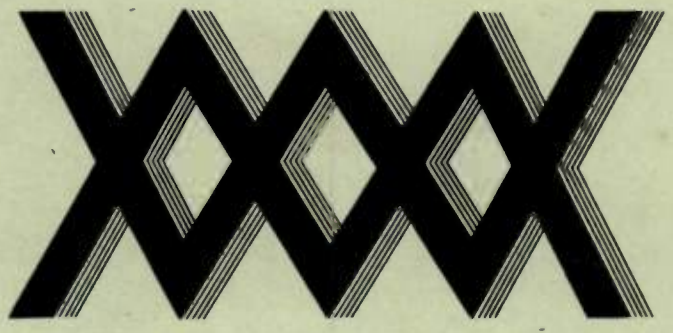

FILMS | VIDEO | TV FILMS | RADIO | MUSIC | STAGE

VARIETY

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SHOW BIZ HURT BY VIOLENCE

TV: Damned If You Do or Don't When It Comes to 'Telling It Like It Is'

By DAVE KAUFMAN

Hollywood.

Television has unwittingly uncovered a strange malady, one of plague proportions in Washington, and afflicting large segments of the population.

When tv has sought to do what it really does best — to focus its cameras on what's happening — it has been met with an outcry, an uproar which condemns television rather than what the tv cameras have shown. It's a peculiar phenomenon, as though a man who wears glasses sees something hideous and horrifying, and chooses to blame his spectacles for what he has seen.

It's a monumental case of self-delusion, a refusal to face the facts, to bluntly look at the truth, and it adds up to an unhealthy malady which is plaguing the land.

In a way, all this began last year, when millions of Americans

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A Mania For Bicycles

By FERRIS HARTMAN

Paris.

Pedalissimo is the *le plus snob* club in Paris this season. The bicycle is its raison d'etre.

When you ge past the princesses and millionaires on wheels, the working members turn out to be such pedalers as Brigitte Bardot, Anouk Aimee, Catherine Deneuve, Jean Seberg, Paco Rabanne and some excellent strippers from the Crazy Horse Saloon.

A Cycle Centre of Promotion & Documentation at 83 rue Jouffroy specializes in gala dinners to at-

(Continued on page 34)

CAMPUS & RACIST MOBS MARK '68

By ABEL GREEN

Show business, television, the arts and all the communications in general reflected in 1968 perhaps the most civil violent year of the 20th century. The assassinations of Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and Senator Robert F. Kennedy punctuated mayhem, property destruction and not infrequently deaths in black-white confrontations. School riots were no longer spring fever capers. It was all too grim from Berkeley, Calif. to New York's Columbia Univ. (Michael Rudd) to the Sorbonne barricades and Danny the Red in Paris; ditto in Germany, South America, Mexico City (dip-

(Continued on page 56)

Eyeball To Eyeball

By ART BUCHWALD

Washington.

The most valuable television football-watcher's award was presented last week to Harry Dalinsky of Georgetown at a dinner given at Duke Zeibert's restaurant in Washington. Dalinsky, who could not attend because he was watching the Orange Bowl game at the time, was represented by his wife, Marion, who said in her acceptance speech that Harry considered it a great honor to be voted the trophy which consisted

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Film Industry in New 'Garbo Epoch' As Femme Stars Dominate at B.O.

By SHEILAH GRAHAM

When I went to Hollywood to start my column in 1936, the most exciting stars were women. Garbo was soon to play "Camille" with Robert Taylor, a new handsome lad who had recently changed his name from Arlington Brugh. "Oh Armand, Armand!"; Norma Shearer was playing Juliet to Leslie Howard's Romeo (she was Queen of the MGM lot, married to the King, Irving Thalberg); Jean Harlow with her platinum head was on view at all the parties (tragedy was behind her and she was planning to marry William

Sheilah Graham

(Continued on page 54)

Munich Survives Shock: Language & Garments Fall

By JOHN KAFKA

Munich.

Until 1968, femme nudity (above waist) was confined to Munich's tawdry night spots. Verbal and sign language obscenity on stage remained something unknown and unheard-of here. This city got a first glimpse of what was going on elsewhere when New York's Cafe La Mamma, on its European tour, presented "Futz" and "Tom Paine." Later, the Open Theatre, the Werkraum, likewise fractured local morality taboos. As both events were "protected" by Kammerspiele's annual "Experimental Week," authorities looked the other way.

The example spread to the pres-

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No Jewish Theatre Or Press Exists Today Behind Iron Curtain

Prague.

There are no more Yiddish theatres behind the Iron Curtain. There are also no more Yiddish newspapers, although there is some sporadic publication in Moscow of clearly Communist-oriented Yiddish journalism. Nevertheless, virtually all the Communist countries are anxious to continue the belief that there is no anti-Semitism. Efforts are being made officially here to arrange a strong celebration (in July, 1969) of the 1,000th anniversary of the Prague Jewish community, centering

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Flawed Rapture Of Drama-Going In London Town

By DICK RICHARDS

London.

New Yorkers are prone to exalt the bargains and conveniences they think they see in London theatregoing. Some of these are real enough, though all generalities break down under exceptions. Still, I've got a little list of irritations, as collected from friends, which suggest that the London drama patron is not invariably delighted when he ventures upon the town. Here they are:

PROGRAMMES: Most London playgoers are envious of the Broadway "free program." Here it costs 12c to get a program (if the usherettes haven't run out). Program usually consists of a flock of ads, three or four pictures of

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Old Wheezes Catch Up Up With News Events So As To Make 'Em New Again

By HARRY HERSHFIELD

Joe Miller actually lived but not nearly as well as those who have lived off him since. Clarifying this observation recalls a conversation between the great Will Rogers and equally l.g. Joe Laurie Jr. The cowboy humorist asked him about the qualifications of a certain comedian and Joe replied, "He's corny!" "You mean he got laughs?," countered Rogers.

Comedians should always hang on to their stock-in-trade no matter how old some of the material

(Continued on page 84)

Trapped Between Right and Left: Predicament of Venice Film Fest

By PROF. LUIGI CHIARINI
(Director, Venice Film Fest)

Rome.

The book I am preparing on the 29th Venice Film Festival held last year has the title "A Lion and Other Animals," and I believe it will be instructive and interesting. I have reserved only the last chapter in it to express the results of six years experience as festival director and include such timely questions as the usefulness of film festivals, their organization and, in particular, the one I directed for the past six years in Venice.

The first *contestatori* (antiestablishment opposition) I encountered were without doubt the film producers. Through their International Federation of Film Producers Assns., dominated by the Motion Picture Assn. of America — that is the big American film industry — they waged war against Venice, inviting abstention from all and even resorting to the "big lie" as was the case last year when they announced the nonparticipation of Czechoslovakia.

Only afterwards did opposition arise from Italian film authors and directors of ANAC, a leftwing organization whose membership includes some names of valor, many young filmmakers and documentarists.

The producers accused Venice of being too artistic and cultural

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'Over-Talking' TV When Home Carries Bad Habit Into Theatre: Reasoner

Radio City Music Hall in New York, which Renata Adler, N.Y. Times critic, recently called "a nice place to view motion pictures" drew sardonic "treatment" from Harry Reasoner on CBS Radio. Reasoner questioned whether the vast Music Hall, with an added stageshow featuring the dancing Rockettes, is today a comfortable place in which to see a picture. He complained that it attracts large "lineups," which mean that many parents with children head for the "rest rooms" as soon as they get seated. Next, there is "too much talking by the folksy audience, for enjoyment of the feature." Reasoner emphasized, however, that this is true of virtually all film houses in New York City.

Once, the audible reactions, even by children, were confined to "the right moments"; now numerous patrons tend to talk almost continually during a showing, "and not always about the picture unfolding." Reasoner attributed such development to "home television," where viewers have nurtured skill in "overtalking" the tube.

PARIS BARRICADES CUED WIT & TAUNTS

By HERBERT R. LOTTMAN

Paris.

Events of last May and June in France generated spontaneous jokes, slogans, and satirical cartoons invented by students or even the people of the streets, though some of it was the work of professional cartoonists. One satirical magazine was launched containing nothing but cartoons and slogans (though re-reading it now I see that they were more angry than funny 99% of the time).

Revolutionaries are seldom comical. Lenin was no standup yok boy. If it proves anything, Daniel Cohn-Bendit—Danny the Red—was always smiling. Whereas Lenin wrote a tract calling leftwing Communism an infantile disease, Danny has just come out with a book calling his particular

(Continued on page 60)

Yanks Sing This Song Most Often

By DAVID EWEN

Ask any 10 people at random—musical cognoscenti included—which song Americans have sung most often during the past half century (not the song that has earned the most money, or sold the most sheet music or records, but the song most often sung) and you are likely to get 10 different answers. Some will say "Yankee Doodle," others "The Star-Spangled Banner," or "White Christmas" or "Silent Night, Holy Night." Any one that the 10 will select will be the wrong one. And it won't be a song by one of America's great popular composers—Cohan, Herbert, Berlin, Rodgers.

The song Americans have sung

(Continued on page 54)

TOM CURTISS, VALERY, GREENE, LYNN HONORS

Paris.

Two Paris reps of American newspapers and a British novelist were decorated here with the Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

N.Y. Times amusement editor (and quondam VARIETY correspondent) Thomas Quinn Curtiss and N.Y. Daily News' Bernard Valery were honored, as was British writer Graham Greene.

Vera Lynn, OBE

London.

Omitted from the year's-end honors list of Queen Elizabeth was the name of singer Vera Lynn, who was awarded the Order of the British Empire. During World War II she was the favorite songstress of the British Expeditionary Forces.

Hawaii Unhinges Hippies; Threat To Hula Tourism

By WALT CHRISTIE

Honolulu.

Hippies in Hawaii, yes. But hippies in Waikiki? Hardly. Explains a cynical Waikiki watchdog: "You'll find anything and everything in this jungle—sexual misfits, narcotics addicts, burglars, degenerates, beach bums, plain bums. The hippies shun this place; they're scared of it."

The word hippie has become a cliche but Hawaii's still a haven for some of the nation's dropouts, teens and adults alike. But then it always was, at least since the first sailors jumped ship in search of a life of escapism in the idyllic isles. Then, as the first missionaries were arriving more adventurers were moving in, many hoping to literally go native and find carefree living and wholesale romance.

This latter breed continues to pour in, though few Americans still entertain the notion that

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'VARIETY' AT 63

Economists foresee "leisure time" divertissement in an automated, computerized economy not only as a new market but a mass necessity with sharply curtailed work weeks and earlier retirements. The social legislation belongs to the times. The perspective of entertainment is reported week by week herein.

In the evolutionary two-thirds of a century this paper has chronicled the popular amusement trends against the economic canvas which governs any enterprise, particularly one supposedly committed to the entertainment arts. From an era when there were no less than 25,000 theatres playing vaudeville in lesser and greater degree (tanktown theatres with one- and two-act "bills" to that Paradise of the vaudevillian's dream, the Palace), this too constituted the "leisure time" entertainment of a vast cross-section of America. Today's "piggyback" cinemas had their forerunners in rooftop, camp-chair "theatres," with a silver screen strung up atop the store-front theatre below, and the family en masse cooled off under the stars. When Ziegfeld evolved the "Midnight Follies" in a plusher rooftop theatre above the New Amsterdam, Loew's on that same West 42d St. opened the American Roof for vaudeville also in a cooler environment. When VARIETY foresaw the inevitable upsurge of films at the expense of vaudeville, this too was part of a broader economic picture as the big theatre circuits, allied with the major film producers-distributors (until divorcement), ploughed millions to stockholders.

Broadcasting and all the other electronic media, from improved stereophonic recording to tape, have run parallel almost, in the "leisure time" horizons, with the Rockefellers and their resorts development; the hotel plusheries and their casino appurtenances; the airlines and their chain hotel affiliations; the American and foreign flag hostelries and their tourism revenues. The show biz conglomerates with amusement industry subsidiaries now touch base on all these segments. From banjos and guitars to motorboats and airborne package deals, all come under "leisure time."

It all adds up to a huge cash flow—those multimillions for millions of consumers, not seasonally but continually.

And thus, VARIETY, over the years, as evidenced in this marking of its 63d anniversary, has been the barometer of responsible chronicling of the show biz scene. Its objectivity has long seen this paper looked to for insights by Wall Streeters as to the arts and artisans. The clue remains showmanship. It's been a long jump from a nickel vaudeville paper—fortuitously the more-embracing VARIETY masthead has long since outdistanced the 1905 concept—to a 50c weekly chronicle of a multimillion-dollar business. Not forgetting the weekly's own DAILY VARIETY, separately published in Hollywood.

Memorable Aphorisms

"I'd rather be right if possible, and read if possibler."—*Ashton Stevens.*

"Service is the rent we pay for our room on earth. I've tried to be a good tenant."—*Eddie Cantor.*

Olympics' Unsung Hero Was What One Man From Watts Was Doing for U.S.

By COL. BARNEY OLDFIELD

The ignored story of the Olympic Games in Mexico City was a black man with a can of film under his arm. The U.S. State Dept., so often criticized, had done something right.

The man is Mal Whitfield, five times an Olympic medal winner (3 of them gold, 1948 and 1952), who has been attached to the American Embassy in Kenya but has conducted coaching schools throughout the African countries.

The film cans he carried were celluloidal "how to" and "best of the Olympics" training and documentary subjects. They are

(Continued on page 60)

The By-Liners In This Issue

Early Press Time

This 63d Anniversary Number went to press several days ahead of the normal Tuesday deadline, due to the size of the paper.

Certain news departments are combined and certain other departments are omitted for this week only.

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CAN EUROPE SAVE 1969 FESTS?

Politics Of Confrontation Nearly Wrecked 1968 Film Gatherings And Nobody Quite Knows How To Protect Similar Disruption and Confusion

By ROBERT F. HAWKINS

London.

The year 1968 has been rough, literally revolutionary for film festivals. So what's for 1969?

The happenings at Cannes, and the followup shenanigans at a number of other events, such as Pesaro, Oberhausen, Berlin and most notably of all Venice, rocked the very foundations of what had been, since its inception in 1932 at Venice, a rather studiously sedate series of international gatherings sprinkled with a minimum of (mostly) vocal protests, interminable disputes (but always kept within limits) concerning admission of films, prizes, etc., and providing the film buff and Hollywood-and-Vine exec alike with the much-sought for excuse to mix work and play under the sunny skies of such exotic spots as Acapulco, Venice, Cannes or Rio.

The May Riviera Revolution changed all that, and ever since, but especially now that avid festivaliers are resting for the winter before the new season—or what they hope is going to be a new season—the people who put the events together for their own or others' interests have been burning the midnight oil in search of the formula with which to defeat any revolutionary moves in the coming year.

Some changes are undoubtedly necessary, or where not, have been made necessary by the pressure of students and events. While it's become more and more clear during the past year that students and other spearheaders of opposition were mainly intent on disrupting fests to gain attention to their particular political causes, and not especially worried about reforming the events themselves, the fact remains that most fest toppers feel they will have, in the new year, to keep these disrupters off balance.

Vague plans and promises, some already changed or taken back. These have concerned composition of jury, abolishing of prizes or changes in awarding of them, such as having audiences vote as well as juries, but especially "broadening" of film selection to include controversial films which might not otherwise have been shown, and screenings to be held for broader segments of audiences than the heretofore amalgam of elite and buff and trade.

There appears to be no sinecure, fest disrupters being —or having proven to be—anarchistic and Godardian (i.e., unpredictable) in their thinking, and it's hard to find a logic with which to fight the illogical and unpredictable. The fest directors therefore have their work cut out for them, and they know it.

However, since commercial interests are very much at stake—or at least festivals hope they'll continue to be at stake, since without the film companies' support most events wouldn't be able to make the grade financially—1969 may finally show a greater-than-ever liaison between the film festivals and the International Federation of Film Producers Assns., which in recent years has been either openly disdained (by Venice), or silently tolerated out of necessity by a number of others, because only the International Federation of Film Producers Assn., decides the rating of a fest and whether or not national producer organizations and its members are to attend.

Federation, which has met twice in recent months to examine the situation, is likewise worried about the fest disruptions and about the financial consequences they may have on the industries or companies involved. Though previously more concerned with keeping down the ever-increasing number of film events throughout the world by awarding recognition or not and rating events according to importance and "specialization," as well as sorting out such international politicial problems as overlaps in areas and schedules of events of interest to one ethnic or ideological block, the international producers group will this year have the added preoccupation of seeing to it, on behalf of its member companies, that festivals which want official recognition also come up with the suitable guarantees that they will not be harassed or shuttered and that any investments planned by film companies don't run the risk of going down the drain by the whim of a disgruntled student or disruptive filmmaker.

The solution is not an easy one, simply because it is provedly so easy to stop a screening by threatening violence, tampering with film, phoning in a false bomb-in-theatre rumor, etc., etc. Assembled crowds are vulnerable and festivals thrive on assembled crowds: there isn't really much reason to hold one without the international blend of buffs and pros which make them valuable to those who continue to believe in them, or at worst the "necessary evil" which others accept them as being.

But the fest managements everywhere at least have one large segment of support on their side: the storekeepers, hoteliers and just plain inhabitants, not to mention tourist bureaus, in the areas or town concerned, for whom the festival is an annual windfall and for whom 1968 will be an unmemorable year.

In Venice, while leftwing "contesting" groups tried in vain to stop last year's event (but caused considerable confusion in the process), the people of the lagoon city regardless of political allegiance to left, right or center, rallied round the cause, which was to have the event unroll smoothly and thus not harm the event which not only kept their city's name in the international headlines every year, but which also meant that extra jingle in their cashboxes when the gathering film clan assembled.

Regardless of what the powers that be decide, it seems very likely that local interests will play a large part in seeing to it that—if humanly and organizationally possible—1969 film festivals unspool as smoothly and uncontroversially as possible.

View From The MPAA

(1) RATINGS IN. (3) DOORS OPEN.
(2) GROSSES UP. (4) PRESTIGE RISES.
(5) PACTS INCESSANT.

By JACK VALENTI
(President, Motion Picture Assn. of America)

Dare the Difficult

Washington.

The people of the industry, in evolving and adopting the voluntary filmrating program, have, I think, given brilliant pertinence to a remark made more than 1,900 years ago, shortly after the birth of Christ, by Lucius Annaeus Seneca. This Spanish philosopher, playwright, poet, and Roman consul, said:

Jack Valenti

"It is not because things are difficult that we do not dare to attempt them, but they are difficult because we do not dare to do so."

This industry dared the difficult, as it has in other times, and, looking back over the months, the formidability of the rating task fades in memory as we occupy ourselves with concerns of the moment.

But my memory still retains thoughts of the many who made it possible. I think of the presidents of member-companies, I think of Julian Rifkin of NATO, I think of Munio Podhorzer of IFIDA, I think of scores of individual exhibitors and executives of circuits, I think of leaders in studios, Guilds and unions. I think of the tradepapers.

To my mind it is inconceivable that the plan could have done so well without their incomparable part in communicating its essence and meaning and progress to the industry and to those interested on the outside.

Salutes!

* * *

Television & Boxoffice

MPAA member-companies are supplying 39 hours of programming each week during the prime-time period, 7:30 to 11 p.m., on the three U.S. national networks during the 1968-69 television season. The total, the same as for 1967-68, breaks down as follows:

New telefilm series ..... 25 *hours weekly*
Feature motion pictures ..... 14 *hours weekly*

At the same time, according to reports from leading exhibitors, boxoffice grosses in U.S. theatres so far in 1968 are running from 8.5 to more than 20% higher than in 1967. Attendance is also up but at a more creeping pace.

* * *

Crashing Hollywood

Earlier in the year a chronicler of the studio scene, a kind of Wrong-Way Horace Greeley, cautioned college students interested in careers in films not to go West for they would be met by locked doors. Now let's see:

Item: The Writers Guild of America, West, during 1966, 1967, and the first half of 1968, took in 161 new members, of whom 39 received screenwriting credits.

Item: The Directors Guild of America, during 1967 and the first eight months of 1968, enrolled 426 new members.

Item: Since 1965, more than 1,200 new technicians and craftsmen have been taken in under the 10 joint training and apprenticeship programs of the Directors Guild, and of craft unions and the Association of Motion Picture and Television Producers.

Locked doors?

* * *

Movies Are the Message

It is not alone the "now" generation, especially college students, which has embraced the film. A heightened interest is evident also among community groups. The requests to the Association for speakers and programs on many aspects of motion pictures have risen appreciably.

So have the requests for the two-day Campus Seminars initiated by the Association. Several will be held during the current academic year. Seminars have taken place so far in 1968 at Stanford, Northwestern and Iowa universities.

* * *

Diplomacy

The Association has been active in recent months in film negotiations with foreign governments to open up trading opportunities and to remove impediments to the international commerce in motion pictures. Examples:

New agreements covering a wide field of film relations have been successfully negotiated with the United Arab Republic, India, and Kenya.

Agreements and arrangements dealing more specifically with such matters as import licenses, reduction of taxes, transfer of remittances, use of blocked funds, improved rentals have been concluded in several more countries, including Italy, Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Taiwan.

The results are reflected in improved earnings, in more stable markets, and in the freer flow of films. The immediate and ultimate financial benefits flowing from the negotiations will amount to several million dollars.

Member-companies of the Association, throughout the world, now generate gross income of more than $1,400,000,000 in diversified entertainment: motion pictures, television, music, and records.

Some 50% of their theatrical film revenue comes from abroad, a slight drop from the previous year in ratio to domestic income caused largely by foreign currency devaluations.

The U.S. market for foreign films is steadily improving, with a few of these pictures ranking among the top grossers in the theatres.

Communications

Illiteracy May Be On Increase In Many Lands

By MORRIS L. ERNST

Only 40 nations out of 220 on our planet have enough literacy and means of communication to toy with the idea of a marketplace where, by matching of wits, man has a chance to gain truth which means pleasure and economic fulfillment. In our nation we now know that all entertainment is educational, and that all successful education must be entertaining.

Morris L. Ernst

My annual appraisal of the marketplace of the mind is not a poll. It is more honorable because it is not an attempt at objectivity. Moreover, I include items mainly unreportable in the mass media but do believe our marketplace could support a series of regular columns or programs exclusively dedicated to the greatness and goodness of our beloved Republic. Here are a few *plus* and *minus* items about our free marketplace:

Hundreds of new motion picture theatres were built—mostly near supermarket places.

Daily newspapers gained less than 10% in circulation (we have lost 1,000 despite growth in literacy and population.)

Our 9,000 weeklies gained 40% in circulation and in several areas have organized central offices for joint soliciting of advertising.

Murders go over the 10,000 mark in primetime on TV but reach only 7,000 in the life of our nation. We must create 3,000 more murders in 1969 to catch up with the networks. They are ahead of life.

Loss of absolute faith in the tv pollsters has encouraged an opening wedge for the reporting of Good News—heretofore anathema.

The book industry continues with complaisant joy to accede to book postage rates—grossly discriminatory as compared to catalogs for bras and birdseeds. Single copy orders of books are so burdened by postage that books are leaving bookstores for libraries and schools.

The Louis J. Lefkowitz (N.Y. Attorney-General) investigation and legislation into money stolen from the theatre by "Ice," whereby millions go to boxoffice thieves, is showing marked but unreported success.

Our best dailies and tv stations will report "20 looters arrested"—but continue to refuse ever to print what happened to the looters. Thus law can be no deterrent to mob violence which will continue to increase.

A few of the mass media, believing in the First Amendment, dared to publish that a network had bugged secret meetings of a political platform committee.

Over 4,000 Sidewalk Art Shows gave evidence of the democratization of art in our great Republic.

National Arts Council declines to help the Sidewalk Art Shows, which sold thousands of pictures to buyers who donated the art—tax deductible—to public and pri-

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Sub-Teen Film [& TV] Critics: Or My Movie Day At P.S. 114

By JOHN M. CULKIN, S.J.

(Father Culkin is Director of Fordham University's Centre For Communications and an incessant conductor of seminars about cinema. Wearing his "Going My Way" suit he braved 250 Nine-year Olds at a New York public school, per his reactions.—Ed.)

"Judith Crist called. Please call back." It was a welcome message on an autumn morning. I called back. It seems the lady has an uncle who ran a school. He was a good uncle and he ran a good school. A good school for me has to include some attention to film. Appropriately enough Mr. Sternberg's school was interested in a film program. The invitation to run an assembly program for the kids was proffered, accepted, and prepared for. During the year I had conducted similar one-shot affairs for a number of high schools around the City.

P.S. 114 turned out not to be a high school. I learned instead I would be facing some 250 kids from grades 4, 5, and 6. I had figured out how to make some sense with teenagers, but the only nine-year olds I ever talked to were selling candybars or chances on automobiles. So on a memorable November day, this Jolly Green Giant set out in a dirty yellow taxi for what threatened to be a maudlin mauve morning.

Mr. Sternberg was both gracious and reassuring. We headed for the auditorium. It was empty. A bell sounded and a great whooshing sound ensued as 250 of the little people descended from all corners of the building in the record time of 9.3 seconds. They all stood at chest-out attention as the color guard marched down the sloped aisle. The command went out: "Pledge of Allegiance." All 250 kids gave witness to the degree of their patriotism by loudly thumping their little chests with their little hands.

The Church Loses

Next came the National Anthem led by the music teacher who, with her back to the kids, played with both hands and yet seemed to have a third hand available for directing over her shoulder. I made a move to sit down after the first stanza only to find that we also sing, and in a louder voice, the fourth stanza, the one with God in it. With my presence in the "Going My Way" suit, it all added up to a losing inning for the Church-State battle. After the singing the kids sat down and Sternberg stood up. "Good morning, children," said he. Up leapt they to say: "Good morning, Mr. Sternberg." It was a morning when we should have been making movies instead of just showing them.

But show them we did. To kick it off we screened the famous opening sequence from "Great Expectations." When the convict grabbed Pip, the kids hit the roof. David Lean would have been delighted. Then I distributed some pieces of 16m film and the kids held it up to the light to see all those little frames. A couple of them gave great little speeches on how the 21 frames per second gave the illusion of movement, on editing and on the use of a camera. Eastman Kodak would have been delighted. Then we screened the clip again and discussed how Lean built up the suspense. After that I handed out some pieces of videotape and we went through that magical process by which their fathers see the instant replays on the Sunday football games.

Good At Allegory

Next on the agenda was a film called "Neighbors," a 10-minute, lightly stylized picture by Norman McLaren. You may remember that it is the story of two men living in adjacent houses with a fenceless backyard. All is amicable until a beautiful flower grows on the border line between their properties. Greed leads to violence and violence leads to death.

I have used the film with a variety of adult and high school audiences. It takes most of them longer than it should to catch the initial changes in tone as the film moves from fun to war games. These kids caught it on the first bounce. They were with the film. And in the discussion they brought out all of the allegorical values of the picture.

This is the tv generation. After their umbilical cords are cut, these kids are put in front of a television set: "It keeps them quiet." They like it enough there to put in some 3,500 hours of viewing before they even get to grammar school. They know what visual communication is all about. At P.S. 114 I ran a little show-of-hands survey of televiewing. It was a typical group for its age—the kids were watching television an average of about 25 hours a week. We ran through the litany of tv favorites: "Man from Uncle," "I Spy," "Disney," "Batman." They also passed a quiz on commercials with marks that would thrill both parents and teachers—if they were earned in another subject like geography or math. But that's the problem with kids in the electronic age of information: they get more information and education outside the classroom than they do in it.

Their TV Spillover

The single most impressive memory I have of "movie day at P.S. 114" is that of 250 kids waving their hands frantically in that "me first" fashion of those desiring either to deliver the right answer or leave the room. They were dying to talk about television. They have this enormous glut of viewing experience and few people ever let them talk about it. People are worried about communicating with kids and frequently overlook the simple at-hand process of discussing what they watch on television or in the movies. Both Sternberg and I decided that we could do a lot more to tap into this world of experience.

It is now getting fashionable for colleges to offer courses in film criticism. It's a great thing to get fashionable about. Some of us have been shouting about doing the same thing in the highschools. That movement is starting to take off. But the important place for a positive approach to films and tv is down at the P.S. 114 level. In fact, it's the pre-school kids who are probably the most important and interesting to work with. Kids living in an image culture should get to see the best in images and to analyze all the varieties of images. Otherwise the gap grows between what kids call "the real world" and school.

We try to expose them to the best in print, paint, sound and stone. Let's do the same for celluloid.

France, Spain, Russia Helped Italy Make Pix

By HANK WERBA

Rome.

Student and worker storms in France last May, the Czech invasion by Russian satellites and Spanish censors all contributed to the impressive windfall of American film production in Italy last year.

Paramount was the most active Yank banner with a spate for projects including producer-director Lewis Gilbert's "The Adventurers," producer-director Ken Annakin's "Monte Carlo Or Bust," "The Italian Job" and Sicilian locations for Martin Ritt's "The Brotherhood."

"The Adventurers" settled in Italy only after the project failed to get censor clearance in Spain and after pulling up stakes in France following social tumult last May. Before "The Adventurers" left Rome for New York and Colombia in mid-November, it occupied principal stage space at Cinecitta and even hired some of Robert Haggiag's stages at Dear Center.

"Monte Carlo Or Bust" took over De Laurentiis Studios for principal photography in June and, like "The Adventurers," brought in a big international cast to swell the foreign film colony on either side of the Tiber. "The Italian Job" was in production in Italy for three months mainly in the Italian Alps and in Turin. "The Brotherhood" on the other hand, was essentially a Hollywood project with only a brief location visit to Italy.

United Artists paced Paramount with two big productions—Stanley Kramer's "Secret of Santa Vittoria" and the Henry Lester-Gene Gutowski production of "The Adventures of Girard"—and an emergency relocation of David Wolper's "Bridge at Remagen" after the Warsaw Pact takeover of Czechoslovakia.

Censored Scram

"Adventures of Girard" was originally destined to film in Spain but tough-minded censors there rejected the script and sent "The Adventurers" company scouting for another base to several other countries, particularly Yugoslavia, until it was decided to lens it all in Italy. When Wolper withdrew his cast and unit from a bridge the Czechs made available near Prague, he reconstructed part of another near Castelgandolfo where he wound a supplementary one month schedule and the production itself.

The Metro lion was in Rome bolstering Italy's film economy with "The Shoes of the Fisherman" and "The Appointment." Preparation and production starts early in '67 kept the Rome film capital's production wheels in action through the winter and well into spring. "Shoes" leaned heavily on Italian technicians while producer Martin Poll hired on a full Italo unit for "The Appointment."

Leonardo Bercovici headquartered at Cinecitta to film "Story of a Woman" for Universal. Another U pic, "The Colossus" came in for a week of Roman exteriors.

Raymond Stross reinaugurated the Tirrenia Studios with his production of "The Midas Run" for ABC's Selmur banner.

Kiddie Angles & Moppet Stars Again Spark H'wood Musicals

By STANLEY GREEN

After some 40 years the screen has come full cycle. Filmusicals, which had been at the forefront of the sound revolution with their blazing slogan, "All Talking! All Singing! All Dancing!," are once again leading the way, stronger than ever. And among the variety of song-and-dance epics we have today, the ones that seem to be the surest boxoffice bets are those extravaganzas aimed primarily at lifting the hearts and stirring the imaginations of the younger set.

Some of the reasons are obvious. Today these moppet-angled musicals are the most universally appealing antidotes to the "adult" films, a genre that once was concerned with social themes but which now seem to deal almost exclusively with tales of sex and violence. Parents taking their kids to see a "Dr. Dolittle" or a "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang" are comforted in the knowledge that nothing will be seen or said that could possibly provoke embarrassing questions or comments. And what a financial relief not to need the babysitter.

More than that, well-made films of this sort have almost equal appeal to grownups. Escapist fare, sure. What's wrong with that? Aren't we all secretly glad to find escapism in tales that still dare to express an affirmative attitude toward life? In this cinematic world of fantasy, songs and dances add an important new dimension and produce an even stronger emotional bond. In fact, the use of songs in such films is more acceptable than in most adult film-musicals. A musical, whether on stage or screen, is a highly stylized form. We must accept the unreality of people bursting into song. Because of this the musical comedy form is often at odds with the film medium itself, since it is a medium primarily concerned with depicting realistic situations shot on real locations. Yet the moppet musical, because it is inherently stylized, easily transcends such limitations. When all the arts are skillfully fused, we willingly accept the wonderland on its own fantastic terms.

Emphasis On Fantasy

The emphasis on fantasy was not, initially, among the distinguishing features of the kiddie musical. Originally, it was concerned with exploiting the charms and talents of a particular child or adolescent performer, and the stories were generally well within the framework of Hollywood realism. For the genesis of the form, we must go back to 1929. That was the year in which Al Jolson scooped up little Davey Lee in his paw and crooned "Climb upon my knee, Sonny Boy," in that early mawky talkie, "The Singing Fool." Davey may not have stolen the entire film away from the possessive Jolson — nor did Baby LeRoy exactly purloin "A Bedtime Story" from Maurice Chevalier a few years later—but the soundstage was definitely being set for the emergence of a super child star.

In 1934, Jay Gorney, a songwriter then working for 20th Century-Fox, spotted a five-year-old girl in the lobby of a Los Angeles movie house, arranged a screen test, and thereby launched the career of a goldenhaired goldmine named Shirley Temple. Shirley was just what the country needed during the depression. She smiled, showed her dimples, pouted, jogged around with Bill Robinson, sang with James Dunn, and fought with the nasty Jane Withers. She helped America forget its troubles as she sailed on the good ship Lollipop, swallowed animal crackers in her soup, and gave out with such songful palliatives as "You Gotta Smile to Be H-A-Double P-Y" (in "Stowaway"), "Happy Ending" (in "Heidi"), and "Be Optimistic" (in "Little Miss Broadway").

Since the name Shirley Temple quickly became synonymous with boxoffice success, other studios lost no time in lining up warbling youngsters to see if they too could cash in on the apparent appeal of the pre-voting age set. RKO Radio ladled out Bobby Breen. Universal did even better with Deanna Durbin. MGM rediscovered Mickey Rooney — who'd been acting in films ever since he was five—and teamed him with Judy Garland (mostly in warmed-over stage musicals such as "Babes in Arms," "Strike Up the Band" and "Girl Crazy"). Donald O'Connor, Gloria Jean, Susannah Foster and Jane Powell were other wholesome, winsome teenagers and sub-teenagers then being paraded by their respective studios through a succession of screen musicals.

Walt Disney

While the song-and-dance juvenilia was at its peak, Walt Disney began expanding his cartoon empire from short subjects to feature films. His approach was to adapt children's fables in which the characters would be humanized not only through the skill of his drawing board but also through a modern approach to the stories. His first full-length film, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," was a fresh, inventive retelling of the fairy tale, made especially memorable by its family of highly individualized dwarfs (named, in case you've forgotten, Doc, Grumpy, Sleepy, Sneezy, Happy, Dopey, and Bashful). Disney followed this up with other notable feature-length cartoons — "Pinocchio," "Dumbo," "Bambi," and later "Cinderlla," "Alice in Wonderland," and "Peter Pan." Rival producers of the time, notably Dave Fleischer with his "Gulliver's Travels," tried to emulate the Disney formula but met with comparatively little success.

Toward the end of the 1930s it occurred to film producer Arthur Freed that dramatized literary fantasies need not be limited to animated drawings. He persuaded MGM to buy the rights to "The Wizard of Oz" and to star Judy Garland in it. With brilliant songs by E.Y. (Yip) Harburg and Harold Arlen, the movie turned out to be the most constantly revived of all moppets musicals, including Disney's.

No Stampede

Strangely, though, it did not set off any five-actor musicals fantasy stampede. Eventually, via the biographical route, producers came around with such offerings as "Hans Christian Andersen" and "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm." Both used the bare bones of fact upon which to flesh-out dramatized sequences based on celebrated tales dreamed up their respective authors.

For a while filmusicals were in decline. The foreign market was almost totally tone deaf to their appeal. But then, unexpectedly, there was a change. Producers, finding no great rush to see the latest photographed version of the latest Broadway smash, began to take stock. They discovered that the only proper way to make a movie musical is to utilize all the technical advance of the medium, so that what emerges is a purely cinematic creation told in purely cinematic terms. As studios began tuning up and turning out musical productions again, they found an eager and receptive public.

They also discovered something else. They discovered children. From the stage, we have had "The Music Man," "The Sound of Music" (currently the highest grossing film of all time), and "Oliver." "Mary Poppins"— from the Walt Disney studio—showed what could be done when imagination and taste were lavished on a moppet musical created specifically for the screen. More recently, we have had two other original screen musicals, Dr. Dolittle" and "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang." In the last named, based loosely on a tale by— of all people—Ian Fleming, the child's world of fantasy is combined with the equally fantastic world of aerial invention. And it works.

In the cyclical behavior of motion pictures, it is impossible to make predictions about the future. But there is no question that, right now, screen musicals are having their big, fat, melodious say. And isn't it comforting that little children are leading them?

CENSORSHIP JUST RESTING?

BE A GOOD BOY NOW

By CHARLES TEITEL

(Chuck Teitel, a prominent Chicago film exhibitor, has been the opponent of censorship, state and municipal, in a number of significant challenges of recent years.—Ed.)

Chicago.

Pat Paulsen, our erstwhile Presidential hopeful, in his final campaign wrapup, said, "Elect me, dear friends, for I am the only candidate openly and unequivocally and firmly for censorship. Censorship all the way!

"You can be assured that a vote for Paulsen is a vote for censorship. The first amendment says there should be freedom of speech; they have never said anything about freedom of hearing.

"Under the Paulsen regime anything that's fun will be either suspect, or it will be banned. This I promise you."

Despite non-candidate Pat Paulsen's defeat at the polls, his fighting words caught fire.

Did not the fashion world take heed and go from the micro-mini skirt to the bell-bottom trouser? A young lady's respectability is now well concealed. Sitting down is no longer a blushing problem for the modern maiden. It may be that she is not sitting at all. Now, it may be he.

The Supreme Court, already scandalized for permitting the reading of "Ulysses," "The Tropic of Cancer," and other sundry works, including that of Fielding and the Marquis de Sade, in the university classrooms, the public libraries and even in the privacy of one's home, took a firm stand recently in refusing to sanction a public love alliance at the foot of Grant's Tomb.

Not to be outdone in this climate of censorship fever, an old hand at this sort of thing, the Chicago motion picture review section, in its new role as a classification body, decided that it was time to go all-out to protect the young.

Before Paulsen uttered his power speech for the protection of purity in our society, the Chicago unit saw fit to allow the kiddies to see such fine films as "The Detective," "Barbarella," "The Boston Strangler," "Rosemary's Baby," "Prudence and the Pill" and "The Split."

In the new get-tough policy, "La Guerre Est Finie," Cannes festival winner and a film long awaited in Chicago by high school and college students, was the first to get the axe. "No one will be admitted under 18 years of age!" said the board. The appeals board first confirmed then reversed the decision.

Almost on the heels of this decision, the Scandinavian Romeo and Juliet classical triumph, "Hagbard and Signe," received the same edict. Judith Crist, among other critics, lauded the film as one of the most rewarding cinema achievements in many a year. After one month with an "adults only" tag, the appeals board reversed the decision and the film was given a general permit.

Certainly, we are living in an enlightened age, but like all kinds of thought expansion, the area of permissiveness becomes a problem. The power structure becomes tainted with too much love, not enough hate. Pat Paulsen was observant enough and courageous enough to take the bull by the horns and some of the ardent followers took immediate action.

It is nice to know there are those that care.

If Paulsen would have made it, smog, strikes, water pollution, school dropouts, club-wielding cops and famine among the Indians may have still been with us, but we would be cleansed of the immorality in every avenue of our society.

Better luck next time.

IF MPAA RATINGS FAIL, WATCH OUT

By MARVIN E. ASPEN

(Author heads the Appeals & Review Division of Chicago's film censorship system. He speaks from the attitude of those who see films inviting a renaissance from censorship, probably along Chicago or Dallas municipality patterns.—Ed.)

Chicago.

Movies are better than ever. They are also more candid in their treatment of sexual themes and in their pictorial display of nudity. The reason for this is an obvious one: Governmental restraint.

Marvin E. Aspen

The question that immediately comes to mind is: Why has Government apparently lost its zeal for licensing of films as a means of excluding the exhibition of "obscene" films? Certainly, government has not abandoned its censor role willingly. The fact of the matter is that the United States Supreme Court has made the chore of censorship so difficult that most governmental bodies have abandoned this activity as far too burdensome and frustrating in relation to results hoped to be achieved and funds which must be expended to administer any censorship system.

Through two separate lines of decisions, the U.S. Supreme Court has "coerced" local government to abandon censorship of films: First, there are the decisions (*Roth v. United States*, 354 U.S. 476 (1957), *Manuel Enterprises, Inc. v. Day*, 370 U.S. 478 (1962), *Jacobellis v. Ohio*, 378 U.S. 184 (1964), *Mishkin v. New York*, 383 U.S. 502 (1966) and *Ginzburg v. United States*, 383 U.S. 463 (1966) which define an "obscene" film.

No Freedom of Porno

The First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution sets out the guarantees of freedom of speech and freedom of the press. However, these freedoms do not include the protected, the exhibition of "obscene" films may be precluded by government through a licensing scheme.

To determine whether a particular film is obscene, the following test must be applied:

(1) Is the dominant theme of the film taken as a whole an appeal to a morbid or shameful interest in nudity, sex or excretion? In determining the dominant theme of the film, the material must be examined through the viewpoint of an "average person" based upon "contemporary community standards." By "contemporary community" standards, we mean—is the film "patently offensive" by national standards of acceptance of this type of material?

(2) If the film is objectionable under the guidelines of point (1), then we must ask—is it also utterly without any redeeming social, literary, historical, scientific or other importance? In cases where the question as to whether or not there is any redeeming importance and, therefore, not obscene.

Hard To Apply

From the foregoing, it is readily apparent that the U.S. Supreme Court has chosen to define obscenity in a manner which makes it exceedingly difficult to determine what category of film is obscene and virtually impossible to fit any well-done film into that category, regardless of its sex and nudity content.

Another line of U.S. Supreme Court decisions which has discouraged Governmental censorship efforts are those outlining administrative procedures which must be followed by the censoring body (*Friedman v. Maryland*, 380 U.S.

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SCREEN'S IMPACT ON 'FASHION'

By ESSE CAMPBELL

Hollywood.

Clark Gable omitted an undershirt in "It Happened One Night" (1934) and manufacturers panicked as retail sales dropped. There have been several other dramatic instances of fashion, first seen in a film, starting a fullfledged style trend.

A designer may conceive it simply as a tool for fleshing out a character as called for by a particular script, but the impact on the national consciousness usually springs from the flair and personality of the star who introduced it, no doubt, plus an accidental assist from prevailing psychological "climate."

Gable, in the instance cited, had unknowingly tapped the psychology of the depression era, when "losing your shirt" hit painfully close to home. His brash charm, however—shown to great advantage in a hit film—made the bare chest also desirable as a sign of virility, implying that the non-wearer had the guts to get through the disaster surrounding him. It took World War II, with its regulation GI skivvy shirt, to bring American males back to underwear above the waist.

Clara Bow's 'It'

Clara Bow made her "It" dresses synonymous with what the "in" flapper should wear in the 1920s. Short, beaded, bangled, daring and free, her stylized wardrobe expressed her own sassiness, which in turn characterized the new model of American womanhood.

Actually, the deeper motive behind women's fashion upheaval since World War I coincides in almost startling parallel with the growth of the film industry. Who did what to whom is an interesting conjecture.

Designer Edith Head cites American Theatre Guild's Lawrence Langner for his probing, well-documented tome, "The Importance of Wearing Clothes," to help clear up the point. According to Langner, the Clara Bows of the world were throwing off the historical "modesty" imposed by the male along with the restrictive floor-length skirt. Invented by men literally to prevent female attempts to run away, and to emphasize the inferior status of the female to the male, heavy long skirts had to be the first thing to go if emancipation was to be won.

Filmmakers, ever alert to prevailing winds, let Clara Bow shimmy her heart out, in dresses calculated to incite women to further rebellion, and men to the new sexuality inherent in "making it" with an equal.

Gloria Swanson

Gloria Swanson, on the other hand, typified the femme fatale approach to the whole scene. Her dramatic costumes and attitudes in the '20s, as recalled with relish by Sheila O'Brien, held out an impossible ideal which many women tried to attain. In a day of almost universal naivete, Miss Swanson's styles sighed sophistication and intrigue. Her films were attended as much to study her latest innovation as to watch her emote. She was the first of the great clotheshorses of the screen, and most costume designers still bemoan the current lack of them.

Carole Lombard was another one. Hers was the elegant look of the '30s, with soft fabrics and clinging lines, somehow complementary to her attitude of jaunty sex, which also became the criterion for the compleat American woman. Her clothes hit the desire for some touch of elegance as an escape from the dismal realities of the depression. Her films, deliberately sleek and light, showed her entire concept to fine advantage, and more women than care to remember went around trying to look like her.

In 1932 Joan Crawford starred in "Letty Lynton," and the leg o' muttonish sleeve she revived from the safe and elegant turn-of-the-century years hit everyone as just right. Its puffed shoulder tapering to a narrow wrist became the standard sleeve style for nearly a decade. It was even referred to by designers as "The Letty Lynton sleeve," and as such placed Miss Crawford securely in the sartorial hall of fame.

She earned a double niche when Adrian created the broad, padded shoulder for her to wear in a 1938 film, "Mannequin." What Miss Crawford wore, always important to her audience, now became, in this instance, a barely perceived but intuitively felt expression of the urge women had to look and thus feel stronger, more able to cope with the anxiety of the onrushing World War II.

What may now seem, to 1969 eyes, a distortion of the female figure, resembling as it did the shoulders of a football player, this fashion was in truth riding on quite sound psychological basics. That it was adopted universally, in spite of war-induced shortages of material, proves the validity of its statement in its time.

No rundown of great, influential screen clotheshorses would be complete without the inclusion of Marlene Dietrich and her trouser suits of the '30s. If anyone could make pants look chic, it was this gayly confident, superbly built actress who had what amounted to a near passion for both the item and its message.

That both were timely, although a continuing cause for consternation among the males who most definitely connected the invasion of their sartorial domain with the troublesome new elusiveness of women toward remaining in their second-class cabin, pointed up once more the power of a successful film star to start a revolution in styles.

After World War II, in what Miss Head quotes director Alfred Hitchcock as dubbing the "sink-to-sink" era in films, when realism of the earthy Italian-pic genre swept the industry, the Golden Age of Fashion was buried. No more glamor pictures, no more clotheshorses to delight both costumer and consumer, no more matinee audiences to make leisurely inspections of wardrobes. Films simply could not set fashions during this time, and did not.

In 1954, however, Audrey Hepburn, emerging with definite mannequin potential, was cast as "Sabrina" in the film of the same name. She and costumer Head came up with the now-famous Sabrina neckline for the stylish lighthearted picture, and its clean, spare, uncluttered line predicted the air of the '60s, and hit.

The confusion implicit in revolutions in art, manners, morals and world conditions, thereafter, perhaps for the first time in half a century, changed men's styles, too. Now look at them! It is no accident that the "Bonnie and Clyde" look, revived by Theodora Van Runkle, was snapped up by men as quickly as by women. A year before the film came out, the '30s striped suits were appearing in Geoffrey Beane and Donald Brooks clothes, forecasting a sense of what would now appeal to suddenly style-conscious men.

NEITHER TV NOR POKERMACHINES CAN MAR AUSSIE LEGIT BIZ

By HARRY A. STRACHAN

(G. M., J. C. Williamson Theatres Ltd.)

Sydney.

The past year (1968) was a very buoyant, successful year for live theatre in Australia. Once again it was evident that high-class shows, well presented, can attract large audiences in this part of the world, as in America and Britain. Despite the ever growing opposition from other entertainment media in Australia, the legitimate is still in a very healthy state.

Besides television, the cinema, theatre restaurants, nightclubs and the sporting fixtures which attract huge crowds the whole year round, sporting clubs in New South Wales in particular, have developed tremendously, financed largely by profits made from poker machines. These clubs which are licensed for the sale of liquor, can now offer their members entertainment of a very high order, world names at absolutely no charge of admission. Jerry Van Dyke, Margaret Whiting, Winifred Attwell, the Mills Brothers, Dickie Valentine, Tommy Trinder, Max Bygraves have recently played these clubs and they are presented with a full orchestra, supporting acts, etc., so it will be appreciated, they have created strong oppositon.

However, as indicated above, the public here still go to the theatre in very large numbers to see strong attractions.

Still playing on the Williamson circuit is Hayes Gordon in "Fiddler on The Roof." Since it opened in Sydney on June 16, 1967, it has played to capacity business for lengthy seasons throughout the Commonwealth of Australia. After the initial Sydney season of 18 weeks, 'Fiddler" played for 28 weeks in Melbourne; six weeks in Adelaide; five weeks in Perth; six weeks in Brisbane and it is now playing a very successful return engagement in Sydney, where it will close on Feb. 1 completing a run of 17 weeks. It will then commence a tour of New Zealand opening in Auckland on March 1.

"Man of La Mancha" starring Charles West and Suzanne Steele, both from London, supported by a very fine cast of Australian artists and directed by Marnel Sumner from New York, was another very successful musical and ran for a year on our circuit.

Alfred Marks, the English topliner (stage, screen and television) repeated the role he played in the straight play "Spring & Port Wine" in London, with much success in our theatres during the year under review.

Broadway's "Mame," starring Gaylea Byrne from New York, had successful seasons in Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth and Brisbane and opens at Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, on Feb. 8. As with "Fiddler," "Mame" was directed by New Yorker Fred Hebert and the choreography by our own Betty Pounder.

Currently playing in Melbourne to big business is "The Black & White Minstrel Show" which came to Australia originally in 1962 for a six months engagement and remained for two and a-half years playing to capacity business throughout Australia and New Zealand. The current attraction is a completely new production, much more colourful and spectacular than the original and following its Melbourne season, it will play all other major cities in the Commonwealth and New Zealand. "Minstrel" is presented by us in association with Aztec Services.

Two highly successful attractions that we presented in 1968 in association with Edgley & Dawe was

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Anibal Codebo to Rein 20th's Dominican Branch

Buenos Aires.

One of the oldest film dynasties in Argentina has its third generation entrenched in the industry. Anibal Codebo—son of Cesar M. Codebo, 20th-Fox's director in Argentina, and grandson of Anibal Codebo, pioneer Argentine exhibitor-distributor—has been named to head 20th's operations in the Dominican Republic.

Young Codebo, who married Elena Gonzalez Bianchi last week in B.A., started his career in Mexico on the staff of Fox Interamericana v.p. Francisco Rodriguez. He later moved to Ecuador as company's assistant director.

'U.S. And UK Not Incompatible': Sees No Cause For Co-Prod. Divorcement

By ANDREW FILSON
(Director, Film Prod. Assn. of GB)

London.

VARIETY has been writing somewhat curiously about the relationships between United States and the United Kingdom in film production. There has been a running gossip about incompatibility and even a mention of "divorce proceedings."

But this is not the atmosphere we have felt over here. Honeymoons are not automatically followed by divorces, but it is common practice for pre-marriage interests to be revived, and we can certainly understand the many good reasons why the American majors will finance more home production (one being that some outstanding films have been coming from the States). There is, however, a world demand for product of many different types, so American companies, which are internationally polygamous, will continue also to finance the production of films in foreign settings. Indeed Britain will continue to have a particular appeal. We have a wealth of talent, creative and artistic; we have good studio and technical skills (seen "2001"? "You Only Live Twice"? "Man For All Seasons"?); and we offer that vital asset—a shared language which saves time, money and many frustrations. So we can forget these rumors of divorce: and we can remain good friends too.

We do, however, recognize that a film will be financed in Britain only if the story and the cost-revenue calculations point that way. There is nothing automatic and nothing certain. We must, therefore, do all we can to encourage the investment of British finance, if we want to provide for tomorrow. This helps to explain the very deep concern which the British industry feels about the future of the National Film Fnance Corp. This was set up in 1949 as a film bank which would support films financed by British distributors; at that time the American companies played only a small part in British production.

Many of those first or early films it supported are now international names and it certainly helped to build up Britain as a major centre of world production. But it has lost money. There was one big loss on the support given (on government instructions) to the late Sir Alexander Korda, but apart from that it has lost only some $400,000 a year. It has run short of money and the British Government, which has a number of other financial problems on its plate, has not yet decided whether to maintain and refinance the N.F.F.C.

Shortsighted

It would be very shortsighted of us not to press for the maintenance of the National Film Finance Corp. We have to anticipate what would be the results if there was any serious decline in American investment. If this took place, our studios would not be able to continue the heavy investments which have made them as good as any in the world; it would be difficult to maintain the high quality of our technical and studio staffs; and many of our best writers, directors and artists would seek work elsewhere.

We must not let ourselves drift into this avoidable disintegration, but should in good time encourage the resurgence of a British-financed sector of production. And here the N.F.F.C. could play an important role.

A financing distributor needs a program of films over which his risks can be spread, but British distributors find it difficult to finance their programmes 100%. If the N.F.F.C. can be there to help, then the investor may be enabled to spread his risks better and perhaps to share them with foreign companies. Those familiar with the problems of film financing in the world will know that in practically every major film country except the U.S.A. there is some Government scheme providing help in finding finance for production. A revitalized and refinanced N.F.F.C. could not only help to provide some money itself, but it could also encourage the injection of finance from resources outside the industry.

Our campaign for a British sector of production does not reflect any turning away from internationalism. Our British financed films will, we hope, be international in appeal; we still want to attract American investment in British films; and we aim to develop our use of coproduction treaties. There is room for us all.

Spain Rekindles Cinespana Fires For Export Spurt

By WILLIAM LYON

Madrid.

Former director general for Cinema Jose Maria Garcia Escudero, whose post was abolished late in 1967 as part of a government austerity move, has been named president of a film organization that will soon initiate a fullscale sell in foreign pic markets.

Though it was founded in 1962 by Spain's principal producers to open up foreign markets, especially in South America, Cinespana has failed to function as well as it might have.

"There was a lack of money and interest," Garcia Escudero said here. "The Spanish producers were not very objective about their problems and interests overseas and few were willing to make a significant economic commitment."

Yet the problems of Spanish films in South America were endless, he went on. "Only a few of the best Spanish films were ever distributed there. They would be bought up by a powerful U.S. distributor for a set sum and the Spanish distributor would not participate in their success at the box office." Garcia Escudero said that it was essentially a "one-shot" affair: a producer could not take advantage of the success of one of his pics to successfully place another on the Latin market.

And even when a Spanish film was shown successfully in Latin America, there was often no reference at all to the Spanish producer or stars; somebody else got the credit. For example, Fernando Sancho, a Spanish star of innumerable Spanish-Italo westerns, was often unbilled on the advertisements.

Several months ago, the Spanish government decided to try and remedy the situation and increase the effectiveness of the org. It bought a controlling share of 79%. Though it plans to step out of the picture once the project can function effectively alone, the government has included Cinespana in Spain's current Second Development Plan and has brought it a liquid ten million pesetas ($142,000) with which it hopes to realize a number of important projects.

One of the first has been to buy a key theatre in Santiago (Chile) and Bogota (Colombia), where high quality Spanish pix will find a showcase. A similar project is planned for New York's Spanish Harlem, another important potential market.

More important, Cinespana has established contact with key distributors in Latin American nations. "To set up our own distribution system would have been too complicated and costly," Garcia Escidero said. "but now we hope to put more Spanish films in those markets."

He said that not just the isolated, proven successful Spanish films would be offered, but blocks of films. And the producer would get a share of their overseas success rather than just a flat fee.

With the cash advances from these overseas distributors, Cinespana hopes to fill an even more important domestic need. "The Spanish industry has always lacked funds," he said. "With these advances from South America we can give our producers important liquid assets to continue their production."

Garcia Escudero stated how his organization differed from Uniespana, the production group.

"Naturally we are linked," he said, "But where Uniespana has a union-festival-production-diffusion outlook, our Cinespana has a more concrete approach." Now that it has the capital to work, film insiders here feel, Cinespana has a chance to tap the very logical Latin markets that have lain dormant for so many years."

How Magic Is 'Film Experience'?

Frontpage story last week spotlighted 20th-Fox prexy Darryl F. Zanuck's feelings anent incoming Metro prez Louis F. Polk Jr., with emphasis on idea that it's nothing unusual for a nonpro to head a film company. While DFZ's viewpoint was greeted by many showmen as a welcome antidote to the notion that Polk was too much an "outsider," many point out that Zanuck was defining "pro" in a very narrow sense, only counting those who have come from the production end of the biz.

While it is true that many chief execs of major companies did not emerge from the production area, almost all have come from somewhere within the field, be it sales (Abe Schneider, George Weltner), legal (Robert O'Brien, Arthur Krim), exhibition (Barney Balaban, Spyros Skouras), agentry (Lew Wasserman) or ad-pub (Martin Davis).

The arguments against Polk's "film inexperience" both within and without Metro were never waged by those who felt an MGM prexy should come from one film area (production). By a "seasoned film exec" was meant someone from the broad range of chores and duties that go into the running of a filmmaking complex.

Now that the dust has settled, almost all industryites—whatever their previous feelings—wish Polk well in his new assignment. But they are aware that in film biz history the former food exec is unique (with exception of a brief, and not very encouraging, episode at Paramount in the mid-1930s) in coming from outside the field—any area of the field. In this sense his presidency continues to be viewed as a "great experiment" in show biz annals.

Need To Assist Congress In A Modern Copyright Law

RIGHTS IN MULTI (OR MIXED) MEDIA

By STANLEY ROTHENBERG

Business, and thus legal, problems of considerable consequence arise when a creative work such as a novel or a performing artist's recorded performance is tranferable to and exploitable in several other media, and in some instances, in a form which uses two or more traditional or new media (or a mix thereof) at one and the same time. The problems take many legal forms, for example: (1) copyrightability of the multiple or mixed media work, (2) determination of what constitutes an infringement of such a work and when such a work infringes one of its creative antecedents, and (3) the application of contracts to the new media when such contracts do not specifically refer to them.

The protectible category of "photographs" of an earlier version of our present Copyright Act, which for the most part dates back to 1909, and to 1912 in the case of specific inclusion of motion pictures, was judicially interpreted in 1903 to include motion pictures so that one of Thomas Edison's early motion pictures was held to be infringed (as photographs) by an unauthorized use of part of them.

The 1912 motion picture copyright amendment has been authoritatively interpreted to protect the subsequent development of sound and talking motion pictures, which form is a pioneer in multi-media. And since then we have had the addition to motion pictures of the appeal to the olfactory sense. To be protectible must the scent portion be a physical part of the firm as in the case of a film sound track? There's a question whether a theft of particular scents or scent sequences, separate and apart from the visual or auditory portions of the motion picture, will constitute an infringement of the copyright in the motion picture.

Until now it would seem likely that a copyright in a multi-media work secured protection for the integrated work as a single entity if in fact it took a single tangible form such as a sound motion picture. On the other hand, if the multi-media work consisted of a combination of audio tapes (not separately copyrightable), separate sound motion pictures and series of slides and film strips which were projected concurrently on several screens spread over several walls and the ceiling, it is unlikely that the various creative elements would be treated by the Copyright Office as a single work for copyright registration.

There is thus the distinct possibility of a serious gap in protection because the actual total effect may well be different than the imaginable effect of the separate copyrightable elements taken together. Since the allegedly infringing work must constitute a copy of the infringed work, the failure to treat a multi-media work as a single integrated copyrightable work may have the undesirable effect of adversely affecting the determination of what constitutes an infringement of such multi-media work where the composition of independent creative elements produces a new compound.

Electronic Infringement

In short, the Copyright Act needs revision now to bring it in line with the lengthy strides taken by modern creative man. Let us not have to rely on the wisdom of the 1903 Edison case judges — since copyright history is also filled with cases which have held that: a German-language translation of Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was not a copy of her book and thus did not constitute a copyright infringement (1853); a phonograph record was not a copy of the musical composition it embodied and thus did not infringe the copyright (U.S. Supreme Court, 1908). Both decisions required correction by Congressional amendment of the Copyright Act.

Is the embodiment of the text of a 24-volume reference set or the images and sounds of a talking motion picture in the form of

(Continued on page 52)

SHIRLEY MacLAINE
"SWEET CHARITY" Universal Pictures

BEHIND ANY SHOWMAN, A LAW

Australia Held Own in 1968

Outlook Good Though Haunted by Rising Wage Scales and Costs of All Supplies

By KEITH H. MOREMON

(Executive Director, Greater Union Organisation Pty. Ltd.)

Sydney.

For the Greater Union Organisation, 1968 was a year that saw a slight improvement in capital city attendances, but unfortunately, the decline in attendances at suburban and country hardtops continued. Drive-in theatres, generally, were on a par with 1967, but we are confident that with the product available for 1969, together with continually improving standards in theatre comfort and presentation and aggressive showmanship, the New Year will see an improvement in attendances generally for the first time in a number of years.

The year 1968 was highlighted by "To Sir, With Love," "Guess Who's Coming To Dinner," "Thoroughly Modern Millie," "The Odd Couple," "Half A Sixpence," "The High Commissioner," and "Carry On Doctor," whilst 1969 will undoubtedly be the year of "Oliver," "Funny Girl," "Mackenna's Gold," "Age Of Consent," "Darling Lili," "Sweet Charity" and "Isadora" and, importantly for our circuit, the recently acquired and about to be released new Cinema Centre Films' product.

During this year we will continue to renovate and aircondition hardtops, build at least two new theatres and open several more new drive-ins and will closely examine our current release methods, searching for ways to more effectively release film to get the most amount of revenue possible each week in theatres in the mutual interest of Exhibitor and Distributor.

Last year was our busiest year to date in promotion, highlighted by three of the most important star visits in the history of the Industry in Australia. Firstly, in conjunction with Columbia, Stella Stevens attended the premieres here of "How To Save A Marriage and Ruin Your Life" and, in conjunction with B.E.F., Rod Taylor for "The High Commissioner" and Sean Connery for "Shalako," each attracting unprecedented press, radio and television coverage. Activity in this area will undoubtedly increase in 1969, depending always on the availability and willingness to cooperate of important stars.

For the first time, there was a falling off in revenue at licensed clubs in the State of New South Wales with the result that some of this additional money probably found its way into the box office.

There was also a more liberal view by the Commonwealth Film Censor in the censorship of film, in keeping with trends in other countries (without any actual changes in the Regulations); and whilst the economy of the country remains buoyant and leisure hours continue to increase, the box office appears, in most cities, to now show resultant benefits.

Mounting Costs

But on the other hand the motion picture industry has been and will, in 1969, join with other industries in facing the most substantial increases in operating costs for many years, particularly in the areas of salaries and wages, municipal rates and supplies. Film hire terms continue to be increasingly onerous, particularly in our smaller situations, with seemingly no solution and few prepared to recognize the problem even in view of continual theatre closings.

Although product generally for 1969 looks better than for 1968, the increase in cost burden in all facets of operation will tend to offset the great benefit to be obtained from boxoffice revenues.

Backsliding Practices

Another problem that arose again towards the end of 1968 was the decline in standards of some industry advertising, apparently condoned by certain distributors, but certainly catching the attention of federal and state governments. In certain instances there is even a decline in ethics in advertising (including numerous offers of free admission), with apparently little or no reprimand from the distributor who controls the release of the film in Australia.

These are some of the benefits and some of the problems which I see for the industry in 1969, but it is certain that a greater effort is needed to meet these; and in manpower, theatre comfort, presentation as well as exploitation and showmanship, The Greater Union Organisation will "pour it on" in 1969.

Modern Producers Too Often Forget Story Continuity

By ART ARTHUR

Hollywood.

It is not fashionable in the present period of "anything goes" and the brilliance of the so-called improvisor to speak of the old virtues of continuity and construction. I offer the reactionary notion that an absence of these qualities is the reason for many a film that fails to please the public.

Nowadays many producers seem quite ignorant of this inner ribbing in the art of storytelling.

There was a big-ballyhoo musical made at huge expense with a cast of gifted players and every apparent ingredient for success. It missed, dolefully. All over the studio, puzzled people pondered perplexedly. Yet no one seemed to be aware of the fact that the film had hit its dramatic "third act" climax half way through the equivalent of the second act — and, from then on, had nowhere else to go but down!

I was at MGM when Irving Thalberg was still alive. Had it been made at MGM in the Thalberg era, Thalberg would have issued immediate orders—transpose two key scenes . . . put the climax at the picture's peak, where it belonged . . . And it would have gone down as one more example of Thalberg's magnificent movie magic . . .

Then there was a film which had every dramatic advantage — based on a hit Broadway play which had held audiences spellbound night after night for at least two years. On the screen, it played superbly—then, unaccountably, fell apart when dramatic tension should have been at its height. What had happened? Just one change . . . an early sequence was charged with superb suspense. Apparently someone in authority liked it so much—that he virtually played the same sequence a second time as his climax . . . Any knowledgeable student of "construction" could have told him: Once, yes! Twice, no. Instead of a peak, it was a pancake. And right to the finish.

Another costly example was a film based upon a classic novel. Again, every advantage of production was provided. For two hours, it was a hit . . . but the last hour faccory ending at the end of the

But then another story entirely first two hours.

somehow failed to sustain interest—and left a confused feeling that doomed the entire picture. A hard look at it in terms of continuity and construction — much too late to do any good—made one thing apparent: The film's basic began to be unfolded. The key character remained the some—but everything else had changed! And from that moment on, it never had a chance of jelling . . . the unity was gone.

FILM BIZ EVER SUED AND SUING

By DON CARLE GILLETTE

Hollywood.

Management echelon of the various film corporations are formidably stacked with legal brains. This would seem to indicate the screen trade is an unusually litigatious field of activity, which is not far from the truth. Suppliers of the product (producer-distributors) and their customers at the retail level (exhibitors) have been battling each other continuously for more than half a century.

The first head of the Motion Picture Assn. of America (when originally created in 1922 as the Motion Picture Producers & Distributors of America) was a former lawyer—Will H. Hays. His chief aide also was a top legal operator, Charles C. Pettijohn. And although the present MPAA topper, Jack Valenti, has no legal background, his teammate in piloting the affairs of the association is very much the lawyer, namely, Louis Nizer.

In yesteryear, the stormiest petrel of the organized exhibitors, the one who harassed the producer-distributors most unrelentingly and for the longest period of time, was attorney Abram F. Myers in his capacity as chief factotum of Allied States Assn. of Motion Picture Exhibitors, now merged with Theatre Owners of America to form the present National Assn. of Theatre Owners.

By its very nature, the motion picture business is honeycombed, or boobytrapped, with potential litigation. At the outset there was that big legal fight revolving around cinema patents which were pooled into a monopoly—including the venerable Thomas A. Edison, no less—known as the Motion Picture Patents Co., which sought to impose such exorbitant license fees that producers and exhibitors at large rebelled; so, after lengthy court proceedings spearheaded by Carl Laemmle, D. W. Griffith, William Fox, and others, the government broke up the patent pool in 1915.

Out-Foxed Himself

Another classic and costly litigation was over the so-called Tri-Ergon sound patents, acquired by William Fox personally and retained by him when he lost Fox Film Corp. in the 1929-30 financial debacle. These German inventions, for which Fox paid not much more than $30,000, were upheld by our courts all up the line, and the deposed film company head was so confident he could collect untold millions with them—and thereby reestablish himself as a dominant force in the industry—that he kept raising his price for the patents. When he turned down $25,000,000, the array of film company lawyers that had been sweating over the case for months, day and night, made one final desperate attempt to find a loophole flaw in the disputed devices. This time they succeeded—the U.S. Supreme Court, in an unprecedented reopening of the case, ruled the Tri-Ergon patents invalid. Greedy, The Fox lost an easy fortune—and, by the grace of legal brains, the film industry was saved from having to pay and pay and pay. But that's a fascinating untold story of its own.

Merely in conducting the daily routine affairs of the film business, there are legal aspects of many kinds that must be carefully checked and disposed of. Besides patents, these include copyright, trademarks, plagiarism, invasion of privacy, libel, restraint of trade, unfair competition, censorship, author-producer relations, labor relations (a producer has to contend with over 50 different Guilds and crafts in the making of a motion picture), talent contracts (some of them, covering top stars, requiring 100 or more typewritten pages), floating of securities, producer-distributor-exhibitor relations, and of course the countless unpredictable contingencies that crop up in filmmaking, especially under today's

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Privacy Opposes Invented Dialogue, Imaginary Incident

By HARRIET F. PILPEL & KENNETH P. NORWICK

To most non-lawyers who recognize it, the name "Warren Spahn" brings to mind one of the greatest lefthanded pitchers in major league baseball history. However, to more and more lawyers, and other "First Amendment — Freedom of Speech" watchers, the name "Warren Spahn" has come to have an additional and different meaning entirely. Indeed, within the past few years the lawsuit which Spahn first instituted in 1964 to vindicate what he claimed was his "right of privacy" has become the focal point in the continuing and increasingly complex legal and constitutional debate over the law's recognition of such a right insofar as it pertains to what may and may not safely be said or written — short of defamation — about a living person.

On one side of the debate are those who believe that the fewer the legal restraints there are on speech and the press, the better. They believe that the existing legal remedies for libel and slander are more than adequate to protect us against the occasional abuse or misuse of those rights. On the other side (which like the first includes many noted civil libertarians and free-speech advocates) are those who contend that there must be some limitations in addition to the libel laws on just how far the press can go in what it prints about individuals. They believe that even in the absence of libel individuals should have a legal remedy against deliberate distortion or falsification of the truth. And right in the middle stands the case of former New York Met Warren E. Spahn.

Historically, the debate had its beginning about a decade before the turn of the century, when two then little known legal scholars — Samuel Warren and Louis (later Supreme Court Justice) Brandeis — published an article in the Harvard Law Review in which they decried the lack of legal protection available against the then, as now, columnists and writers who deal with "private lives," i.e., the private aspects of the lives of both public and private people. Warren and Brandeis contended, basically, that there should be some kind of line drawn beyond which the press would pass at its peril when it chose to report on the comings and goings of the people it chose to write about.

Sans Permission

The Brandeis-Warren article caused much controversy in legal circles, but it was not until some 15 years later, in 1903, that the principle they espoused was reflected in the law in any state. And that happened only after the highest court of the State of New York, in an entirely different kind of case, refused to recognize any such doctrine. In that case, the Court said that it was powerless — without appropriate legislation — to grant an injunction, or award damages, to a young woman whose picture was used, without her permission, on flour containers bearing the slogan 'The Flour of the Family." The court regretted what it considered the only decision it could reach, and it all but invited the legislature to act.

And act the legislature did. For in response to that holding, the New York lawmakers promptly enacted the nation's first "right of privacy" statute, a statute which remains on the books today and which forms the basis of Mr. Spahn's case. The law provides that a person may obtain an injunction, and recover damages, whenever his "name, portrait or picture" is used without his permission "for advertising purposes or for the purpose of trade." (In addition, the law contains a provision for criminal penalties — but actual prosecutions under it have been few and far between.)

And that, skipping for the moment some 60 years of inconclusive legal history concerning the doctrine of a "right of privacy," brings us to Warren Spahn. Pursuant to the New York statute the former baseball superstar sought, and thus far has successfully maintained, an injunction and a $10,000 damage award against the author and publisher of a biography about him designed for juvenile readership which he did not authorize or approve. Spahn seems to concede that if the biography had been "factual," even though unauthorized, it would be permissible under numerous earlier judicial interpretations of the New York privacy law. However, Spahn contended that because the biography contained, among other things, "invented dialogue, imaginary incidents, and attributed thoughts and feelings" — none of which incidentally, were found to be libelous — the book lost its protected status and that therefore his name was being used for "the purpose of trade" in violation of the New York law.

So far — and the case is now before the United States Supreme Court for the second time — Spahn's arguments have prevailed. The defendant author and the defendant publisher first took the case to the Supreme Court after the highest court in New York State affirmed the injunction and damage award to Spahn. The Supreme Court, however, returned the case to the New York court for "further consideration" in the light of its decision in an earlier case that a judgment under the New York privacy law could only be upheld if the material in question was written and published with "knowledge of its falsity or with reckless disregard as to whether it was true or false." Thereafter, the New York Court of Appeals, in a sharply divided decision, held that such literary devices as "invented dialogue, imaginary incidents, and attributed thoughts and feelings" necessarily involved "knowing falsity," and it again found for Spahn.

The author and publisher have again brought the case before the U.S. Supreme Court which, presumably, will have to decide whether the kind of "falsity" inherent in the established literary devices used by Spahn's biographer is the kind of falsity it had in mind when it set forth its test. Also, and quite apart from the question of "falsity," the Supreme Court has indicated its interest in the question whether, in any event, an injunction is ever an appropriate remedy against this kind of printed or published matter. This question is particularly important because it has long been thought that under the First Amendment neither obscene nor defamatory matter can, in most cases, be subject to the "prior restraint" of an injunction.

The Supreme Court's decision in this latest Spahn appeal will probably be announced sometime before the end of June, and — whichever way it goes — it may well turn out to be one of the most significant First Amendment determinations ever made. For if the Court addresses itself squarely to the admittedly tough questions of whether the privacy law is constitutional at all when applied to writing which is not commercial (in the sense that it advertises a product), and if it is, under what if any limitations, a great deal of the turmoil and confusion which presently exists in the press, the bar and the courts all over the country on the privacy question may at least to some extent be resolved.

President, Or Production Chief: Loneliest Execs

By THOMAS M. PRYOR

Hollywood.

There are few more lonely spots in the American business complex than the rooms at the top of major motion picture companies. With rare exceptions, the studio production chief and the president become solitary guardians of the ramparts, exposed to and surrounded by hostile elements. They are rulers with no line of succession so that when age, adverse turn in fortune and or just plain weariness takes its toll there is no heir apparent to shoulder the responsibilities of office.

This was pointed up anew through the power struggle at Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer that will witness the election Jan. 14 of a business man from outside the entertainment orbit, 38-year-old Lou s F. Polk Jr., former exec veepee of General Mills, as president and chief exec officer to succeed Robert H. O'Brien, who moves up to board chairman.

That fact that Polk might be the right man at the right time to put MGM back on its feet is another story. But that it apparently was necessary, or at least believed desirable, to reach beyond Metro's exec manpower pool to find a new leader is disturbing expression of a weakness that has plagued the film business for many years.

More than a decade ago the late David O. Selznick and Jerry Wald advocated the development of a meaningful management program so that when a key executive has to retire or take it easy for any reason there would be a thoroughly seasoned - second - in command to take over. Wald had even advocated a mandatory retirement age and pension program as is common with most giant industrial corporations to attract high calibre young people into the administrative end of films and provide some assurance of opportunity to reach the top.

Selznick and Wald were proselytizing in an era when the high command of the film business was held by men much older in years than is the case today. However, the validity of their proposals is no less now even though there is substantial management power apparent in such companies as Columbia, United Artists and Universal although in the case of U the heir apparent to Lew Wasserman is not clear. The benefits of exec manpower waiting in the wings was dramatically demonstrated upon the death of Walt Disney and the more recent decision of Roy Disney to step up from the presidency and its day-to-day pressures to board chairman.

If ever a company reflected the image of one man, and as a result of such a unique influence understandably could have been subject to faltering and lack of investor confidence it was Disney Productions. Instead the company continued to prosper, and indeed its stock market fortunes reached new peaks, for the men were there at the top in the persons of Roy Disney, president, Card Walker and Donn Tatum to carry forward the grand designs that Walt had blueprinted. And there was no searching, no disruption of the team work and spirit last Nov. 14 when Tatum became prexy and Walker exec veepee and chief operating officer.

In contrast, while the battle was being waged in the MGM exec chambers the last several months, the studio became a virtual ghost town and for the second time in recent years the morale of employes was shattered. The lack of trained manpower, pointed in definite directions, also brought 20th-Fox to its knees until Darryl F. Zanuck returned to take command and, in a family association unparalleled in the history of the business, was able to place production operations in the hands of his son, Richard. It was a bold move, but DFZ had trained his son and it paid off.

Whether or not Jack Warner would have sold the company he and his brothers built from scratch is a question only Warner can answer. But it seems reasonable to surmise that the circumstances might have been different if Warner had surrounded himself with a complex of young, vital personnel that he felt confident could take over and protect his investment.

One could go through the upheaval at Paramount and the recurring crisis at any studio when the post of production chief becomes vacant, but there hardly seems need for more evidence to substantiate the point that much turmoil on the stockholder front as well as within board rooms might be avoided through long range management in-depth.

There are, of course, practical problems in the realization of the concept of in-depth management training. For instance, key second and third-level executives operating in effective union with their superior, may not be immune from criticism directed at the top dog. It could be argued that the decisions of the latter are the concurrences of the former, yet this need not be the case, and differences in philosophy would, or should, be known to an alert board of directors.

Usually a respectful "no-man" manages to stand out, and even if diplomacy dictates that he move elsewhere before the opportunity to fulfill his potential arrives, at least there is a seasoned exec who can be coaxed back into the fold at the proper time. In any event, some thoughtful planning for the future could be more beneficial than the scrambles that keep recurring at a cost that can't be calculated.

Blame Public, Not Film Theatre

Dubuque, Ia.

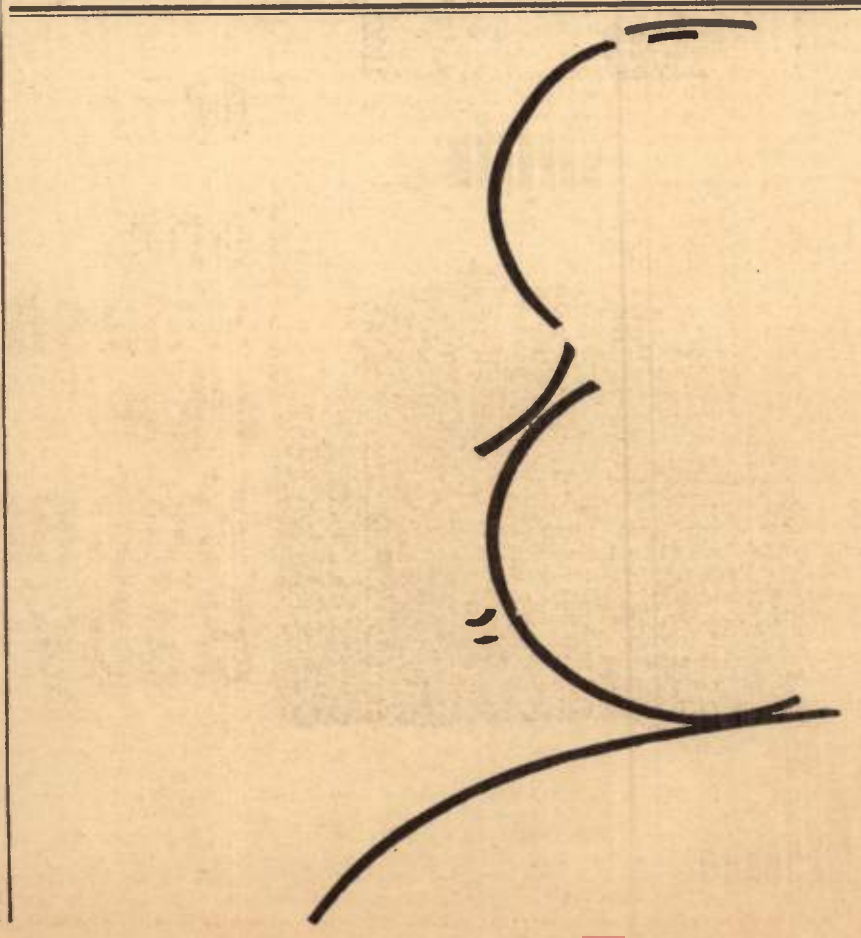
Film with "condemned" rating always draw far better than family-type pictures, M. J. Dew-Brittain, general manager of the Grand and Strand theaters here, said. "Pictures filled with violence and sex appears to be what the public wants."

Dew-Brittain said, "we don't intentionally bring pictures to Dubuque that will harm anyone. We don't make the pictures. We have to take what is offered to us. In order to get the company's good pictures we have to take some that are not so good. There are 10 feature pictures shown every week in Dubuque. Now where are you going to get that many 'good pictures' to show? It's a competitive business and we have to show enough pictures to stay in business year-round.

He cited his latest film show, "The Great Catherine" (a costume picture) as an example and said "we had about 15 people in the audience last night." On the other hand, he said, that some of the movies carrying the "condemned" rating have been among the most popular ever shown in Dubuque. "Valley of the Dolls" ran five weeks; "Blow-Up" ran three weeks "The Fox" had large crowds during its two-week run. Two of the latest that drew fire from the Knights of Columbus were "Barbarella" and "If He Hollers Let Him Go."

Dew-Brittain said, "It has been our experience that the religious movies just don't go in Dubuque. "The Bible," was a flop and ran only three days. "The Redeemer" that had approval and recommendation of the church was a flop." He said that movie crowds usually are the same people week after week. Those who don't go to the movies are the ones who raise the hue and cry. He said theaters for years have strictly enforced the rule that no one under 16 will be admitted to "morally objectionable" features without parents' consent. "We had one fellow the other night who had no identification. He went home and brought his father back to verify his age. Also, mothers start calling to ask if their children can get in to see the movie. We're the cheapest baby-sitter in town. There's no family life today. Mothers and fathers are both working and there's nothing for kids to do."

N. J. Yiannias, president of the Dubuque Theater Corp., which operates the other theaters in Dubuque, recently ran an ad urging parents to learn what the new four-rating symbols mean and encourage children to attend only those pictures that the MPAA rates as acceptable for young people. The advertisement urged Dubuque residents to support "the type of films you say you want, thereby encouraging production of more of them."



Disney With Walt Gone

By JERRY BEIGEL

Hollywood.

Doubling of Disney feature production, also its rerelease rate of its own vault classics mark "bullish" biz attitude by E. Cardon Walker, Disney's new executive veepee and chief operating officer, and Ron Miller, executive producer of the filmery.

Realignment of top jobs at Disney last November saw Donn B. Tatum move up to president as Roy O. Disney moved to devote most of his activity to development of Disney World though remaining chairman of the board.

Although coming up with new film properties that are in the Disney mold "is the most difficult part of the job," Miller expressed hopes of making five or six pix a year instead of the two or three that has been normal.

The accelerated rereleases of old pix, plus expanding new production has a major purpose of providing heavier cash flow for Disney's forthcoming land development projects — Disney World in Florida and Mineral King in central California.

Walker described both projects as being over most of the legal barriers, now must concentrate on actual planning and development.

Land reclamation is going on at Disney World, with construction of Phase I of the 27,500-acre combined entertainment and pilot city project to begin early this year. Phase I may be opened to the public in less than two years, Walker said. He noted that the late Walt Disney had left plans for projects at the area that will take 20 years to complete.

Legal hassles over roadbuilding into Mineral King have been solved, Walker said. Engineers and designers now are putting finishing touches to a master plan of the winter resort area for submission this month to the government. Roadbuilding to the area will be the major construction project. It should be completed and ready for the public by 1973, he said.

Although Disney is still getting merger offers "every week," Walker declared the company has no interest is being acquired or in acquiring other companies. "We have our own diversification and talent to do what we want," he said, adding that money to do it was no problem.

Acknowledging the loss of Walt Disney made the company "a bit gunshy at first," Walker stated company now will "be more bullish." Disney's basic product remains tv and pix, he said, adding that the Disney image will be maintained.

Miller, in outlining future film production, said the image need not be confined to comedies or musical comedies. Adventure, western, mystery and sci-fi pix are in various stages of preparation, but all will be aimed for the general family audience.

Now slated for production next spring are "Scandalous John," with Bill Walsh to produce, and "Scent of Roses," a suspense film that Bill Anderson will produce.

"Journey to Matecumbe", is "somewhat of a departure" for Disney in that the Ku Klux Klan is the subject matter, Miller said. It is due to start next fall. "Island at the Top of the World" is a sci-fi adventure property on the order of "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" and probably will start late next year, with Winston Hibler to produce.

Disney's current animated production is "The Aristocats," which will be released Christmas of 1970. Animators then will work on the part live-action "Bed Knob and Broomstick," which is already being looked on as "The 'Mary Poppins' of 1971," Miller said.

That animation still is a profitable enterprise for Disney is proven by latest b.o. figures on "The Jungle Book." Film "will do $11,000,000 domestically," Walker said, and initial European playoff indicates a larger gross there than the $6,200,000 that had been anticipated. Film cost $3,800,000, so it will be "a very profitable picture," Walker said. (Pic topped both Paris and London holiday openers last week—Ed.)

Disney will rerelease five or six of its animated film classics during the next three years, Walker said, adding that such reissues also cranks up biz in company's merchandising publishing and music divisions as well.

"Snow White" is finishing its fifth release to the tune of $5,300,000, largest return on any reissue, Walker said. The next reissue, "Peter Pan," could do $5,000,000, he stated, adding that such coin precludes any sale of such pix to tv in anything but the distant future.

Disney is not particularly active in developing new tv series, Walker said, acknowledging that studio wouldn't be able to handle the added production if it intends to expand its feature filming. "Wonderful World of Color" now extends through the 1969-70 season and Walker didn't indicate that it would be its last.

Company also is expanding its educational film biz, with Walker outlining planning now going on that would build packages on such inclusive areas as transportation or music that would include study guides, slides and 8m and 16m films. Work is being handled by the Walt Disney Educational Materials Division and will figure prominently in future production.

Rib-Less Awards Of Writers Guild

Los Angeles.

Having officially dropped its annual awards and agent rule show after 20 years, Writers Guild of America West's council has approved upon a new format for the 21st annual awards, to be given March 23. New setup, recommended by the award event study committee and okayed, consists of a cocktail party reception, and it will be held at the Bev-Hilton.

Annual show was dropped because of increasing criticism of the substance itself; finances, as red ink was usually involved because of the cost of the presentation; the difficulty of finding sufficient people who had the time to devote to the months of preparing the event.

At least for 1969, the format is drastically revised. Thus, the cocktail party begins at 4 p.m., and the writer awards will be given beginning at 6 p.m. There will be dancing with music provided by two groups, one batoned by Matty Malnick, the other a rock combo. Perhaps there will be informal "entertainment" after the awards.

Tab is $6 each, with drinks $1 each, and no chunk of the liquid coin going back to the Guild, as in the past.

There will be no reservations for anyone, it will be first come basis solely, said cochairmen Fay Kanin and Oliver Crawford.

WHAT'S BIGGER BOXOFFICE?

one smash hit like **The Odd Couple?**

or

one smash hit like **Rosemary's Baby?**

ANSWER

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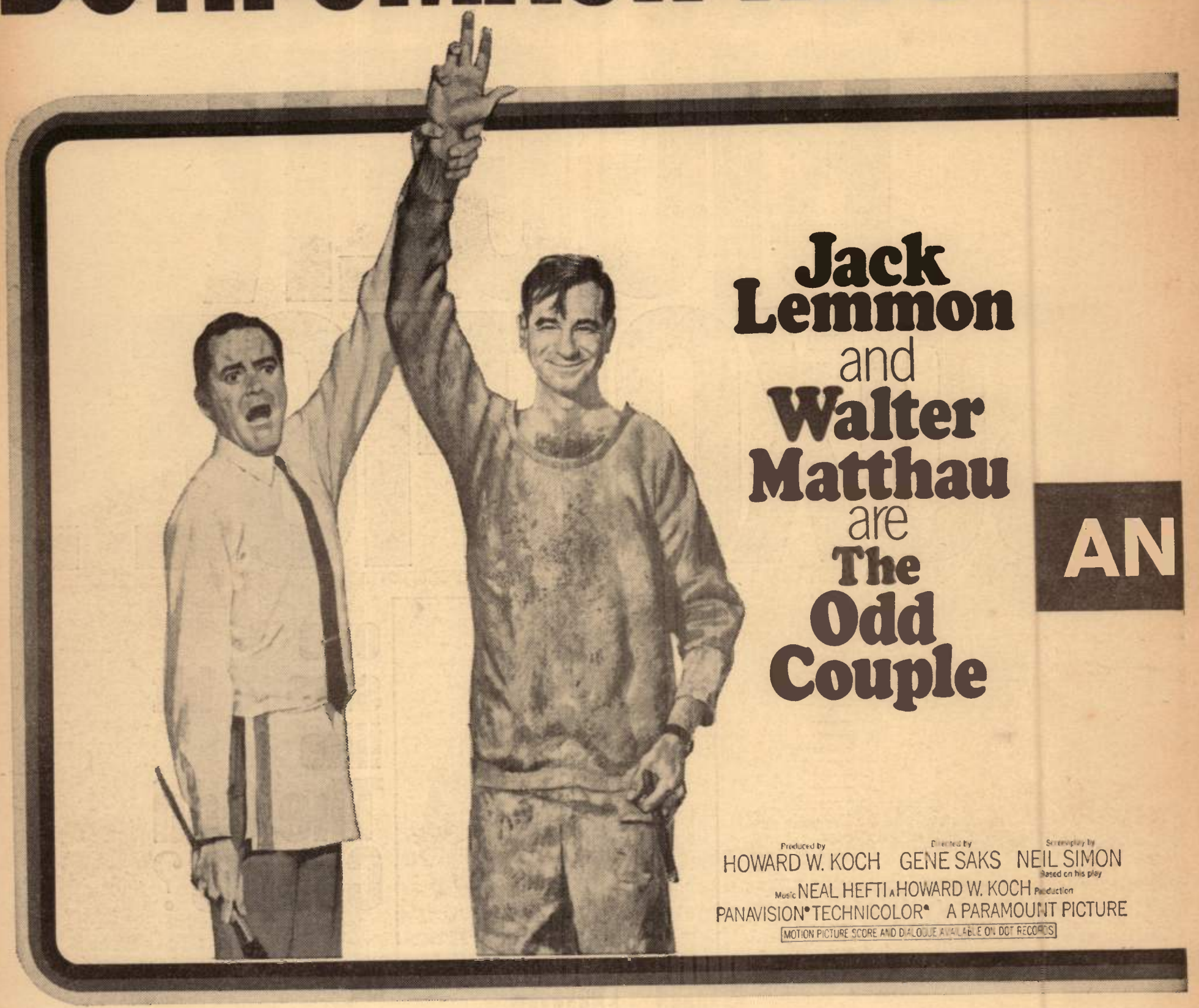

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AT ACADEMY AWARD TIME.

ALL-TIME BOXOFFICE CHAMPS

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

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

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

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

(c) Figures, as given below, signify the rentals received by the distributors from the U.S.-Canada market only and omit foreign market rentals. The latter, in recent years, frequently equal or surpass the domestic playoff although this declined a bit in 1968 due to devaluation of currencies in several countries.

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

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

The Sound of Music (R. Wise; 20th; 1965)	$72,000,000
Gone With The Wind (V. Fleming; D. Selznick; MGM; 1939)	70,400,000
Ten Commandments (C. B. DeMille; Par.; 1957)	40,000,000
The Graduate (M. Nichols; L. Turman; AvcoEmb; 1968)	39,000,000
Ben-Hur (William Wyler; Zinbalist; MGM—1959)	38,000,000
Doctor Zhivago (D. Lean; C. Ponti; MGM; 1965)	37,500,000
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; 1965)	27,000,000
Cleopatra (J. Mankiewicz; Wanger; 20th; 1963)	26,000,000
Guess Who's Coming To Dinner (S. Kramer; Col; 1968)	25,100,000
West Side Story (R. Wise-J. Robbins; Mirisch-7 Arts; UA; 1961)	25,000,000
Around World in 80 Days (M. Anderson; M. Todd; UA; 1956)	23,000,000
How West Was Won (John Ford-Henry Hathaway-George Marshall; Smith-Cinerama; MGM; 1962)	23,000,000
Goldfinger (G. Hamilton; Eon; UA; 1964)	22,500,000
Valley of the Dolls (M. Robson; D. Weisbart; 20th; 1967)	20,000,000
The Dirty Dozen (R. Aldrich; K. Hyman; MGM; 1967)	19,500,000
It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (S. Kramer; UA; 1963)	19,300,000
To Sir, With Love (J. Clavel; Col; 1967)	19,000,000
Bonnie And Clyde (A. Penn; W. Beatty; W7; 1967)	19,000,000
The Odd Couple (G. Saks; H. Koch; Par; 1968)	18,500,000
You Only Live Twice (L. Gilbert; Eon; UA; 1967)	18,000,000
The Longest Day (K. Annakin; A. Marton, B. Wicki; Zanuck; 20th; 1962)	17,600,000
The Robe (Henry Koster;Ross; 20th—1953)	17,500,000
South Pacific (Joshua Logan; Magna-Adler; 20th—1958)	17,500,000
Tom Jones (T. Richardson; UA; 1963)	17,200,000
Bridge On River Kwai (David Lean; Spiegel; Col—1958)	17,195,000
Hawaii (G. R. Hill; Mirisch; UA; 1966)	16,000,000
Snow White (anim.; Disney; RKO-BV; 1937)	15,650,000
This Is Cinerama (Lowell Thomas; Cooper; Cinerama—1952)	15,000,000
Lawrence of Arabia (David Lean; Spiegel; Col—1963)	15,000,000
The Bible (J. Huston; DeLaurentiis; 20th; 1966)	15,000,000
Planet of the Apes (F.J. Schaffner; A.P. Jacobs; 20th; 1968)	15,000,000
Thoroughly Modern Mille (G. R. Hill;R. Hunter; Univ; 1967)	14,724,000
Spartacus (S. Kubrick; Bryna-E. Lewis; Universal; 1960)	14,600,000
The Carpetbaggers (E. Dmytryk; J. E. Levine; Par; 1964)	15,500,000
The Greatest Show on Earth (C. B. DeMille; Par; 1952)	14,000,000
Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines (K. Annakin; Margulies; 20th; 1965)	14,000,000
Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (M. Nichols; Lehman; Warners; 1966)	14,000,000
Giant (G. Stevens; Stevens-Ginsberg; WB—1956)	13,830,000
The Sand Pebbles (R. Wise; 20th; 1967)	13,500,000
Guns of Navarone (J. L. Thompson; Foreman; Col.; 1961)	13,000,000
A Man For All Seasons (F. Zinnemann; Col; 1966)	12,650,000
Quo Vadis (M. LeRoy; S. Zimbalist; MGM; 1951)	12,500,000
Seven Wonders of World (Lowell Thomas; Cinerama—1956)	12,500,000
Rosemary's Baby (R. Polansk ; W. Castle; Par; 1968)	12,300,000
From Here To Eternity (Fred Zinnemann; Col—1953)	12,200,000
Irma La Douce (B. Wilder; Mirisch; UA; 1963)	12,100,000
White Christmas (Michael Curtiz; Dolan-Berlin; Par—1954)	12,000,000
Cinerama Holiday (Louis de Rochemont; Cinerama—1955)	12,000,000
El Cid (Anthony Mann; Bronston; AA—1962)	12,000,000
The Shaggy Dog (C. Barton; Disney; BV; 1959)	11,600,000
Samson and Delilah (C. B. DeMille; Par—1950)	11,500,000
Peyton Place (M. Robson; J. Wald; 20th; 1957)	11,500,000
The Jungle Book (W. Reitherman; Disney; BV; 1967)	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
Absent-Minded Professor (R. Stevenson; Disney; BV; 1961)	11,100,000
Psycho (Alfred Hitchcock; Par—1960)	11,000,000
Yours, Mine And Ours (M. Shavelson; R. Blumofe; UA; 1968)	11,000,000
In Heat of the Night (N. Jewison; Mirisch; UA; 1967)	10.600,000
Sayonara (Joshua Logan; Goetz; WB—1958)	10,500,000
Great Race (B. Edwards; WB; 1965)	10,200,000
Casino Royale (J. Huston, K. Hughes, V. Guest, R. Parrish, J. McGrath; Feldman; Columbia; April 67)	10,200,000
Russians Are Coming, Russians Are Coming (N. Jewison; Mirisch; UA; 1966)	10,000,000
Mutiny On Bounty (Lewis Milestone; Rosenberg; MGM—1962)	9,800,000
Cat On A Hot Tin Roof (R. Brooks; Avon; MGM; 1958)	9,750,000
Operation Petticoat (Blake Edwards; Granart; U—1960)	9,500,000
That Darn Cat (R. Stevenson Disney; BV; 1965)	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
From Russia With Love (T. Young; Eon; UA; 1964)	9,200,000
Shane (G. Stevens; Par.—1953)	9,000,000
Auntie Mame (Morton DaCosta; J. L. Warner; WB—1959)	9,000,000
Barefoot in the Park (G. Saks; H. Wallis; Par; 1967)	9,000,000
Bambi (animated; Disney; RKO-BV; 1942)	8,800,000
Grand Prix (J. Frankenheimer; Douglas-Lewis; MGM; 1967)	8,750,000
Caine Mutiny (Stanley Kramer; Col—1954)	8,700,000
Exodus (Otto Preminger; UA—1960)	8,700,000
What's New Pussycat (C. Donner; C. K. Feldman; UA; 1965)	8,700,000
The Green Berets (J. Wayne-R. Kellogg; Batjac; W7; 1968)	8,700,000
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
Alfie (L. Gilbert; Par; 1966)	8,500,000
2001: Space Odyssey (S. Kubrick; MGM; 1968)	8,500,000
The Unsinkable Molly Brown (C. Walters, Weingarten-Edens; MGM; 64)	8,400,000
The Blue Max (J. Guillermin; Ferry-Williams; 20th; 1966)	8,400,000
Lady And Tramp (animated; Disney; BV—1955)	8,300,000
Some Like It Hot (B. Wilder; Mirisch-Ashton; UA; 1959)	8,300,000
The Professionals (R. Brooks; Col; 1966)	8,300,000
The Fox (M. Rydell; Stross-MPI; Claridge (W7)-U.S./IFD-Can.; 1967)	8,300,000
Butterfield 8 (D. Mann; Berman; MGM; 1960)	8,250,000
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
Guys and Dolls (Joseph Mankiewicz; Goldwyn; MGM—1956)	8,000,000
The Alamo (J. Wayne; Batjac; UA; 1960)	8,000,000
King of Kings (Nicholas Ray; Bronston; MGM—1961)	8,000,000
Music Man (Morton DaCosta; WB—1962)	8,000,000
Lt. Robin Crusoe USN (B. Paul; Disney; BV; 1966)	7,800,000
Shenandoah (A. V. McLaglen; R. Arthur; Univ.; 1965)	7,750,000
Gigi (V. Minnelli; Freed; MGM; 1958)	7,740,000
Pinocchio (animated; Disney; RKO-BV—1940)	7,700,000
Von Ryan's Express (M. Robson; 20th; 1965)	7,700,000
Glenn Miller Story (Anthony Mann; Rosenberg; U—1954)	7,600,000
Georgy Girl (S. Narizzano; Goldston-Plaschkes; Col; 1966)	7,600,000
Trapeze (Carol Reed; Hecht-Hill-Lancaster; UA—1956)	7,500,000
Pillow Talk (Michael Gordon; Arwin-Hunter; U—1959)	7,500,000
World of Suzie Wong (Richard Quine; Stark; Par—1961)	7,500,000
La Dolce Vita (F. Fellini; RIAMA-Pathe; Astor-AIP; 1961)	7,500,000
The V.I.P.'s (Anthony Asquith; de Grunwald; MGM—1963)	7,500,000
The Silencers (P. Karlson; Allen; Col; 1966)	7,350,000
Wait Until Dark (T. Young; M. Ferrer; W7; 1967)	7,350,000
How To Marry A Millionaire (Jean Negulesco; Johnson; 20th—1953)	7,300,000
Peter Pan (animated; Disney; RKO-BV—1953)	7,200,000
No Time For Sergeants (Mervyn LeRoy; WB—1958)	7,200,000
To Kill A Mockingbird (Robert Mulligan; Pakula; U-1963)	7,200,000
Our Man Flint (D. Mann; David; 20th; 1966)	7,200,000
For Whom Bell Tolls (Sam Wood; Par—1943)	7,100,000
David and Bathsheba (Henry King; Zanuck; 20th—1951)	7,100,000
Not As Stranger (Stanley Kramer; UA-1955)	7,100,000
Oklahoma (Fred Zinnemann; Magna-Hornblow; Magna—1955)	7,100,000
Son of Flubber (Robert Stevenson; Disney; BV—1963)	7,100,000
Hatari (Howard Hawks; Par—1962)	7,000,000
Greatest Story Ever Told (G. Stevens; UA; 1965)	7,000,000
The Sandpiper (V. Minnelli; Ransohoff; MGM; 1965)	7,000,000
A Patch of Blue (G. Green; P. Berman; MGM; 1966)	6,900,000
Shot In The Dark (B. Edwards; Mirisch; UA; 1964)	6,700,000
Camelot (J. Logan; W7; 1967)	6,600,000
Going My Way (Leo McCarey; Par—1944)	6,500,000
Snows of Kilimanjaro (Henry King; Zanuck; 20th—1952)	6,500,000
Country Girl (George Seaton; Perlberg-Seaton; Par—1954)	6,500,000
High Society (Charles Walters; Siegel; MGM—1956)	6,500,000
Imitation of Life (Douglas Sirk; Hunter; U—1959)	6,500,000
Come September (Robert Mulligan; Arthur; U—1961)	6,500,000
Wonderful World Brothers Grimm (George Pal-Henry Levin; Pal-Cinerama; MGM—1963)	6,500,000
Torn Curtain (A. Hitchcock; Univ.; 1966)	6,500,000
Hombre (M. Ritt; Ravetch; 20th; April 67)	6,500,000
The Detective (G. Douglas; A. Rosenberg; 20th; 1968)	6,500,000
Cool Hand Luke (S. Rosenberg; G. Carroll; W7; 1967)	6,400,000
Suddenly Last Summer (Joseph Mankiewicz; Spiegel; Col—1960)	6,375,000
Murderers Row (H. Levin; I. Allen; Col; 1966)	6,350,000
North By Northwest (A. Hitchcock; MGM; 1959)	6,310,000
Picnic (Joshua Logan; Kohlmar; Col—1956)	6,300,000
Nun's Story (Fred Zinnemann; WB—1959)	6,300,000
War and Peace (King Vidor; Ponti-DeLaurentiis; Par—1956)	6,250,000
101 Dalmatians (anim.; Disney; BV; 1961)	6,200,000
Bye Bye Birdie (G. Sidney; Kohlmer-Sidney; Col.; 1963)	6,200,000
Charade (Stanley Donen; U—1963)	6,150,000
Welcome Stranger (E. Nugent; Siegel; Par.; 1947)	6,100,000
What A Way To Go! (J. L. Thompson; Jacobs; 20th; 1964)	6,100,000
Vikings (Richard Fleischer; Bryna-Bresler; UA—1958)	6,049,000
Sergeant York (Howard Hawks; Lasky-Wallis; WB—1941)	6,000,000
Life With Father (Michael Curtiz; Buchner; WB—1947)	6,000,000
Ivanhoe (Richard Thorpe; Berman; MGM—1952)	6,000,000
Hans Christian Andersen (Charles Vidor; Goldwyn; RKO—1953)	6,000,000
High and Mighty (William Wellman; Wayne-Fellows; WB—1954)	6,000,000
A Star Is Born (George Cukor; Transcona-Luft; WB—1955)	6,000,000
Strategic Air Command (Anthony Mann; Briskin; Par—1955)	6,000,000
Sea Chase (John Farrow; WB—1955)	6,000,000
Seven Year Itch (Billy Wilder; Feldman; 20th—1955)	6,000,000
To Hell and Back (John Hibbs; Rosenberg; U—1955)	6,000,000
I'll Cry Tomorrow (D. Mann; L. Weingarten; MGM; 1955)	6,000,000
Raintree County (Edward Dmytryk; Lewis; MGM—1957	6,000,000
Come Blow Your Horn (Bud Yorkin; Lear-Yorkin; Par—1963)	6,000,000
Move Over, Darling (M. Gordon; Rosenberg-Melcher; 20th; 1963)	6,000,000
The Pink Panther (B. Edwards; Mirisch; UA; 1964)	6,000,000
A Hard Day's Night (R. Lester; W. Shenson; UA; 1964)	6,000,000
Father Goose (Ralph Nelson; Arthur; U—1965)	6,000,000
Yellow Rolls-Royce (A. Asquith; de Grunwald; MGM—1965)	6,000,000
Help (R. Lester; W. Shenson; UA; 1965)	6,000,000

(Continued on page 18)

Venice Film Fest

Continued from page 4

while overlooking the sacred interests of the capitalists. The others accused the festival of being too commercial.

It occurred to me that on either side no one remembered that a famous American director once made a film called "Intolerance" — to condemn, in effect, this human failing. They forgot, as I said, because D. W. Griffith was certainly a great artist whose influence even extended to such pioneers of Soviet cinema as Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Dovzhenko, Griffith made his great films with the help of sizable capital investment made available to him by the American film industry. The reason for citing Griffith, however, is merely to emphasize the content of one of his masterworks—"Intolerance."

Both the members of the Federation and the leftwing *contestatori* in Italy (backed to a certain extent by the radical political parties) will not admit that any one film festival — speaking of those cinematographic manifestations that have multiplied to an impressive extent in recent years — should distinguish itself from the others. The Federation wants all festivals, I repeat, *all*, to favor commercial films (i.e. costly spectacles) and surround this product with luxury social functions in order ultimately to lure back filmgoers who have deserted the cinemas in increasing number for other leisure time activity.

On the other hand, the ANAC *contestatori* refused to accept the idea of a serious festival constituted for important cultural and artistic motion pictures and insisted on qualifying the Venice Festival as a publicity or touristic event. I believe that intransigence is a common attitude of both sides among festival opponents — on the right as well as on the left. Basically both sides are responsible for having precipitated the conflct of art vs. industry.

Cinema today is obviously passing through a period of decline as did the theatre with the advent of cinema. The theatre did not disappear; but found a new validity. The same thing is happening in cinema as television continues to make giant strides.

My book, "A Lion and Other Animals," will contain all that was written and said about the past Venice Film Festival. It is possible to reread some of those articles only as a form of entertainment and to realize that the opposition or *contestazione* (Let's end trend titles. Wasn't Socrates a *contestatore?*) was a farce).

The FIAP people, as I told their secretary-general at Cannes last year, use their heads as piggybanks to stuff them with dollars. On the left, the ANAC group, led by Cesare Zavattini, could not quite understand that a miniature painting (Zavattini owns a famous collection of miniatures, which includes almost all the top modern painters) is pleasant on the eye and it is possible to build a collection of them but that miniature revolutions do not exist and cannot be achieved by playing games.

In an interview Zavattini gave to a Milan newspaper and cited in my book, he said that the iron discipline of ANAC members was based on a clear political consciousness and that was why, he insisted, Pasolini, Bertolucci, Bontempi, Cavani, Baldi and Risi were not sending their films to the festival but were consigning them to ANAC. It is a matter of record that not one of these films was withdrawn from festival program.

Opponents right and left, of the festival were not short on arguments but it is certainly true that many Italian and several foreign members of the film community ended up looking ridiculous. Take the example of Jonas Mekas who first accepted participation as a jury member in two telegrams addressed to me and who withdrew after releasing an open letter 10 pages long (which I could read only in part), explaining his position against film festivals on the grounds that others are responsible for the program selection.

By their words and deeds at Venice last year, many other illustrious names, Italian and foreign, will help make "A Lion and Other Animals" an entertaining book, though it might well leave the reader with some bitter final conclusions.

'UNKNOWNS' IN DEAD-HEAT WITH STARS

Big Rental Films of 1968

(U.S.-CANADA MARKET ONLY)

Below is VARIETY's Anniversary Edition checklist on the big pictures of the year as reflecting domestic (United States and Canada) rentals accruing to the distributors. To repeat the standard explanation given every year: some pictures go into release too late in the calendar year and cannot be computed for inclusion. Some of the October-December features of 1968 were on the market too sketchily for inclusion now. They must wait for next year's compilation. ("Big" rental rule-for-admittance is a film domestically earning rentals of at least $1,000,000 during the calendar year.)

There are some exceptions, films that made such fast impact on the boxoffice (usually roadshow type films) that the minimum $1,000,000 rentals, for at least that segment of 1968 in which they were on exhibition, are reported.

It will be noted that certain late 1967 releases which were not included in our last Anniversary Edition compilation are picked up herewith.

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

FEATURE	ORIGIN	RELEASE DATE	ESTIMATED RENTALS TO DATE
The Graduate	(M. Nichols; L. Turman; AvcoEmbassy; Jan., '68)		$39,000,000
Guess Who's Coming To Dinner?	(S. Kramer; Col.; Feb., '68)		25,100,000
Gone With The Wind	(reissue)		23,000,000
Valley of the Dolls	(M. Robson; D. Weisbart; 20th; Dec., '67)		20,000,000
The Odd Couple	(G. Saks; H. W. Koch; Par; July, '68)		18,500,000
Planet of the Apes	(F. J. Schaffner; A. P. Jacobs; 20th; April, '68)		15,000,000
Rosemary's Baby	(R. Polanski; W. Castle; Par; June, '68)		12,300,000
The Jungle Book	(animated) (W. Reitherman; W. Disney; BV; Oct., '67)		11,500,000
Yours, Mine And Ours	(M. Shavelson; R. F. Blumofe; UA; May, '68)		11,000,000
The Green Berets	(J. Wayne-R. Kellogg; Batjac; W7; July, '68)		8,700,000
2001: A Space Odyssey	(S. Kubrick; MGM; April, '68)		8,500,000
The Fox	(M. Rydell; Stross-MPI; Claridge (W7)-US/IFD-Can.; Jan., '68)		8,300,000
Wait Until Dark	(T. Young; M. Ferrer; W7; Dec., '67)		7,350,000
Camelot	(J. Logan; W7; Oct., '67)		6,600,000
The Detective	(G. Douglas; A. Rosenberg; 20th; July, '68)		6,500,000
Thomas Crown Affair	(N. Jewison; UA; Aug., '68)		6,000,000
In Cold Blood	(R. Brooks; Col; Feb., '68)		5,600,000
Bandolero	(A. V. McLaglen; R. L. Jacks; 20th; July, '68)		5,500,000
For Love of Ivy	(Daniel Mann; E. J. Scherick; CRC; July, '68)		5,075,000
Hang 'Em High	(Ted Post; L. Freeman; UA; July, '68)		5,000,000
The Happiest Millionaire	(Norman Tokar; W. Anderson; BV; Dec., '67)		5,000,000
The Ambushers	(H. Levin; I. Allen; Col; Dec., '67)		4,700,000
Blackbeard's Ghost	(R. Stevenson; W. Walsh; BV; Feb., '68)		4,550,000
Good, The Bad, The Ugly	(S. Leone; A. Grimaldi; UA; Dec., '67)		4,500,000
Prudence and the Pill	(F. Cook; R. Kahn; 20th; July, '68)		4,500,000
The Devil's Brigade	(A. V. McLaglen; D. L. Wolper; UA; May, '68)		4,200,000
Wild In the Streets	(B. Shear; B. Topper; AIP; May, '68)		4,000,000
Funny Girl	(W. Wyler; R. Stark; Col; Nov., '68)		3,700,000
Never A Dull Moment	(J. Paris; R. Miller; BV; June, '68)		3,600,000
With Six You Get Eggroll	(H. Morris; M. Melcher; CCF-NGP; Sept. '68)		3,600,000
Doctor Dolittle	(R. Fleischer; A. P. Jacobs; 20th; Dec., '67)		3,500,000
The Secret War of Harry Frigg	(J. Smight; H. Chester; Univ; April, '68)		3,500,000
Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?	(H. Averbeck; Freeman-Melcher; MGM; July, '68)		3,500,000
Five Card Stud	(H. Hathaway; H. Wallis; Par; Aug., '68)		3,500,000
Far From the Madding Crowd	(J. Schlesinger; J. Janni; MGM; Oct. '67)		3,500,000
Point Blank	(J. Boorman; Bernard-Winkler; MGM; Oct., '67)		3,200,000
No Way To Treat A Lady	(J. Smight; S. C. Siegel; Par; Mar., '68)		3,100,000
Rachel, Rachel	(P. Newman; Kayos; W7; August, '68)		3,000,000
The Secret Life of an American Wife	(G. Axelrod; 20th; Aug. '68)		3,000,000
Speedway	(N. Taurog; D. Laurence; MGM; June, '68)		3,000,000
The Party	(B. Edwards; UA; April, '68)		2,900,000
The Comedians	(P. Glenville; MGM; Dec., '67)		2,800,000
The Scalphunters	(S. Pollack; Levy-Gardner-Laven; UA; March, '68)		2,800,000
Waterhole No. 3	(W. Graham; J. T. Steck; Par; Oct., '67)		2,700,000
How Sweet It Is	(J. Paris; Marshall-Belson; NGP; July, '68)		2,700,000
Barbarella	(R. Vadim; D. DeLaurentiis; Par; Oct., '68)		2,500,000
How To Save A Marriage	(F. Cook; S. Shapiro; Col; Mar., '68)		2,500,000
The President's Analyst	(J. T. Flicker; S. Rubin; Par; Jan., '68)		2,450,000
Private Navy of Sgt. O'Farrell	(F. Tashlin; J. Beck; UA; May, '68)		2,400,000
One and Only Genuine Original Family Band	(M. O'Herlihy; W. Anderson; BV; April, '68)		2,250,000
Elvira Madigan	(B. Widerberg; Janco; Cinema V; Nov., '67)		2,100,000
Fitzwilly	(Delbert Mann; W. Mirisch; UA; Jan., '68)		2,100,000
Dark of the Sun	(J. Cardiff; K. Englund; MGM; July, '68)		2,000,000
Will Penny	(T. Gries; F. Engel-W.Seltzer; Par; March, '68)		1,800,000
Helga	(E. F. Bender; Rinco-Film; AIP; July, '68)		1,750,000
The Producers	(M. Brooks; S. Glazier; AvcoEmbassy; Dec., '67)		1,681,986
Shakiest Gun in the West	(A. Rafkin; E. J. Montagne; Univ.; May, '68)		1,650,000
Petulia	(R. Lester; Petersham-Wagner; W7; Aug., '68)		1,600,000
Interlude	(K. Billington; D. Deutsch; Col; July, '68)		1,600,000
Billion-Dollar Brain	(K. Russell; H. Saltzman; UA; Dec., 67)		1,500,000
Closely-Watched Trains	(J. Menzel; Czech State; Sigma III; Feb., '68)		1,500,000
The Mini-Skirt Mob	(M. Dexter; AIP; May, '68)		1,500,000
Savage Seven	(R. Rush; D. Clark; AIP; May, '68)		1,500,000
Stranger In Town	(V. Lewis; Infascelli-Klein; MGM; April, '68)		1,500,000
Conqueror Worm	(M. Reeves; L. M. Heyward; AIP; May, '68)		1,500,000
Stay Away, Joe	(P. Tewksbury; D. Laurence; MGM; April, '68)		1,500,000
Bedazzled	(S. Donen; 20th; Dec., '67)		1,500,000
The Sweet Ride	(H. Hart; J. Pasternak; 20th; June, '68)		1,500,000
Poor Cow	(K. Loach; J. Janni; NGP; Jan., '68)		1,400,000
Where Angels Go, Trouble Follows	(J. Neilson; W. Frye; Col; April, '68)		1,400,000
Anzio	(E. Dmytryk; D. DeLaurentiis; Col; June, '68)		1,400,000
Penthouse	(P. Collinson; Tahiti-Twickenham; Par; Oct., '67)		1,350,000
Star	(R. Wise; 20th; Oct., '68)		1,300,000
Angels From Hell	(B. Kessler; K. Neumann; AIP; Aug., '68)		1,250,000
Villa Rides!	(B. Kulik; T. Richmond; Par; June, '68)		1,200,000
Carmen Baby	(R. Metzger; Audubon; Nov., '67)		1,174,860
If He Hollers, Let Him Go	(C. Martin; CRC; Oct., '68)		1.150,000
Madigan	(D. Siegel; F. Rosenberg; Univ; May, '68)		1,100,000
Firecreek	(V. McEveety; Leacock-Mantley; W7; Feb., '68)		1,100,000
Sweet November	(R. E. Miller; Gershwin-Kastner; W7; April, '68)		1,100,000
Paper Lion	(A. March; S. Millar; UA; July, '68)		1,100,000
The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter	(R. E. Miller; Ryan-Merson; W7; Aug., '68)		1,100,000
I Love You, Alice B. Toklas	(H. Averbeck; Maguire; W7; Sept., '68)		1,100,000
Don't Raise The Bridge, Lower The River	(J. Paris; W. Shenson; Col; June, '68)		1,100,000
Shalako	(E. Dmytryk; D. de Grunwald; CRC; Sept., '68)		1,100,000
Berserk	(J. O'Connolly; H. Cohen; Col; Jan., '68)		1,100,000
P. J.	(J. Guillermin; E. J. Montagne; Univ.; March, '68)		1,000,000
King Kong Escapes	(I. Honda; T. Tanaka; Univ; Sept., '68)		1,000,000
Sergeant Ryker	(B. Kulik; Univ; Feb., '68)		1,000,000
Maryjane	(M. Dexter; AIP; Feb., '68)		1,000,000

Elizabeth Taylor Had a Three-Flop Year—Stars Plus 'Topicality' Credited for 'Dinner' Smash—Nameless 'Fox' Scored on Lesbian Theme—Despite Raps of Political Militants Oldfashioned War Film, 'The Green Berets,' Did Okay—Ups and Downs of Doris Day—Rise of New Negro Talent—Dustin Hoffman the Big New Demand Screen Personality of Year

By ROBERT B. FREDERICK

It was a tossup in 1968 whether good films, with unknowns, could outdistance good films, with established stars. The final outcome was somewhat in favor of unknowns due to Joseph E. Levine's "The Graduate" going over the finish line well in advance of the runners-up—but to no one's surprise, as it had been in the lead all year.

The ending figure of $39,000,000 is also only the first bloom for the Mike Nichols-Lawrence Turman effort as it has many dates yet to play and should show another healthy jump at the end of 1969. Besides establishing Dustin Hoffman as "in demand" talent, the film was also responsible for the wrapup of the merger of Embassy Pictures with Avco Corp.

The case for lesser or unknown faces derived strength via Warner Bros.-7 Arts' "Bonnie And Clyde," which first appeared in the 1967 list but did its heaviest running this year for a $19,000,000 finish.

Costly, Both Ways

It was a rough stretch for Elizabeth Taylor, with or without Richard Burton. The year that counted her "The Comedians," "Reflections In A Golden Eye" and "Boom" had to subject this $1,000,000-a-film star to some discount as boxoffice insurance. Her co-star, Marlon Brando, in "Reflections" hasn't been in a profitable film for years.

The second and third place films in the tops for 1968 revert to the traditional "star name" bracket. Stanley Kramer's "Guess Who's Coming To Dinner," thanks to the presence therein of the late Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn and Sidney Poitier, pushed through to $25,100,000, to give the three stars, director-producer Kramer, and Columbia Pictures their top slot, to date, on the All-Time list. Here, however, the factor of "topicality" is the hidden boxoffice value.

Doing almost as well, and this as a reissue, "Gone With The Wind" ticked off $23,000,000 to almost (but not quite) recapture its lead spot with a total of $70,400,000. This most current reissue, it should be explained, was with a very expensive facelifting that stretched the film to 70m proportions for its earlier important (reserved seat) bookings. These are responsible for the big 1968 jump; the hundreds of regular bookings still awaiting "Wind" in 1969 should push it past topranking "Sound of Music" this year as the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical has now played off most of its dates (although the healthy $6,000,000 it added in 1968, added to the existing figure, kept it in the lead with $72,000,000).

Mixed Subject Matter

The other best efforts for 1968 were a mixture of many themes: the adaptation of bestselling novels, whether they dealt with the curse of sleeping pills or the curse of witchcraft; some rather bold variations on the science-fiction idea; a zippy, animated treatment of a children's classic; a look at the lesbian hangup (and, apparently, only the beginning of a sex aberration film cycle); mystery, war and family problems, comic and otherwise.

There might be a lesson for filmmakers in that the "generation gap" question, treated with a comic touch, comes off better from the youth angle ("The Graduate") than from the parent approach ("The Impossible Years").

Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau proved a very funny, very profitable "Odd Couple;" the mostly undraped Charlton Heston had many deeds of derring-do in "The Planet of the Apes;" Mia Farrow gave big boxoffice birth to "Rosemary's Baby."

Lucille Ball and Henry Fonda invented the "instant family" in "Yours, Mine And Ours;" John Wayne, with the ticketbuying approval of many filmgoers (as opposed to the non-attending disapproval of assorted militants), turned "The Green Berets" into a boxoffice success; Stanley Kubrick's long-awaited "2001: A Space Odyssey" was finally lanuched in mid-year and is still successfully orbiting around the nation's theatres.

The Homo Hypo

Although, D. H. Lawrence's 50-year old novella "The Fox" only hinted at lesbianism the screenplay put Anne Heywood and Sandy Dennis as a pair and helped start a new trend in screen lovers.

There was still a market for a rattling good suspenser, "Wait Until Dark." The world of King Arthur, set to music, gave "Camelot" a healthy start but film tired in the stretch.

Frank Sinatra, as a tough "Detective," plus some unusually "strong dialog, turned a much-altered Roderick Thorp novel into a hit. Steve McQueen in "The Thomas Crown Affair" did okay.

Some expensive productions, however, despite initially strong openings, didn't really turn on as expected and, despite grosses that would have been highly profitable for less costly fare, will just about break even, or less. These would include Disney's "The Happiest Millionaire" (which quickly dropped the hardticket gimmick with which it was launched), "The Secret War of Harry Frigg" (with Paul Newman unable to overcome a silly script—although he, personally, had an especially happy year with his 1967 "Cool Hand Luke" continuing to rack up profits and his first directing effort, "Rachel, Rachel," meeting the approval of both the critics and the public).

"Far From The Madding Crowd," sanguinely foreshadowed as another "Dr. Zhivago," for Metro never made it; "The Comedians" (which the names of Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton couldn't save) proved not so funny; "Will Penny" (actually, a superior western), just didn't catch the public's fancy; while "Petulia," "Anzio," "Madigan," "A Lovely Place To Die," "The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter" and the international

(Continued on page 18)

Tunepix: High Risk

The year just ended was a bumpy one for tunepix. Granted that these have traditionally been a "hard sell" overseas, the trouble is that if they don't make it big in the U.S. market, they're in deep trouble. "Dr. Dolittle" (Fox), which was playing the showcase tracks this Christmas, after opening for the previous holidays, will presumably represent a substantial loss writeoff, its present rentals running under $3,500,000.

Paramount's "Half A Sixpence" was unusual in that it was very big at home in Great Britain and very poor in the States. At a nominal cost of $6,000,000, it probably is safe on the audit for 1968, despite not making VARIETY's $1,000,000 cutoff for "top" domestic U.S.-Canada grossers. The seriousness of negative cost looms when a "Dolittle" stands at $16-mil and a "Camelot" at $15-mil, against poor or so-so figures at b.o.

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ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON 20th CENTURY FOX RECORDS

R RESTRICTED Persons under 17 not admitted

"'The Graduate.' 'Bonnie and Clyde.' This year it may well be 'Joanna.' In technique it is fresh; its spirit is contemporary; its attitudes are youthfully free of cant and moralizing. It is a joy to watch." —Saturday Review

"There is creativity galore in 'Joanna.' Michael Sarne can take a bow for having plunged ahead with originality, free style, built-in musicality, high purpose, and overall grasp of what cinema is all about these days."
—William Wolf, Cue

"Michael Sarne in the most dazzling directorial debut of the year. Joanna is an adolescent who plays musical beds with every boy who rubs up against her, makes friends with the world, and generally lives without any of the conventional moral hang-ups. As the amoral wide-eyed girl, Genevieve Waite is startling." —Time Magazine

"'The Umbrellas of Cherbourg, 'A Man and a Woman,' 'Elvira Madigan' — and now 'Joanna.'"
—Judith Crist, New York Magazine

"'Joanna' in the genre of 'Blow-Up', may do every bit as well with the now generation. Stunning to look at—fun to listen to. Its flip amorality will no doubt infuriate the hard-working middle class."
—Frances Herridge, New York Post

"Genevieve Waite, a breathless young Lolita who waltzes her way through an orgy of high fashion, music, nude bed scenes and dippity-doo movie madness." —Rex Reed

"The makers of 'Joanna' knew what they were doing. Michael Sarne had satire on his mind. There are stretches of wit, power, old-fashioned sentiment and technical brilliance. There are fine, solid performances."
—Renata Adler, N.Y. Times

"This film about abortion, violence, racial love out of wedlock will be controversial. I suggest you go see for yourself." —Liz Smith, Cosmopolitan

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WRH

No. 1 Best Sellers

THE SALZBURG CONNECTION

The current No. 1 Best Seller. Helen Mac Innes' new novel is being hailed as the "finest suspense story this year." Now in preparation as A ROBERT FRYER PRODUCTION.

GORE VIDAL'S

MYRA BRECKENRIDGE

Now in preparation as A ROBERT FRYER PRODUCTION. To be produced by ROBERT FRYER, GORE VIDAL. Screenplay by GORE VIDAL, based upon his novel.

THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER

Now in preparation as A NORMAN JEWISON - DAVID L. WOLPER PRODUCTION. To be produced by DAVID WOLPER. To be directed by NORMAN JEWISON. Screenplay by LOU PETERSON, based on the book by WILLIAM STYRON.

THE NATION'S THREE LEADING BEST SELLERS THIS YEAR HAVE BEEN ACQUIRED BY 20TH CENTURY-FOX FOR MAJOR MOTION PICTURES.

ALL-TIME BOXOFFICE CHAMPS

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

Continued from page 14

...ns of Katie Elder (H. Hathaway; H. Wallis; Par; 1965) ..	6,000,000
...gly Dachshund (N. Tokar; Disney; BV; February '66).....	6,000,000
...e Wild Angels (R. Corman; AIP; 1966)	6,000,000
...low-Up (M. Antonioni; C. Ponti; Premier MGM; 1967)	6,000,000
...he War Wagon (B. Kennedy; Batjac; Univ; 1967)	6,000,000
...l Dorado (H. Hawks; Par; 1967)	6,000,000
...he Thomas Crown Affair (N. Jewison; UA; 1968)	6,000,000
...ow To Murder Your Wife (R. Quine; Murder; UA; 1965) ..	5,800,000
...lue Skies (Stuart Heisler; Siegel; Par—1946)	5,700,000
...ear Window (Alfred Hitchcock; Par—1954)	5,700,000
...ypsy (Mervyn LeRoy; WB—1963)	5,700,000
Seven Brides For Seven Brothers (Stanley Donen; Cummings; MGM—1954)	5,600,000
Teahouse of August Moon (Daniel Mann; Cummings; MGM—1957)	5,600,000
...arper (J. Smight; Gershwin-Kastner; Warners; 1966).....	5,600,000
...Man And A Woman (C. Lelouch; AA; 1966)	5,600,000
...n Cold Blood (R. Brooks; Col; 1968)	5,560,000
...alley of Decision (T. Garnett; Knopf; MGM; 1945)	5,520,000
...ivorce, American Style (B. Yorkin; Tandem; Col; 1967)	5,500,000
...ig Parade (King Vidor; MGM—1925).....	5,500,000
...Mrs. Miniver (W. Wyler; S. Franklin; MGM; 1942)	5,500,000
...eave Her To Heaven (J. Stahl; Bacher; 20th; 1945)	5,500,000
...gg And I (Charles Erskine; Finkelhoffe; U—1947).....	5,500,000
...ouse of Wax (Andre de Toth; Bryan Foy; WB—1953).....	5,500,000
...natomy of a Murder (Otto Preminger; Carlyle; Col—1959)	5,500,000
Please Don't Eat Daisies (Charles Walters; Pasternak; MGM—1960)	5,500,000
...cean's 11 (Lewis Milestone; WB—1960).....	5,500,000
...olomon and Sheba (King Vidor; Richmond; UA—1960)....	5,500,000
...r. No (T. Young; Eon; UA; 1962)	5,500,000
The Great Escape (J. Sturges; Mirisch; UA; 1963).....	5,500,000
Thrill Of It All (Norman Jewison; Hunter-Melcher; U—1963)	5,500,000
Viva Las Vegas (George Sidney; Cummings; MGM—1964)..	5,500,000
Nevada Smith (H. Hathaway; J. E. Levine; Par; 1966)	5,500,000
Fantastic Voyage (R. Fleischer; David; 20th; 1966).....	5,500,000
Guide For the Married Man (G. Kelly; F. McCarthy; 20th; 1967)	5,500,000
Bandolero (A. V. McLaglen; R. L. Jacks; 20th; 1968)	5,500,000
Song of the South (animated—live; Disney; RKO-BV—1946)	5,400,000
Follow Me Boys (N. Tokar; W. Hibler; BV; 1966)	5,400,000
Up the Down Staircase (R. Mulligan; A. Pakula; W7; 1967)	5,400,000
Blackboard Jungle (R. Brooks; P. Berman; MGM; 1955)	5,350,000
Eddy Duchin Story (George Sidney; Wald; Col—1956)....	5,300,000
Sleeping Beauty (animated; Disney; BV—1959)	5,300,000
The Cardinal (Otto Preminger; Col—1963).....	5,275,000
Unconquered (C. B. DeMille; Par—1947).....	5,250,000
The Yearling (Clarence Brown; Franklin; MGM—1947)....	5,250,000
Meet Me In St. Louis (Vincente Minnelli; Freed; MGM—1944)	5,200,000
Show Boat (George Sidney; Freed; MGM—1951).....	5,200,000
Mogambo (John Ford; Zimbalist; MGM—1953).....	5,200,000
Magnificent Obsession (Douglas Sirk; Hunter; U—1954)....	5,200,000
Moby Dick (John Huston; Moulin-Huston;WB—1956).....	5,200,000
Rio Bravo (Howard Hawks; WB—1959).....	5,200,000
Hole In The Head (Frank Capra; Sincap-Capra; UA—1959)	5,200,000
From The Terrace (Mark Robson; 20th—1960).....	5,200,000
Elmer Gantry (Richard Brooks; Smith; UA—1960).....	5,200,000
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (Howard Hawks; Siegel; 20th—1953)	5,100,000
The Outlaw (H. Hughes; RKO; 1946).....	5,075,000
For Love of Ivy (D. Mann; E. J. Scherick; CRC; 1968)	5,075,000
Battleground (W. Wellman; D. Schary; MGM; 1949)	5,060,000
Forever Amber (Otto Preminger; Zanuck-Seaton; 20th—1947)	5,050,000
King Solomon's Mines (C. Bennett; S. Zimbalist; MGM; 1950)	5,050,000
Friendly Persuasion (William Wyler; AA—1956).....	5,050,000
Song of Bernadette (Henry King; Perlberg; 20th—1943)....	5,000,000
Razor's Edge (Edmund Goulding; Zanuck; 20th—1947).....	5,000,000
Green Dolphin Street (Victor Saville; Wilson; MGM—1947)	5,000,000
Red Shoes (Michael Powell; Pressburger-Rank; EL—1948)..	5,000,000
Jolson Sings Again (Henry Levin; Buchman; Col—1949)....	5,000,000
The Sands of Iwo Jima (Allen Dwan; Grainger; Rep.; 1950)..	5,000,000
Moulin Rouge (John Huston; Romulus; UA—1953).....	5,000,000
Three Coins in Fountain (Jean Negulesco; Siegel; 20th—1954)	5,000,000
A Man Called Peter (Henry Koster; Engel; 20th—1955)....	5,000,000
There's No Business Like Show Business (Walter Lang; Zanuck-Siegel; 20th—1954).....	5,000,000
Pete Kelly's Blues (Jack Webb; WB—1955).....	5,000,000
East of Eden (Elia Kazan; WB—1955).....	5,000,000
Vera Cruz (Robert Aldrich; HHL-James Hill; UA—1955)....	5,000,000
Bridges Toko-Ri (Mark Robson; Perlberg-Seaton; Par—1955)	5,000,000
The Tall Men (R. Walsh; Bacher-Hawks; 20th; 1955)	5,000,000
Anastasia (Anatole Litvak; Adler; 20th—1957)	5,000,000
Island In Sun (Robert Rossen; Zanuck; 20th—1957)	5,000,000
Farewell To Arms (Charles Vidor; Selznick; 20th—1958) ..	5,000,000
On The Beach (Stanley Kramer; UA—1959)	5,000,000
Journey To Center of Earth (Henry Levin; Brackett; 20th—1960)	5,000,000
North To Alaska (Henry Hathaway; 20th—1960)	5,000,000
Flower Drum Song (Henry Koster; Hunter-Fields; U—1962)	5,000,000
Judgment at Nuremberg (Stanley Kramer; UA—1961)	5,000,000
Bon Voyage (James Nielson; Disney; BV—1962)	5,000,000
The Interns (David Swift; Cohn; Col—1962)	5,000,000
The Birds (Alfred Hitchcock; U—1963)	5,000,000
55 Days at Peking (Nicholas Ray; Bronston; AA—1963)	5,000,000
Hud (Martin Ritt; Revetch; Par—1963)	5,000,000
Under Yum-Yum Tree (David Swift; Brisson; Col—1963) ...	5,000,000
Dr. Strangelove (S. Kubrick; Col.; 1964).....	5,000,000
Becket (Peter Glenville; Wallis; Par—1964)	5,000,000
Night of Iguana (John Huston; Stark-7 Arts; MGM—1964) ..	5,000,000
In Like Flint (G. Douglas; David; 20th; March 67)	5,000,000
Hang 'Em High (T. Post; L. Freeman; UA; 1968)	5,000,000
Happiest Millionaire (N. Tokar; W. Anderson; BV; 1967) ..	5,000,000
Spellbound (Alfred Hitchcock; Selznick; UA—1946)	4,975,000
Since You Went Away (John Cromwell; Selznick; UA—1944)	4,950,000
Good Neighbor Sam (David Swift; Col—1964)	4,950,000
In Search of Castaways (Robert Stevenson; Disney; BV—1963)	4,900,000
Fantasia (animated; Disney; RKO-BV—1940)	4,800,000
Yankee Doodle Dandy (Michael Curtiz; Wallis-Cagney; WB—1942)	4,800,000
Notorious (Alfred Hitchcock; RKO—1946)	4,800,000
The Searchers (John Ford; Whitney-Cooper; WB—1956)	4,800,000
Pepe (George Sidney; Col—1961)	4,800,000
Streetcar Named Desire (Elia Kazan; Feldman; WB—1951)	4,750,000
Salome (William Dieterle; Adler; Col—1953)	4,750,000
Dragnet (Jack Webb; Mark VII; WB—1954)	4,700,000
Gunfight at OK Corral (John Sturges; Wallis; Par—1957) ..	4,700,000
Pal Joey (George Sidney; Essex; Col—1957)	4,700,000
Hercules (Pietro Francisci; Teti-Levine; WB—1959)	4,700,000
Blue Hawaii (Norman Taurog; Wallis; Par—1961)	4,700,000
The Ambushers (H. Levin; I. Allen; Col; 1968)	4,700,000
Annie Get Your Gun (George Sidney; Freed; MGM—1950)..	4,650,000
Boom Town (J. Conway; S. Zimbalist; MGM; 1940)	4,600,000
The Green Years (Victor Saville; Gordon; MGM—1946)	4,600,000
Babes In Toyland (James Donohue; Disney; RKO-BV—1961)	4,600,000
Blackbeard's Ghost (R. Stevenson; W. Walsh; BV; 1968)	4,550,000
Four Horsemen of Apocalypse (Rex Ingram; MGM—1921)	4,500,000
Random Harvest (Mervyn LeRoy; Franklin; MGM—1942) ..	4,500,000
Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo (M. LeRoy; S. Zimbalist; MGM; 1944)	4,500,000
Anchors Aweigh (George Sidney; Pasternak; MGM—1945)..	4,500,000
The Paleface (Norman Z. McLeod; Wallis; Par—1945)	4,500,000
Road To Utopia (Melvin Frank; Jones; Par—1945)	4,500,000
Thrill of a Romance (Richard Thorpe; Pasternak; MGM—1945)	4,500,000
Easy To Wed (Eddie Buzzell; Cummings; MGM—1946)....	4,500,000
Till The Clouds Roll By (Richard Whorf; Freed; MGM—1946)	4,500,000
Bachelor and Bobbysoxer (Irving Reis; Schary; RKO—1947)	4,500,000
Road To Rio (Norman Z. McLeod; Dare; Par—1948).....	4,500,000
Easter Parade (Charles Walters; Freed; MGM—1948).....	4,500,000
Great Caruso (Richard Thorpe; Lasky-Pasternak; MGM—1951)	4,500,000
Knights of Roundtable (R. Thorpe; P. Berman; MGM; 1953)	4,500,000
Desiree (Henry Koster; Blaustein; 20th—1954)	4,500,000
To Catch A Thief (Alfred Hitchcock; Par—1955).....	4,500,000
The Conqueror (Dick Powell; Hughes-Powell; RKO—1956)..	4,500,000
Rebel Without a Cause (Nicholas Ray; Weisbart; WB—1956)	4,500,000
Love Me Tender (Richard Webb; Weisbart; 20th—1957)....	4,500,000
Pride and the Passion (Stanley Kramer; UA—1957).....	4,500,000
Young Lions (Edward Dmytryk; Lichtman; 20th—1958)....	4,500,000
Don't Go Near The Water (Charles Walters; Weingarten; MGM—1957)	4,500,000
Return To Peyton Place (Jose Ferrer; Wald; 20th—1961)..	4,500,000
Fanny (Joshua Logan; WB—1961).....	4,500,000
Lolita (Stanley Kubrick; Seven Arts-Harris; MGM—1962)..	4,500,000
Diamond Head (Guy Green; Bresler; Col—1963)	4,500,000
Sword In The Stone (Walter Reitherman; Disney; BV—1963)	4,500,000
McLintock (A. V. McLaglen; Wayne, UA; 1963).....	4,500,000
Send Me No Flowers (Norman Jewison; Keller; U—1964)..	4,500,000
Battle of the Bulge (K. Annakin; Sperling-Yordan-Cinerama; WB; Dec. '65).....	4,500,000
The Glass-Bottom Boat (F. Tashlin; Melcher; MGM; 1966) ..	4,500,000
The Trip (R. Corman; AIP; 1967)	4,500,000
Good, The Bad, The Ugly (S. Leone; A. Grimaldi; UA; 1967)	4,500,000
Prudence and the Pill (F. Cook; R. Kahn; 20th; 1968)	4,500,000
Cheaper By The Dozen (Walter Lang; Trotti; 20th—1950)..	4,425,000
Two Years Before Mast (John Farrow; Miller; Par—1946)..	4,400,000
Written On the Wind (Douglas Sirk; Zugsmith; U—1956)...	4,400,000
Inn of Sixth Happiness (Mark Robson; Adler; 20th—1959)..	4,400,000
Spencer's Mountain (Delmer Daves; WB—1963)	4,400,000
Zorba, The Greek (M. Cacoyannis; Int'l Classics; 1964).....	4,400,000
Boy, Did I Get A Wrong Number (G. Marshall; E. Small; UA; 1966)	4,400,000
How To Steal A Million (W. Wyler, Wyler-Kohlmar; 20th; 1966)	4,400,000
Weekend at Waldorf (R. Leonard; A. Hornblow; MGM; 1945)	4,370,000
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
The Man With the Golden Arm (O. Preminger; UA-AA; 1956)	4,350,000
Man in Grey Flannel Suit (Nunnally Johnson; Zanuck; 20th—1956)	4,350,000
The Gnome-Mobile (R. Stevenson; J. Algar; BV; 1967)	4,350,000
Lost Weekend (Billy Wilder; Brackett; Par—1946).....	4,300,000
Sailor Beware (Hal Walker; Wallis; Par—1952)	4,300,000
The African Queen (J. Huston; Romulus; UA-Trans-Lux; 1951)	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
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
Dear John (L-M. Lindgren; Sandrews; Sigma 3; 1966)	4,250,000
Hollywood Canteen (Delmer Daves; Gottlieb; WB—1944) ..	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
Cincinnati Kid (N. Jewison; Ransohoff; MGM; 1965).....	4,200,000
The Trouble With Angels (I. Lupino; Frye; Col; 1966).....	4,200,000
The Devil's Brigade (A. V. McLaglen; D. L. Wolper; UA; 1968)	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

(Continued on page 62)

Unknowns Vs. Stars

Continued from page 15

western, "Shalako," also met with similar doleful results.

It's often a matter of the right project. Doris Day flopped in "Ballad of Josie," did pretty well in "Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?" and very well, indeed, in "With Six You Get Eggroll." All in the same year. Charlton Heston's "Counterpoint," likewise, did the exact opposite of "Planet of the Apes."

New names who could be said to have made it during the year include Dustin Hoffman (possibly the hottest property, currently); Barbara Parkins (sole survivor of "Valley of the Dolls" and set for the sequel thereto); Mia Farrow ("Rosemary's Baby" and "Secret Ceremony"); Anne Heywood ("The Fox"); Alan Arkin ("Wait Until Dark," "Heart is a Lonely Hunter"); Vanessa Redgrave ("Camelot," "Charge of the Light Brigade," the upcoming "Isadora"); Jacqueline Bisset ("The Detective," "The Sweet Ride"); Maggie Smith ("Hot Millions"), and Gene Wilder ("The Producers").

Newman is the most prominent "directing" name of the year, thanks to the curiosity value of his switch from acting and the success of his first effort, with Peter Yates ("Bullitt") and Anthony Harvey ("Lion in Winter") close behind. Big directors who made little pictures (boxoffice wise) included Robert Aldrich with "The Legend of Lylah Clare."

A promising new Negro star, Jim Brown, proved sufficiently impressive during 1968 to rate as the strongest contender to inherit some of Sidney Poitier's earning power. Although his films were not major projects, they fared so well with the public that his impression was strong and definite. After "The Split," he has "Ice Station Zebra," "Riot" and "100 Rifles" coming up. Third ranking Negro actor is Raymond St. Jacques, whose star is also in the ascendency.

Too recent to tell, although early figures have been good, are such major releases as Richard Fleischer's "The Boston Strangler," Christian Marquand's "Candy," "The Lion in Winter," "Shoes of the Fisherman," "Chitty, Chitty, Bang, Bang," 'Oliver," "The Yellow Submarine," "The Night They Raided Minsky's," "Finian's Rainbow," "The Subject Was Roses" and "Bullitt."

A Very 'Funny Girl'

The biggest new name during the entire year, however, was "instant star" Barbra Streisand. Could she or could she not make the transition from stage to screen? The advance sale on "Funny Girl" and the $3,700,000 it chalked up in its very brief exposure in November and December, has answered that query.

The unquestioned successful reception accorded "Funny Girl" has made a lot of people breathe easier. Seldom in the history of films have so many millions of dollars been invested in or committed to one "untried" talent. With the huge-budgeted "Hello, Dolly" already in the cans. "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever" kicking off this month and "The Owl and the Pussycat" waiting in the wings, there was a lot of trust riding on the singer-actress. It's a safe prediction that the 1969 listing will find "Funny Gil" well up on the tally.

Foreign Films

Foreign film fare, on the U. S. market, if English-made efforts are not considered such, did not prove overwhelming during 1968. The biggest impression left, possibly, was the favorable reaction to the Czech efforts. With the recapitulation of the Czechs to Russian domination, however, the emergence of this country as a major filmmaking nation, may come to a halt, hopefully only a temporary one. "Barbarella," an Italian-made sci-fi spoof with heavy dollops of sex, did well for itself, correspondingly, with $2,500,000, while "Elvira Madigan" made the most favorable impression of "serious" films with $2,100,000.

The freak success of "sex education" films in Germany, which is apparently spreading to other European countries, found the first such effort, "Helga," racking up $1,750,000 (and to be followed in 1969 by similar-themed product).

Uphill in The Dutch Flatlands

By HANS SAALTINK

Amsterdam.

The year 1968 was the jubilee of the Nederlandse Bioscoop Bond (Dutch Cinema League), a unique body (some would call it a cartel), in which Dutch producers, distributors and exhibitors have combined for 50 years. Because of its power the Dutch Cinema League has been able to do many things in a positive sense, by curtailing, for instance, by way of a huge advertising campaign, the decline of cinema attendance.

It is also the body that with much optimism has tried to set up a Dutch film industry, by creating the Netherlands Production Fund, that finances partly Dutch feature films. Since 1956 when it started to function the Production Fund has helped finance 36 features. The fact that these films were seen by about 12,000,000, aggregate, indicates that the Dutch public does not care too much about home product, as yet. Only Fons Rademakers' "The Spitting Image" Bert Haanstra's feature films "Fanfare" and "The Case M.P." and documentaries "Alleman" "The Human Dutch," Paul Rotha's semi-documentary "The Raid" and Kees Brusse's interview pic "People Of Tomorrow" had sufficient success.

In the last 10 years these feature films have been produced by 18 different firms, many only one-shot ventures. With Bert Haanstra Holland's best-known director, Fons Rademakers has been able to make only five feature films in 10 years time, for four different producers, and has been trying to set up a new production since 1966. Next year Rademakers will direct "Because Of The Cats," for which Orson Welles has been signed.

The Dutch Cinema League has been able, through a constant lobby, to get the entertainment tax abolished as of January 1, 1969. In reality this does not mean that the tax on films goes off since at the same time there is an increase in purchase tax, meaning a levy for the cinemas of about 10%. For most cinemas it can be considered that the tax burden will be decreased, while in some cities, where no entertainment tax was levied, the new law will take its toll.

The League has campaigned against the influence of television and can dictate to the companies exactly how many feature films can be shown on television each week (no feature films can be shown during the weekend, except for a Saturday children matinee). A "Film week" has been organized every two years, which provides another focus on product, as only films distributed by its members are allowed in this, a sort of costly ($35,000), showcase.

The Dutch Cinema League keeps actual boxoffice receipts secret but has published a total of attendance. From 1945 till 1968 the Dutch cinemas showed around 9,000 feature films, seen by an audience of 1,286,708,000 people who paid 1,500,000,000 Dutch guilders ($420,000,000) of which one third went to the revenue bureaux.

For two years there has been talk of a new wave of Dutch film directors. Some young filmmakers have been given a chance to prove their talents, and for budding talents they have not been doing badly. Commercially, however, their films have been below expectations, which only proves that in the industry these expectations have been aimed too high. Nikolai van der Heyde started with "A Morning Of Six Weeks," made a second film with Ben Carruthers, "To Grab The Ring." Franz Weisz made debut with "The Gangster Girl—A Romance," but still waits to launch a second pic. The same is the case with Erik Terpstra who had some good commercial results with "The Whipping Cream Hero."

Wim Verstappen started with the no-budget ($2,000) "The Less Fortunate Return Of Joszef Katus To The Land Of Rembrandt," made a second feature "Confessions Of A Loving Couple." Verstappen's partner in Scorpio Film Productions, Pim de la Parra, now has moved into direction, with "Obsessions," starring Alexandra Stewart and made in color, with a German co-producer—Verstappen is producer on this pic.

As nearly all Dutch feature films seem to flop (both Hugo Claus' "The Enemies" and Van der Heyde's "To Grab The Ring" did not do well at the b.o. in 1968), there seems to be a tendency of wait and see. Many filmmakers are lining up with their scripts to get financing. The New Wave seems to be grounded, with at least one picture. "Monsieur Hawarden," waiting release." "Monsieur Hawarden" was selected for showing at the Mannheim Film festival and for the London Film Festival, while another film of the same producer, Rob du Mee, "The Compromise," couped the Golden Dove at the Venice Film festival for best debut.

One documentary that got theatrical release, "Around The Oudekerksplein," a Kappa Film Production directed by Roeland Kerbosch, originally was aimed at television and only found the cinema after it had been rejected (because of subject, the red lamp district of Amsterdam's harbour) and bought back. Kerbosch still has material for a 16m feature film that in a blown-up version may reach cinemas in 1969. Together with "Monsieur Hawarden" and a feature film financed and produced by Thijs Chanowski, "Champagne Rose Is Dead," directed by Calvin Floyd, this is the only certainty in Dutch feature film release for 1969, though it has become the rule that at the end of the year everything looks more gloomy than the reality proves to be, artistically speaking.

Money Alone Doesn't Explain Surge Of Modern Sex Novels

By WILLIAM WOOLFOLK

(Novelist Woolfolk recently wrote "The Beautiful Couple," one of the many sex novels explicitly about film folk. It had been originally projected for anonymous publication but the publishers induced Woolfolk to use his name. That the book has sold well bears out the point of an author's need for revenues. But that is only the more immediate point, Woolfolk argues below. —Ed)

It must be apparent even to a casual observer of the publishing scene that the number of what may be called Sexual Novels increases with each season. Vladimir Nabokov, Elia Kazan, Meyer Levin, Gore Vidal, John Updike, R. V. Cassill, Philip Roth, are only a few of the distinguished authors who have contributed to the upsurge.

An obvious reason for so many novels of this genre being written is that writers, no matter how distinguished, occasionally like to make money. Writing is a precarious occupation and nearly all who engage in it support themselves chiefly by other means: teaching, editing, droning out advertising copy, performing public relations, marrying rich. A writer who dreams of being able to support himself solely by his literary effort soon learns that the surest way to accomplish this is to write a novel that a large public will want to read.

Another lure tempts the serious writer who might spurn more monetary considerations. His friends smile skeptically when he tries to explain why his books are not bestsellers. Why not, if you're so good? their smiles ask. He will protest that he does not choose to write what interests The Mob. His friends will be downright hostile at this because they will suspect he suspects they are part of The Mob, and he is probably right to suspect them. There is a quasi-literary cult — far more numerous than the genuinely literary cult — that reserves its compliments for Bellow, Styron and Malamud but steals off to the seashore with Robbins, Susann and Wallace. One of my quasi-literary friends summed up this attitude when he told me recently, "I've just finished your book. It was *dreadful* — I simply couldn't put it down!"

But the justification for the Sexual Novel cannot be merely in the honest poverty, or dishonest calculations of the author. The true justification, if it can be found, must be in *why* it is read.

Well, one explanation is that the Sexual Novel seems to most modern readers to be an accurate reflection of the world in which they are living. They are surrounded by sexuality on every side, in the merchandising and packaging of every commodity they use, and in movies, songs and jokes, so they expect to find sexuality in their reading matter also.

Comparisons

"Peyton Place" is far inferior to "Main Street" as a book, but its portrait of the sexual activities of the inhabitants of a small town is more realistic. The Kinsey Report bore this out, and so do all subsequent inquiries. "The Arrangement" is not as literary a work as "Tender Is The Night," but it does reveal more clearly what goes on sexually in a dissolving marriage.

Most of our great novels do not reveal the intimate, fascinating, complex sex lives of characters. But the relevant question is: would the novels have been better if they had?

Becky Sharp's Sex

There is testimony in support of this view. William Makepeace Thackeray complained that he could not give Becky Sharp her full dimension as a character because he was limited in describing her sexuality to what readers of his time would accept. F. Scott Fitzgerald ruefully conceded that the failure to describe the real nature of the relationship between Gatsby and his Daisy was a serious flaw in his book and he blamed it on the moral climate of the era. To the extent that Thackeray and Fitzgerald overcame this (and Becky Sharp is surely one of the most fully realized characters in fiction) it was a triumph of art over prudery. Isn't it reasonable to believe that these and other great artists, if writing today, would be writing "sexier" novels than they did?

The Sexual Novel has earned its low esteem. It is now almost the exclusive domain of sensationalists, those writers who have dedicated to a large theme very small talents. Serious novelists, with the exception of Henry Miller, have shunned the genre for fear of being classified with their more lightminded novelistic brethren. But the reader's interest in sensuality can be employed exactly as an interest in drama is — to lead him into other meanings in the narrative. A good novel can begin in titillation and end in understanding.

The only test which endures is quality. We ask more of books than of other commodities, and properly so. No great thoughts ever originated on a cereal package, and deodorants do not offer the highest possible form of consolation, but most of what we value, most of what we know, has been taught to us by books.

How will we distinguish the serious novel with a high degree of sexuality from its illegitimate brother, the pornographic novel, the sort that is presumably enjoyed mainly by hard-bitten perverts and sex-ridden elderly ladies? I would recommend this simple test, simply applied. Is the interest clearly more in the sex act than in the people performing it? Is the plot Copulation and the characters mere phallic symbols? Is the reader supposed to be fascinated entirely by *what* is happening, and is he never told *why*? Then you have a pornographic novel.

For sexuality is always a supplement to, and does not usurp, life. To regard people as merely sexual beings is to pretend they live only in the bedroom and not in the kitchen, the office, in a thousand different locales and 10,000 different encounters not specifically sexual. To restrict a human being to a single phase of his life is to abstract him from reality, to turn him into a punch card in a computer.

Some readers may ask apprehensively how far the current trend toward sexuality in fiction should continue. Well, it seems wholly possible that our standards of what is "sexy" will one day seem as prudish and false as those of the Victorians. There are even grounds for believing that what we call pornographic is merely the normal not yet fully accepted.

Meanwhile, today's novelists should be grateful for the fact that current mores encourage them to include more frankness about sex in their technical arsenal. Sexuality, truthfully rendered, offers extraordinary and remarkable advantages to the fiction writer; it can provide first rate character information, can motivate important developments in narrative, can deepen and define a theme. It is the chief ingredient in what D. H. Lawrence called "the hot blood's blindfold art."

A last word. In all the arts, fundamental esthetic assumptions are being questioned — in sculpture, painting, playwriting, poetry. Some writers are even challenging the very idea of what a novel is, and how a reader should respond to it. Within this wide context, the trend toward sexual realism is not the boldest experiment. It is not even among the more radical.

A further cheering thought. Of the many artistic experiments now underway, this is the only one that does not alienate the artist from his public.

Oh, perhaps a prudish segment of his public, but not the mass.

Loew's Into Tampa

Tampa, Fla.

Loew's Theatres has opened its first operation in Tampa, a new 1,200-seat house.

Officials said the new theatre will serve as a prototype for new theatre construction and decor, replacing the line started in St. Petersburg two years ago.

THEY STILL 'TRIP' HORSES

By GERALD PRATLEY

Ottawa.

The conversation was prompted by the new version of "The Charge of the Light Brgade." Did they kill any horses this time? Everyone remembered what happened in the Errol Flynn-Michael Curtiz version. Among the dozens of horses that were tripped by wires, five, fifteen (no one ever seems quite sure of the exact number) were killed.

This was not exactly new. Horses in westerns and war films which suffered severe injuries were regularly disposed of without the public knowing. But the death toll in the 1936 "Charge" was so high and so widely publicized that the efforts of a concerned public and the American Humane Association forced filmmakers to change their ways, and studios to improve their public image.

It was ironic that the Code and official censorship bodies sternly forbade the showing of cruelty to animals (as though it didn't exist) but did not forbid filmmakers from being cruel themselves in the use of animals. And few audiences stopped to think how horses came crashing down in battles or were ridden over cliffs. In the back of their minds was the vague (and comforting) thought that everything in films could be faked.

But procedures changed after Flynn's violent charge. The studios promised that horses would be trained to fall, and agreed to allow a representative of the humane group to be on the set to see that horses, and all other animals, were not overworked and mistreated. And the use of wires to trip horses was outlawed.

Or was it?

Some 32 years later we are on location in Durango, Mexico, for "A Man Called Horse." There are several of us from press, radio and tv, and among the vast throng of unit men and hundreds of horses we come across a quiet, uniformed, and elderly gentleman. "My name" he said, "is Jay P. Fishburn, from the Hollywood office of the American Humane Association." An impromptu interview began over the use of horses in westerns and movies like "The Charge of the Light Brigade," which was filmed in Turkey.

He pointed out that his organization had no authority outside the States and it was common knowledge that countries without strong Humane Associations — such as Spain, Italy and Yugoslavia, where "sword and sandal" epics and now westerns, were being made in increasing numbers— placed no restrictions on producers who thought nothing of buying old horses cheaply and misusing them, and who gave carte-blanche to ambitious special effects men and second unit directors anxious to achieve even bloodier and "exciting" effects than in their previous films. Unfortunately, some American directors filming abroad tolerated this.

In the States, it costs producers a great deal of money to hire trained, well-cared-for horses, and it is not profitable to injure or destroy them. They usually fall on specially prepared ground. If a horse hurts itself falling once, it wil not fall easily, if ever again. Also, it's almost impossible to make a horse fall once it is charging at high speed. This is why directors who want "realism" use wires to bring them down instead of using their imaginations to convey injury to horses without actually harming them.

On the whole, said the AHA man (whose travel and per-day expenses, but not salaries, are paid by the film companies) "our producers are considerate and humane."

We watch to see that horses are not winded in chases and that breakaway equipment is used. If producers are not cooperative, we stop the production. But this seldom happens.

"But we must always be alert. A few weeks ago on a film called 'The Wild Bunch,' our man was tricked into leaving the location. While he was away they tripped a horse with a 'running w,' the device which is outlawed." (By way of explanation: they fasten wires to the horse's front feet, the animal gathers speed with the wires running out behind. When he reaches an impressive speed, the wires stop and the horse crashes down.)

"What do you do about it?" we asked.

"We make them cut the scene from the film."

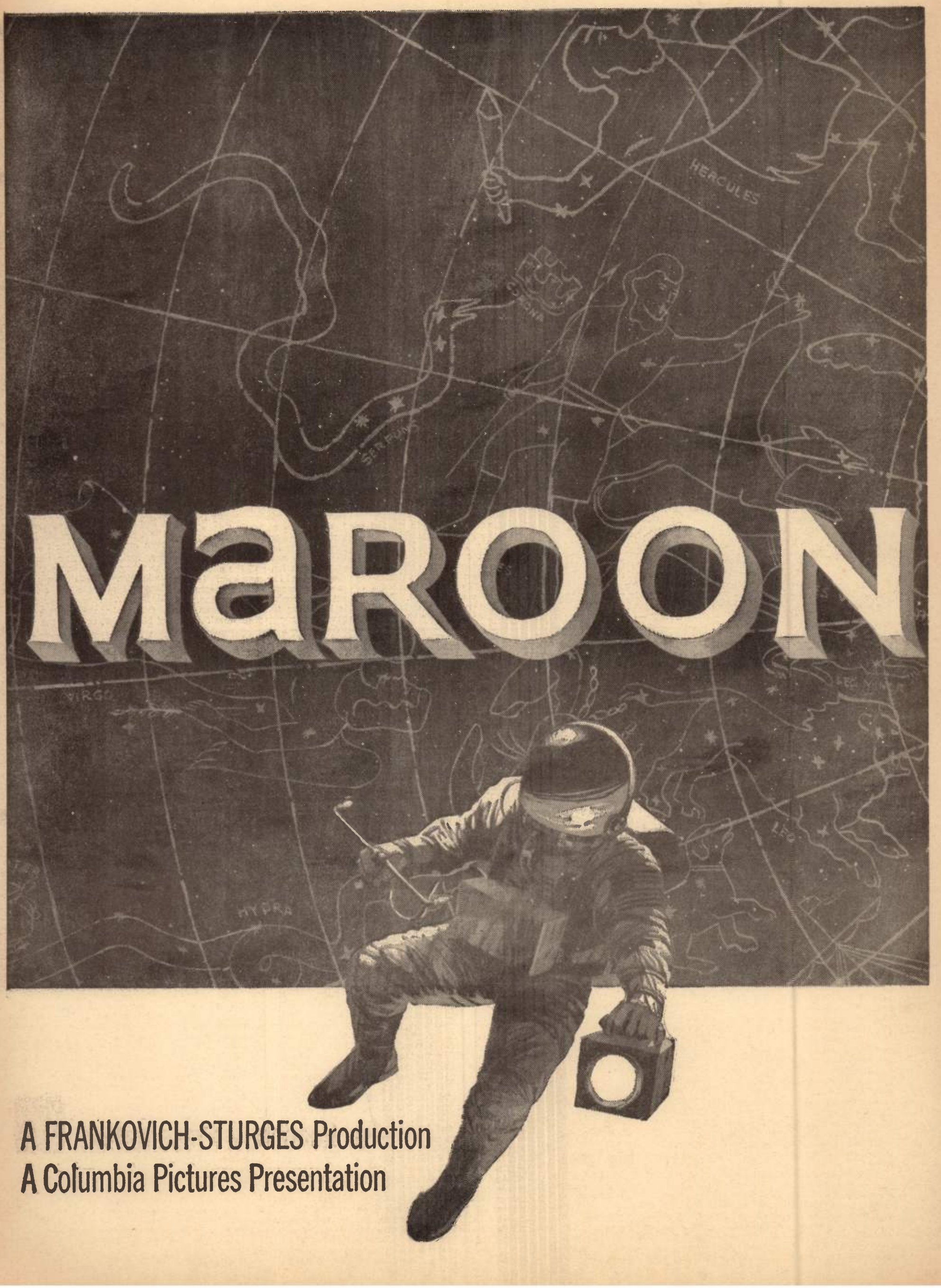
"How does this help the horse?"

"It doesn't, but the theory is that if such scenes are cut out, producers won't go to the expense of filming them. If they refused, I suppose we could charge them with cruelty to animals. The resulting publicity wouldn't do the studio any good. But remember, if our man didn't see it, who would testify?"

He added: "I doubt very much this would happen on this film; but the second unit director will be here soon. I hear they are planning some spectacular falls, but I'll be here all the time. No one will get me away on false pretenses."

To show consideration for animals is thought to be old-fashioned, feminine and sentimental. The so-called realists and "true artists" scorn this concern. They argue that in the interest of reality and art, in recreating history, they have the right to use animals any way they see fit to "arrive at the truth" even if injury and death are involved.

It's a continuing argument. What if they start to apply it to the use of actors?


HERCULES
SERPENS
VIRGO
HYDRA
LEO
MAROON
A FRANKOVICH-STURGES Production
A Columbia Pictures Presentation

THE SAGA OF IRONMAN ONE

ED

For Roadshow Presentation

More Exploits Of Joe Frisco, Or Fun At The Old Grace Hayes Lodge

By PETER LIND HAYES

Charlie Foy and Joe Frisco were avid fight fans and Friday night was the big fight night at the American Legion Auditorium in Hollywood. Friday night was a big night also for the Grace Hayes Lodge in the Valley. Hazy was forever reminding Foy and Frisco to leave the fights in time for our first show. On several occasions, they had been late, but this particular Friday was to be a memorable one.

Peter Lind Hayes

The great Metropolitan baritone, Lawrence Tibbett, was in the audience. Tibbett sent for me before show time and asked me not to call on him. I reassured him that we never embarrassed our guests. I made a mental note that Tibbett was sporting at least a three day's growth of beard, a hole in the seat of his pants and plaid eyeballs. He drank. Hazy meantime was parading back and forth like a Polar Bear looking for two lost cubs.

It was showtime and our two stars were nowhere in sight. We decided to improvise the first show in order to get that all-important turnover in customers. We ad-libbed material we hadn't thought of in months, and then, in sheer desperation, Hazy started a community sing. She finished on a strong patriotic note with Irving Berlin's "God Bless America."

Midway through the first chorus, the rest of the audience was eclipsed by the booming voice of Lawrence Tibbett. Tibbett, completely uninhibited now, was bawling out the lyrics. Presently, even Hazy stopped singing, and Tibbett finished on his own. As the last sound of that gifted voice echoed through our little saloon, the entire audience stood as one and gave him heartwarming ovation. Tibbett was visibly moved by this demonstration, and boldly marched to the microphone.

My mother gingerly handed him the microphone, whereupon he looked at it disdainfully, turned to the audience and asked, "Do I need this gadget"? The answer in unison was an overwhelming "no"! Tibbett launched a brilliant attack on "Road to Mandalay." Our pianist went right along with him, and the first chorus was robust and very loud. The second chorus however dropped down to a mere whisper—a sotto voce delineation that was superb. You could almost hear the audience thinking, "Look, maw—Lawrence Tibbett—no cover, no minimum, Lawrence Tibbett!"

Naturally, Frisco picked this particular quiet moment to make his entrance, and naturally being a little conscience-stricken, he burst upon the scene singing at the top of his lungs, "They called her frivolous Sal, a peculiar sort of . . ." That's as far as he got with Sal; the bartender clamped a big hand over Grisco's mouth and wrestled him to the corner of the bar. Frisco listened to the singer for a few moments, turned to the bartender and said, "This k-k-kid's g-g-g-got a g-g-good voice, Hazy ought to sign him up."

"Shut up, you bum, that's Lawrence Tibbettt!"

"Aw, t-t-to hell with that, you can ch-ch-change his name!"

Frisco, being a horseplayer, was always at odds with the Internal Revenue men; his excuse was always the same, "Why should I g-g-give the government money, th-th-they didn't b-b-book me!"

He was always suspicious of tall men in blue suits, brown shoes, wearing a derby hat and carring a briefcase. He could sense a Government man 20 yards away and always assumed they were looking for him. They usually were.

Many years ago, during a week at the old Roxy Theatre, he was having lunch at Sardi's on West 44th St. His lunch consisted of a tunafish salad sandwich and a cup of coffee. The exorbitant check came to $3.95. This so irritated the little man that he threw a $5 bill at the waiter and said, "Keep the ch-ch-change, I s-s-stepped on an olive."

As he prepared to return to his chores at the Roxy, one of those suspicious looking men prepared to leave with him. Frisco was aware of his presence and decided to casually saunter toward the Roxy stage entrance. The brown shoes sauntered right along behind him. Frisco picked up the pace a little and so did brown shoes. Frisco then broke into a slow trot—brown shoes was equal to the challenge. So Frisco decided to sprint the rest of the distance to the Roxy.

As he neared the stagedoor, he turned back to the Government man, who by now was holding on to his derby with one hand and wildly waving his brief case with the other. Frisco shouted, "W-w-we t-t-turn here!"

His proclivity for betting on the wrong horse was known from coast to coast. One day at Santa Anita, just before the last race, he was leaning dejectedly against the grandstand, when suddenly Bing Crosby spotted him. Bing had an abiding affection for Joe, but approached him cautiously. "What's the matter, Joe? You all tapped out?"

"Bing, I h-h-had a g-g-good day-I br-broke even and I needed it!"

"Well, Joe, it's against my principle to lend money to people for gambling purposes, but if you promise not to bet the last race, I'll lend you a fast 20."

Command Performance

Frisco admitted it was the best offer he'd had, so he took the 20 and disappeared in the crowd. Later that evening, Bing was having dinner in Romanoff's. He noticed that there was a big wine-buyer at the bar—somebody was buying drinks for everybody. As the cigar smoke shifted monmentarily, he recognized the man behind the Corona as Joe Frisco. Bing reasoned logically that Frisco had broken his promise and had apparently hit a 20-1 shot in the last race. This offended Crosby's sensibilities and he decided to give the little man a piece of his mind. As he weaved his way toward the bar, Frisco caught sight of him from a corner of his eye, immediately held a $20 bill in front of Bing's nose and said, "Here, son, t-t-two choruses of 'M-M-Melancholy Baby!"

Frisco resided in a motel next to the Lodge and one morning as I was cleaning up the main room, he approached me with a very official looking letter from the Los Angeles Internal Revenue Service. He always had difficulty reading and he requested that I read the letter to him. Sure enough, the I.R.S. boys had tracked him down again and were begging for an audience. I tried to impress him with the seriousness of his predicament, and he agreed to give them an audience. Frisco was interviewed by a very tall man with hornrimmed glasses. The revenue man was very intense and determined to get to the bottom of the case.

"Is your name Joe Frisco, legal name Louis Josephs?"

"Yeah, th-th-that's right."

"Do you realize you owe the Government $4,027 from 1934; $6,300 from 1935; $8,590 from 1936. We are still working on 1937, and with accrued interest, that figure will come to . . . ."

"G-g-get the cuffs out, Doc. I d-d-don't even have carfare back to Hollywood."

"Well, do you think you could get together around $14,000? Maybe we could reach a settlement at $14,000."

"If I g-g-get 14,000 d-d-dollars, you're gonna have to s-s-start looking for me again."

"'Now, see here, Mr. Frisco, this is a very serious matter, and I shall have to speak to my superior about your case. Now, don't you dare leave town and I will call you tomorrow."

As Frisco and the revenue man walked into the outer office, Pat Rooney Jr., was sitting slumped over in a chair staring at the floor. Frisco knew Rooney and asked what he was doing at the I.R.S. office. Rooney had been working in an after-hours place called Babe Hinsley's Swing Club, and the place had been sloughed the night before, cops broke up all the furniture and sent the patrons scurrying into the night. Pat had not been paid, so quite naturally he was disconsolate.

"What the hell, do you think I'm doing? I own them some money—that's what the hell I'm doing here."

Frisco turned to the Internal Revenue man and asked, "How much does the k-k-kid own you"?

Rooney's case was up next, so the Revenue man merely looked at a paper in his hand and said, "He owes us $225 for 1937." Frisco said, "He's a h-h-helluva nice k-k-kid, p-p-put it on my tab!"

Thieving Help

The Grace Hayes Lodge was a starting success from the night we opened, but now mother and son were learning, the hard way, theatrical talent to run a saloon. In the parlance of supper clubs, we were such a soft touch that crooked waiters were offering our maitre d' as much as $100 for the job.

Kiting a check is the oldest trick in the world—we had never heard of it. In simple language, the waiter would serve a couple two drinks, a steak dinner, dessert and coffee.

Let's assume the check amounted to $21. The couple pays the check and leaves. Instead of the waiter taking the money to our cashier, he pockets the money and holds on to the check until a large party shows up for the second show. Waiters can usually determine which man is the host—the man is usually a little drunk already, so the waiter approaches the customer and very cheerfully asks. "Sir, may I take an order for a round of drinks"? As the customer starts spieling off the order, the waiter merely continues on the $21 check that has already been paid. In other words, the patron is bilked out of 21 bucks before he has had a drink.

This must eventually lead to a cabaret getting the reputation of a clip joint without the owner's knowledge. One bartender lasted for three months before we realize he was pouring his own whiskey over our bar at a $1.25 a drink. He was even buying retail, hiding the bottles under his overcoat and replacing ours while the show was on. It was hard to complain because our whiskey was still there.

We had a spy in the kitchen who informed us that our chef was stealing two pounds of butter every night. His clever idea was to place the butter under his hat just before the late shift arrived. The next night Hazy intercepted him at the kitchen door, walked him back into the kitchen, and maneuvered him very close to a stove that was roaring hot. On the pretense of planning the next day's menu, she kept him there until the butter melted—within five minutes, his face looked like a souffle. He left rather hastily, not even stopping to pick up the four chickens he had gift-warpped and hidden in the outgoing garbage can.

All sorts of unions, beset the widow's mite, but they didn't anticipate the widow's might. The week we opened the musicians union set a scale of $35 per man and double that for the leader of our four-piece band. Within a year, the scale had jumped to $75 per man and 150 for the leader. Correspondingly, the other unions followed along—cooks, waiters, busyboys, bartenders and dishwashers.

We were a little over a year old now and, in spite of the fact that the Lodge had remained physically the same, the head of the Musicians Union local paid Hazy an unexpected visit. He was proposing another raise for the musicians—$99 a week for the drummer, base and trumpet and $180 a week for the pianist. This caused my mother to emit a piercing sound faintly reminiscent, but twice as loud as, Tarzan's familiar mating call. The head of the union was visibly shaken, but decided to stand firm.

"Mrs. Hayes, we demand it!"

"But I can't afford it!"

"Very well then, we would like to take a look at your books."

This last statement from the head of the union was not a wise choice of words. The black widow went into action, coiling and recoiling, hissing and snapping, spitting out invective, casting aspersions on the family background of the stunned Union chief. All this culminated with a precisely spoken phrase, "You so-and-so, if you want to look at a set of books, open your own saloon!"

At this point Hazy threw a lamp at the head of the fleeing head of the Musicians Union. We never saw him again.

Those 'B' Campus Filmsicals

Due to the spectacular success of the Lodge, my career in films was rollicking along. I was under stock contract to Paramount and the college I had missed in real life, I was enjoying in real life. One "B" picture after another, practically every one about life on the campus. Movies starring such marquee values as Joseph Allen Jr., Jeanne Cagney, Buster Crabbe, Donald O'Connor (age 9), the Dale Sisters, Jackie Coogan, Jackie Cooper and last, but not least, Betty Grable (long before her pinup era).

My biggest thrill, of course, happened when Paramount loaned me to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to dance with Lana Turner. The picture was called "These Glamour Girls" and starred the hoi polloi of the younger degeneration of Hollywood. Names like Lew Ayres, Billy Bakewell, Anita Louise, Jane Bryan, Tom Brown, Richard Carlson, Owen Davis Jr., and of course, Lana Turner.

Outside of my dance with Lana, in a rented set of tails, every single line I had in the script was taken away from me and given to Tom Brown, Richard Carlson or Billy Bakewell. The director permitted me to remain in all the scenes, and I nursed my injured pride with the conviction that my silent responses to what the others were saying would eventually force the audience to ask, "who the hell is that kid"? They didn't.

The Celluloid Sorority

My romantic life at this time was pretty flighty—an occasional date with a struggling young actress at Paramount named Susan Hayward, an on again-off again relationship with a handsome girl named Frances Robinson; a few skating sessions with the "Oomph girl," Ann Sheridan, a pursuit and ultimate failure with Jane Bryan (my favorite actress at the time), and finally a friendly four or five weeks with Judy Garland.

Those were the halcyon days for Judy's career. The undisputed rulers were the glamourous film stars with the overwhelming publicity department of M-G-M. Louis B. Mayer was the self-imposed father image of the brood and although he often made big spitballs, he always had someone else throw them. His hatchet man at the time was a certain bullish looking gent,

Whenever one of the contract players stepped out of line, he would call the player into his office and in no uncertain terms pull the carpet from under the naughty actor.

The naughty actor in this instance was Keenan Wynn. It seems Keenan had fallen off his motorcycle and the scarred face and broken nose he presented to the camera were not exactly matching up with the face he had already presented for three weeks in a multi-million dollar movie.

The MGM exec was very upset and spent the first hour reading out loud the small print in Mr. Wynn's contract. To my knowledge, no actor in the history of show business has ever read the small print in a studio contract.

Wynn, apparently wasn't even interested in hearing the small print read to him. Toward the end of section B, article 37, Thau noticed that Wynn was on the nod and almost sleeping peacefully. The studio exec became enraged and reproached Wynn for his lack of discipline and total disregard for the father image of Louis B. Mayer.

After an hour or so, he released Keenan Wynn, and as Keenan started down the hall, he came face to face with Judy Garland. Judy had heard about the motorcycle accident and was naturally curious about the results of Keenan's inquisition.

"Were you fired, Keenan?" "No."

"Were you taken off salary?" "No."

"Is he going to let you finish the picture?" "Yes."

"Well, I must say, you're very lucky—but why are you looking so downcast'?

"At the finish, I told him a joke, and he laughed—and *dust* came out of his mouth"!

Judy was the biggest star at Metro and was very kind to me. She tried to involve me in every publicity stunt the studio arranged for her, and it was most embarrassing to constantly hear an angry photographer snarl, "You there, whoever the hell you are, will you step out of the picture?"

One evening I played a record for Judy composed and conducted by a brilliant musician named David Rose. I permanently stepped out of the picture.

A Niblick Hustler

With threats of sugar rationing, butter rationing and gas rationing, Hazy decided the Grace Hayes Lodge needed a hypo. Our share of celebrities had dwindled and she wanted to rekindle the spark. Lakeside Country Club was near the Lodge, and its roster boasted the names of some mighty big stars. Her project was simply to buy a membership, have me play golf with the stars and ultimately lead the stars to 11345 Ventura Blvd.

I didn't mind being a procurer for our livelihood, but Hazy didn't realize that I had never played golf in my life.

I soon discovered that a golf course is an outdoor insane asylum peopled by admen suffering from the delusion that eventually they will conquer the game. The more violent cases think they already have.

There were some violent cases at Lakeside named Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Johnny Weissmuller, Guy Kibbee, Forrest Tucker, Dennis Morgan, Jimmy Fidler, Edgar Bergen, Ken Murray, Oliver Hardy, Johnny Burke, John Wayne, Marshall Duffield, Dick Gibson, Johnny Mack Brown, Gene Autry, Edgar Kennedy, John Carroll, Roger Kelly, Bruce McCormack, Mickey Rooney, Clark Gable, Buddy Rogers, Bob Steele, George Von Elm, Gordon MacRae and a host of others whom we all know and love.

Lakeside was a colorful place and charged with electricity as far as gambling was concerned. I was determined to play a good round of golf within the year so I practiced religiously.

Frisco started heckling me about what a stupid game it was, and ""w-w-who the hell n-n-needs all t-t-them sticks? I bet I can beat you with a f-f-f-our iron and a p-p-p-utter." I accepted the challenge and we decided to play for $5 a hole.

It was one of those Death Valley days, suffocatingly hot and humid. By the 13 hole, the caddy had had it with both of us—every hole we were shooting 12s and 13s.

On the 13 Frisco hit a lateral again and shanked the ball into a deep sandtrap by the side of the Los Angeles River. The caddy dropped our bags in disgust and said, "Mr. Frisco, this one is on

(Continued on page 62)

Wherein, The Actor's The Thing

By H. ALLEN SMITH

Some months back VARIETY chronicled the fact that the Fu Manchu novels of the late Sax Rohmer were being refilmed in England. This intelligence struck a spark in my clouded mind and soon it came back to me—I remembered an afternoon I spent with Sax Rohmer in the Waldorf-Astoria back in the Lit'ry Thirties.

H. Allen Smith

Rohmer, whose real name was Arthur Sarsfield Ward, was a strange duck. A wierd-o, nonviolent. In their time his books, which were horror-mystery-torture confections, enjoyed great popularity on both sides of the Atlantic and were often serialized in a magazine called Collier's. His Fu Manchu has been eulogized as the most durable and orneriest villain in all literature—somewhat nastier than Professor Moriarty, Simon Legree and Fagin the Kindly Pedagogue. Fu was pure fink.

I was interviewing Rohmer that day for the New York World-Telegram, a newspaper that flourished in the Chester A. Arthur administration, and out of that interview came the story of how the English author painted himself into a corner—got himself so inextricably involved in a Fu Manchu thriller that he despaired of ever getting out, and even thought of shooting himself rather than face the disgrace that seemed to him inevitable. And the story involves, too, a man named Harry Houdini.

I have ransacked files of the old World-Telegram in an effort to locate my interview with Sax Rohmer but the clipping, if it ever existed, has vanished. It seems probable that I wrote an account of the interview and that it vanished into the overset—stories left out of the paper on account of bigger stories, or on account of it wasn't written good in the first place.

Tweedy And All That

Sax Rohmer was a man with the look of a British author. He was assembled on the general lines of a short Leslie Howard; as I recall, he looked a good deal like A. A. Milne, another wierd-o I had traffic with in those remote times. Almost all professional writers are eccentric in one way or another. So are almost all people who *don't* write, although there are few of those left anywhere.

Rohmer was, you might say, extreme. He told me that when he got ready to write one of his hairraising tales he sent his family and his servants to the country and locked himself alone inside his London townhouse. The telephone was cut off, groceries were left on the stoop, and he saw no one until his book was finished. Considering that he often wrote two or three books a year, it would seem that he spent a lot of time in solitary.

In those verdant years New York journalist giants, such as myself (they don't make 'em like us anymore, of course) always asked a mystery writer a key brilliant question: do you know how your book is gonna come out inna end before you start it out, or do you just begin writing and sorta let it unwind itself sorta?

"I used to start off," Sax Rohmer said, "without an inkling of who committed the crime. But no more. I'll *never* follow that bloody procedure agayne."

"Why not?"

And so he told me the story. He was locked in his house, writing a book—I believe it was called "Quest of the Sacred Slipper"—and as each chapter was finished he sealed it in an envelope and addressed it to Collier's in New York and put it beside his mailbox at the front door. The American public had been clamoring for more Fu Manchu and he was writing with a cocky confidence and sending installments to the magazine as fast as they came from his typewriter.

Chain Production

In New York the magazine began publishing the new serial. It went along smoothly enough, installment after installment, but eventually the time arrived when the author should have been pulling loose ends together and solving the crime. In that big house back in London Sax Rohmer was about to go out of his mind. "I couldn't find a demned proper way to end the demned thing," he said. And so he kept writing, shipping more installments to Collier's, and finally they cabled him demanding that he wind up the story instanter.

He had to confess. He cabled back that he wasn't able to unsnarl his own puzzle. So Collier's told him to get on a ship and hustle over to New York, and that all hands would go to work on the problem and try to get it resolved. They also told him to keep writing, for he was running perilously close to each week's deadline.

Rohmer got on a Cunarder and headed for Manhattan. In his stateroom he wrote, hopelessly and disconsolately, and thought of killing himself rather than face this terrible disgrace. He paced the decks late at night, but he only succeeded in digging himself deeper into the pit.

The Great Escape Plan

Then late one night, walking the deck, he bumped into another passenger—Harry Houdini. Houdini was a world celebrity, the No. 1 boxoffice draw in vaudeville at home and abroad, and he was best known for his ability to escape from all manner of entrapments — handcuffs, shackles, sealed enclosures, jails, bank vaults, and so on. He sometimes had himself heavily shackled by police chiefs and sheriffs and thrown into rivers; within two minutes he would surface, without a chain or a padlock in sight. He escaped from triple-locked prison cells, and from straitjackets sewed up by sailmakers, and big milk-cans that had been soldered shut.

Sax Rohmer knew all about Houdini, and Houdini knew all about the creator of Fu Manchu, and they had respect for each other, and so they retired to Rohmer's stateroom for a drink and a long talk. Eventually Rohmer told Houdini of the problem that was driving him daffy.

They went out and walked the deck again, in silence, and finally Houdini had a suggestion. Why not, for the next installment, go back in time—go back to the very beginning of the story, and introduce a new character—and Houdini sketched the character in words—and have him do something that would make it possible for Rohmer to bring him back into the picture and nail him as the real killer and . . .

Rohmer scampered back to his typewriter and worked it out. When he stepped ashore in New York the editorial brass of Collier's stood on the pier, kneecaps a-twitch in apprehension, and Rohmer handed them the completed story. He told me that it wouldn't be stretching the truth too much to say that Harry Houdini saved his life.

I'd like to think on board that ship Harry Houdini invented the flashback, but he didn't. That honor belongs to one Gloster Piggott, a runny-nosed busboy in the Mermaid Tavern. Circa 1607.

William Faulkner's Greatest Gift To MGM

By BENNETT CERF

This is a story about William Faulkner that never has been told before.

Random House was Bill Faulkner's exclusive book publisher for the last 30 years of his life. We knew him not only as one of the great American writers of our time, but as one of the finest gentlemen any of us ever had encountered. Without exception everybody at Random House loved him, and his occasional visits to New York were red letter events in every sense of the word.

Bennett Cerf

In 1938 we published a sequence of his stories about the Civil War called "The Unvanquished." The unfolding of the loosely connected tales involved the movements of mules and horses as well as cavalry men in battle. Bill always had a strange affinity for mules. The perverse behavior of the pesky creatures proved endlessly diverting to him.

"The Unvanquished" was published as a "novel" with the usual ecstatic reviews and with the then-usual-semi-neglect of the book buying public. (Mr. Faulkner only became a big bestselling author after he had won the Nobel Prize). "The Unvanquished" had been on the stands for some six months when one day I received a long-distance telephone call from Samuel Marx in Hollywood, who was then story editor for MGM. With no preamble whatever, Sam demanded, "Have you sold the picture rights yet to Faulkner's 'The Unvanquished?'" Studios in those days were not in the habit of buying rights to books of short stories. Taken by surprise, I made the mistake of laughing at Sam's request, thinking that he was just exchanging small talk before coming 'round to what he really was phoning for. Not at all. He was deadly serious about "The Unvanquished." "We are prepared," he told me solemnly, "to pay you $50,000 for the picture rights."

All too late I rallied to the cause. "Surely," I began, "you don't expect to buy a new William Faulkner property for a measly $50,000." Marx cut me short by reminding me that I had burst out laughing when he brought the matter up, so all I could do was to promise weakly to get in touch wtih Faulkner himself to see what he thought of the offer.

I phoned Faulkner at his home in Oxford, Miss., and said, "Are you sitting down, Bill? Some brave spirits in Hollywood have come up with an offer of $50,000 for 'The Unvanquished.' What say you?" Bill, usually slow in responding to a question of this sort, came to a decision very quickly this time. "Grab the money fast, Bennett," he ordered, "before somebody out there actually reads the book and finds out it's really a collection of short stories!" Accordingly, I closed the deal with Sam Marx without further ado. Most contracts between picture studios and book publishers run to about 40 pages in length and take about six months to iron out. Double those figures for MGM! This time, however, we had a signed contract and a check for $50,000 in our hands inside of a single week.

That was the very last I heard about the adventures of "The Unvanquished" at MGM for a long, long time. There wasn't one word of publicity in the papers nor even the usual release multiplying the actual purchase price by 10 times or more. Some six months later, Marx and I were lunching in the Oak Room of the Hotel Plaza, when I asked casually, "What was all that rush on Faulkner's 'The Unvanquished,' and what the hell have you done with the property?" I will never forget the satisfied grin on Sam Marx's face. "That deal," he assured me, "was one of the greatest ever made in the history of MGM." This is why:

At the time of the purchase, David Selznick had been making his epic "Gone With The Wind" for God knows how many months. For almost as long MGM had been trying to persuade him to sign a deal for the distribution rights. DOS had become increasingly coy, however, as the unparalleled magnitude of the "Gone With The Wind" project became apparent to him and everybody else. At a MGM conference, Marx had a sudden inspiration: "If we can assure Selznick that we have another Civil War property in our possession," he suggested, "and can convince him that if he doesn't give us the distribution rights for 'Gone With The Wind,' we will make the other picture so fast that we will release it a full six months before he is ready to release 'Gone With The Wind,' I think we'll get some action out of the distinguished Mr. S. Furthermore, if we can tell him that the other property we have is a new book by William Faulkner, this will just be icing on the cake because David has been a great admirer of Faulkner's books for as long as I can remember."

That's why Marx called me up with the $50,000-offer for "The Unvanquished." The fact that these were virtually short stories and that some of the principal characters were mules meant nothing to him whatever; he just wanted the property to use as bait for Selznick. It worked like a charm, too. Selznick gave MGM the distribution rights to "Gone With The Wind," and "The Unvanquished" property has been resting on the MGM shelves ever since—unused, forgotten, but an invaluable pawn in the closing of what was without a question the most profitable deal ever made in the history of MGM.

What did Bill Faulkner to with the unexpected windfall of $50,000 from MGM? He bought some more mules!

FRIENDS TO REMEMBER

By CLAUDE BINYON

Hollywood.

One of the discouraging aspects of growing older—and I could list probably 100 discouraging aspects of this inevitability—is that too many of my friends have passed on. And as the number grows I find myself remembering each person in a single incident, trivial though that incident may have been.

Claude Binyon

When the name of an early writing partner, Frank Butler, is mentioned I see him standing in my office carrying on an imaginary conversation over an imaginary wall phone. Frank had been an actor, and he enjoyed performing scenes we were writing. After he had said goodbye he hung up and made an exit. I waited for him to return, but found out the next day that he had absentmindedly gone home—four hours early.

Of Carole Lombard and Clark Gable my instant recall is just one fleeting moment in the '30s. We were members of a duck club near Bakersfield, and the Gables had a small cabin on the premises. One day after the morning shoot there were sounds of a scuffle in the cabin. Then Carole, in red longjohns, fled screaming from the cabin with Clark, also in red longjohns, in pursuit. He caught her, draped her over a shoulder and stalked back into the cabin, while she pounded his back and laughed hysterically.

Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt were a legendary writing team in the 1930s. Mention them and I immediately see the opening sentence of an original story they submitted to Paramount. "This," it proclaimed, "is the greatest love story since 'Romeo and Juliet!'"

Good Enough For Writers!

Frank Partos was a gentle, mildmannered writer, but I see him standing in the commissary at 20th Century-Fox demanding that writers be served a scarce out-of-season melon that had been reserved for executives only. And he won his battle.

I see Buddy De Sylva, who was head of production at Paramount for a time, seated at his desk reading a scene I had just written and roaring with laughter. Then he put the pages down and said: "Sorry. Not funny enough."

Ernst Lubitsch also was in charge of production at Paramount for a while, in association with Henry Herzbrun. I see Lubitsch in that same office, pacing as he listened to my idea for a scene. Suddenly he stopped and confronted me. "Will you talk louder?", he shouted. "You drive me crazy! Only this morning I said to my wife: 'Will you talk louder? You sound like a Binyon!'"

I see Gary Cooper seated with several of us in the Paramount commissary. He was enjoying a finnan haddie luncheon. When he finished he beckoned to our waitress. "That was good," he said. "I'll have one more of same."

Such inconsequential incidents to highlight one's memories of departed friends. Is something catching up with me, Doc?

GREECE LURES PIX

By RENA VELISSARIOU

Athens.

Greece is more than ever anxious to import foreign capital and this government offers more facilities now than before to attract alien firms to do business in the country.

Although there was legislation from 1961 which offered many facilities and tax exemptions to foreign filmmakers, very few producers have taken advantage. This was due to lack of Greek sell on this point, also to the bad word-of-mouth generated by some foreign producers who had unsatisfactory experiences for any reasons. Some of these producers tried to excuse their failure by over-emphasizing Greece's lack of technical means.

The present Greek regime extended by new legislation the tax exemptions to commercial enterprises and as a result, more than 100 foreign shipping and commercial companies opened offices and branches in Greece to benefit from the liberal tax and red tape exemptions.

As far as the motion picture industry is concerned, however, the Law No. 4208 of 1961 which deals exclusively with the motion picture industry and its development in Greece, is now in full force, aiming to lure foreign film makers for location shooting at this end.

The facilities and advantages offered by this law to foreign producers are the following:

(1)—Free importation and exportation of equipment, prints, film, properties, raw stock, cars and supplies needed for the film production. In case they cannot be re-exported within six months another six months extension is easily granted.

(2)—Free working permits to foreign personnel.

(3)—Shooting licenses at plain or arhaeological sites easily obtained.

(4)—Income tax and other duties exemption for the company and its foreign staff members.

(5)—Free and unlimited importation of capital and re-exportation of the balance not spent in the same currency as imported.

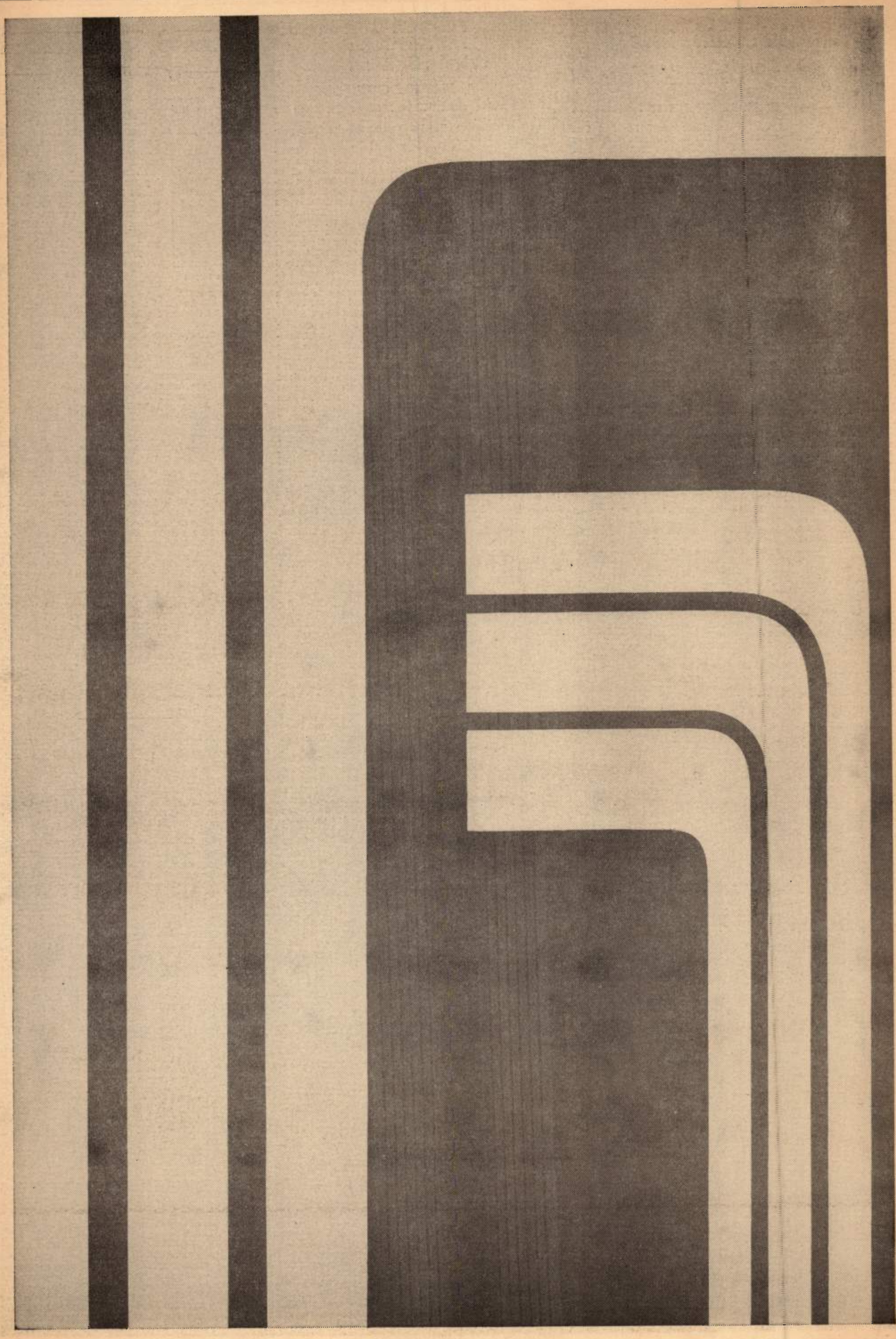
(6)—Duty free exportation of foreign pictures produced in Greece in any number of prints.

(7)—Free use of military forces, vehicles, planes, ammunition, etc. if needed.

(8)—No account books and no foreign exchange control or registered correspondence.

Besides the above, local authorities extended cooperation in order to cut down all formalities to the minimum. Special orders are issued to police, army, navy and other authorities to extend assist foreign producers when shooting on location.

Greece offers, however, apart from the above mentioned facilities, many more other advantages to foreign producers. There are many other factors which count equally to a producer and which only this country can easily provide, such as:




United Artists
Entertainment from
Transamerica Corporation

WHAT MAKES A DIRECTOR?

¶ DIARY OF 40 ANSWERS HINTS VIGOROUS HEALTH COMES FIRST

¶ IMAGINATION ALSO EXTOLLED

By HANS HOEHN

Berlin.

Whenever this chronicler met a film director in recent months, he put him this question: "What do you think is most essential for a film director today?"

Some put "good health" above all else. However, there was also an answer like this: "As for myself, I shouldn't say that physical fitness is so utterly important. I also could direct a film from a wheelchair." It was Ronald Neame, the English director, who said this. But he is a former cameraman. That's an asset.

General answers, listed below, tactfully, in alphabetical order:

Axel von Ambesser, German director with many comedies to his credit, said this: "The light hand."

Franz Antel, Austrian: "Pretty girls and slapstick."

Erich F. Bender ("Helga"): "To exploit the possibilities of the mass media film for science."

Ingmar Bergman, the Swedish director, gave an answer: "The film is merely my hobby, the theatre my life. I could live without the film, but I couldn't live without the theatre."

Charlie Chaplin said something like "I am very much romantic-minded. I couldn't live without being romantic . . ."

Roger Corman: "Hard and honest realism."

Jorn Donner, Finnish-born director, plain and concise: "Money! Money makes free. But, naturally, it also can make a slave out of a free man . . ."

Roger Fritz, young German director: "Imagination!"

Franz Josef Gottlieb, Austrian-born director: "First, a psychological basic knowledge and the exploitation of this knowledge. Next, a good basic knowledge of the cinematography and the respective technical knowhow. Third, a formidable general knowledge."

Tom Gries, the American director: "A physical and mental roughness." [He's also an ex-VARIETY (Hollywood) staffer.]

Kurt Hoffmann, one of the better known Teutonic directors: "Charm, a light hand, a good script, a certain toughness, love for the film."

Gunnar Hoglund, Swedish director: "Not to always think of money. Directors who only think of money when making a film cannot make good films."

Robert Hossein, the Frenchman: "A big, big passion for the cinema!"

John Huston: "The ability to get the truth out of the screen. Within the years, my recipe has always been: make every scene as if it were the most important one . . ."

Erwin Leiser, German-born Swedish national, creator of "Mein Kampf" and other documentaries: "Above all, a good physical fitness."

Roland Klick, young German director: "Very good health. I find that film directing is primarily a very strenuous physical job."

Alexander Kluge, the prototype of an intellectual director, creator of "Farewell From Yesterday" and "The Artists Under the Big Top: Perplexed": "The consciousness of the situation."

Werner Jacobs, very active German film director: "A solid knowledge of the trade. To remain modest and not just show off."

Theodor Kotulla, German director who showed his first full-length feature ("Till the Happy End") at Mannheim Festival: "Revolutionary consciousness."

Maran Gosov, Bulgarian-born director working in Germany: "To be a real fanatic at work."

Ronald Neame: "I should say a real passion for the cinema."

Jan Nemec of Czechoslovakia: "To find the contact to the important problems of today."

Max Nosseck, German-born American, director of such films as "Dillinger" in Hollywood and "The Captain and His Hero" in Germany: "Enough time for the preparation of a film. Leisure. A big handicap today is that everything must go so fast."

S. Lee Pogostin, American, director of "Hard Contract," his initial feature: "The desperate desire to say something. This must not be a wish — it must be a real desire . . ."

Harald Reinl, Austrian-born German director who created the first Teutonic horse opera ("The Treasure of Silver Lake") which started the western movie trend in this country some years back: "I think that luck, pure luck is one if not the most important things for a filmmaker . . ."

Peter Schamoni: "Despite all critical reflection not to lose the imagination and poetic creativeness."

Volker Schloendorff, German director ("The Young Toerless," "A Degree of Murder"): "To achieve something good. To have the knack of making a good film. It is perhaps not so important what you do but how you do it . . ."

Eckhart Schmidt, young German ("Jet Generation") director and a former critic: "It is completely senseless to imitate the Americans. We can't afford it for financial reasons anyway. We should try to make films for the international market, it's true, but we must try to dig suitable topics for this market."

F. J. Spieker, young German director: "To find the right and genuine contact between the people and reality and have the ambition to apply this to films; to have the right and honest outlook upon the realities of life."

Jean-Marie Straub, French-born creator of German "avant-garde" type of pix: "One must love the life and the human beings. And show modesty. And make a film with original sound."

Hans Strobel who, together with Heinrich Tichawski, created "A Matrimony," first feature—a German: "One must know his position in today's society and have a good self-control. And one must be able to stand criticism."

Rolf Thiele, German: "I think if a film displays the individual 'hand-writing' of a director and the work shows a certain originality of its creator, the respective director has achieved already much. As for myself, I belong to those who separate films from art. Film can be an artistic trade but not real art for the simple reason that the film is just too much at the mercy of technical things."

J. Lee Thompson, English director whose home is California: "Love for the artists, to understand them and facilitate their work . . ."

Roger Vadim: "When I made 'Barbarella' I found that the most difficult thing was the detail. I think it is very essential to dedicate much attention and care to the details in a film."

Stan Vanderbeek, American experimental film director: "To explore new techniques. There is still a wide field for films, ranging from tv possibilities to the computers . . ."

Alfred Weidenmann, one of the established German directors: "To reach a status which enables a director to make only things that prove fun for him."

Adolf Winkelmann, young German avant-gardeist and winner of the Josef von Sternberg Prize at Mannheim: "The constant attempt to contribute to change the existing conditions. To be a revolutionary in his profession . . ."

Terence Young, British: "Four things. Above all, good health. Then a big love for the movies. Then a solid technical knowhow. And finally an enormous general knowledge. A film director must be able to know practically everything and pay attention to anything. Perhaps the most difficult job one can imagine."

Peter Zadek, German-born Britisher: "Imagination!"

Franco Zeffirelli of Italy: "With an indefatigable ambition always trying to achieve the very best . . ."

Many Flag Acts In So. Africa

By ARNOLD HANSON

Capetown.

One of the biggest importations of name talent ever to visit the Republic of South Africa occurred in 1968. Whatever their political views, such visitors see that the theatre here caters for all races, under prevailing rules.

Quibell Bros. was especially active in bringing in artists and shows. Being the owners of the Three Arts Theatre, for whites, the biggest in the Republic, and also the Luxarama, a large theatre for nonwhites, these managers are at an advantage over other impresarios as they can move the shows from one theatre and public to the other.

Ronnie Quibell also aims to encourage and promote South African talent and he has arranged with James N. Haddleton, of Australia, to interchange talent between the two English-speaking lands.

Shows presented at the three Arts during 1968 included The Sandpipers Show, the Frankie Laine Show, Lucille Star and Bob Regan with the Four Jacks & a Jill, the local group who are now touring the States, Caterina Valente and Silvio Francesco, the Gunter Kallman Choir, Geula Gill and Richard Tucker, the Ge' Korsten Show (for the first time a South African topped a bill with overseas artists), Buddy Greco, David Kisseff and Andy Stewart in "Holiday Star Time."

Basil Rubin and Pieter Toerien toured the Shelley Berman Show, the Karmon Israeli Singers & Dancers, Francoise Hardy, Gladys Morgan in "Those were the Days," Myron Cohen, and staged Arbuznov's "The Promise," produced by Leonard Schach. They also toured Frank Lazarus and Margaret Soboil, two Capetonians who hit the jackpot in Australia.

African Consolidated Theatres imported Liberace, Rouvaun, the Frank Ifield Show, Engelbert Humperdinck, and Soloman King.

Capetown's nonwhite organization, the Eoan Group, made b.o. history by staging Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein's "South Pacific" at the Alhambra, for whites, but had to cancel annual opera season due to flu infection, and this cost them $13,870.

The Cape Performing Arts Board (CAPAB) presented "Peter Pan" and Shaw's "Candida," continued with James Goldman's "The Lion in Winter," Enid Bagnold's "The Chalk Garden," a local production of "Cape Charade" by Guy Butler, and "Don't Let Summer Come."

Musical section has presented during year the Vienna Boys Choir, the Mosaico Espanol Spanish Dancers, plus touring local talent. They also produced four operas at the Alhambra during the year.

Yango John, of Johannesburg, toured Trini Lopez in the Republic and he appeared at the Alhambra. He also presented Lainie Kazan, Stan Fisher and Roy Martin at the Metro Theatre, where a special portable stage was erected.

O'Neill Wrote Many Screenplays For Circular File: Later, Despised Coin Both of Goldwyn and Hughes

By LOUIS SHEAFFER

(The youthful, and tubercular, genius of the stage tried desperately to sell screenplays, but never made it. This strange interlude in his career is detailed below in adaptation of material in the recent book, "O'Neill, Son and Playwright" (Little, Brown; $10). Author Louis Sheaffer was formerly drama critic of the Brooklyn Eagle that was. He also handled publicity on a couple of Broadway revivals of O'Neill works.—Ed)

Samuel Goldwyn was ready to pay him "any amount" to write something for a tasty Russian blini named Anna Sten. Howard Hughes offered him the astronomical in those days) sum of $100,000 to do the dialog for an aviation epic. But Eugene O'Neill turned them both down, rejecting Hughes's offer with a wire containing only one word, "No," repeated a dozen or so times. He was riding high at the time with such successes as "Strange Interlude" and "Mourning Becomes Electra."

Louis Sheaffer

There was a period, however, when O'Neill would have jumped at such offers, a period in fact when he made repeated attempts to write for films. This was about the same time that he turned playwright, back in 1913. According to what he told friends, he once complained to his father, actor James O'Neill, about being chronically broke, only to get the reply, "If you want money, write for it." To the young playwright, who scorned compromise in his chosen field, the mushrooming film industry seemed his likeliest prospect for some quick money.

The winter of 1913-1914, while staying with a family named Rippin in New London, Connecticut, as he convalesced from a mild siege of tuberculosis, O'Neill dashed off a good many film scenarios, in the midst of writing plays. He told the Rippin girls—Emily, Grace and Jessica—that he would not give his best to the movies. Most of his scenarios were comedies (the Rippin girls thought they "weren't at all funny") and tales of adventure. Undiscouraged that they constantly came back, he would tear them up and whip off others. Always hard pressed for funds, he borrowed from the girls for stamps and cigarettes, promising to repay them after he had become successful. "There was no doubt in his mind," Emily recalls, "that he'd be famous some day, more famous than his father, the perennial touring star of "Monte Cristo."

One morning Grace Rippin, before leaving for work, found the following note from him, together with a manuscript: "You will bring me good luck *'por cierto* if you mail this for me. Please put a stamp on the envelope inside the outer envelope in case of rejection. Then seal and mail. Caesar and his fortunes are inside, so be careful! Thanking you again and again, pledging my oath that you are as good as you are adorable, and assuring you I am the fond slave of your every whim."

It seems significant that he always wrote for the screen on a typewriter but for the theater by hand. Behind the dual practice were most likely his different attitudes toward the two mediums: for the movies he was writing off the top of his head, concocting stories simply for money, whereas he was trying to get something of himself into his plays. His handwriting was distinctive — even, flowing, minuscle. With time it would so dwindle in size that persons transcribing his manuscripts would have to use a magnifying glass.

Shortly after Eugene's stay with the Rippins, he received a questionnaire from the tuberculosis sanatorium where he had spent five months, inquiring about the state of his health, his finances, and his employment since his discharge from the institution. In response he wrote to Dr. David R. Lyman, superintendant of Gaylord Farm Sanatorium:" . . . to ask a struggling young playwright with the Art for Art's sake credo how much he earns per week in terms of contaminating gold, is nothing short of brutal . . . Furthermore, to force him to confess that he basely beSouls The Ideal by fabricating Photoplays is to put him to the blush in heartless fashion.

"But such is the damning fact—to such depths of degradation have the loud and ravenous howls of the well-known wolf at times driven me. For while my adventures with High Art have been crowned with a sufficient amount of glory, I am bound to admit they have failed to be remunerative. Therefore, when I set down my earnings at thirty dollars a week, I am speaking in the main of the returns I have received from the Movies.

"However, let me relieve your mind of the appalling idea that you have been misled into preserving the life of a mere Motion Picture scribe . . . Five of my one-act plays are shortly to be published in book form."

Through the letter, which leaned far more heavily on fiction than on fact, O'Neill sought to impress a man he admired and felt deeply indebted to he not only referred to his stay at Gaylord as his "second birth" but to Dr. Lyman as one who had "resurrected" him. The letter also represents, no doubt, wish fulfillment. The "glory" that had already "crowned" his playwriting was pure fantasy, and as for his "thirty dollars a week" earnings, there is no evidence that he had yet earned a penny from his film scenarios. Not surprisingly, he neglected to mention that his father was subsidizing the publication of his plays.

Despite O'Neill's self-mocking remarks about his film-writing, in his letter to Lyman, he kept trying to sell something to the movies. Though it is hard to believe, considering his great shyness, he even went so far as to contemplate appearing in a movie —with the view, presumably, of learning something about the new entertainment medium. According to a story in the New London Telegraph on Aug. 7, 1914, he was to play Uncas in a film of "The Last of the Mohicans" to be made locally by Guy Hedlund, a former New Londoner who had become a film actor and director. Hedlund and Eugene were old friends; as boys they had compared notes on the writing of poetry. Nothing ever came, however, of the "Leatherstocking" project.

That fall and winter O'Neill studied playwriting under George Pierce Baker at Harvard. On his return from Harvard he told friends in New London that Edwin Holt, a vaudeville headliner intent on a screen career, had commissioned him to write scenarios. The Day reported on July 16, 1915, that his first script had been "accepted and will soon be produced." From a story in the same newspaper on August 11 his debut as a scenarist seemed imminent: "The Eastern Film Co. of Providence, which has engaged Edwin Holt as one of its leading actors and Eugene Gladstone O'Neill of this city as a writer of scenarios, has purchased the Morning Star, a New Bedford whaling bark. The bark will be used to stage a number of moving picture scenes and actors will do all kinds of stirring deeds from the decks while she is anchored in the lower harbor [of New London]."

But nothing came of this, either. He went it alone as a stage dramatist.

Newspapermen

By WALTER WINCHELL

The invention of the printing press represented a blessing for journalists conceivably ranking with the discovery of fire for other mortals. It offered a glorious opportunity for enthusiasm, excitement, adventure and satisfaction. There have been some cub reporters who made a reality of daydreams. Lincoln Steffens' initial assignment turned out to be a frontpage exclusive. Charles Dana started as a $10-a-week reporter on Horace Greeley's Tribune and within two years was the paper's managing ed. Winston Churchill's successful scoophunting (as a 21-year-old warespondent) made him Britain's highest paid newsman. The most cynical newspaper vet retains some of his original enthusiasm. Time dims blazing ambitions but the glow remains in the heart.

John Barrymore was a fledgling newsman. He got a job from editor Arthur Brisbane. Unfortunately, his copy was often tardy and frequently he simply ignored the deadline . . . called in by Brisbane, who queried "Is it true that all your family were, or are, actors?", Barrymore nodded. Brisbane: "Then shall we allow the Fourth Estate, or anything else, to spoil that splended record?"

Brennan's Coup

The most sweeping triumph by a cub was scored by Francis Hazlitt Brennan. His investigation of a murder resulted in the indictment of a circuit attorney, an assistant prosecutor, four lawyers and an attache of the district attorney's office. Not only that—his expose also caused the defeat in the next election of the Governor of the State.

The foregoing quick-success story is a rarity. More typical is editor Carl Van Anda's experience. He devoted many years to working 17-hours-a-day, seven-days-a-week before scaling the heights. Van Anda noted: "Success in journalism is a mixture of good health, good luck, printer's ink and a great deal of sweat."

No-Notes-Taker Kipling

Rudyard Kipling was 17-years-young when he launched his literary career as a reporter for a paper in India. He carried on in Sahara temperatures . . . Kipling covered everything from murder trials to sporting events. He was once assigned to check the number of lepers in an Indian town. Kipling had a remarkable memory. He never bothered making notes while covering a story. He explained: "If a thing didn't stay in my memory, I believed it was hardly worth writing about."

Joseph Pulitzer's tip to cubs: "Look out the window and tell me what you see. Try and make me get a picture of everything. Never think that anything is too small to be of interest; describe every cloud, every shadow, every tree, every house, every dress, every wrinkle on a face. Everything!"

'You'll Never Make It!'

Every young reporter has been the victim of an editor's fiery tongue. It has destroyed the ambitions of some young reporters and compelled them to surrender. But those who survive the crucible are hardened—like steel. The following incident might comfort neophytes: Once upon a time a cub reporter was fired because his editor believed he lacked writing ability. Our Hero was not dscouraged. He continued toiling until the magic of his pen transformed him into a king of a literary realm . . . Sinclair Lewis.

Publisher E. W. Scripps' pet illustration of an alert reporter was the cub assigned to interview a tantrumental actress. She asked him to guess her age. He intoned: "I have several ideas. But I hesitate whether to make you 10 years younger on account of your looks or 10 years older on account of your brains."

It was Scripps who told young newsmen: "Never think that anything is too unimportant to be of interest. There is really no such thing as an uninteresting story. There are only reporters who do not know how to present it in an interesting manner."

Journalist, or Press Agent?

Gelett Burgess first broke into print at the age of 14. He wrote a letter to the editor of the Boston Transcript under an assumed name, asking for the author of the poem that began with the words "The dismal day." The letter was printed. Under another assumed name he wrote a letter stating that Gelett Burgess was the author and enclosed the poem . . . He followed the same routine with other verse in different paper. In this fashion he worked up a handsome scrapbook.

Marie Manning, the original "Beatrice Fairfax" ("Advice to the Lovelorn") got her first job as a reporter on the old N.Y. World. Her whimsical managing ed assigned her to get an interview with President Cleveland—after his top reporters were turned down. She went to the White House, presented her card, was immediately ushered into the President's office and got the interview. Later she learned why everything went so smoothly. Her name was the same as the daughter of Cleveland's Sec'y of Treasury. Moral: The best talent is luck.

There are scads of amusing classics concerning green newsboys. For example, the one about the cub who was reprimanded for being verbose. He was ordered to cut his yarns to bare essentials. Result: "John E. Edwards looked up the shaft of the Union Hotel this morning to see if the elevator was on its way down. It was. Age 45."

My favorite involves news-photog Norman Alley. When he was cubbing in Chicago his editor assigned him to swipe newspix from a rival paper's office. After Alley returned triumphantly with the photos the editor greeted him with a backslap. Then Our Hero bragged that while in the competitor's office he had also hijacked a penknife. Whereupon the editor tossed a tantrum . . . "What do you want to be?" he roared, "Scoop Alley, the famous reporter—or a common thief?"

William Randolph Hearst once marched into the city room unannounced. He glanced at a batch of empty beerbottles near a young newslad's desk. They had been placed there by other reporters. But the heroic cub decided to take the rap. He murmured: "I guess they belong to me, sir". Hearst promptly responded: "On your salary you can't afford it. City editor! Give him a raise. He needs it to pay his beer bills."

TWO ON THE NILE

By RAY RUSSELL

(Based on a play by W. Shakespeare)

Shakespeare, Shaw, Dryden, Alfieri, Jodelle, Mairet, Lady Pembroke, Rider Haggard and Joe Mankiewicz are just a few who wrote plays, screenplays and novels about Antony and/or Cleopatra. Of these, Dryden's probably has the most rolling title—"All for Love, or The World Well Lost"—but Shakespeare's tragedy is undeniably the best. He named his version simply "Antony and Cleopatra," which is also the name of a cigar.

Katharine Cornell, Vivien Leigh, Theda Bara, Claudette Colbert and Elizabeth Taylor are remembered for their portrayals of the Greek girl who became Queen of Egypt, and Sir Laurence Olivier, Henry Wilcoxon, Godfrey Tearle and Richard Burton are famed for their Antonian interpretations.

"CLEOPATRA'S BARGE"
(Opening Chorus)
To tune of "Mountain Greenery"

Far from sand and Sphinxery,
Choose your own high-jinxery,
On Queen Cleo's portable pad, here.
All aboard for swingery,
Ring-a-ding humdingery,
She's decreed that nothing is bad here.
On her bright barge, Mid bracing sparge,
Quite free of charge, Is all her largesse!
If you hate this funnery,
Free of gloom and gunnery,
Get thee to a nunnery, Go!

"I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT ROME"
(Solo: Antony)
To tune of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love"

I can't give you anything but Rome, Cleo.
Just a forum or a catacomb, Cleo.
Roman bath, That I hath, All squeaky-clean.
Iron vest, On my chest, Like a snugly-packed sardine.
It's just a little empire like the rest, Cleo,
I don't even claim that it's the best, Cleo,
But if you'll accept it, be my guest, Cleo,
I can't give you anything but Rome.

"A EUNUCH'S LOT"
(Solo: Mardian)
To tune of "A Policeman's Lot Is Not A Happy One"

When the enterprising bounder's out a-bounding (Out a-bounding)
When the libertine's defying ev'ry ban (Ev'ry ban)
When the hedonist his doctrine is propounding (Is propounding)
And the cad is being caddish as he can (As he can);
When the lecher is inventing lovely letches (Lovely letches)
And the sybarite has sybaritic fun (Ritic fun)
Think with pity of we expurgated wretches (Gated wretches)
For a eunuch's lot is not a happy one. Oh!
When voluptuary duty's to be done, to be done,
Then a eunuch's lot is not a happy one (Happy one).

"AGE CANNOT WITHER"
(Solo: Enobarbus)
To tune of "I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover"

Age cannot wither
That slinky, slither-
Y Queen Cleopatra's style.
Some women wrinkle,
And others get plump;
She keeps her twinkle,
Her grind and her bump.
No use denying,
Our Mark's not trying
To leave this seductive Nile.
Age cannot wither
That old Come Hither—
Which means we'll be here a while!

"ANTONY! ANTONY!"
(Duet: Demetrius and Philo)
To tune of "Tammany"

Antony! Antony! Noblest Roman of us all, Headed for decline and fall.
Antony! Antony! Wise up, Rise up, Cleo size up,
Antony! Antony! Can't you see?
She has played you for a chump. Time to get up off your rump.
Antony! Hear our plea! Head out, Spread out, Get the lead out, Antony!

"ROMANS AND CHRISTIANS"
(Solo: Antony)
To tune of "Mad Dogs and Englishmen"

Romans and Christ-i-ans
Are cursed by their married lives.
The natives of the jungle
Avoid that stupid bungle.
The Hindu, can be untrue to all of his many wives,
Which renders each philander much grander!
This monogamy, makes a hog o' me,
Isn't that a dirty shame?
Cleopatra's nice, but she turns to ice
At the sound of Fulvia's name.
Some smart moths, and Ostrogoths
Count spouses by fours and fives,
But Romans and Christ-i-ans
Are cursed by their married lives!

"SNAKES"
(Solo: Cleopatra)
To tune of "Stout Hearted Men"

Bring me some snakes
That are stout-hearted snakes,
That will bite, with delight, ev'ry time.
Poisonous snakes, Not those cheap rubber fakes
Little boys, Buy as toys, For a dime. I'm
Willing to wait, For a cobra or krait that will thrust, At my bust, so sublime. No,
Don't want no knife, no rope, no dope, no bellyache—
So, Get up and go, and find a breast-fixated snake!

"OFF THEY GO!"
(Closing Chorus of Egyptians)
To tune of: "The Army Air Corps oSng"

Off they go, over the wine-dark water,
Back to Rome, where they belong.
Now the show, full of intrigue and slaughter,
'S down to one deafening song!
Antony, and his inamorata
Illustrate wisdom of yore:
We'll risk our necks, for the sake of sex—
Nothing will stop the course of *amor*!

Festival Roster

It all started on Aug. 4, 1932, in the garden of the Hotel Excelsior on Venice's Lido when Rouben Mamoulian's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" flashed on the screen. It was the birth of the world's first international film festival.

Now, 36 years later, we have in the world so many film (and, of course, tv) festivals that one has long been unsure of their exact number. One number was '165' a while ago, while another round-figured at '200'. Italy alone has about 35 such festivals per annum—five (sometimes six) taking place in Venice.

Be it as it may, here a list of those film and tv festivals—naturally an incomplete list. And, tactfully, in alphabetical order:

Acapulco, Alghero, Annecy, Antalya (Turkey), Assisi, Atlanta, Barcelona, Beirut, Belgrade, Bergamo, Berlin (feature film, tv and agricultural film festivals), Bilbao, Budapest, Cairo, Cambridge (England), Cannes (four various festivals), Cardiff, Cartagena, Cattolica, Chicago, Cork, Cortina d'Ampezzo, Carthago, Cracow.

Edinburgh, Evian, Florence, Frankfurt, Gijon, Guadalajara, Gottwaldov, Hong Kong, Karlovy Vary, Knokke, Kranj (Yugoslavia), Kyoto, Leipzig, La Costa, Lisbon, Locarno, London, Luebeck, Mamaia, Mannheim, Mar del Plate, Melbourne, Milan, Miskolc (Hungary), Monte Carlo, Montreal, Montreux, Moscow, Munich (tv contest 'Prix Jeunesse'), New Delhi, New York (film and tv), Nice.

Oberhausen (two festivals including the new Sports Film Festival), Oklahoma, Padua, Palermo, Pallanza, Panama, Philadelphia, Pilsen (USSR), Pecs (Hungary), Pesaro, Poretta Terme, Prague, Pula.

Ravenna, Rapallo, Rio de Janeiro, Rome, Rouen, Salerno, San Antonio, San Francisco, San Remo, San Sebastian, Seattle, Seoul, Shiraz-Persepolis (Iran), Sydney, Sorrento, Tangiers, Taormina, Tashkent, Teheran, Tel Aviv, Tessaloniki, Tours, Trento, Trieste, Toulon, Toulouse, Turin, Ustica, Utrecht, Valladolid, Vancouver, Varna, Venice (five to six festivals), Versailles, Vichy, Vicenca, Vienna.

SUGGESTED RATING: 'INCOMPREHENSIBLE'

By ARTHUR L. MAYER

The Motion Picture Assn. of America's four symbols do not cover films of incomprehensibility, and for them I suggest the creation of a "Z" category. For instance, "Last Year in Marienbad" would have avoided needless dispute if pre-rated "Z."

Incomprehensibility is, of course, fashionable in certain circles, partly because the mixed metaphors have become mixed perversions and it's frequently not clear at all who's doing what to whom. Not only are perversions overlapping to the general confusion but four-letter words, of original simplicity, are now stretched to pass as nouns, verbs, adverbs and a substitute for all vocabulary.

All "Z" pictures are shot with hand-held cameras. Whenever the director does not have the faintest idea of what to do next he instantly resorts to a zoom lens. Jump cutting is obligatory and has supplanted oldfashioned editing.

"Z" pictures should be confined exclusively to exhibition in theatres where the projectionists can be relied on to show films out of focus. The sound must be monitored at so deafening a pitch as to endanger patrons' eardrums and the cooling equipment guaranteed, if not in summer at least in fall and spring, to produce a subzero temperature. Exchanges are urged to supply rainy films as they add greatly to the suspense of watching pictures located on the sandy wastes of the Sahara or Arctic snowdrifts.

Some of us ancients nostalgically recall Ernst Lubitsch pictures in which the doors were tightly locked on amorous folk while they were still in the corset-B.V.D. preliminaries. Thereafter all we saw were breakfasts, lunches and dinners piled up outside their bedroom—mute but undeniable testimonies to their ardor and their virility.

Illiteracy Spreads

Continued from page 5

vate hospitals, old folks homes, etc. In the Washington Square district a patron arranged for the local captain of police to buy and hang an oil painting in the stationhouse. This is probably the first and only oil painting in any stationhouse in the world.

We have at last discovered why the present teenage rebellion developed so that boys look like girls from the rear. It's simple—for the first time there are more single males than single females in the courtship marketplace of the U.S.A. If any mass media has enough courage to print this item with its underlying factual proof, the bizarre minority of earringed males will no longer monopolize the tv sets of our nation.

Mexico and other nations with great drives for literacy have more illiterates than a decade ago. Population grows quicker than literacy.

I do believe we have learned that Peace in Vietnam has been mucked up and delayed by excessive use of our free marketplace of ideas. This is the most and worst reported war in history. The Communists naturally believe that differences of opinion on how to get peace means weakness on our part. Soon we must learn that no Peace can ever be negotiated in a Goldfish Bowl. Maybe we are starting to learn than an Open Society requires large areas of Privacy during the formulation stages of all subtle projects. Pres. Wilson's evil slogan "Open Covenants **Openly** Arrived At" is about to be modified to "Open Covenants Secretly Arrived At."

They said some nice things about "BULLITT"

"A TERRIFIC MOVIE

—just right for Steve McQueen. Fast, well-acted, written the way people talk, it is dense w th detail about the way things work. McQueen embodies his special kind of aware, existential cool—less taut and hardshell than Bogart, less lost and adrift than Mastroianni, a little of both!"
—N.Y. TIMES

"A SENSATIONAL MOVIE,

played with clenched-fist tightness by Steve McQueen...something worth the attention of the serious audience!"*—LIFE MAGAZINE*

"ONE OF THE BEST MOVIES I'VE SEEN THIS YEAR:

it has energy, drive, impact, and, above all, style."
—SATURDAY REVIEW

"A THRILLER! FAST, FRESH AND EXCITING—

believable, too. A good picture...done well. McQueen keeps his cool as only he can now that Bogart is long gone. A lot of action... undoubtedly the best, most exciting car chase the movies have ever put on film and that's not ignoring one thousand and one chases!"
—N.Y. POST

"COOL, CASUAL AND CONVINCING.

Steve McQueen joins the ranks of top movie detectives. 'Bullitt' unwinds at a fast clip. The final chase is a hectic cat-and-mouse game as suspense builds up to an almost unbearable pitch!"*—N.Y. DAILY NEWS*

"EDGE-OF-THE-SEAT TENSION

and super-cool performance by Steve McQueen. Treated with utmost suspense and fascinating detail."*—CUE MAGAZINE*

STEVE McQUEEN AS 'BULLITT'

A SOLAR PRODUCTION

ROBERT VAUGHN

CO-STARRING

JACQUELINE BISSET · DON GORDON · ROBERT DUVALL · SIMON OAKLAND · NORMAN FELL · Screenplay by ALAN R. TRUSTMAN and HARRY KLE

WRH

French Like Cow and Gang Films: Why Not Anglo-American Tuners?

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

Paris.

For years now it has been fairly well established that most of the continental European markets do not go for Hollywood-made filmmusicals. The latest release to worry about this condition is Columbia's and Ray Stark's "Funny Girl." It brings up anew the question of why Europeans do not respond to the genre, and what, if anything, U. S. distributors can do to educate their taste.

These issues have been examined in this space in former years, since the problem is a persisting one. Partly it is probably the American nuances in both dialog, jokes and situations. One recalls that "An American In Paris" (Metro) did well, but that had French settings and was therefore deemed more "comprehensible." "The King and I" (20th) also did well, but nearly shorn of its songs, so that it was almost no more than the original work, "Anna And The King of Siam."

The sensational Jerome Robbins dance routines in "West Side Story" (United Artists) are commonly given to explain that film's phenomenally big grosses and long run here. "My Fair Lady" (WB) was less successful, but still strong, that being ascribed to the basic George Bernard Shaw story values which were largely retained.

Failures here were three musicals from 20th: "Can-Can," "Sound of Music" and "South Pacific." The last two did well nearly everywhere, so why not here? In West Germany the difficulties of "Sound of Music" were readily explained as due to the essentially identical story having been seen by the Germans not long before in one of their own productions. That the Germans may also have been tender to the Nazi accusation, and/or tired of the reminders, may also have been a factor.

A desperation experiment in chopping off the latter portion of "Sound of Music" to see if the Germans would like the film better was a scandal in Hollywood when word reached producer Robert Wise. Whether the man in Germany whose head rolled was scapegoat for higherups or a rash showman will perhaps never be established, on the record.

Present worry in Paris on the subject of U.S. films with music and dance assumes special shape in the light of incoming releases, all carrying the burden of heavy capital investment.

Due in (actually from London) is "Oliver" (Col), "Goodbye Mister Chips" (MG), "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang" (UA), "Half a Sixpence" (Par), "Finian's Rainbow" (W7), Robert Wise's "Star" (Fox).

But one says that, (for comfort's sake) after all, Paris and France are not such big marts and Germany and Italy outdistance it. But even the latter countries are not too high on U.S. musicals.

French legit tastes still seem to stay in the old operetta syndrome. That is hoary little tales with song and dance rarely "integrated" to move the plot, or to reveal character or to comment on the action operetta production numbers stand unlinked to plot. Attempts to do modern musicals in the Broadway vein have rarely made it. "How to Succeed in Business" got a carbon copy here with a Yank choreographer and director and gathered big reviews but was too expensive to pay off in a fair run in one house.

Other musicals were just ruinous. To wit, "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," "Annie Get Your Gun" and others. And latter was dressed up in French frills. Admittedly an "in" group go for more advanced musicals but are not enough to make them hits, be it in legit or pix.

Worst example usually cited is "Gigi" (MG). It had French leads, Maurice Chevalier, Leslie Caron, Louis Jourdan, was based on a famous French story and play of Colette, was given a meticulous French version by its originators dubbing themselves, and it pancaked here.

"Story" had its sensational five year run in one firstrun house in its subtitled version. But Sam Goldwyn's "Porgy and Bess," once a stage hit here, failed right after the "Story" run. And "Dr. Dolittle" (20th) died and a special pic version of "How to Succeed in Business" (UA), sans songs, went practically unnoticed. In fact, most critics noted it was like a musical sans music. So how to win?

France itself had the surprise all-singing pic "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" of Jacques Demy. But this was more a touching little drama put to music and not exactly a musical in the Hollywood sense. But it clicked and the Demy did a big scale musical with dances and songs interspersed with talk and it did only fair here and not much anywhere else, though it had Gallic charm on the Yank musical chassis. Even a carefully done English version and Gene Kelly in it did not help in Yank and British marts. It was "The Young Girls of Rochefort."

One would think that big story and song efforts like "Camelot" (WB) and "Sound of Music" would go here, being more in the French experience of operetta. But these two did not click, either.

Georges Cravenne argues that oaters and gangster pix, also indigenous American creations, have big French followings and musicals are bound to eventually make it, especially with tv exposure. But how long, oh Lord, how long?

Show Biz In Capetown

By CAPT. JACK H. STODEL

Capetown.

It is quite certain that no country in the world with a European population of less than 4,000,000 can boast such magnificent and attractive film houses as South Africa. Nor would it have, had it not been for the fact that a young American, William Schlesinger, decided to leave the U.S.A. in 1894 to try his luck in South Africa.

Capt. Jack Stodel

He persuaded Harry Stodel, who had a small circuit of cinemas and a small film distribution business, to form with him a national chain of houses, and they bought 60 of these in order to get a foothold in all the worthwhile centres, as well as to be able to import the best films to supply not only their own houses but also to develop a film distribution system by renting to another 60-80 independent exhibitors. It wasn't long before Schlesinger realized he had something good which if he wanted to continue enjoying and expanding it, he would have to create a policy to protect.

He commenced by erecting new cinemas on the luxury styles of those in the U.S.A. sending his architects over to the States to acquire first-hand knowledge of modern requirements in those days, the late '20s. When the major film producers of the States and Britain who had been selling his product for 10 and 15 years, began getting back reports of Schlesinger's success, he already had a circuit of 100 cinemas of his own, and was renting to another 300 independents.

The heads of these foreign companies visited South Africa with the idea of opening up their own outlets and discontinuing features to Schlesinger. But when they saw what magnificent houses had been built by him in all the important and strategic centres, they abandoned any thoughts of interfering with the existing arrangements. The only two companies who had the courage to build their own situations were 20th Century-Fox and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Ultimately Fox made an attractive offer and Schlesinger's African Theatres was sold to it as well as African Films Distribution Co. and Killarney Film Productions.

Over the years African Theatres proved very astute operators of the legitimate and cultural arts and brought to South Africa the finest in concert, opera, drama, variety, ballet and circuses.

South African showmen have their own collection of anecdota about visiting celebrities. They like to tell, for instance, about Danny Kaye going "big game fishing" after first confiding that in all his life he had never caught anything heavier than a half-pound flounder.

Off Capetown he found himself, under instructions from the experts in the boat, struggling with a huge yellow-fin tuna which he fought for 40 minutes and finally landed. It weighed 108 lbs. As usual, this accomplishment went to his head and whilst in the cabin celebrating, the fishing reel on his rod screamed again. He begged the experts to leave him alone and he'd show "all you amateurs how to handle a big 'un." After another 40 minutes of perspiring and fighting he brought the "fish" to the side of the boat and one of the powerful crewmen leaned over and brought it aboard. It was a huge iron bucket which, unbeknownst to Kaye, had been put on his line. As the bucket was brought into the boat all the "amateurs" stood behind him with lighted matches in their hands singing "happy birthday to you." His language can certainly not be written here.

One American singer whose intimacy with the bottle had already caused African theatres much trouble in Johannesburg, flew in for his local season in Capetown. Some 4,000 fans, an escort of 50 motor cyclists to accompany him, and 20 bannered cars were at the airport to meet him and the mayor and mayoress were sitting on a special platform geared up with microphones and loudspeakers to officially welcome him. Two of the top executives of the theatre company were allowed out on the tarmac to board the plane and escort the great song stylist down to introduce him to the mayor. When all the other passengers left the plane, they boarded it only to find their V.I.P. and his red-haired girlfriend blind drunk. He was persuaded to leave the plane with great difficulty and crossed the tarmac hanging on to the escort who brought him up and seated him. The mayor made his speech of welcome which the crowd applauded and as Johnny rose to reply, he was yanked off the platform by his escort and poured into one of the official cars, and the cavalcade moved off to the Capetown broadcasting studio where an attempt was made to get him to say a few words, plus questions and answers with the studio interviewer. It was such a shameful mess, however, that the compere cut it off and the broadcast was never used.

At one "after theatre supper" here, pianist Artur Rubinstein told of his big gala concert in Chicago and the great welcome given him. There was a sit-down luncheon for 300 eminents and the mayor gave a glowing speech extolling Rubinsteins virtuosity. At the toast everybody rose and cheered and the mayor took his arm and led him out to the car waiting to take him to his hotel.

"Well, bye bye, Mr. Mayor" said Rubinstein, "I can't thank you enough for this welcome and especially those wonderful words of yours. I suppose I shall see you later at the concert tonight." "What!" screeched the mayor, "me go and listen to a piano for three hours . . . not on your life! — I'm playing poker!"

Hotel Space Agonizing, Otherwise London Offers Visitors Much Novelty

By DICK RICHARDS

London.

That old wheeze about liking to visit New York but not wanting to live there has some reverse application for London, probably a better place to live than visit. That begins with the hopelessly too few hotel rooms. And don't suppose that devaluation of the pound, or the Empire, means that London is cheap.

New hotels have sprung up in recent years such as the Royal Garden, the Royal Lancaster, the Europa, the Cavendish and more are constantly being planned and skedded by such farseeing gents as, say Max Joseph and Charles Forte, among others. But no matter how many rise it's a cinch that the bedroom scarcity will continue, especially during Motor Show, Wimbledon tennis, (cricket) Test Matches, the Ideal Home Exhibition and so on.

Ironically, having found some place to park the body the chances are that you'll be using your room for a comparatively short time for the night life of London has been steadily looking up in recent times.

Lots of Theatre

Theatre buffs will find that, as usual, some 30 to 40 playhouses are open to cater for every taste from the National Theatre of the Old Vic, Waterloo Road, and Royal Shakespeare at the Aldwych to musicals and easygoing farces (and, yes, "The Mousetrap" is still on at the Ambassadors after 16 years). Something akin to Off-Broadway is sending down roots here with theatres like the Hampstead Theatre Club (10 minutes from Piccadilly), the Open Space Theatre, the Jeanetta Cochrane, the Royal Court, the Intimate, etc. spring up.

And if you care to travel a bit further afield (easy journeys in a radius of around 20 to 30 miles) visits to the Theatre Royal, Windsor; the Leatherhead Theatre; the Yvonne Arnaud, at Guildford; Bromley New; the Castle, Farnham; Richmond Theatre; Watford Palace and the Queen's Hornchurch are not only pretty accessible but often rewarding. Better make enquiries, though, as you might sometimes get stuck with a fairly faded reproduction of "Dear Octopus" or "Look Back In Anger."

The mystery of how visitors become members of night clubs that offer the glitter 'n' gals, gags and gregaricusness that the London night prowlers demand remains a mystery. In theory 48 hours should elapse before you can become a member and have the privilege of paying a $2-3 entrance fee for the purpose of seeing a floorshow and drinking into the wee hours. In practice this is often quietly overlooked. It's wise, however, to go along first with a member, or a quiet word with your hotel head porter should work the trick. There are plenty of such spots.

Nite Spots

Still top among the pops is Danny La Rue's bright nitery in Hanover St. "Wotcher Mates!" currently on view is the 15th floorshow starring the brilliant "drag" performer. The shows are lively, naughty and nice and the place is neither strip — nor clip — joint. "Talk of the Town," on the site of the old Hippodrome, offers a 60-minute revue, followed later by a star personality, dancing and an inclusive meal (sans the cost of booze, of course) for a modest sum.

The Nippies, the waitresses who were the symbol of Lyons teashops, would scarce know the old corner houses these nights. The Corner House at Tottenham Court Road is now the lush Sportsman's Club, at Piccadilly you can get a floorshow, gaming and a meal for about $4.50 a head, and at the Strand Jack Fallon also offers a lavish revue in the Showboat Room.

Farewell to Soho

No need to visit Soho's sleazy rat traps in search of femmes without much clothing. Elsewhere, Murray's Cabaret, Churchill's, the Eve, the Astor, the Golden City Room and Latin Quarter provide bright floorshows, among several others. The Celebrite is a typical floor show-restaurant at which there's no problem about membership. Just go along, get a table and pay the bill and enjoy yourself. The old Pigalle has now become the Carousel, with Lynda Baron leading a non-stop fiesta of song and lively music. These are just a few of spots that go in for shows with glitter and gals. And late at night you can still swap bewhiskered gags with Al Burnett at the Stone Room.

Suppose you like your cabaret a little more intimate. Well, there's the Savoy (though London's topleague hotels don't go in much for entertainment, concentrating more on the groceries), the Allegro and Quaglino's, the Playboy Club (there's just gotta be a Playboy Club!), the Blue Angel, the Grey Topper, near Drury Lane Theatre and, to show London's catholic tastes, if you care to penetrate to the City, near Bishopsgate Churchyard, you'll find the Gallipoli with authentic Turkish bellydancers!

Posheries

Restaurants have penetrated deep into the heart of clubland as rendezvous for those who like to meet and chat among the show biz and socialite folk who eat and swap gossip. The White Elephant, Siegi's, Les Ambassadeurs, "21," still remain international meeting places but the "in" place these days is Il Club Bell' Arethusa on King's Road, Chelsea, a haunt of actors, journalists, models, fashion designers, fashionable lensers, film folk and the lot. The place has been given the ultimate accolade — visits from Lord Snowdon and Princess Margaret plus the frequent patronage of such as Sammy Davis Jr., Peter Sellers, Mia Farrow and Michael Caine, which must really prove the place is swinging. The new Chimera, day and night spot, next to the Curzon Theatre, is also rapidly catching on.

But nowanights the "right" people seem more to favor the wide range of restaurants that London offers at all prices. Places like the Caprice, the Ivy, the Guinea, the Braganza, the Looking Glass at the Royal Lancaster, the Hilton's Roof Restaurant and Butlin's eatery at the top of the G.P.O. Tower (with a great view of quietly revolving London) are favorite haunts and good preparation for a visit to one of the more swinging night spots or discotheques such as Annabel's, the Saddle Room, the Rasputin, Scotch of St. James, the Yellow Submarine (again at the Lancaster) or Sibylla's.

Two phases of the eating and drinking lark have risen remarkably in London. The popularity of the trattorias (with the Terrazza at the corner of Romilly St., near Kettner's as a prime favorite of Laurence Harvey and other gregarious film types).

There's no denying that French tourism's loss was Britain's gain as has been true also of Italy, Spain, Yugoslavia and elsewhere.

That Britons are not writing off French allure in future is seen via the $24,000,000 buy by England's Charles Forte hotel-and-catering interests of three Parisian hotel diadems — the posh George V, Plaza-Athanee and La Tremoille, not to mention Pan American Airways' investment in the Continental Hotel — all with an eye to the jumbo jets of the near future.

Robert Clouse Directs Seltzer-Reeves' 'Amber'

Although Robert Clouse wrote, produced and directed his first feature, "Dreams of Glass," reviewed last September in VARIETY, it is only as a director that he has been signed by producers Walter Seltzer and Jack Reeves for their "Darker Than Amber."

The property, to be made under the producers' Major Pictures Corp. banner for Cinema Center Films, is from a screenplay by Ed Waters from the John D. MacDonald novel, one of latter's Travis McGee series. Rod Taylor will play McGee. Seltzer and Reeves plan to start "Amber" next spring.

Clouse, once a still photographer for CBS-TV, previously directed two short subjects, "The Legend of Blue Eyes" and "The Cadillac," both of which were nominated for Oscars.

'Gone With The Wind'

The Former Metro Chef De Ballyhoo Recalls Some of the Incidents When A Southern Belle From England And All the Others Re-Fought De War.

By HOWARD DIETZ

On April 9, 1865 at Appomattox Court House in Virginia, the "War Between the States," commonly called the Civil War in the north, came to an end. There was no funeral, the corpse remained in the house. The Confederate point of view came, in 1915, with D. W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation" and in 1939 with "Gone with the Wind."

As MGM had invested Clark Gable and $2,500,000 in this latter picture, and as I represented Metro in its promotion, the marketing with all its complications, was in my care. David O. Selznick, brilliant producer though he was, was also in my care in a sense. His fixation was telegrams. Not a day went by that he didn't send me a yard or two from California. They arrived usually in the dead of night. If you ever lived in a storied city house as I do, you will find it annoying to be awakened at an ungodly hour. One Selznick telegram totalled a record four feet high in my stockinged feet. I was ashamed to let the servants see the size of this extravagant memo that woke them up. It read, in part: *"I want you to be very careful of the paper you select for the program—stop—sometimes their crackling makes it difficult to hear the dialogue—stop—Promise you will attend to this."* I telegraphed back: *"Received your epigram. You can rest assured about the program noise; h wever, have made a tieup with the "Gone with the Wind" Peanut Brittle Company, assuring each patron of the picture a box of peanut brittle as he enters the theatre."* Another read: *"I don't receive enough answers to the points I raise, have you found a bridge club down there?"*

Ticket Problem

The first problem was tickets—opening night tickets, second night tickets, "any-night" tickets. Politicians were deluged with requests from their constituents, salesmen were solicited by their big accounts. One elderly lady practically "lived" in my headquarters at the Georgian Terrace. "But you don't understand," she kept repeating, "I am president of the local chapter of the D.A.R.". At the end of my patience, I said: "But you don't understand, madam, this picture is about another war."

I sent a photographer, Norman Kaphan, to Atlanta about a month before. "How do you like the South," I asked Norman. He replied: "I've been 'honeyed' and 'sugared' so much that I got diabetes."

The function of the advance cameraman was to photograph still backgrounds to permit taking portraits against. If we attempted to photograph a star in the usual way, the result would end in a mob scene. Taking the foregrounds and the backgrounds independent of each other, the photographs could be taken anywhere, indoors or out, whenever the coast was clear. Norman was an expert.

Georgia Polities

The resolution of the ticket problem came inspirationally. Using my temporary high office, I would press the Governor of Georgia and the Mayor of Atlanta into service. Each one wanted reelection to his high office in the city and state. They were both Democrats, if of different sorts . Rivers, the Governor, was a New Dealer, while Mayor Hartzfield was an Old Dealer, if there was such a thing.

I met with the Mayor first, and we decided that the Community Chest would receive the combined total of the theatre admissions and the Junior League Ball. The ball was to take place the night before the premiere. It was understood that preference tickets would be subtracted from the list which was about 1,400. The press had a special screening, exclusive to them. Hartzfield was beside himself with joy, feeling that he had triumphed over the Governor. This put him one up on their rivalry.

When Rivers heard of the deal, he was thrown into a rage. He got me on the phone: "But what will become of the Southern Governors?", he questioned in his outrage, "I have promised them they could bring their wives, now they can't even bring themselves." I told him, "You'll go through with your commitment, only you'll give them a banquet before the opening, M-G-M will take the tab." "You mean you'll get by Hartzfield?" queried the Governor. "Exactly that," I replied. When I delivered the houseful of tickets minus the necessary amount, it was the Mayor's turn to vent his fury, but I was ahead of him. "How would you like Clark Gable to take your daughter to the Junior League Ball," I asked. Silence. Finally, "You could do that?" "Consider it done." I made a note to consult Carole Lombard.

Came To See Stars

A million people crowded into a city built to hold 300,000. They came from New York, Hollywood, and all the southern towns, villages and hamlets along the way. They didn't come to Atlanta with the expectation of seeing the picture, they came to see the *Stars*. One constituency lined the street, leaning from the rooftops was a solid mass of rubber-necked humanity, cheering all the open cars as they came down the 14 miles from the airport until they reached the carre' of Peachtree Street. The congestion was so great, that Bill Goetz, an executive of 20th-Century-Fox, and the one who bought the fake "Vlaminck," complained of having his toes stepped on. "We don't make such good pictures as M-G-M," he said, "But at least we don't annoy people."

The airplanes were coming in, the motor cars were being arranged by Howard Stricklin, the well-known MGM studio publicity director, for the parade to the city. First to come down the ramp was Gable. A wild cheer went up as an officer led him to his motorcar.

A 40-piece band had been provided. It was beautifully uniformed, their brass shining blindly in the sun; but it could play only one tune—the only one they knew—"Dixie."

When the parade came to a halt, the fans rushed in for the autographs. To the tune of "Dixie" they raised the Star Spangled Banner above the Confederate flag. It was the first time this had ever been done since the "Civil War."

They played "Dixie" when the parade was about to break up, "Dixie" when Clark Gable escorted Vivien Leigh to her room in the hotel. It was a useful tune.

One woman with an erotic tendency went to the desk clerk, and asked what room Clark would occupy. The clerk said: "We cannot give such information." "Well," said the woman, "will you promise to save it as a reservation for me after he's gone?"

A wild cheer, as the band played "Dixie." "Oh," said Vivien Leigh, "they're playing the song from the picture." "Who said that?" a reporter from the Atlanta Journal asked me. I thought quickly. "Olivia de Havilland" was my quick response. Had I said "Vivien Leigh," we would have been sunk. It was bad enough with Scarlett O'Hara, in real life, being an alien.

One by one, the members of the cast were announced. When you contemplate the list now, all have died except one and that one is Olivia de Havilland, the gentle Melanie.

The premiere lasted a weekend. Several notables from New York and Washington came down for the ball. Among them were Herbert Bayard Swope, John Hay (Jock) Whitney, who had an investment in the film, Carole Lombard, Myron Selznick (David's brother), William S. Paley, and many others.

Gable took the fluttery daughter to the ball. It didn't require too much explaining to Carole Lombard Gable, who was the perfect sport. Dressed to the nines, as the daughter was, I'm afraid even so, she was still under an eclipse of the movie stars. Scarlett O'Hara (Vivien Leigh) was busy with Laurence Olivier. Her husband had come down in case he was needed. All the cast members were in costume, and the dancing went on till North and South feuds were forgotten.

The next day, the finishing up was in order. Novelist Margaret Mitchell gave a party at the Riding Club. "Gone With the Wind" had opened, it was destined to be one of the most successful movies ever made.

Those returning to New York had to take a Pullman back. There was a two-hour stopover in Washington. I had arranged with the Variety Club to stay open until the distinguished trainmates were on their way to New York. The Variety Club has many branches. It is a charity organization, and many theatrical people contribute to it annually. I had explained the nature of the club to our Manhattan-bound party.

Entering the club, we found about two members serving as a reception committee. There was a bar with soft drinks and a slotmachine. Bill Paley, out of sheer nervousness, idly dropped a quarter into the slotmachine. The members had warmed it up for the jackpot. Bill picked the quarters up, one by one, and didn't know what to say.

David Selznick was dissatisfied with his business arrangement with M-G-M. He told Jock Whitney, who was his partner, that M-G-M was raping them. When the first results of $6,000,000 came in, Whitney said: "It may be rape, but it feels awfully good."

50 YEARS OF LOST PIGS

By JACK DOUGLAS

Last summer we had a genuine Hawaiian luau in our backyard. We buried a roast pig in the ground, then we all sat around for a couple of hours and had a few double Hawaiian martinis. At five o'clock we were all pretty hungry but we couldn't remember where we'd buried the pig. Or why. That has been the story of my life—50 years of lost pigs.

Jack Douglas

I've lost a lot of other things, too—including my girlish laughter, which used to get me into a lot of trouble at Polish wedding. And when I was working in the Post Office in Cherry Grove, Fire Island. Incidentally before I became the Postmaster at Cherry Grove, the mail was delivered by Civil Service butterflies.

I've lost my subscription to Parents Magazine because of what they've done to my brother. Parents Magazine blithely informed us that every third child born in this world is Chinese. My poor brother is sitting up there in Buffalo, where he lives with his twins and his pregnant wife. He is torn with indecision. He doesn't know whether to buy Pablum or eggroll. And before anyone thinks that there's a little bigotry hidden in here somewhere, let me explain that my brother has nothing against Chinese children, but last year when a family of pygmies from the Congo moved in next door, property values went down. My brother drinks, but he didn't drink to that.

The whole tone of this piece may seem sour and pessimistic and filled with frustration with this unsettled age we're living in. It is not meant to be. I thnk we've accomplished much in our journey onward and upward. For example. I've just heard of a marvelously progressive school somewhere in the midwest. This school has no teachers, no books, no homework. Nothing. And only one classroom. With a cocktail lounge at the end. So far, according to the Reader's Digest roving reporter, John Reddy, none of the children have learned anything, but the overall effect is wonderful for the parents—the minute the children come home from school they go right to bed.

Motion pictures have improved immeasurably, too. Tony Quinn used to be a Mexican bandit and now he's the Pope. Too bad he isn't both — then he wouldn't have no trouble with no Encyclical.

Television has improved, or at least the system of rating shows has taken a turn for the better. According to Hugh Hefner, in an aside from his philosophy, he says that there is a new system for polling the popularity of television shows. This is a sort of a one-man rating system. It's done with a bottle of gin. This one man drinks the bottle of gin—then asks himself what television show he is watching. If he doesn't answer, the pollsters know immediately it's in the Top Ten. Incidentally, the man who reads the Top Ten chart is a scuba-diver and he performs this important task looking up at a computer which has been placed in a glass-bottom boat. This may seem like a queer method to rate a billion dollar industry, but as General Sarnoff said, when he was asked how many Indians surrounded him and the Seventh Cavalry at the battle of Little Big Horn, "It's better not to know."

SAMSON RAPHAELSON ON 'THE LUBITSCH TOUCH'

By HERMAN G. WEINBERG

(The following excerpted questions by biographer Weinberg and answers by research source Samson Raphaelson are from the new Dutton volume, "The Lubitsch Touch: A Critical Study.")

Q. (Weinberg): *To what degree was the finished picture reflected in the script before the direction began, because the script is almost like the finished film—the film appears to have been directed on paper first. To what degree did Lubitsch participate in the writing and to what degree is the famous "Lubitsch touch" seen in the script first, as frequently happened, so that the "Lubitsch touch"often appears to be a contribution of the writer?*

A. (Raphaelson): Lubitsch was the most literary of directors—not that he wasn't terribly aware of film and enormously capable of handling film—but he thought like a writer and functioned like a director, so that if there were words or interplay of dialog values on the most sensitive level that would enhance what he had to say in his film concept, he sought those values and wasn't content until he got them.

Q. *He knew what he was looking for?*

A. That's right. If he could do it himself, of course, he could do without the writer. But he knew what a writer could do, once he got the hang of that writer. I think almost every writer who ever worked with him wrote his best. Lubitsch didn't necessarily make him write like Lubitsch, but he brought out what the fellow had; he pressed him more than the fellow might himself. That doesn't mean that my own best writing was done with Lubitsch—my best writing in the *vein* of Lubitsch was done with him—I had other values to express in the theatre. But to a remarkable extent, the film was in the script. Lubitsch prepared a foolproof script that you'd say almost any director could direct. That's not true, of course, but it's comparatively true. Seventy-five percent of his work was done when the script was done. And he already had the performances in mind and they weren't just performances that he superimposed on actors, they were performances that he knew those actors could give. And very rarely did any actor fail to give his best performance with Lubitsch, and that's why they loved working with him. At the moment of working with him they might not be happy because he wouldn't waste much time getting it done his way. He'd know how they should do it and he'd show them, frequently acting out the parts himself, and, once they saw that, they couldn't do it any other way because it was so right, so superior.

Q. *What about the so-called "Lubitsch touch"? Did you find yourself contributing "Lubitsch touches" that he retained?*

A. A meeting between Lubitsch and a writer was usually one of mutual respect. I enormously admired him from what I had seen of his previous week. I had fallen in love with "The Love Parade." I thought it was the most delightful pictures I'd ever seen. The only picture in my life I ever saw twice. So I had a notion how Lubitsch would approach things, and I loved that approach. It belonged to me even though he had thought of it first. I wished *I* had thought of that *way* of telling things . . . like his use of doors . . .

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. was interviewed on Lubitsch's method right after "That Lady in Ermine" and he said that not only did he act out all the parts including the female parts, but he put great stress on the importance of doors. He said doors in a film can often be as important as actors.

Q. *May I pinpoint this question? Before actual shooting started, he'd collaborate with a writer on the script so that a script suitable for him would emerge?*

A. I'll tell you how it happened. We met every morning. I didn't sit off in a corner and write. There was a secretary in the room. We wrote it together, that's all. You couldn't trace it. If the problem was, "How do we get into this scene?", whoever finally found it wasn't necessarily the author of it because he might not have found it if the other hadn't said two words before. But the dialog, usually, when it came right down to it, came out of me because I work by talking, anyway, you see. I can't write by myself, I always have a secretary as a "sounding board." But it often could have come from him. Then the girl would type it out (she'd know when to take it down), and then we'd read it back and throw it away or like it or take part of it and reshape it and discuss it. I wish to God the taperecorder had been in existence in our time, to take it all down—it would have been wonderful to have had an actual recording of these sessions—that would have been a great thing.

Q. *Would you say that his scripts were so tightly knitted that he very rarely overshot on his films?*

A. Very rarely. He would say, "Dis time ve are spending here, writing, is de cheapest time ve got. All ve are paying now is your salary and mine. But the minute ve are on de set, ve are paying de stars, de dis, de dat, ve are paying $50,000 a day . . ." or whatever the amount was.

Q. *When the script was finished, that was pretty much it, wasn't it?*

A. The shot-making was done. This reminds me of the time when we were at 20th Century Fox, on *"Heaven Can Wait."* or whatever it was, and we were going to the commissary for lunch and, going there, coming in the opposite direction, was Zanuck. They paused to greet each other and Zanuck said, "How's it going, Ernst?" And Lubitsch says, "Vell, I tell you—slow but good." And Zanuck says, "That's fine," he says, "the only thing I'd rather hear than that is—*very* slow and great!" Which was nice of Zanuck—you'd think he'd have said "fast," but he didn't—that was his attitude toward Lubitsch—deep respect.

Q. *What was Lubitsch's opinion of Von Sternberg?*

A. Well, he would say, "Vell, you know, he vorks different dan de vay I vork, Sam—you see, he goes for other kinds of qvalities dan I go for. He certainly is doing some tings dat nobody else is doing and you gotta give him credit for dat."

He was very fond of Willie Wyler, personally, and Wyler, of course, had enormous respect for Lubitsch. Everybody of his time felt the same way. He was The

(Continued on page 38)

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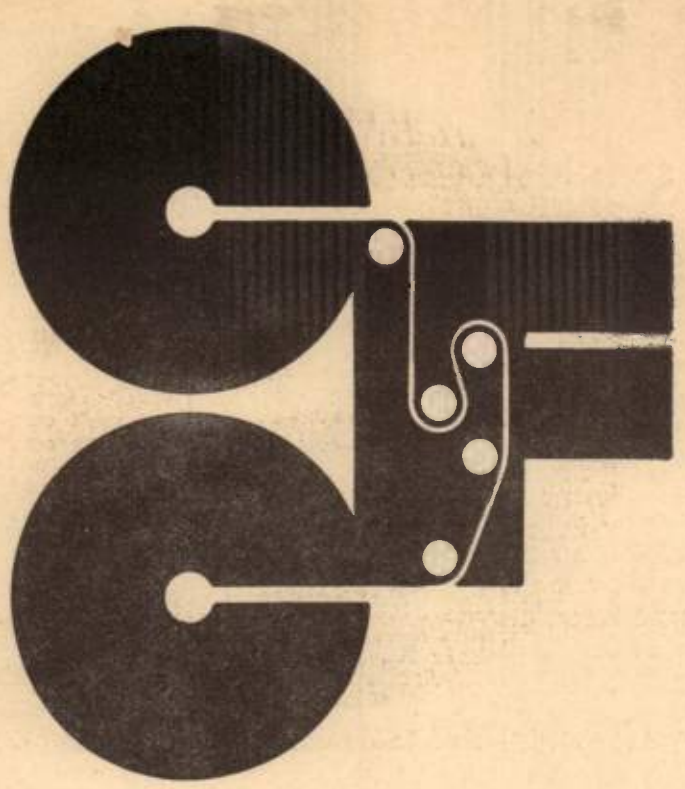

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Cinema Center Films

Politicos, Pundits And Pulpiteers Like Comics Go Big With Putdowns

By ABEL GREEN

Politicos and pundits as masters of *les mots juste* have rarely if ever been topped by comedians indulging in the squelcher or "insult" topper to a heckling customer or a confrere. Sir Winston Churchill is immortal for such summations as, vis-a-vis Sir Stafford Cripps, Chancellor of the Exchequer, he typed him as "having all the virtues I dislike and none of the vices I admire."

Churchill on Clement Atlee, the Labour Party Prime Minister: "Atlee is a very modest man — and with reason!" His crack about Ramsay MacDonald: "He possessed the gift of compressing the largest amount of words into the smallest amount of thoughts."

After the Labour Party landslide that voted him out of the Prime Minister office he remarked with justifiable bitterness, "Why should I accept the Order of the Garter from His Majesty, when the people have just given me the order of the boot!"

A roundrobin of a number of American comedians' squelchers, as indicated below, have their origins in politics. Timely and witty ripostes invariably have made for votes or, at the very least, mass sympathy.

When Prime Minister Lloyd George was heckled, "I'm here, George, I'm here," he retorted, "Ah, but are you all there?"

Nancy Viscountess Astor was heckled, "Say, Missus, how many toes are there on a pig's foot?", and without interruption the American-born M.P. replied, "Take off your boots, man, and count for yourself."

A standard politician comeback to noisy interruptors is, "A man of your low intelligence should have a voice to match." President Johnson, a frequent press target, broke the ice at a press conference, "These are The New York Times that try men's souls."

The suave riposte, the putdown and the squelcher, whether "rehearsed ad libs" or spontaneously sparked by the occasion, may have given Don Rickles reason to build an entire career on the insult. In a saloon, surrounded by cronies and with a perhaps unwilling (although it will be denied) spotlight on out-front celebs who must show they're "big enough to take it," Rickles has his moments. Betimes bordering dangerously on the thin line between fact and rib, he has titillated the show biz-wise bunch particularly. This paved the way for his ABC-TV series which, per the ratings anyway, pointed up that the public between the Chasen's and Toots Shor's environs was not as appreciative. On the other hand Groucho Marx with equally deadpan and frequently rapier barbs made 'em like it.

The N.Y. Times' Russell Baker's recent treatise on "The Decline of the Insult" appraised the panorama from Billingsgate (London fishmarket vulgarity) to apt political invective. He cited Speaker Tom Reed's reference to two particularly odious Congressmen, "They never open their mouths without subtracting from the sum of human knowledge."

Perhaps more pithy and pungent was Reed's appraisal of another solon, "With a few more brains, he could be a half-wit." Columnist Baker salutes Groucho for his Marxmanship in disposing of an imbecile by advising him to "bore a hole in yourself and let the sap run out."

When, during the campaign, Vice President-elect Spiro Agnew was heckled "what are you gonna do about dissent?", he replied, "I'm more interested in the dollar than in 'dissent'."

George Jessel says that "in all modesty, as one has reputedly been 'quick-of-quip' over the years, when any such circumstance arises — and it's rare — the situation seems to supply a built-in 'putdown'. I hate to resort to 'toppers' or 'squelchers' but politicos, pundits and speakers from the pulpit as well as show biz pros do face an occasional discordant, insurgent or just plain drunk dissident. I've had occasion to use 'He sounds like a refresher course in stupidity'; or 'He sounds like a reject from 'The Twilight Zone'."

Jack Benny observes, "In the first place I am very seldom bothered by hecklers, but when I am it is not only very annoying but can ruin my performance entirely, as I do not depend on 'one-liner' jokes. I do a routine which must not be interfered with.

"Therefore when a heckler (usually drunk) keeps talking, I try to stop him first as nicely as I can. When this doesn't work, I usually say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, there is a man sitting here at a table who evidently wants to talk or do some kind of an act, and he feels that it is difficult for him to be heard while I am talking.' Then I take the microphone off and bring it to the heckler and I ask the electrician to please give him a spotlight. Then I make the following speech, 'Now look Mister, you have been wanting to do an act here for the last few minutes, so here's the microphone and a spotlight. Now will you please stand up and say what you have to say. I will give you 3 minutes, 5 minutes or whatever time you need — now go ahead and talk.'

"This usually shuts him up. I keep asking him to say a few words and get it of his chest, which of course the man, even though he may be drunk, is too embarrassed to carry on. So then I say to him, 'Allright Mister, I gave you the opportunity to become an actor, comedian, or whatever you would like to be and you would not respond, therefore I ask you to keep your mouth shut for the rest of *my* performance, or you will be thrown out of the theatre.

"Naturally it hurts my routine for a short while, particularly my timing, but I soon get back rolling again. This is my only way of stopping a heckler, whether it be a man or woman."

George Burns says, "I've never used a squelcher in my life because I didn't have to, since I didn't do anything. The audience loved Gracie (Allen); our act ran 17 minutes and Gracie did 17 minutes and I just stood there and smoked.

"But here's a squelcher Frank Fay used at the old 5th Ave. Theatre in New York. During a matinee somebody from the gallery threw a penny on the stage. The effete Frank Fay looked up and said, 'Whoever threw that penny, I just want to tell you that at 11 o'clock this morning I had my breakfast served to me in bed while you were delivering your third load of coal'.

"This is very funny if you've got Frank Fay's delivery. But if your delivery isn't good, then the guy who threw the penny is a hit."

Nitery comics like **Henny Youngman, Jackie Kannon,** et al, must cope with assorted drunks, so they have such stock-in-trade as quoting Youngman:

"Are you naturally stupid, or are you waiting for a brain transplant?"

"Looks like a Cuban hijacked your brain."

"Is that a dimple or did the hole in your head slip?"

"Well, well, all dressed up and no 'face' to go."

Jackie Kannon uses the "insult" technique with familiar faces rather than on hecklers, viz.

"May the burning sands of the desert creep into your shorts."

"I swore I saw your picture on the Iowa Hog Journal."

"Here they come, the Howard Johnson rejects."

"He loves 18-year-old Scotch and 16-year-old broads."

"He thinks matzoh ball is a formal dance" or "he thinks a bagel is a hunting dog."

More Henny Youngmanisms:

"I looked high and low for you but I guess I didn't look low enough."

"Sir, you'd make a perfect stranger."

"Did you have your hair cut in a pet shop?"

"If I gave you a going-away present would you go away?"

"You have a winning smile — and a losing face."

"Next time you give your old clothes away stay in them."

"He's just as happy as if he were in his right mind."

"Some people bring happiness wherever they go — you bring happiness whenever you go."

Joe E. Lewis' experiences with hecklers seem more memorably involved with pals such as when Toots Shor, ringsiding at New York's Copacabana, kept giving him the wrong drinks. Says Lewis, "I just had to tell the crumbum 'I don't know if you are acting busy or just confused.' "

He recalls one time in Chicago some 30 years ago when famed critic Ashton Stevens brought in Victor Moore to see him at Chez Paree. "It was Ashton's first time ever in the joint and a drunk at the ring was trying to trip one of the chorusgirls. I didn't want to louse him up right away but when he got his feet flat on the floor and started to climb the stage I had to tell him, 'That's the first time I ever saw a pair of shoes with three heels on them.'

"The hoodlum clientele are invariably better behaved gents than anybody but one shady character I just had to put down this way, 'If you don't succeed (heckling me, that is) at first, try, try again. No use being pigheaded about it!' Maybe that 'pig' part of it got him where he lived yet he couldn't get mad because theoretically I was encouraging him."

Jack E. Leonard has a catalog of ripostes:

"I would like to buy you a drink. Would you like an olive or an onion in your hemlock?"

"I'll bet you think a karate chop is something you order in a Japanese restaurant."

To a pestiferous femme: "I hope on your next Halloween tour your broom breaks." Or, "I see you're wearing a mini-skirt, with a head to match."

To a crapshooting Las Vegas audience, "The family that plays together will certainly go home by bus."

Bill Cosby says he "doesn't have a set of standard replies to hecklers, mainly because I don't believe in swapping insults with an audience. However, I've been lucky perhaps, since most of the 'heckling' I've been subjected to has been of the good-natured sort. As a matter of fact, I usually wind up incorporating the conversation into part of whatever story I'm telling.

"A good example can be found on my last LP, '200 MPH,' which was recorded live at Harrah's. Toward the end of the show, one young lady in the audience began to anticipate what I was going to say, and if you listen closely, you'll find that she practically costarred with me — without billing, of course. As you know, I don't tell jokes, per se; my humor is mostly anecdotal, and so I don't evoke the typical 'wise-guy' response from audiences, especially those bent on topping the comedian performing.

"I must admit that over the years, there have been people who have caused continual disruptions and, because I feel an obligation to the rest of the audience, I simply announce that I will be very happy to refund the admission price . . . or pick up the tab . . . for anyone who will not allow me to do my 'work' which is what I'm doing up there, after all . . . working."

Godfrey Cambridge rebukes 'em, "Sir, you're acting like *we're* supposed to act."

"Sir, if you continue to annoy me, I'll turn you colored, and you'll go home and look at your wife and suddenly realize you have a controversial relationship and kill yourself, I hope."

"Sir, it's a pity your mother did not produce a child."

"Sir, you're a credit to your race."

Bill Dana: "When I was stumping for Hubert H. Humphrey in Seattle, before I could start my monolog a bearded, bullhorn-bearing beatnik bellowed 'We have not come to listen to you murderers, we have come to arrest you!' I answered, 'OK, we'll go quietly — but since there are 200,000,000 of us you've got to give us $1,000,000 to make a phone call.' "

Phyllis Diller says she only knows two putdowns which she seldom has used. One is, "I don't come to your house when you're working and turn off your bulb!," and the other is, "If you ever get a chance to be an audience again — don't take it!"

Author - comedian **Jack Douglas** (& Reiko) has scripted the following ripostes to drunks and hecklers, for his own use or by others: To drunks:

"Be careful on your way home tonight — you might fall down and break your breath."

"Good evening Sir — and how is *Lady* Calvert?"

"I know you're an alcoholic, but you're not very anonymous."

"When Voltaire said he would defend to the death the right of free speech, I don't think he had you in mind, Sir."

"Sir — have you ever thought of black coffee? I mean — *drowning* in it!"

Hawaii Tourism

Continued from page 4

Hawaii is a land of grass shacks, free luaus and free love.

You can thank the jets and the cutrate fares for much of the influx. Youngsters who never ventured further west than Catalina Island fly in for a spree of a week or so or, more accurately, until their money runs out. The realists return to their mainland scenes; the adventuresome chase their Hawaii dreams.

Hippie havens are many, mostly away from Honolulu, mostly even away from Oahu (Honolulu city-county) island. Police on Kauai, Maui and Hawaii islands, where the populations are relatively small, maintain close watch on the antics and other goings-on involve the nonconformists. Why? Says a member of the state legislature from one of the "neighbor islands": "First the hippies, then marijuana-smoking truants, finally desperate narcotics cases. Stop the first and you'll choke off the others." That's the way it is.

Flare-Ups

Kauai most notably has had tense flareups between the "local boys"—many of whom have never been off their home island—and the unwelcome "guests." The island's officials don't want hippies. Families who live there don't want them, partially because of unspoken fear that their own children might pick up the hippies' attitudes and habits. The "local boys," accordingly, figured it was open season and that the hippies were fair game for gang beatings. But police stepped in strongly after some victims of beatings turned out to be innocent tourists. There are those who say the situation last summer almost got out of hand.

Maui county doesn't welcome the hippies and officials try to make them conform to health and building code regulations. A rough estimate figured that Maui was "host" to no more than 100 hippies and/or fellow travelers at any peak time.

A relative handful, true, but unfortunately the once-sleepy town of Lahaina, now a thriving tourist mecca, was becoming their hangout. One official lamented that "something should be done" because he was "sick and tired of having my friends from Honolulu refer to Lahaina as a hippie town." His complaint was not ignored by police.

Hippies & Junkies

Throughout the islands there is a definite relationship between the hippie and narcotics problems. Hence, youngsters hearing their parents complain about the "intruders" are encouraged to "do something about it"—i.e., beat them up. Hence, clashes between rival gangs—shots fired into a home of an unemployed poet, assaults on young couples resting on beaches, and all the other outbreaks.

Tourism industry sources are concerned, not only at the injustice of the mob spirit but at the prospect that it could get out of hand and that tourists could become victims. "If we can't cope with the gangs of young hoodlums, we are going to be as bad as elsewhere," warned one official—and Hawaii's sunny aloha spirit could be eclipsed forever.

Bicycle Mania

Continued from page 3

tract gourmets to *la petite reine* as bikes are known locally. The food is fabulous, but any guest who arrives motorized may be Mickey Finned. A chauffeur-driven tandem *a quatre places*, or a bicycle built for four, delivers the stoned and the tipsy to their doors when the party is over.

Recently Pierre Barouh and Francis Lai, who wrote the music for "A Man And A Woman," joined the bicycle revival by composing the club's anthem, "A Bicyclette." Yves Montand's fervent recording of it soon made the two-wheeler as chic as Friday nights at Maxim's.

The renaissance of the *bicyclette de papa* is not limited to France. British traffic experts, backed by the Royal Academy, have announced that nothing is more rapid, quiet, clean and easily parkable in English cities than the bicycle. Specialists who objected to working on nuclear bombs are now inventing bicycle comforts, including protection from wind, rain, slush and sun.

Cycling got a boost in England when pub-crawlers learned that cyclists are not subject to breathalyser tests that the gendarmerie demand of motorists on the road. Bicycle sales rocketed here after the French government doubled bus and subway fares.

Rififi On A Bike

Bank robbers as well as business men are taking to bicycles. Bandits in Belgium and Germany have made successful getaways aboard two-wheelers because they can weave in and out of heavy traffic, pedal up one-way streets in the wrong direction, and take to the sidewalks if necessary.

Bernard Munier, a bum from Burgundy, became a millionaire shortly after pedaling into St. Tropez on a broken-down bike. He got the name of Coin-Coin (pronounced Qwang-Qwang) because his bike had no bell so he made duck noises when he passed people or vehicles.

No Jewish Theatre

Continued from page 3

around the 700-year-old Prague Synagogue.

Nevertheless it is not denied anywhere that the Jewish community here has been cut almost in half. Unofficial estimates are that there were about 15,000 Jews in Czechoslovakia prior to the recent invasion by Warsaw Pact troops. About 5,000 of them were permitted to leave immediately thereafter, and more have been getting out since. Apparently the government is not hindering their departure, as opposed to the USSR or Poland where Jews find it hard to get exit visas.

There has not been a Yiddish theatre in Czechoslovakia for many years, although many Jews have been employed in Czech theatres and apparently are continuing without difficulties. Word here is that the only two Yiddish theatres in this part of the world, the Warsaw Yiddish Theatre and the Jassy Yiddish Theatre (near Bucharest) have folded. The Warsaw Theatre, headed by Ida Kaminska, who recently emigrated to the U.S., has closed down "temporarily," despite statements by Mme. Kaminska (in New York) that it is continuing.

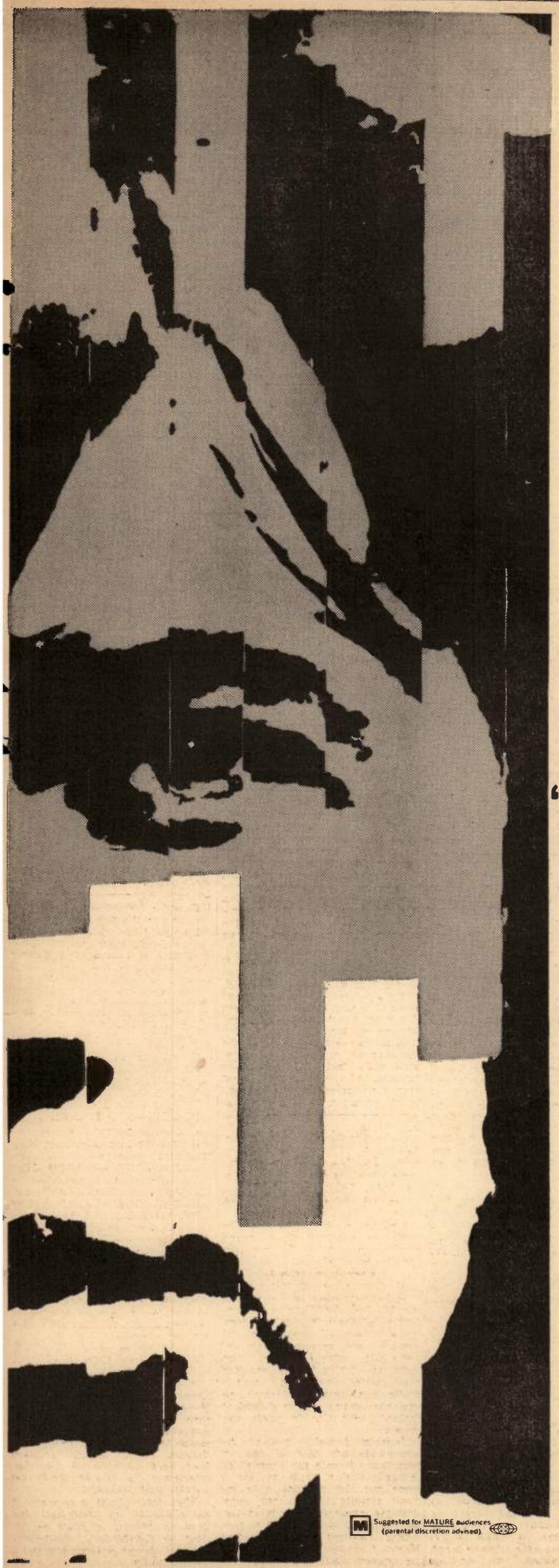
Frantisek Fuchs, generally recognized here as the leading spokesman for the Yiddish community, made a statement recently to the effect that President Svoboda personally assured him of support for the Jewish community "as long as they make it clear they are not Zionists."

Bucharest Experiment

Bucharest.

A number of Yiddish actors, formerly residing in Prague and Budapest are here attempting to form a local Yiddish theatre. Apparently Rumanian government is not hindering them, though not helping, either. Biggest problem they have encountered thus far, apparently, is raising funds for scenery and costumes.

They have given a number of performances on weekends but have no definite schedule as yet. Also no management, apparently working on an if-and-when basis, strictly co-op.



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FAME, NOTORIETY AND OBLIVION

By GEORGE EELLS

Hollywood.

In Manhattan and Hollywood gathering places, there is occasionally idle speculation upon which of today's celebrities will be remembered in 100 years. The nature of lasting fame—what it is, who gets it, and why—began to interest me when I was doing research for "The Life That Late He Led," the biography of Cole Porter. Several friends questioned whether Porter's work or his personality was of greater interest. And one maintained that if Cole had never written a memorable song, he would still have been a figure whose courage, wit and lifestyle would have captured the public imagination. For himself, Porter always maintained that he derived his pleasure from writing and living and was perfectly satisfied to let posterity take care of itself.

Recently, I began to think about the subject again when a writer in Life announced that the recordings of the show business phenomenon, Mrs. Miller, had already attained the status of collectors' items. Seemingly Mrs. Miller has lived up to Benjamin Franklin's dictum: If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or do things worth writing.

Doing that is not easy. To retain a hold on the collective imagination as a celebrity, great talent is a help. No talent is, too. Enormous publicity is valuable. Luck is necessary. And a touch of the bizarre is important, but even these things are not enough.

Wide publicity coverage is soon forgotten. Wee Bonnie Baker had it. So did "Wrong Way" Corrigan, the Lane Sisters, Silky Sullivan and Evelyn Rudie, but today all of them are candidates for Richard Lamparski's "Whatever Became of . . .?" Clara Bow, for instance, the "It" Girl of the 1920s, was one of the most publicized and adored young women in the world, but by the 1950s she was sending out Christmas cards with the kidding-on-the-square plaintive inquiry: "Remember me? Clara Bow."

Today the Burtons are probably the world's most highly publicized couple. Will they permanently join the elite of the world's great lovers, or will some sour note consign them to the romantic trash heap?

Cherry Sisters & Primo Carnera

Mere talent isn't the magic ingredient either. There were hundreds of high-voltage vaudevillians who are completely forgotten today, but memories of the Cherry Sisters live on. And the Cherry Sisters were so monumentally untalented that they found it prudent (as well as good public relations) to work behind a net to shield themselves from overripe vegetables.

Other seemingly low wattage personalities continue to shine brightly in memory too. Primo Carnera will certainly be remembered when far better fighters are forgotten. And what about Alf Landon? Won't his name leap to mind every time a politician suffers overwhelming defeat? Conversely, in the 1930s and '40s Herbert Hoover seemed assured of a place in the mythology of great losers. It was generally agreed that he had been an inept president, but recently historians seem bent upon upgrading him.

If talent isn't enough, genius is. Einstein, Picasso and Garbo attest to that. Nijinsky enjoys lasting fame based solely upon eyewitness accounts of his dancing. Will Nureyev do it on talent plus a starring role in a melodramatic international escape?

But there are other ways and one of the best seems to be to have your name attached to a useful object or a culinary delight. The French gymnast Leotard wouldn't have rated a footnote in theatrical history, had he not devised tights. Mae West would probably have earned mention as one of the first American actresses to kid sex, but her name found its way into dictionaries only after it was attached to a life preserver jacket during World War II. Nellie Melba during her lifetime scored enough success to achieve the status of a Dame, but would we mention her now if she hadn't lent her name to a popular dessert? And Rockefeller Center is an effective memorial, but so too are Oysters Rockefeller.

Another approach seems to be to commit one outrageous act. Lady Godiva may—or may not—have shed her clothes, climbed on a horse and ridden through the streets, but no one can deny that she rode that rumor straight into legend. Steve Brodie is another. Whether or not he dived off the Brooklyn Bridge, his name has become synonymous with slang for a disastrous descent from the heights.

Some have posthumous fame thrust upon them. The current example is Humphrey Bogart, a popular star during his lifetime. Now with the growth of the existentialist view and the acceptance of the anti-hero his characterizations have taken on new values. Years after his death, he looms above such giants of yesteryear as Gable, Tracy and Cooper.

There are some, too, who seem to have achieved immortality by dying. Amelia Earhardt did. Certainly her memory would be dim today if she hadn't disappeared on a round-the-world flight amidst a welter of rumors of international intrigue that will cause speculation for years to come. Youthful talent cut down—from John Keats to Scott Fitzgerald, from Rudolph Valentino to Jimmy Dean, from Jean Harlow to Marilyn Monroe—fascinates us. We remember the victims.

And speaking of victimes, remember that exciting actor, that great star Sonny Tufts? Sonny Tufts?! Victim of a heartless gag, his name will ironically survive when such successful contemporaries as Robert Taylor, Jimmy Stewart, Van Johnson and Don Ameche are forgotten.

Well, all right, maybe not Don Ameche. *He* invented the telephone.

No Magic In Cinema As Education's Tool

By JOHN E. FITZGERALD

(Film Critic, Our Sunday Visitor)

Educators are making the discovery that minds closed to printed stimuli do not necessarily open to film stimuli. In short, screen education may not be a magic formula, though it is often touted as the pedagogical "art of our age." It needs some closer examination than it is typically getting.

As a critic and teacher I'm enthusiastic about what's happening in screen education. But as a Catholic I'm not so sure the Catholic influence, now in the midst of a transition from prohibitory power to educate persuasion, will achieve its goal of better films through better audiences.

There's no doubt that motion pictures are a deserving subject for serious consideration; and Vatican documents for the last three decades have urged repeatedly (though rather unsuccessfully until lately) that screen education be admited to Catholic curricula. Comes the dawn of skepticism: celluloid can be rejected as easily as paper.

While there's definitely room for different teaching approaches, the enormity of the variation (and not only in Catholic schools) seems to hint at some confusion about the purpose of screen education. As a result we find in classrooms and publications the proclaimed dogma that unless students learn the "language" of cinema, the world of film art will be closed to them for all eternity. Consequently little games of "Learn the Label" (camera angles, placements, movements and distances) and "Spot the Symbol" (everything is suspected to have a hidden meaning, especially if it's in a foreign film) are played along with "Grab the Grammar" (in which students strain to match verbal language with visual techniques and nomenclature). And while all these games Catholics play can be fun, the real problem which may make the whole Catholic approach to the arts ineffective is a philosophical one.

It's an approach which the Catholic Church has accepted and which Catholic schools have perpetrated almost unknowingly and certainly conveniently. When Pope Pius XI promulgated his noninfallible encyclical, Vigilanti Cura (1936), and characterized films as one of the "modern means of diversion," he emphasized that "the essential purpose of art, its raison d'etre, is to assist in the perfecting of the moral personality, which is man, and for this reason it must be moral . . . We therefore recommend the necessity of making the motion picture 'moral, an influence for good morals, an educator'."

And Popes from Pius XI to Paul VI have taken a similar point of view towards film as an essentially evangelic and apostolic medium, a marvelous instrument to be used for noble purposes. This "teaching tool" approach, that art's function is to achieve something noble rather than to exist as something with values and nobility of its own, that art's goal is to save souls for eternity rather than to offer us contemplative and re-creative intellectual pleasures through the beauty of something made for us here and now and not just a prod or aid to later, unsurprisingly results in the irony of Catholics (and we are not alone) consistently considering art as but a means and never as an end in itself. You need not be a philosopher to recognize this as the old Platonic approach to the arts.

Fiction, Too

Daily, Catholic teachers, clergy and laymen, indoctrinated with this conviction that the arts should be more tonic than play, a treatment instead of a treat, dutifully dispense the doctrine that both fiction and nonfiction should somehow be didactic and corrective. A learning experience which may well offer pleasure but only as a bonus.

To clarify, since it appeals primarily to the intellect, the nonfictional or expository film, in conveying abstract knowledge about experiences we've had or could have, instructs us primarily and delights us only secondarily. But the fictional film, appealing to the imagination, primarily delights us as it tries to communicate experience itself, "tries" because we well know that while abstract ideas can be conveyed, concrete experience somehow can't be communicated.

Illuming without instructing, art spotlights questions but doesn't answer them, just as my bathroom mirror tells me I don't look too well today but doesn't say why. An example might be a film such as "Petulia" which can capture successfully an aspect of our society but without spelling out what it is or how it got that way or what concerned citizens should do about it.

Those teachers, Catholic or not, who continue to insist that the artist's job is to convey truth rather than to create beauty, and that the purpose of the screen arts is didactic, are bound to fail as did their forebears of the '30s (and Drama and Literature Appreciation classes from far before that). Of course fictional films do teach, but in their own unique way; they offer us an experience rather than a platter of ideas and judgments. If we do learn from fictional films, it's only indirectly and in the manner we may learn, or not learn from experience.

Such help hasn't been too easy to come by. Our screen education courses, at least in Catholic schools, have been like so many spokes without a hub. We need to open up, look up and move up to some viable, rational, defensible and unifying philosophy of film.

We might also question any instructor who might feel he is instructing potential artists when he instructs audiences. Appreciative filmgoers (with "know-what") can be trained as students in the classroom—but filmmakers (with "know-how') are trained as apprentices in the workshops of other artists. Since some students are more visually than verbally oriented, our schools on all levels should definitely make camera equipment available for filmmaking classes even as we provide typewriters for typing classes. Students deserve a chance to be as creative or as boring and bumbling on celluloid as they can be on paper. We need both good filmmakers and intelligent filmgoers.

Franc-Support May Not Curtail Subsidy of Arts

Paris.

New austerity program set up here to "help" the French franc recover will probably hurt show biz at all levels, but one thing it will not do, it will not cut much of the government subsidy to the arts. Cultural Ministry has been untouched thus far, with its Minister, Andre Malraux, telling friends that it is impossible to cut his budget, which, he felt, was too small to begin with. Nevertheless it is known that a cut of 5% has been applied to the "cultural activities" of the French Foreign Department. This will mean a slight cut-down on the number of artists and troupes sent overseas by the French, but probably will not hinder any major showings.

One important move that will help here is the decision of the Paris Opera not to tour. Originally, when it was decided to close down the Opera for six months for refurbishing and redesigning the stage, it was intended to tour the troupe abroad for most of this period. Now all tours for the troupe, with the exception of a few showings of its ballet company, have been called off and the company function at the Palais de Chaillot.

There is still a possibility that the opera company will go to Russia for four weeks next December (1969). Bolshoi Opera had been skedded to play at the Paris Opera this year, but tour was cancelled because of lack of funds.) Now the French are ready to admit the Russians on a strictly exchange basis, with the Frenchies going to Moscow and the Russians coming here, sans an exchange of money by either party.

Shorts Dominate Filipino Production, a Survey Of Film Institute Discloses

Manila.

A survey conducted by the Film Institute of the Philippines through cooperation of the member film organizations showed there is more money being spent in the production of short films (theatrical advertising and tv commercials included) than in the production of theatrical feature films made by the Filipino major and independent film companies.

Statistics also revealed that there is a bigger audience for non-theatrical activities in the Philippines than the combined audience of tv and the theatrical chains. The major factor in the growing audience increase in the non-theatrical field is the continuous influx of mobil screen vans. They handle the demand of the advertising, industrial and governmental information agencies as well as the surprisingly strong classroom showings in the local schools.

Approximately 15,000 titles of 16m pix in film libraries in the Philippines are being circulated.

No Tombstones Left Unturned

By DICK HYMAN

Epitaphs — last words carved in stone—are found on tombstones in graveyards. Here are a few choice ones on the hearse-humorous side.

A husband in England fixed his better half with:

PERFECT PEACE
UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN.

In the town of Ruidoso, New Mexico, the old granite says:

HERE LIES WILD BILL BRITT
RAN FOR SHERIFF IN '82
RAN FROM SHERIFF IN '83
BURIED IN '84.

Old Thomas Mulvaney lies here
His mouth ran from ear to ear
Reader, tread lightly on this wonder
For if he yawns you're gone to thunder.

. . . on a gravestone in Middlefield, Mass.

The following inscription can be seen on a stone in the Heighten Hills Cemetery, Medora, Indiana.

Some have one
Some have none,
Here lies the mother
of twentyone.

On a gravestone in Boothill Cemetery, Tombstone, Ariz.

Here lies Lester Moore—
Four slugs from a forty four
No less, no Moore.

Near Uniontown, Penn.

Here lies the body of Jonathan Blake
Stepped on the gas instead of the brake.

This Virginian announced blithely:
The light of my life has gone out,
But I have struck another match.

In Colorado:
He Called Bill Smith A Liar.

In Virginia:
Here Lies Vera Bemish,
For twenty years she preserved her virginity,
A very good record for this here vicinity.

Georgia:
Here lies the father of 29,
He would have had more but he didn't have time.

Gravestone in Ruidoso, New Mexico:

HERE LIES
JOHN YEAST
PARDON ME
FOR NOT RISING

Gravestone in Sheffield, England:

I STARTED OUT IN LIFE WITH THE IDEA THAT THE WORLD HAD AN OPENING FOR ME—AND IT DID.

Gravestone in a Cape May, N.J., cemetery:

MARY JANE — AGED 11 YEARS AND 8 MONTHS HEARTS WITH GRIEF FOR HER ARE SWELLIN' SHE DIED OF EATING WATERMELON.

Epitaph of Alexander Rolle in the Tavistock cemetery, England:

Here lies a lawyer
Who desired to see
His clients' rights
More than his fee.

Harold Marenstein To Cinemation Industries

Harold Marenstein has resigned as national director of sales for Continental Distributing, film division of the Walter Reade Organization, to accept post of general sales manager with Cinemation Industries.

Marenstein will develop an augmented staff upon taking charge of the company's domestic sales and distribution operations. Back from Europe, he took over new post on Monday (6).

Faye Dunaway is the most extraordinary seaman you'll ever meet!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents
The John Frankenheimer-Edward Lewis Production

starring **David Niven / Faye Dunaway**
Mickey Rooney / Jack Carter / Alan Alda

"The Extraordinary Seaman"

Directed by John Frankenheimer, Produced by Edward Lewis, Co-producer John H. Cushingham
Screenplay by Phillip Rock and Hal Dresner · Panavision® and Metrocolor

G Suggested for GENERAL audiences.

Lionpower for January-from MGM

TALE OF THE CONGLOMERATE AGE: OR, THE BIRTH OF A NEW HYPENATE

By MILTON MICHAEL RAISON

Hollywood.

Though there are many hyphenates in the motion picture industry: actor-producer, director-producer, etc. Writers by far boast of the most. There are writer-producers, writer-directors, writer-actors, writer-story editors, writer-executives, and I know of at least one writer-wardrobe man. In one way or another these hyphenates blend, mainly because they are all members of the same industry.

But coming up on the horizon is a new and rather startling hyphenate, which merits this disclosure.

Less than a year ago, the same studio which brought me out to Hollywood—let's call it Imperial—signed me to a two-year deal to write an adaptation and eventually a screenplay of "Swann's Way," book one of Marcel Proust's "Remembrance of Things Past." After what had happened to Joseph Conrad and Thomas Hardy at the boxoffice, I was a little skeptical about the project. But it seems that the producer was intrigued by the fact that Proust spent much of his writing days in bed, and went out only at night to examine the purlieus of Paris. This, by some strange convolution in the producer's brain, connected with modern youth's way of doing things.

Besides, who was I to argue. I was getting paid, and it gave me a chance to read Proust at my leisure, Proust whom I hadn't quite been able to dig when I was younger.

Cemented-Over Roses

There was a nostalgic thrill when I went to my office at old Imperial. It didn't matter that the studio was shabby and needed a paint job and was crowded with television independents. The flowers which once kept 14 gardeners busy every day, had been cemented over. There were faces at the commissary I had never seen, and names I had never heard of on doors of the Writers Building, which also sheltered what was left of Research, Story Analysis and Executive Producers, the latter now sitting in what was once their secretaries' offices.

However, the building was quiet, I was left alone with a typewriter and everything Research could find on Proust. Nostalgia seemed like a good way to approach M. Proust and his "Remembrance of Things Past."

I had finished my treatment, and after a conference with my producer, was scissoring out large pieces of script, replacing them with freshly typed paragraphs. In order to put together a master copy I could turn over to my secretary, I was using a large bottle of library paste.

My secretary was out on her coffee break when a neatly dressed, dapper man, who somehow looked strange in a turtle sweater, entered my office and watched me pasting. He didn't say a word for a moment, then reached over, and without apology grabbed my pastepot and threw it in the wastebasket. I was about to remonstrate angrily and loudly, when like a conjurer, he took a tube of something out of his pocket and laid it on my desk.

Loyalty Invoked

It was glue. The man, who finally introduced himself as "Mr. Jones," said that the Global Glue Co. would appreciate my using their product.

"But," I said, "glue doesn't work as well. Besides—"

"Besides," he continued for me, "you are now an employee of the Global Glue Co., and we not only own Imperial, but all contracts—and yours has a year and nine months to go."

He left abruptly and I cursed myself for being so immersed in Proust that I hadn't read the trades.

It was only a week later that I received an executive note from what I used to call the "front office." Enclosed was a credit card for gasoline manufactured by the Continental Shelf Oil Products Co. And—you guessed it—the note stated that both Imperial and Global Glue had been purchased by Continental Oil, who would appreciate it if all employees used Continental Gasoline.

I went to see my producer and found him highly nervous. It seems he had been given his notice.

"*What about Proust—?*" I started.

"*You,*" he interrupted bitterly, "*have a contract.*"

Checks Go On

I didn't get another producer, but my checks were at the cashier's window regularly, and my agent informed me that Continental had picked up the six months' option with raise. So doggedly I kept working on my treatment.

Now, I was afraid to read the trades and certainly the financial pages in the Los Angeles Times. I resolved to take the money and go someplace and hide when my contract was up.

Working without a producer was rather pleasant for the phone didn't ring at all now. My first inkling of doom came when my secretary informed me she had been laid off and I would have to do all my typing personally.

Paradise

I decided to start on the screenplay and keep my part of the contract. Writing a screenplay without "front office" interference was a joy I had experienced too seldom in Hollywood. I thought: maybe these mergers have something. Leave the writer alone and have him create. Wonderful!

When I went down to the commissary that day it was filled with an entirely new breed of cats, who definitely didn't have the **je ne sais quoi** of the motion picture employee. I ate at the writers' table alone and tried to question the waitress. But she had the same nervous look my ex-producer had had.

I had just written **"Quick Cut To"** on the last of my yellow paper (suddenly there were no stationery supplies), when another dapper man entered. He, however, smiled at me beamingly and introduced himself as "Mr. Potter." He was normally dressed with Nehru jacket and beads, pulled up a chair and sat down beside me.

"You know," he began, "you're the only writer left here." This had a knell of doom. "But don't worry," he added hastily, "your contract with us still has a year to go and we can use you."

"Who's 'us'?" I asked warily.

"The Pacific Land & Lake Development Co," he answered.

It seems that the studio was going to be torn down at once and the land used for residences alongside the banks of a man-made lake.

That's where the new hyphenate comes in: writer-realtor. With a year to go at good money, who was I to argue when I was asked to forget about that guy Proust and write some snappy ads for the Sunday papers, as well as sit in on conferences about the various signs to be billboarded around the property. Besides, I was in on the ground floor. I could buy several lots, bound to go up in value, for only 20% of my salary. My next hyphenate would be writer-millionaire.

THE LEGITIMATE STAGE IN HOLLYWOOD DIALOG AS TOO OFTEN WRITTEN

By HARRY PURVIS

(From Memory)

"That second scene'll have to go. The public'll never swallow a girl of 14 falling in love with a man of 92. Not even Gloria Marlowe can make it believable."

"He's the toughest director in the business, but he sure knows his theatre!"

"Why do you take it, Jenny—the way that man browbeats you? Does seeing your name in lights mean so much?"

"You mean you're asking me to put this young unknown—this Jenny Adams—into a part written for Gloria Marlowe? It's too risky I tell you."

"I've called this rehearsal to tell you that there's been a slight change in plans. We open tomorrow night in Boston with a new leading lady. I know it means a lot of hard work—but, if we all pitch in, we can do it!"

"I can't do it, Tony! I can't go on! All those people out there! What if I should faint or something? I just know I'll disgrace you all." "It's just opening night jitters, kid—you'll get over it. We all have them. You're no good if you don't get nervous. When you get out on that stage, you'll forget everything except the part you're playing."

"You can't go to him now, Jenny—you have to take your curtain call. Just listen to that audience—they're crazy about you"!

"And you said she couldn't do it, J. B. . . .!"

"And see what Snarlman of the Times has to say—'A new star was born last night! Jenny Adams did not merely PLAY the part of Tracy Steele in last night's production of 'No More Roses,' she WAS Tracy Steele. From the moment the curtain rose on the lonely girl in the lighthouse to the final scene showing the ancient dowager in her wheelchair, this was acting as it is meant to be, but seldom is. Welcome, Jenny Adams, welcome to the hearts of America's theatregoers!"

"Well, young lady, how does it feel to be a star"? . . . "You're right, Jimmy, it IS a make-believe world made out of tinsel, but it's MY world, and I love every minute of it! I wouldn't trade it for all the duck farms in the world! I know that's hard for someone like you to understand, but Tony Merrill was right when he said 'we of the theatre are a people apart.' I suppose he understood me right from the very beginning—only I was too blind to see it. Well, my eyes have been opened now, and if it isn't too late, I'm going to the hospital right after the backstage celebration party, and I'm going to get down on my knees and beg his forgiveness."

'Lubitsch Touch'

Continued from page 31

Master and there were no two ways about it. As guests in his home or in his presence, wherever, they were in awe of him, yet Lubitsch never acted "important." There wasn't a trace of pretentiousness in him.

One more thing, about what Ben Hecht reported. Lubitsch never got ill during a story conference, lay down, and was incapable of talking. I never saw anything like that happening in all the time I was with him.

Q. *I didn't quite believe it either when I read it. That's Hecht's way of being whimsical.*

A. Whimsical, you say? Extravagant—and a false picture of how Lubitsch worked. Hecht never overawed Lubitsch by sitting there with a frozen expression on his face and made him nervous—that's preposterous. Lubitsch was such a profoundly intelligent and poised man. Now here's Lubitsch's account of working with Hecht. I had asked him, "How did you get along with Hecht?" And he said, "Oh, fine, fine, Sam, fine—he's very able, very able." "No problems?" I said. "Vell, in the beginning," he said, "You know, ve vasn't used to each udder. I'd say to him, 'Look, de vay I usually vork, Ben, is ve get together, ve meet in the morning at a reasonable hour, ve have a secretary and ve vork together. And Hecht replied, "Not me, I'm not going to sit around and have you tell me how to write my stuff. I go home and I write the stuff and I bring it to you. Then, if you don't like it, we fight it out." "So I say, 'O.K. Ben.'" said Lubitsch, "Go ahead. Dis is de general feeling how I vant, how I feel, de opening scene." And he explains it. "'You agree?'" "'Sure,'" said Hecht, "'I'll work on it.'" "So he comes two days later vit de scene," says Lubitsch. "And you know, how can a man, in two days . . . do anything . . . anyway I vas interested so I read it and I say, 'Now come on, Ben, for God's sake, you don't call dis writing.' And he says, 'What's the matter with it?' He gets sore. So ve talk a little bit, and ve talk a little bit more, and den ve talk a little bit more, and pretty soon Hecht and I are vorking a little bit more, and pretty soon Hecht and I are vorking every day from 10 o'clock in the morning." Because Lubitsch's intelligence, his demands, and his capacity to develop what he wanted suddenly reached Hecht's mind and from then on they worked together. Some years later, Lubitsch and I met Hecht on the Fox lot, where we were all working. We were again on our way to lunch. We paused and chatted with him a moment and Hecht wasn't superior or uppity at all with Lubitsch, he was mild and shy and humble. Lubitsch even kidded him a little. Lubitsch was the one who was doing the needling—but not brutally. Then when we left, he turned to me and said, "If dis man vould put half as much energy into writing a good script as he does into bamboozling everybody, he vould be a really great writer."

The Other Booth, That Night

By EDWIN* J. BARRETT

Cobb Island, Md.

As the crow flies, this idyllic isle is about 12 miles from Chapel Point, where on Friday night, April 21, 1865, John Wilkes Booth and fellow conspirator David C. Herold embarked in a rowboat, bound for Virginia. They got off course and didn't cross the Potomac until Saturday night. On the following Wednesday, Lincoln's assassin was fatally wounded in a blazing tobacco barn.

Since I was a lad I've delved into theatricalore, including the biogs of blacksheep Booth and his estimable brother Edwin, top tragedian of the 19th century. One morning 40 years ago I halted outside Tudor Hall, erstwhile homestead of the Booth family in Belair, Md. (not the brothers' birthplace), but chickened: too early to disturb occupants. I finecombed underbrush in an abandoned cemetery in Montclair in my native Essex County, seeking the grave of Laura Keene, star of "Our American Cousin" on the tragic Good Friday night in Ford's Theatre, only to learn later that her remains had been transferred to Woodlawn. As this is penned, plans are being made for the opening of the reconstructed theatre in 10th Street, N.W., Washington. Saloons flanked house in 1865, an architectural detail which, I noted in recent reconnaissance, Interior's National Park Service has not reinstated.

During Gotham residence I pilgrimaged to room in The Players, 16 Gramercy Park, where Edwin died in 1893. What, I wondered, was he doing the night his misguided sibling appeared for a brief nonprofessional moment onstage in the nation's capital? Dusty files in newspaper reference room, Library of Congress, provided the answer. Edwin was acting, more than 375 miles to the northeast. There was a double bill, for the star's benefit, in the Boston Theatre: "The Iron Chest" and "Don Caesar de Bazan."

At the very moment the fanatical thespian fired his derringer at the President, Edwin, in the role of Sir Mortimer, conscience-stricken slayer in "The Iron Chest," may have intoned these anguished words: *"How must my nature then Revolt/ at him who seeks to stain his hand/ In human blood! . . ./ Oh, I have suffered madness!/ None knows my torture's pangs."* These weren't the only lines, spoken by Booth as Mortimer, that had a harrowing significance, a tragically coincidental application to his brother's mad act, of which Edwin was unaware as he delivered them.

"Chest" was adapted by George Colman the younger from William Godwin's novel, "Caleb Williams." In Act I Mortimer apostrophizes: *"Fame's sole fountain,/ That doth transmit a fair and spotless name."* He admits to a servant that he's a murderer. The confession is voluntary: Mortimer has been cleared of a homicide accusation in court. On that evening that will live in infamy, Edwin, as Sir Edward Mortimer, exclaims: *"Ay, my disgrace! We must not mince it now anguish grieves me;/ Mountains of shame are piled upon me."* He returns to the subject of reputation *"Honor has been my theme . . ./ I have labored long for a name/ As white as mountain snow, dazzling and speckless . ../ Fate, like a mildew,/ Ruins the virtuous harvest I would reap/ And all my crop is weeds."* Mortimer disdains "all pity," asks "no consolation." Just before his death in the last act he demands: "Where is my honor now?"

Meantime, Back In The Hub

The shooting took place about 10:30 p.m., during the second scene of Act III of "Cousin." Next day's Boston Daily Advertiser ran an article captioned MR. LINCOLN MORTALLY WOUNDED and an item: "Last night Mr. Booth played Sir Edward Mortimer and Don Caesar de Bazan to an overflowing house and with much applause."

On Page 1 of the Boston Post, no word of the assassination; General Lee's surrender, six days before, was detailed. SAD TIDINGS appeared on Page 2: "The President Shot in Ford's Theatre. He is supposed to be mortally wounded."

Edwin Booth's engagement was to have ended with "Hamlet" Saturday afternoon. At 7 a.m. in the Parker House, lessee-manager Henry C. Jarrett wrote him: "A fearful calamity is upon us. The President of the United States has fallen by the hand of an assassin, and I am shocked to say, suspicion points to one nearly related to you as the perpetrator of this horrid deed. God grant it may not prove so! . . . I have concluded to close the Boston Theatre until further notice." A messenger delivered the notice.

Replied Booth, who was staying with a friend, Orlando Tompkins, part-owner of the Boston Theatre, at 12 Franklin Square: "The news of the morning has made me wretched indeed . . . unhappy tidings of the suspicions of a brother's crime . . . a good man and a most justly honored and patriotic ruler has fallen in an hour of national joy by the hand of an assassin . . . I am oppressed by a private woe not to be expressed in words." Booth withdrew from the stage for almost 11 months.

In 1849 John Booth had made his first appearance on any stage, in the Boston Museum, where, according to the Post, his younger brother acted less than a week before the murder, concluding an engagement with a matinee on Sautrday, April 8. John "was a great favorite with the ladies"; a bevy tried to force an entrance through the stage door. Manager Keach entreated the stage door janes to "desist." Disagreeing with the Post, the Daily Advertiser of April 17 reported, under the heading THE PRESIDENT'S MURDERER, that his last Hub City engagement was "about a year ago at the Howard Athenaeum." He had been in town recently, the Advertiser continued. On Monday, April 10, John entered the shooting gallery of Messrs. Floyd & Edwards in Chapman Place, across from the Parker House, and "practiced with a pistol, firing under his leg, behind his neck and in other strange positions." The Advertiser described him as an "expert shot" and frequent visitor to the Floyd & Edwards establishment. Four days later the histrionic and wanton nimrod fired in the conventional manner.

* *After Booth—who else?*

Necrology of 1968

JOAN ABBOTT
CARL ABRAHAM
NICK ADAMS
DENNIS J. AHERN
HOWARD F. AHMANSON
EDWARD M. AINSWORTH
NIKOLAI P. AKIMOV
DAVID O. ALBER
AL ALLEBORN
OMAR ANDERSON
LOIS ANDREWS
NORMAN ANTHONY
JUAN F. ACOSTA ARCE
PETER ARNO
MAX ASNAS
ANTHONY ASQUITH
THOMAS C. ATKINS
FLORENCE AUSTRAL
MICKEY AUTUORI
ROBERT AYRES
FAY BAINTER
DOROTHY BAKER
EDDIE BAKER
GERALD E. BAKKE SR.
MIREILLE BALIN
TOM BALL
E. J. BALLANTINE
TALLULAH BANKHEAD
FRANK BANTA
LOUIS JOHN BARBANO
OLIVER BARBOUR
HOWARD BARNES
ROGER BARRETT
BEN BART
ARTURO BASILE
MORTON BAUM
PAUL BAUMAN
CHARLES BEAHAN
SCOTTY BECKETT
DAVE BEEHLER
JOSEPH H. BELFORD
THOMAS BELVISO
BEA BENADERET
RAIKIN BEN-ARI
IRVING H. BERENSON
HERBERT L. BERGER
STANLEY BERMAN
ERIC BERNAY
J. M. BERNE
SAM BERNEY
PHILIPPA BEVANS
GEORGIO BIANCHI
MRS. MILTON BIOW
HARRY H. BIRCH
EDWARD O. BLACKBURN
WALLACE B. BLANKENSHIP
BENEDICT BOGEAUS
STEVEN BOHANNON
GEORGE BOROFF
ALEVANDER BOROVSKY
ELMA DAWE BORZANI
GEORGE BOWLES
CHARLES P. BOYLE
CHARLES (TED) BOYNTON
STOJAN BRALOVIC
LEON BRANDT
GEORGE W. BRAYFIELD
THOMAS D. BREEN
HARVEY BREIT
FRANCIS A. BRICK JR.
SAMUEL J. BRISKIN
HARVEY O. BROOKS
WALTER BROOKS
TEDD BROWNE
ADA REDD BROWNING
CAPT. BILLY BRYANT
MRS. GENE BUCK
BERNARD BURKE
JAMES BURKE
IRVING BURNS
REGINALD BURSTON
EDGAR BURTON
HUGO BUTLER
WITTER BYNNER
JOHN J. BYRNE
SIR ALEXANDER CADOGAN
JAMES B. CAHOON
HAROLD L. CAIL
DAVID L. CANTOR
ERIC CAPON
TRAUTE CARLSEN
REX CARLTON
MICHAEL CARR
VONNIE CARR
PAUL VINCENT CARROLL
THOMAS CASEY
CHARLES CASPER
RITA ALLEN CASSEL
NICK CASTLE
RALPH CHAMBERS
THELMA CHANDLER
CHARLES S. CHAPLIN JR.
ASSIS CHATEAUBRIAND
FRANK CHRISTIE
JOHN A. CIMPERMAN
SIR BERESFORD CLARK
CARROLL CLARK
FRED CLARK
ALBERT CLARKE
ERIC T. CLARKE
UNA CLAYTON
GORDON CLIFFORD
IVY CLOSE
PAUL COATES
ARTHUR COHEN
WARREN R. COLEMAN
FRANK COLETTI
MARTY COLLINS
THOMAS C. COLLINS
JUNE COLLYER
GLENN CONDON
EVELYNE LOVE COOPER
WENDELL COREY
DOUGLAS CORNETTE
EARL COWLEY
LON H. COX
MORGAN COX
DOROTHY B. CRAIG
WILLIAM F. CRAIG
BILL CRAWFORD
JACK R. CRAWFORD
LEONARD CECIL CROCOMBE
SAM CROWELL
DAVID JAY CULVER
IDA MAYER CUMMINGS
FINLAY CURRIE
NICOLA D'AMICO
HARRY D'ARRAST
ELI DANTZIG
ROBERT S. DARBY
LEW DAVIES
JACK R. DAVIS
RON DAVIS
RUSTY DAVIS
ROBERT DEARING
MERCEDES DE ACOSTA
JULIUS S. DE KEYSER
TERESA DEL RIEGO
GEORGE DE MARLO
JACK DE MAVE
FRANK DE SILVA
VAN BUREN W. DeVRIES
ALBERT DEKKER
SAM DEMBOW JR.
NORMAN DEMUTH
MRS. CHARLOTTE DIETERLE
RUDOLPH DIRKS
ROBIN DOUGLAS - HOME
EDWARD RAY DOWNES
RUSSELL V. DOWNING
JAY DRATLER
CARL TH. DREYER
DUKE OF IRON
HANK DUNCAN
WALTER E. DUNN
PHILIP DUNNING
BILL DURNEY
DAN DURYEA
JACK EATON
ALLYN EDWARDS
CHARLES E. EGAN
HARRY (ZIGGY) ELMAN
RALPH ELTON
E. J. (JACK) EMANUEL
RICHARD ENDICOTT
FRANK ERICKSON
DOUGLAS EVANS
NADINE EVANS
BARBARA EVEREST
BOB FARRALL
WILLIAM A. FARREN
WILLIAM FAY
JACK FEENEY
CHARLES K. FELDMAN
EDNA FERBER
BRYAN FIELD
EDITH P. FITZGERALD
LEO FITZGERALD
BUD FLANAGAN
MARTIN FLAVIN
WALTER FLEISCHER
JULIUS FLEISCHMANN
TOMAS FLORES
BILL FOGLESONG
RED FOLEY
RUDOLF FORSTER
STUART FOSTER
PAUL BETHELL FOX
KAY FRANCIS
ETHEL FRANK
POLLY FRANK
BLAIR FRASER
ZAC FREEDMAN
FRANK FREIMANN
SIDNEY FREY
WILLIAM B. FRIEDLANDER
FREDDIE FRINTON
CHARLES E. FULLER
BARNEY GALLANT
PAUL GARDNER
CHUCK GAY
ROBERT GESSNER
GEN. PHILIP DE WITT GINDER
DOROTHY GISH
CYNDA GLENN
ART GOBLE
KATHRYN MORTON GODFREY
JACK GOLDMAN
MANNY GOLDRICH
LOUISE GOODWIN
SACHA GORDINE
JOHN GOUGH
JAMES GRAINGER
ALBERT GRANT
HAROLD GRAY
PERCY GREENBANK
LEON C. GREENBAUM
PATTERSON GREENE
SARA GREENSPAN
ELLIOTT GRENNARD
LESLIE GRIMES
EDWARD N. GROSSMAN
GORDON GURNEE
HUGO HAAS
EVA KIRKWOOD - HACKETT
TONI HAEMMERLE
CHARLES K. HAGEDON
MALCOLM HALE
ALEXANDER HALL
JUANITA HALL
SWEENEY HAMID
MITCHELL J. HAMILBURG
FREEMAN HAMMOND
TONY HANCOCK
JOHN S. HANEY
LAWRENCE WM. HANSEN
WILLIAM HARCOURT
DOANE HARRISON
LILIAN HARVEY
ROY F. HAWKINS
ESTHER HAWLEY
MRS. ARTHUR HULL HAYES
ARTHUR "MONK" HAZEL
ALLEN HEACOCK
PAUL HEIDEMANN
CARL HEIMANN
ROSE HENDERSON
CHARLES HENRY
SAM H. HENRY
LEW HERBERT
DON HERSHEY
JOHN D. HERTZ JR.
NAT HIKEN
RUBY HILARY
HELEN OURSLER HILL
JOE HILL
J. H. HILLARD
ALEX L. HILLMAN
B. C. HILLIAM
GEORGE S. HIRST
LESLIE HISCOTT
NANCY M. HOBBES
JACK HOBBS
IRVING HOFFMAN
ANDREE HOWARD
EDWIN HULLINGER
HAL HUMPHREY
DONALD HUND
LAURENCE HUNTINGDON
FANNIE HURST
DONALD HYLAN
BEN IRVING
CHARLES JACKSON
DAVID JACOBS
HARRISON JACOBS
EDWIN JAMESON
CONSTANCE JANES
HILTON W. JEFFERSON
WILLIAM K. JENKINS
PATRICIA JESSEL
GARRY C. JOACHIM
LITTLE WILLIE JOHN
ENOCH L. (NUCKY) JOHNSON
PAUL F. JONES
ROBERT F. JONES
DUKE KAHANAMOKU
FRANK KANE
JOACHIM KANNEGIESSER
DAVID N. KATZ
AGNES KAUFMAN
ALLEN KAUFMAN
HELEN KELLER
JOSEPH A. KELLY SR.
KITTY KELLY
PATRICK J. KELLY
WILLIAM J. KELLY
PERT KELTON
HAROLD (HAL) KEMP
MERLE T. KENDRICK
KATHRYN KENLEY
JAMES KENNAWAY
WILLARD KENT
EDWARD KILENYI SR
WILLIAM A. KING
ROBERT J. KINGSLEY
LEONID L. KIPNIS
BERNARD T. KIVLAN
HERBERT A. KLIEGL
MARGARETE KLOSE
SAM KOKI
OSKAR KORN
ARTHUR KRAMER
BERNARD G. KRANZE
GEORGE KRASKA
HARALD KREUTZBERG
HARRY KURNITZ
BRUNO LABATE
MARIA LALANDE
IVY LARRIC
HARRY LATZ
JOHN B. LEE
SAMMY LEE
RAY H. LEEK
JACK G. LEO
ROBERT Z. LEONARD
RAY LEV
HERBERT LEVIEN
CARROLL LEVIS
PAUL LEVITT
ALBERT LEWIN
CATHY LEWIS
MORGAN (BUDDY) LEWIS
WILLIAM W. LEWIS
HOWARD LIINDSAY
GRAFTON E. (BUD) LINN
KENNETH LITTAUER
ROBERT LIVINGSTON
DORIS LLOYD
LENOX R. LOHR
ANGEL LOPEZ
MARION LORNE
SHERMAN LOWE
BORIS LYATOSHINSKY
RALPH E. LYCETT
FRANKIE LYMON
FRED LYNCH
RUTH SPROULE LYNCH
HERB LYON
MRS. ROSELLA LYONS
DONAGH MacDONAGH
JOSEPH P. MacDONALD
C. P. MacGREGOR
KENNETH MacGREGOR
MRS. AUSTIN MACK
NORMAN MacKAYE
BARTON MacLANE
ELLIOTT B. MACRAE
WILLIAM J. MADDEN
ALVIE MADDOX
NAT MADISON
A. L. MALCARNEY
HOWARD MANDEL
RICHARD MANEY
GEORGE F. MARION JR.
GEORGE MARGRAVE
GERARD O. MARKUSON
MAE MARSH
DAVID MARSHALL
JOY MARSHALL
THOMAS J. MARTIN
G. A. (SONNY) MARTINI
VIRGINIA MASKELL
CHARLES MASSEY SR.
JULIUS MATTFELD
GERDA MAURUS
TOM MAY
ARCHIE MAYO
WILLIAM R. McANDREW
CHARLES F. McCARTHY
JOE McCAULEY
DON R. McCLURE
FREDERIC McCONNELL
FRANCIS McDONALD
ANN McKAY
DONOLD M. McKEE
HARRY F. McKEON
JOHN McLEAN
HENRY McLEMORE
NOEL MEADOW
MARTIN M. MELCHER
BILL MENKE
HERMA MENTH
FRANK MERLIN
COLLETTE MERTON
ALBERT E. MESSERSMITH
MAX MICHAELS
ELLA FRIEND MIELZINER
JACKIE MILES
ROBINS MILLAR
GARY MILLER
MORT MILLMAN
BOB MILLS
LORD MILLS
JOHN BANNERMAN MILNE
HAROLD J. MIRISCH
KENNETH MITCHELL
GERALD MOHR
WES MONTGOMERY
MUSH MOORE
WILLIAM H. MOORING
PATSY MORAN
DARIO MORENO
DAVID MORRIS
DON MORRIS
GEORGE MORRIS
KEN MORRIS
ALLAN MORRISON
DORETTA MORROW
JOSEPH H. MOSKOWITZ
MRS. IRENE MUIR
MARTIN J. MULLIN
MARIE M. (MRS. JIM) MULVEY
CHARLES MUNCH
GEORGE MUNRO
MICHAEL A. MUSMANNO
PETE MYERS
SIDNEY NATHAN
HARRY NESBITT
BERNARD NEWMAN
ELLY NEY
NELLIE NICE
TED I. NICHOLAS
CLINTON W. (CLINT) NOBLE
SIR HUMPHREY NOBLE
TOMMY NOONAN
CLARENCE NORDSTROM
RAMON NOVARRO
GEORGE OBLATH
JO ELLEN O'BRIEN
EDWIN O'CONNOR
DENNIS O'KEEFE
DEREK OLDHAM
WALTER H. O'MEARA
SALLY O'NEIL
TEO OTTO
PHILIP PAGE
BEE PALMER
FRANK PARKINS
ANNETTE PAYAN
ADELAIDE PENTECOST
EDWARD PERCY
WILLIAM PERLBERG
DAVID PERRIE
CHARLES PETERS
HOWARD A. PETRIE
LEE PHILLIPS
JACK P. PIERCE
R. MORRIS PIERCE
STEVE PIERINGER
SIDNEY H. PIERMONT
ANTONIO PIETRANGELI
TINA PICA
ADDISON PITT
JOSEPH B. PLATT
REV. WALTER J. PLIMMER
LEON POIRIER
VAN NEST POLGLAISE
GUY BATES POST
BRUCE POWELL SR.
WILLIAM POWELL JR.
WALLACE M. POWERS
LEONARD PRASKINS
ELLEN PRICE
DON PRINDLE
GIANNI PUCCINI
NICKY QUATTROCIOCCHI
DON QUINN
EGBERT L. QUINN
LEO RADFORD
JANET RALE
JOHN RAPP
CARL RAVAZZA
CORA REDD
ARTHUR J. REILLY
COL. FRANCIS E. RESTA
BENN REYES
EUGENE REYNAL
ADRIAN REYNOLDS
DON RICHARD
BOB RICHARDS
JOHNNY RICHARDS
CHARLES H. RICHELIEU
WALTER J. RIDGE
HARRY RIGOLETTO
RONALD RILEY
DOUGLAS RITCHIE (BRITTON)
MURRAY RITTER
LUCKEY ROBERTS
THAYER ROBERTS
THOMAS A. ROBERTSON
SID ROBINSON
RICHARD C. ROBISON
WILLARD ROBISON
GERD ROESLER
BERNARD ROGERS
CHARLOTTE ROGERS
DAVID E. ROLONTZ
CLARKSON ROSE
LUCIE BIGELOW ROSEN
SAMUEL ROSEN
SOL A. ROSENBLATT
HERBERT ROSENER
ROY IRVING ROSS
MAURICE ROSTAND
GLADYS RUBENS
DAMON RUNYON JR.
HENRY RUSSELL
LEE RYAN
RUTH ST. DENIS
EARL ST. JOHN
CARLO SALVO
BERT SANGER
LOUIS A. SCHAEFER
MILTON SCHATZ
OLGA SCHEINPFLUGOVA
BENIAMINO (NINO) SCHIAVON
IRVING B. SCHLOSSBERG
RAY SCHNEIDER
TED SCHWAB
ARTHUR SCOTT
NORMAN SCOTT
FRANCES SCULLY
SCOTT SEATON
HUGH J. SEDGWICK
ALFRED SEGAL
JOSEPH H. SEIDELMAN
EDDIE SELETTE
TULLIO SERAFIN
EDWARD SERLIN
MARY SERVOSS
FRED SEYMOUR
ROBERT SHANLEY
SAM SHAW
PAUL SHELVING
STEPHEN JUHASZ SHEPARD
TOMMY SHIELDS
PHILIP SHIPWAY
STEVE SHOLES
GERTRUDE SHORT
ROSE SHOSHANO
MELVILLE (BUDDY) SHYER
EDWARD E. SIMMONS
ERNIE SIMON
FLOYD K. SIMONTON
CHRISTOPHER SIMPSON
FRANK SKINNER
ED SMALLE
EUGENE B. SMALLEY
BEASLEY SMITH
HARVEY K. SMITH
HOWARD I. SMITH
LENA RIVERS SMITH
PAUL GERARD SMITH
WILLIAM C. SMITH
JAY M. SOCIN
EUGENE SOLOW
EDWARD D. SONNEY
JACKIE SOUDERS
DALE SOUTHWICK
LEO SOWERBY
MRS. SAMMY SPEAR
ALBERT SPIRO
CLYDE R. SPITZNER
MARIANO STABILE
HANLEY STAFFORD
LAURENCE STALLINGS
JACK STANFORD
MABEL STARK
BENTLEY STEGNER
JOHN STEINBECK
RONALD D. STEPHENS
BOB STERN
EDWIN STERN
AL STEVENS
EDWARD STEVENSON
HARRY L. STONE
ERNEST V. (POP) STONEMAN
NATHANIEL STORY
SAM STRATTON
HUNT STROMBERG SR.
ARTHUR H. SULZBERGER
VICTOR SUTHERLAND
BILL SWEETS
RAYMOND GRAM SWING

(Continued on page 62)

US ON A BUS, OR A PRESS AGENT'S SAD SALLY INTO BALLYHOO LAND

By REV. MALCOLM BOYD

New Haven.

Before entering a theological seminary in 1951 to prepare for the Episcopal priesthood, I worked in Hollywood. My first job was with Foote, Cone & Belding, the ad agency, as a "junior producer." I was given a show of my own to produce, quarter-hour Mon.-Fri. program on NBC featuring a philosopher, a home economist, and the late Buddy Cole to make music. Afterwards, I left to become a motion picture publicist. Later, I produced a few of the early tv shows on the west coast. Just before entering seminary, I was briefly a partner with Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers in P. R. B. Inc., a radio-tv production firm.

One of the most interesting phases of my Hollywood years came in the late 1940s. On one fine New Year's Day in southern California, I opened up Mal Boyd & Associates—in the Taft Bldg., at the corner of Hollywood Blvd. and Vine—to represent a group of independent motion picture producers as their liaison with the radio industry. My clients included Samuel Goldwyn, William Cagney, Seymour Nebenzal, Roy Del Ruth and others.

My office handled, as one of its first assignments, the radio exploitation for a spry, offbeat film called "It Happened on Fifth Avenue." The presence of Victor Moore in the cast had much to do with the value of the picture. I was given a Fifth Avenue bus, which had been driven to the west coast from New York by order of the producer. It was to be used for the purpose of promoting the movie. I worked out an arrangement with a women's daytime radio program on one of the major networks. I would take a busload of ladies, present in the studio audience one morning to see the show, for a ride to the homes of various motion picture stars. A report of the trip would be made on a subsequent program. A motion picture magazine would also photograph the event.

One morning, after the show, network ushers in uniform escorted a group of selected ladies onto the bus waiting at the curb outside the studio. Our strange pilgrimage was underway. Most ladies were excited about the idea but a few were tearful. Goodbyes were said to husbands and families. (The ladies would return in late afternoon.) Lunch on the bus was catered by Hugo the Hot Dog King.

The first stop was the Beverly Hills mansion of Maria Montez and her husband, Jean-Pierre Aumont.

Outside, the ladies from the bus stomped in their high heels through a freshly planted garden of wet soil. Then they walked into the mansion with its white wall-to-wall carpeting. Aumont graciously entertained the ladies. A sister of Miss Montez served sandwiches and coffee to the members of my staff in an attractive den. A cat vomited on a carpeted stair off the den as we enjoyed our repast. It was a bad omen.

Its Last Wheezes

The ladies were next to drive in the bus to Pickfair, the fabled estate of Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers. Pickfair was up a hill outside the Montez-Aumont manse. When the ladies, members of my staff, and a half-dozen film stars who were accompanying us, boarded the bus for this next excursion, we noticed that the bus could not manage the sharp incline. We asked several of the ladies to get off the bus and await a second trip. But still the bus could not achieve its goal. It would start laboriously up the hill, then come crashing back dangerously near the Montez-Aumont driveway. A couple of the ladies were now crying. I decided that a fleet of cars should be summoned to take the femmes, in relays, up the hill to Pickfair. This was done. Meanwhile, our time schedule was wrecked. The ladies who were left behind, awaiting cars to drive them to Pickfair, reentered the Montez-Aumont mansion. Thirsty, several of them demanded ice-water.

At Pickfair, the ladies from the tour were ushered onto the grounds of the estate. They walked across the great sweep of lawn to the swimming pool which overlooked Beverly Hills, commanding a view of many illustrious homes including Falcon's Lair where Rudolph Valentino lived and which was now occupied by Doris Duke. Miss Pickford was away but Buddy came down from the main house, which was once a hunting lodge, to greet the ladies.

Next on our agenda was the home of Jeanette MacDonald and her husband, Gene Raymond. Both had been important stars. The middleaged women, crowding around them in the garden, seemed momentarily almost overcome by this proximity to Hollywood holiness. Ladies reached out, with timid aggressiveness, to touch Miss MacDonald's gown. Once again that afternoon, tears came to the eyes of a few.

Henreid Spared

The Paul Henreid home at Malibu was on our list but had to be scratched. We were running very, very late. However, we could try to visit the home of Peter Lawford and his parents. It was near Pacific Palisades. When we got there, Lady Lawford invited my staff to come inside for a quick libation which she sensed we badly needed. Young Peter was out playing cricket or football somewhere. Due to the limitation of time, the ladies remained on the bus observing the facade of the Lawford residence.

When we emerged from the house a few minutes later, the bus had vanished.

It was a bad moment. Perhaps the ladies were lying in a ditch somewhere beneath an overturned bus which they had commandeered from the driver following a militant decision to mutiny. We soon learned that, fortunately, they had merely decided to use—immediately — whatever public restroom facilities they could find. Lady Lawford, when she drove her maid to a nearby bus stop, came back to tell us that the ladies were queueing up outside the ladies' room of a gasoline station several blocks away. As soon as they returned, by unspoken common assent we headed quickly back down Sunset Blvd. toward the heart of Hollywood. Light was rapidly diminishing. The ladies' husbands had no doubt begun to experience gnawing doubts about their return.

Woolley Unnerved

To bolster a sagging corporate morale, I led the ladies on the Fifth Avenue bus in song. We were in the middle of "Three Blind Mice" when the bus passed the Cock 'n Bull bar and restaurant on the Sunset Strip. At that moment, Monty Woolley urbanely emerged from the doorway. He seemed to catch one glimpse of the Fifth Avenue bus speeding by, hear the briefest strain of "Three Blind Mice," then regally turned back into the bar. Soon, the ladies rejoined their spouses and the day's adventure had ended.

On another occasion, I was given a cow for purposes of radio promotion. The lady chosen for that day's "Queen for a Day," on the network radio program of the same name, had received the cow as one of her gifts. It came from a leading dairy products firm. It was suggested that the queen, accompanied by her cow, visit cowboy star Roy Rogers' famous horse 'Trigger' at his farm. Photographers would be present to record the classic meeting. Roy Rogers' new movie would receive publicity on the "Queen for a Day" show.

A fleet of black limousines escorted the queen, a group of somber advertising men, the cow and me out to the farm. The cow rode in the rear, in a trailer attached to the last car of the entourage. Liveried chauffeurs drove each of the five or six cars. The cow needed to be milked. Nobody seemed to know how to do it. As we drove along neighborhood streets to reach the farm, little children ran alongside the elegant open trailer bearing the discomfited cow.

Our Cow

At the farm, the creature was led forth, along with the queen, to stand next to 'Trigger' for photographs. Kids had by now gathered in a circle around us, aghast and gripped by proper awe. I could never be sure what happened next. It seems that the queen, quite innocently, tweaked the cow's ear. The beast was gone in a cloud of dust. The dead-serious admen, in their shiny black shoes and well-groomed black suits, lost themselves in the cloud in hot pursuit. One huckster, apparently having decided not to take part in the hunt, sidled up to me. Would I, he asked, take special care with the photo captions. I allowed as how I would. They should read, he continued, that the cow had been provided by the firm's canned milk division, not its fresh milk division.

Soon the creature had been captured and the tableau regrouped itself. 'Trigger,' the queen and the subdued cow were photographed for posterity. The queen goodnaturedly wore a combination of her own clothes and gifts which had been showered upon her. So, over her washdress she gallantly sported a double silver-fox fur. On her head was a new modish hat. She continued to wear her old pair of flat shoes. On her fingers and arms she fairly glittered with pieces of gifted jewelry. I liked her good grace and innate sense of humor.

However, trouble lay ahead with the cow. Having been manicured, feet and tail, by a leading cosmetics house later that afternoon, the beast had an unfortunate accident on the carpet of Ciro's nightclub when it was accompanying the queen to dinner. The jig was up. The cow was presented to a day nursery.

PLAYS LEAD NOVELS AT PRESENT TIME; TV LITTLE USED

By JAMES R. PARISH

Hollywood's current surge of buying legitimate plays as future screen properties is still growing, running second to studio purchase of hit novels. Adapting television plays to theatrical screen fell off when the golden age of tv died in the 1950s, and now only an occasional tv show such as "Charly" (CRC, '68) makes it to the big screen. Original screenplays which flourished in the pre-tv competition days, has not yet reasserted itself as a major source of film material. Remakes of past films seem unfashionable.

Preference for choosing stage properties as film material is understandable. For a relatively low purchase price, film producers can acquire plays which have received artistic acclaim but were not necessarily box office winners. In this, they have built in audience association with the property's qualities. Unlike acquiring a novel in galleys or after publication, a play in production presents a visual concept of the work's potential for future screen translation. Also in contrast to the novel field, film producers are now more and more backing or even coproducing theatrical ventures. Besides a cut of the profit pie if the play proves a winner, it insures the film rights options for the filmmaker, not to mention possible tv series spinoffs.

While above has largely applied to straight dramas and comedies in past decades, the financial glitter of "The Sound Of Music" (20th-Fox) has especially drawn pic producers more towards higher-costing stage musicasl. (i.e. "Mame" (W7), "Fiddler On The Roof" (UA); Fox has "Hello, Dolly" in the can for release) Granted the production costs are much higher, but the potential profits are that much greater, and also allow lucrative diversified merchandizing via subsidiary companies and tie-ins (i.e. original cast and soundtrack albums; sheet-music; games; clothing; etc.)

A leading example of a major film producer gone legit is Columbia Pictures. As previously detailed in VARIETY, Col has on forthcoming production slate "I Never Sang For My Father", "A Day In The Death Of Joe Egg", "Lovers", "Hadrian VII", "Cry Of Players", "Jimmy Shine",

ABOUT IRVING THALBERG: YOU START WITH, BUT DO YOU BELIEVE, FITZGERALD?

By BOB THOMAS

(Associated Press Hollywood columnist, author of one major film biog, the bestselling "King Cohn" [Harry Cohn, founder-president of Columbia Pictures], describes the difficulties of his Thalberg biography, with Norma Shearer, a holdout plus numerous conflicts with other people's memoirs, too.)

Hollywood.

Boswell had it easy. After all, the Scottish biographer was privileged to join Dr. Samuel Johnson's club, to go pub-crawling with the great man of letters, to view his magnanimous and petty ways at close range before writing the monumental "Life of Johnson." The latterday biographer sometimes has a harder road.

Take, for example, the challenge of chronicling the life and wild times of Harry Cohn, founder and long iron-fisted ruler of Columbia Pictures. Unlike other film moguls of the period, Cohn eschewed publicity; some called him "the Jewish Howard Hughes." Although I was contemporaneous with the latter days of Harry Cohn, I never interviewed him—nor did anyone else—and had met him on only a scattering of occasions.

The only way to capture the fantasmagoria of Harry Cohn was to interview 300 persons who had known and worked with him; each bore an indelible mark by having known him, for better or worse.

Irving Thalberg was an entirely different challenge. He was as deified as Cohn was vilified. "St. Irving," some called him, not entirely with reverence.

Where do you start in trying to track down the real facts about a legend? The first point of reference was F. Scott Fitzgerald, who had solidified the Thalberg mystique by his portrayal of Monroe Stahr in the unfinished novel, "The Last Tycoon." Fitzgerald had unabashly admitted that Stahr had been patterned after the life and character of Irving Thalberg; it was typical of Fitzgerald to base his leading characters on particular heroes of his. Yet Fitzgerald admitted to a love-hate relationship with Thalberg who he admired as a shining young doer in the American scheme of things, yet blamed for his own failure as a screenwriter.

'Monroe Stahr'?

Was Monroe Stahr really Irving Thalberg, and vice versa? That was something I had to investigate by careful analysis of "The Last Tycoon" and the author's posthumous notes thereto, plus interviews with those who had known both Fitzgerald and Thalberg.

Then began the months of tracking down and interviewing those whose lives had been touched by the mystical genius of Thalberg. This was not as easy as pursuing the Cohn image. Thalberg died in his Santa Monica beach home on Sept. 14, 1936. Memories can dim after 30-40 years. Such a passage of time also erases many figures who played important roles in a man's life.

There is another, unforeseen hazard in such an endeavor as writing a biogrophy. Many of the potential interviewed subjects have themselves reached the age when they are writing their own memoirs and are reluctant to share their copy with an outsider. This was true in the case of the widow, Norma Shearer. As with the Cohn book, I did not not enjoy the collaboration of the widow. This is both a loss and an advantage; it denies the biographer access to certain information, yet frees him to write without restraint. There is nothing quite so deadly as the "official biography."

Then the quest began. In the beginning, and throughout the project, I was blessed by having the counsel and aid of Howard Strickling, publicity chief of the MGM studio. He has been at the Culver City lot almost as long as Leo the Lion and has survived a number of regimes. No wonder. He has savvy and competence, and his recall was of great assistance to my research. In addition, he provided access to all the great films which Thalberg oversaw at MGM, from "The Big Parade" (1925) to "The Good Earth" (1937).

Writers Also Good Reporters

As a biographer, I have found that my best sources are very often writers. They usually have a sense of history, an eye for character and anecdota, plus good recall. Fortunately, several writers who had worked with Thalberg were still available, I had good chats with Adela Rogers St. Johns and Frances Marion. John Lee Mahin and Budd Schulberg offered some arresting insights. Two writers graciously contributed their memories via the mail: Lenore Coffee, from France and England, and Talbot Jennings from East Glacier Park, Montana. Anita Loos spoke in her New York York apartment.

Laurence Stallings, who had recently lost a second leg (the first was amputated in World War I), recounted his memories of Irving with zest in the bedroom of his Brentwood home. A few months later he was dead.

Albert Lewin, who had worked intimately with Thalberg from the beginning of the MGM period to the producer's death, provided two fascinating and valuable sessions in his Fifth Avenue apartment in New York. Several months later, he, too, had died.

Directors are also a productive source. Among those who provided information: Clarence Brown, Mervyn LeRoy, George Cukor, Rouben Mamoulian, Howard Hawks, Sidney Franklin, King Vidor.

And the actors, bless 'em, Helen Hayes, stopping in Los Angeles on an A.P.A. tour, spoke feelingly of her memories of Irving. Alfred Lunt, talking on the telephone from his Wisconsin hideaway, delivered a witty reminiscence, punctuated with comments by Lynn Fontanne. Groucho Marx held forth over a hilarious lunch at the Bistro in Beverly Hills. Conrad Nagel spoke in the New York offices of the 4A's, of which he is president.

William Haines talked about his days with Thalberg in the Haines interior decorating salon in Beverly Hills, Ramon Novarro in his Studio City home, Joan Crawford over lunch at the Cock and Bull on the Sunset Strip, Rosalind Russell in her Beverly Hills manse, Jimmy Durante at the Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas, where he was headlining.

Sources Die Off

Three of the actor interviewees have since been claimed by death: Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone and Novarro, the latter violently.

John Huston offered some insight when I visited his "Sinful Davy" location in Ireland. Junior Laemmle, bright and cheerful despite his invalidism, reminisced at his Beverly Hilltop home about the man the senior Laemmle put in charge of Universal Studios at the age of 20. Both Sam and Frances Goldwyn spoke of Irving as if he had been gone only a short time, not 30 years.

Memories were also green for such figures as Arthur Freed, Lawrence Weingarten, Ralph Wheelwright, Joe Cohn, Milton Bren, William Daniels, Margaret Booth, Hal Roach, Edwin Knopf, Ben Thau, David Lewis, Howard Dietz, Olive Carey, Minna Wallis, Walter Wanger and many others.

If "Thalberg" (due Feb. 21 from Doubleday) succeeds as a biography, it will be due in large part to the help of the above-mentioned. Darryl F. Zanuck also provided the closer in a letter he wrote to me:

"No one can possibly write the history of motion pictures without devoting the largest individual share of it to Irving G. Thalberg, who incidentally was my intimate friend until the day he died. In my opinion, he was the most creative producer in the history of films during the period he was production head of MGM and the guiding light of that operation."

Joseph E. Levine and Avco Embassy Pictures Corp.

GETTING DEBBIE REYNOLDS TO TALK ABOUT LIZ TAYLOR

By RICHARD GEHMAN

My courtship of Debbie Reynolds, and her subsequent acquiescence to my vile, rather peculiar advances, never was reported by the columnists, not even in a blind item, which was rather odd, considering that it occurred at the time that Miss Reynolds had just lost Eddie Fisher to Elizabeth Taylor.

At the time — I can't remember when it was, exactly — Herbert Mayes, the editor, had moved from Good Housekeeping to McCall's. He and I had a kind of Walter Burns-Hildy Johnson relationship, right out of "The Front Page." He was the most exasperating and exhilarating editor I ever have worked for, and the best. He has just gone back to McCall's after a retirement of two or three years. He is 68. "I'm 68, but I feel like two 34-year-old twins," he said to me on the telephone the other day.

Whenever a story that was especially difficult to get came into his ken, Mayes called on me. I don't know why. He treated me like a son he essentially hated. "Go and find out who Anna Kashfi really is," he said to me one day. This was just after Miss Kashfi and Marlon Brando had become as two. I went to London, where Miss Kashfi had started out first as a model and then as a starlet, and then went up to Cardiff, Wales, to see her mother, who slammed the door in my face. Somehow I found out that my subject had an uncle in Calcutta, and I flew out there. The uncle told me what he knew: that Anna Kashfi was not her real name (which was Joanna O'Callaghan), and that her father was not a rich Indian but a Caucasian railroad-gang workman who had married an Indian woman. Her adopted name, Kashfi, was not Indian but Persian. "You should go up to Darjeeling," said the uncle, Vivian O'Callaghan, "and talk to the teachers in Anna's school. They'll tell you that what I'm saying is the truth." Back in my stinking, fly-swarming hotel room, I put in a call to Mayes in the States, asking him if it would be all right if I went to Darjeeling.

"Do you think it is?"

"It's a long trip, and it'll be expensive," I said.

"How much?"

"$600, maybe."

He was enraged. "Do you mean you're spending $18 on a lousy telephone call just to ask me if you should do your job properly?" he asked. Not asked; *shouted.*

I went to Darjeeling, talked to the teachers, and managed to get a good deal of information on Anna as a child. Then I went back to London and up to Wales again, talked to some of her schoolmates in Cardiff, and a butcher for whom she had clerked (he had a sign in his window that said Anna Kashfi worked here) and went back to New York, arriving on a Friday.

"Have a nice trip?" Mayes asked, smiling his vulpine smile. "See a lot of India? I need that story on Monday."

"How long?"

"Oh," he said airily, "no more than 20,000 words."

"You're kidding."

"Make it longer, if you want to," he said. "Get out of here—I'm busy as hell."

I went home and, with scarcely a word to my wife, sat down at my Hermes and began banging away. I did not sleep. I ate two sandwiches my wife brought me, drank a half-gallon of coffee, and finally arose from my crouched position (I work with the machine between my knees) at 11:00 p.m. Sunday night. I lived then in the West 60s; Mayes was in the East 60s. Without bothering to read the manuscript, I walked it across town, went up to his apartment, and rang his bell. He was in his pajamas. "Here, you old bastard," I said, and went back down in the elevator.

I was asleep two hours later when he called. "I'm sorry to wake you," he said, "but I wanted you to know the story is just fine."

"Thank you, Herb." I said, and went back to sleep for something like 11 hours.

We dissolve now to l'affaire Debbie Reynolds, another of Mayes' inspirations. He called me in and, without preliminaries, said, "Go out to Hollywood and get Debbie Reynolds to tell you about the breakup."

"Herb, she's not talking. That's been made clear."

"Get your ticket from my secretary," he said.

I went home, picked up the bag I always kept packed by the front door, and was on an aircraft for the west coast within two hours. Such, such was the power of Editor Mayes — and such, such was the lovely money he paid. He was — and is — the most generous editor in the business, and ought to be teaching a course at The New School called "How to Pay Writers."

Miss Reynolds was at MGM, making a trifle called "The Mating Game." Her personal press agent said she was not talking to reporters. None of that particular pressagent's clients *ever* were talking to reporters. I called the studio pressagent, a fellow I know who owed me a favor. I told him I had this assignment from McCall's, and I could hear him shuddering on the telephone.

"She's not giving interviews. It's a wonder she's even reporting for work, she's so broken up," he said, his voice heavy with spurious pity.

"Couldn't I just meet her and then hang around the set?" I asked. "All I'll do is watch her. I just want to look at her technique."

"I'll check," he said, and called back in about an hour. "Miss Reynolds will be glad to meet you," he said. "But no interview."

"All right," I said.

I called Mayes. "I can meet her, but I can't talk to her."

"I want that story," he said. "Why are you always wasting my money with these calls?" And smashed down the telephone.

The pressagent — as I recall, his name was Eddie Lawrence — took me out to the lot. Miss Reynolds was in her trailer dressingroom, her hair in curlers, her face greased as though she just had finished lubricating an angel's automobile. She was on the telephone, trying to get somebody to appear at a benefit for which she was rounding up the talent.

"Miss Reynolds is very charitable," the p.a. whispered to me.

She did not sound charitable as she spoke into the instrument. "Damn it, if you don't just appear, you're going to be sorry," she said. I think she was talking to John Wayne. "All right then, I'll put your name down." She put down the telephone in the manner of Mayes, and turned and gave me one of those smiles actresses always give reporters. The trembling pressagent introduced us, and she extended a hand in as regal a manner as that of Mrs. Lord Snowdon, the photographer's wife.

"Oh, you're the gentleman from McCall's," she said. "I'm very sorry, but I'm so busy with this picture — we're behind schedule — that I just can't sit for an interview."

I tried to look disappointed; actually, I must have looked fearful, for I was thinking of that fiend back in the McCall's office.

Set Gawker

"Do you mind if I watch you on the set?" I asked.

"Not at all," she said, graciously. "And now, I must get ready for the next scene." We shook hands again, and the p.a., saying, "I told you," said that maybe I might want to look at the set and meet the other people in the picture.

As it turned out, they were all friends of mine — Tony Randall, Fred Clark, Keenan Wynn and the late Peter Lorre and the great, also late Paul Douglas. They were sitting in Keenan Wynn's trailer, nipping from a bottle of vodka Wynn had smuggled onto the lot. Much handshaking.

"Who are you murdering today?" Fred Clark asked. I had done objective pieces about all of them; fortunately, they all had been amused rather than furious; most of my subjects usually are angry after I get finished "doing" them. To this day, Joan Crawford does not speak to me. Not because she disliked a piece I did about her — she loved the story, and called me from Hollywood to my home in Carmel, New York, to tell me — but she hated the picture McCall's ran of her, a 15-year-old one, and for some reason blamed that on me.

I hung around the set for three days, spending all my time with the actors. Each day I would say, "Hello, Miss Reynolds," when she emerged curlerless from her trailer, and she would say "Hello, Mr. Gingham," back. For a long time when I was writing pieces about film and television people, I was convinced they all were a little hard of hearing. "Gehman" is not as easy to say as "Jones," or "Smith," but I have yet to meet the actress or actor who got it right the first time.

The actor-pals had quite a bit to say about their little actress-friend. They said she was a hard worker, always knew her lines, refused to be doubled when she had to take a fall, and seemed cheerful despite the fact that she had just been robbed of her husband. "The kid's got guts," Clark said to me. Even the cynical Lorre nodded in agreement.

So Where's That Interviewer

On the fourth day, I had her. I heard her giving the pressagent hell: "I thought he was doing a story about *me*," she was saying, indignantly.

"You told him he couldn't," he said.

"He hasn't even said *a word* to me, except 'Hello.'"

"But, Debbie — Miss Reynolds. . ."

"Where does he live?"

"At the Bel-Air."

"Ask him if he wants to drive home with me tonight."

She was driving, as I remember, a huge white Lincoln. She drove capably. After about three blocks, she said, "All right. I guess you want to know what happened."

"Everybody wants to know."

"First of all, Miss Taylor and I were never friends. Eddie and Mike Todd were friends, and we went a lot of places together, the four of us, but she and I were *never* close friends." And added: "Miss Taylor had — has — *few* female friends. It's not true that Eddie and I were dreamy together. When he wasn't working, I used to get home from the studio in the afternoons and find the front room full of his friends, in their *undershirts*, all eating pastrami sandwiches, playing cards, and listening to records."

On and on she went, all the way to the Bel-Air. I used up two pocket notebooks, and my hand was beginning to hurt from writing down her quotes. When she let me out of the car, she said, "Well, it wasn't as painful as I thought."

That evening, around eight, my telephone rang. It was Debbie Reynolds. She said, "If you're going to do this story, you ought to have *more* material. I'm taking the children for a walk in the morning. I'll come to the Bel-Air, and we could walk through the gardens. Would that be all right?"

"That would be wonderful. Say the time."

"Ten o'clock."

The white Lincoln came into the driveway promptly at 10, and I faced her with the sure conviction that she would backtrack and change some of the things she had spilled. She did no such thing. She gave me more details. Spilled, spilled, spilled for about two hours, at which time the babies began to act hungry. "I've got to leave," she said. "I want you to know I never was this frank with a reporter."

"Thank you," I said.

"Could I see the piece before it's printed?"

"I'm afraid not."

She looked regretful. "I want my pressagent to see it."

"That's exactly the person I don't want to see it. This isn't going to be you the way the pressagent says you are — it isn't going to be a piece about a lighthearted tomboy who also happens to be an actress. It's going to be about a woman facing a scandal bravely, and thinking about making a life of her own."

"I trust you," she said.

Richard Gehman is the author of 26 books and more articles than he cares to count. Formerly a city-dweller, he now lives in the country, where he divides his time between being annoyed by raccoons, annoying them, cooking, and occasionally writing fiction?

100th Anni of 'Variety' Recalls Prophetic Story From Its 75th: End of Sex-&-Violence Pix Cycle

By SAMUEL MARX

(Note: In this 100th Anniversary Issue of VARIETY, *published this year of 2005, we take pleasure in reprinting an excerpt from the 75th Anniversary Issue as it appeared back in 1980. It will be recalled that 1980 was the year when the movie pendulum began to swing against the cycle of sex and violence. Leader of this swing was Mr. Pinkerton J. Kluck, a real swinger. Here is the article that proved so accurately prophetic of those changing times.—Ed.)*

"Is the era of dirt and guts finally coming to an end?" Producer Pinkerton J. Kluck believes it is and he's prepared to prove it with deeds.

Now that the ranks of agents have been entirely depleted and none left to become producers, the film world has reason to hail the entry into the business of millionaire industrialist Kluck. It is obvious that he brings with him all the requisite ignorance that indicates success in his cinematic endeavors. Kluck's first film production, "Lady Godiva Meets Paul Revere," was photographed entirely on horseback at a recently discovered location where Concord, Mass., runs into Coventry, England. Previewed in an underground bomb shelter, (*Murf* VARIETY, 4-21-79) said "No one who sees it can ever forget it—try as he may."

It will be recalled that Kluck first received national notice when Texas income-tax people declared he had amassed uncounted millions following the discovery of land on his oil. He gained international fame when he bought England at a price estimated to be high in the hundreds. Kluck attempted to turn this coup into a capital gains by presenting it to Ireland, but the Irish said they wouldn't have England as a gift. Then came interplanetary notoriety through a mammoth stock-swapping deal merging Venus, Saturn and Mars into one conglomerate in space. Kluck neatly sidestepped any suggestion of antitrust activity by his acquisition of the Justice Dept.

It can be seen that Kluck is truly a product of our times (1968—Ed.) which, in the late 1960s, brought into the business such great and glamorous entertainment giants as Transamerica, Gulf & Western, Avco, Sunset Petroleum and, more recently, Stage Delicatessen and Horn & Hardart.

Kluck plans a lengthy program of clean films, designed to do away with "Czar" Valenti's rating system, which Kluck considers obsolete. "Why should youngsters be barred from seeing my 'Godiva' film when no adult will buy a ticket?", he asks. Currently, the film is claiming good b.o. returns from the many visitors from Neptune, unrestricted because they don't know how old they are.

First of Kluck's upcoming clean productions will be an all-male depiction of two star-crossed lovers, "Romeo and Julius." The second will be the exact same story portrayed by an all-femme cast, to be called "Rosie and Juliet." They will be shot back to back.

Source material for these films stems from a forgotten play by a writer named Shakespeare, reported once a staff writer for Warner Bros. although vet studio head Ken Hyman denies it. However, Kluck maintains Shakespeare was even more prolific than Sterling Silliphant. (Hard to believe.—Ed.). The plays are proving a gold mine of plot lines for producer Kluck who has also registered the homo-themed "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and the Lesbian-oriented "Merry Wives of Windsor."

"It is time movie audiences see the works of someone other than Gore Vidal, Terry Southern or Frederic Raphael," states the producer, "I hoped for a new voice to speak out of the Screen Writers Guild and suddenly my helicopter ran out of atomic fuel and I literally fell on these old volumes lying in the dust of a burned college library. Now, I look forward to opening the eyes of our younger generation to Shakespeare's unique gift of dialog, easily comparable to the literary outpourings of their current favorite, Keefe Brasselle."

In his enthusiasm for clean non-violent films, Kluck is postponing the epic biographical production based on Kituri Umiguchi, famous kamikaze flier who flew 36 missions during the Japanese-Monaco war. "Too violent," says Kluck. "Violence is out, cleanliness is in." Umiguchi, who was to portray himself as the heroic airman who swears to die 36 times and lives to tell about it, has threatened suit. (See separate story).

The "vein of clean pictures like mine opens up great new fields for the world of the cinema," stated Kluck, in conclusion. "There is room in homosexuality and Lesbianism for all 'Romeo and Julius' and its sister film, 'Rosie and Juliet,' are truly clean, delicate love stories and no one, not even the President of American-International Pictures, will be able to find anything in them to offend him."

New Creative Look for Argentine Pix?

Young Filmmakers Moving Into Features From Ad Pix Field Bring Fresh Ideas

Buenos Aires.

For the first time in years, Argentine cinema seems on the verge of a creative renovation. At least this is hoped from a group of young people who have moved to feature-length pix from the field of advertising films.

They seem to have learned some lessons from experiences of the socalled "new generation of the late '50s and early '60s. Only Leonardo Favio and Rodolfo Kuhn have survived from that movement. David Jose Kohon was unable to release the two pix he made in the last four years. Other good directors quit filmmaking; Lautaro Murua returned to acting, Jose Martinez Suarez is doing commercials in Chile, etc.

Main trouble for all of them was they lensed creative pix within the financial and industrial framework of commercial (advertising) cinema, so they lost backers as soon as their opus failed to recoup costs. Furthermore, some of them worked more for festivals and crix than for audiences.

Several youths who started their careers later took a different approach. They joined the then booming advertising film industry to profit from the many advantages it offered: 1) a few bright ideas could be the basis to build their own producing company; 2) financial success would help buy equipment to make easier future ventures; 3) commercials permit considerable experimentation in story telling, lensing, cutting, scoring, etc.; 4) commercials are also a very practical school for technicians and crews as well as a field to develop new personalities.

Soon Jump to Features

The most talented among those youths needed only a few years to emerge as major figures in ad films, but almost none of them forgot they were making commercials in order to become eventually their own backers in feature-length production. Toward mid-1968 a dozen or so of them felt they already had enough experience, money, technicians and equipment to jump to features provided they could find a way to help each other.

They founded ADIPA (Assn. of Directors-Producers of Argentina) with that purpose. They agreed to form an equipment pool to be used

(Continued on page 49)

THE MUSICAL MOTION PICTURE OF THE '70's!

co-starring

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and

RICARDO MONTALBAN as The Actor

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G—Suggested for GENERAL audiences.

WORLD PREMIERE FEBRUARY 11, 1969, SAXON THEATRE, BOSTON, MASS.

HACK WRITER

By BURNET HERSHEY

"No wonder they all say *Que hubo?* down here," thought Quentin Ferguson. Even the folksy greeting, "How's everything?" translated literally means "What happened?"

That was the question that even the chunk goddesses on the frieze of the modern white National Library seemed to be asking, with their marble drapes and laurel streaked black from the smoke of the fire bombs and grenades and exploding cars. And Ferguson, who had a roving assignment as a Latin-American specialist, had been sent down here to get the answer.

He stared down the Avenida. The smell of tear gas still sharpened the air. Below the tarantulas of the towering palm trees on the gulf-blue sky and the ribbon-colored balconies and white fa-

This brief excerpt from Burnet Hershey's "From A Reporter's Little Black Book" (Pilot Books) is an excellent example of one newspaper reporter's ability to transfer fact to fiction by drawing on the characters and experiences of his journalistic career. This one deals with a war, lowercase, in one of the "banana republics."

cades of the public buildings, the dust was still settling—on the upended chassis of burned-out cars, on smashed glass and molten copper that had poured from smouldering roofs. The scene made Ferguson think of a tourist poster that had been used as a target for a rifle range.

Since his hitch in the Dominican affair, Ferguson hadn't been down this way. The governments had changed twice since Cuba. He didn't have a contact, and now that the new junta had raised its flag, it wasn't a case any more for the Minister of "Information," much less for what Ferguson had dubbed the "Bureau of Environmental Pressure and Blandishments." What he needed now was to get down to cases with someone who had been around, someone who would fill him in with facts, not propaganda. And he had to get out to where the U.S. oil storage tankers had been burning for four days. Even from here, Ferguson could see the shimmer on the horizon, like a mirage. That was the story with these revolutions. They set a fire they couldn't put out, and it burned there like a dream in the sky.

Like an answer to prayer, a taxi came speeding along the Avenida. Ferguson waved and whistled. Waiters, bartenders—but, best of all, taxidrivers — they were the ones who knew the score and who'd talk. Ferguson would get a cabbie-briefing and get to the scene of the tank fire in one move.

As the cab slowed down for the intersection traffic light, Ferguson made a grab for the door. It was the New Yorker's reflex. Get in first, and then tell him where you're going.

"'Off-Duty' Here Too!"

But this hackdriver was already making the "in and out" swoops of a referee over a kayo, or, more like a conductor cutting off the final cadence. "Sorry, senor, I don't take a passenger any more today." In a way Ferguson almost sympathized with the poor fellow's apparent desire to get home for a badly needed shave and a clean white shirt. A revolution is messy, even for a cabdriver.

"Wait a minute. If it's the paper money you're worried about, I've got silver, Mexican pesos—see."

But Ferguson seemed to have struck a false note in more ways than one, for the maestro-type driver appeared to gag, gave a shudder, and fanned his hands again. "Please, senor, I myself have far to go. It is emergency. I cannot take a passenger."

"Hold on, look. I want to get out to the place where the tankers were fired. You're headed that way yourself, aren't you? Well, how about just dropping me off, and making it worth your while?"

The driver clutched his head in a Latin gesture of surrender, and opened the door and shut it after Ferguson so sharply that the newsman almost pitched forward on him as they took off like a jet.

But once they were under way, the cabdriver showed himself worthy of the tradition of volubility of his vocation. "How do you like it, senor, it is something, do you think?" he began, as they tore along the debris-strewn boulevard, careening to miss glass bricks and lumps of congealed copper.

"The real thing, all right," said Ferguson. In the askew rear-view mirror, he noticed that although his chauffeur's face had the aquiline Latin contours and brooding coloring, his eyes showed a surprising light of Eire in their smoky-gray. This character was in the classical Bernardo O'Higgins tradition—one of those Fernando Flynns or Otto Jimenezes you ran into down here—just like in the U.S., for that matter. But wherever their prospecting grandfathers came from, they all had one country now—or did they? Did these sons of revolution have any country but that mirage of oil-fire on the sky?

Like a tour guide, and to the accompaniment of the tinny taxi radio giving out with patriotic music and news bulletins from the junta government, the taxidriver pointed out the sites of what had been the thick of the rioting, the sandbag emplacements, the opera house and the medical arts building which the insurgent snipers had commandeered, the main department store with an overturned truck in its gaping show-window of run-over plaster mannequins.

"Once, we have a little skirmish," the cabdriver reminisced, nostalgically, "But now what? It is chronic revolution. From one or two casualties it goes to a massacre."

Rebels, All!

"That's students for you," said Ferguson. "They've always got to change the world and they don't care how they go about it. Kids. It's their age. They've got to get it out of their system. I've seen it in a dozen countries."

The driver took both hands off the wheel to expostulate as they swerved round the hairpin road, fluted at both sides by pedestrian steps, up the tiered port town with the houses spotted against the cliffs like bright poker chips. The view was marvelous, but for a moment Ferguson thought it would be the last one he'd ever see.

"Students are the tool, si, but of what? *Fidelismo!* In these times, what do we have? It is Machiavelli with the machete, sophomores on a Molotov-cocktail binge, it is true?"

Provided he lived through the ride, thought Ferguson, this was luck. This cabdriver was eloquent. Also, he was a good radio listener and seemed to know all the facts. It was hard for Ferguson to get out of the habit of thinking of himself as a second Richard Harding Davis in a banana republic. But things had changed, all right. Those soldiers around town hadn't been wearing serapes and carabinero braid, they looked as if they'd been outfitted out of Army-Navy surplus stores. And it wasn't oxcarts and donkey panniers that had been upset, but new Fords.

"Meanwhile, you, what do you do?" the driver challenged him.

"Me?"

"Your country, what does it do? We have always a government of mild men who are gentle, orderly, cosmopolitan and they are overthrown by what? By roughnecks, brigands, who are scum. These are not the people, these are scum! And your country does nothing, it is not true?

"Well, what about the Alliance for Progress?" Blase Ferguson knew this was a flabby rejoinder.

The cabbie snorted. "Your country is like a giant who is bitten by mosquitoes. One little slap will crush them, but you do not move." They had swung off the macadamized road, past rainbow-colored tenements and whitewashed villas, into open country marked by tomblike kilometer stones. The rows of coffee trees of the plantations unfurled perspective like the needle of a dial, or clock-hands. The big bunches of coffee berries looked like the eyes of tropical bugs.

"They sting and sting you, these mosquitoes who feed on manure. They say 'Go home, Yanqui' and spit on your flag, but you remain stoical."

"You certainly put it well," remarked Ferguson.

The bitter odor of the smouldering oil storage tankers thickened the air. Ferguson saw a spectrum trembling on the sky. There was a cordon of junta police.

"Senor, I cannot go too close, for the heat. It is as far as I can bring you. There, you see their fire. They have set it. Let us see if they can put it out. Please, senor, it is too hot for me."

The cabbie pulled to the opposite side of the road, away from the police cordon. As the correspondent climbed out of the cab he dug into his pocket for a handful of silver pesos which the driver brushed aside.

"With my compliments. I was en route in this direction anyway."

Ferguson, surprised and a bit staggered by this switch in the foreign aid program, could only think of "Muchas gracias."

"Anyway, senor, *my* flag was not down," the driver explained as he secured the door and looked meaningfully into Ferguson's eyes. He got the full import of the hackie's barbed commentary and extended his hand.

"Touche, amigo. It sure was *my* flag. You should have been a writer or a politician."

"Once I was a writer and then I became a politician."

"You were in politics?"

The hackie gunned his engine. Then he raised his voice to carry over the motor.

"Si, senor. Maybe I'll write a book about the revolution. Now I am heading for the border to take a plane for Switzerland."

"Why Switzerland?" Ferguson's query was a shout.

"To deposit my money," he said, hugging a small black bag. "You see, I was the Minister!"

WAITER, I'LL HAVE A COVEY OF QUAIL FOR LUNCH, PLEASE!

By KEN ENGLUND

Hollywood.

Except for the "Louis B. Mayer Chicken Soup" which sticks in my memory—just as some of those thick noodles used to stick in my throat—I have no recollection whatsoever of what I had to eat during my MGM Tour of Script Duty.

For those were the gay old glamorous studio days when Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Powell, Gloria De Haven and a covey of other Starlet Quail were a nubile nineteen; and when they flew in formation into The Dining Room for Lunch, you could not only hear a pun drop at the Writers' Table (usually a Tower of Babel), you could hear our lecherous arteries

Playwright-scenarist Ken Englund has eaten his way around the world but the writer's gastronomic adventures in major film studios' commissaries dominate his upcoming book, "Larks In A Casserole." This recall on queens and cuisine in Culver City is an excerpt from the tome.

snapping and a chorus of heavy labored breathing as this bouquet of young, young, lovely, lovely American Beauties sashayed to their Starlets' Training Table, gaily chattering their little girl talk, well aware of the devastating effect they were creating in their flimsy summer frocks.

Making a considerable effort to regain our author's aplomb and composure, we would return to our favorite Writers' Table topic: Comparing Our 'Dumb Producers.'

"I'll bet *my* Producer is stupider than *yours!* You know what he said this morning . . .?"

But then our good literary talk would be interrupted by the sinuous entrance of The First Team. The Grown Up Girls. The Leading Ladies. Lana Turner & Company!

Followed, a heart beat later, by the dozens of dancers and showgirls currently working in the MGM musicals, dazzling in makeup and miniscule costumes, brushing by to their tables in 36-24-36 leotards and net stockings, dropping pink feathers and silver sequins into our Louis B. Mayer Chicken Soup.

Suddenly our wise old heads were on swivels!

One writer got so tired of spilling soup on his new expensive ties, he would change into an old spotted cravat for lunch in the Commissary: "Just to drool on!"

Some weaker souls simply couldn't stand The Strain, the agony, the ecstasy, the yearning, the heartburn. They'd pack a lunch at home and morosely eat peanut butter and jelly sandwiches in their offices.

Some took it out on their poor unsuspecting wives when the spouse would innocently phone in the afternoon with some domestic or family problem.

"Ed, dear, Dr. Highpockets says it will cost $1,982 to straighten Junior's teeth. Should I tell him to go ahead, honey?"

"Gertrude! How many times have I told you never to call me at the office unless it's important?", would snarl an emotionally churned up screenwriter still trying to shake the visions of his Lunch Time Harem.

"I'm sorry Ed. But isn't this important? Junior's teeth?"

"Why can't he learn to fix them himself? When is that kid going to show some initiative? He's almost 12! . . ."

* * *

"Harvey, would you mind stopping at Jurgenson's on the way home and picking up some wax beans for dinner?"

"Yes I would mind, Emma! Isn't it enough that I'm the breadwinner? Must I also pick up the bread?"

"Wax beans I said, darling! And my God, what's happened to you all of a sudden?"

"What's happened to me, Emma, is how do you expect me to get any work done if I'm bothered with . . . with trivialities every five minutes? That's the trouble with you American women! Expect to be catered to every second! Shift all those petty little domestic burdens that you should assume onto the already overburdened shoulders of your husbands! No wonder you outlive us by 15 years! Would an Oriental wife dare to ask a husband to bring home wax beans? . . . And not only that, when they walk on the sidewalk she remains three paces behind out of respectful deference to her man! . . . They know *how* to live. . .!"

* * *

What's happened to Harvey all of a sudden is that he wandered onto a sound stage after lunch "for-a-relaxing moment" — to watch them shoot a musical, "A Hot Night In Hong Kong." And he's experiencing withdrawal symptoms, trying to pull himself together and say Sayonara to the tantalizing memory of all those Japanese and Chinese porcelain dolls in their slit-to-the-hip hot pink silk skirts and mandarin-red satin dance panties.

And here it is almost 4 p.m. and he hasn't gotten any work done and his Stupid Producer will be screaming at him in the morning: "Where the devil are those 10 pages you promised me, Harvey?"

Hell is other people! Like Producers! And American Wives who never seem to understand that A Man Can Love More Than One Woman! Like at lunch at MGM. Once upon a time.

A File of Film Sequels

Although sequels to successful plays, screenplays or novels are standard operating procedure in entertainment, and some have done remarkably well, there is naturally no insurance policy of a hit repeating. Hence the following list of film "sequels" is offered for its historic perspective only and not as convincing proof that the sure path to profit is "more of the same."

The following data was provided by researcher Florence Solomon. It comprises sequels as such, series, spinoffs of characters, and related experiences:

"The Robe" (20th, 1953) ..... "Demetrius and the Gladiators" (20th, 1954).

"Going My Way" (Par, 1944) . . . "The Bells of St. Mary's" (RKO, 1945).

"Cheaper by the Dozen" (20th, 1950) . . . "Belles on their Toes" (20th, 1952).

"Dear Ruth" (Par, 1947) . . . "Dear Wife" (Par, 1949 . . . "Dear Brat" (Par, 1951).

"Four Daughters" (WB, 1938) . . . "Four Wives" (WB, 1939) . . . "Four Mothers" (WB, 1941).

"Young Tom Edison" (MGM, 1940) . . . "Edison the Man" (MGM, 1940).

"Boys Town" (MGM, 1938) . . . "Men of Boys Town" (MGM, 1941).

"The Jolson Story" (Col, 1946) . . . "Jolson Sings Again" (Col, 1949).

"Mrs. Miniver" (MGM, 1942) . . . "The Miniver Story" (MGM, 1950).

"Peyton Place" (20th, 1957) and "Return to Peyton Place" (20th, 1961).

"The Absent Minded Professor" (Disney 1961) . . . "Son of Flubber" (Disney, 1963).

"Angels With Dirty Faces" (WB, 1938) . . . "Angels Wash Their Faces" (WB, 1939).

"The Interns" (Col., 1962) . . . "The New Interns" (Col., 1964).

"Claudia" (20th, 1943) . . . "Claudia and David" (20th, 1946).

"The Little Foxes" (RKO, 1941) . . . "Another Part of the Forest" (U, 1948).

"McHale's Navy" (U, 1964) . . . "McHale's Navy Joins the Air Force" (U, 1965).

"Jesse James" 20th, 1939) . . . "Return of Frank James" (20th, 1940).

"The Trouble With Angels" (Col. 1966) . . . "Where Angels Go, Trouble Follows" (Col, 1968).

"Gunfight at the O.K. Corral" (Par, 1957) . . . "The Hour of the Gun" (UA, 1967).

"King Kong" (RKO, 1933) . . . "Son of Kong" (RKO, 1934).

"Three Smart Girls" (U, 1937) . . . "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" (U, 1939).

"Brother Rat" (WB, 1938) . . . "Brother Rat and a Baby" (WB, 1940).

"Father of the Bride" (MGM, 1950) . . . "Father's Little Dividend" (MGM, 1951).

"My Friend Flicka" (20th, 1943) . . . "Thunderhead, Son of Flicka" (20th, 1945).

"Affairs of Annabel" (RKO, 1938) . . . "Annabel Takes a Tour" (RKO, 1938).

"Red Stallion" (Eagle Lion, 1947) . . . "Red Stallion in the Rockies" (EL, 1949).

"Carpetbaggers" (Par, 1964) . . . "Nevada Smith" (Par, 1966).

"Janie" (WB, 1944) . . . "Janie Gets Married" (WB, 1946).

"She" (MGM, 1965) . . . "Vengeance of She" (20th, 1968).

"The Fly" (20th 1958) . . . "Return of the Fly" (20th, 1959).

"Anne of Green Gables" (RKO, 1934) . . . "Anne of Windy Poplars" (RKO, 1940).

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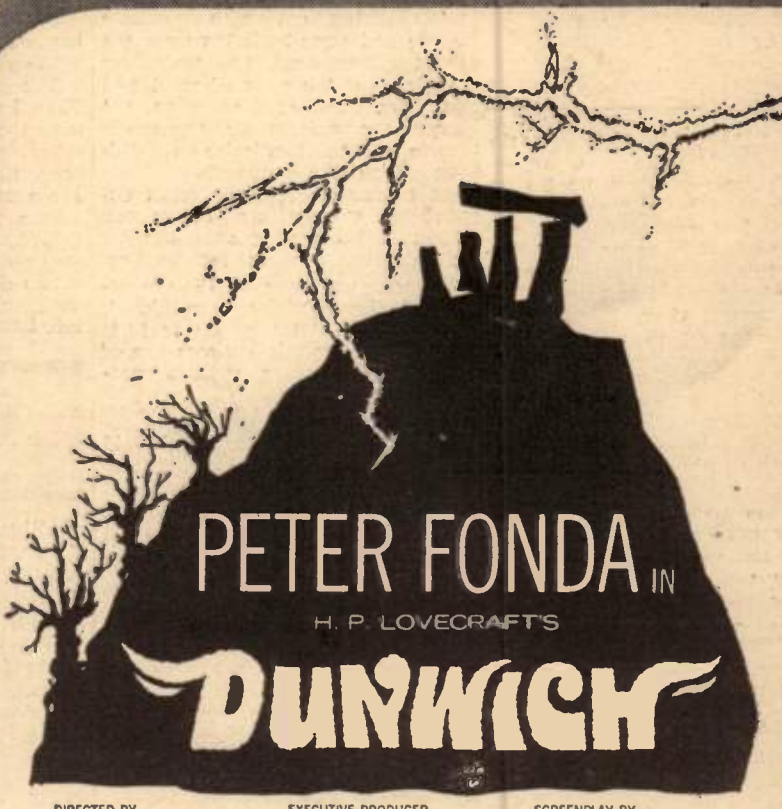

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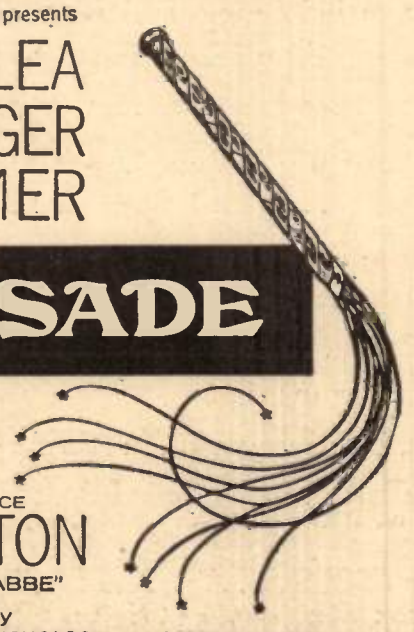

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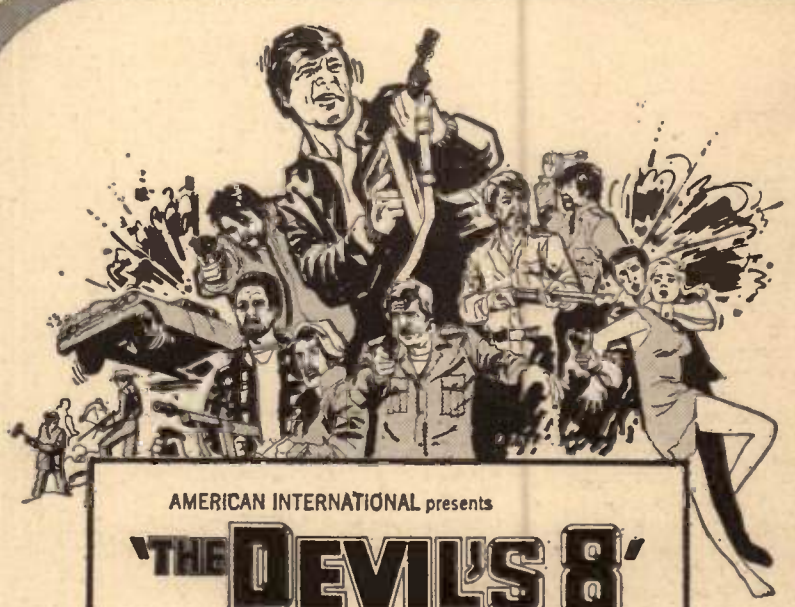
as "THE ABBE"

Directed by CY ENDFIELD · Produced by JAMES H. NICHOLSON and SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF
Executive Producer LOUIS M. HEYWARD · Written by RICHARD MATHESON



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American International Pictures "THE FILM COMPANY WITH THE FUTURE LOOK"

Hungary's First Year Under New Financing

By ROBERT BAN

Budapest.

As explained in the last International Film Edition of this publication, a new financing system operates in the Hungarian film industry. Films are not only financed by a central state fund as before. but also by the releasing company. Based on the script and precalculations and expected rental returns, they contribute to the production costs. This change preceded the introduction of the new system of economic management that has been frequently discussed.

Laszlo Baji, the economic director of MAFILM, has written in his house organ: "The new financing system has resulted in a relative decrease in production costs. The number of scripts for features has vastly increased in this period, which is also a result of the rivalry brought about by the new financing system."

In the past years only 18 films were produced with considerable effort, while the same number were produced in the first nine months of 1968. For years, the "transition" films were problematic because there was a drop-back in film production at the beginning and end of the year which caused busy and slack uneven periods. By the beginning of November, 1968, seven features neared completion, these included in the 1969 plan.

There was some opposition to the new system, for a lowering in the level of artistic film production was feared. This, however, proved groundless. The work of the directors was not made more difficult. Miklos Jancso made two films in 1968 and the young directors were also busy. Six new directors made their debut with new productions, including three women. The last previous feature was made by a Hungarian woman director, according to the records, was in 1943.

The new system has also caused some problems; for example, the complicated method of control of the present setup. Laszlo Baji outlined this as follows: "One can and should dispute whether the present method and structure of control is correct and suitable for efficient operation under the changed conditions in accordance with practice."

The sale of films also has its problems.

Over the past few years there has been a considerable decrease in b.o. returns. Compared to the peak of 1960 (140 million tickets sold), the drop was 40% by 1968, and is expected to continue. The competition of television is the main cause here as elsewhere. Number of video subscribers was 100,000 in 1960. It's now 1,500,000.

Hungarian Television transmits only six days a week, and on Mondays when the air is idle, 10% more cinema tickets are sold than on Saturday and 20% more than on other week days.

The majority of Hungarian cinemas are in need of repair, which proceeds slowly. Few new film houses have been opened recently. Compared to international standards our tickets are cheap. Only concealed price increases have been tried. For example, the number of cheaper seats are decreased, and the number of "first class" cinemas is unrealistically increased.

About 160 new films are shown here a year. Decline in boxoffice is considered grave. Hungarian films appear to be more popular abroad than they are in Hungary. While "The Round-up" of Jancso and "Cold Days by Andras Kovacs were seen by 1,000,000 people, a 50% drop can be observed for their latest films. To counter-balance this drop-off greater variety of genres are developed. The number of comedies and adventure features has increased for they are obviously the most popular. The biggest venture of the Hungarian film industry, "The Stars of Eger," was produced in 1968, at a cost ten times bigger than previous productions.

Favorable international criticism of Hungarian films has continued. None were unreeled at Cannes and Venice, but were at Karlovy Vary, San Sebastian, Mannheim and Locarno, etc. Sales abroad were also favorable. In the first nine months of 1968, 42 countries bought 135 Hungarian features, and 17 Hungarian tv films were sold.

There was keen interest in Jancso's "The Red and the White" and "Silence and Cry" which will be released in most European countries. "The Red and the White" was shown in five Paris cinemas.

Cal. Unique For Publishing Rare & Popular Books

By KAY CAMPBELL

Los Angeles.

The sharply escalating number of California book publishers during the last decade has resulted in a bonanza for writers, a new source of Western Americana lore for film producers, and an ever-increasing number of rare books and fine printing for collectors. The value of book shipments increased from $12,000,000 in 1958 to $100,000,000 in 1968.

Two decades ago few California books were heard of east of the Hudson other than limited editions printed at fine presses or occasional titles issued by one of the scholarly presses. Now, several titles which originated in California have made the big seller lists, including "How to Be A Jewish Mother" and "Ishi." Two decades ago, the emphasis was on fine printing, with type set by hand and designed to create the mood for the contents. Today, the ever-increasing number of publishers — now totaling more than 100 — produce a wide range of books from fine printing to paperbacks on diverse subjects: art, aviation, cooking, travel, history, education, humor, and world affairs, priced from $1-$200. And recently, reviewers began to take note of these publications.

This upsurge is a natural phenomenon due to these factors: more publishable authors live in California than in any other part of the U.S. outside of the Greater New York megalopolis; westerners spend more money on books than any other Americans — an average of $12.75 per person as against the next best book market, the northeast with $9.04; and Coast authors have found mass peddling in the east rough going, nearly always involving an agent. The latter is not true, here. Publishers are as interested in hearing from the prospective author as the author is interested in learning of new markets.

Humor and Show Biz

One firm, Price-Stern-Sloan, is particularly interested in offbeat humor scribed by a writer with a background in radio, tv or advertising; Sherbourne Press is open to books on show biz; Borden, whose "The Magic Menu" sold in the neighbornood of 1,000,000 copies, specializes in horses and guns and is among those paying 10% royalty; Lane has a wide book list ranging from gardening and cooking to "Sea of Cortez" (one of its top sellers).

The scholarly presses have also multiplied. Latest of these is Gleeson Library Associates (U. of San Francisco) headed by Fr. William J. Monihan. First tome, to be published in '69, will be "The Vallejos Of California" ($25). This book concerning the life and times of the Mexican General Vallejo — for whom a city in Calif. was named — represents 19 years research on the part of a dedicated woman. Edition will be limited to 500 copies, printed by Lawton Kennedy, "the prince of printers." This is an exceptionally large edition of this type of book, according to Fr. Monihan: "generally speaking the run is no more than 300 with prices ranging from $17.50 to $75."

An interesting facet of these books is that they soar in price within 5-10 years, sometimes less. One of Lawrence Clark Powell's books on western Americana scaled upward from $50 to $175 in less than a year; Plantin Press" Maps of L.A. County" jumped from $45 to $125 in less than a year; "Disenos of California" printed by the Grabhorn Press spiraled from $55 to $175 in 10 months. At first glance it would appear that the author is ill-paid for his research and scripting, but this isn't necessarily true. The scribe of one book in a series — there may be 50 titles in the series — is gifted with all of the other volumes by the publisher. With the passage of time this adds up to a considerable sum.

Fine Printers

Among the contemporary fine printers in Southern California, Ward Ritchie is the elder statesman, dating back to '32. Top-ranking Sal Marks started his Plantin Press in '35. He has printed eight or more titles for the Limited Editions Club of New York and seems destined to turn out at least one a year for some time. Grant Dahlstrom (Castle Press) and Cole-Holmjuist are among the others. Ritchie was also one of the pioneers of contemporary publishers of fine books, which now numbers more than 750 titles, to be followed by two booksellers —Glen Dawson and Jake Zeitlin. Influenced by Zeitlin, Merle Armitage an impresario and general manager of Philharmonic Auditorium of Los Angeles, found a new avocation — hand printing. He wrote, designed and produced books about such artists as Richard Day, Rockwell Kent, Edward Weston, Stravinsky, Martha Graham, Gershwin. Later, he moved to N.Y. to be art director for Look, but now lives near Palm Springs in semi-retirement.

With these as a nucleus, there is today a tight-knit little group of printers, publishers, collectors, authors, and booklovers clubs. The latter includes Zamorano, in L.A., Roxburghe in San Francisco and the Rounce and Coffin Club ("coffin" in printers' parlance signifies "type locked up") whose awards are coveted each year.

Rare Editions

The reason for this boom in rare books is unknown, but part may be laid to affluence. But, despite their wealth of fresh material and fresh backgrounds, they've made little impression on Hollywood story editors. Delmer Daves created a little stir in the late '30s with his hand-printing hobby and Jean Hersholt's tome on Hans Christian Andersen ('42) — now priceless — was a sellout, principally because of its beauty. Dawson's current project, "The Baja California Travel Series," which details the turbulent, colorful history of the peninsula, contains enough material for several screen stories.

Miami Beach Cutie's Worry: 'Don't Have a Heart, Fellas!'

By HY GARDNER

A bunch of the girls, the pretty, young, glamorous and amorous babes who landscaped the cabana colonies dotting the South Atlantic and Caribbean coastlines this season of the year, were staging an indignation meeting around the pool of the plush Palm Bay Club. This fraternity, for the uninitiated, is a rather snooty membership club on the "out" side of Biscayne Bay, in Miami proper, not on the crowded beach side. Owned and masterminded by Connie and Carling Dinkler, the membership roster includes not only the hierarchy of high society but has a bachelor's club subsidiary on the board of directors, consisting of such sought-after unwed males as Hugh O'Brian, George Hamilton and Joe Namath. Now let's get back to the pretty, young, glamorous and amorous babes we started to talk about.

"It's like this," one fragile miss of 19 summers and presumably an equal number of winters under the sun said, "I'm really scared about the growing popularity of this heart transplant fad. You'll notice this is strictly a stag thing, huh? We girls are stronger and don't need retreads. Anyway, I got up this afternoon and realized that I'm the only old maid left in my circle. All the other girls hooked wealthy old men, did the innocent bit, and are now normally happy and contented housefraus waiting for the wills to be read.

"I planned to pursue the same technique. I collected the sexiest, flimsiest, most curve-caressing wardrobe borrowed money could buy. I also blew the bankroll for a course in makeup and diet at Elizabeth Arden's, read up on Emily Post and took diction lessons from one of Marlon Brando's coaches to lose my Brooklyn accent. Then I rented a new Mercedes (to prove to my beau-to-be that I didn't need him to buy me a Mercedes) and rented a kabo of fancy furs and jewels that are costing me several hundred bucks a month in equal payments.

"All this, mind you," the worried young woman lamented, "to help me meet and make a lasting impression on one of those over-age playboys who fly south. You know the type, they send their yachts ahead by chauffeur, or whatever they call those sailors, then try to find an amiable girl they hope won't hold out for a wedding band.

"The mission of the girl, me," she continued, while the other girls listened and nodded, "is to sell him on the notion that he can't live without her. Then, to make this personal, it would only be a question of time before I'd get the sable, the Rolls, the honeymoon wardrobe, a new set of capped teeth, a house for mom and dad, a checking account, a leisurely cruise around the world, followed by marriage and a legitimate honeymoon. At that time, like some of my other girl friends, I'd settle down, be a helluva good wife, a faithful, loving, attentive one-man doll and patiently wait for one of his old-age ailments to make me a blessed widow.

Could Stretch Into 80s

"Now," she sighed, with misty eyes, "comes along this heart transplant business and the whole scheme is in jeopardy. Such a mating today could be real hazardous. The groom, in his 60s, 70s or maybe even early 80s, could suddenly decide not to risk cutting his life short by marrying a luscious young bride unless he excused himself after the ceremony and went somewhere to trade in his weak old heart for a strong new one. Once the operation is perfected this could insure that for too many years his heart would go on ticking only for me.

"So I, and other young girls with similar ambitions, would be trapped. By the time my beloved ran out of spare parts (or other vital organs skillfully transplanted) I — and you — would begin to show signs of middleaged frustration. My beauty would fade while my Dorian Gray, revitalized with new spare parts, would probably start chasing other broads to make his third childhood as exciting as his first two. You've got to agree, kids, that this is a fearful possibility to contemplate and I wonder what the answer is."

Kim Laurie, a pretty young actress in Miami to seek a part in an Ivan Tors TV series, offered a suggestion. "Why don't we," she purred, "form a lobby, like a union, to make them change the marriage laws. Maybe there could be a clause in the rule and regulations that any man who weds a girl 30 or 40 years his junior, would have to sign an agreement stipulating that once the ceremony has been performed he will never undergo any heart or any other kind of transplant. That if any symptom of a terminal disease or malfunction showed up, he would take the hint and let nature take its course.

"This may sound farfetched, girls," Kim concluded, "but while we still have our youth we must take some drastic countermeasures or stop dreaming about one day sacrificing the best years of our lives before becoming some old millionaire's grieving widow."

The girls applauded this little speech, ordered Bloody Marys all around and toasted to the lack-of-health of any of the old birds they might meet before their vacation money ran out.

LEGIT RULES OF ORDER

By WOLFE KAUFMAN

Paris.

ACTORS

1. Look and act like an actor.
2. Make believe you've read the script.
3. Make believe you understand what the director is saying.
4. Make believe you have learned the script.
5. Make believe you find the director good company.
6. Make believe you're proud to be in the show.
7. Make believe the only doubts you have are about the author.
8. Make believe you're worried about the director's last-minute hysteria.
9. If the show's a flop: make believe you didn't read the notices.
10. If the play's a hit: check on your billing in all the media.

DIRECTORS

1. Beware of anyone who looks or sounds like an actor.
2. Make believe you've understood the script.
3. Make believe you agree with the actor's objections to what you are saying.
4. Make believe you're angry because the actor has not learned the script.
5. Make believe you find the actor good company.
6. Make believe it's an honor to be connected with the show.
7. Make believe the only doubts you have are about the actors and author.
8. Make believe it's tragic that the actors are not taking your last-minute hysteria seriously.
9. If the show's a flop: clip out only the sections of the notices saying the actors are lousy and the author a bum.
10. If the play's a hit: check on your royalties all down the line.

PRODUCERS

1. Beware of all the bums you signed up.
2. Get the author busy on a rewrite.
3. Make believe you agree with both the actors and director.
4. Tell the actor it doesn't matter that the actor doesn't know his text; it's got to be changed, anyway.
5. Tell your money-man that the actor and director are only kidding; they really dig each other.
6. Make believe you don't wish you knew how to drop the whole thing.
7. Make believe you're not worried about finding the last 50G.
8. Make believe you mean it when you say, "What is there to worry about?"
9. If the show's a flop: "What can I tell you? Them no-talent guys ruined me."
10. If the play's a hit: "I did it

ERWIN TORS, OTHERS FORM VISART PICS

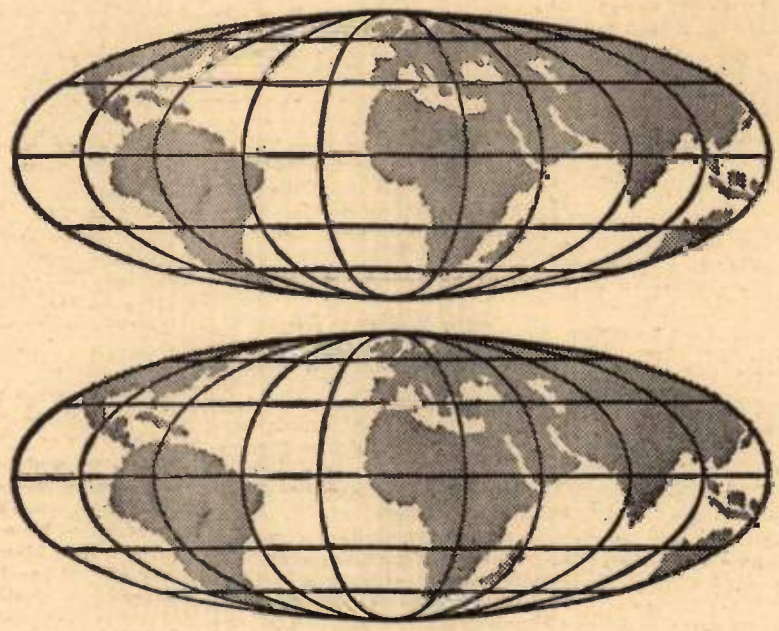
Hollywood.

Erwin Tors, who recently resigned from brother Ivan Tors' independent production company has joined with several other individuals and formed Visart Pictures. The new company has already acquired two properties.

In addition to Tors, who's heading the company, Visart board of directors include E. C. deLavigne, attorney and Metro exec; Charles Levy, veep of Adams, Dana and Silverstein ad agency and longtime Buena Vista exec; Andrew Marton, film director; Fred Roesch, veep of Hollywood National Bank; Arthur Ebenstein, industry insurance exec; Charles J. Courshon, attorney: and Gordon Zahler, president, General Music Corp.

Properties acquired include Ruth Dickson's "Married Men Make The Best Lovers," which has a screen treatment by Miss Dickson and Tim Michael, and an original by Craig Copley, "The Super-Giant Jackpot Mystery."

Although Tors resigned as business affairs v.p. with Ivan Tors Films, after 15 years, he'll remain a director of the company.



FILMWAYS

INC

MARTIN RANSOHOFF: President
and Chief Executive Officer

LEONARD S. GRUENBERG:
Chairman of the Board

WILL THE REAL GAMBLER PLEASE REMEMBER HIS ALIAS

By ARTHUR KOBER

Hardly a man, including myself, is now alive, who remembers the almost 30 films I wrote in the 15 years I served as a screenwriter. Although I left Hollywood in 1951 to settle in New York, I have, from time to time, returned to the film city — not for a writing assignment — oh, no! — but just so that I could renew old hostilities.

While the memory of my daytime preoccupation with films remains hazy, I still have a vivid recollection of my nighttime activity, spent mostly at the Clover Club, an illegal casino where I dined, drank (serving liquor was also illegal) and gambled. Every once in a while a benevolent beadle of the Police Dept. would warn the owners, the two Wertheimer brothers, of an impending raid, and then the place would be shuttered. This forced many of the habitues into doing their gambling in the privacy of their home.

The poker group to whom I played host during the Clover Club's temporary suspension included Everett Riskin, a producer, Nat Finston, then the head of MGM's music department, Irving Baltimore, a lawyer, and several screenwriters.

Some months after our card games were abandoned because of the reopening of the Wertheimer gaminghouse, Baltimore (the lawyer, that is — not the city) telephoned each of us to invite us to dinner and to the wrestling matches at the Olympic Stadium for which he had passes.

All seven of us appeared at the Brown Derby to keep our appointment. All seven of us were freshly shaved, our hair neatly groomed and lacquered, and all seven of us were dressed in clothes somewhat more formal than the slacks and sportcoats we usually wore at our weekly sessions. Without cards in our hands and chips on the table, we were suddenly a septet of strangers, eyeing each other uncomfortably and uttering banalities. Once the interminable dinner was over, we hurried into our cars and sped toward the sporting arena.

Following the clownish antics of the muscled matmen, Baltimore and Riskin left us, pleading early morning appointments. "What about a nightcap at the Clover Club?" suggested Brian Marlowe, (He had adapted Vina Delmar's "Bad Girl" for Broadway and was now a contract writer at Paramount.) "A good idea," I said. "It's still early enough for some action."

We arrived at our destination and were met at the door by Lew Wertheimer. "Sorry, fellas," he said, "only the bar's open tonight. With an election coming up next month, the heat is on. Have a drink on the house."

After giving the bartender our order, I asked the others if they wanted to play poker at my home for an hour or so. "Look," interposed Wertheimer. "If you fellas wanna play cards, why not go upstairs? I got new decks, pokerchips, and any time you wanna drink, just call down."

We promptly accepted his invitation, removed our jackets and ties and settled down to play. An hour or so later two croupiers, one thin and cadaverous, the other fat and barrelchested, ambled in to kibitz the game. With an audience, our conversation brightened and we proceeded to charm each other with Oscar Wildean wit.

"I bet five bananas," said Finston after the original opener had passed.

"Let's really feed the monkeys," I said, tossing in two red chips, "and make it 10 bananas."

"Why not give the apes a ball?" said Marlowe. "I up it to 15 bananas."

The bets were matched, the hands were called, and Marlowe, with the winning hand, raked in the pot, thanking us in the name of all the simians who would be present at the banquet we had so generously provided.

From bananas we went on to betting apples and pears and peaches, looking at the two spectators from time to time for approval of our scintillating *mots*.

In these card games there is invariably one heavy loser, and that night I was destined to play the role of misfortune's fool. "I need another stack," I said, and then looked at my watch. "It's almost two o'clock. A stack an hour. Wow!"

"It's only fruit," said the pudgy kibitzer with a smile.

"With the 200 bucks I'm out," I replied, "I can open my own stand."

The Pinch

The mention of the money did it! Suddenly the pair of observers were no longer a couple of croupiers on a busman's holiday but a brace of badge-flashing detectives. "O.K., boys," said the thin man quietly. "This is a pinch. Just put on your jackets and come with us."

We were hustled into a waiting car and then driven to the Hollywood police station where we were arraigned before a sergeant on night duty and formally charged with gambling.

The first to be questioned was Marlowe who had warned us, on the way over, not to disclose our real identities.

"State your full name," demanded the sergeant.

"Lefcardio Hawthorne," replied Marlowe.

"Occupation?"

"Antiquarian."

"Empty your pockets," he was told, "and put your valuables in the envelope which the clerk will give you, and sign it with the name you've just given. You," said the officer to Nat Finston. "State your full name."

"Wolfgang Amadeus Mendelsohn," said Finston.

"Occupation?"

"Horticulturist."

The sergeant repeated the instructions about placing his valuables in an envelope, etc., etc.

My other companions also gave grandiose aliases and fanciful occupations, all so manifestly manufactured, I wondered why they weren't challenged by the officer. When my turn came, I decided to typecast myself by using a typical ethnic name and a commonplace calling. "Samuel Kaplan" was the label I gave, and "softgoods salesman" was the trade I selected. Before the sergeant could begin his routined chant, I was already handing my wallet, wristwatch, and money to the clerk.

After the formalities were attended to, we were led down a passageway and locked in a windowless room devoid of any furniture. There we stood, all five of us, reviewing what had happened and speculating on our fate.

"I wish they'd let me phone my wife," said Finston, nervously. "She's probably calling every police station in town to report a missing husband. I wonder if she'll be talking to our police sergeant."

"Don't worry, Wolfgang," said Marlowe. "There's nobody called Finston registered here."

Sprung!

It must have been about five in the morning when our cell was opened by a turnkey. "Aw right, you gamblers," he shouted. "Come this way." This time we followed him up the passageway.

Another sergeant had replaced the one who had booked us, and near him stood Wertheimer's bartender. "Gee, fellas," he said, apologetically, "Lew's awful sore about the pinch. Believe me, he wouldna let them two dicks upstairs exceptin' they're his personal friends."

"Then why did they arrest us?" I asked.

He guessed it was because the reformers in town were clamoring for strict law enforcement and some action had to be taken. "But don't you worry," he consoled us. "Lew's takin' you outta hock, and from now on those two jerks who pulled you in, they're barred from the club."

We were officially released and then told to reclaim our valuables. My companions had no trouble in recalling the extravagant names they had given. I, on the other hand, had a sudden lapse of memory. I knew I had selected a prosaic name but I just couldn't remember what it was. When my turn came, I stared blankly at the clerk as I kept prodding my memory for the elusive alias.

"O.K., O.K.," said the man, holding my envelope in his hand. "What's the name?"

"Shapiro," I replied. "No, I think it's Levy." But that, too, didn't sound right. "Maybe it's Jacobs," I said, chagrined at my amnesia.

"What'sa matter with you, Mac?" he snapped. "Don'tcha know who you are?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "If you'll open the envelope you'll find a wallet with several identification cards."

By this time Finston was back to inquire about the delay. "For God's sake, Nat," I said frantically, "do you remember the name I gave?"

"It was Kaplan. Samuel Kaplan."

"That's it!" I shouted to the clerk. "I'm Samuel Kaplan!"

"O.K., sign the receipt." As I did so, he said, "Funny how you guys are always carrying somebody else's wallet in your pocket."

TUSCALOOSA SECOND FOR NGC SANCTIONED

N.Y. Federal Court Judge Edmund L. Palmieri approved recently, National General Corp.'s petition for acquisition of a 450-seat theatre in Tuscaloosa, Ala. The circuit also operates a 900-seat theatre there but Judge Palmieri stated that the additional house would not unduly restrain competition because of the competition provided by American Broadcasting Theatres.

At the same time, Judge Palmieri approved NGC's acquisition of the 1,842-seat Raceway Cinema, Westbury, Long Island. The house was built in 1967.

Argentine Pix

Continued from page 43

to make features (one at a time). Recently, they jointly financed a study of the market for features, which they deem necessary to determine current audience tastes and future trends.

Founders of ADIPA are Fernando Arce, Ricardo Becher, Bernardo Borenholtz, Raul de la Torre, Alberto Fischerman, Horacio Fredrikksson, Juan Jose Jussid, Edgardo Pallero, Nestor Paternostro, Carlos Orgambide, Humerto Rios, Nicolas Sarquis, Fernando Solanas, Juan Jose Stagnaro, Pedro Stocki, Arturo Torres Salguero, Pablo Szir and Bernardo Zupnick.

They claim they are not bound by an agreement to do a certain type of film nor to follow certain aesthetic, political or commercial paths. They are free to lens whatever each one likes.

Using the technicians and crews of their own commercial producing companies, they started lensing in secret to avoid trouble with SICA, a powerful union, whose demand for a minimum 27-man crew and six-weeks shooting schedule put feature-making out of financial range for them. But SICA wisely cooperated. It opened their membership rolls to new technicians and crew members and lowered their minimums, thus legalizing the union status of these filmmakers.

Jussid's $10,000 Pic

Juan Jose Jussid was able to make his first film with an incredible low budget, $10,000. The pic is "Tute Cabrero" (VARIETY, Oct. 23). Although weakened by the artificial enlargement of a script originally written for a 25-minute tv play, the film contained glances at reality that interested enough buffs so that Jussid recouped his investment.

Fernando Solanas did a four-hour political opus, "La Hora de los Hornos" (The Hour of the Furnaces), which he edited in Italy and screened in several festivals. It has not been submitted for censorship here thus far.

Horacio Fredriksson, who is slowly loading his Delta studio with the most modern film equipment now available in Argentina, joined with Jose Martinez Suarez (the former new-waver now making commercials and documentaries in Chile) to coproduce "Eloy." Several other pix have also been turned out by such filmmakers as Guillermo Smith and Nestor Paternostro.

Next to go before the cameras are Raul de la Torre's "Clase Media" (Middle Class) and Bernardo Borenholtz's "Caminar Sobre un Rio" (Walking on a River). Jussid and Juan Jose Stagnaro are preparing their second efforts.

Local film people are interested to see what comes out of this movement because recent developments in the industry have revealed a scarcity of able directors needed to expand production.

Care & Watering of Poitier 'Ivy,' 'Daring' to Have All-Black Romance

By JAY WESTON

(Following remembrance of the planning and shooting of "For Love Of Ivy" by the coproducer of that feature.—Ed.)

One day in the late fall of 1966, actor Sidney Poitier began a three-week vacation by secluding himself in the study of his house to set down on paper a film idea which had been gnawing at his vitals. The 19-page story treatment which resulted from that effort was simply titled, "Ivy."

It outlined a tender and comic love story about a slightly shady Negro trucking tycoon and a shy but independent young colored maid. It briefly described the story of Ivy Moore, a 26-year-old housekeeper for a wealthy suburban family and how, after nine years of running their household, she decides to go out into the world and find herself. Her employers, especially the hippie son and mod daughter, don't want to lose her and thinking that all she needs is a little romance in her life, blackmail the eligible trucking executive into dating Ivy. Their subsequent romance, the family's fumbling interference, and the discovery of the trucker's slightly illegal sideline are the key elements in the witty and sophisticated tale of Manhattan romance which is now called "For Love of Ivy."

Poitier's longtime friend and agent, Marty Baum, took the actor's movie treatment to several film companies eager for Poitier's services as an actor. But all were frank to confess their fears that a love story between two Negroes might not have the popular appeal necessary to justify the major expenditure of mounting a high-style movie comedy. Poitier and Baum persisted in their efforts.

When Baum showed the story outline to executives of Palomar Pictures International, newly-formed film production wing of American Broadcasting Companies, Inc., it was read with a fresh, unprejudiced eye. From Leonard H. Goldenson, president of ABC, and Samuel Clark, group v.p., came an enthusiastic endorsement of the production proposed by Polomor's executives. The decision was swift and unanimous: make this motion picture!

In March of 1967, my coproducer Edgar J. Scherick and I began to assemble all of the elements necessary for the film. We flew to Hollywood to meet with Poitier, then filming "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?" Who to write the screenplay? The first and only consideration was Robert Alan Aurthur, who a decade before had written Sidney's first major television role in "A Man Is 10 Feet Tall" and then wrote the film, "Edge of the City," starring Poitier, on which it was based. Poitier had already talked to Aurthur, who then spent most of that spring working on the first draft of the screenplay. We talked to him from time to time and finally, in July, he turned in the full script. We read it with a growing sense of excitement, for we now knew that the film story would work and "play" as we had hoped.

Our search for a director kept coming back to Daniel Mann who has a special feel for films set in New York.

On Top of Two Boffs

In the meantime, Poitier's worldwide reputation as an actor was going through the roof. "To Sir With Love" and "In the Heat of the Night" had come out and were running neck-and-neck at the boxoffice. He was now firmly established as a "super-star," but his most difficult challenge lay before him, for "Ivy" was unlike any other film we had ever made and it would be a daring screen departure for him.

Script rewrites by Aurthur proceeded all through that long, hot summer of '67 as the producers and director began the painstaking task of selecting just the right actors to support our star. The prime piece of casting was still ahead of us: Ivy Moore.

As written, Ivy is proud, sensitive, beautiful. She's also a bedrock realist with a vibrant streak of earthy humor. We had decided early in the production that Ivy needn't be played by a star, only by the best, most convincing Negro actress we could find.

Over 300 potential Ivys were screened before we selected eight candidates for film tests with Portier. Among the finalists were a nightclub singer with several important screen credits, a dancer, two established Broadway names, and a fashion model. They came from Los Angeles, Paris, Las Vegas—and, oh yes, one candidate was brought in at the last moment from a singing engagement in Pittsburgh. Her name was Abbey Lincoln.

Miss Lincoln was finally included because someone recalled a well-received little film of two years before called "Nothing But a Man." It was a searing study of race relations in the south, and had been a distince personal triumph for the girl who played the lead, a jazz singer named Abbey Lincoln. A triumph, yes, but no other roles had come her way. Ironically, she was the last girl to be tested that week, at 4 p.m. of a warm and sultry Friday in August.

She arrived at the Fox Movietone Studio where we where headquartered with the sad news that the script airmailed to Pittsburgh late the previous day never arrived. She was not prepared to play the test scene selected, the one which all of the other actresses had tested with Poitier. Director Mann calmed her fears by proposing an off-the-cuff film interview. As the cameras roled, Poitier asked her "Why do you think you're right for this role?" Her face exploded with a delightful grin as she answered in a strong, mellow voice, "Because Ivy Moore is a domestic who wants to better herself, and that's my life story!"

I recall the moment when the projection room lights came up and Poitier stretched his arms high above his head, then clapped his hands sharply together. "Man, there isn't any question, is there?," he said. "She's somethin' else!" We all knew, without asking, whom he meant. Abbey Lincoln was our "Ivy."

On To Long Island

On Oct. 4, 1967, a sunny Friday in New York, 72 crew members, the production staff, and the actors first assembled at a Long Island location site to begin the task of fashioning "For Love of Ivy." Once production was underway, the days and nights became even more hectic, frantic, as sleep was at a premium and we entered the race against New York's inclement winter weather.

While filming proceeded week after week that fall in New York, a sense of dynamic tension was building up. Everyone in cast and crew, from Poitier to the coffee "gopher," knew this film was becoming something special. It had that feeling of being more than just another movie.

Long weeks later, at the start of 1968, the final shot was made. Director Mann called "cut" and "print it" and the race was over. "For Love of Ivy" was in the can. Well, almost.

Now, a new race began. The energetic sales force at Cinerama Releasing Corp. were out in full strength around the nation booking the film for its opening engagements in the summer of '68. Theatres wanted a new Sidney Poitier film, and we meant to oblige them.

The director and the film editor, Patricia Jaffe, began the painful task of assembling the thousands upon thousands of snippets of film which comprise the finished negative. Quincy Jones set his memorable scene.

The premiere came and went. Sidney Poitier summed it all up: "'Ivy' is about people, and although its mood is romantic and funny, we didn't ignore the basic verity that pain can always be discerned beneath laughter."

American Jews Schizo Re 'Art'?

In playwright-author James Yaffe's recent book, "The American Jews: Portrait of a Split Personality" (Random House), the dramatist of "The Deadly Game," adapted from a story by Freidrich Duerrenmatt, and of "Ivory Tower" (in collaboration with Jerome Weidman), includes this quote from VARIETY:

"Their (Jews) uneasiness gives rise to some strange form of behavior. A movie executive on the Coast announced in VARIETY that his studio does not want to produce any 'arty-schmarty' pictures. 'What's the good of winning awards, and getting good reviews, if you can't cover your negative cost?' This same man (unidentified by name) regularly attends productions of Chekov and Ibsen at UCLA and loves to boast about the presence of Stravinsky and Heifetz and Henry Miller in the Hollywood area.

"It is a curious paradox that Jewish movie producers are among the most prominent collectors of paintings and the biggest contributors to the Los Angeles Art Museum; yet they have so little respect for their own art that they have never founded a movie museum to preserve the best creations of Hollywood . . ."

Yaffe, at present a writer-in-residence at Colorado College, may or may not have known of Sol Lesser's abortive, longtime endeavor to establish just such a Hollywood cinema museum.

Willie Collier

By CLYDE NORTH

Beyond a doubt the greatest and wittiest ad-libber the Fabulous Invalid has ever known was the one and only Willie Collier, superb comedian, master farceur. Working with Willie was a liberal education. If you couldn't ad-lib, you were dead. The first thing Collier did with a new play was to toss the script into the nearest wastebasket. If the author objected to having his deathless prose mangled, Collier had the bum tossed out of the theatre. Said author could always console himself with the knowledge that royalty checks would keep coming for the next two years at least. Collier never had a bust. In the play I was fortunate to spend two seasons with Willie Collier, "Nothing But Lies," author Aaron Hoffman disclaimed all responsibility by labeling his play: "A Collierism."

Collier's leading lady, the charming, very prim and proper actress Olive Wyndham, was a devotee of ad litteram. The author's lines were sacred. Cue—line, cue—line. The slightest deviation threw her higher than an astronaut. Willie delighted in baiting his brother and sister thespians with jests, quips and gibes, and poor Olive Wyndham was a helpless target. There was a quarrel scene in the play over a broken engagement. Her exit cue was a plea from Willie to take back the ring. She never got it. Willie would bar the door and start throwing reasons at her, ranging from the ridiculous to the sublime, *why* he should be given another chance. Mrs. Wyndham would turn her back, twist and squirm in speechless agony, while the audience had hysterics. When Willie had milked the scene dry, he would throw open the door and stand with bowed head as Olive made her escape. She came off the stage after one such grueling ordeal, limp as a rag and almost in tears. "That man is driving me out of my mind," she moaned to me, "What am I going to do?"

"Top him." I advised promptly.

"Top him! How?" she demanded.

I gave it a think. Willie had been getting a big laugh on a topical gag. "Take back the ring and I'll show you how to vote!" He was sure to go on using it until after the Tuesday forthcoming election. My mind hit on a snappy rejoinder which I assured Miss Wyndham would not only top Willie but garner a big laugh at his expense. She beamed and promised to try it out at the next performance. This was at a matinee. That night I was watching the scene from the wings when Willie said: "Take back the ring and I'll show you how to vote!"

Olive drew herself up haughtily during the laugh that followed, then delivered my snapper. "Sir, I know how to vote!"

Before the line even had a chance to register, Willie shot back. "Show you how to vote twice!" The audience roared, Olive collapsed.

She came off the stage, close to hysterics and shook a finger under my nose. "You, you and your clever ad-libs, see what you did to me? You! - You ----!" I knew what she was thinking but Olive Wyndham was too much of a lady to express it verbally. She flounced off to her dressingroom not waiting to hear my apology. I'm sure she was more than half convinced that I had set her up for the slaughter. I was innocent but I should have known better. Great comedians are expert timers. They not only know how to get laughs, they know how to kill them. No matter how hard you tried, you always wound up playing straight to Collier.

I was playing a screwball character, a sort of Mark Rudd of the period, and Willie began calling me onstage, and starting a scene out of left field. It went like this, "Allen, I had a box of Dildos on my desk, did you see them?"

"The large ones?", I answered innocently.

"The large ones, young man," Willie said sternly. I shook my head. "Then how did you know they were large ones?" he demanded to know.

Smart or Smartalec

"I never saw a small Dildo," I announced and marched off the stage. I know this doesn't sound very funny but the expression of frustrated bewilderment on Collier's face brought down the house. The routine was repeated the next performance with one variation, the Dildos became Philbrillics. The third performance it was a box of Pergasbos that had vanished from Willie's desk. "I put them with the Dildos and the Philbrillics," I said solemnly and exited to a dead silence. I struck out on that third swing and never came to bat again. The bit was never repeated. But it taught me a lesson. There's a differenec between being smart and smartalecky.

Collier was very superstitious. If he forgot a prop, he wouldn't return to his dressingroom for it even if the whole plot depended on it. He never made an entrance onto a stage without first touching both sides of the doorway. I never had the nerve to ask him why and I never learned the reason for this ritual.

Collier was also an inveterate horseplayer. He posted a five-horse parlay on the bulletin board of the Lambs one day before a matinee. Two of the nags were long shots. Members paused, read, grinned and shook their heads at poor Willie's folly. Nobody placed a bet except Collier. He had 50 bucks riding on his judgment and returned to the Club after the matinee $35,000 richer. The moaning of the scoffers could be heard all over Times Square. Two weeks later Willie posted another five-horse parlay on the board. Three members of the Lambs were injured in the rush to place their bets. Once again Willie was the only lucky horseplayer. Not one of the nags was in the money and Willie didn't bet. He had picked the horses at random and posted the parlay on the board as a gag. Collier had a great sense of humor.

It was truly an era of wonderful nonsense and good clean fun, when sex was treated with respect, with nary a leer on the face of the Fabulous Invalid. Before authors and producers started dragging his feet through the mud and splattering the poor fellow with obscenities and four-letter words. Poor Fab is slowly being smothered in filth. Hope he pulls through.

TITLES

By TOM CURTISS

Paris.

What's in a name? It remains anyone's guess what will attract or repulse the public. Horace Liveright, the publisher, literally went down on his knees to beg Theodore Dresier *not* to call his novel, "An American Tragedy." Dreiser ignored the request and the title certainly aided in making it a best-seller.

Superstitions about titles abound and fade away only after incessant contradiction. It was long and solemnly believed that "death" in a title acted as a jinx. Today every other detective story sports the once feared word and "Death Takes a Holiday," "Death in the Afternoon," "Death on the Installment Plan" and "Death of a Salesman" have enjoyed international success.

The discarded superstition might be playfully replaced by another, a constructive one. The records reveal that the name of a bird as a title and the word "bird" in a title are apt to spell prosperity. Consider the enormous—if misleading—evidence:

"The Swan," "The Sea Gull," "The Dove," "L'Aiglon," "The Bluebird," "The Wild Duck," "The Sea Hawk," "Sparrows" (the Mary Pickford hit), "Chicken Every Sunday," "The Ostrich Eggs" (of Andre Roussin), "The Cat and the Canary," "The Chinese Parrot," "Cock Robin," "Peacock Alley," "The Eagle," "Chantecler," "The Birdman of Alcatraz," "Blackbirds," "Bye, Bye, Birdie," "Birds of Passage" (the Maurice Donnay-Lucien Descaves drama), "The Raven," "The Stork," "The Shrike," "The Pelican," "The Spring Chicken," "Sweet Bird of Youth," "The Owl and the Pussycat," "The Wounded Bird" (of Alfred Capus), "The Vultures," "The Lark," "The Night Hawk," "Bird Alone," "The Mudlark," 'The Scarecrow," "The Birds" of Aristophanes and "The Birds" of Hitchcock, "Turkey Time" (the London Aldwych farce smash), "The Humming Bird," "Bird of Paradise," "Coq d'Or," "The Yellow Nightingale," "The Catbird," "The Mocking Bird," "Canaries Sometimes Sing," "The Firebird," "Bird-in-Hand" and "Sparrows Can't Sing."

Two more have been added in last months: "The Secretary Bird," William Douglas Hume's comedy now crowding the Savoy, London, Romain Gary's French film, "Birds Go To Die in Peru," plus "Duck Soup," "Time of the Cuckoo," "Jesus The Quail" from Carco's novel, "Jesus la Coille," "The Sandpiper" and "The Green Cockatoo." The exception proving the rule that a bird tile is a good omen was "Flamingo Road," an instant flop.

"Blue" is another magic-charm word in a title, having brought good luck to "The Moon is Blue," "The Blue Lagoon," "The Blue Coast," "The Blue Angel," "The Blue Kitten," "The Blue Mouse," "The Blue Duchess" (of Paul Bourget), "The Sky-Blue Life" (Maxim Gorky), "The Blue Hotel" (Stephan Crane), "Blue Skies," "Blue Denim," "Blue Jeans," "The Blue Peter" (Temple Thurston), "The Blue Paradise," "The Blue Mazurka" (Lehar), "The Blue Max," "The Blue Pekinese," "The Blue Hussar," "The Blue Bird," "Bluebeard's 8th Wife," "Deep Blue Sea," "Blue Comedy" (presently on the London boards), "Blue Gardenia" and "Red Hot and Blue."

Recently a three-alarm sensationalism has been employed with such smack-in-the-face labels for films as "Repulsion," "Torment," "Hiroshima Mon Amour," "Contempt," "Boredom," "How To Murder Your Wife," "No Way To Treat A Lady," "To Hell and Back," "What A Way To Go" and the repugnant like.

Live Talent Decline in Scotland Continues; Small Returns From TV

By GORDON IRVING

Glasgow.

The decline of live theatre continues in Scotland in the face of increasing competition from television. One of Glasgow's main revue and legit theatres, the Alhambra, has been put up for sale, and the Palladium Theatre, Edinburgh, has shuttered for transformation into a club.

The sad fact is, however, that the television producers are offering little of quality or standout interest in return, and are giving little encouragement to the development of new talent. The vicious circle may have disastrous results for local show biz.

The Logan family, long associated with Scot show biz, are finding b.o. returns spotty at the Metropole Theatre. Demolition of hundreds of old tenement apartments in the surrounding area, with resulting drop in population, is the main reason.

The Metropole is controlled by Jimmy Logan (a nephew of U.S. actress Ella Logan), who stages an annual winter revue for good financial returns. Logan is continuing with his own career as a solo headlining comedian-singer while, at same time, helming the fortunes of his Glasgow vaudery.

A growing number of hotels and restaurants are offering cabaret shows for their customers. The main night-spot in Glasgow is the Restaurant Chevalier, which features Scot, English and American acts in its nightly cabaret slot. The Four Freshmen, from the U.S.A., registered there.

Summer vaude continues to flourish in certain locations, notably at the Pavilion Theatre, Glasgow, where Lex McLean, an Auld Lang Syne droll, pulls in the payees for record business. This is a phenomenon of local entertainment, McLean emerging as a city "character" beloved of his outfronters for his saucy gags and local allusions.

The Gaiety Theatre, Ayr, a holiday-town theatre, is also successful in the vacation season, and features local talent. It is one of the few remaining stage "nurseries" in the U.K.

Despite opposition from television, cinemas continue to pull in customers, although latter are now more discriminating than ever in their choice of film. The city-center Odeon Theatre, Glasgow, is to be transformed into a twin-theatre, screening two separate films in twin auditoria, and the same policy will be carried out at the ABC Regal Cinema in Edinbrugh.

A modern new cinema, recently opened, is at East Kilbride, where Caledonian Associated Cinemas, a Scot chain, has launched the first cinema in this 21-year-old "new town," a half-hour's drive from Glasgow.

Sir Alexander Boyne King, "grand old man" of Scot cinema, whose circuit controls some 50 cinemas, recently celebrated his 80th birthday, and was hosted by his friends of the trade. He began in the entertainment business as a page-boy and program seller.

In television, the drive by both BBC and ITV stations to produce worthwhile local fodder continues, although with poor results. Accent is mainly on news and current affairs, and there are few attempts to stage light-entertainment shows. The continuing use of non-Scot entertainers irks with local show biz, 90% of which doesn't get a chance to showcase its talent potential.

One success is Moira Anderson, a Scot chirper, whose song series "Moira Anderson Sings" is being networked by the BBC throughout the U.K. Helmed by Eddie Fraser, this series scores through natural, unaffected quality of its star, and has achieved high ratings. Ditto success for a local comedy skein "Lex McLean Show," starring the Glasgow vaude comedian, which hit the No 1 ratings position for six consecutive weeks despite being rapped by Scot tv critics in newspapers.

Filipino Producers Multiply

Despite the Elusive Factor of Profit, Glamor Draws Investors

By AARON PINES

Manila.

As is well-known film industries were established under many different flags all over Europe and Asia half a century ago. The Philippines was one such industry, though these islands were then occupied and administered by the United States, having been wrested by naval power from the Kingdom of Spain in 1898.

The Filipino industry was largely fathered by Jose Nepomuceno. Prior to World War II film-producing companies like Parlatone, Filipine Films, Y'Otic, LVN and Sampaquita were owned not by any company or corporation but by affluent Filipino families. While it provided livelihood for hundreds of artists and craftsmen then, it was somewhat of a hobby or a challenge to such families as the Nepomucenos, the de Leons, the J. Amado Aranetas, the Salumbideses, and the Veras.

However, after the Liberation from the Japanese in 1945, filmmaking took on a new aspect for the producers. It became an industry and new names like the Santiagos, Fernando Poe Sr. and the Legardas came in, to join the de Leons and the Veras who had picked up where they left off when war broke out.

The years that followed were, by contrast, golden years. Professionalism increased. A market was developed for action pictures, down-to-earth dramas. LVN specialized in costume pictures and heartwarming situations, though typically people in the upper class. Sampaquita Pictures dwelt on musical romances and comedies.

A Filipino star system blossomed. All the Big Three Studios had their own stable and to be contracted by the Big Three, was to be "in."

After 1950, with Hollywood bothered by television, there were other problems here. Some were hollering about the bakya mentality and the eternal problem about Filipino producers' inability to make a profit. Newcomer independents were a challenge. The Big Four (by this time Lebran had gotten in as a member of the PMPA) felt the "independents" were destroying the discipline they had implanted among their stars.

Stars Get Stake

On the other hand, the sudden mushrooming of independent prodution companies enabled the stars to become not only a part of a company but it gave them role and script choice.

Whether this was for better or for worse, is debatable. Some stars feel it is for the worse—and others still opine that the government can certainly make the situation take a turn for the better — with more nativist "protection," less taxation, and encouragement via film festivals, etc.

Number of Filipino producers is on the rise. Espiridion Laxa of Tagalog Ilang-Ilang Pictures, and past president of the Philippine Movie Producers Assn., comments, "It must be lucrative, for the number of producers getting into the business seem to be increasing, not decreasing. Where before you can count with your fingers the number of producers, now they are more than 30."

Censorship Just Resting?

Continued from page 7

51 (1964); *Teitel Film Corp. v. Cusack*, 390 U.S. 139 (1969).)

These cases require (1) that the administrative licensing process be conducted within a fixed minimum number of days, and (2) that if the Government decides to refuse to license a film for exhibition, it must go into court to seek an injunction against the showing of the film. The Government has the burden of satisfying the judge that the film is obscene and that its showing should be banned. These court proceedings must also be conducted with dispatch.

The added burden of requiring the fgovernment to go to court to enforce its ban, plus the accellerated timetable for the licensing process, discourage most already overworked government licensing and legal departments from remaining in the censorship game.

Chicago and Dallas

The effect of the U.S. Supreme Court decisions is that although censorship of films is still legally permissible, no major state or city has decided to keep it. Only two cities (Chicago and Dallas), and no states, even have Government classification of films (restrictions as to exhibition to minors).

The result of government's abandonment of regulation in this area has been more free and more frequent treatment of sex and nudity in films. But how has the film industry handled this new lack of restrictions? The naive might reply that the demise of governmental regulation of film through censorship has brought forth a new dimension in artistic freedom of expression. However, the cynic might respond that the relaxation of government control now permits the commercial exploiter to vie for the once clandestine pornography market. The truth is probably a combination of both views. The fact that filmmakers no longer need to worry about what often was an overly reactionary and restrictve approach to censorship by some government agencies has undoubtedly led to more artistic freedom. But just as there were censors whose conduct undoubtedly fostered the new liberal Supreme Court rulings, some members of the motion picture industry, notably the sexploitation distributors, have taken advantage of the new rulings not to promote art but to pander pornography.

Can the new artistic freedom in the portrayal of nudity and sex on the screen co-exist with reasonable prohibitions on the exploitation of these themes for crass commercial purposes? This is the common dilemma of the motion picture industry and the law. The mood of the public makes demands on both the industry and Government. Justice Abe Fortas was a casualty to this public mood. He was refused confirmation by the Senate as Chief Justice of the United Supreme Court. This refusal was based primarily upon Fortas' participation with the liberal wing of the Court in the new liberal obscenity rulings.

An Indignant Public

It is as naive to assume that the public's indignation with the sexploiters will not find expression in the law as it was for the bluepencillers to assume that indignaton at restriction of artistic freedom would not be redressed by the law.

With the adoption of its new "self-regulations" classification system, the motion picture industry apparently recognized this phenomenon.

Whether the industry's "self-help" program will deter new legal regulation depends upon: (1) the sincerity of the Motion Picture Assn. of America classifiers in making realistic and honest classifications, and (2) the willingness of the exhibitors to follow these classifications, not only in advertising a film as "R" (Restricted—persons under 16 not admitted, unless accompanied by parent or adult guardian) or "X" (Persons under 16 not admitted), but in real enforcement of the prohibition against showing these films to minors.

If the film industry scheme of self-regulation fails, we can expect more of the Chicago or Dallas type of government "classification" to pop up over the country. If this occurs, and I for one hope that the industry's self-regulation will obviate increased government involvement in this area, I would like to suggest a new approach to obscenity and classification.

The Young As Key

"Obscenity" as it relates to sex and nudity may be an obsolete standard. This is particularly true where exposure to obscenity cannot be adequately demonstrated as a cause for psychological disorientation of the youngster or anti-social conduct on his part. Unless it can be shown that the obscene material has either a deleterious effect on the individual or will cause that individual to harm another, then justificiation for societal interference is questionable.

For too long the laws of this country have overlooked the probable harmful effects to young persons of the viewing of motion pictures containing scenes of undue violence. Other Western nations have long recognized this problem and have refused to permit the viewing of many violent American films which are shown as a matter of course to youngsters in this country. Indeed, most other nations regard the portrayal of violence in films as a far more serious problem than the portrayal of sex and nudity.

I would propose a classification system for films based on violence content, rather than obscenity. Under the current rulings of the U.S. Supreme Court there is no authority for this proposed classification system. However, if a state or city adopted a new violence classification system, the Supreme Court would be required to pass upon, and hopefully approve it.

Authorities

Most psychiatrists and psychologists would, I believe, support this type of new classification. For example, in Life magazine June 21, 1968, the author of an article entitled "The Psycho-Biology of Violence" set forth the conclusions of Dr. Frank R. Ervin, and other outstanding psychiatrists, as follows: "The violent person also has an extreme response to fantasy . . . Watching a violent movie, he may twist his wife's arm or leg until she screams without realizing he is doing it."

In October of 1965, an Interim Report of the U.S. Senate Sub-Committee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency concluded.

"Filmed violence has been shown to stimulate agressive actions among normal viewers as well as among the emotionally disturbed. This applies to adults as well as to children but the effect is most pronounced on the latter. Experiments have shown that normal persons who see a violent film subsequently exhibit nearly twice as much violence as persons who have not seen such a film. When the experiments involved the infliction of pain on other human beings, men who had seen a violent film did not hesitate to inflict excessive pain on other men or even upon women and vice versa . . .

"Children are adversely affected by isolated scenes or sequences of violence and brutality and this adverse effect is not necessarily washed away or purged by a 'moral' ending in which 'good' triumphs over 'evil.' Thus, a given western or crime-detective program may close with the victory of the forces of law and order but, in the minds of the young viewers, this often fails to compensate for the impact left by scenes earlier in the program stressing violence and brutality."

The gist of my proposal is contained in these propositions:

(1) Our laws of obscenity which relate to sex and nudity are obsolete.

(2) Government should concern itself with restriction of undue violence in motion pictures, rather than with the portrayal of sex and nudity (and that this restriction should not be broadened to included TV, books, or live theatre). This suggestion is the European approach, where films that are candid as to sex and nudity are allowed to be shown but where films dealing in violence and masochism are restricted from being shown.

(3) The only restriction of films with undue violence should be for children (persons 17 years of age and under) and that this restriction should be only if the films are completely devoid of any redeeming artistic, literary or other merit.

(4) This restriction should be administered only by a panel of experts in the arts, psychiatry and sociology.

(5) This restriction should be imposed only if the motion picture industry fails in its attempts at "self-censorship" or "self-restraint."

Whether the MPAA classification system will work—whether government classification will become more prevalent—are questions the answers to which are within the control of the motion picture industry.

If by default of industry responsibility new government restrictions are proposed, our academic institutions should undertake intensive psychological studies to determine once and for all the anti-social effect on youngsters of viewing films of undue violence. If such an anti-social effect is scientifically demonstrated, it is hoped that government can come up with (and that the Supreme Court will approve) more realistic standards which will protect youngsters from material proved to be harmful (violence, sex-oriented and otherwise) rather than from material which primarily offends the sensitivities of some adults (candid portrayal of sex and nudity) and has little harmful effect upon the child.

I think it is fair to conclude that government censorship is not dead. It's resting. If the motion picture industry wills it, it may be a long slumber. If the industry's self-regulation fails, it will be but a catnap. But if government censorship does come back, let's hope it is in a more realistic form.

Copyright Needs

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electronic impulses in an information storage, retrieval and reproduction system a copyright infringement? Although there is no question that an "output," whether tangible or merely visual, could constitute a copyright infringement, it need not; the determination would depend on the content (and hopefully not the form) of the output. But the gut question is whether "input" per se constitutes copyright infringement.

The new Copyright Act should deal with the question directly, which it does not do. Creators and entrepreneurs should not have to play the guessing game of whether they shall be as fortunate as industrialist-inventor Edison or as unfortunate as authoress Stowe.

The aforesaid questions are repeated in contracts in a variety of ways. The author expressly transferred motion picture rights during the silent film era; does it include the right to make a talking motion picture? The author expressly transferred talking motion picture right; does it include the right to televise the motion picture? The author expressly transferred "all rights" in the book for specified royalties per copy sold and X% of all other income from licensing of the work; may the publisher "use" the book in its computer information service and, if so, to what sort of payment, if any, is the author entiled? And so on.

Court Answers

The legislature is not in a position to provide answers to these questions; the solutions must come from the courts or, better yet, impartial industry arbitration tribunals. Congressional treatment of or failure or refusal to treat the related copyright questions may have an influence on the contractual interpretation of the non-copyright, but very connected, issues.

Accordingly, the longer it takes Congress to provide us with a modern copyright law, the more problems it will have before it since the body of creative works and creative contracts continues to grow daily.

Thus it is in the self-interest of the creative community to assist the Register of Copyrights in his efforts to enact as soon as possible as realistically an up-to-date Copyright Act as is politically possible.

Behind A Showman, A Lawyer

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abnormally high rate of production on foreign locations.

Mentally Make-Ready

So it is not hard to understand the need for ample and astute legal talent on the rosters of film companies. It also explains why men with a good legal background are so desirable as either partners or on the management team of nearly all motion picture corporations.

As part of their education in preparing for the bar, law school students must do a great amount of reading, thereby acquiring a certain degree of literary awareness and evaluation that can help materially in the creative phases of film production. They are normally better than most bankers in this respect, since the moneylenders are so predominantly concerned with cold figures and boxoffice statistics that they do not always have the showman's perspective on artistic potentials which often pay off handsomely. Lawyers furthermore are, by necessity, analytical and also inclined to calm judgment, providing good unemotional balance for overenthusiastic producers.

Getting down to actual names, there is no better example than United Artists. Under the leadership of two keen attorneys, Arthur B. Krim and Robert S. Benjamin, UA has had an impressive and steady rise in operations and net profits since this management took over in 1951. In fact, UA has led all major film companies in consistency of fiscal performance.

The teaming of attorney Samuel Z. Arkoff with exhibitor James H. Nicholson likewise has resulted in one of the outstanding success stories in motion picture history. Starting with a capital of only $3,000, in 14 years they have built American International Pictures into the leading independent producer and distributor of films.

Many Partnerships

Hal B. Wallis, dean of quality independent producers releasing through a major company (Paramount), has a sharp attorney as a partner. He is Joseph H. Hazen, onetime prominent member of the legal corps in the Warner Bros. homeoffice where his attention was focused on important literary properties.

Gordon Stulberg, president of Cinema Center Films, the CBS subsidiary, was an attorney for Jack Webb and his "Dragnet" series before he became a Columbia Pictures production executive and then was grabbed by CBS to head its filmmaking division.

Joe Brandt, cofounder (with Harry and Jack Cohn) and first president of Columbia Pictures, was a lawyer in his earlier years, and the legal knowledge he possessed was credited with helping the company to keep solvent in the depression years when a number of bigger film companies were forced through the wringer. Nate Spingold, Columbia vicepresident and eastern representative for studio-based Harry Cohn who succeeded Brandt as company president, also had legal training while B. B. Kahane was a Keith-Orpheum attorney before his 1932-36 incumbency as head of RKO Studios and his subsequent long service as a Columbia v.p.

MGM's Robert H. O'Brien is another former lawyer. Attorney J. Robert Rubin was a vicepresident of Loew's Inc. during its main growth years which saw the emergence of MGM as a foremost studio, and counsel Benjamin Melniker has been a member of the MGM management for many years.

Attorney Edwin Weisl has played a vital role in Paramount's management for a long time, his titles including that of chairman of the executive committee, and among additional lawyers holding, or who have held, corporate posts in film companies are Adolph Schimel, vicepresident of Universal Pictures; Samuel H. Schulman, National General Corp. executive vicepresident; Gunther R. Lessing, long with Walt Disney as a v.p.; Herbert G. Baerwitz, vicepresident of Edward Small Productions; Harold Berkowitz, vicepresident of Avco Embassy Pictures; Howard Levinson, Warner-7 Arts; Samuel S. Zagon, vicepresident of Stanley Kramer Productions, and quite a few more.

A considerable number of small independent producers also have lawyers as silent partners or associates, while many stars and directors as well as producers with their own companies have attorneys in these setups. Cary Grant, instead of having an agent, has a smart laywer, Stanley Fox, as his associate handling all of the star's business matters.

All in all, it is not stretching to say that the motion picture business is one of the best "legally-fortified" industries in the country.

If a relatively small amount of actual litigation takes place — or comes to public notice—nowdays in this highly specialized, extensively complicated and exceptionally vulnerable field of commercial-artistic activity, you can chalk it up to the alertness and sagacity of its lawyers in anticipating trouble and taking the precautions to avert it instead of having to fight it in the courts.

Sez Stracham

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"The Great Moscow Circus" and the "Moiseyev Dance Co." of Russia. Circus was presented in all major cities in Australia in a tent and grossed the greatest b.o. in the history of the entertainment in this country.

Other attractions that played our theatres in 1968 were "Relatively Speaking" with John McCallum and Googie Withers and also the Elizabethan Theatre Trust gave seasons of Grand Opera and Ballet.

It has become very evident that the cooperation of television and radio for publicity purposes is important to the success of any season. As an instance of this, the success of Alfred Marks as a personality was largely engendered by his enormous popularity on both media. Marks was invited to appear on just about every television and radio station in Sydney and Melbourne on panel shows and to give interviews, and he was also in great demand as guest of honour at charity functions, etc. This emphasizes the fact that performers, whether they be stars or not, who have the ability can be brought to this country and almost overnight, become a big name if they have this quality of communicating through the publicity media as well as across the footlights.

J. C. Williamson Theatres Ltd., are looking forward to 1969 with great optimism for another highly successful year.

"Fiddler"; "Mame"; and the "Minstrel" will continue. "I Do! I Do!" the Broadway musical which starred Robert Preston and Mary Martin, will open at the Theatre Royal in Sydney on Feb. 15. Stephen Douglass from New York is being brought out to play the Robert Preston role here, and our own musical comedy star Jill Perryman will play the Mary Martin role. It was Miss Perryman who made such a tremendous impact when we starred her in the Barbra Streisand role in "Funny Girl." Fred Hebert will direct "I Do! I Do!" for us and Betty Pounder will stage the musical numbers.

Another musical that we will stage next year is "She Loves Me" and we are also negotiating for a tour of a "Folies Bergere" from Paris. In addition to these attractions, we will be presenting the New York comedy success "Plaza Suite" and the London comedy success "Half Way Up The Tree." We will also produce the play "Hadrian VII" and we have invited a very famous actor from London to come and play the title role.

Other attractions we will be presenting during the year are The New Christy Minstrels; The Jacques Loussier Trio and The Little Singers of Tokyo.

Empire Ups Zelickson

Toronto.

Ralph Zelickson has been named sales manager for the Toronto-based Empire Films. Zelickson's post as Toronto branch manager which he had prior to his appointment will be taken by Charles Murphy.

Other company appointments made last week were: Clay Huckle replacing Murphy as head booker and Charles Morrow replacing Murphy as booker of short subjects. Morrow is joining Empire after a stint with the U.S. Army in Vietnam.

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TV: Damned If You Do Or Don't

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saw U.S. Marines burning peasants' huts in South Vietnam, vividly shown on tv. An explosion of criticism followed, not of the action itself, but of tv for showing the burnings. Center of the critical blasts was Washington, where a number of VIPs accused CBS-TV, the network involved, of "giving aid and comfort to the enemy," by airing such footage. Not a word about the act itself giving potential aid to the Vietcong; not a word about the morality or immorality of the act; not a word of the much larger issue involved, which was the question of whether American fighting men should destroy homes of people being "saved" from an enemy. Only a hue and cry about tv showing this. And there were the usual letters-to-the-editors from many viewers critical of the networks; more so than of the act itself.

'Do Not Disturb'

Because many did not like what they saw, they somehow blamed tv for exposing it in the comfort of their livingrooms.

Then last June, CBS-TV aired a special, "Hunger in America," which documented incredible cases of starvation and hunger in this country — all this in the midst of a period of affluence generally. Again came a loud chorus of complaints — not at the hunger or starvation, but at tv for televising the situation. The self-deluders were led by the anguished screams of Secty. of Agriculture Freeman, whose department is supposed to give surplus foods to the hungry.

Freeman went on tv to denounce CBS and demand time for rebuttal. He was joined by a number of Congressmen, particularly those from the areas involved, such as Texas. They blasted CBS News, they charged it somehow with engaging in a massive conspiracy, with presenting a "false" and distorted picture, and the wrong facts. Their cries did not subside when CBS replied its facts were, for the most part, supplied by Agriculture Dept. reports.

But the most unbelievable part was still to come. Angered that tv would show what Washington obviously did not want the American people to see, Congress launched an investigation, not of the conditions, but of the CBS special. FBI agents, who should have more important matters to handle, were assigned to a House Committee to uncarth material which would somehow disprove what the CBSpecial stated. Not a word from Washington about remedying the hunger and poverty conditions, presumably because that would be admitting they exist, and it's part of the self-delusion, the never-never land of the critics, to deny the existence of what they see.

At year's end, the Congressional probers were still snooping and presumably, in the extreme poverty pockets of the nation, babies were still dying of malnutrition, as documented in the CBS program. As usual, Washington was preoccupied not with the conditions shown, but with the fact that tv had exposed them.

Sen. Robert Kennedy, at the time a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination, was assassinated in Los Angeles, in June, and again it was tv which was somehow to blame, incredible as it seems, even in retrospect. A nation in revulsion at the tragedy heard President Johnson and others wonder aloud on tv if it had happened because tv had created a "climate of violence" in the land. Thus, although the man suspected of killing Sen. Kennedy has yet to face trial and due process of law, tv was immediately adjudged guilty in a bizarre guilt-by-association dimension which defies the imagination. The networks and many in Hollywood unhesitatingly accepted the guilt, and the webs immediately erased violence from all tv shows, acting in concert as though, yes, it was in fact tv which was responsible for the assassination. Tv had not only been named the scapegoat, but accepted the role willingly.

President Johnson, by pointing the guilty finger at tv, had successfully avoided any "violence" association with such grim realities of life as Vietnam, race riots, student unrest, ghetto uprisings and all the other genuine problems convulsing America. Politically, his stunt paid off, but the networks were guilty of sheer cowardice in abjectly bowing to such a loose accusation.

But the worst was yet to come. That was in Chi in August, as the Democrats convened to select a Presidential nominee. Demonstrators also gathered in the Windy City — some well-meaning anti-Vietnam protestors, some self-proclaimed anarchists, some hippies and some yippies. In any event, as Mayor Daley brought out virtually his entire police force and the National Guard, with Federal troops in the wings, a clash was inevitable, and it occurred.

Tv covered the demonstrations and the savagery which accompanies them as cops and protestors collided. It was a bloody, gory and somewhat unbelievable sight which Americans saw on their tv screens. But the malady which had overtaken large segments of the population saw criticism not of Mayor Daley or his cops, but of tv for carrying it. "Slanted," said the critics, this despite the fact that all three networks had aired much the same coverage. Mayor Daley denounced tv, and so did a number of Congresmen, particularly Democrats. The normally supine Federal Communications Commission launched an investigation into the network coverage of Chi, and so did various Congressional and Senatorial committees. Tv, guilty of exposing what was happening, was to be intimidated by the powers of Washington no matter what. The easily-intimidated networks, for once, did not apologize for what they had aired.

When Democratic Presidential nominee Hubert Humphrey lost the election to Richard Nixon, Demo politicians were even more incensed at tv, because they felt coverage of the Chi demonstrations had cost them the election. They simply could not comprehend that if Chi cost them the election, it was because of what happened there, not because tv had reported it

And as usual, Congressional committees and the FCC were investigating tv, somehow blaming it for having aired the troubles.

Walker Under Raps

When a Presidential Commission's unit finally issued a report terming the Chi situation one which involved "police riots," and saying tv had not even covered the worst of the beatings, this didn't deter network critics at all. Unbelievably, Congressmen then denounced the very respectable Chicagoan, Daniel Walker, who had issued the report. Solons did not like Walker stating the Chi cops were to blame for much of what happened, that they had beaten innocent people not even involved in the demonstrations, and they attacked him bitterly for reaching conclusions not in accord with theirs, although he had had a staff investigating and documenting the situation.

Not easily influenced by facts, the FCC and other investigatorial groups in Congress continued their probes. Walker notwithstanding. The process of self-delusion continued.

And so it continues. Late in the year, when San Francisco State College was beset with strident student demonstrations, the newly-named acting prexy of the school, on tv, blamed tv for the mess. How? Well, he told a startled interviewer, he was in sympathy with some of the student demands, but tv had failed to communicate this to them, to play that up. Somehow, this educator did not understand that he as head of the school had the task of communicating with the students. That was not tv's function. But, as always, it was much simpler to blame tv.

The Unseeing-Eyes

All of this adds up to a national astigmatism, whereby there is a consistent refusal to face the facts, to look at the scores in our society. It's a chilling sickness. While the critics behave as though if it weren't for tv, there would be no problems, their utter emotionalism is such that they will not square up to the fact that tv just shows the problems, it didn't invent them.

Nonetheless, if what tv airs is not in accord with preconceived ideas tv is lambasted across the land. Law-and-order was a big issue in 1968 in the political arena. And so when people saw on their tv screens that Chi fuzz were bashing the heads of everyone around, squirting Mace, and generally behaving like a gang run amuck, many viewers mesmerized themselves into believing all of this was justified, but that the networks did not show the entire picture.

Holiday on Enlightenment

Tv is not entirely blameless in this self-delusion. When CBS-TV refused to cover Sen. Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee hearings on Vietnam two years ago when opponents of the war were going to testify, it helped serve the cause of concealing the truth from the American people. Thus the network aided and abetted the desire in Administration circles to suppress critics of the war. The American people eventually sickened of the war anyway, but CBS can claim no credit for enlightening the people on such a crucial matter.

A truly responsible television, the networks in particular, would call attention to the key issues and all sides of each issue, no matter how controversial. An unholy alliance between network chieftains and an Administration in power does the people no good. Nor does it bring any credit to tv, which has too long served the wishes of politicians, rather than the people.

Meanwhile, the malady lingers on.

Yanks Sing

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most often during the past 50 years is "Happy Birthday." And the authors of this song are a pair of sisters—Patty Smith and Mildred J. Hill who, by profession, were teachers in kindergarten.

In 1893, the Smith sisters created a song they called "Good Morning to All"—Patty writing the lyrics, and Mildred the music. It was published the same year in a collection, "Song Stories for Children." Nobody knows just who it was who made a slight change in the lyrics of "Good Morning to All" to serve as a birthday greeting in song, or just how or when it started to catch fire. But we do know that by 1910, and since then, not a single day has gone by in America when "Happy Birthday to You" was not sung thousands of times a day.

Not P.D.

By 1910, most people thought that "Happy Birthday to You" was a folk song in public domain. The authors had been completely forgotten, and their earnings from their successful song effort had amounted to a pittance. Because of this misconception, a good many people have innocently become involved in legal action. For example, just before World War II, Western Union instituted the novelty of the "singing telegram" by having the Western Union boy sing "Happy Birthday to You" to a recipient of such a greeting. Western Union received a rude shock by being dragged into court for infringement of copyright, which belonged to a Chicago house, Clayton F. Summy. A modest settlement was made, and henceforth Western Union confined its singing telegrams to a song like "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," which they knew to be in public domain. Irving Berlin also was sued for infringement when, in one of the scenes of his revue, "As Thousands Cheer," in the 1930s, he had chorus sing "Happy Birthday to You" to Clifton Webb impersonating John D. Rockefeller. Even Berlin had had the false idea that the song was P.D. Composers of serious music also got into trouble. Roy Harris used it in a symphonic work, "Symphonic Dedication," which he had written to honor the 50th birthday of another famous American composer, Howard Hanson. Keeping the occasion in mind, Harris brought his composition to a climax with a modern treatment of "Happy Birthday." After Harris' piece had been introduced by the Boston Symphony he was compelled by the copyright owners to delete the "Happy Birthday" passage from his score.

Of course, there is nothing the copyright owners can do about "Happy Birthday" being sung all over the country, every day in the year, at private parties in home and restaurants. Even a computer could not calculate just how many times. Paradox is that the authors not only earned practically nothing for their brainchild, but that their names are not even remembered.

New 'Garbo Epoch'

Continued from page 3

Powell who was pretty glamorous himself).

Myrna Loy was a goddess who would turn into Mrs. "Thin Man" at the turn of a camera. Ginger Rogers was whirling down to Rio in the arms of Fred Astaire. Kay Francis was still No. 1 at the Warner Bros. studio, although Bette Davis, a popeyed fairly new actress, was breathing hard on her crown. Margaret Sullavan was the most exciting new star in town and Universal and Willie Wyler had her. Majestic Irene Dunne could do no wrong in the musical films of the era. Hedy Lamarr and Luise Rainer would knock Hollywood on its vulnerable end in a year or so.

Louis B. Mayer was importing European femmes by the bushel and this soon included Greer Garson and Deborah Kerr, two ultra ladies who would bring class to Leo the Lion. Joan Crawford was in a bit of a decline, but still to be reckoned with in terms of top glamor. Merle Oberon, who had been in love with Leslie Howard, had just broken her engagement to Joseph M. Schenck on the grounds that her career was more important to her. She would soon be breaking our hearts as Cathy in "Wuthering Heights" with Laurence Olivier who brought his girl friend Vivien Leigh to Hollywood for the duration which enabled her to land the plum role of the decade as Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With The Wind."

Barbara Stanwyck was marching to stardom in the film version of "Burlesque." Loretta Young had already arrived in films with Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy. Carole Lombard and Claudette Colbert were ruling the roost at Paramount where Sylvia Sidney and Miriam Hopkins would soon be on the way out. Katharine Hepburn had won her first Oscar for "Morning Glory," after leaping to stardom in "Bill Of Divorcement" with John Barrymore. Marlene Dietrich was playing in the sands with Charles Boyer in "The Garden Of Allah." Alice Faye was singing dollars at the boxoffice for 20th Century-Fox. Connie Bennett was still the talk of the town for receiving the then all-time high salary of $150,000 per picture. And Shirley Temple was No. 1 in the nation.

The female of the Hollywood species reigned supreme and the men, with the exception of a handful of superstars—Gable, Tracy, Wayne, Cooper, Flynn, Colman—Bob Hope and Bing Crosby were to come later by "Road"—were a large notch below the ladies.

Male Ascendancy

The big screen spelled death to the women who were getting older —it was okay for Elizabeth Taylor, Sophia Loren and Marilyn Monroe. Otherwise, scripts had a "For Men Only" label. A girl was lucky if she was hired to be a foil for Hope or Danny Kaye, or background for Burt Lancaster.

But in the past couple of years, something new has happened. The focal point, of the picture, in fact the whole story is intended to glorify woman—even when she has to be stripped naked or to denigrate to get the attention. In "Rachel, Rachel" the whole thing is about Joanne Woodward. The man, a heel, has a minor section of the footage. The film directed by Paul Newman is a woman's picture in the old tradition.

Mia Farrow might never have been noticed in the old days of glamor—Hepburn was just as skinny but had more presence. However, Miss Farrow, as much because of her private life headlines as her acting ability, causes the longest lines at the theatres today. She is sure of an Oscar nomination for "Rosemary's Baby." The men in the film are barely noticed, even John Cassavetes, a very fine actor. The picture is all Mia Farrow from beginning to end. Her role in "Secret Ceremony" is larger than Elizabeth Taylor's who is talking of retiring. Its false heavy breathing and writhings on the floor with an imaginary lover was not for me . . . but when I emerged the line stretched around the block.

Barbra Streisand's looks have never favored her, but she too has the rare something that spells Big Star. Fanny Brice was born so that Streisand could play her on the stage and screen. Harry Stradling Jr. made her beautfiul in "Funny Girl" which is why this smart girl insisted on having him repeat the miracle in "Hello Dolly." I imagine he required at least seven veils on the camera. But the result is what counts, it's what you see on the screen. She would like Stradling for all of her films the way Garbo always wanted Bill Daniels and Greer Garson had Joe Ruttenberg. Omar Sharif was also in "Funny Girl" and he was a star some years before Miss Streisand, but the reviewers who noticed him merely did it to murder him.

Julie Christie is not as hot as she was in "Darling."

Her miscast "Madding Crowd" can diminish a girl's prospects, but she still has Warren Beatty and in any case she prefers to be a star of today, not the old type filmflam. She is fresh, mod and for this young generation which would laugh at the theatrics and cupid's-bow mouths of Harlow and Shearer. You don't see *their* films on the late late show, but Garbo is just as good today as when she made "Grand Hotel." She is wise to resist the continuing offers to return to the screen. Myths must not be destroyed.

Yankee-Doodle Sexpots

Jane Ponda is our own all-American girl gone to sex in the French manner. She can out-strip any European femme and then some. Must admit to being more startled at her goings-on in "The Game Is Over" and "Barbarella" than when Brigitte Bardot draped herself in a brief towel to emerge from bed in "And God Created Woman" . .

Julie Andrews is a bigger draw today than all of the oldtime gals put together—always excepting Garbo. She has lured somewhere near $200,000,000 from the paying customers and while her latest, "Star!", was rapped by some of the critics, the crowds keep coming to see it.

Then we have Deneuve and Dunaway, a potent package in French or English. Also Anouk Aimee who was established on the international route with "A Man And A Woman." Have forgotten the name of the man in the film, but who can forget Anouk Aimee? Her upcoming "The Appointment" is definitely a woman's picture. Mlle. Deneuve was incredibly good in "Belle de Jour"—they even brought her to Hollywood, the last place for French girls to make a film.

Faye Dunaway singlehandedly drew the world of fashion back to the '30s with her acclaim in "Bonnie and Clyde."

Katharine Hepburn won the Oscar last year when Miss Dunaway or Edith Evans should have been honored, many thought, but this year Miss Hepburn should *win* the statuette for "Lion In Winter," but she will probably lose to Miss Streisand or Miss Woodward. The problem now is that there are so many fine performances by women it will be hard to predict the winner. In past years there was such a paucity of good roles for the ladies it was difficult to come up with five performances good enough for a nomination. This year it is difficult to choose the men.

Slate 6 H'wood Pix For Early '69 Mex Lensing

Mexico City.

The list of Hollywood films scheduled for early 1969 locationing in Mexico has increased to six, according to James L. Fields, technical director of Churubusco Studios.

Universal is adding "Robbers All" and CBS "The Hunters" to the previously set "Catch 22" (Par), "Two Mules for Sister Sara" (U), "The Invincibles" (20th) and an untitled Mirisch production.

Mexican producers Alfredo Ripstein, Guillermo Calderon, Jesus Sotomayor Ernesto Enriquez and Roberto G. Rivera have also bid for early '69 studio space.

Race, Campus, Fest Riots In 1968

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lomatically and patriotically halted only for the Olympics.)

Yippees in Mayor Daley's Chicago provoked "police rioting," (per Walker report) and it was not too orderly in Miami for the GOP convention. The murder of silent screen star Ramon Novarro in his BevHills home by two teenagers; the Black Panthers and the white militants (some are openly armed vigilante groups); the New York striking teachers and the Ocean Hill-Brownsville (N.Y. City) racist confrontations from Negro and Puerto Rican parents and schoolchildren; the San Francisco State College violence made constant headlines.

Skyjacked planes ("book your flight to Miami and get a side-trip to Havana," was the gag) introduced one new wrinkle that was not refugee nor political asylum in Castro's Cuba. It was also robbing the passengers; coming, "The Great Plane Robbery."

The new headlines were created by an electronic age of journalism. With it came charges on the one hand of tv "staging" scenes of violence and on the other an industry attitude that perhaps tv should deescalate coverage of such events because of the contagious chain reaction of burning-and-looting, police confrontations, labor strife, and all the other negative aspects.

In U.S. black communities and in downtown areas where public transportation risked the hazard of interracial "incidents," show biz, notably the cinemas, were dented pre- and during the long hot summer. Not only the racial stress but the campus agitation, the hippies and yippies, the vociferous peaceniks and antiwar demonstrators proliferated into boxoffice detriments. Property loss from such causes was estimated up to $100,000,000 for the year.

Intangible boxoffice loss in the sundry Harlems and adjacent areas across the land, along with the wreckage and arson following manifestations of black militancy and white backlash — the cops included in the latter — also dented trade at restaurants and niteries.

Violence 'Worse'

The White House's Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, headed by Dr. Milton Eisenhower, polled both Hollywood and the networks on minimizing these aspects in upcoming productions.

The Christian Science Monitor monitored seven nights of network tv and Saturday morning programming and counted 84 killings in 85½ primetime tv hours on the three networks, including "violent" cartoons on Saturday morning kidvid. (The Greensboro, S.C., Daily News cancelled its Dick Tracy and Little Orphan Annie comic strips because of their "constant exploitation and advocacy of violence.")

Quick shift of programming to more bland weekend kiddie shows aimed at comedy, dumping monsters, mayhem and marauders.

Hollywood's Stuntmen Assn., whose 200 members average $10,-$50,000 per annum for staging fisticuffs, auto crackups and the like, already are complaining about the reduction of demand for their services.

Telenews panel rated the race crisis a more explosive story than the Vietnam war and, despite the caution not to "stage" "showcase" violence, it was a not infrequent occurrence. When local authorities set curfews and closed liquor stores during the cool-it aftermath, the latter aspect created a new phenomenon — the comeback of the bootlegger.

When New York witnessed a riotous City Hall demonstration Mayor John V. Lindsay "found" $3,000,000 to cool the Summer Youth Job demands.

Not-So-Fun City

The not-so-Fun City, now grimly known as Strike City, faced multiple labor strife in the depths of the Hong Kong flu with the fuel oil delivery truckmen walking out, shortages of vaccine, the waterfront stoppage (again) ($10,000,000-a-day estimated loss to the economy). Mayor Lindsay offed to Nassau for the holidays in the midst of it all. And a flash strike by AGVA choristers saw the Latin Quarter on Broadway dark for the bullish New Year's Eve biz, first time in 27 years. It may never reopen.

Even the baseball umpires were talking unionization and end-season saw the players demanding a bigger slice of the TV pie.

The year witnessed a short strike of Actors Equity which "stranded" touring companies, darkened Broadway legit, killed Gotham hotel, nitery, restaurant, taxicab and concomitant trade. Within one week Broadway legit saw its new low of only 16 lighted playhouses. Three shows did quick foldos, cutting the previous-low mark from 19.

The BevHills-Hollywood branch of the NAACP issued its 1968 annual "Image" Awards at a banquet in the Beverly Hilton emceed by Bob ("Hogan's Heroes") Crane, and toastmastered by George Jessel. Show business and tv sponsors were saluted for "equal opportunity" employment.

'Gutter' Dialog

WB's filmization of Edward Albee's "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" was among the first U.S. major film breakthroughs on heretofore tabooed expletives. In the ensuing four years, to date, what used to be called "gutter" language spread, soundtracks almost parring legit.

There are boxoffice exceptions, of course, to disprove the cynical observation by one film exec that "today a film company would rather have a bad sex film than a good clean one," but it would appear that the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures' C (for condemned)-ratings, for over 20 pix in 1968 — a record — would tend to support the cynic.

Civic agencies having incepted "ratings" of their own, the Motion Picture Assn. of America soon incepted "classification."

MPAA president Jack Valenti and special counsel Louis Nizer stumped the U.S. and Canada, enlisting support of NATO (National Assn. of Theatre Owners) and the FIDAA among others. Following the landmark Texas and Chicago rulings, it was deemed wise to beef-up intraindustry self-regulation by classifications of G (for General Audiences), M (mature, meaning adults and young persons), R (restricted, i.e. admissions under 16 tabu unless accompanied by a parent or guardian) and X (none under 16 permitted).

Help Mom and Pop

Post-"classifications," both Valenti and Nizer took to panel shows and some of the youngsters, of the 14-16 age, challenged the necessity of the system, especially if Hollywood is supposed to have its own "self-regulation code." Incidentally, Geoffrey M. Shurlock, 74, with the Motion Picture Code Administration since 1932 as the late Joseph I. Breen's aide (succeeding him in 1954) just retired, and Eugene E. Doughtery, his longtime assistant, succeeds Shurlock.

In like manner, that film and tv staple, the Western, has been slowed-down by the new anti-violence tack and, while the National Assn. of Broadcasters favors the credo, it contradicts itself when it comes to news coverage — 'tell it like it is," is the edict.

The ambivalence of the medium was exemplified by New York's educational Channel 13 telecasting the second act of the "tribal love rock" musical, "Hair," which is sans that first-act en masse nudity finale. (The censorship-emancipated Londoners saw "Hair" in all its four-letter language and undress with little shock reaction.)

After 14 years Britain also greenlighted for an "X" rating the longtime (14 years) shelved Columbia pic, "The Wild One," Marlon Brando starrer, about a motorcycle gang, with little public reaction. (In Dayton, O., members of The Outlaws, a motorcycle pack, were telling-it-like-it-is, berating the cops for "picking" on them because of their unkemptness, and got arrested on telecamera when cops invaded the studio and nabbed three of them for rape).

'Wild One' Makes It

Pix-to-tv, which is the ultimate residual, has created its own problems. For example, CBS' $35.000.000 deal for some W7 features nixed "Virginia Woolf" but not "Bonnie and Clyde," despite latter's violence. In turn, W7 deferred to TV by discarding "The Chastity Belt" as title for its Tony Curtis-Monica Vitti starrer and reverting to the original tag, "On My Way To The Crusades I Met A Girl Who —."

Courts' leniency with some of the Scandinavian imports, as and when sold to tv, doesn't necessarily free stations from possible entanglement with the FCC.

In Germany and Italy, the spate of sexers, homegrown and imported (notably from Japan), have been seized upon by exhibitors to stave off the b.o. inroads from tv's free feature films.

By a 2-1 decision, the Appeals Court overruled a Federal grand jury which had banned the Swedish import, "I A Curious — Yellow" (Grove Press has it in the U.S.) as "arousing prurient interest in sex," one of the few times a U.S. Customs-seized import had been tabooed.

The 800,000 dues-paying members of the 15,000 local clubs comprising the General Federation of Women's Clubs also are making waves about sex-and-violence on the screen but 20th-Fox's "Prudence and the Pill" didn't make

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Personalities Of the Year

Jacqueline Kennedy and Aristotle Onassis vied for global headlines with South African heart transplant surgeon Dr. Christiaan Barnard (debuting on a double-disk LP for London Records, income to further his work). Irving Berlin and Maurice Chevalier marked 80th birthday celebrations. Judy Garland's no-shows and cancellations and Cassius (Mohamed Ali) Clay's pitch for show biz bookings made news.

Dame Gladys Cooper and Dame Edith Evans also were saluted on their 80ths in British legit.

Helen Hayes, with a current bestseller, "On Reflection" and a personal b.o. triumph in "The Show-Off" revival, says that she will retire at 68, this year, and singer Rosemary Clooney (ex-Mrs. Jose Ferrer) did that after a Reno booking because she can't be a fulltime thrush and ditto mother (five children, aged 8 to 13).

Another chirp, Maxine Andrews (Andrews Sisters) also retired to become dean of women at Tahoe Paradise College (300 males and 100 co-eds) at Lake Tahoe, Nev.

Mae West at 75 heralded film comeback in a Federico Fellini film but then changed her mind.

Israeli actor Assaf Dayan, 21-year-old son of General Moshe Dayan, was set for the lead in John Huston's "A Walk With Love and Death" (20th-Fox) opposite Huston's actress-daughter Angelica, 16.

James Earl Jones ("The Great White Hope"), Joel Grey ("George M"), Jerry Ohrbach ("Promises, Promises") (and to a lesser degree Jill O'Hara who segued from "George M" into "Promises") were the legit personality outstanders. In films, Barbra Streisand recreating her "Funny Girl" role and Dustin Hoffman in Joe Levine's blockbuster, "The Graduate," repeated in "Jimmy Shine."

In radio, the champ longrunning Don McNeill's "The Breakfast Club" called it curtains after more than a third-of-a-century, to be exact 35½ years.

Mandy Rice-Davies, prominent in the Christine Keeler-British Defense Minister John Profumo scandal, now married to an El Al Airlines pilot and partnered with him in the No. 1 Tel Aviv discotheque, called Mandy's, was set for a locally made film in Israel.

A victim of throat cancer, British film actor Jack Hawkins has been learning to speak anew.

First project of the new Israel Communications Center in Jerusalem is a filmed biog of ex-Premier David Ben-Gurion's life and times. He is 82.

Lee Tracy's estate of over $2,000,000 surprised show biz by its size. Paul Muni left $1,193,367. The late Metro producer-director Albert Lewin's estate yielded around $250,000 to the Motion Picture & Television Relief Fund, to which Tracy also made bequests.

Walter Wanger, big moneymaker and big spender, left peanuts (between $10,-$20,000); indie producer - cum - lawyer - cum - agent Charles K. Feldman bequeathed beaucoup art mementoes to a long roster of show biz friends and, latterly, the trustee of the estate named Jerry Bresler president of CFK Productions Inc. which carries on Feldman's residual business. Brian Epstein, who guided The Beatles to fame and fortune, and who died at 36 from an overdose of drugs, left only $638,476 net ($1,166,476 gross), surprisingly low considering his 25% slice of The Beatles. Estimates were around $17,000,000 but he subsidized many artists he was promoting, not all clicking.

A (Spyros P.) Skouras Center for the Creative Arts at Hellenic College, Brookline, Mass., will honor the 20th-Fox board chairman on his 75th birthday. French Cultural Minister Andre Malraux at a special ceremony made Darryl F. Zanuck a Commander of the Order of Arts & Letters "for his contributions to the world of cinema in general and to the French industry in particular."

Elvis Presley became a father (girl) for the first time; Jack Benny at 39-going-on-74 donated all his memorabilia (900 radio and 296 TV scripts and transcriptions) to UCLA; LBJ formalized a posthumous gold medal in memory of Walt Disney; Mia Farrow divorced Sinatra who sounded-off against the L.A. smog while she made b.o. lines with "Rosemary's Baby" and headlines via four-letter words in court, following an all-night London hotel party.

A melodramatic note scribbled on a restaurant menu by playwright Tennessee Williams to his brother inferred his life was in danger (this was punctuated by one of his periodic "disappearances"); he and producer David Merrick had words over "The Seven Descents of Myrtle" (shortlived); Merrick had a few unchoice words ("limey," etc.) for N.Y. Times critic Clive Barnes, and last month reversed himself, following Barnes' glowing rave for Merrick's "Promises, Promises."

After 27 years of criticking, the dean of film reviewers, Bosley Crowther, exited the N.Y. Times to join Columbia Pictures on a management consultant level with accent on story properties, possible foreign film acquisitions, and the like.

Despite the Vietnam stalemate, including an unfortunate shooting by South Vietnamese and-or U.S. troops of some USO entertainers, the Hollywood talent committees dispatched shows to all fronts. Martha Raye had already made her unique impact in the Far East and George Jessel not only did the Vietnam circuit but also Greenland, Germany, Italy and other U.S. installations.

There is talk of a Medal of Honor for Jessel and Jimmy Durante, and also official recognition for Miss Raye.

The U.S. Supreme Court posthumously upheld some of Lenny Bruce's act on its "social value" appeal. Femmes in pants-suits and men's turtlenecks posed problems for headwaiters at some posheries. Realtor William Zeckendorf's $79,000,000 bankruptcy ("but he still did more for the realestate boom," said some).

Phil Silvers was among the show biz comics "Bilko'd" in that BevHills Friars Club "peephole" cardgame cheating scandal (four ultimately indicted);

The phenomenon of Tiny Tim.

U.S. Politics and Media

While show biz was increasingly frank in drawing partisan political lines in campaigning for the Presidential candidates, the extent of their demonstrative activitism seemed to focus on moneyraising discotheques, notably in New York—"Rock for Rocky," "Hubarets" (cabarets for Hubert H. Humphrey) and "Eugene's" (for McCarthy). The latter teed off the vogue of $5-admissions for campaign fundraising.

A new hippie "thing" also was a political demonstration which jammed New York's Grand Central Terminal with some 3,000 youths. From a be-in it swelled to a militant antiwar happening.

The week of April 4-9 witnessed (1) LBJ's decision not to run; (2), his surprise visit to Chi for the NAB convention; (3), the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.; 4) civic disorders.

The American nightmare continued and on June 5 Senator Robert F. Kennedy was shot while campaigning in L.A. He died the next day. Peak tv coverage of the King and Kennedy funerals totaled 120,000,000 lookership audiences.

When Hanoi accepted LBJ's North Vietnam cease-bombing for a Paris peace conference—still going on—NBC deployed a newsteam of 40 to Paris, with an overhead of $20,000-a-day.

Showman-industrialist Roger L. Stevens, appointed chairman of the National Cultural Center by President Kennedy and continuing under LBJ, saluted President Johnson who "has done more for the arts than any other President." Former President Eisenhower, still fighting for his life after another massive heart attack, will have a theatre named for him within the JFK Center for the Performing Arts. LBJ so announced it in honor of the General's 78th birthday.

HCM—High Cost of Memoirs

UA prez Arthur B. Krim, close friend to President Lyndon B. Johnson, is handling the $1,000,000 royalty advance for LBJ's memoirs, with several publishers interested.

McCall's laid it on the line—$1,000,000 for 25,000 words, or $40-a-word, perhaps the world's record for publishing rights—for the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy's account of the 1962 U.S.-USSR nuclear missile confrontation over Cuba. While U.S. Attorney-General, RKF taperecorded the 25,000-word account of the crisis.

Ladybird's press secretary, Elizabeth (Liz) Carpenter, a vet newspapergal, former president of the Washington Women's Press Club, a frequent speaker at p.r. conclaves and known for her humorous flair, also has a fancy post-Administration writing chore, plus a $100,000 advance from Doubleday. Book by the wife of Les Carpenter (he's VARIETY bureau chief in D.C.,) is to have deliberate comedy approach to happenings during the Johnson administration.

The accused assassins of Senator Kennedy and Rev. Dr. King, respectively Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, 24-year-old Jordanian, and James Earl Ray, joined the year's dubious literati parade. They signed for their "exclusive" autobiogs, splitting with pro writers Robert Blair Kaiser and William Bradford Huie, latter the author of "Three Lives For Mississippi," story of the three slain civil rights workers in Philadelphia, Miss.

Tempt him... whip him... brand him... break him

...but make damn sure the stranger doesn't crawl out of town alive!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents
An Allen Klein Production
starring Tony Anthony
"A stranger in town"

BOX OFFICE GREATS from 1968!

— in 1969:

an "EASTERN WESTERN"
(Soon to Be Released)

an
ALLEN KLEIN
Production

He rides a horse with a queer name
and carries a pink parasol.
He's after a solid-gold stagecoach
and a band of cutthroats.
It's the living-and dying-end
in excitement!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
presents
An Allen Klein Production
starring
Tony
Anthony

"THE STRANGER RETURNS"

Long Shadow of Future 'Leisure'

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waves at the b.o. like the Pope's encyclical reaffirming the church's ban on artificial birth control.

Sexplicity On Stage

"The Beard" and "Hair," etc., with their sexplicity (sex explicit) quality paved the way for a flock of other items broadly cataloged as off-Broadway and avant-garde, but once, in a simpler age, just called "dirty shows."

Haight-Ashbury (Frisco) hip Straight Theatre presented Monty Pike's play, "Carnival and Resurrection of the Blind God Orpheus." The cast implored the audience, "Be free!" Whereupon some 50 of them took off their clothes, mounted the stage and danced naked. The hipsters did their thing in the buff for about a month until the cops got wind.

Meantime, and a few months later, in the City of Brotherly Love, the Philly gendarmes arrested three stags-at-Eve (and eventide) for dancing in the traffic virtually nude as a climax to the local Living Theatre's production of "Paradise Now," a 4½-show which also has audience participation. The three arrested were the Living Theatre's head (and loincloth) man Julian Beck, 35; Steven Ben Israel, 30, and another just identified on the police blotter as Echuaton.

The Kresge Auditorium of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology feared loss of its license, so cut-off the Julian Beck-Judith Melina (Mrs. Beck) Living Theatre after a few performances of "Paradise Now." Here, instead of the cast playing in the Philadelphia traffic, one male customer calmly removed his clothes and sat smoking a cigaret stark naked in the audience. Resultant student uproar caused faculty authorities to end the engagement.

Experimental drama on the campus vs. "good taste" and "responsibility" split the Boston critics following performance of Megan Terry's play, "Massachusetts Trust" at the (Nate) Spingold Theatre on the campus of Waltham's Brandeis Univ. Staged by Tom O'Horgan ("Hair," etc.), the Cafe LaMama Co., an off-off-Broadway group had been six weeks in residence on the Brandeis campus when the nudity and four-letter language erupted, particularly distressing Elliot Norton of the Boston Record-American whose review got the university authorities' attention.

Robert Brustein, dean of the Yale Drama School (he's also a noted critic), defended the Becks when they hit New Haven and the local cops hauled them off to the gaol when the baldpated, shoulder-length-haired Beck, wearing only a loincloth, mingled with the Elis and the towners in perhaps not so beautiful downtown New Haven. The cops misinterpreted his plea for a "vertical scent to greater freedom, greater plenty" as oldfashioned indecent exposure and arrested him and others.

Negro Stars Rally To 'Cool It' Via Radio-TV

Sports figures, recording artists and other Negro personalities took to the airwaves to cool it after the King assassination, but riots flared out of control. Closing of schools, banks, time-off for mourning and other manifestations in respect of the martyr loosed too many on the streets in urban centres. Rock-singer James Brown seemed among those potent in helping the cool-it-baby cause.

The Academy postponed the Oscars from April 8 to 10 — first time in 40 years — because of the national mourning; Sammy Davis Jr., Sidney Poitier, Diahann Carroll and Louis Armstrong cancelled out on the Oscarcast; the music industry readied albums and donated royalties to the Southern Christian Leadership Conference; 20th-Fox Records repackaged Rev. King's famed "I Have A Dream" speech, again donating royalties to SCLC; several bios on the Nobel prizewinning advocate of nonviolence were rushed out, and Mrs. King signed for a reported $500,000 advance with Holt, Rinehart & Winston for her story of life with Dr. King.

Show business was making positive moves to enhance employment on all fronts. It was not just a case of ex-Cleveland Browns footballer Jim Brown "making it like Sidney Poitier" in pictures, or Bill Cosby in tv, but a sincere effort to write in more Negro players.

Diahann Carroll, Cambridge

"Peyton Place" moved in a Negro family. Diahann Carroll's situation comedy, "Julia," teed off the new CBS-TV season to good ratings. CBS signed comedian Godfrey Cambridge to a 10-year pact. Clairol ("Blondes have more fun") pitched its hairspray to "black is beautiful." McCann-Erickson feted its new 35-year-old, Detroit-born musical director Billy Davis (ex-Motown Records), with an eye to pepping up the pop musical sound in its Coca-Cola commercials. Chrysler slapped down Doyle Lott, its ad manager, for being Dixie-sensitive at the taping wherein Harry Belafonte "touched" Petula Clark's arm during their rendition of an anti-war song, "Paths of Glory." Miss Clark is the white British singer.

Henry Lewis became the first American Negro musical director of a U.S. symphony orchestra, the New Jersey Symphony. (Last year Dean Dixon, who batoned the Australian Symphony, observed that American Negroes had to go abroad to achieve that stature).

Gregory's Fast

Vietnam War protestants brought the races together, of course. Dick Gregory dramatized it with a 40-day fast, entered the Presidential "race" on a Peace & Freedom Party candidate (lawyer-author of "Rush To Judgment" Mark Lane, white, as veepee).

Black athletes' threatened boycott of the Olympics made headlines but the Cinderella story of the Mexico City games was gold medalist 19-year-old Job Corps recruit George Foreman who, like previous gold medalists Floyd Patterson, Cassius Clay (alias Mohamed Ali) and Joe Frazier, plans to go on from Olympic glory to fisticuff gold. His proud waving of a miniature American flag was in contrast to the earlier ouster of Tommie Smith and John Carlos, clenched-fisted, beret-wearing advocates of black power whose credentials were taken away for political intrusion into the competition.

Stepin Fetchit was unconcerned about some anti-Uncle Tom cracks anent his "stereotyped" Negro mannerisms. The 76-year-old Negro comic, in turn, observed that the Sidney Poitier film, "Guess Who's Coming To Dinner," "did more to stop intermarriage than to help it; nobody in the

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TV In '68—More Of the Same

Television was stet. More feature films. More news coverage. More moves to integrate Negro and Puerto Rican staffers in front of and in back of the mike. Also more headaches from D.C. and the FCC causing CBS' Frank Stanton to sound an alarm over the "gravest danger" to freedom-of-press (electronic, printer's ink, and others).

With the Nixon victory, incidentally, CBS board chairman William S. Paley was spoken of for an ambassadorship, as he had been before, and as reports in the past had Dr. Stanton accepting a cabinet post under LBJ.

Negro talent, of course always to the fore in vaudeos, loomed even larger as top and second bananas on next season's projected boom in variety formats. Next to movies, vaudeo appears most certain and, in effect, the "specials" are aggrandized hours of variety acts.

RCA's first $3,000,000,000 year beat the company's own expectations by three years, per prexy Bob Sarnoff.

ABC did well with its Olympics coverage despite the $4,000,000 commitment. The other networks had predicted Leonard H. Goldenson's web had "overpaid," especially in a Presidential year, but the Mexico City games were welcome relief from the avalanche of balloting verbiage.

The Presidential race spelled another bonanza for the three networks which garnered $9,504,017 in billings.

TV's Own Pix Prod.

The TV networks continued their own film production expansion. CBS' Cinema Center Films, under prexy Gordon Stulberg, has started to click, and ditto ABC's Palomar and Selmur Pictures subsids. Latter are now under ex-GAC top film agent Harry Baum, newly in charge of the network's filmmaking activities. (RCA is refraining, presumably on the premise of caution over possible Governmental criticism. The Motion Picture Assn. of America's Jack Valenti and Louis Nizer make no bones about their attitude that networks, with theatreowning and/or film production-distribution arms, are vulnerable to monopoly charges).

None the less both webs have gone to Hollywood and abroad to implement their production and distribution.

Detroit's WJBK-TV censored the last stanza of Pete Seeger's antiwar song, "Waist Deep in the Big Muddy," on the Smothers Bros. CBS network. All six stanzas of "Big Muddy," once-censored off the air, had been okayed by CBS-TV. In London, BBC-TV, "neutral" on the Arab-Israeli dispute, banned Larry Adler's RCA Victor recording of "Jerusalem, The Golden City." The Vatican Radio didn't ban "God Is Dead" and other protest songs which Italy's state-operated RAI-TV had previously tabooed.

TV and Pops

From homos, prosties, unmarried couples, transvestites, "sex-exercizes for sex cripples," go-go dancers, strippers and just plain wierdos on the sundry syndicated and local panel shows, the tv permissiveness also has undergone a quiet revolution on the primetime network shows. Johnny Carson, Rowan & Martin and the Smothers Bros. have been in the vanguard of beating down the censors but there's still many a blip between the quip and the l.p. It's gotten so that lipreaders may have more voyeuristic fun than any other tv audience.

While a Georgia solon introduced a bill for compulsory publication of lyrics on the jackets of phonograph and taped recordings—as one means to curb hidden obscenity, "pot" messages to kids, etc.—John (Beatles) Lennon and his Japanese girlfriend Yoko Ono got global spotlighting with their frontal nudity (not pretty, either!) on the jacket of their new album, The Virgins. EMI blacked-out the release but in the U.S. its U.S. affiliate Capitol, issued a stark white jacket which, by that time, made most recordbuyers privy to the undraped origin. Lennon and Yoko coincidentally were having their own legalistic problems on marijuana charges, resulting in a fine and promise to desist.

Another British group, the Rolling Stones, succumbed to Deccas' tabu of its LP jacket which included lavatory graffiti ("Lyndon Loves Mao," "God Rolls His Own" etc.). While the Stones argued that "if they (Decca) can tell us what to put on the cover, next thing they'll tell us what to record," that artistic freedom of thought retreated as the Christmas sales loss potential loomed.

Meantime back at the underground movie scene, Andy Warhol survived a shooting, and one of his leading ladies wound up self-committed in a sanitorium. *Abel.*

'Conglomerate': Key Word of 1968

Wall St. having "discovered" (again) the picture business in 1968 the snowballing of conglomerates and acquisitions soon embraced peripheral entities. Leisure-time entertainment became part of the financial parlance. Anything from banjo picks to motorboats, with music, records, films, theatres, bowling alleys in between, suddenly took on aggrandized economic worth. Some of it seemed ridiculous.

More realistic was the $40,000,000 Avco Embassy Pictures merger and Avco smartly left founder-prexy Joseph E. Levine in charge. "The Graduate" zoomed as one of the alltime grossers followed by "A Lion In Winter."

The Time Inc.-Seagram's (Edgar M. Bronfman) 20% coownership of MGM witnessed prexy Bob O'Brien moving up to board chairman and an "outsider," i.e. not a film man, Louis F. Polk Jr., ex-General Mills, to be made new president of Metro at next week's meeting.

"Rosemary's Baby" and "Odd Couple" were credited to "turning around" Paramount. There, too, G&W wisely left it to a film man, Martin S. Davis, to run Par.

Columbia Pictures Industries Inc. became the new diversified holding corporation as Screen Gems, 86% by Col, was merged into the new entity.

$750,000,000 Deal

Perhaps the peak show biz success story is Loew's Theatres Inc. which is a euphemistic billing for vast hotel and realty holdings, capped by takeover of P. Lorillard Corp. ($31,000,000, earnings on $565,000,000 sales in 1967 of Kent, Old Gold, True and Newport cigarets, plus cat food and candy sidelines). Combined "Loewrillard" (inside trade joke) sales volume is projected at $750,000,000.

Lorillard earlier in the year had bucked Glen Alden (RKO Stanley Warner Theatres, BVD, McCrory Stores, etc.) in a bid to take over Schenley's (liquors and biotics) but withdrew. Loew's also was also set back by Control Data Corp. in a bid to acquire Commercial Credit Co. but wound up a happy loser with a $21,000,000 stock profit in the process.

If the Westinghouse Electric Corp. takeover of MCA Inc. is ever approved—there appears to be a Governmental stalling at this writing—the giant $365,000,000 deal was figured to give founder-board chairman Jules C. Stein over $102,000,000 tax-free yield on his large stock ownership. MCA prexy Lew Wasserman would garner half that amount on his holdings.

At year-end the off-on National General Corp. takeover of Warner Bros.-Seven Arts, in itself an amalgam, was on-again.

And Britain's Electric & Musical Industries, which earlier in the year bought out W7's 25% ownership in Associated British Pictures Corp., later acquired the rest of it. On top of that, the report persisted that if NGC-W7 were not to be approved by the U.S. Government, EMI was standing by to make a deal with Eliot Hyman for all of W7.

EMI, which controls Capitol Records, figured in Alan W. Livingston, prez of Cap, exiting that company. At one time he was reported talking with Bob O'Brien to handle MGM Records, following Mort Nasitir's exit, but instead Arnold Maxin, head of the Big Three Music (Robbins, Feist and Miller) resumed as head of both the diskery and the music publishing arma. Red ink on the MGM Records end figured largely in Metro's economic travail, another instance where a former byproduct (music and records) accounts for beaucoup black ink. (This was true in the case of W7 when Reprise and Warner Records, the former acquired from Frank Sinatra, toted up a goodly profit this year).

Philip J. Levin, longtime maverick in bucking the O'Brien management at MGM, meantime took his $22,000,000 profit, as result of the stock fluctuations (Edgar M. Bronfman took over his stock last year) and put it into Gulf & Western. Charles G. Bluhdorn put Levin in charge of the company's extensive realty holdings and latter started flirting with hotels and other takeovers. Italy's posh CIGA Hotels chain was discussed. G&W also upped its holdings in Pan American Airways, plus an increasing number of basic industries.

Norton Simon Inc., new conglomerated billing for his Hunt Foods & Industries Inc., Canada Dry and McCall Corp., having once eyed an American Broadcasting Companies Inc. takeover, bought Talent Associates Ltd., the New York-based tv production firm based by David Susskind, Daniel Melnick and Leonard Stern. Art collector-industrialist made headlines with a $1,550,000 purchase by telephone to New York's Parke-Bernet Galleries of Renoir's "Le Pont des Arts, Paris."

Howard Hughes, following a tender offer for ABC, returned 34% of the common stock he had acquired (he bid for 43%) when it was made clear he would have to appear before the Federal Communications Commission. The publicity-shy tycoon balked. There also was inference that Hughes Tool Co. might have violated the Communications Act with its tender. Two years ago Hughes sold his 75% in TWA for $546,500,000 and it may be his attorneys counseled him about getting involved again with a publicly held company. At year's end Huges closed for Western Air, a $95,000,000 deal.

John D. MacArthur, multimillionaire-brother of late playwright Charles MacArthur (and Ben Hecht; "Front Page," etc.), and Dallas oil tycoon Lamar T. Hunt also were reported interested in ABC control, but this was refuted.

Transamerica, already owner of United Artists (films, telefilms and UA Records) also acquired Liberty Records, but peaked to a new $300,000,000 takeover of Metromedia. This projected the latter, of which John W. Kluge is chairman and president, as a possible fourth network. (The last "fourth network" ambition was the illfated Dan Overmyer and Oliver Treyz's try).

Within the same month (October) as the above, RCA (also Hertz Rental, Random House, etc.) bid $700,000,000 for St. Regis Paper Co., but it is yet to be finalized.

In September the amalgamed Crowell Collier & Macmillan Inc. publishing house acquired Brandon Films, indie importer-exporter, and bid $1,955 a share for the 107-year-old G. Schirmer Inc., music publisher, with a $250,000,000 volume.

North American Philips (Dutch-owned electronic giant Philips) paid $42,500,000 for the worldwide Chappell & Co., widows of Max and Louis Dreyfus decided to sell out. (Other music mergers detailed in Music Dept.).

There's only one like it! We're talking about the picture, of course!

There is also only one Chicago International Film Festival. It was very successful. It was also as pleasantly provocative as a Skrebneski photo. We couldn't let it go by without doing something special. We wanted the Post Office to issue a commemorative stamp. They didn't think we rated with outstanding events like the Chicago Fire and Film Censorship Week. Who's to argue?

Instead, we had *the* silk house of New York produce an originally designed Festival scarf. It was bigger than a stamp! Since the Festival, we've been deluged with requests for more. So we decided to produce a very limited amount. A collector's item.

For those who like to be wrapped in success. And be as pleasantly provocative as a Skrebneski photo. A lot of people do, you know!

So do films! And they haven't been getting that sort of treatment at other Festivals, now, have they?

5th Chicago International Film Festival—November 8 thru 19, 1969
235 West Eugenie Street—Chicago, Illinois 60614 U.S.A.
Michael J. Kutza, Jr., Festival Director

WRH

Black Power

Continued from page 56

picture believed in it, not even Poitier . . ." The rhubarb started with an old film clip in CBS' "Black History — Lost, Stolen or Strayed" telecast.

Early in the year Eartha Kitt, a White House guest at a White House luncheon, sounded off on racial problems which made headlines pro and con. Those objecting charged her with "arrogance" or "ill manners" vis-a-vis Mrs. Johnson.

In France, Josephine Baker, St. Louis-born Negro star of the Folies Bergere, was having about $180,000 worth of financial trouble with creditors who would foreclose her multiracial orphanage she has been sponsoring at Bergerac, France.

Black power advocate Stokely Carmichael married African folksinger Miriam Makeba who charged "boycott" on bookings resulted.

In Charleston Gordon Langley Hall, British biographer of Jacqueline Onassis and Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, changed his sex and his name to Dawn and announced intention to marry John Paul Simmons, son of a Negro Baptist deacon. Hall is the adopted son of Dame Margaret Rutherford, famed British actress, whose comment was, "I do wish Dawn wasn't marrying a Baptist."

Folksinger Joan Baez, prominent among the white militants for civil rights and antiwar, married David Victor Harris, former student-president of Stanford Univ., who was sentenced to three years ("the only purpose of the sentence is punitive," observed the Frisco Federal Judge) for refusing to accept military induction. He is out on appeal.

South African-born nonwhite singer Danny Williams, who left Capetown to tour England where he clicked, returned to his homeland for three weeks' booking but the local promoter was given permission to book him only into nonwhite houses and barred from appearing in white-only theatres.

Anglo-U.S. dramatists, vexed with South African apartheid policy, seemed not to be concerned when faced having their plays deliberately "pirated" for local production.

Changing Broadway Scene

The New York changing scene was one of inflation to upped taxi rates; ditto hotels, eateries, niteries, you-name-it. From $5 minimum charges, the shift has been to $5-and-more couverts in hotel rooms which heretofore looked upon their entertainment rooms as ballyhoo for the upstairs rooms rentals.

The $3.50 movie upped to $4 and more—Walter Reade Jr. put a $5.50 pricetag on "Ulysses"—and the $7.50-$9 and $10 legit ticket, for top plays and musicals, is now $12.50 and $15.

Strikes and confrontations, from The Bronx to Brooklyn, with unruly kids beating teachers; teachers trading points like Jimmy Hoffa's Teamster Union tactics; cops, firemen, sanitation workers, even the UN guards and Long Island highway patrolmen, demanding more, Ditto the RR trainmen. Either via strike or slowdown or both, and, all the time, the public — caught in the middle — be damned.

The unionization of uniforms — including a backlash police group called LEG (for Law Enforcement Guild) — created what James Reston on the N.Y. Times patly called "the tyranny of the minorities."

The prosties, pimps, homos, weirdos and pornos were rampant so as to make it look even more like "Slime Square" and, as each new skyscraper broke ground, the same old chorus about "cleaning up" 42d St. made specious headlines.

For "Funny Girl" at the Criterion, Columbia Pictures staged a tent-topped Times Sq. bash in the across-the-street parking lot, on the site of the Hotel Astor, now to become a 50-story skyscraper (including a self-contained, 1,600-capacity, single-balcony legit theatre).

Loew's Capitol farewelled-to-Broadway with a charity fete, as Uris Bldg. Corp. took over the Broadway-and-51st St. site for another 51-story skyscraper. Peter Sharp paid City Investing $10,000,000 for the 44th-45th St. blockfront (Astor and Victoria cinemas, flanked by the Morosco and Helen Hayes legiters) and inevitably that, too, will become a skyscraper. Ditto the Toffenetti Restaurant corner; also the Bond's Clothes-Criterion Theatre, plus others. Fringing Times Sq. in the early 50s, other skyscrapers are abuilding. Pattern was set by the Tisches (Loew's) with their Americana and City Squire Hotels and the Tower 53 combination office building-apartment house.

Madison Sq. Garden shifted to the Penn RR zone and the old site may become film studios, an office building, or a huge Convention Hall as other 8th Ave. sites in the 50s have been redeveloped for housing.

The new Garden teed off with a USO bash that grossed $453,262, at $10-$250-a-head. It wasn't long before the new MSG was beset with politico and ethnic riots but, as expected, the Statler Hilton, New Yorker and lesser hotels, plus new restaurant, pubs and clubs in the periphery, found new prosperity. Boycott by Negro athletes of the N.Y. Athletic Club games was among the first of the demonstrations.

New York's Mayor John V. Lindsay lost his "Mr. Clean" image in his holdout against the sanitmen (Gov. Rockefeller had to step in and settle that one) but none the less Hizzoner got a standing ovation at the Garden's USO charity preem. Filmmakers were enthusiastic about Lindsay who certainly eased film production cooperation for Gotham-localed pix, feature and vid.

None the less, New York tourism — not only Paris, because of DeGaulle, or LBJ's pitch pro-"Visitez USA"—was down $1,500-000 to $4,000,000, in July. Hotels, theatres, restaurants, the hardy tourist barometers like Rockefeller Center, the Empire State and the Circle Line also reflected it. Even NBC complained about diminished ticket demands for tv studio shows.

From strikes to "slowdowns" to absenteeism ("Hong Kong flu" shows, although later in the year the Asiatic flu wave was no joke), the usual services expected by locals and tourists were sadly lacking. Kidding-on-the-square newscaster opened, "Good morning, today's strikes are. . . ."

Mayor Lindsay formally named it No. 1 Gulf & Western Plaza for that Columbus Circle-Central Park West site, opposite the Coliseum, where Realty Equities Corp. is erecting a $20,000,000 44-story G&W Bldg. to house the conglomerate which owns Paramount Pictures, among other entities. Incidentally, the Paramount Bldg. also underwent reconstruction by adding a new 8-story office wing on the site of the razed Paramount Theatre.

An idea for a Grand Central Tower, atop the Grand Central RR, a la the Penn Plaza Tower atop the Pennsy, now seems cold. Would create prohibitive office personnel and traffic congestion. It was to have been a companion $100,000,000 tower to the Pan Am Bldg. but City Planning Commission chairman Donald K. Elliott opined "it's the wrong building, in the wrong place, at the wrong time."

College Runs Theatre

Albany.

Cazenovia College now operates as a motion picture spot for its student the former Town Hall in Cazenovia, N.Y.

Nicholas Googin operated it on a commercial basis for many years, serviced from Albany, recently part-time.

Howard Hughes and Las Vegas

Howard Hughes and Las Vegas became synonymous in 1968 as the industrialist kept expanding his realty tract and casino-hotel acquisitions. Nevada attorney-general Harvey Dickerson asked the state to limit multiple-ownerships for fear of monopolistic control. Hughes' $150,000,000 earmarked for a 4,000-room addition to The Sands brought his LV stake to a quarter-billion. Addition of the Stardust (he already owns the companion Desert Inn) and Silver Slipper on the Strip gives Hughes 14% of the state's betting volume, surpassing William Harrah in the Reno-Lake Tahoe sector, although it is figured Hughes wants the land for ultimate industrial usage rather than the casino-hotels, despite their lucrative yield. At year's end he won control of Air West Airlines for $95,000,000.

One thing Hughes also achieved was to revitalize chain hotel interest in what once regarded essentially a "mob" redoubt. Trans-Texas Airlines tycoon Kirk Kerkvorian (Flamingo owner) is building the $80,000,000 International Hotel near The Strip. Interior decorator Al Parvin and other "legit" businessmen are in the LV field.

Obviously this new breed of operator has not pared the talent nor spared the epidermis. Yet it's hypoed "family trade" and "convention business" interest—and with it, of course, the gambling gross which the Nevada Gaming Commission has been reporting with continual escalating statistics. The 1967-68 fiscal year ending June 30 marked a 14% rise to $227,000,000 and the fiscal record for 1968 tilted to a peak $387,000,000. The Hughes image is given general credit.

Hughes was set back by authorities that his "eye-in-the-sky" (peephole above the gaming tables to spy on dealers and players, and keep them both honest) was an unlawful invasion of their privacy. Accordingly, three of a group of 10 arrested at the Hughes-owned Frontier Hotel in downtown Las Vegas, for allegedly switching cards in a blackjack game, won their liberty.

(The Beverly Hills Friars Club "peephole" gambling scandal, however, got four indicted for cheating).

Talent Bull Market

This bull market in casinos reflected itself in talent shortage. New emoluments and suspected under-table embellishments, gifts, etc., favored certain headliners.

Some hotel-casinos conceived the idea of making the headliner responsible for their entire supporting shows by giving them lump sums which could or could not constitute salary increases, depending on how astute the star was in buying his supporting talent.

Caesars Palace copartner Jay Sarno preemed $15,000,000 combination Big Top and gambling casino, called Circus Circus (no hotel rooms; favored guests are put up at CP) and clicked. *Abel.*

Olympics' Unsung Hero

Continued from page 4

the quickest route over which emerging or new nations can rally enthusiasm and native talent and enter the big time.

Probably a seventh of the 7,226 athletes who competed there have seen Mal Whitfield's USIA and State Dept. films, and have met him personally, and former U.S. Ambassador to Kenya, William Attwood (now editor-in-chief, Cowles Publications) has often said he was a most valued and valuable member of his staff.

Whitfield is a genuine product of the Olympics. As a poor Los Angeles boy, from Watts, he was 8 years old when, by saving his hard-earned pennies, he saw a Negro named Eddie Tolan in the 1932 Games in L.A. win three gold medals. It was then, as small boys will do, he made up his mind to run and one day be an Olympian.

He literally electrified the stands, and became the high point of two Olympic films, the 1948 one by the J. Arthur Rank Organization in London, and the 1952 version in Helsinki, by Suomi Filmy Oy, both of which were given world circulation and liberal play before young audiences.

Then, unlike many such champions who hang up their shoes and their medals and go on to other things, Whitfield became a full-time evangelist of the Olympic ideal, first in the Los Angeles Parks & Recreation Dept., and then as a State Dept. emissary in Africa especially, but elsewhere as well. He has been given sportsmanship awards in some 63 states of the world.

Mexico brought many of his proteges into full focus, the high altitude-low oxygen combination being an equalizer as many of the east African countries are at elevations similar to that of Mexico City. Their mere presence with the greats of track and field, the spectacles of ceremonial opening and farewell, and their presence on film—as well as the number of medals they won—will provide new grist for the inspirational mill as the still pictures and films go into every city and thatched village of the back country.

But, in the beginning, it was Mal Whitfield, the man they could touch, the man who came to see and move among them and talk to them and answer their questions. He was an authentic hero of their own color, and it was he who told them they could run and jump against the best and win. And here, and more will in the future, they believed him. Some did win.

In Africa he was a "movie star" who really meant something, as what he could achieve was more nearly within their reach than many of the films they saw. And they were nothing to do with make-believe, only perspiration, discipline, hard and long hours of training and physical endurance—all good things for an emerging nation's people to learn.

A 'Coaches' Institute'

In Mexico City, the Government of Greece and Litton-Greece had been running a questionnaire through the hands of coaches of developed as well as developing countries to get a feel for a "coaches' institute" which is planned for ancient Olympia, where the Olympic Games began. It has been the coaches from the African countries who have sparked to the idea most readily, because, through Whitfield most of all, they know the value of inspiration to those who feel themselves far behind.

Whitfield helped develop that questionnaire, after he made a pilgrimage of his own to the old site in Western Peloponnesus. He was so moved by what he saw and felt, he thought it could have a high motivational effect on all others. Whitfield, who has written a book called "How to Run," gives the income to a fund which sponsors coaching schooling for an outstanding athlete of Kenya each year, but Olympia gave him new ideas.

"This place," he said, "deserves to become a spiritual wonder of the world. If it could be done, when I die, I'd like to be buried here."

History will have to tell us whether Whitfield, or others, will have done most for true and responsible leadership of the black people through the medium of sports to prominence.

Mal Whitfield has proved that a man with a can of film, the memory of what the Olympics did for him, and the willingness to take it all into the wildernesses of the world—can do wonders. The medals won by his proteges, and their effects on Africa's youngsters, may be more important than the ones he won himself.

Munich's Shock

Continued from page 3

tigious Residenztheater. The young tragedienne, Elisabeth Orth, suddenly sounded the German equivalent of the English four-letter word for copulation. This in "The Walls" by Jean Genet. Then at the Kammerspiele, an equally well-known and serious ingenue, Hannelore Elsner, faithfully obeyed stage direction in Slawomir Mrozek's piece, "Tango," by lowering her blouse to expose her breasts.

Maximilian Schell tried, in a fourfold capacity as producer, adaptor, stage director, and title lead, to turn "Hamlet" into a dramatic demonstration against the powers that be. Poor mad Ophelia, for instance, pantomimically engaged in sexual intercourse, not with Hamlet, but with the King. At first sight, spectators in Munich's Deutsches Theater were outraged.

Then there opened in Munich the German version of New York's "Hair," with its choice bits of "vile and blasphemous language," and its total exposures of human bodies. Following dress rehearsal, would-be censors from the most different corners howled with protest, and for a few evenings fig leaves in the form of tiny handkerchiefs kept the pubic spots out of view. These later were dispensed with, though some of the text cuts stayed vetoed.

Munich's "Hair" production nevertheless emerged as a smash hit bound for an indefinite run. Cast comprises 31 (mainly amateurs: sales girls, models, students, or simply the Munich hippie brand, called 'gammlers"). It's been well directed by Bertrand Castelli.

Competing with "Hair" for the distinction of being the town's top shocker is Michael MacLure's "The Beard," offered here within a four-feature night program by "Die Tribuene."

Paris Barricades

Continued from page 4

brand of leftism "a remedy to the senile sickness of Communism," turning the tables on his elders.

When his opponents let it be known here and there that he was an unwanted foreigner from across the Rhine—and a Jew to boot—the students marched in the streets chanting: "We're all undesirables, We're all German Jews." These slogans were also used in some of the posters made by art students and stuck up on the walls of Paris' Left Bank.

The whole Cohn-Bendit episode was in the style of a Billy Wilder film, with Danny returning to France after being officially expelled, entering the Sorbonne to continue his discussions, then leading a mass demonstration across Paris.

The Beaux-Arts posters were often little gems, but there were also simple slogans scrawled with a paint brush inside or outside the occupied buildings. One of them that quickly went around the world was of course the confession: "The more I make revolution, the more I want to make love." To which was added an amendment: "The more I make love, the more I want to make revolution." Another slogan, obviously a very personal opinion, read: "I'm a Marxist of the Groucho variety."

The President of the Republic, as might be expected, was a main target of the satirists. A cartoon of a caveman with the French president's face, under the slogan: "De Gaulle is the future." Another showed him on a psychoanalyst's couch confessing: "I never liked young people."

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JOGGING, EVERYONE?

By HAROLD FLENDER

"No, Robert," said the young attractive mother to her six year old son, "you have *not* fulfilled your jogging quota for the day!" The scene was along the new Central Park jogging route near the reservoir in Manhattan.

The mother spoke in a shrill, scolding voice. She was very East Side, very Wasp-ish. The kid was very Wasp-ish too, except for puffing hard and having a very pained expression on his face. Wasp kids, like their Wasp parents, are never supposed to puff hard or look pained. A plump father leading two teenage sons jogged by.

"Now that's jogging," pointed out the mother. "Family jogging. They keep up with their father. I don't know why you can't keep up with me. My jogging pace is considerably slower than normal out of consideration for you."

"But they're older," complained the kid.

"Both dad and grandmere will be considerably disappointed if you don't fulfill your jogging quota today. We'll rest another minute or two, and then continue, shall we?"

When I was a kid, what is now called jogging was called simply running. And no mother ever forced a kid to run. Just the opposite. "What are you running for?" or simply "Stop running!" were common cries of motherhood that rang through urban areas of the nation. These warnings were never heeded. When we were late, we ran all the way to school. Violating rules, we ran down school hallways. We always ran home from school. We ran to play ball, we ran to go swimming, we ran to the Italian selling ices. We ran anywhere and everywhere, whenever we felt like it.

"You want to run?" was a question we asked each other day or night, indoors or outdoors, and there was never an answer. The question itself was the starter's signal for a race. It was unorganized, spontaneous, undisciplined, purposeless, and fun. It was also strictly for kids. The only time adults ran was to catch a bus.

Now all sorts of adults, along with kids, are running. It's organized, planned, disciplined, purposeful, and unenjoyable. And it's no longer called running. It's called jogging.

And it's no longer done all over the place; it's done in carefully marked out jogging areas, usually found in city parks. To see how unenjoyable it is, all one has to do is look at the faces of the joggers: you would think they were undergoing the tortures of the Inquisition.

New 'In' Thing

Once a couple of articles appeared in the mass media pointing out that it was the *in* thing to do, that Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall and other Government socialites jogged along Pennsylvania Ave., that Tony Curtis and other Hollywood movie stars jogged along Sunset Blvd., that Tom Ogilvy and other advertising agency moguls jogged along Madison Avenue, the rest of the country was off and running, er, I mean jogging.

When jogging was only running, we ran in sneakers, shoes, moccasins, boots, slippers, even in bare feet. Now, in order to be a proper jogger, you have to wear jogging shoes. Some cynics fail to see the difference between Keds sneakers and jogging shoes, except that the former bear a Keds label and cost $3, and the latter have a Jogging Shoe label and cost $10. And, in addition to jogging shoes, there are jogging pants, shorts, hats, even special jogging belts, weighted with lead, to insure the jogger faster weight reduction.

Since America is the land of How To Do It books, it is not surprising that How to Jog books have appeared by the score. Basically, they all contain the surprising information that in jogging, as in walking, the right foot is followed by the left. A record company is bringing out a series of Music to Jog by tape cassettes, to be played in miniature cassette taperecorders carried while jogging.

The books and articles on jogging all claim that it is the ideal way to achieve and maintain a slender figure, but it is almost impossible to find slim joggers. The experts also claim its therapeutic medical benefits are limitless, particularly in circulatory matters, but my own family physician claims that without years of arduous physical training background, the sudden taking up of jogging by a formerly sedentary person can be an invitation to a fatal heart attack.

Still, with the city setting aside more and more jogging areas all over the place for the ever-increasing numbers of joggers, I figured there must be something to it, and I decided to find out what by interviewing on tape some typcial joggers in Riverside Drive Park.

One jogger I interviewed was a woman—overweight, pained, breathless.

"Why do you jog?" I asked.

"The main reason," she replied, "is that men are doing it. My boss gets up at six o'clock every morning to jog."

"What has that to do with you?"

"One of these days he might ask me to join him."

Finally I caught up with a grey-at-the-temples, distinguished man of about 40. What distinguished him was an enormous rear-end and even more enormous front end.

"Why do you jog?"

"Best exercise in the world for the health, my boy. Please don't get too close to me. I don't want to trip on that damn microphone cord and break my stride."

"Did your doctor recommend it?"

"What the hell do doctors know about health? Please don't get too close with that damn microphone cord."

"You find it's improved your health since you've been doing it?"

"Well, it's made my varicose veins a bit more pronounced. And at night I have pains in my chest. But it's done wonders for my nerves. Calmed me down. Please don't get too close. If I trip over that damn microphone cord and break my stride, I'll kill you."

Just then I did get a bit to close with that damn mircophone cord, for he tripped on it, not only breaking his stride, but falling on his fanny. It made him furious enough to want to kill me, but since I could run faster than he could jog, he was never able to catch me.

ASSISTANT VEEPCIES TO RKO-SW CHAIN 4

RKO-Stanley Warner Theatres, via prexy Matthew Polon, has promoted four of its staffers to assistant vicepresident positions.

Men on the list include Fred Herkowitz, director of publicity and advertising for the circuit, as well as Brad Manning who serves as head of new theatre construction and division manager for the chain's Long Island Theatres.

Also upgraded are Neil Polon, director of concessions, and Abbott Simon, who heads the company's realestate dept.

Taradash on 'Captain'

Daniel Taradash has signed as screenwriter for Columbia's "The Captain," based on the Jan De Hartog novel. Franklin J. Schaffer will direct the pic on European locations in mid-1969.

Taradash recently completed the screenplay for "Doctors' Wives" for producer Mike Frankovitch.

All-Time Boxoffice Champs

Continued from page 18

Snake Pit (Anatole Litvak; Bassler; 20th—1948)	4,100,000
Hondo (John Farrow; Wayne-Fellows; WB—1954)	4,100,000
Love Me Or Leave Me (Charles Vidor; Pasternak; MGM—1955)	4,100,000
Deep In My Heart (Stanley Donen; Edens; MGM—1955)	4,100,000
Bad Seed (Mervyn LeRoy; WB—1956)	4,100,000
Man Who Knew Too Much (Alfred Hitchcock; Par—1956)	4,100,000
The Misfits (John Huston; Taylor; UA—1961)	4,100,000
Texas Across The River (M. Gordon; H. Keller; Univ; 1966)	4,100,000
A Guy Named Joe (V. Fleming; R. Riskin; MGM; 1944)	4,070,000
The White Cliffs of Dover (C. Brown; S. Franklin; MGM; 1944)	4,050,000
State Fair (Walter Lang; Perlberg; 20th—1945)	4,050,000
National Velvet (C. Brown; P. Berman; MGM; 1945)	4,050,000
Cass Timberlane (George Sidney; Hornblow; MGM—1948)	4,050,000
Homecoming (M. LeRoy; S. Franklin; MGM; 1948)	4,050,000
Hurry Sundown (O. Preminger; Par; April 67)	4,050,000
Ben-Hur (Fred Niblo; MGM—1926)	4,000,000
Singing Fool (Lloyd Bacon; WB—1928)	4,000,000
San Francisco (W. S. Van Dyke; Emerson-Hyman; MGM; 1936)	4,000,000
The Wizard of Oz (V. Fleming; M. LeRoy; MGM; 1939)	4,000,000
Dolly Sisters (Irving Cummings; Jessel; 20th—1945)	4,000,000
Ziegfeld Follies (Vincente Minnelli; Freed; MGM—1946)	4,000,000
Kid From Brooklyn (Norman Z. McLeod; Goldwyn; RKO—1946)	4,000,000
Smoky (Louis King; Bassler; 20th—1946)	4,000,000
Holiday In Mexico (George Sidney; Pasternak; MGM—1946)	4,000,000
Night and Day (Michael Curtiz; Schwartz; WB—1946)	4,000,000
The Postman Always Rings Twice (T. Garnett; Wilson; MGM; 1946)	4,000,000
Emperor Waltz (Billy Wilder; Brackett; Par—1948)	4,000,000
Reap the Wild Wind (C. B. DeMille; Par—1948)	4,000,000
The Stratton Story (S. Wood; I. Cummings; MGM; 1949)	4,000,000
An American In Paris (Vincente Minnelli; Freed; MGM—1951)	4,000,000
Jumping Jacks (Norman Taurog; Wallis; Par—1952)	4,000,000
Moon Is Blue (Otto Preminger; Herbert; UA—1953)	4,000,000
Long, Long Trailer (Vincente Minnelli; Berman; MGM—1954)	4,000,000
Sabrina (Billy Wilder; Par—1954)	4,000,000
Left Hand of God (Edward Dmytryk; Adler; 20th—1955)	4,000,000
Love Is Splendored Thing (Henry King; Adler; 20th—1955)	4,000,000
Seven Little Foys (Melville Shavelson; Rose; Par—1955)	4,000,000
Jailhouse Rock (Richard Thorpe; Berman; MGM—1957)	4,000,000
Big Country (William Wyler; UA—1958)	4,000,000
Horse Soldiers (John Ford; Mirisch-Mahin-Rackin; UA—1959)	4,000,000
Don't Give Up The Ship (Norman Taurog; Wallis; Par—1959)	4,000,000
Never On Sunday (Jules Dassin; Filmways; Lopert—1960)	4,000,000
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; Glucksman; 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
Stagecoach (G. Douglas; Rackin; 20th; 1966)	4,000,000
Walk, Don't Run (C. Walters; Siegel; Col.; July, '66)	4,000,000
Arabesque (S. Donen; Univ; 1966)	4,000,000
Wild In The Streets (B. Shear; B. Topper; AIP; 1968)	4,000,000

More Joe Frisco Exploits

Continued from page 22

you—I've been all over this golf course twice—you've hooked and sliced, shanked it, and been out of bounds nine times. You can go to hell!"

Frisco grimly set off for the deep trap. As the caddy and I came over the top of the hill, the trap looked like a sandstorm had hit it. Sand was everywhere, and there was Frisco flailing away in the middle of it. It seems Frisco had missed the ball twice and suddenly a frightened gopher jumped out of his hole. Frisco turned from the ball and started swinging at the gopher. "Joe!" I yelled, "why do you lie?" "'T-t-three and a-a-a-weasel" was his answer.

The 'Boy Bandit'

After about three months of intensive training, my handicap dropped to a 14 and Bob Hope dubbed me the "Boy Bandit."

I was playing so well with my handicap that I was finding it difficult to get a game. One afternoon Marshall Duffield asked if I would like to make a fourth with two of his friends. I knew one of the men, Dick Gibson. The other gentleman I had never heard of. His name was Ralph Guldahl. I had never followed golf in the sport pages so everyone was staggered when I asked Mr. Guldahl what his handicap was. He looked perplexed for a moment and then asked, "What's yours"? I admitted I was a poor 14 he smiled and said. "That makes it nice, that is exactly what I am, a 14."

We agreed to play even on the first nine, and adjust all bets on the back side. Guldahl won the toss and promptly busted his drive 280 yards straight down the fairway. This shook me up quite a bit, but I valiantly made an effort to cope with the situation. Going to the fourth hole, I was three down and vaguely suspicious. I turned to my caddy, and asked, "'Isn't there a golf pro named Guldahl"?

"Yes, Mr. Hayes, but they're not even related, this fellow works for Swift & Co."

This reassured me and and the grapevine had already reached the lockerroom that Hayes was playing Ralph Guldahl and didn't know who he was. On the back nine, it finally got to Mr. Guldahl that I really didn't know who he was. He started missing shots. With the adjustment we had agreed to, I beat him handily and on the 18th wound up winning one way. As I walked into the lockerroom, Johnny Weissmuller was the first to greet me.

"Well, chump, how much did you lose?"

"You know I never lose, I won $2."

"Yeah, who were you playing with"?

"A fellow named Guldahl"!

When I said "a fellow named Guldahl," hysterical actors fell out of the ceiling. It was explained to me that Ralph Guldahl had just won the P.G.A. and the National Open. I was content with saying, "I still think he's just a fair 14 handicap."

Hazy's strategy was beginning to pay off, and all of those generous people at Lakeside were making the Lodge their regular hangout.

Life and the Lodge were rolling merrily along, but the long hours were beginning to tell on Hazy. She developed, of all things, a carbuncle on the back of her neck.

A hasty consultation with a doctor led her to her decision to spend two weeks at the Cottage Hospital in Santa Barbara. An old friend named Odette Myrtie would take over as hostess for the two weeks and Hazy would have nothing to worry about. Business was brisk and things were along as usual, but all hell broke loose when Hazy returned from Santa Barbara.

It seems Foy and Frisco had gotten their fingers caught in the till and several bookmakers were threatening to take inventory on the Lodge. Hazy settled all bets by striking Charlie Foy with a chair. This play severely injured Charlie's pride and also broke two of his ribs.

Charlie had a successful brother named Bryan (Brynie) Foy. Brynie loaned Charlie enough money to open his own cabaret at Coldwater Canyon and Ventura Blvd. Within six weeks we had strenuous competition for the Valley trade.

In spite of the gathering war clouds, competition proved healthy and both places prospered. We had lost our two stars, but Hazy badgered some pretty fine talent into working for scale on the basis of the Lodge being a great showcase. People like George Lloyd, Elizabeth Talbot-Martin, Jimmy Ames, Margaret Whiting, and our biggest hit, Jerry Lester.

Enter Mary Healy

The Grace Hayes Lodge was a show in itself—the atmosphere was intimate and warm, it was almost like being in someone's livingroom. Some people even seemed shocked when they received a check at the end of the evening.

I was allowed to pick up a check now and then, but of course, I always had to explain why I did it. Hazy was now quizzing me as to why I had signed a check for a certain Frank Donahue. "Well, Hazy, he's an old friend of mine—we went to school together back in New Rochelle, and besides, he introduced me to a lovely girl named Mary Healy."

I shall not spend much time on Mary Healy at this moment, but after 27 years of marriage, being of sound mind, never having left my bed and board, showing me an incredible amount of affectionate understanding, I do declare that I am now and forever will be responsible for her debts.

Necrology

Continued from page 40

EARL B. SWOPE
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WILLIAM TALMAN
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CHARLES H. TAYLOR
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MARIO C. TEDESCO
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HAROLD THOMAS
DOUGLAS THOMSON
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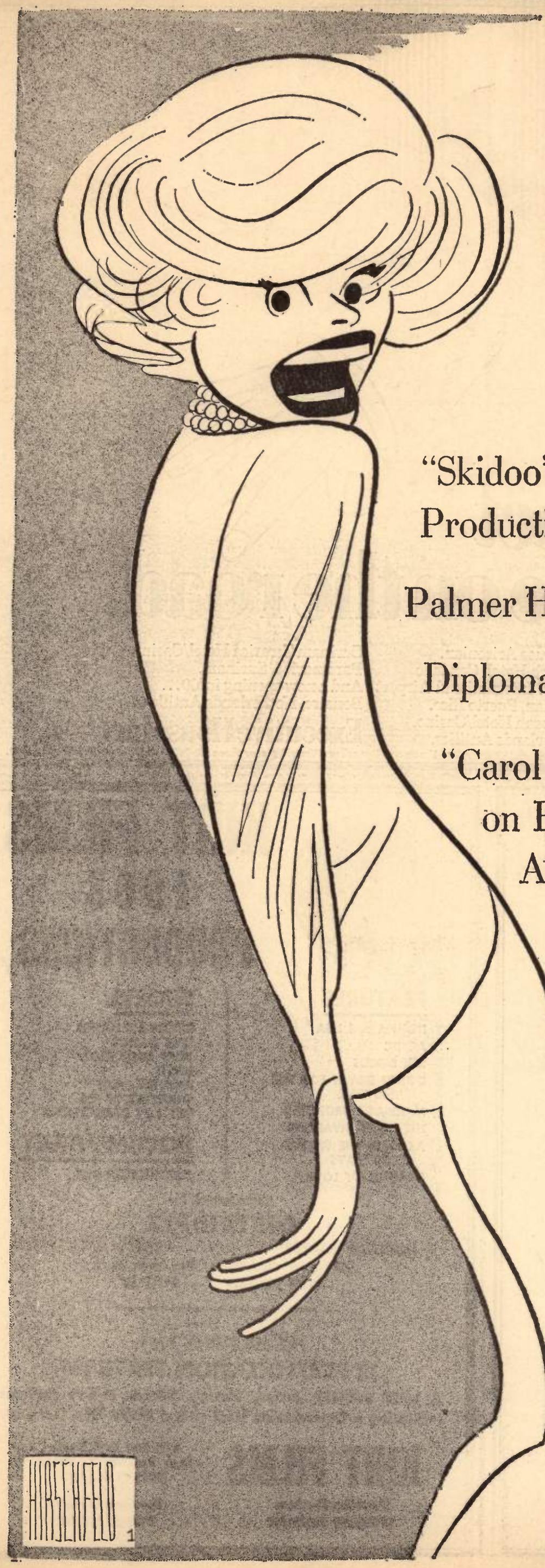

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Old Wheezes In New Guise

Continued from page 3

may appear to some critics. Events have a way of catching up with old gags. Whether it was yesteryear's Peaches and "Daddy" Browning, or any of Tommy Manville's 11 wives, or today's Jackie and Aristotle, all go back more than 50 years to a marrying Parisian bon vivant, Count Boni de Castellaine, who made headlines and inspired gagmen when he married American millions.

An irate American father of the smitten daughter declaimed, "if it weren't for my money, my villa in Monte Carlo wouldn't be there. If it weren't for my money, my Rolls-Royce wouldn't be here, and my yacht wouldn't be in Portofino," etc. To which the gay caballero responded, "If it weren't for your money *I* wouldn't be *here!*"

Wars in the 20th century catch up with jokes told in the Revolutionary and Civil War.

The general saying to his troops: "When the enemy gets within 50 feet of our trenches, I want you all to retreat—being a little lame, I'm leaving now!" Followed by: "Soon as you see the whites of their eyes, I want you to retreat—being color blind I'm leaving now!" These two hoary "blockbusters" were on a top radio show last month.

TV fans get to see and hear most of the contemporaneous humor. Have seen a full half-hour show built around just two topical gags. Repeating Will Rogers' line concerning "corny" jokes: "You mean he gets laughs?" The new school with their "abstract" thinking and performance.

Some tried and true jokes make one as lucky as those who held on to their old suits, now that wide lapels are the rage again. Jack Waldron, introducing a well-known politician who has been wearing the same suit for years, cracked: "You know, you've been in style seven times without knowing it!" Goes also for peddlers of old yarns.

Comes November and the elections, you hear one citizen saying to another, concerning a prominent officeholder: "To me he's a pain in the neck!" "Oh, I've got a much lower opinion of him!" A top comic get a terrific laugh with that on a recent tv show yet most of us in the business dicarded it 50 years ago. Then there's one of the fellow taking an examination to get on the police force. When they asked him: "How far is it from New York to San Francisco," he replied, "If that's going to be my beat, you can keep the job!" Remember, millions have never heard it before. And why isn't a good gag worth repeating just as you hear a certain song over and over again?

Am not against the "abstract" humor but the best "abstractionist" gags are not told by themselves but by the good "old line" comics. For example, the yarn about Picasso being robbed. The gendarmes asked him to give a description of the robber, to which proud painter cried: "Why I am the great one—I'll draw you a picture of the robber and you will catch him." The gendarmes took the drawing and went out and arrested a one-eyed ballet dancer, the Eiffel Tower and a wheelbarrow. Will admit this is a new story, but brought in simply to illustrate my point.

The aphorism that "the more a thing changes, the more it is the same" holds for humor. Is laughter the natural gift of the many or simply for the select few? The majority laugh at what they can understand; and those humors that have withstood the test of time are gags and situations, that they understand and easily recognize.

None opposes modern sophisticated comedy but most objectionable some "ultra" offbeat comedian telling his audience, because they do not laugh, that they are a bunch of "peasants." In turn there are certain audience "sophisticates" who are more interested in getting a laugh from cerebral comedy. Jack E. Leonard, who can handle any audience and get Gatling-gun yocks, ran into one of those audiences in Boston one night. Only thing they really laughed at was when he said to them: "If I was Paul Revere I wouldn't have warned you!"

The Surefires

Back to Joe Miller. Have even heard youngsters, who hadn't the slightest idea of who he was, crack wise: "Aw, that's a Joe Miller!" No better example of the value of the tried-and-true nifties was the radio and television show: "Can You Top This?" created by "Senator" Ed Ford and having on the panel Joe Laurie Jr., Peter Donald and yours truly. We soon learned that the gags that mostly hit the top of the meter were the ones they heard years ago. True, the occasional new story would soar high, but it was usually told by one of the panel who gave it the right, oldfashioned technique. Humorists like Bob Hope, Alan King, George Jessel, Johnny Carson, Joey Adams, Joey Bishop are straight-from-the-shoulder performers. They work basically no different than did Cliff Gordon, Senator Murphy, Ed Wynn, Jim Thornton, Walter C. Kelly, Willie Collier, Henny Youngman.

If someone is saying "What's the beef about," just want to remind some of the "faddists" that they are not superior humorists and that those who have gone before them are "old hat." Good luck to those who think they have brought a better life to the world with their "sick humor," employed by many of them.

TV LAUGHIN' ITSELF TO LIFE

Battle of Chicago Still Echoes; TV's Story of '68, Like It Or Not

By STEVE KNOLL

In journalism it's a familiar axiom that there's nothing as dead as yesterday's newspaper. Unless it be yesterday's radio or tv newscast. Yet there's always the exception that proves the rule, and right now there's nothing more alive in the minds of broadcasters than the "Battle of Chicago" last August.

Video's coverage of the confrontation between police and demonstrators during the Democratic convention was by all odds the tv story of the year. It's not entirely clear why that is the case. After all, while the circumstances in Chicago were certainly extraordinary tv was only doing its customary job of "telling it like it is," a well-worn cliche which nevertheless accurately describes the function of tv news.

Some say video's critics were blaming the medium for the message. The cop, after all, is man's best friend—well, at least middle class man's best friend. So if the video tube depicts him in any other light, the fault must lie in the transmission.

Also 1968 was the year of the swing to the right in American politics. The mass yearning was not merely for a freezing of the status quo, but rather for a return to more tranquil times when black ghettos were put out of sight and out of mind and youth accepted the success-oriented values of their elders.

Paradoxical Role

Video's role amidst the social ferment was in many ways a paradoxical one. For one thing, most of the larger broadcast entities are controlled by parent corporations who come as close to what Gen. Eisenhower called the "military-industrial complex" as one can get. For another, the financial structure of commercial networking makes the webs dependent on advertisers, who are also large corporate entities, for their financial health. And many of the advertisers have historically evinced a guilt-by-association complex regarding tie-ins with any program that offended anyone for any reason.

Moreover, despite its pretensions as a news medium, video is principally an entertainment vehicle with news as a sideshow, a fact which is evident from even a cursory examination of any commercial network or station schedule.

Despite all these considerations, when tv does assume the trappings of journalism, such as during a political convention, its resident newsmen are sorely tempted to behave like newsmen, whatever real or imagined pressures may exist to do otherwise. And that's where the trouble begins.

Trouble like Walter Cronkite declaring, "I think we've got a bunch of thugs here." Or David Brinkley observing, "It seems to me that on the last day of the Democratic convention the party could fairly be classified as a disaster area."

Now, to be sure, the question is not whether there were a bunch of thugs loose on the convention floor (there were) or whether on the last day of its convention the Democratic Party was a disaster area (it was). Rather, the question is, if you are a licensed medium whose freedom or very existence depends partly on the good will of key Congressmen and officials of Federal agencies, is it prudent to take the Bill of Rights so seriously? Would it not be wiser to adopt the approach of reporting that some people think the earth is round, while others believe it to be flat, and leave it at that?

To inject a *non sequitur*, some may recall a certain moldy document which declares, in the absolute language of a bygone century, "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press . . ." Such quaint rhetoric must certainly sound strange to the ears of John Fisher, for one. Fisher is counsel to the Republican Congressional leadership. In a recent national television broadcast, Fisher stated, "I think it's predictable that there will be efforts to regulate the television networks as regards news." He then added charitably, "But I don't think it's necessary if the networks themselves will take the initiatives open to them to prevent it."

Right now the greatest fear among observers of the industry is that it will take those "initiatives." Even Reuven Frank, president of NBC News, is concerned. Says Frank, "I am afraid of a process of self-censorship developing. Not somebody telling us what not to do, but of reporters and editors and producers avoiding subjects or incidents because there's going to be a big hoo-ha about it and you're going to have to answer a subpoena, and who needs that kind of trouble, you know. You can always get a cat being rescued out of a tree and fill in a news show that way."

If 1968 goes down in the annals of broadcast journalism as the year of the subpoena, 1969 threatens to be remembered as the year of the cat in the tree.

Hand-Held Color Camera Highpoint Of TV Conference

Toronto.

Hand-held color camera that was first used at the 1968 Presidental nomination conventions will be one of the highlight discussions and demonstrations at the upcoming Winter Television Conference of the Society of Motion Picture & Television Engineers to be held here Jan. 17-18 at the Ryerson Polytechnical Institute Auditorium.

A total of 26 papers, reports, discussions and demonstrations will be included within a framework of five general topics, which precede the Society's regular 105th Technical Conference in Miami Beach, April 20-25. Harold Wright will be program chairman.

Renville H. McMann Jr., CBS Laboratories, Stamford, Conn., and Richard G. Streeter, CBS-TV Network, N.Y., will preside at first day's afternoon session devoted to the color camera. This makes use of digital control techniques similar to that used in space telemetry.

The Minicam System consists of an 18-pound camera head, a companion backpack and a base station. Up to six cameras can be remotely controlled over a wireless link or a single conductor coaxial cable. Functions such as beam, focus and centering may be adjusted from a remote location thus making it possible for a single-control console to register, set up and operate a number of cameras.

CBC Vancouver Unit Shooting Drama Series

Vancouver.

A Vancouver unit is producing a series of 10 one-hour tv dramas for the Canadian Broadcasting Corp.'s 1969-70 season. Titled "The Bind," and having to do with probation and parole, the filmed series will be helmed by Phil Keatley as exec producer and will use Vancouver directors (probably Don Eccleson and Ellie Savoie) and Vancouver actors.

Two scripts written by Ed McGibbon of Toronto are already in, and the cameras are scheduled to roll in June.

SAVIORS OF '68: R&M, SMOTHERS

By LES BROWN

The greatness of George S. Kaufman's famous show biz definition of satire, that it's what closes on Saturday night, is proved by all the years of its aptness. Today, however, satire is what knocks "Bonanza" out of first place, drops "Lucy" out of the Nielsen Top 10 and replaces practically anything that's ailing at midseason. In television, an old theatrical axiom is undone.

Without much contest, the tv show of the year in 1968 was "Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In," the free-form variety stanza trading on irreverence, slapstick and blunt satire. Initially, when it entered the NBC schedule as a replacement last January, it built a rating on sheer notoriety; when the current season opened this past September it stepped out as the national favorite and has been No. 1 in the Nielsen standings practically every week since. Not in years has a primetime series generated as much conversation—pro and con—week in and week out as "Laugh-In," nor produced as much new talent in a relatively short period of time.

But comedians Dan Rowan & Dick Martin might never have taken the course they took, and may never have been able to clear so much racy material with NBC Standards & Practices, had not the Smothers Bros. broken the ground first with their comedy hour on CBS-TV. Any show that could cut down "Bonanza" was entitled to some special dispensation from the CBS censors, and later the same held at NBC for a show that could

(Continued on page 94)

The Year NBC Won the Pennant, Or Laugh-In Out Loud With Specials; CBS Eyes Second-Half Turnabout

By JACK PITMAN

Entertainment preemptions and the weekly "Rowan and Martin Laugh-In" — that's the combination that paid off for NBC-TV in the first half of the current nighttime network campaign as the web overtook CBS in the Nielsen averages. And the formula looms just as fierce over the campaign's second lap, now underway.

"Laugh-In" was the steady chart leader via Nielsen's weekly fasties (even so, the CBS comedy bloc still won most Monday nights), and thus NBC's keystone, while the spray of specials more often than not clicked and tilted the web into the win column.

Not unusual for NBC in the first half was a pace of three or four major preempts in a single week, and the tempo will pretty much sustain. Bob Hope, for instance, gets four more exposures between now and mid-April, and on three of his dates he'll go back-to-back with Alan King, Jack Benny and Andy Williams specials.

Also slated are major entertainment preempts with the Tijuana Brass, Petula Clark, Bill Cosby, Ice Capades, and the Monkees pop combo. NBC also has on tap another rerun of the "Wizard of Oz" pic, an item called "Wonderful World of Pazazz," and a Fred Astaire solo repeat that will run opposite the second half of CBS' two-hour "Midsummer Night's Dream" production.

CBS apparently will again field fewer spec blockbusters, though its coming sked will sport a couple of Charlie Brown animation regrinds, and major showcases spotlighting Andy Griffith and Dick Van Dyke.

ABC's upcoming entertainment biggie appears to be its Tom Jones music-variety hour this week, and all three webs will weigh in with a scattering of major cultural, telementary and drama efforts. Additionally, ABC will again beam the Academy Awards shindig, and NBC will pitch the second edition of the Academy Awards of Sports with Perry Como hosting.

The feature film grinds went softish in the "first season," but there's more than a suspicion the webs throttled their usual front-loading practice in favor of a switch to what might be called "backloading" for the second half.

CBS' High Hopes

There's barely suppressed confidence around CBS that it figures to come out on top in the "second season" if only because of NBC's every-fourth-Tuesday two-hour news grind, first of which premiered this week. CBS, meantime, figures the recent time flip of "Hawaii Five-O" and Jonathan Winters should at the least consolidate a pair of headaches by eliminating one. And, of course, they're counting on improved digits from the two new shows—Glen Campbell's variety spread and the "Queen and I" sitcom.

NBC, exuding its own confidence (or whistling in the dark?), all but stood pat, dropping in only one new show, Sunday night's "My Friend Tony" vice the Phyllis Diller vaudeo. All else in the sked is stet (excepting, of course, those fourth Tuesday news marathons).

In Spoiler Role

As for the second season, a good deal may prove to hang on how the Nielsen sample swings, if at all, as between the established entries. CBS, for instance, would dearly love for a boost in Jackie Gleason's shares, and NBC would relish firmer numbers for "High Chaparral" and its freshman "Name of the Game." Also, while it still claims the top new show, "Julia," its other early frosh click, "Ghost and Mrs. Muir" has slipped and must now be rated marginal.

Perhaps the major mystery, however, is how ABC's profusion of shifts will bear on the three-network averages—or, in short, the NBC-CBS race. A strengthened ABC sked, so it's figured, should nick NBC more than CBS; conversely, no improvement or worse could just about sew it up for NBC.

Withal, the odds figure to mainly ride on those big preempts. They did it going in for NBC, and they could do it coming out.

Radio-TV Accolades for 1968

Herewith VARIETY salutes for notable broadcasting accomplishment in calendar '68, per consensus of this journal's radio-tv department.

—To NBC's "Laugh-In," series of the year (see accompanying story).

—To Dick Cavett, new tv personality of the year, who hosted video's brightest talkfest even if it proved daytime's lowest-rated strip.

—To the three network news divisions for bold and outspoken coverage of the Democratic National Convention and related events in Chicago.

—To CBS' Walter Cronkite for calling a thug a thug in the course of his anchoring of the Dem convention—even though he later recanted.

—To NBC's "Julia," landmark primetime situation comedy with video's first Negro femme lead (Diahann Carroll).

—To ABC's winter and summer Olympics coverage, among other things a notable technical achievement.

—To newsman Andrew West of KRKD Los Angeles (and the Mutual radio web) for his chilling eyewitness account of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy's assassination, an instant classic in the annals of broadcast journalism.

—To Group W's three and one-half hour "One Nation Indivisible," most significant and timely syndication show.

—To CBS for its luminous Vladimir Horowitz piano recital from Carnegie Hall, a cultural offering for the video archivists.

—To WMAQ-TV Chicago for attempting to do justice to recapping the events of an incredible news year by devoting eight and one-half hours to it (even though in Class B and C time).

—To WNEW Radio N.Y. for good taste in cancelling all commercials for five days following the Robert Kennedy assassination, devoting much of that time to continuing news and documentary coverage.

—To CBS News' "Hunger In America," muckraking documentary in tradition of the web's former Ed Murrow-Fred Friendly collaborations.

—To "NBC Experiment In Television" for "Youth '68," subtitled "Everything's Changing . . . Or Maybe It Isn't," imaginatively conceived and artfully executed look at the generation gap.

—To NBC Radio's "Second Sunday" series for the courage to present forthright documentaries on controversial issues, such as "The Cop and the Ghetto" and "The Young Rebels: The Reason," setting an example television would do well to emulate.

—To TRAFCO (Tlevision, Radio and Film Commission of the Methodist Church), for pioneering "Night Call," national call-in show dedicated to dialog between the races.

—To Detroit's five vidstations, for joining together last April to broadcast "Progress Report of the New Detroit Committee," a notable effort to appraise the lessons of the past year's riots in order to prevent future ones and ameliorate the problems of the ghetto.

—To the American Cancer Society, the National Tuberculosis and Respiratory Diseases Assn., the American Heart Assn., the U.S. Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare, the Clean Air Committee and their several agencies for their hardhitting "anti" commercials vs. cigaret smoking and environmental pollution on tv and radio, which could teach the "pro" commercials about effective sell.

Av Westin May Join ABC News

Reliable report has Av Westin, now in his second semester as exec producer of noncommercial video's Sunday night PBL series, shifting anon to ABC News. It's understood still in negotiation, but word is he's to get veep title and put in charge of the tv web's hard news operations including the nightly Frank Reynolds newscast.

Westin, per sources, would make the switch in March. Prior to his PBL post he was at CBS News as exec producer, latterly in charge of the web's election unit. No secret that his PBL tenure has been stormy as he's attempted to pilot the experimental series through an advisory crossfire that ultimately dimmed staffer morale and saw a sharp budgetary cutback even before the initial season ended last spring.

Update on Czech Broadcasting Since Its Start in 1923

By J. V. FRYDL

Prague.

Several months ago, the eyes and the ears of the world were focused on the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic in the very heart of Europe. During that major political crisis, millions of people inside and outside the country listened eagerly to the broadcasts of Czechoslovak Radio, which were the only link between all the parts of the country, the Czechoslovak government in Prague and the outside world. Once again Czechoslovak Radio lived up to its tradition of broadcasting built up by its activities during the past 45 years of existence as one of the oldest radio organizations in the world.

On May 18, 1923 Radio Prague first went on the air with its regular programs, broadcasting a modest chamber concert from an ordinary tent set up at the old Kbely Airport near Prague. This historic event was observed by only a few listeners who owned at that time primitive crystal sets with headphones. Within a few years with the network of transmitters being expanded over the territory of Czechoslovakia, the community of radio licenses grew rapidly, the more so when better receivers became gradually available. Broadcasting developed not only technically, however. The "Radiojournal" as the state company was then called turned out very remarkable programs and assembled and educated a good number of specific authors, playwrights and announcers who developed a radio style of their own. The regional studio of Brno-Moravia, for example, was noted for its production of genuine radio plays. The Radio Symphony Orchestra in Prague was acknowledged as a top-ranking body with renowned conductors like the composers K. B. Jirak and O. Jeremais, and educational radio programs were most popular with the audience for their high values.

Prague Rising & Radio

The occupation of Czechoslovakia by the Germans in 1939 and thereafter during World War II brought radio creations to a virtual standstill, although the remaining staff was preparing for a new radio renaissance after liberation. The Prague Rising in early May, 1945, again brought Czechoslovak Radio into the focus of events. Its broadcasts were the signal for the final struggle for liberation. They became the mouthpiece of popular resistance and victory. They ushered in the new era of national and social renaissance.

Czechoslovak Radio as a governmental institution with its headquarters in Prague and a special directorate for Slovakia in Bratislava, helped organize the new Socialist state, developing its national cultural values. It set up regional studios in all major cities of the republic.

In 1954, Czechoslovak Television came into operation, and this also meant a new milestone in the further development of sound radio which virtually lost its monopoly on the air.

Czechoslovakia is one of the very few countries in the world where television and sound radio have completely separate organizations. Although television is still broadcasting merely on one channel in black and white — a second one is to start on January 1, 1970, with the completion of a TV Centre in Prague — sound radio had to reconsider its program policy very carefully to find program types which would in future attract the public despite tv.

A Wide Choice

In accordance with world trends, the fields for radio activities were found in the news, in music, drama and certain types of education. Czechoslovak radio and television do a great deal toward informing, amusing and educating the broad public. Both mass media have good access to the audience because with a total population of just over 14,000,000 in Czechoslovakia, every home owns at least one table set and one transistor radio, and every second home a tv set. So listeners and viewers have a choice of one tv program in black and white, and, on radio, three programs on medium wave and longwave — one in Czech, one in Slovak and one bilingual which is nationwide — and one program on FM, offering a wide choice of music and spoken word from 4:30 a.m. to 2:00 a.m. the following night.

Beamings to Regions

Three of these four networks also carry daily local programs to accommodate the interests of the regions. News bulletins go on the air every hour, frequently followed by comment or press review. Between 50 and 67% of the broadcasts are devoted to music of every description in response to the love for music which is inherent in almost every Czech and Slovak. And, not the least, radio is still listened to for its genuine plays both for adults and children, and for reading of novels and poetry as well as of fairytales.

Education is another integral part of the broadcasting schedule in Czechoslovakia, stretching over all the four networks. School broadcasts, language courses, a Radio University with subjects changing annually and scientific lectures tend to introduce new knowledge to the population in an understandable manner. All these programs are carefully studied and introduced with an eye on existing television broadcasts in order to avoid undue interference and collision for the listener and viewer.

Link With 100 Stations

Czechoslovak Radio has maintained for many years international relations with over 100 radio stations in all continents to enhance the broadcasts by mutual program exchange and to make Czechoslovak productions known to listeners abroad. It has signed in the past 20 years more than 20 agreements of mutual cooperation with foreign radio stations. It has also been an active member of the International Radio and Television Organization (OIRT) since its founding after the war, and it regularly takes part in international competitions and organizes some of them: Concertino Praga for young amateur musicians, Prix Brno in serious music, International Competition of Radio Plays.

Radio Prague is also known in the world for its Foreign Language Broadcasts which are aired day and night in 12 languages and which are beamed to America, Europe, Africa and Asia on medium and shortwave. Letters received from all parts of the world prove that people know about these broadcasts which promote authentic knowledge about the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic, and that they arouse sympathy and feelings of goodwill and friendship.

TV — 30 Years Later

On May 1, 1953, several hundred viewers watched the tv screens light up for the first time in Prague, the capital. And when they saw their first studio program and film, they nodded their heads admiringly and most of them thought: what a nice new plaything.

But very soon television surpassed the frame of mere amusement, its viewers started to demand more than just fun from it, and the staff of the new station started preparing programs which would do more for the viewers than just help them spend an evening.

A very sharp development soon took place in Czechoslovakia, where the number of tv set owners swiftly exceeded that in many other European countries. Original television programs developed rapidly, and within a mere five years Czechoslovak Television became an acknowledged component of Czechoslovak culture.

At present every fifth inhabitant owns a tv set — almost every family. In the number of sets per 1,000 inhabitants, Czechoslovakia today holds 11th place in the world. Perhaps a similarly honorable position is maintained by Czechoslovak TV in the international sphere as regards the success of its programs.

Brains Versus Arms

Czechoslovakia is a small country in the centre of Europe. It has, however, ancient cultural traditions, since it has stood on the crossways of European roads leading from East to West and from North to South. The roads were used not only for making wars, but also by businessmen, by artists, by creative and inventive people. It so happens that a small nation, if it wants to find its place in the world and make good among its neighbors, does not resort to arms but to its brains. And that is how the cultural tradition of the Czech and Slovak nations started — traditions still reflected in architecture, cultural level, education, etc. That is where Czechoslovakia's success, for example, at Expo 67 in Montreal has its roots. The outstanding new Czechoslovak films, which have become known even in the U.S., and the concept and results of Czechoslovak TV are rooted in the same background.

Czechoslovak TV is not large in scale — it still transmits its programs on one single channel and only in another year it counts on opening of the second. Every week it offers viewers roughly 70 hours of programming daily from 5 to 10:30 p.m., Saturdays and Sundays the whole day, and several times a week in the morning for those working on afternoon or night shifts.

Spread of Studios

Programs are still being prepared in the old studios: three in Prague, three in Bratislava (the capital of Slovakia) others in Brno, Kosice and Ostrava, large Czech and Slovak industrial towns. All studios — Czech and Slovak — take part in the national network, and Slovak studios produce special programs in the Slovak language for their local network.

Prague and Bratislava are in the course of building new tv centres. both will be designed, built and equipped on the most modern technological level; the technical equipment will be provided by Czechoslovak as well as world in-

(Continued on page 92)

Talk, talk, talk . . . on WOR daily 12:15 to 1 p.m. and still TALKING! Ed and Pegeen Fitzgerald may well be the performers who ORIGINATED making with the conversation for the benefit of eavesdroppers!

Television Talent's Great Escape; Switch to Pix Hits Faster Tempo

By DAVE KAUFMAN

Hollywood.

An increase in television's "brain drain," whereby creative talents and companies are going more and more into theatrical film production, marked the year just ended. As tv continued to impose built-in restrictions and limitations in the nature of the medium, and as more old pix usurped primetime programming on the webs, tv's talents have looked to the big screen as they saw the small screen marketplace shrinking.

It is not a new trend, but it's doubtful that the tv-to-pix parade has marched with such momentum as in 1968. Producers and companies in vidpix were branching into motion picture production; writers, directors and actors were displaying unprecedented enchantment with motion pictures.

Nor was the motion picture medium overlooking the better tv talents. Off their NBC-TV hit, "Laugh-In," Dan Rowan and Dick Martin landed a motion picture contract at Metro. Lucille Ball, another tv star in the hit circle, toplined one motion picture, and was eying others. Like some of the tv talents floating to pix, Miss Ball had come from pix originally.

Sterling Silliphant quit tv writing to try the big screen, and won an Oscar for his screenplay, "In the Heat of the Night." Rod Serling, another graduate of tv, was deeply involved in screenplays, although he is also involved in a new series being plotted by Thomas - Spelling Productions for ABC-TV next season.

When Bob Wagner's "It Takes a Thief" series on ABC-TV nabbed nifty ratings some months back, his studio, Universal, rearranged his vidpix sked so he could join Paul Newman in the film, "Winning."

Producer Parade

Producers who entered pix were Leonard Freeman, turning out indie pix under the banner of his own company; Roy Huggins, whose Public Arts company is partnered with U in several upcoming pix; exec producer Paul Monash, already helming a theatrical film for 20th Fox and preparing others; William Dozier, returning to pix after a long period in tv; David Wolper, with his own production company, and a few credits already under his belt as he prepares a slate of pix; producer-writer team of Mort Fine and David Friedkin; producers-writers Bill Persky and Sam Denoff, with a deal at Columbia; exec producer Aaron Ruben, also with a Col contract; Gene Roddenberry, with a deal at National General; David Dortort, with a pix commitment to be bankrolled by NBC-TV, and in negotiations on another deal with Warner Bros.-7 Arts; Quinn Martin, blueprinting several pix for his own indie company; Dick Wesson, producing for Sagittarius Films; producer-director George Schaefer, with a deal at Col.

Universal Crossover

In addition, Jennings Lang, who until last fall was tv production chief at Universal TV, is now deeply involved as a motion picture exec at the valley lot, along with retaining a heavy interest in the tv operation.

Also at U, tv producer Joe Connelly is now preparing a film, "Change of Habit"; former U tv producer Stanley Chase is now producing pix for the same lot; Ed Montagne, ex-U TV producer, now produces pix for Universal. Norman Macdonnell took time out from his exec producership of "The Virginian" to produce a film for the studio some time ago. Another U tv producer, Douglas Benton, is about to produce a film for that lot.

On the company level in tv, activity is also marked. Doris Day's Arwin Productions has a deal to produce pix for Cinema Center Films; Bing Crosby Productions is involved in several pix deals; Gardner - Levy - Laven, producers of "The Big Valley," has long been an indie producer of films; Winters Rosen Productions is planning several pix; Ivan Tors continues to produce pix as well as vidpix. Four Star is also plotting several pix.

In earlier years, director John Frankenheimer and producer Martin Manulis, and stars such as James Garner and Steve McQueen made the transition to pix from tv. Indications are the brain drain will continue, at an uptempoed pace.

Argentina Faces 1969 With More Channels in View

Buenos Aires.

The year of 1968 was one of consolidation and expansion for most Argentina tv channels, both in Buenos Aires and the interior. No new major vidstation was added to the existing ones except Channel 8 in Cordoba, but tenders were called at year's end to license a dozen more. Some of them may start operations within 1969.

Channel 13 and its producing sister Proartel kept a clear lead both in audience and biz. Their programming executives shrewdly capitalized on viewers' interest in comedy musical, journalistic and quiz shows. Channel 9 kept the second place it attained the year before mainly with several successful cycles of teleplays; this type of entertainment, as well as the daily strings, suffered the effects of saturation during 1968, but a notable exception was the string called "Simplemente Maria" (Just Mary) on Channel 9. That station lacked comic attractions but scored with some musical, journalistic and quiz shows.

Channel 11 was the most affected by the declining appeal of plays on tape, and foreign series. It attained its best results with a few comic shows and the Italian puppet Topo Gigio, which might be called the phenomenon of 1968 in tv. State-owned Channel 7 remained in a low fourth place in spite of some fat ratings attained with live airings of soccer.

Another big attraction was a steady flow of international stars. Over 70 top names were imported, mainly by Channels 13 and 9. Among the few series which ranked high in the ratings were "Mission: Impossible," "Zorro," "The Avengers" and "FBI" (latter just replaced by "Mannix"), all of them on Channel 13. "The Invaders," "Peyton Place" and "Run For Your Life," among others, gave fair figures to Channel 11. As for Channel 9, it devoted most of its schedule to local shows.

Argentine pix, when first shown on tv, draw rather large audiences. They are getting over $3,000 for initial airing in B.A., a high sum by local standards. Top foreign features are presumably too expensive for Arg. stations since very few of them are bought, notwithstanding the big audiences attracted by such first-class offerings as "Judgment At Nuremberg" and "Exodus."

THEATRE-TO-TINT VIA SCOT-TV GATEWAY BUY

Edinburgh.

Scottish Television, program company for Central Scotland, has bought the former Gateway Theatre here for use as a color tv studio. Station will carry out a major internal conversion to give Scotland its first-fully equipped color tv theatre. Work will be completed by mid-1969, by which time cottishS tv will be producing about one-third of total program output from Edinburgh.

The Gateway, a former legit house, will be STV's first fully-operational color studio. Major drama, education and light-entertainment programs will be produced from it, plus increased news and current affairs coverage. The company will retain 250 seats in the house for audience shows. It also hopes to make the theatre available for theatrical productions at the time of the Edinburgh International Festival.

CATV ON A ROLLER COASTER

Profile of CATV 1968

(As Per Fact Sheet of NCTA Inc.)

There are approximately 1,900 community antenna or cable television (CATV) systems operating in all 50 states and the Virgin Islands.

The average size of a CATV system is estimated at 1,842 subscribers.

CATV systems serve a total of approximately 3,500,000 homes.

Estimating 3.3 persons per home, CATV systems relay television signals to about 11,550,000 viewers, or 6.3% of the U.S. television audience.

CATV system founded in 1949 in Lansford, Pa., was the first commercial CATV system in the U.S.

Early CATV systems received from one to three signals. Then the 5-channel system became the standard. In 1953, construction of systems with 12-channel capacity began. All new construction and reconstruction has utilized 12-channel amplifiers. Today 20-channel equipment is available. About 10% of all CATV systems originate local live, filmed or taped programs and about half of all systems provide time and weather information or news wire and stock ticker services.

In addition to the approximately 1,900 operating CATV systems, there were as of June 15, 1968: (1) approximately 500 systems in various stages of construction; (2) approximately 1,300 additional communities where CATV permits had been issued but no known construction had been started; and (3) approximately 1,870 communities where CATV applications were pending before local governing bodies. Applications for CATV permits are being received by approximately 35 new communities each month.

TV Revenues Up 3.3% to $2.27-Billion In '67, But Pre-Tax Profits Drop 16%; O&O Earnings Double Those of Webs

Washington.

Twelve months ago, the television industry had just completed a year that saw its nationwide profits before Federal income tax dip a sharp 15.9% from the year before.

Financial data on the television industry for 1967, just released by the FCC, show that tv had total broadcast revenues of $2,275,400,000, up 3.3% from 1966. Expenses, however, climbed 8.8% to $1,860,800,000, which brought the pre-tax income down to $414,600,000.

Leading the drop were the three tv networks, whose income fell 29.1% from the year before to $55,800,000. While the web revenues climbed 5.5% over 1966 to $953,300,000, their expenses jumped 8.8% to $897,500,000. The 15 tv o&o's had revenues of $263,300,000, up 0.3%, expenses of $159,000,000, up 3%, and income of $104,300,000, down 3.5%.

The other 471 VHF and 133 UHF stations comprising the tv industry had total revenues of $1,058,800,000, up 2.1%, expenses of $804,300,000, up 10.1%, and income of $254,500,000, off a whopping 16.9%. So once again, as in the past, the networks (lumped together in the FCC report so as to protect competitive figures) can thank their lucky stars for their o&o's, which just about had twice the profits turned in by web operations.

The FCC figures show that 83% of all VHF stations showed profits for 1967, down from 87% the year before, and 42% of the UHFs were profitable, down from 59% in 1966.

Total tv industry time sales for 1967 were $1,846,600,000, up a fraction of 1% as network sales were down 1.2% to $609,600,000. National spot stayed even at $871,700,000, and local sales increased 5.5% to $365,300,000. The FCC charts also show that the tv industry employed a total of 51,718 people, 6,512 of them parttime.

The market-by-market breakdown of financial data reveals that New York, with seven stations operating commercially, had broadcast revenues of $129,484,267, expenses of $85,312,073, and pre-tax income of $44,172,194. Los Angeles, with 11 stations, had revenues of $92,635,836, expenses of $65,992,606, and income of $26,643,230.

KULR-TV Joins ABC

KULR-TV Billings, Mont. becomes a primary affiliate of ABC-TV Jan. 1. Currently an NBC affil, station is licensed to HarriScope Broadcasting Corp.

Billings outlet is the second HarriScope station to join ABC-TV. KFBB-TV Great Falls, Mont., became a primary affil last Feb.

Baltimore's BRATS

Baltimore.

The Baltimore trade has a new professional organization, Baltimore Radio Advertising Television Society (BRATS), which reports a charter membership of 83 thus far.

Slate of officers is pro tem, headed by Ed LaBerge of WJZ-TV as prexy. Dee Mack of W. B. Doner and Tom Moore of WBAL radio are veeps, Trudi Johnston of WMAR-TV is secretary, and Bill Pirie of WITH is treasurer.

ATV'S CENTURY 21 WING GOING OFF INTO SPACE WITH LIVE 'UFO' SKEIN

London.

Century 21, the ATV subsid responsible for such bestselling puppet vidseries as "Thunderbirds," "Captain Scarlett" and "Joe 90," is going into the live entertainment business.

Topper Gerry Anderson, who's just completed his first sci-fi pic, "Doppleganger," for Universal, will be controlling humans instead of dolls as of next April when a new ATV video skein "U.F.O." goes into production for the 1970-71 season.

The space fiction strip shapes as a smallscreen parallel to Stanley Kubrick's "2001: A Space Odyssey."

Concentration on the series, with possibility of another feature film in the pipeline, leaves Anderson and his wife Sylvia insufficient time to work on further puppet series.

The merchandising side of the Century 21 operation is also being revamped. Louis Benjamin, managing director of ATV's disk subsid Pye Records, is joining the Century 21 board and will head up a new company, Century 21 Enterprises, under chairmanship of Jack Gill. Enterprises will take overall control of toys, merchandising and publishing activities. Anderson remains a director of all companies within the organization.

Pye's general manager Leslie Cox has been appointed special assistant to Benjamin, who will continue his responsibility for the diskery's publishing outlet, Welbeck Music.

Production manager Basil Margrave switches to become general manager of Century 21 Toys and admin controller of Century 21 Merchandising and Century 21 Publishing.

EXPECT MORE UPS AND DOWNS IN '69

By LARRY MICHIE

Washington.

That was the year that was for the community antenna television industry. During 1968, a mixed bag of crucial government actions came crashing down on the cable television entrepreneurs, and at the beginning of 1969 the prospect is for more controversy ahead.

Cable industry stocks closely followed the rollercoaster fate of CATV at the hands of Government during the year, but one of the brightest hopes of the industry for its eventual assumption of a major role in the communications life of the country must be the fact that Wall Streeters — the men who usually know best — are still confident in the future of their cable shares.

There were five crucial Federal decisions affecting CATV during the past year, two by the U.S. Supreme Court and three by the FCC. The fifth was the recent notice of proposed rulemaking in which the commission changes and hardens its regulatory attitude toward the cable field, but the first four all came during the month of June, and in many ways set up the FCC rule notice.

The Key Rulings

In decisions issued a week apart, the high court ruled that (1) the FCC has jurisdiction over the regulation of CATV and (2) CATV does not come under the current copyright law.

The jurisdiction of the commission had been challenged by a number of CATV systems, and the Supreme Court considered two cases, one in which the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia upheld the FCC's jurisdiction and one in which a California court backed several San Diego CATV systems that challenged the commission. According to the Supreme Court, "The Commission has been charged with broad responsibilities for the orderly development of an appropriate system of local television broadcasting. The significance of its efforts can scarcely be exaggerated, for broadcasting is demonstrably a principal source of information and entertainment for a great part of the nation's population. The commission has reasonably found that the successful performance of these duties demands prompt and efficacious regulation of community antenna television systems."

A week later, the high court said that "CATV systems receive programs that have been released to the public and carry them by private channels to additional viewers. We hold that CATV operators, like viewers and unlike broadcasters, do not perform the program that they receive and carry." In short, the court ruled, the current copyright law does not apply to cable television.

There is no doubt that the FCC was gratified by the regulatory ruling, but there was considerable speculation that the commission had hoped that the copyright case would provide clearer guidelines on just what signals and under what conditions cable systems should be allowed to carry. The commission eventually took up that matter itself in December — the fifth decision, still to come.

The pair of June decisions by the FCC continued the developing pattern of regulation. In a "section 214" ruling — the section of the commission's rules involved is numbered 214 — the commission brought joy to the cable industry by declaring that telephone companies have to file tariffs, asking FCC approval of rates and terms, when they are to offer pole attachment agreements to CATV firms. Cable operators are very suspicious of "telcos" because of their life-and-death power over many CATV firms that depend upon telephone poles, and telephone poles alone, for the means to string their cable. The

(Continued on page 96)

U.K.-U.S. Romance: From ATV's 1955 'Robin Hood' to 'Avengers'; A Love Match With Some Thorns

By BRIAN MULLIGAN

London.

With production from both local and visiting American sources having hiked appreciably over the past year, the position of Britain as a supplier of video product for the U.S. networks looks healthier than at any time.

Time was when ATV's Lew Grade, recognizing the income potential of the American market and progressing from syndication to his first network deal with "Robin Hood," in 1955, had the market almost to himself. Apart from the pioneering efforts of ATV, with such skeins as "The Saint" and "Secret Agent," the only other British success of note was Associated British's longrunning offbeat thriller, "The Avengers."

But for all the efforts of the British visionaries, the local shows languished in summertime slots or were held in reserve to replace seasonal casualties.

The kudos of a primetime place in the fall skeds was denied the British — until last year when Robert Norris, managing director of A.B. Pathe distributors, successfully pitched "The Avengers" into the bigleague with ABC-TV.

And ABC-TV, having decided to back Britain, took its investment a stage further, via two more London-produced skeins, Screen Gems' "Ugliest Girl" and the 20th Fox-Hammer coproduction, "Journey To The Unknown." The third network also has two feature films in production here, "Private I" and "Foreign Exchange," both helmed by Jimmy Sangster, and has bought the new ATV series of Tom Jones variety specials.

In Felton, Leonard Hopper

Looking further ahead, Norman Felton's Arena Productions has "The Strange Report," with Anthony Quayle, underway here for ATV and NBC's 1969 fall timetable, while Sheldon Leonard has a commitment to make an ATV-NBC comedy series with Millicent Martin topcast.

While the Yanks can continue to reckon on the British webs paying around $50,000 an episode for a non-quota series made in Britain, against about $8,000 for one imported, there's no doubt that Britain will continue to remain as attractive to tv men as it has been to the widescreen filmmakers.

But there are those who ponder Britain's appeal on a longterm basis, especially as provider of economically priced shows.

For all its short time on the air, the ambitious London Weekend web is anxious to map some vidfilm production, particularly on a coproduction basis with American nets. Having formed its own telepic subsid under Stella Richman, former exec drama producer for Rediffusion, company sent her to o.o the U.S. scene to help her assess requirements before formulating production plans and inviting participation.

Some U.S. Misgivings

After a month of meetings with network brass in both N.Y. and L.A., Miss Richman returned with a firm conviction that the Americans are keen to do business in Britain, but have misgivings about the length of time productions spend on the studio floor.

Miss Richman figures that if costs continue to rise and the production problem is not licked, then Britain will cease to appeal and "in two years everything might go back to America."

She also discovered, apart from the obvious point that America isn't interested in extremes of British dialect, that scripts, in the opinion of U.S. tv men, don't always come up to a sufficiently high standard. This, she thinks, is because many topline British writers are prejudiced against working for and with Americans.

"There are two languages — English and American — and there's no point in pretending otherwise. Writers must take these things into consideration, but at the same time should be helped to preserve their artistic integrity and encouraged to work closely with producer and script editor," she says.

But in spite of LWT's stated interest, there have been no signs that other majors seem keen to follow where ATV and ABC have blazed a trail.

Negative Aspects

Maybe the new commercial companies faced with a seven-day operation (compared with LWT's two and a half days) have been too busy sorting out their own teething troubles to worry too much about the rest of the world. Alternatively, as in the case of the BBC, series are taped and not filmed, and thus are automatically excluded from U.S. networking. Nevertheless, BBC still regards the U.S. as its most important customer for single shows, but for policy reasons is never likely to become involved either in making series for a possible American pitch or in coproduction on these lines.

While the influx of dollars would make a significant contribution to any web's balance sheet, the cost of filmed series understandably makes them wary of becoming involved in the gamble. But as Grade points out, "If you want to get into the American market and get a fall or winter schedule position at peaktime, then you have to spend money, take risks — and believe in what you are selling."

That's why ATV is spending $240,000 per seg on the Tom Jones series and a similar amount on a new space fiction serial, "U.F.O.," to be made by Gerry Anderson in time for the 1970-71 season. Outlay of such coin brings ATV into the same fiscal stratum as the U.S. webs.

But taking risks has paid off handsomely for ATV. Of 1967 world sales, Grade estimates that about $12,000,000 came from America and expects the 1968 figure to be appreciably higher, thanks to having five series running on the three U.S. networks during the summer.

DOUGLAS MUGGERIDGE TOPS BBC RADIO POPS IN A SURPRISE MOVE

London.

BBC Radio's new pop music supremo will be Douglas Muggeridge, nephew of Malcolm Muggeridge, the vet video commentator. He takes over as controller of Radio 1 and 2 Feb. 1 in succession to Robin Scott, the new overlord of BBC-TV's second channel.

Much as the switch of Scott from radio to tv caught the tipsters unprepared, the appointment of Muggeridge to handle the pop music service came as a surprise. While Scott had a music background to qualify him for the job, Muggeridge has none and is, in fact, a pubaffairs expert, in common with his uncle.

A former journalist, he goes to Radio 1-2 after a spell as head of the overseas talks and features wing of the corporation's external services department. He joined BBC in 1956 as a talks producer and later spent four years in the publicity department.

One of his major tasks will be to secure complete and separate identification of the Radio-2 sweet music channel, which at present shares certain airtime slots with Radio-1. But he's not likely to move until in possession of a report currently being prepared on BBC's whole radio operation.

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

Seattle's Far-Off, But Not Far-Out; King Prods. Digs Lower Overhead, H'wood Escapees, Vancouver Talent

By ROGER HAGAN
(General Manager, King Screen Productions)

Seattle.

Even though it is now possible to have breakfast in New York and lunch the same day in Seattle, it still strikes many people as odd that a national film production company should be based in Seattle.

Why Seattle? The simplest answer is that Seattle is where our parent company has its home base. When King Broadcasting Co. wanted to start a production division and thatrical films and related products, it was easier to build it nearby. Since then, the idea of relocating in New York or Hollywood has indeed come up; but so far the benefits of remaining in Seattle seem great.

What are these benefits? Cost, recruitment, holding crews together long enough to develop style, proximity to Canadian television talent pools, the creative strength of the Pacific Northwest in drama and the arts, and a fair flow of talent back and forth between here and Hollywood in writing, directing, and acting. I see several Hollywood writers each year who want to get away from their bell-bottomed producers and work in clearer air. These factors and a nice flow of business from Northwest agencies make it easy to stay here, but admittedly none is a compelling reason to stay. The reason to stay is nothing better than that we like it here and are willing to pay the added sales costs of getting national business for the privilege of living in a vacationland where winter skiing is an hour from the office, summer boating 10 minutes.

Transplants

Many people in this company are transplants from the east coast or Los Angeles anyway, so the outlook is already cosmopolitan. But the country does affect them. The natural beauty of the country and the relaxed attitude of its people contribute to a kind of soft, naturalistic style in our work which goes well with the modern fluid techniques brought here by the younger filmmakers who have been the core of our production group. I consider this style an advantage, just as I consider it an advantage to have activist, socially concerned people to work with. This company and its president, Stimson Bullitt, draw such people because King was the first television company to editorialize against the Vietnam War, and because it has long been strong on conservation issues.

When New Yorkers think of the Pacific Northwest, they tend to forget the urban complex, Portland - Seattle - Vancouver, B.C., which is the commercial core of the region, and think of lumber, water and fish. The fact is that these three cities are the sources of a great many industrial and advertising accounts. Vancouver is Canada's Los Angeles, the boom city of a nation, much more cosmopolitan than most United States cities. It makes Canada part of our market. We produce commercials for one of Canada's biggest network clients and maintain an office in Vancouver. When working there we employ many Canadian technicians, some of whom join us in Seattle at times; and conversely, our former production manager is now opening a lab in Vancouver.

Canadians in the U.S.

The depth of Hollywood's debt to Canadian broadcast and film talent was suggested to me in a recent comment by a Hollywood musical variety producer that he could not think of more than one musical variety program in American television that did not have a Canadian as director, writer or producer. For some reason, Canada turns out a great many talented broadcast and film directors year in, year out, and the CBS and CTV stations are still doing it. Many of these people start in Vancouver. We see our proximity to that source as a principal advantage for future projects, and we are now in discussion both with individuals there and with the networks themselves on possible coproductions.

Two years ago, we started this process by fishing in the troubled waters in Toronto when "This Hour Has Seven Days" was killed by CBC. The result is that today we and Douglas Leiterman, executive producer of that show, are jointly engaged in a feature project to be shot in Cuba, and Bob Hoyt, a producer on the show who later went to PBL, is director of television news at KING-TV.

The flow of ideas back and forth between CBC and King continues. A few weeks ago, top King Broadcasting executives spent a Sunday evening at the office to watch a special closed circuit showing of recent experimental video work done by Gene Lawrence, a Vancouver CBC producer who is pressing the medium in intriguing ways.

'Care' as Trademark

The net result of being where we are and having the people we do is that our television ideas tend toward the significant—and that is a bad word in this medium if you do not have a network news operation at your disposal. So whether, finally, it is an advantage to be here or not, I am not sure. But at least we know who we are; there is a consistency to the kind of television and feature material we develop and try to sell. I think that if we were in New York or Hollywood, we would have given up by now and started producing game shows and roller derbies.

The best thing about all those mountains and deserts between us and our market is that they insulate the heart a little, and we keep caring. As a trademark, that may serve us well.

Color TV In The Philippines

By AARON PINES

Quezon City, P.I.

Color video began in the Philippines in November of 1966 via ABS-CBN Television. This made the Philippines the third country in the world to venture into color, next only to the United States and Japan. Of couse, the initial color transmissions were on film. It was only recently that colorcasts of tint productions got underway. Curiously enough, even before color started, there were already some 160 color sets around. These belonged to people who had bought the sets abroad.

Today, there are about 3,000 color sets—still a small number compared to 250,000 black & white. The reason, of course, is that not too many people can afford to buy one. The cost of one 25" Radiowealth color set, for example, is $1,120 cash or $1,500 on the installment plan (that's $250 down and $50 monthly).

Delfino Views the Hues

Viewers can expect more programs from ABS-CBN in the future. Phil Delfino, vicepresident for television, says the network will go all the way with color because "we are committed to it. The more color programs aired, the more a set buyer can be justified in having bought the set. We owe it to the public to increase our color programs."

In this connection, therefore, he says that three additional programs from abroad are being added to the ABS-CBN color lineup soon. By the end of the year, there will be a substantial increase in the number of color programs, both foreign and local. On the production side, he says editing of color shows will be possible before the end of October. (It must be noted that at the moment, ABS-CBN is only able to tape programs which run continuously. That is, shows have to be taped in sequence. With editing facilities, taping in sequence need not be done).

ABS-CBN invested substantially when it decided to go into color. And it will be spending more in the future. The equipment alone costs $500,000. This includes cameras, videotape recorders, film chains, additional lighting equipment and other accessories. Maintaining this equipment alone will cost three times the amount spent for black & white television.

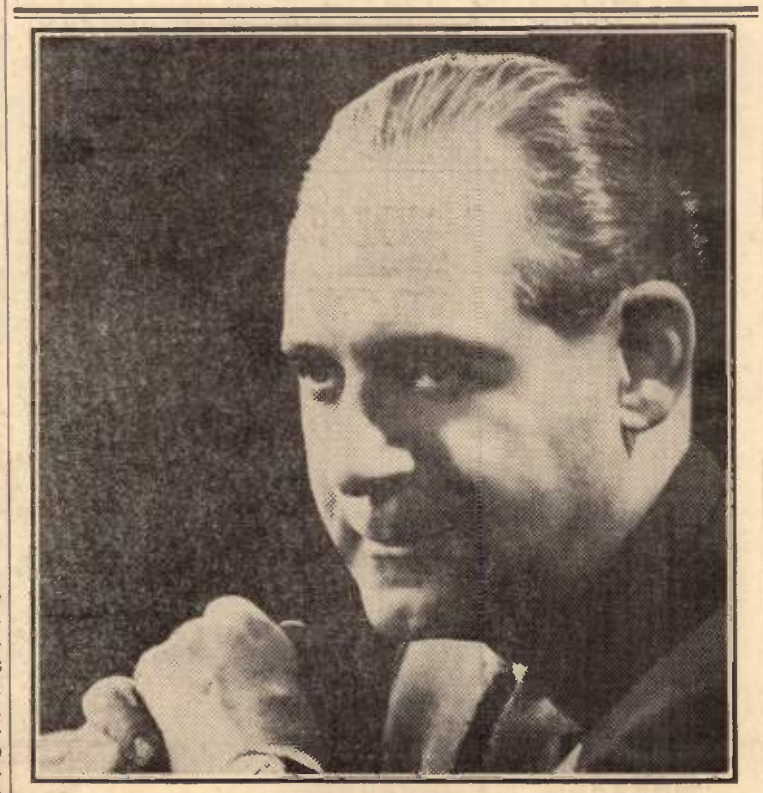
On the Plus Side

Executives of the network are comforted, however, by the response from many quarters to the colorcasts. For one thing, tv sales executives find no difficulty selling the color programs. Advertisers continue to patronize the programs, attracted probably by the fact that the cost of sponsorship of color programs is compatible with black & white programs on the other channels.

As far as technical quality of the transmissions is concerned, the response has been favorable. One American who watched a local colorcast remarked that, technically speaking, color transmission here is comparable to American standards.

It's Up to Stations

The problems facing the rise of color television cover two areas: lack of color sets and lack of color stations. These two, however, are interrelated. One reason people will not buy color sets even if they can afford them is that only one network offers color programs. On the other hand, the reason stations have not joined the color bandwagon is that they would first like to see a substantial increase in the number of color sets. It's a really vicious circle. It is felt, however, that the initiative should lie with the stations. If they switch to color, people will start buying color sets. And once the sales of color sets go up, the costs will go down.



BEN GRAUER
TV NBC RADIO

Primetime Is Anytime There's a Good Show, But Who's Developing Formats?

By TOM VILLANTE
(BBDO V.P.-Director)

What's happened to local tv programming?

In 1952, the frontier days of tv, program development departments proliferated — sometimes wackily, more often creatively. In those days, every local station had portfolios of ideas to intrigue the potential advertiser; and conversely, the advertiser — through his agency's programming department — would make his contribution of suggestions, plans, pilot notions and the cash to try them out.

From the beginning, everyone recognized the phenomenal impact of the new medium. But impact had a broader meaning then. Impact was not just a matter of numbers — the reach-and-frequency syndrome of media buyers and salesmen. Impact also meant — and still means, in my book — identity for the advertiser, pride of ownership, a relationship with a program that transcends the numbing boredom barrier of today's prosaic scatter-plan spotbuying.

It's true that as prices get higher and as production costs and air time rates inflate, the sponsor must make his dollar go farther. But tv always was and is a relatively expensive medium.

But the impact of tv sponsorship was also extraordinary. Sponsor identification with specific programming was quick and meaningful.

At BBDO, I supervise the Schaefer Beer account. Both agency and sponsor have for many years successfully resisted the breakdown of identity in Schaefer tv planning.

When the Brooklyn Dodgers left New York local television in 1957, we were confronted with a situation where our major beer competitor sponsored not only the remaining baseball but pro football telecasts as well. We did not go the tv spot route. We wanted tv programming which would give us impact with continued identity.

Out of this search for identity came the Schaefer Circle of Sports — a wide variety of sports shows that appealed to target audiences of special beer-drinking markets. We created our own tv programming opportunities — boxing and hockey and racing and soccer and basketball. The Schaefer Circle of Sports is now approaching the age of ten, and if we seem proud of its vitality and its impact on beer sales, it's very pardonable.

Similarly, the Schaefer Award Theatre — conceived out of a desire to avoid the monotony and anonymity of scatter-plan spotbuying — has been for a decade an extremely successful piece of local tv programming.

When the Schafer Award Theatre first went on in 1959, old movies, badly cut and loaded with indiscriminately positioned commercials, were all over the channels.

We thought a format of uncut films, making their tv debut, with only four commercial interruptions per film, would give us what we wanted. And we got them — impact, prestige, identity and big ratings — year after year.

But times change, the snows of yesteryear melt and the supply of good first-run films became scarce. Schaefer Award Theatre played its last film in its present format on December 21.

Today, our search for impact goes on. One problem we have faced in that search is that the local tv programming departments really do not exist. They have been taken over by sales. Where once we could approach local stations on the basis of "Give us fresh creative programming ideas and we'll gamble with you," today they scratch their heads, pull out their sliderules, and come up with off network re-runs.

We refuse to believe that the frontiers of tv programming no longer exist. That we are all doomed — sponsor, agency, station and audience — to a matchbook cover concept of advertising in the most dynamic entertainment-and-sales medium in history.

We refuse to believe that primetime lives only between the hours of 7:30 P.M. and 11:00 P.M.

We refuse to believe that audiences won't be attracted by a good show at virtually any time, day or night, summer or winter. To me, primetime is when the type of audience you want watches the show you are paying for.

We refuse to believe that the next generation of tv programming belongs exclusively to the rerun and the spot commercial.

We refuse to believe that "impact" is dead.

There is a million-dollars-plus of Schaefer Beer sponsorship ready to be spent for new impact programming. And, I am sure, millions of dollars more from other sponsors and other agencies.

Where is that local tv station executive who has the imagination and initiative and daring to break away from the ordinary — who will not let the boredom barrier and the numbers game inhibit the search for identity and impact and fresh programming?

Those Familiar Sounds of Video

By JULES ARCHER

"Our Saturday Night movie will continue immediately after local station identification."

* * *

"Nobody, but absolutely nobody, can sing like our next guest, Sharman La Goddesse."

* * *

"Well, Barbara, I guess the real reason I decided to become an actor is that I wanted to bring joy to millions of people, to brighten their lives . . ."

* * *

"I sure am grateful you told me I had bad breath . . ."

* * *

"The reason the F-29 Star zado is spearing at the aphra rays, Spock, is because the gorbel is waffled at zero 7."

* * *

"Washington . . . Congress today, in an economy mood, passed a rock-bottom $78 billion defense appropriation . . ."

* * *

"What! You mean to tell me that I've been saying how good I find Mendacious Oil for my car on *television?*"

* * *

"Good morning. Station BJZZ now begins its daily broadcasts of fine programs in the public interest . . ."

* * *

"Now, wait a minute, Mr. Spivak, what makes you suggest that I would oppose gun control legislation simply because I happen to receive a retainer from Smith & Wesson?"

* * *

"You've been a wonderful, intelligent audience — really and seriously, I love you all from the bottom of my heart."

* * *

"You make out better at both ends."

* * *

"We weren't *really* wrong about our forecast last night. What happened was that a low in the Northeast . . ."

* * *

"In honor of your long career as a champion of good causes, Mr. Bishop, I have been authorized to award you this plaque by the National Eat-More-Celery Association . . ."

WIIC Veeps Colonari; Name Flynn Controller

Bridgeport, Conn.

Ray Colonari, general manager of WICC Radio, has been named a veepee and elected to the board of directors of Connecticut Broadcasting Co. Inc., subsidiary of WPIX Inc. of New York.

Same time, James J. Flynn, WICC business manager, has been promoted to the post of controller. Colonari was g.m. of the station when it was acquired by WPIX in March, 1967, and Flynn, who had been assistant controller for WPIX, was shifted to WICC on the day of the sale.

145 TITLES

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is the leading name in motion pictures. The MGM/7 list includes 53 first-run titles plus 92 more that are first-run in syndication. There are 93 in color. They are all post-'48, of course, with more than half post '60. The 145 titles give a wide range of opportunity in programming for various audiences at different times of day or night... a unique flexibility in building prime audiences and serving local demographic interests.

Trends come and go, but movies survive them all. A single picture usually has more talent than any combination of talk-shows, more production and excitement than any series episode.

It's the titles and the stars that make movies great. It's the titles and the stars that make the big MGM/7 even better.

MGM/7

New York, Chicago, Culver City, Atlanta, Dallas, Toronto

Japanese TV Much Like American, But More Cultural, and No Reruns

By WARD L. QUAAL

(President, WGN Continental Broadcasting Co.)

Chicago.

There is no one in Japan who contends that the broadcasting industry within that country is superior to that of the United States, but one thing is certain, the Japanese broadcasting industry is the closest, both from a cultural and a commercial standpoint, to this nation's.

Japanese broadcasters have invested heavily in equipment and in facilities. Indeed, the NHK broadcast centre is by far the finest in the world, not just upon its elegance and size but on the sound judgment used in all studios for both radio and television. The downtown facilities of NHK include computer equipment that is five years ahead of any such gear now in use in the United States for broadcasting or any other industry. After a period in which the equipment was in total test, it went into full use with NHK personnel operating fully as of Nov. 15.

It is believed that only the new French broadcast centre adjacent to Paris' Orly Field excels NHK. I have not seen the new French construction but can state categorically that NHK is far superior to the other new (relatively so) Paris broadcast centre which was completed only 15 years ago on the banks of the Seine on Avenue de President Kennedy.

The commercial broadcasters of Japan such as TVS, Tokyo Broadcasting System, Mainichi Broadcasting System (MBS), Asahi (ABC) Broadcasting System and Nippon Television Network have marvelous facilities.

Image Consciousness

All Japanese businessmen, especially broadcasters, place great emphasis upon "image-building." Therefore, their studios, their facilities, their offices and their reception rooms are the acme of luxury.

Most interesting about top executive personnel in Japan is that few of the heads of Japanese broadcasting enterprises started in the business. Most of the major executives in Japanese broadcasting today came from banking or newspaper fields. They apologize, therefore, for the fact that they are not knowledgeable as their junior executives in areas such as basic programming, the presentation of news via radio and television, and engineering. However, they delegate authority with effectiveness and their own good business judgment helps in the growth and development of the enterprise.

Each of the Japanese networks has its key stations in Tokyo with secondary key outlets in other major cities but especially Osaka, known as the Chicago of Japan. In turn, each station in the field (throughout Japan) has one or more satellites built to render a service to areas located in difficult terrain.

Little Need For CATV

The presence of these satellites is the reason the CATV industry barely exists in Japan today. There are a few systems under construction, but they are being bitterly opposed by all broadcasters and especially NHK. The fear is that CATV will be able to originate programs and commercials and will not just be a supplementary or "fill-in" service in areas where there is a problem caused by topography or distance from the originating station.

NHK, by the way, stands for Nippon Hoso Corporation or Japan Broadcasting Corporation. It has a contract with the government to furnish a cultural television network, a general service television network, a cultural radio network and a general service radio network and also overseas service for Japan (shortwave).

NHK sustains its operation on the basis of the payment of a tax by owners of television receivers. The charge is about $1 per month for a black and white receiver and approximately $1.60 a month for a color set. There are added charges for extra receivers in homes, clubs, restaurants, etc. The former radio tax was removed as of October 1.

In programming, the NHK cultural network makes available a vast amount of high quality musical and dramatic fare along with some very sophisticated general educational presentations. It is not uncommon in a typical broadcast day to have 25 different educators participate on some of the educational programs of NHK's cultural network.

How The News Is Done

NHK and the other networks carry a great amount of news, but here is the most glaring failure in Japanese broadcasting. All too many newscasts are merely radio presentations with a camera on the announcer. All too little news film and basic graphics are utilized.

On the other hand, it should be noted that NHK and all of the Japanese networks have outstanding remote gear and often cover news events "live" no matter what is involved, including the recent student rioting at one of the major railroad stations of Tokyo. There is more use of microwave equipment for these purposes in Japan than in any other nation on the face of the globe.

Look Ma, No Reruns

There is much more emphasis upon dramatic presentation in Japan than in our country. In most cases, these dramatic shows are videotaped for reference purposes but none is used for a repeat at a later date on that or another facility. In short, Japan does not have the policy of "re-runs" which obtains in United States television.

At the present time, there are only 1,000,000 color sets in use of approximately 20,000,000 total receivers in all of Japan. Therefore, color programming is now only about 30% of the total broadcast schedule. These sets for most news broadcasts are in color, but very little color news film utilized.

All in all, Japan's broadcasters are able, sincere and dedicated. They know the United States is still the leader in broadcasting, and that is why so much time is spent in our country studying the methods of individual stations and the networks, whether in programming, production, engineering or other areas.

Further, there is no question about the wisdom of President Kennedy when he selected Japan as the nation with which we were to establish a pilot "project" in cultural exchange in broadcasting and in other areas. As far as broadcasting is concerned, Japan is closest to our way of thinking in both radio and television. Indeed, it is the only country which has the basic commercial radio and television operations that have brought success to the American system over the past five decades.

TV In a Sewer

Edinburgh.

Television is to "go down the drain," by order of the city corporation. Thirteen miles of city sewers will be inspected by television cameras, to be pulled through the sewers either on legs or on special floats.

Inspection is normally made by workmen. The video method will save men from being exposed to the dangers which sometimes exist in sewers. Videotape recordings of the sewers will be made in a control box at ground level.

The inspection will be carried out by Seer TV Surveys Ltd., and will cost a maximum of $30 000.

ATV Talks Joint Deal With Italy's RAI at Top Coin

London.

Plans for Britain's ATV and Italy's RAI to join in a high budgeted coproduction blueprint are well on the way to firming. Execs from the British web will be in Rome next month to finalize details of specific properties to be lensed, with the accent expected to be on drama and documentaries.

Behind the Italians' interest in getting together with ATV, with its ITC global sales outlet, is seen a desire to expand their European influence into other markets, in particular North America.

At this stage, proposals have been limited to an exchange of ideas on possible subjects, with the emphasis being placed on the need for an intermixture of talent from both countries, both on creative and acting sides.

Present plan anent the drama tieup is for one 90-minute feature to be made on location in Italy, for theatrical playoff in advance of vidscreening. As envisaged, ATV will supply script plus male star, with RAI contributing production facilities, possibly director, female costar and some secondline casting. Most of dialog will be in English.

At the British end, a largescale studio drama production on color tape is envisaged.

Documentary project involves a probable two-hour treatment of some global subject allowing maximum scope for scenic and visual values.

CATV Sale in Okla.

Guymon, Okla.

Jean and Curtis M. Faris have disclosed the sale of Guymon Television to Cablevision of Guymon Inc.

The CATV system serves 1,300 subscribers here.

Television Today & Tomorrow: The Admixture As Before

By JACK HELLMAN

Hollywood.

Give television a big E for '68. It was well earned. Not for excellence or effort but because it came up Empty in providing the millions of gawkers with fresh and exciting personalities. After you've said Diahann Carroll you're hung up and she was a pretty big name before television gave her a hard look. Now who are what?

The networks will agree to a qualified guilt. But they argue, we're the sellers and not the buyers. Which is another way of saying the big advertisers are playing it close to the vest and let someone else take the gamble as producers of musicals are wont to do on new, untried songs.

A case in point: An idea brought to a network was deemed worthy of development. When it shaped up, a time salesman for a network submitted it along Madison Ave. and got the same response: "Can't we twist it around to make it look more like 'Julia'?" The adman had one eye on the presentation and the other on the Nielsen numbers. The network still liked the idea but no one was interested enough to pick up part of the tab. So it was pigeonholed for another try at another time. Now, at least, the network knows what will spark the sponsor's interest.

Creativity got the short end because time was running out—time, that is, on the primetime schedule. Where to put what creased the brows of the program architects. Little was left after 14 hours a week for old and some new theatrical features, scads of preempting specials and the growing fad for variety shows, which some insist is a throwback to vaudeville. Comics who couldn't make it on their own were integrated into these hourlong varieties which required little creativeness.

Avalanche of Vauders

They'll be coming along in droves next fall. The gawkers might as well get used to seeing such comics as Jack Carter, Shelley Berman and Sid Caesar at annoying intervals. An offshoot of vaude, they'll have a route without moving out of Hollywood or Manhattan. There are estimates as high as 25 of this type show next season. Federal Communications Commissioners have made some noise about this inequity of program dispersal but as one member said, in effect, "The networks have little to worry about. They have the FCC in their back pockets." Said an observer, "And they're supposed to protect the public."

The men who program the networks are even promising more of the same for the season of 1970-71. Said one, "We're practically locked in for the next semester and making commitments for the following year." Anything new, they were asked, or did this season cue any program guidelines? The reply was negative.

Hot Pix Won't Make It

Said one packager, "We know more about what we can't do than can. Those who believe that violence is a passing thing are not being realistic. Nor will the network censors slacken the line on outward displays of sex. Millions will be lost by feature picture producers catering to carnal excitement or sexual pleasures. These pictures can never be shown on television in this country and at the present cost of $800,000 per subject to television it could run into important money. The bars may be let down in the few years to come but not enough to allow such overt displays of sex."

The clean, family comedy, the counterpart of the Disney features, has not succumbed to the wave of broader exhibits. Don Fedderson's pair, "Family Affair" and "My Three Sons," are still among Nielsen's leaders and he has another coming up to be filmed in Rome. Art Linkletter has said, "If my kids are not allowed to see them I won't make them."

Which way to turn from violence and still hold the adventure buffs has its frustrations. Documentary specials are not the answer if they are to be judged by the Nielsen numbers. The viewers have expressed their sentiment: to be entertained and not educated.

It'll just have to be that way, say the networks in defense of their total programming for the masses. Which is to say, if you've had it before you've got it again.

Czech B'casting

Continued from page 86

dustrial firms. These centres will be capable of producing the difficult type of formats (drama, operas, children's programs) for live transmission as well as videotapes from anywhere in the country, plus films for newscasts as well as documentaries.

Television's importance in society is quite obvious today. Czechoslovak tv is the source of fast visual information, and according to public opinion polls conducted in the spring of this year at a time of important political events in the country, 73% of the country's inhabitants watched television newscasts every evening at 7 p.m. as well as the main news program of the day, and later the second newscast at about 10 p.m. Top programs are watched by 80-85% of set owners, including Saturday light entertainment, revues, popular serials, comedies, detective stories, natural history, travelogs, sports, television plays and feature pictures. Political programs have extremely large followings. The recent three-part cycle on the relations between parents and children, on moral and social problems, have provoked thousands of viewers to write letters to the network, and to discuss the problems in public. The result was a television panel of several ministers of the Czechoslovak government who answered viewers' questions on the screen.

16% For Kidvid

Great attention is devoted to children's programming. Over 15% of transmission time is devoted to children and youth ranging from fairy tales for the smallest ones to dramas and other fare for the older ones. Besides these, Czechoslovak tv transmits on three mornings programs for schools prepared in cooperation with the Ministry of Education. There are a great number of educational television courses for secondary school graduates as well as for older groups.

International exchange of programming is carried out on a wide scale. Approximately 10% of Czechoslovak TV transmission time is taken up by imports — bought or exchanged programs and films right up to direct transmissions of political, sports and cultural events as well as regular news reports from several world agencies and Eurovision and Intervision.

Czechoslovak TV does not only transmit foreign programs. It also produces many which it exports, not only live transmissions, sports, cultural programs and recordings of tv shows. It has received many golden, silver and bronze awards, from juries in Montreux, Prix Italia, Prague, London, Dublin and other festivals. The Prague Television Festival held every June is the meeting ground for program and television workers of many stations of the world in the field of tv dramas and documentaries.

In The Future

The future of Czechoslovak Television can be seen summarized this way:

1970—inauguration of second channel.

1972—experimental beginning of color television; growth of transmission from 70 to approximately 120 hours weekly, which will in practice mean that viewers can watch three instead of the former two dramas weekly, three instead of the former two feature films, 18 children's programs vs. 10, about 20 documentaries and political issues vs. 10, six light entertainment programs vs. four, 12 hours of sports vs. seven. And most important of all, that they will be able to pick and choose what they want.

New DuPont-Columbia News Award To Base on Survey of Responsibility

By MARVIN BARRETT
(Director, Alfred I. duPont-Columbia Survey & Awards)

In a recent cataloging, a researcher was able to add up over 340 separate radio and television awards before she stopped in amazement and horror at the realization that the field was still nowhere near exhausted.

Some of broadcasting's awards fulfill their function admirably, giving honor where honor is due, and most people in the business know their names. As for the others, they do little harm beyond cluttering up the already tatty decor of reception rooms and corner offices across the land with objects of questionable artistic value. In my opinion, to give too many awards is better than to give no awards at all, and, if the broadcasting industry has sometimes accepted its accolades as an excuse for not doing more, it has just as often improved its performance in the hopes of attracting some distinguished judge's approval.

The new Alfred I. duPont-Columbia Survey and Awards in Broadcast Journalism—the block-busting name is minimal to describe where we come from and what we hope to do—will hand out its modicum of laurels—which the industry will, as usual, endorse or take exception to. But this is only a small part of the job we have set ourselves.

First, and this may seem foolhardy to some, we intend to give the reasoning behind each award, not just in the customary citation, but in a wide-angle description of the field in or from which the award winner distinguished himself. To put it another way, the Survey comes first in our title and in our function.

Calling The Shots

In expanding and revising the Alfred I. duPont Foundation Awards this year, the duPont Trustees have put in our hands the means not only for the judging and honoring of entries in an annual contest of excellence between individuals, stations and networks, but for a year-round scrutiny of the vast and jittering field of electronic journalism. Their motives are clear. In the 26 years since the awards were first established, news and public affairs broadcasting has grown steadily in importance and impact until it is, according to recent research, the primary information source for a majority of Americans, in certain significant segments of the population the figure rising to as high as 90 per cent.

What has been a suspicion over the years has been demonstrated a certainty in the past 12 months. Today broadcasters are in a position to do great good and great harm. That is their choice. What they can't be is either indifferent or innocuous. Broadcasting has not only grown up; after half a century, it is, whether it likes it or not, calling the shots. It is a thrilling and chilling moment for any leader, that instant when he knows he is on top, when he feels the possession of power—and then suddenly realizes he is not only commander but target as well. It is the fate of the new duPont-Columbia program to arrive at such a moment of truth in broadcasting history.

Our purpose had already been formulated prior to the tragic and revelatory events of last spring and summer—to examine each year certain of broadcast journalism's manifold responsibilities and comment on how they are being met, and to hand out some honors along the way.

Panel of Jurors

How are we going to pursue what now seems an even more ambitious goal than when we first set it? To begin with, we must admit that the program is administered by human beings and therefore subject to error, to prejudices blind spots, quirks and unjustified enthusiasm, and then proceed to minimize these dangers as much as possible by a series of checks and balances.

Acting as advisors to the Survey, a publication which will appear annually and contain our observations as well as the announcement of awards growing out of them, is

a panel of five jurors, all of them journalists with more than a casual acquaintance with broadcasting. They are Michael Arlen, radio and television critic for the New Yorker Magazine; Edward W. Barrett, Dean (1956-68) of the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism; Sir William J. Haley, editor-in-chief of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, formerly director general of the British Broadcasting Corp., and editor of the Times of London; Marya Mannes, journalist, critic, and television commentator; and Arthur D. Morse, interim director of the International Broadcasting Institute, formerly producer of "CBS Reports." These are serious people with a deep knowledge and concern. It is their duty, and it is far from perfunctory, to select with the help of members of the faculty of Columbia's Graduate School of Journalism the areas of inquiry that should be most fruitful for research, and shepherd that research to publication.

Help From The Industry

Beyond them we have a network of correspondents, trained observers in the major broadcasting markets, who will funnel information into the offices and be available to answer necessary queries. In addition, a volunteer industry panel will be invited to patricipate whenever subject matter and circumstances indicate. All broadcasting journalists have been invited to suggest fields for possible inquiry and evaluation. By enlisting the help of those active in the field as well as those bent upon contemplating it, we hope to forego shallow, shut-out judgments in favor of balanced and objective description. Our sources, in all cases we hope will be those who know best.

Whether the new Alfred I. duPont-Columbia Survey and Awards is a success or failure is ultimately up to the broadcasters. If the quality of electronic journalism improves in the next several years, we will consider ourselves a success, whether we can prove participation in the improvement or not. If it fails to grow in knowledge and expertise, and it could, we will share unequivocally in its failure.

But frankly, I think the portents are good. Spokesmen for the broadcasters are beginning to sound these days like prophets and philosophers. And that is what they must become. For many, money and the world's attention is already theirs, and now, like others before them newly rich and conspicuous, they are considering how to use their powers not just to get more money and attention, but to achieve something quite different—the common good. In their journalistic function, many broadcasters have seen the interruption of the vicious circle which has threatened to reduce all broadcasting to a drooling reflex. The occasion for the interruption has in part been violent, tragic, humiliating. But the early responses have been impressive. In many quarters the excuses and special pleading for inadequate performance have been replaced by a genuine attempt to understand their high vocation, and it is the highest—to seek out the truth and convey it unadulterated to their follows. Some of the sobbing on the way to the bank has been replaced, one surmises, by silent meditation.

The new Alfred I. duPont-Columbia Survey and Awards is a friend who doesn't view broadcasting with suspicion and distrust, but with faith, and the hope that the above admonition and others like it will be increasingly listened to and acted upon. If they are, the nation, broadcasting, and our humble enterprise have a promising future. If not . . .

TV Laughin'

Continued from page 85

overtake Lucille Ball. In satiric bite and the flouting of mores, Rowan & Martin and the Smothers Bros. reinforced each other. If one could get away with this much sacrilege and that much taboo-busting, the other had to be permitted at least as much freedom on the competing network.

Ring In the New

The success of the two satirical shows is perhaps a phenomenon of these transitional (some would say revolutionary) times, marking the decay of an old era and the onset of a new one. It may be that the shows "work" because they express what the young fervidly feel and at the same time wrap into a joke what the older generations fear but know is happening. Whenever satire flourishes in periods of literature, it signals a general intellectual awakening.

So the exciting thing about the Rowan & Martin-Smothers Bros. happening is not so much their conspicuous place in the present program scheme but their implications on the medium seasons hence. It is not so much that they are breaking taboos or testing tv's moral boundaries but that they could be heralding a whole new kind of television, a bolder and more topical kind which is looser in structure and more individually styled than the current run of vidfilm and variety programs. That these two upstart shows should tangle with, and get the better of, two of the toughest old warhorses in the network schedules may—if the networks read the sign—jolt primetime tv out of a rut that has made each new season less interesting than the one before it.

Congressional Dichotomy

In the meantime, what remains fascinating about the two shows is that they have successfully essayed the kind of free and open speech that news and non-entertainment tv broadcasts are being denied by their own companies. Further, although the shows have made about as many enemies as fans among the public, they have not noticeably stirred up the authorities.

"Laugh-In" and "Smothers" have all year dominated the citizens' complaints with the FCC, and Congressmen have been known to receive letters from their constituents pointing to lapses in taste and arguing that the shows are enjoying too much freedom of expression. The letters are only forwarded to the webs with advice that someone write an answer to the sender. Never have the Congressmen made censorial noises or called for an investigation, nor has the FCC dispatched "20 day letters" to the networks to answer for their behavior, as was done after the reportage on the Republican and Democratic National Conventions.

"Laugh-In" has made it clear where it stands on George Wallace and the war in Vietnam, but no news program could ever hint such an opinion. "Laugh-In" has kidded politics, religion and race on the square, but when the networks showed pictures of violence in Chicago during the Democratic conclave, they were charged with bias, distortion and all manner of journalistic sin.

Operation Prudence

Why there should be this double standard for tv under the First Amendment is not altogether impossible to fathom. A politician can ask for restrictions on tv news freedom without damage to his image as a serious and concerned public official. But to attack a comedy show is (1) to betray a lack of a sense of humor, which is unforgivable in politics, (2) to enact the censor, and (3) to risk going to war with all those tv viewers who have made "Laugh-In" the most popular show in the nation, with ratings of 30 and upward. Obviously, it's more prudent to attack an unpopular show. In the same vein, it seems highly probable that if "Laugh-In" or "Smothers" were losers in the ratings, or even borderline cases, they'd probably be less privileged with the standards & practices people at the networks.

An NBC official discloses that humor is the chief basis for approving the troublesome material on "Laugh-In." The S&P man who scans the scripts and the tape for the network on the Coast will let pass some inflammatory gambits, such as cracks about the Pope, if in his judgment they are essentially funny. Thus, the once forbidden exposure of navels and other female flesh is permitted in those "Laugh-In" body paint sequences because the things written on the body parts are deemed funny.

Some Vox Popoffers

The same official tells that the network always gets some letters of complaint from viewers about the program, but never a frightening amount, and he adds that most of the criticism centers on questions of taste and charges of vulgarity. Otherwise, the order of viewer sensitivity seems to be religion, politics and personalities. Morality (as regards gags about sex, double entendres, leg and torso displays, etc.) is not a major issue of criticism, he says.

There are some in the industry who feel that the "Laugh-In" kind of show, due to multiply in February with two new entries on ABC, will run its course like every cycle in tv, or that it may last only as long as the social revolution that is taking place. If that should be so, the "Laugh-In" cycle —unlike other kinds of tv shows that come and go—will have made a lasting mark on the medium. Program standards have been liberalized, new precedents have been set and the networks are not now as timorous as they used to be. Perhaps never again will a handful of letters from irate viewers send waves of panic throughout a whole company.

Gillette Pulls Out As Soccer Sponsor in Arg.

Buenos Aires.

Ending a long-standing policy, Gillette will no longer sponsor radio airings of soccer matches here. Growing popularity of the sport has been exploited by the Football Association, which now organizes two yearly tournaments instead of one, and besides enters the Inter-American Cup of the Inter Continental Cup (this one between South American and European champions).

As a result of all this, the number of top games has grown from 30-odd in past years to near 100 in 1968, and all of them are aired through several radio chains. In such an enlarged and competitive market, the investment for a sponsor is too big and its chances to reach listeners diminish. At least, so seems to think Gillette.

As for tv Gillette's Sports Cavalcade, it would be maintained with a reduced staff.

ABC's Chicago Story for 1968— Big Turnaround of WLS Station

By MORRY ROTH

Chicago.

Whatever its network and corporate troubles may be, ABC can look to Chicago as a bright ray of hope—both of its owned broadcast entities in the Windy City are in the best shape in recent history. Both WLS-TV and WLS-AM have made major comebacks in 1968, rising from the bitter dregs of defeat to new-found eminence.

While broadcast news in Chicago in 1968 revolved around the debacle at the Democratic National Convention and WBBM-TV's (CBS) roasting at the hands of the FCC over its "pot party" show, the two ABC properties have quietly undergone a major metamorphosis. What is remarkable about the ABC stations is that both were virtually on the ropes in the spring and yet by fall were coming up roses.

The WLS-TV recovery is notable in that it reversed more than a decade of unexciting management, revolving-door personnel policy and just plain bad luck. For instance, in less than three years the station has had three program directors, two executive producers, two chief engineers and two general sales managers. In most cases the departees went on to better things in the company, but continuity was sharply hampered and morale was notoriously bad at the station.

Comeback on News

In terms of local public image the station hit rock bottom in the spring when it axed the highly regarded "Kup's Show" (which went to WMAQ-TV), excised the well-liked "Morning Show With Jim Conway" (which went to WGN-TV) and dropped Norman Ross's "Off The Cuff" gab show. Each of these personalities had strong public and press following and g.m. Dick O'Leary took his lumps stoically despite legitimate programming reasons for the axings.

The cutting edge in WLS-TV's recovery undoubtedly was in the closely-watched 10 p.m. news, co-anchored by Fahey Flynn (ex-WBBM-TV) and Joel Daly. Buoyed by a clever advertising and promotion campaign ("Will Success Spoil Flynn-Daly?") and abetted by an abortive move to an hour's new by WBBM-TV, the ABC station edged into second place in the late evening news for the first time in a month ago.

O'Leary still has a problem spot in his post-midnite "Chicago" show, which has never gotten off the ground critically or in the ratings. But in the main, the mood at the station is up. Recent ratings books have shown healthy increases in several of the lesser local timeslots, and it is understood that sales at the station are the best in its history.

Radio Side's Recovery

The WLS Radio 1968 story was remarkable in that the station recovered from a severe slide from the top. For years, it was one of Chicago's "Big Three" radio stations and an almost automatic buy for advertisers. The tradition has been that WGN Radio had the "family" trade, WIND (Group W) had the "young marrieds" and WLS had the youth.

Then WCFL hired the aggressive Ken Draper as program director and switched to rock, a field that had been preempted by WLS until that point. Draper announced publicly that he would "bury" WLS, and very nearly did it. Under g.m. Gene Taylor (once a deejay) and operations director John Rook, WLS began gunning for WIND's young-married audience and at the same time stemmed the tide of kids away from WLS and to WCFL.

The station now has a brisker and brighter sound than it has ever had, minus the boomchuck histrionics that once limited its audience. Its news coverage has been expanded and it has been airing more and more news specials and documentaries. In the October ARB, WLS was first in the daylong figures and third in the crucial 6 a.m. to 10 a.m. drivetime period, a segment that accounts for nearly half of all Chi radio billings.

Welcome to a greater Chicagoland

Welcome to Weston, Illinois. It's just 30 miles down the road from the heart of Chicago. There, the National Accelerator Laboratory, world's largest nuclear reactor, will be under construction.

Today a prairie town. Soon one of America's key scientific centers.

The Weston story is another example of Illinois—now in its 150th year—meeting the challenge of today. And preparing for the promise of tomorrow. With Weston, the Chicago area emerges as the nuclear research capital of the world. And it assures an ever bigger and better Chicagoland.

WGN Radio and WGN Television salute the people—and the spirit—who are making it all happen.

WGN
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WGN Continental Group Stations—dedicated to quality, integrity, responsibility and performance.

How To Start A Search For Success In The World's Largest Ad Agency

By CARROLL CARROLL

At the time all this happened I was picking up a part-time dollar as a PR man (then called press-agent) for Tobis-Klangfilm Syndikat A.G. The hours were long and the pay was short. But I hung on for two reasons: (1) it was better than starving; (2) just telling the name of the company I worked for got a nice laugh.

The New York Sunday World had folded and with it my silly news stories and regular radio column in the Metropolitan Section. The Depression, and something called radio, had racked up the humor magazines that once provided me with a nice living. So the Tobis job was better than going on welfare because at that time there wasn't any.

One day I got a call from my agent, Nannine Joseph, inviting me to a cocktail party to meet two men from J. Walter Thompson Co.'s radio department. She said it might mean some freelance work. Clearly it meant a few free drinks. You can't beat a double benefit like that. So I went.

No sooner had I arrived than I was introduced to the two men from JWT and, in the way of cocktail party intros, I learned that my name was Carroll (I knew my last name) and each of the two guys was Bob. (I never heard their last names.)

Also present was a second-string motion picture critic for a third-string newspaper (names omitted to protect the innocent) who was not to be ignored because who else (at that time) would write anything at all about the kind of art movie I was plugging? I knew if I was to get any space anywhere on my fourthrate flick, I'd better concentrate on her. So without even saying goodbye to the two Bobs from JWT, we split and went to dinner.

It was one of my smarter investments. When I called her the next morning to find out what kind of space I was getting and how many pictures she needed, her office told me she'd just resigned and taken off for Grand Falls, Idaho, to join her fiance who'd gone there to look for a job and found one in his father's laundry business.

About a week later, the phone rang. It was one of the Bobs at J. Walter. It turned out his name was Colwell (15 years later he became the big C in SSC&B.) And as you read on you'll see why he became my dearest friend.

Battle of Lexington Begins

What Bob wanted to know was, could I come down to 420 Lex to see him. He said he had something he thought I might be good at. I told him I'd be down right away, and rushed out of the house. I then rushed back to put on my pants because I knew Thompson was, at that time, a very staid outfit. Fully and conservatively dressed, I boarded a subway train that took forever to get to 42d St.

Bob was in charge of writing the Eddie Cantor-Chase & Sanborn Coffee Hour. Agencies did such things in those days. And he told me they (meaning Eddie) had an idea they thought might be sensational for the coming Sunday's Christmas Eve Show. The premise was to have Eddie play a "little-match-girl" type newsboy selling his papers to the homegoing merrymakers. All it had to be was warm, human and hilarious. No problem. The kind of thing they tell you "writes itself."

This plot was to take the form of five two-minute "acts," each loaded with very funny jokes and ending with a furtive tear. Bob wanted to know if I could deliver them — the next morning.

Twentyfour hours later, wearing a short blond stubble and matching red eyes, I was in his office. He read the five blackouts and reacted with the sort of enthusiasm that Homer's publisher must have shown the day he walked in with "The Iliad." Then we talked money. I was my usual forceful, controlled negotiator.

To my amazement, Bob offered me $30 each for the five spots. Brought up on the kind of dough Judge and Life paid for that sort of stuff, I'd expected about 10 or

EARL and LOIS
Management
WILLIAM MORRIS AGENCY

15 for tops. You can imagine my reaction.

"Thirty dollars!" I shouted in disbelief. He misconstrued my astonishment for contempt and said, hastily, "All right, 50!" We closed on that.

Enter Eddie Cantor

On Sunday there was a party for all my friends (4 or 5 people don't crowd a room too much.) Some brought sandwiches, some brought booze, I supplied the shelter and the radio. We were gathered to hear my immortal words given to the world by Eddie Cantor.

When he finally got down to closing with "I love to spend this hour with you," I could have told you one person who didn't love spending that hour at all and it was I.

Not one syllable that I had written was uttered by anyone. We drank up the booze very fast.

Two surprises followed this fiasco. One was the arrival of the check for the agreed-upon $250. The second was a call, about three weeks later, from Bob. He said he had a problem he thought would be right down my alley. I didn't tell him the $250 had gotten me out of that alley.

They had one of those 15 minute, 5-nights-a-week, Lum 'n' Abner-type, clod-kicking shows. As if this, in itself, were not enough of a problem, the writer-creator of the strip had gone AWOL. They'd looked in every bottle in town and couldn't find him. And they needed a five-part sequence for the following week. Not only that, they needed it fast, fast, fast! I was larning fast, fast, fast that nothing in radio was ever done any other way.

Reber's Pajama Game

The whole picture was given to me when, at Bob's request, I met with him and the fabulous John U. Reber in a suite at Delmonico's where they were holed-up preparing some sort of presentation to a prospective client. The fact that I met the unbelievable Reber, one of the most inspired and inspiring showmen of The Golden Age of Radio, while he was clad in Chinese red pajamas, is the only thing that kept me from being scared to death of him. (It ultimately turned out to be a long and rewarding association.)

In his complicated, roundabout, Pennsylvania-Dutch way, Reber told me their problem and asked if I thought I could write the show. I said I thought I could but didn't tell him my problem. I'd never heard it.

We parted with me agreeing to turn in the five installments on Wednesday which, Reber said, gave me all the time in the world — almost 48 hours.

A hitch on an Indiana farm, and a quick listen to one installment that evening at dinner, made me an expert on rural comedy. So, right on the money, I delivered a sequence of five broadcasts on how a slick city salesman sold a silent policeman to a hayseed town with no traffic problem. (He promised that within a week after buying his product, they'd have one. And, for those too young to know what a silent policeman is, it's one of those self-operating traffic signals they were putting, at that time, in the middle of the only intersection in every little crossroads town.)

Out of the Drunk Tank

Again the money rolled in but the writing was never heard on the air. It seems the author dried-out and showed up with his own ideas. I was sad. I'd now picked up a total of five C's with no play. Somehow it seemed to suggest to me that JWT must have had it with me.

But, what do you know, two weeks later I got a call from the other Bob, Bob Simon, then music critic of the New Yorker and resident consultant to Thompson on matters melodic. He told me they'd decided to do an audition for a client. It was to be for a series of 30-minute radio treatments of European musical comedies that had never been seen in the United States.

My job, do a script, libretto and lyrics.

The property they'd selected for the audition was a little wienerwurst called "Paganini." Naturally, it was in German. If, sensibly, it had been in Italian, I'd still have been in trouble because my Italian was as bad as my German, which was limited to saying "Thank you" when someone said, "Gesundheit!". But, at least, it would not have destroyed my feeling for the fitness of things.

Bob said he was sending me the book and score and that he'd leave it to me to pick out three or four of the big tunes. I didn't tell him I couldn't read music. Why blab about your weaknesses? People will find out soon enough.

There was a multilingual secretary at Tobis. (I can still remember her name. It was Tappernoux.) She translated the dialog, in the films we imported, for the benefit of the customs people. For $25 Miss T. turned out a literal translation almost in the time it took her to type it. A girl I was going with at the time played the score for me on her flute. I picked out four tunes to which I wrote dummy lyrics that were later to be turned into purest poetry. And that was it. Boom! I'd made another quarter of a thousand bucks almost overnight. But guess what. They never did the audition.

A Meeting With Throttlebottom

It was about a month later that Bob Colwell called me again. This time he offered me a regular job working on Thompson radio shows. I was surprised he wasn't afraid my writing—just on my track record—would wipe them all off the air.

The following Monday, I went to work on the 10th floor of the Graybar Building and my first assignment was to meet with Vice-President Throttlebottom, the inimitable Victor Moore, at Essex House Together we were to start planning a 15-minute cross-the-board strip starring Moore doing something which we would determine. Naturally, this never happened.

During our meeting I began to feel funny, but not the right way. I was upset, dizzy, headachy and dull. This, I thought, was just nervousness about being on a new job that I knew I knew nothing about.

The next day I pulled up with a mile high fever and spent the following 10 days in bed sweating out a case of influenza. While I was still recuperating, my first salary check showed up. And the group insurance paid the doctor.

I worked for Thompson 25 years interrupted after 15 by a 10-year sabbatical as a vicepresident of the Ward Wheelock Co.

The NY World folded. The Tobis Klangfilm Syndikat A.G. collapsed. The old Life and Judge went out of business. So did Ward Wheelock. Yet J. Walter Thompson kept getting bigger and bigger

Why could I not do for them what I did for all the other companies? For the life of me I can't see where I went wrong.

Stuart Joins WKBS-TV

Philadelphia.

Robert A. Stuart has joined the local Kaiser Broadcasting U outlet, WKBS-TV, as general sales manager. He'll also sport assistant g.m. hat.

Exec shifts from the New York office of TvAR, the Group W station rep firm, where he was v.p. Before that he was sales factotum at Group W's Philly and San Francisco vid anchors.

Technology in Translation

Satellites, Rockets, Space Flights a Nightmare For BBC Unit That Has to Tell It in 40 Languages

JIM CAMPBELL
Announcer—Actor—Narrator
Billy's Registry (212) PL 2-7676

London.

There's a story told at BBC's External Services section about a news bulletin in which it was necessary to translate the phrase "The two ministers met to take stock of the situation." Somewhere along the line the meaning became garbled and what went on the air was "The two ministers met to steal cattle."

While the story is probably apocryphal, it nevertheless illustrates the problems with which External Services has to cope in transmitting in 40 different languages, many of them highly primitive and totally inadequate to deal with complexities of modern jargon, which to English speaking nations are taken for granted.

To a native in the remote Gilbert and Ellis Islands, even a word as simple as "piano" is difficult to comprehend. So it's frequently necessary to devise some phrase giving a broad, if not precise, description of the object and its function. Thus in Gilbertese, a piano becomes "boxes — you fight 'em, they cry out."

While in time many words concocted by the translators at Bush House h.q. become accepted as vernacular, new technological developments are a constant problem to some sections of External Services.

The Hausa service, responsible for beaming programs to the Sudan, Northern Nigeria and parts of west Africa, couldn't contemplate discussing space travel without first mounting a complete explanatory program. The mind boggles at how to explain to somebody who may not appreciate that the world is round how a "man-made moon" (sputnik) or "package of messages" (communications satellite) manage to orbit the globe. Ingeniously, the problem was reduced to the simplest basic principles by drawing an analogy with the way water doesn't fall from a bucket while being swung in a circle.

On a less complex level, a helicopter becomes an "airplane which lands like a vulture," a guided missile a "weapon with reins on" while a gramophone record is likened to a faifai — a spinning grasswoven mat used for winnowing bran — which plays music.

The difficulties are further complicated for the Somali section which services Ethiopia, Kenya and Djibouti. While it is possible to write out the language, it does not have a generally accepted written form.

Developments in space flight also tax the staffers' descriptive powers. While a rocket is simply called "an arrow," a spacecraft is translated as "an artificial moon" and an astronaut comes out as "a man who is a shooting star."

But the Somalis take a keen competitive interest in overcoming the limitations of the lingo and try to better each other in devising more expressive phrases. The winner at the moment is the man who was called on to produce a phrase to describe the function of a sledge to people who live in tropical heat. He settled for — "a portable wooden water trough for camels which dogs pull behind them in snowy places."

Edw. Albee First Up In KLRN-TV's Series On 'Masters of the Arts'

San Antonio.

"Masters of the Arts," a new series presenting outstanding figures in the creative world, will be produced in the local studios of KLRN-TV. The first program in weekly outing went on the air Saturday (4) at 9 p.m. and it introduce playwright and Pulitzer Prizewinner Edward Albee.

The interview with Albee was made during his recent visit to the city. He is joined on the program by Tom Nickell, entertainment editor of the San Antonio-Express-News. Bill Moll is host.

Subsequent programs will bring interviews with Sir Tyrone Guthrie, the British director, and fellow guest Maureen Halligan, theatre-director-in-residence at Incarnate Word College; Prof. Oivin Fjeldstadt, director of the Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra, and San Antonian Harvey Garber, assistant conductor of the San Antonio Symphony.

The series is produced by Jean Lange and directed by Jim McKenney.

Roller Coaster

Continued from page 87

telephone industry is suspected of having intentions of taking over the CATV field, and the tariff filings are a means of keeping a close eye on relations between the old and the new industries. The 214 ruling backfired on CATV a little, as the telcos promptly slowed their CATV construction pace to a crawl rather than go through the time-consuming FCC procedures, but the FCC a month ago fixed that by delegating routine authority to its Common Carrier Bureau to okay the applications, and things are expected to pick up again — or were, until the latest rule changes were unveiled.

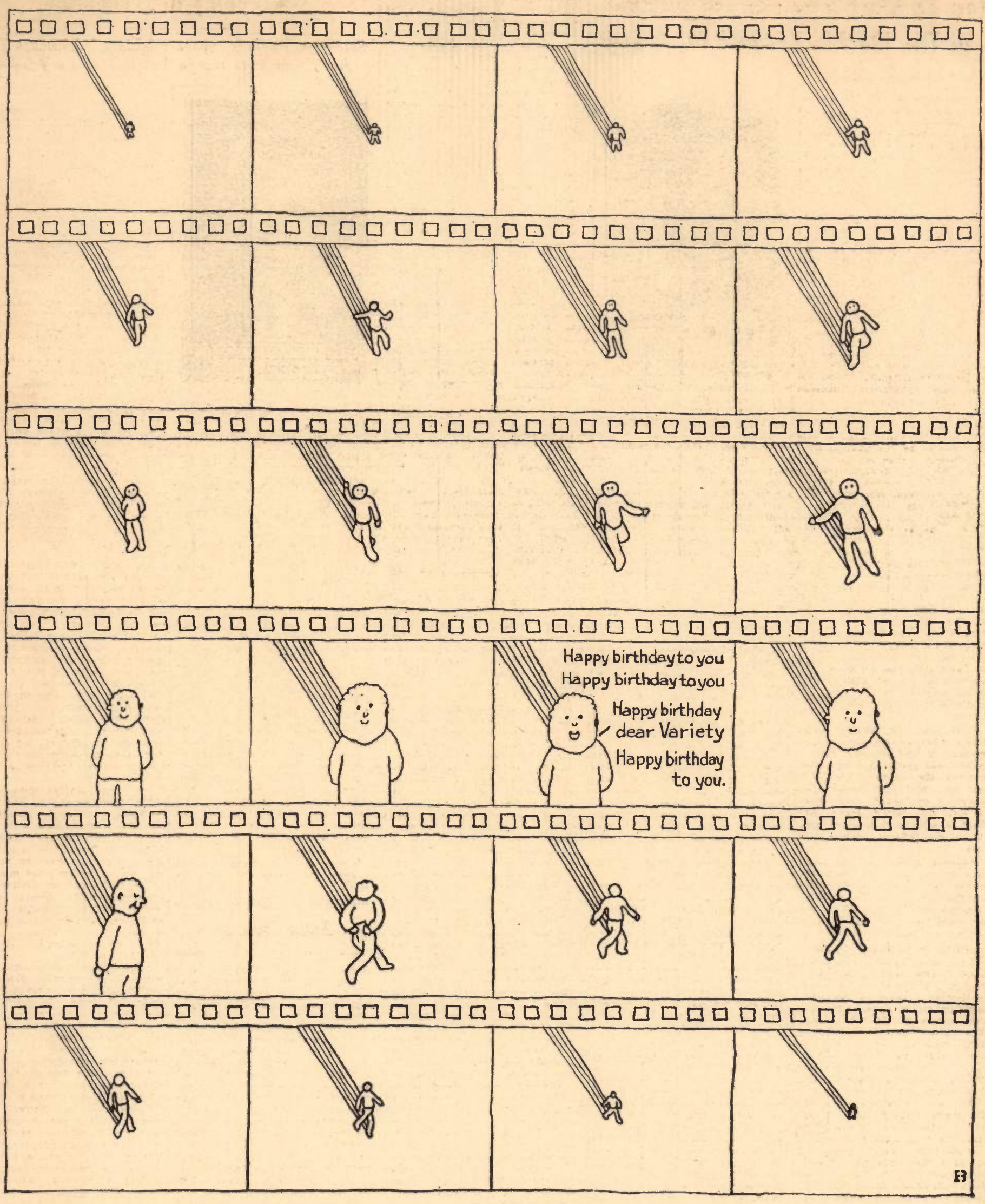
The second FCC action of importance in June was a foreshadowing of its new CATV rules. In the San Diego case, the commission ruled that San Diego area CATV systems had to freeze distant signal service at what it was when the proceeding began in 1966. No new subscribers could be brought Los Angeles tv signals. But program origination, sans commercials, was encouraged by the commission as a local programming source.

All of which leads up to the fifth decision — December's proposed new CATV rules, which to some degree took effect almost at once because of the fact they will be retroactive when they are adopted.

Programming Encouraged

Most observers gauge the new rules to be, in part, a goad for a new copyright law that will spell out the responsibilities of CATV systems, since the Supreme Court didn't. Details of the new rules were carried in VARIETY's Dec. 18 issue. But in most cases, the rules simply mean that distant signals of the kind that would attract subscribers will be allowed to be carried only if the originating station gives the CATV system permission. Because of copyright contracts, this means that the cable operator would have to negotiate directly with the copyright holder, just as the tv system did. As in the San Diego case, programming by the CATV system is encouraged — in fact, it most likely will be required of most systems, the rule proposal says — but no commercials will be allowed pending a decision on what if any advertising should be authorized.

With these new CATV rule proposals coming at a time when the Senate Copyright Subcommittee is negotioting over how to handle CATV in a new copyright revision bill, the fate of the whole endeavor is still up in the air. But there are almost sure to be giant steps toward resolution during 1969.



Local Station in Key Role Towards Perpetuation of Present TV System

By JACK HARRIS

(President, Houston Post Broadcast Division)

Houston.

In the last month the broadcast industry has been buffeted by reports and recommendations underlining the strong winds of change that are swirling about the structural supports of television as we know it today.

We have read stories on the "leaked" report submitted to President Johnson by his Task Force on Communications Policy and its strong recommendations supporting the expansion of cable tv systems.

We have learned of the FCC's approval of some form of pay-tv in the future and have watched, with a feeling almost of nonchalance, the rocketing of still another communications satellite into orbit.

This is no time for nonchalance or complacency on the part of tv station operators. Far from it. If the "communications revolution" now being discussed in "think tanks" around the nation ever comes to fruition the entire nature of all communications would be changed. Not only television, but newspapers and radio and every other form of communications.

Although the President's Task Force on Communications was originally expected to concern itself with the complex answers to the international satellite policy, its scope was broadened enormously. It studied such far reaching policy questions as:

Is satellite-to-home broadcasting feasible?

Should a system of wire communications be used? Should the public have greater diversity of television programs? Is pay television the answer?

With the report of the Task Force a fait accompli, it has become evident that television's old industrial, governmental, land mobile and other non-broadcast opponents have found new allies. They are the new breed. The Whiz Kids in government and academic circles who don't like what *you* provide the public. They are the economists who want to lease, sell or auction off use of the spectrum to the highest bidder. They are the systems analysts and efficiency experts who say that broadcasters should not use the spectrum because wire is a more efficient means of television distribution. They don't like commercials.

What kind of a television system would there be with no off-the-air tv broadcasting and with wire to every home willing to pay for it?

Obviously there would be a complete separation of programming and distribution. The large independent phone companies would run multi-channel cable all over the country and tie it into the home. And be paid by the homeowner.

Then others would rent channel use — for any number of purposes, National, regional or local television entrepreneurs, syndicators, owners of rights of sports programs, networks and other program suppliers or distributors would lease channels for program distribution. Some channels would be used for advertiser-supported program originations, but most would be for pay-tv and miscellaneous uses.

Survival of Fittest

If such a system took over in your community, your tv operations and service would go down the drain. You would have to scrap your transmitter and tower and try to plug into the wired system. The minute you switch to the cable you would lose those members of the public who could not afford to pay for wired tv service or could not be reached by it.

It would not be too much longer before you lost your network programming. The networks, if they survived — and they might not survive — would have direct access to the home viewer and would not need you. Procter and Gamble, General Motors and others could lease channels directly, buy programs and distribute them. Program product would be difficult to come by as program owners would either be providing them directly to the public for a fee or selling

JOE FRANKLIN

Monday thru Friday

WOR — WOR-TV

them to pay-tv entrepreneurs or to national distributors.

The tv potential audience would be severely fragmented; a large number of specialized program origination entities would develop and the tv station operator's ability to obtain advertising revenues to support a complete and well-rounded programming schedule would vanish — and so would our system of free television service.

The ironic result of such a television system coming into existence is that the public would lose out if the local television station became just one of many program origination entities.

There would, in this brave new world of wire, be less programming rather than more programming; without government subsidy, the urban poor and the rural resident would lose all the service they now get free. The public would lose the variety of news, public affairs and other public service programming which would not be financially viable either on pay-tv or on the other television channels.

The local television station as we know it has developed into a strangely unique American institution. With all its faults, the net result is that it provides more American people with more free television than can ever be provided, in reality, by a multi-capacity system of wired television.

To survive however, local stations must abide by the primary requirement of their operation — service in the public interest. They must see that service becomes more than a slogan, it must become a way of life.

Television stations are now a more important source of news and information than the centuries-old newspapers. They must also become a more potent force in their own communities. If we do — and if the people know this and understand this — then the politicians will also know and understand it. And no matter what the "whiz kids" in their "think tanks" come up with by way of a communications revolution to replace free broadcasting, the local tv station will be in no jeopardy.

The survival of local free television is at stake and to survive the local stations must deserve to survive. The local station cannot survive through its network service, it must earn its survival through the service it renders its own community.

There are many stations which operate principally with an eye to profits — to the price on the stock exchange. There are many stations that preempt many of the network public service specials because they are bad for ratings — or preempt new programming on the network to carry last year's reruns as spot carriers to produce more revenue. There are stations that program for the lowest common denominator — offering horror, sex and violence — because they believe this is the way to ratings and revenue.

The maverick stations not only hurt themselves, but they weaken the entire industry. They will make our fate less certain in the day of reckoning — when a decision must be made — between satellite television and local television.

WGAR May Rejoin Affil Lineup of ABC Radio

Cleveland.

WGAR may join ABC's information Network, renewing the ABC affiliation it had until a year ago.

Carl George, WGAR vice president, indicated affiliation is possible, with interest primarily in news. The station had dropped ABC last year when the net split its operations. Since then, WGAR has been using UPI audio news.

12th St. Raga, Or Pops Goes to Pot

By JOE X. PRICE

Hollywood.

It is written that an oboe is an ill wind that no one plays good. It is not written (till now) that the sitar is a sick string which not only looks the part but sounds it. While the instrument itself is Indian, the word "sitar" came into being by a natural combining of the two English words, "sick" and "guitar." This, over a period of hundreds of years, to be sure, but the fact remains that the sitar's disease is both incurable and malignant. Tragically, however, it is not terminal and there appears to be no way to bring about a merciful demise.

To simulate the sound the sitar makes, all one need do is hold one's nose and hum offkey. It's Tiny Tim with a hangover. It's an Excedrin headache, a gangerene infection and a thousand-stitch contusion all wrapped up into one audio ailment.

Proof: take any honest American possessing ordinary musical awareness, pluck a few strains on the sitar, ask him how he likes it, and chances are he'll say he doesn't. Then take an honest music critic or, as some prefer it, "musicologist," pluck the instrument in the same manner, and it's a sure bet he'll break into a rhapsodic, discourse on the wonders of "Eastern culture." But never will he talk about the sounds the sitar makes.

Smoke-Pots Anyone?

None of this is to say that Ravi Shankar is not an astute sitar player. On the contrary, there is probably none better in the world. It is simply that it is a physical impossibility for anyone to make the instrument the least bit palatable to human ears. In fact, Shankar himself is forced to burn incense onstage during every performance; he claims it is to enhance the atmosphere, but one is forced to wonder whether or not this is for the purpose of helping him escape from his own creating.

Ironically, while the sitar is one of the most difficult instruments to play, at the same time is is one of the easiest. Since flubs or errors are rarely discernable, a device employed by jazz artists since the beginning of time called "faking it" has been adopted by sitarists the world over; this, in the name of improvisation, of course. The player can always say it was not a scur phrase at all, but an intentional slur.

Also, a tradition has evolved at American sitar concerts which further precludes such auditor awareness—that of pot-smoking. (Whether the artist burns incense onstage to protect himself from the collective odor coming from the seats, or vice-versa, also is moot.) This pastime has become equally synonomous with Indian concerts and police brutality. Raids by the local authorities are now as commonplace as the discommoding of bingo parties at church bazaars.

However, this need for extrasensory stimulation during sitar-type concerts is not entirely to be put down. For along with the arrival to these shores of Indian music came a new mode of musical composition which attempts to put an end once and for all to the time-tested artist rule-of-thumb, economy of expression. As if the traditional symphonic movement not lengthy enough, Indian musicians discarded the movement altogether and replaced it with the "Raga." These Ragas, are generally named after the various parts of the day—e.g., 'Morning Raga," "Evening Raga," "Afternoon Raga," and so forth. This, because each Raga usually takes an entire morning or evening or afternoon to complete.

Therefore, it is understandable that sitar aficianados the world over have been forced to find solace during these herculean concerts in easy-to-stash and readily accessible marijuana. It is not uncommon among staunch Indian music lovers for an individual user to put away as much as three kilos per Raga. (The world's record is six, but the holder of the title is now deceased.) It is for this reason that sitar concert-goers can often be seen scurrying sideways through a crowded row of seats, brushing knees, stomping on toes, and hurriedly rushing to the exit right in the middle of the most inspired passages of the performance.

Adding to the color of these Indian music concerts is still another tradition, bleeding. The performance is a flop unless the artist's fingers are bleeding profusely by the end of the set.

For example, during a recent gig of this type at the Hollywood Bowl, Ravi was not altogether absorbed in his playing and failed to spill more than a thimble full of blood while picking his way through three entire Ragas. The reaction of the audience was nary a clap. On the other hand, the maestro has been known to spill as much as a full pint in a single Raga and has torn down the house each time.

This suffering and pot-smoking and incense-burning and bloodletting are all part of the overall pageantry that is an Indian concert.

Buttressing the invasion of Indian culture to barbaric America were several more equally outlandish musical instruments. The tanpura (or tamboura), which is nothing more than a four or five-stringed instrument which provides a continuous and hypnotic drone behind the sitar, and the tabla, which is nothing more than a pair of drums.

The best tanpura players working are Gopi Mohan and Niren Roy. The most proficient tabla players working are Kanai Dutt, who has been playing with Ravi Shankar since 1955, and Buddy Rich, who has never played with Ravi Shankar.

That Ravi's welcome is beginning to wear thin in America has been evidenced, some think, in attempts to camouflage the sitar by burying it in big-band trappings. Like The Beatles, who last year tried their best to smother it in an album they cut called "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band." But while the sitarist (George Harrison) was deeply ensconsed in a 75-piece instrumental ensemble, his strident wail was not entirely obliterated.

Similarly, violin virtuoso Yehudi Menuhin failed to outbow it. So blatant and obnoxious was the sitar in an album Ravi recorded with Menuhin ("West Meets East") last year that Menuhin shortly thereafter developed a deep interest in country-western twang and hasn't stepped foot east of Las Vegas since.

But all of this is token rejection at best. It is quite obvious that nothing, not even Barry Goldwater's Arizona, can stop the sitar now. It's part of our jazz, it's part of our classics, and recently it has begun to take hold at our mahjong parties and PTA teas. And for the first time in U.S. history, the incense business is booming.

India's Stagewait on Satellites For Live Radio Broadcasts

By ERNIE WEATHERALL

New Delhi.

Regular radio broadcasts from India will have to wait until the Indian Ocean satellite is launched next year. Land lines in the subcontinent are so inadequate that most newscasters are unable to send live material of broadcast quality to their home studios.

Edward Killeen, the only full-time American broadcaster in India, feels fortunate if any of his live broadcasts can be used by the Voice of America in Washington. He depends mostly on mailed background tapes or features to get on the air.

Even the lines to London used by the British Broadcasting Corp. and Westinghouse correspondants are a sometime thing. Both depend on mailed tapes unless there is a breaking news story.

Westinghouse has the edge on the other American networks by taping the newscast in London, then sending it to the net over the Atlantic cable. There is a better chance of getting through that way, than trying, as do the others, to broadcast directly from India to the United States.

Shane O'Connor, the representative of the Australian Broadcasting Commission in India, has the same complaint about poor reception. When his voice is not of air quality, which is often, the dispatch is read by a staff newsman in Australia.

A Russian Secret

Radio Moscow's staffers in Delhi complain about the same problem, but often their correspondents are heard on programs beamed back to India when no one else can get through. The rumor around the bar of the Delhi Press Club is that the Russians use a high-powered secret transmitter at the Soviet Embassy for their broadcasts.

But even if the Indian Ocean satellite is launched next year as scheduled, it will not link India with the rest of the world unless there are ground receivers and a relay system. This may take years, since India cannot afford to buy the necessary equipment.

One factor in favor of the foreign broadcasters in India is that Delhi is an airline centre in Asia. Tapes and film can be put aboard airlines and reach London within 12 hours . . . the U.S. in 24.

German radio and tv scored recently when the Lufthansa started one-stop flights to Frankfurt, which means they will have the edge over the British and French by a few hours if their story breaks right.

Once correspondents have arranged for the necessary export license there is no trouble sending television film and radio tapes out of India. The only problem, so far, is that some over-eager customs officers often hold up incoming tape and films wanting to charge duty on them.

With the exception of Westinghouse, which regularly airs broadcasts from India because it feels that the subcontinent is important, CBS and NBC, who have stringers in New Delhi, seldom call on them. This, in the case of CBS, seems an oversight since they have o&o all-news stations competing with Westinghouse.

While the rest of the world maintain a staff of electronic journalists in India, most American networks seem not interested in the subcontinent unless there is a war or a famine.

Firemen to the Rescue

With the cost of keeping a correspondent and his wife and children in New Delhi, along with his Indian assistant, an office, cable charges, travel expenses, and home leave, as high as $40,000 a year (and in some cases higher), newspapers and networks are having second thoughts on maintaining a fulltime correspondent in India. Instead, they are relying more on the "fireman technique." When a story breaks in India they will send their Hong Kong man, or a bright young Columbia graduate in Far Eastern history, on the foreign desk, to cover the story.

It's less expensive, but the "instant experts," as they are called by correspondents stationed here, never really penetrate below the surface during their brief stay.

JOE TEMPLETON

ABC NEWS

Washington, D.C.

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It was one of the best ideas we ever had. Practically every airline in the world copied it.

But when you fly the friendly skies of United, you learn the difference between the copies and the real thing.

When it comes to cheering up travelers, ours lead all the rest.

Fly with the cheerleaders.

fly the friendly skies of United.

"Cheers!"

She even gets fan letters for her commercials.

Ethel Waters is a lady who communicates with her heart. When she sang "Stormy Weather," she taught us how blue the blues could be. When she was a "Member of the Wedding," she made us understand why the human race is called the human race.

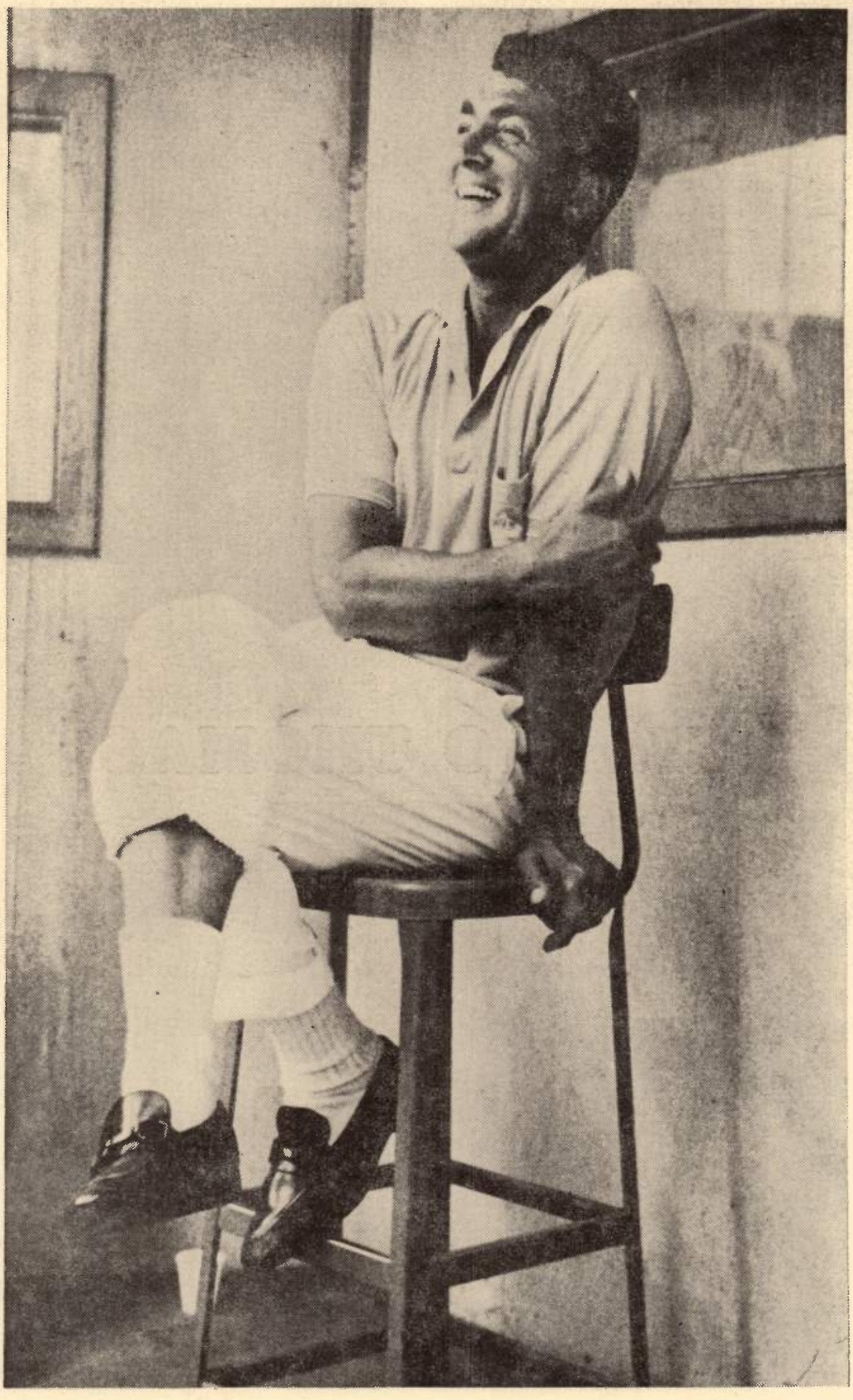
So when she did a couple of Jell-O Golden Egg Custard commercials for us this past year, we weren't surprised that the public got her message.

We weren't even surprised when they turned out to be some of the highest-scoring commercials we ever made.

What did surprise us a little were all the fan letters Miss Waters got. But, after all, star quality is star quality — even in a commercial.

YOUNG & RUBICAM

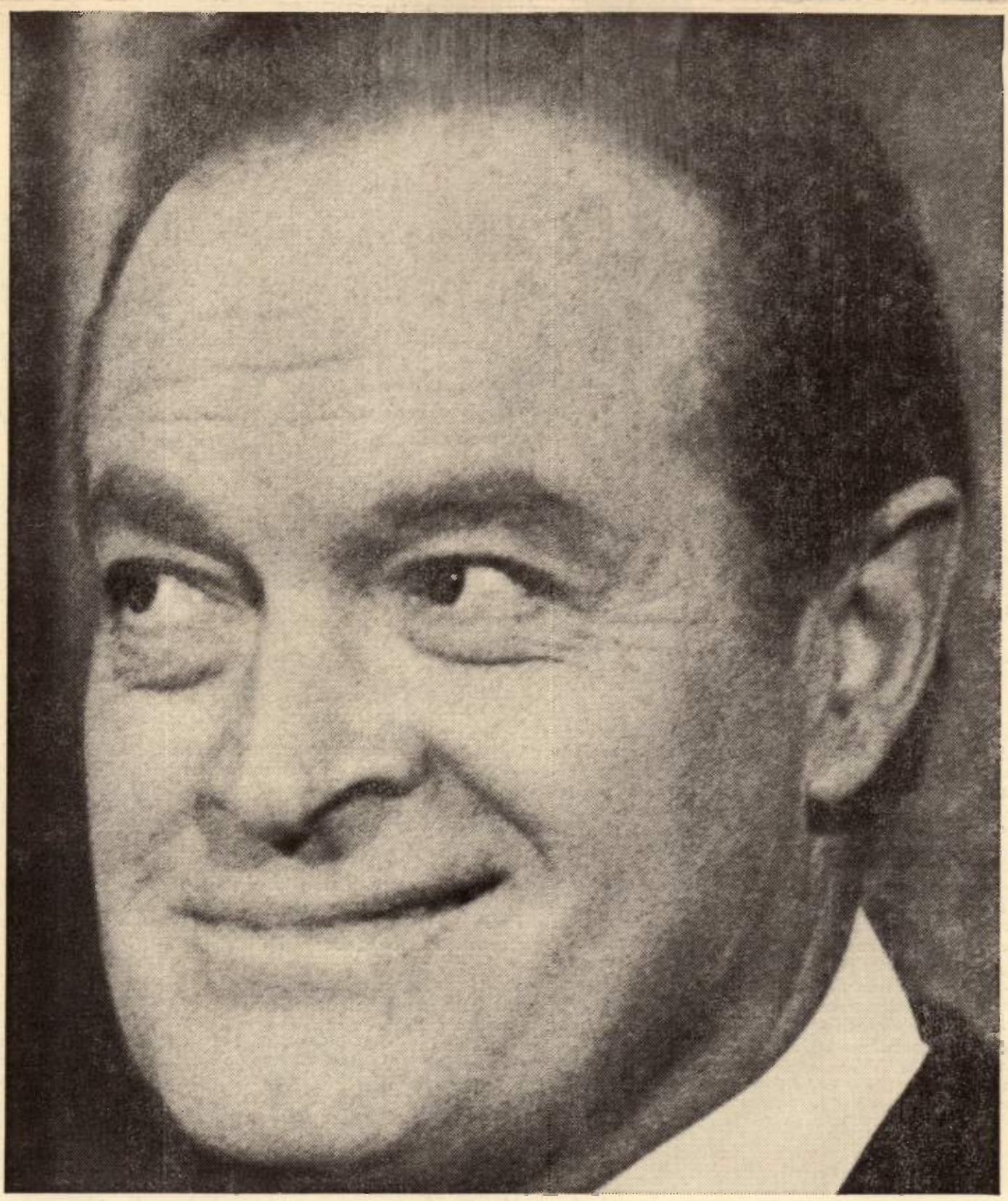
WRH



"Everybody loves somebody"

Dino

MARLO THOMAS



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Don't let that pointed nose and slightly crooked grin put you off.

Bob Hope is the TV spokesman for Chrysler Corporation. He's doing nine new shows for us this year. Plus the Bob Hope Desert Classic—one of the top golf events of the year. And it's all on NBC-TV.

But we don't let old ski-snoot go it alone. Backing Bob will be the top sports events of the year: The Rose Bowl, the Super Bowl, AFL Football, and the World Series and All Star games to mention just a few.

No wonder 1969 is beginning to look like our best year yet.

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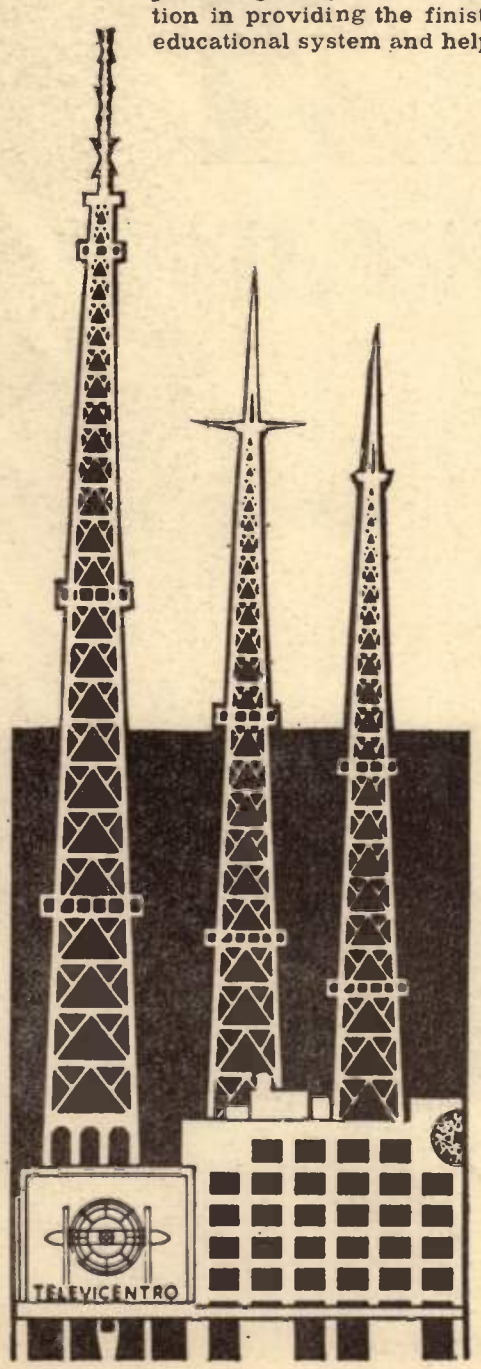
Telesistema, with its eye constantly on the future, has recently extended the potential of its channel 2 which now covers the entire country of Mexico. Operating out of the capital, the signal is received by 456 cities throughout the country. All of this not to mention the continuing potential of Telesistema's other two channels, 4 and 5. Channel 4 is received in 343 cities, and channel 5 by 133 mexican cities. Of all the many hours of daily programming which leaves Mexico City, we are proud to announce that 45% is now in color. The time is rapidly approachaing when we shall be among the all color stations of the world.

Being the world's largest producer of Spanish Language Television programming, we find ourselves engaged in well over 9,000 hours of live and taped shows each year. From this multitude immerges over 1,000 hours of soap opera. These telenovelas, or soap operas if you will, are exported and seen in the majority of Latin American Countries as well as Los Angeles, and New York. For those who wish to acquire a high school education or learn English, TSM is proud to work hand in hand with the government of Mexico in providing Daily T.V. Classroom instruction amounting to over 1,500 hours a year. Channel 5 works directly with the minister of education in providing the finist facilities available for the country's educational program. It is our desire to complement the government educational system and help maintain a high literacy rate for México.



To augment our live programming, Telesistema Mexicano exhibits over 70 different hour and half hour dubbed television series which are purchased from the United States. In addition to Mexican feature films, our viewers are shown the finist film feactures from the United States, England, France, Italy, Spain, and Argentina. Finally, to round out our program schedualing, TSM gives full live coverage to boxing, baseball, bullfights, soccer, tennis, and special events of national importance. This is augmented with live sports, special events, and space achievements from the United States and Europe via satellite.

As we look forward to celebrating our 19th birthday, Telesistema Mexicano flexes its muscles once again to bring the First Latin Music Festival for the spring of 1969, and the hosting of the Gold Cup World Soccer Championshhip for the summer of 1970. The Gold cup will be held in the world famous Aztec stadium, and will be transmitted live via satellite to the far corners of the globe.

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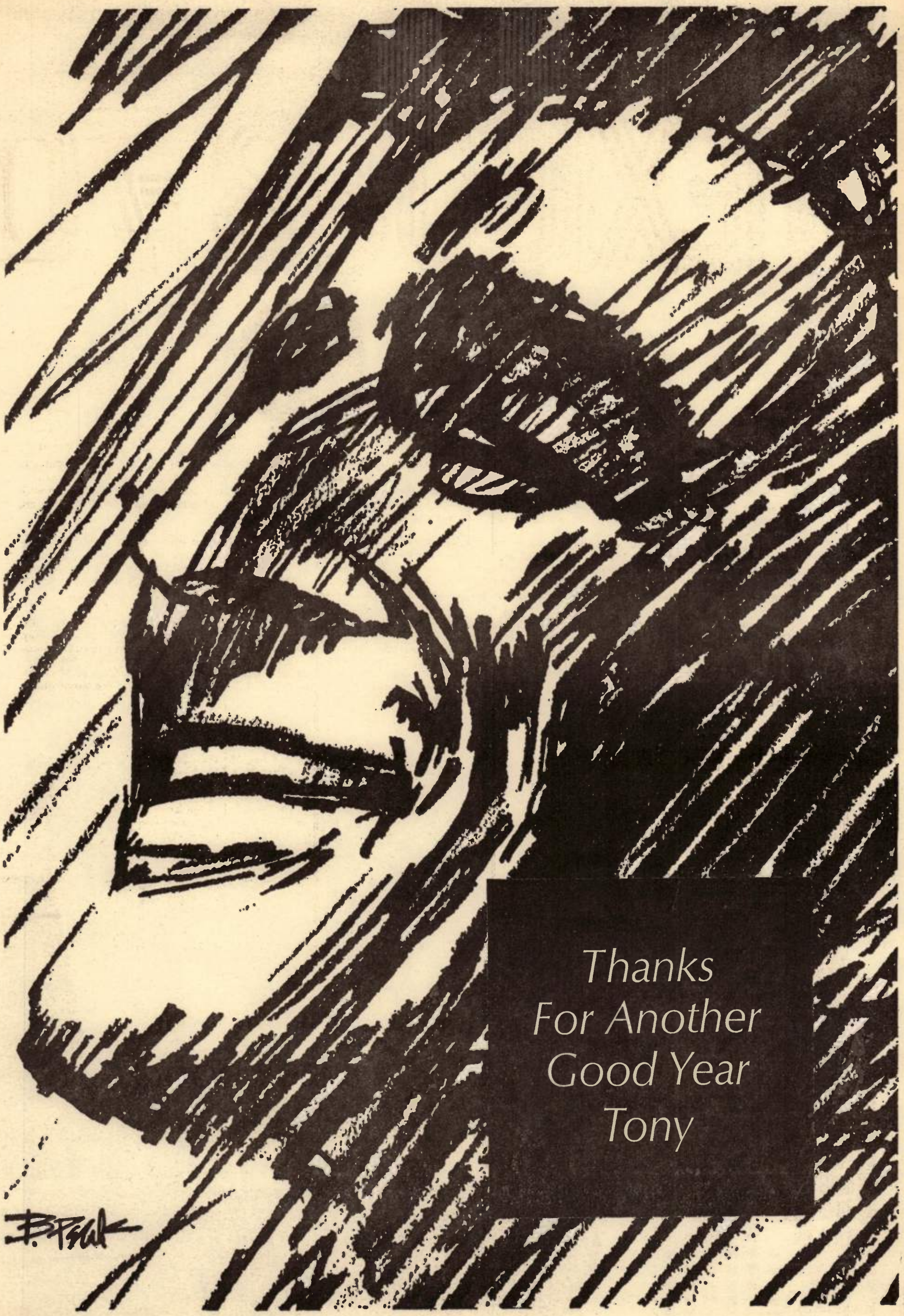
Thanks
For Another
Good Year
Tony

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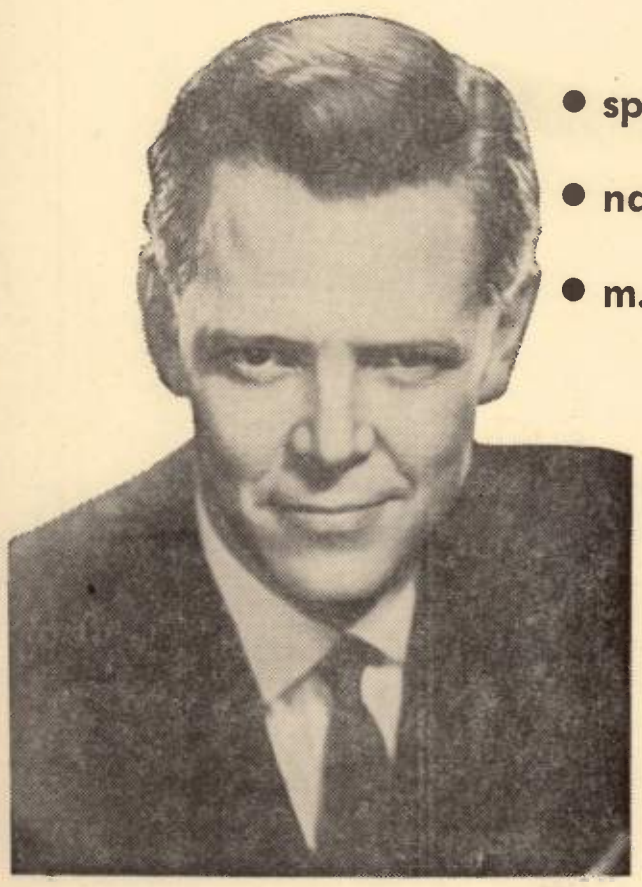

- spokesman
- narrator
- m.c.

• *Radio Registry*

TONY CHARMOLI

Director - Choreographer

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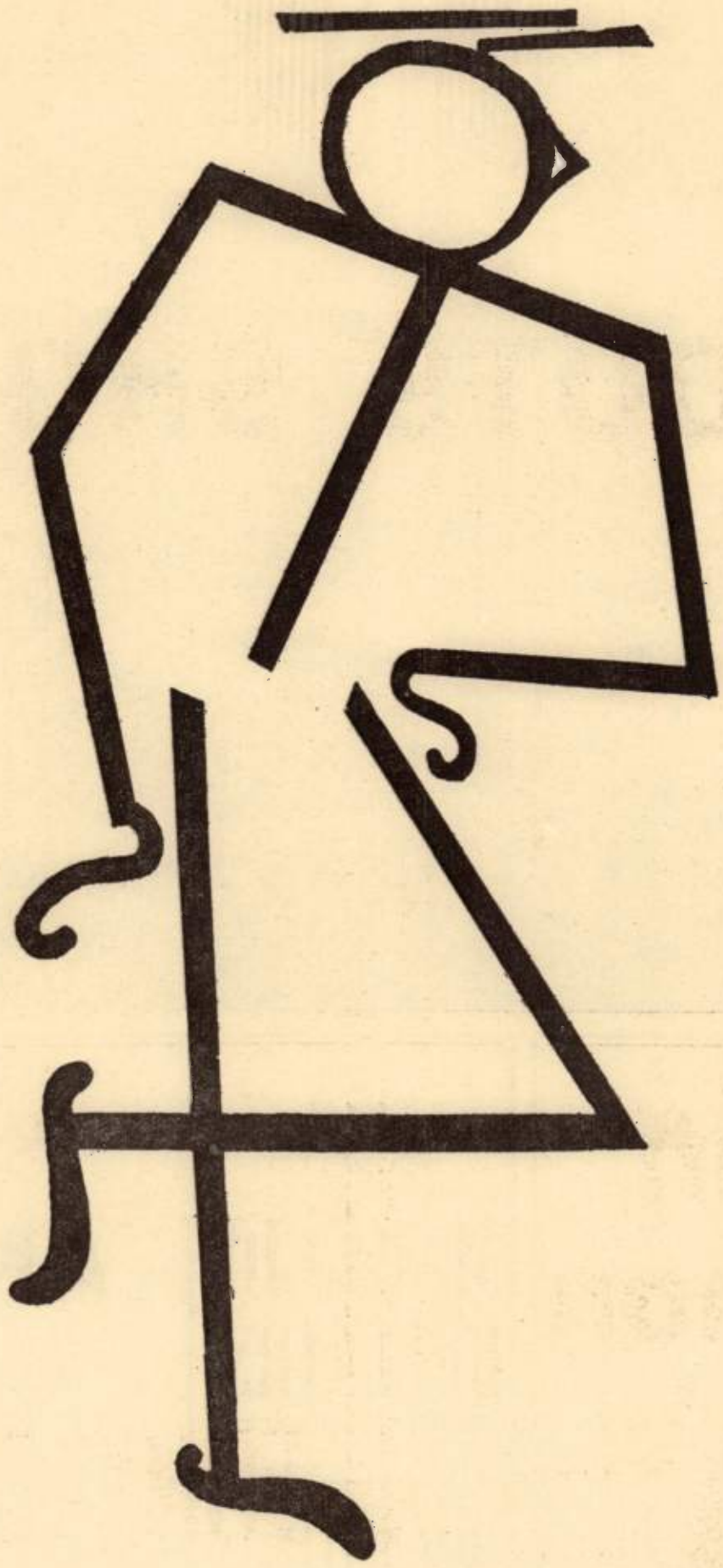

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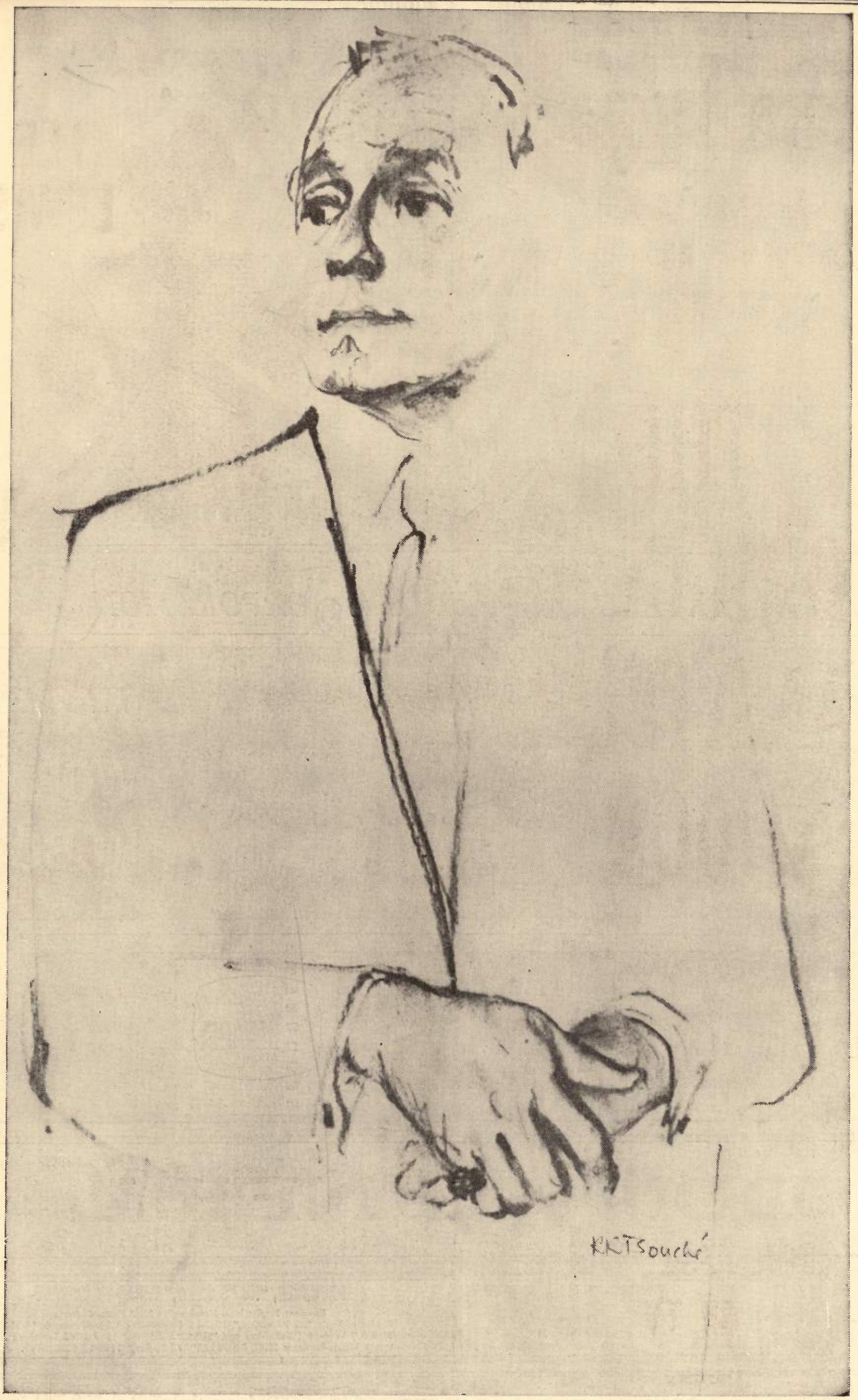

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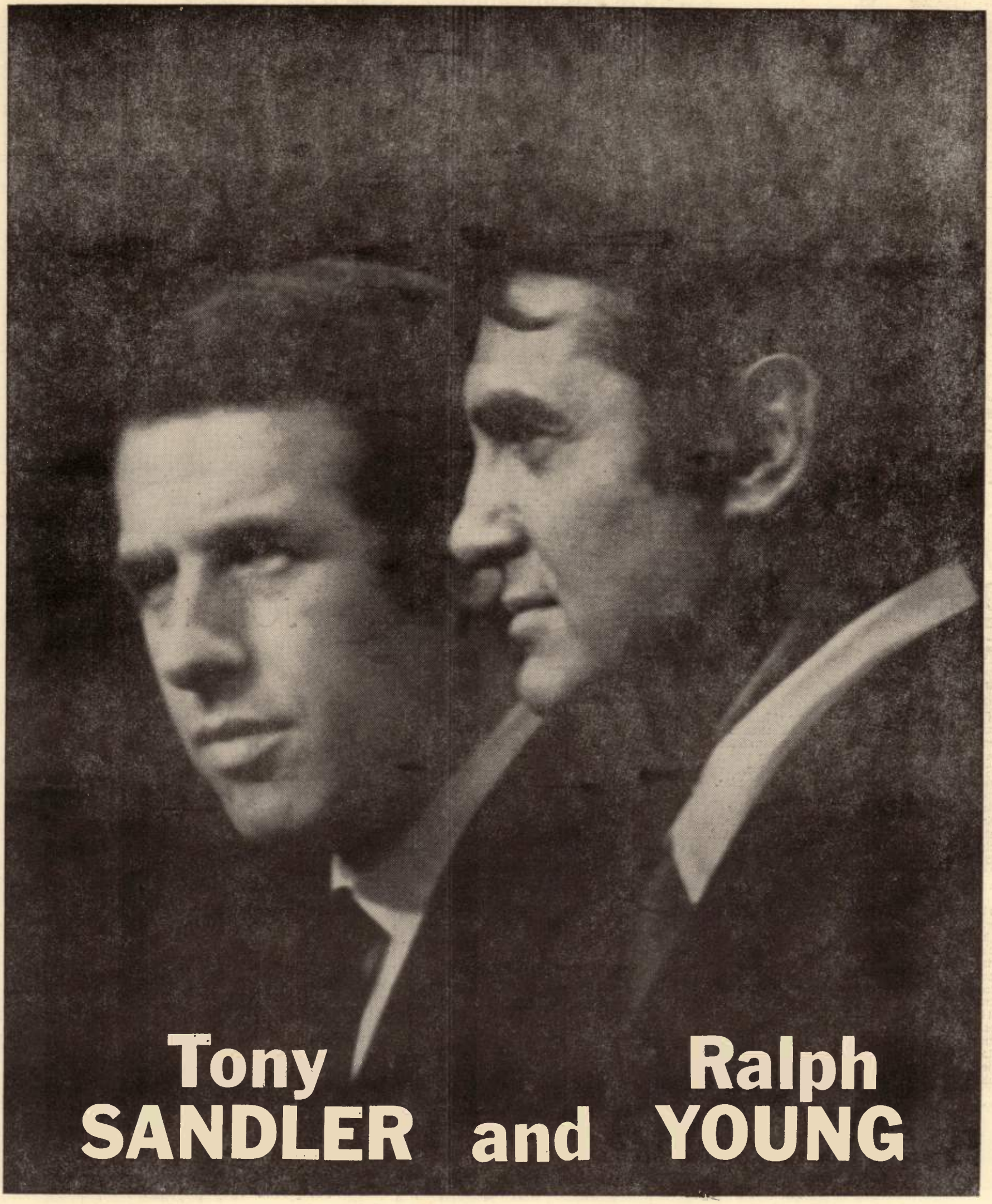

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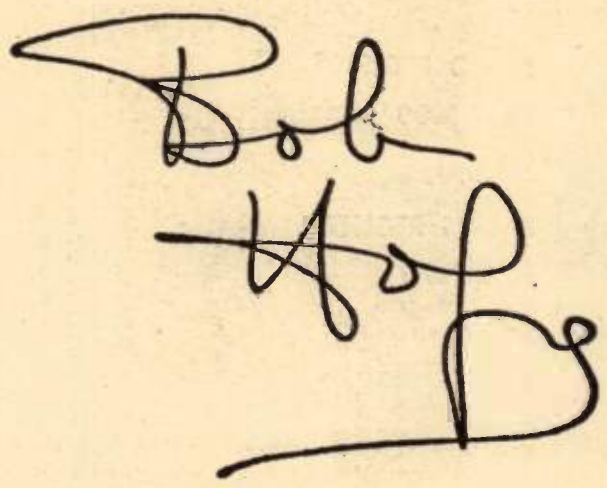

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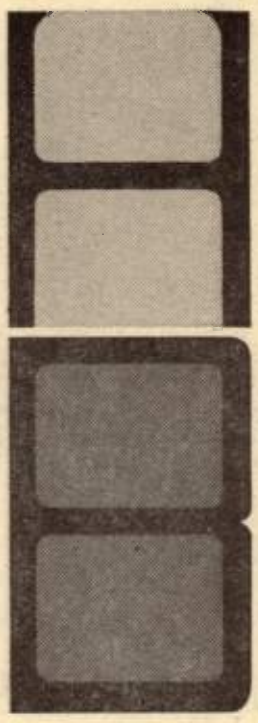

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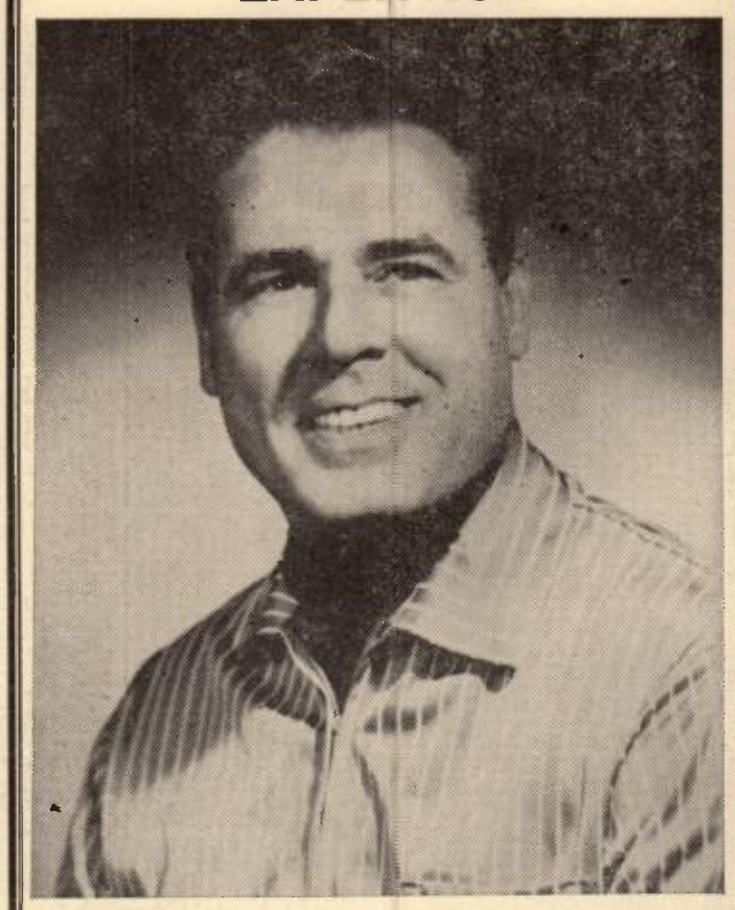

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** expertise (ek'sper tez) — expert skill, expertness. Know how, etc.*

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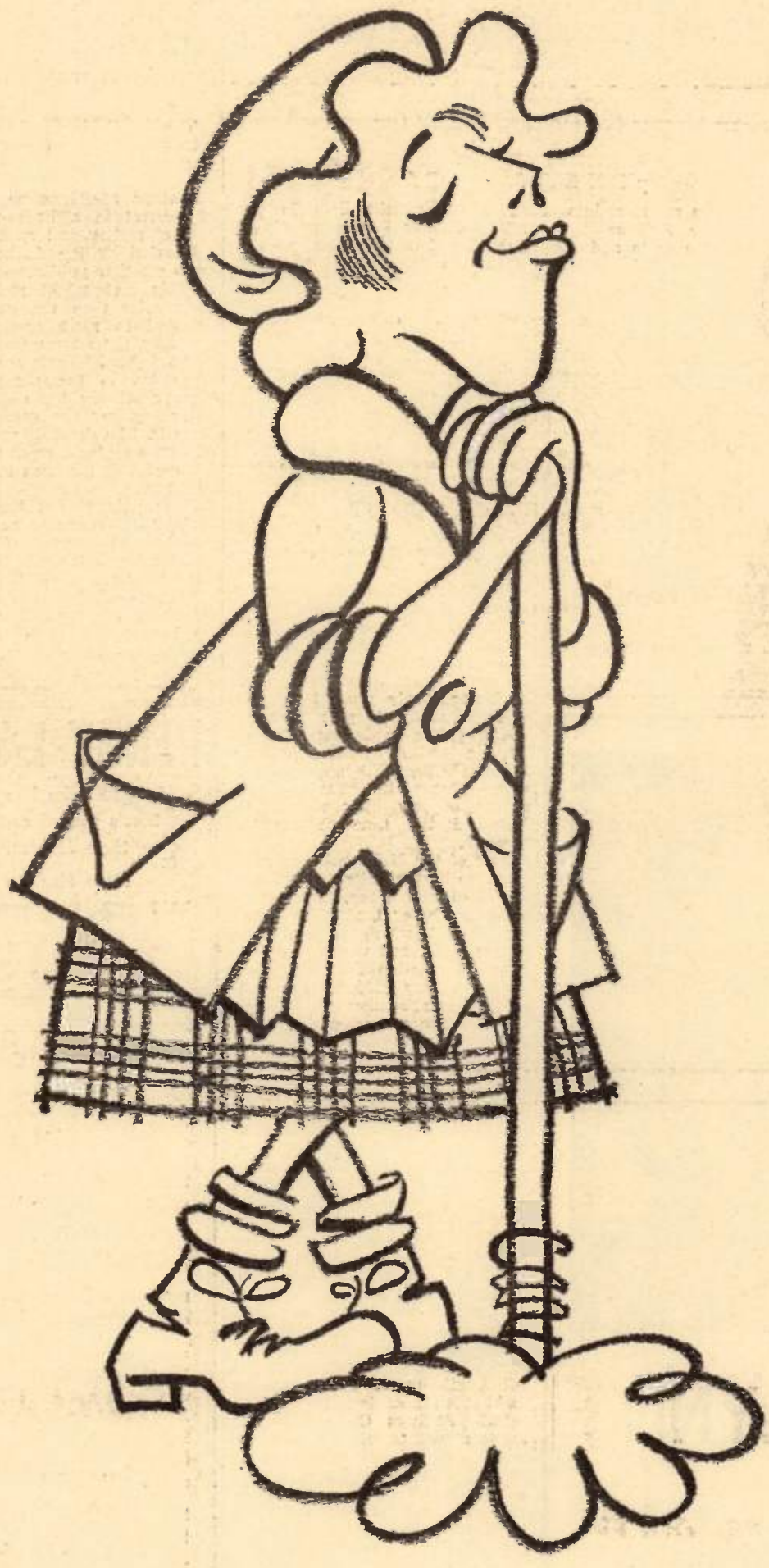

The CAROL BURNETT Show

CBS-TV

Life on B'casting's Book Circuit

Author Who's Just Made the Rounds Counts Lots Of Waste, But Deems the Reward Worth the Punishment

By ROBERT J. LANDRY

Answering in a memorandum to members of the Authors Guild the question, "Do radio and television appearances help sell an author's just-released book?", a man who has turned out a series of big sellers over the past 10 years takes an affirmative: despite all dubious factors, such appearances are worthwhile. He goes rather further than some of the publishing houses' publicists whose strongest argument is, "Well, it can't do any harm."

The reporting Authors Guild member was on about 30 programs during a concentrated period in 1968, many of these in provincial cities and on socalled "book programs". He warns that you must begin with the knowledge that the serious buyers of serious books are not more than 3% of the air audience. Hence there is an enormous waste, people who may listen but have no habit of book purchase.

The name author, who chooses to remain anonymous, complains that the conductors of radio-video book programs are not themselves constant readers of books. Of the 30 he encountered in his latest round, not one-half had read as much as one chapter of the book he was there to discuss. Such moderators rely upon their own glibness, ability to pick up interesting points made, or dropped, by the visiting author. Martha Deane (WOR, N.Y.) is one of few who refuses to interview the author of any book unless she has had the time to read it through.

Few of the U.S. book programs lined up by the author's publisher had paid him a fee, the notable exception being the "Mike Douglas Show," which originates in Philadelphia, and which paid him $250. A station in Cincinnati agreed to pay $100, but rescinded the fee altogether when learning the appearance was not exclusive in Cincinnati and that the writer would spiel on other outlets there.

Canadian Custom

Canada is much better to visiting authors, paying from $100 to $500 as a matter of general custom. A few stations did deadhead the author's local hotel bills in U.S. cities, and the CBS station in San Francisco paid roundtrip air fare (economy) plus hotel. The author's impression is that many radio and television stations were formerly more generous to literary celebs than they now are. (Others in guild are inclined to blame the comments of publishing publicists, more concerned with building an itinerary than making it profitable to the author).

Thte Authors Guild was told that most television program moderators were usually good about holding up the book to give it maximum visibility to the audience of home viewers, and there is evidence that this "sight" factor helps sell books. The Milwaukee Library has a tv program which begins by playing a spotlight on the book's jacket.

Shows that accept telephone calls intended for the author while present in the studio are a separate oddity of such bookings. Many viewers ask questions far afield from the subject of the book or even the competence of the author.

This particular author on this recent swingaround found that in a great many instances he was the sole guest of the program. On other occasions he was one of several in a hodge-podge of subject matter and specialization.

Queried by the Authors Guild as to whether publisher-paid trips of this sort might yield better book sales than the same sums invested in more newsprint advertising, the answer was a shrug. "Who knows?" Facts are hard to come by, in the absence of a direct check of stores selling books. After running the gamut of stations in Cleveland, it was reported that one department store sold 120 copies of the book in the next 24 hours.

It is pointed out that certain individuals, themselves television personalities, have stirred up very large sales of their own memoirs by persistent, high-powered pitching, but over a regular schedule. The type of book talk-up here rated is a single-shot here-today - gone - tomorrow situation.

STATE THEATRES PRO AND CON

West Berlin: 1968

In Capsulated Superlatives

By HANS HOEHN

Most successful German pic	"To the Point, Darling"
Most successful foreign pic	"Dr. Zhivago" (MGM)
Most remarkable foreign showman	Sammy Davis Jr.
Most successful native songstress	Hildegard Knef
Most successful foreign songstress	Mary Hopkin
Most successful foreign singer	Tom Jones
Most popular, song, German	"Harlequin"
Most popular song, foreign	"Delilah"
Most cheered conductor	Herbert von Karajan
Best jazz presentation	Joachim E. Berendt's 5th Berlin Jazz Days
Best stage actor here	Horst Bollmann
Best stage actress here	Heidemarie Theobald
Most active young screen actor	Juergen Draeger
Most successful ice show	Viennese Ice Revue
Most imaginative nightclub operator	Rolf Eden
Most popular cabaret ensemble	Stachelschweime (Porcupines)
Most interesting opera	Dallapiccola's "Odysseus"
Best loved radio station	AFN, as usual
Most interesting tv station	AFTV

AUSTRALIA REBUILDING; THEATRES IN PLAZAS; SHARE LOBBY LIKE U.S.

By DALE TURNBULL

(Managing Director, Hoyts Theatres, Ltd.)

Sydney.

The opening early in 1969 of a $4,500,000 Cinema Centre in Melbourne, Victoria will mark a major step in a plan instituted four years ago by Hoyts Theatres Ltd., one of Australia's two largest theatre circuit operators. The plan is basically a program of replacing the larger and older theatres in key centres around the country by modern theatres with seating capacities of under 1,000 and capable of presenting all motion pictures produced in the new film techniques.

May of last year saw the opening of the first of such ventures by Hoyts, the new Regent Theatre in Adelaide, South Australia. This 890-seater replaced the 40-year old, 2,500-seat theatre of the same name. The Stalls area of the old Regent has been converted to a modern shopping arcade and the new theatre occupies the floor which was the original Dress Circle. Completely redesigned within the old auditorium walls the new Regent, with its perfect sight lines for all purpose projection, has been an instant success.

Hoyts Paris Theatre, Adelaide, immediately behind the Regent, has been demolished for an extension of the shopping arcade and in February this year a new Paris Theatre, fully equipped for all projection techniques and seating 860, will open on the first floor level.

But it will be the opening of The Cinema Centre in Melbourne that will be the highlight of the year, not only for Hoyts, but for the industry as a while.

The first of its kind in the Southern Hemisphere and the boldest venture ever in the Australian motion picture industry, the complex will comprise three separate cinemas seating 960, 864 and 784 respectively, 10 floors of office space, a restaurant and a car park. Two of the cinemas will have all purpose projection and the third will screen 70/35mm product.

Complex will install a joint lobby, ticket and booking office and concession facilities to serve all three theatres. The 10 floors of office space will assure full economic use of the mid city site.

The three cinemas will each have an individual decorating treatment and the carpeting for all three will be of a standard exclusive design but the colors will change for each theatre and the patrons will be able to follow the color into any one of the three.

A simultaneous gala opening of the three cinemas, early this year, should be the most exciting event in the motion picture industry in Australia. During the past year Hoyts' expansion program has included three additional drive-in theatres in the Melbourne metropolitan area bringing their total number of drive-ins to eight in this city.

Last year Moyts also acquired the freehold of the Trocadero, the largest ballroom and convention centre in Sydney, New South Wales. Sited on the biggest single development block available in Sydney, and right in the centre of the mid-city theatre district, the Trocadero will continue to operate under the Hoyts banner.

The industry in Australia is right back on its feet after the anxious years when television made drastic inroads into the business and the optimism of the major exhibitors reflects the confidence that has steadily been building over the past four or five years.

This confidence stems not only from the industry's victory over the bogey of television but is due mainly to the ever increasing quality of the roadshows and regular product that continue to flow from producers in America and Europe.

When this wonderful stream of quality entertainment, aimed more and more towards family groups, is coupled with imaginative selling campaigns and presented in economically planned and comfortably appointed cinemas, we have a recipe that must result in financial success for exhibitors and distributors alike.

8 Argentine Theatres To Get Dimension-150

Buenos Aires

Eight Argentine theatres will be equipped with Dimension-150 during the first half of 1969, as a result of negotiations carried out by Jack Mindis Vel Mindyn, D-150 representative in Latin America, who is based here. Four of the houses are located in Buenos Aires. The others are in Rosario, Corboda, Mandoza and Tucuman. Unveilings may take place with either "Hello, Dolly" (20th) or "Tora, Tora, Tora," (20th).

Mindis is about to leave for Rio de Janeiro to attend Jan. 15 the opening of D-150 at the Metro Theatre there.

ITALY'S PLAYS AND FINANCING

By LEA DANESI

(Rome-born Lea Danesi makes twice-yearly trips to New York to line up stage plays for Italian translation and production. She is a member of the board of the Drama Section of the Italian Society of Authors.—Ed.).

Rome.

There are many epigrams circulating about the theatre in Italy. One of them was Jean Cocteau's classic reply when asked why there was no theatre in Italy, "Because in Italy the theatre is in the street!" A group of "avant-garde" Italian writers headed by a famous poet and film director claims that there cannot be any theatre in Italy because there is no Italian language. Others bring this statement to an extreme absurdity by saying that there is no Italy at all!

Lea Danesi

Yet the 50,000,000 inhabitants of this geographically decentralized and politically divided country support nine State Theatres and more than 30 acting groups. For the 1968-69 theatrical season, the State Theatres plan 40 new productions and the private acting groups (or "Compagnie di giro" as they are called) are preparing over 70 new shows. Therefore who can say that there is no theatre in Italy?

The State Theatres (Teatri Stabili) are permanent companies subsidized, usually on a 50-50 basis, by the State and the Municipality, and are located in the major cities. The most important one, from the artistic point of view, is the Piccolo Teatro di Milano. The director, Giorgio Strehler, is the No. 1 stage director of Italy. Unlike Luchino Visconti, he has never yet been attracted by the cinema. His successful 20 year old partnership with autocratic theatrical organizer Paolo Grassi, has just recently ended. Of northern descent and central European culture, this pure Brechtian set an example in Italy by the impeccable style of his productions and by modern understanding of the purpose of the theatre in our community. Together with Paolo Grassi, he headed a dramatic academy, a workshop for costume and set designers, organized lectures and debates for the students and workers of Milan and promoted what for a long time stood as the most active theatrical centre in Italy.

The Teatro Stabile di Genova follows next. Its expert commercial manager, Ivo Chiesa, (once the director of the Manzoni theatre in Milan) with its artistic director Luigi Squarzina, a man of great culture and professional preparation, have put on a large number of first class productions. These included Goldoni's "The Venetian Twins," which was acclaimed by the American public last year in the United States even though it was in Italian.

4 Troupes, 102 Actors

The less popular, but equally ambitious Teatro Stabile di Torino, mainly financed by Piedmontese industrialists (Fiat etc.), qualifies third: it had simultaneously four troupes and 102 actors on its payroll and was responsible for some distinguished productions. Left wing Gianfranco De Bosio, the former manager and talented stage director, recently had to resign and it is still without a new director.

Among other important State Theatres, the Teatro Stabile di Roma is a new born baby. Directed by Prof. Vito Pandolfi, a man of theory rather than a practical organizer, it has not yet found a

(Continued on page 132)

Rumrunners' Reverse Twist: Smuggle In TV Spare Parts So Castro's Sure of An Audience

By JAY MALLIN

(Jay Mallin was longtime VARIETY correspondent in Havana, in the days when that Cuban capital and country was a prime tourist trap for Americans and other outsiders. Fast, circusy and boozy, the Havana That Was is now sober and doctrinaire. Its emigre middle class has made a successful transplant to U.S. communities.)

Miami.

Castro's 400 TV Talks

In most places television is a medium of entertainment. In Cuba it is a means of control. In the past 10 years since he came to power, Fidel Castro has delivered 400 speeches — more than any other leader in the world. Castro uses tv to lay down policy lines on all matters that concern Cubans, from the growing of vegetables to relations with Moscow. Castro—despite what anyone may think of him as a political figure—has a magnetic personality which comes through beautifully on video. Castro, therefore, uses this medium to the fullest to control the country.

* * *

Maracas Heard No More

Cuba once produced music that was famed around the world. The rhumba, the conga and the cha-cha-cha were spawned on the island. It is a mark of the drabness and sullenness of Communism that Cuba has produced no worthwhile music since Castro came to power.

* * *

Spare-Part Bootleggers

Until Castro came most commercial goods and industrial equipment was purchased in the States — and this included the country's many tv sets. Today exportation from the United States to Cuba is prohibited. Yet the tv sets keep operating, long after their warranties have expired. Necessary spare parts are purchased in any friendly country, and there is a strong suspicion that bootleg boats now ply the Caribbean with these spare parts, much as similar boats carried liquor during Prohibition.

* * *

Middle Class Moved Out

Much of Cuba's middle class has now been transferred to the United States, and there are now substantial Cuban colonies in Miami, Los Angeles, New Jersey and New York. There have been Cuban refugees in every state in the Union, including one known cold Cuban in Alaska.

Estimates are that one out of every four people in the Miami area are now Cuban. There is an extensive portion of the city known as "Little Havana." Miamians at first resented the influx of refugees, feared they would be a burden on the community. But Federal assistance to the refugees flowed into the Miami economic mainstream, and the entire area benefitted. Cubans benefitted. Cubans proved industrious, they found jobs, set up small businesses, hired relatives and friends, and thus in effect they helped boost the economy. Whereas over 70,000 were once receiving Federal aid, this figure has shrunk to about 10,000 (the elderly and incapacitated).

Cuban-Style Miami

Signs reading "English spoken" have been seen in Miami. The small Cuban cafes are as prominent in "Little Havana" as they were in Old Havana. The Cubans, however, have made a true culinary contribution through the establishment of fine restaurants in Miami, among the Vizcaya, Centro Vasco, Les Violins and El Baturro. Some restaurants were practically transferred intact from Old Havana, chefs, daiquiris, picadillo and all. Amidst the genuine foreign flavor, Americans can feel like tourists in their own land.

There is a Spanish-language daily in Miami, theatres which show Spanish-language films and radio stations which broadcast only Spanish. Cuban-type products, guayabe jelly, large crackers, banana chips, malodorous cigars and other goodies, are available in grocery stores.

Counter-Revolution Ebbs

As the Cubans have settled into prosperity and well-painted houses, the urge to counter-revolution has diminished. Once there were over 300 exile groups in Miami; today only a dozen or so are actively functioning.

Newspapermen and tv crews that come down to do reportage on the Cubans find a colorful atmosphere but little excitement. Expeditions against Cuba are a thing of the past; secret missions are few and far between. Patroits have settled down in regular jobs: one exile group can give military training only on Sundays — the rest of the week its members have fulltime jobs.

During the turbulent days of the early 1960s, Miami was virtually a CIA fiefdom. In one way or another some 10,000 Cubans were receiving CIA checks, and "front" organizations proliferated. Today the CIA operation has drastically shrunk, hard hit by a series of press "exposes" and the U.S. policy of not tightening the screws on Castro.

Intrigue among Cubans is commonplace in Miami. Intrigue among Americans is a bit unusual. One American, holding the reserve rank of captain in the U.S. Army, decided to do his own expose on CIA activities in Miami, and he set about uncovering some of the front organizations (most of which were known to the Cubans, anyway). The American wrote a book about his findings, and although it has not yet been published, it caused consternation in official circles, including a tightening of security. For his efforts, the American had his security clearance lifted—but he volunteered and is now serving in Vietnam on active status with full rank.

Things are so slow in the counter-revolution biz that one network was lured into semi-sponsoring a projected expedition against Haiti (VARIETY, Nov. 20, 1966). The network later denied its role, but a few months ago it quietly settled (at a cost of several thousand dollars) a suit brought by a Cuban participant who was nearly blinded when defective ammunition exploded. The Cuban charged that this was not a bonafide expedition but a show staged by the network, and that he therefore was in effect an actor.

* * *

The Word From Cuba

What has happened to Cuba? The food is bad and inadequate. Even foreign VIP visitors must often wait in line to be served. All of the country's bars have been closed—"revolutionary offensive" and all that. Sloppy Joe's is shuttered, and so are all or most of the nightclubs. Not tourists, but technicians now fill the hotels. And it is from the beaches of Varadero that Cubans now flee to the United States at a rate of almost 200 daily in the Freedom Airlift.

The only Cuba Libre (Free Cuba) left in the world is the drink.

British View: All Media

By ROBERT F. HAWKINS

London.

The British entertainment scene — films, video, legit, cafes — has been taking realistic stock of itself recently and, after weighing the less than fantastic returns from a number of exported local films, the comparatively unmemorable record of this year's West End theatre season, and the painful birth pangs of some of the new television companies granted franchises this year, faces the New Year with a certain blend of uncertainty and apprehension, plus a necessary predisposition to readjustment as it moves into 1969.

What sort of a year has it been?

In films, 1968 has seen a continuation of the production boom spurred some time back by the US impact of such pix as "Darling," "Georgy Girl," "Alfie," "The Jokers" and others, which brought a bonanza of Yank investment and a consequent inevitable inflation of American - backed British features, all intended to cash in on British quality, the rich local acting and writing pool and, not incidentally, the financial incentives provided by the UK's Eady film aid plan.

But, for one reason or another — or, indeed, without apparent reason except the luck of the game — a large number of these US-sponsored items proved still-born. Expensive or not, making it at home or not, the quota of flops, coupled with the coincidental success of certain Coast-made films, helped disenchant the check-signing Yank exec and thus tend to take the bloom off the British production rose. One Yank major has already pulled in its UK production horns, another is currently on the verge of doing so if the film it's currently got its money on doesn't make it internationally. The other less affected majors are probably doping their UK investments more carefully, thinking thrice before giving the promising young genius — director and/or writer — the wherewithal to make the film of his life. The independents, unworried as always by the comings and goings of fashion or capital, will continue to make films here, but what of the principal investors?

No 'Blind' Support

The feeling here is that while "blind" investment in British production is probably a thing of the past—at least until the next locally made feature makes it in the international big time—a period of inevitable readjustment will be followed by a more cautious but nevertheless mutually fruitful period of further investment. "Swinging" was always the wrong word for it, but there is — in the estimation of a growing number of Yank filmmakers — still something special about Britain, London, and making films here. There is the very human factor that execs just plain like the living rhythm of the place, but behind it, more realistically, lies the conviction that here exists — and employing a common language — an unparalleled acting pool, a host of exciting writers, a number of inventive young directors, and access to technical facilities of high quality. The long-range chances are that the American filmmaker, company or individual, will not so shortly be abandoning these shores, no matter how strong the external pressures or the economic dictates.

Yet, until these doubts disappear and these decisions materialize, it's only natural and human that the British film industry, which has seen the US stake in UK production rise from about 60% to almost 90% in recent times, should show some nervousness if not panic, and map the appropriate countermoves.

These range from a last-ditch attempt to get the government to salvage the National Film Finance Corporation, set up years back to aid national production, with a much-needed financial injection, to an effort to hold down prices (especially wages the disproportionate rise of which Britishers tend to blame on Yank expenses-be-damned budget mentality anyway), plus a very determined attempt to update the service sector of the local industry via the refurbishing of labs, studios, etc. to make them functionally competitive with anything in the world.

From Within

Where the British industry is still in the doldrums is, ironically but perhaps not strangely, in their own all-British companies. For though there is a stirring, of late, in such companies as British Lion, which recently went public, and in other indie concerns which have sprung and are springing up, the local majors, with some exceptions, have been less excitingly vital in adjusting to changing times, at least in some sectors. Notably, both Rank and ABC seem to have almost entirely given up the idea of producing films, with the former staying with its still-successful "Carry On" series, plus a few other production investments, and ABC still—at year's end—mulling its production future, its plans seemingly still on the shelf or securely locked away in a drawer. Meanwhile, the company, for better or for worse, is enmeshed in a takeover move with EMI, the outcome of which may in fact determine its future return to production, or not.

At the moment, at least, if one excludes US major interests here, the British production strength, therefore, lies in the indies, tied or not with Yank interests, and companies such as Anglo Amalgamated, with its National General tie, Hammer, with its long allegiance to W7, London Independent and its arrangement with Group W, Planet, Tigon, Titan and many, many others are the busy ones who are able to and have been courageously planning ahead.

In the distrib sector, the eternal beef continues: the two main circuits, Rank and ABC, hold the reins, and the going is rough for any film which doesn't fit their palate or pattern—be it from an affiliated company such as Universal (which has a deal with Rank) which has had trouble during the year in finding UK outlets for many of its '68 pix, notably "Privilege," "Charlie Bubbles," "Bofors Gun," "Boom" and others — or from an "outsider."

A number of embryo ventures, currently on the horizon, may in coming times help alleviate this either-or situation, even if only in a minor way. Stirrings have come from the Classic group of cinemas, on the rise in number and ambitions of becoming a "third" circuit and from such outfits as Cinecenta, which plans to build and operate a number of smallseaters in strategically placed urban and peripheral areas, involving 3-4 theatre complexes showing

(Continued on page 156)

FICKLE FILIPINO TASTE TAKES TURN TO CHINESE PICS

By AARON PINES

Manila.

The big news in the Philippines during the year 1968 was the upsurge in the number of theatres being built together with many more in the planning. It was also a year of more imported films.

During the past few years, the number of foreign pictures from the United States, Japan, and Europe ranged from 200 to 300 annually but in 1968 it reached the swamping total of 573 features. For the first time, product of Taiwan and Hongkong originally made in the Chinese language was dubbed into English and shipped here. Some were shown in the firstrun situations with tremendous success, even outgrossing many of the American and European features.

Earlier, Japanese-made pictures were the rage here but they died out in popularity, now being replaced by Chinese-dubbed pictures, whose success is phenomenal. It is anticipated that many of Shaw Bros. Pictures produced in Hongkong will eventually be shown on the screens of Manila theatres in the English version.

Naturally, United States product from the major companies still constitute the bulk of the imports, with Italy second. It is believed that in 1969, Chinese imports may even outnumber Italian. Especially popular here is sword fighting a la Chinoise. As to how long the fad will continue is a guess. Filipino public gets tired easily and always looks for changes in entertainment.

Tax Changes 'Boom' Chile Films

By HANS EHRMANN

Santiago.

Four features were made here in 1967, six in 1968 and a minimum of eight are in prospect for 1969. This has changed the whole outlook for films in Chile.

Behind this "boomlet" lie the 1967 tax innovations. Up to then, fiscal policy favored exhibitors and distributors a more than the would-be producer.

The new procedure is quite different: local films pay the same entertainment tax as foreign pix (35% of gross), but this tax is later returned in its entirety to the producer. Adding the normal percentages on boxoffice take, this means that he now recovers just over 50% of gross produced at the wickets and stands a fair chance to recoup his costs.

Chile, with 100 cinemas in Santiago and some 300 others spread around the country, is a small market and strong audience support is vital if local films are to prosper. This has been forthcoming since last year and has helped to do away with exhibitors' resistance to local films which, in former days, often found it difficult to obtain playoff. In 1968, they took up 2% of the playing time at Santiago's cinemas.

However, as production costs are bound to rise with increasing activity, the local market will in the long run be insufficient and a lot will depend on the films' ability to make it in foreign markets. Up to now, in spite of considerable technical improvement, their standard is insufficient for this.

In 1968 the cost of film ranged from $80,000 (black and white) to $150,000 (color). They ranged all the way from a Western to a musical, but only two out of the six were of interest from an artistic point of view. These were Helvio Soto's "Lunes 1° Domingo 7" (Monday to Sunday), a light comedy about two college students who fall in love and Raul Ruiz's "Three Sad Tigers" which, in Spanish, has the tongue-twisting title of "Tres Tristes Tigers."

Ruiz, 27, is the first of the new generation of film makers and he works in a highly personal elliptical style, at the same time creating strong atmosphere and human types. This year a new wavelet of films by other young directors is already a certainty.

Production methods are rapidly moving from the haphazard to the professional approach. Films have been produced by Protel, a tv production company, by Emelco (advertising films) and by especially formed Organizations. The most picturesque case up to now is that of Ruiz, who was bankrolled by his father and four other retired merchant navy captains.

The general atmosphere is optimistic and presently planned productions strike an interesting balance between commercial and artistic fare. Some of the latter will no doubt try to make it in the international festival scene.

ARGENTINA'S PRODUCTION

By DOMINGO DI NUBILA

Buenos Aires.

A steady strengthening of Argentine feature films' drawing power, which started back in 1965, maintained pace during 1968. As a result, production is increasing. Some 32 pix were released during the year (against 26 in 1967) and by early December another 33 were already in the can for the 1969 season, starting next March. Meanwhile, several projects are being readied to go before the cameras in ocming weeks.

Three hits did much to cheer up the Argentine industry, notably Leopoldo Torre Nilsson's version of gaucho classic "Martin Fierro," which set a new all-time high here by grossing over $600,000 in less than five months playoff. The other two were comedies starring disk personalities, to wit, "Digan lo que digan" (Let Them Talk), with Raphael, and "Un Muchacho como yo" (A Boy Like Me), with Palito Ortega.

Very good trade was done by several other pix, among them "Psexoanalisis" "La Novela de un joven pobre" (The Novel of a Poor Young Man), "En mi casa mando yo" (I'm the Boss at Home), "Lo prohibido esta de moda" (Forbidden Things Are in Fashion), "Coche cama alojamiento" (Wagon-Lit Hotel). A number of other offerings did okay, among them the sex product starring Isabel Sarli and Libertad Leblanc, which usually attains its best returns abroad. But not only those sexpots have helped to export. It is also evident an increased interest of Latin American buyers for Argentine pix, specially the comedies spoofing sex habits and manners and the musicals starring young warblers.

There have been few coproductions, mostly with Spain and Latin American countries. Commercially the best one was "Digan lo que digan," artistically "En la selva no hay estrellas" (No Stars in the Jungle), an Argentinian-Peruvian partnership which failed at the b.o. here.

Kind Words for Distrib and Exhib From a Pro-Producer Guy in Exile

By HAROLD MYERS

Massarosa, Italy.

Even my best friends might have looked askance if, just a couple of years back, I had expressed compassion for either distributors or exhibitors. It was the producer, I had always contended, probably with more vehemence than logic, who had commanded my sympathy. He was the creative genius who would devote a year or more of his life to the making of a single picture, frequently working on deferment, yet the last in line to reap the rewards of his labors.

Two years ago I was a big city boy; now I am enjoying (?) the rural way of life, and am beginning, from first-hand experience, to have second thoughts during an enforced sabbatical. I've now come around the the realization that there's a lot to be said for the distrib who puts up all the cash, and for the exhibitor who has to search out for that intangible quality, boxoffice appeal, to pay his way. From what I've said these last two years, that's a near impossible job.

One always knew, of course, that not every dollar retained by the exhibitor alfter paying film rental represented gross profits. There was an investment in bricks and mortar to be amortized, equipment to be replaced from time to time, wages to be paid, and lighting, heating and sundry other bills to be met. Ditto for the distrib, which out of its rental income has to maintain its sales force, and pay all print and advertising costs. Yet, somehow, both the exhib and the distrib have always seemed to be on a better wicket—as we British say!

In this village, which is just about five miles from the most popular of all Italian coastal resorts, Viareggio, there are two hardtops catering for an immediate population of around 4,000. That total might possibly be doubled by adding some of the neighboring villages which do not boast a theatre of their own. There used to be an open theatre operating in the summer months, but the management called it quits some time back, and the site is being more profitably used as a roller skating rink.

Except in special circumstances in which a major b.o. hit is envisioned, each theatre operates a daily change of program. Holdovers, when they happen, are usually for an extra day, though some pix have been booked for as much as three days. There is just than on Sundays when there are at least two, sometimes three. And top admission tab works out at approximately 40c.

There's adequate showmanship, too, of a competitive nature. The village is plastered with posters advertising the day's feature, there's a brash front-of-house display, and loudspeaker vans frequently tour the village and surrounding areas. Not exactly the Joseph E. Levine touch, but certainly good enough, it would seem, in the circumstances. The theatres, too, are moderately well equipped, though seemingly operating with only a single projector as there's at least one, often two, intermissions for every future—and not for the sale of icecream or soft drinks.

Captive Audience

Actual programming, however, is far from imaginative, starting off with a series of advertising films, which seem to go on and on and on, followed by trailers of forthcoming programs. As it's not uncommon to have anything from five to seven trailers, that bit of the programming can take up to 20 minutes, and can end up by being a big bore.

However, to get back to the main point. In recent weeks this byliner caught two of the top international b.o. hits, and in neither case did the audience reach double figures. One shudders to think how lesser pictures may have fared. There were seven cash customers for "Bonnie and Clyde," while "Helga" did somewhat better with an audience of nine, largely made up of teenaged youths. So what could the distributors or theatre owners made out of those two bookings? Whether paying a percentage or flat rate terms, the exhib didn't gross enough to pay his operator, let alone other overheads, while it is questionable whether the distrib made enough out of the deal to pay the shipping clerk's salary.

It is not always as bleak as that, naturally, otherwise the theatres would have given up the ghost long since, but they survive largely on the strength of weekend business. But not all places of leisure and entertainment are deserted at night; those that succeed are the bars that provide full facilities for watching television in some degree of comfort. It's not uncommon, for example, for bars to be transformed into miniature theatres at night, with seats arranged to accommodate a maximum audience. The come-on, of course, is the sale of coffees, snacks and drinks, but not all customers fall for the bait. Many seem content just to sit and watch, without even paying the modest price for an espresso.

That, one might conclude, is show biz, village style. Not just in Italy, but typical of what probably happens in many parts of the world; it's a segment of life that most urban dwellers know little or nothing about, and while contributing little or nothing towards the film producer's Rolls Royce or yacht, is as vital to the national economy as the big industrial plants of the big cities.

STAGE-DIRECTING JAPANESE ACTORS

By HAROLD CLURMAN

Tokyo

If it is true that the Japanese people have a special capacity for obedience, I owe a good deal to that trait in staging O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh" in Tokyo. The company I directed (a permanent company of actors calling itself Kumo or "Clouds") which contains a good number of talented individuals still is insufficiently trained in modern realistic acting.

The tradition of Western (European and American) theatre is relatively recent in Japan. It is known as Shingeki or New Drama. It was introduced in its most complete form in the early 1920s. It was then and is now a literary rather than a theatrical movement. The Japanese wished to see the plays of Gorky, Ibsen, Shaw, etc. (They had already been introduced to Shakespeare presented in a manner which would be something of a shock to English-speaking audiences.) O'Neill's earlier plays — "Desire Under the Elms," for example—had been done before the war. But since then only "Long Day's Journey Into Night," which I staged in 1965 with an American company in a "demonstration" performance the Kumo folk copied with considerable success, has been seen in Japan.

The happy outcome of this earlier venture led the company to invite me to direct them in "The Iceman Cometh." How, everyone asked, would I be able to direct actors in a language of which I knew no more than the routine salutations. I frankly admitted that I did not know how I would do it but that the challenge lured me.

The hurdle I soon discovered was not one of language. Staged drama is not so much of a tissue of speech as a series of *actions*. And the Japanese actors are still novices in Western acting technique. The reason for this ignorance is that while the Japanese actor has seen (and performed) some of our plays and most of our films, he has grown up with, even though he has not practiced, the Kabuki style.

The art of Kabuki is one of presentation; ours largely are of representation. The Kabuki actor displays himself, addresses himself to the audience. We insist that the actor play in close relation to his partner in an "imitation" of actuality more or less as if the audience weren't present. The Kabuki actor's achievement is in individual skill — solo fashion. Our ideal is *ensemble* or group interplay.

Only a few rehearsals made me realize that while the Kumo actors had a general understanding of their roles they were inclined to play them "independently" of one another, projecting their interpretations directly to the spectators. They hardly spoke to one another as characters; they did not really see each other as they picked up their cues. There was very little true communication between them. They had little sense of the development of characterization. An interpretation was a mask which did not alter from Act I to Act IV, regardless of the change in circumstances in each situation.

Frixample

The most flagrant example of their backwardness in realism was in a scene where several of the personages were supposed to be making merry on stage right when suddenly an actor on stage left was required by his part to emit a bloodcurdling cry of anguish. The actors on the right took no notice of this whatsoever; they went on doing their stuff as if they hadn't heard or had no relation to the character on the left.

In order to correct this tendency to act in isolation I had not only to direct the play for its own inherent value but to expound and demonstrate the principles of realistic acting and to exercise the cast along these lines. The Japanese as a rule are not given to gesticulation and when I suggested how and when they might employ a gesture for emphasis they overdid it to a grotesque degree. When the script demanded that two people kiss they did everything and anything to avoid the action: kiss-

(Continued on page 132)

WHY HEMISFAIR FLOPPED

CREATIVITY THE NEED, BUREAUCRACY THE EVIL, IN WORLD'S FAIRS; BEWARE MEDIOCRITY

By ALFRED STERN

(Author of the foregoing analysis of the hazards and failures of World's Fairs, and especially 1968's stubbornly uninstructible San Antonio event, HemisFair, is an expert in this field, and partner in New York's Robinson-Stern Associates Inc. His consultancies go back to the 1939-40 World's Fair at Flushing Meadows, N.Y., Seattle's 21st Century, Montreal's Expo 67, and he had most recently been consulted by the Japanese for Osaka 1970 and by Boston for (Boston hopes) Bicentennial Expo, 1976. The failure of expo-planners to know about or benefit from experience is one of the grievous dangers of World's Fairs.—Ed.)

As my thing is the world's fair or international expo, and San Antonio's singularly unbright HemisFair was the major such event of 1968, I'm afraid I will sound dour. Close readers of these Anniversary Editions will recall that Texas' HemisFair disaster was predicted in last year's piece by this byliner. It's unlikely that any community will ever again achieve the consistency of ineptitude in every phase of implementation which so surely predetermined HemisFair's failure.

Alfred Stern

But it may prove constructive to recapitulate the salient flaws which accounted for losses estimated at from $8,000,000 to $11,000,000. (Texas bookkeeping has the indigenous shiftiness of tumbleweed in the breeze.)

We know that San Antonio's business leadership had to pony up an additional $3,000,000 to keep HemisFair from folding in midseason.

The prime built-in failure factors were (a) pedestrian architecture, (b) exhibit content dominated by blatantly commercial industrial participation, (c) stereotype carnival rides, and (d) far too many sleazy food and souvenir stands, thus resulting in a site which was in esenence no omre than an enlarged shopping center. It cannot be expected that people wil pay $2.00 or reduced front gate for that sort of thing in these days of saturation mass media and free commercials.

In contemporary society new technology is introduced to us instantly, therefore the essential mission of great international expositions must be a genuine exchange of philosophies and cultures, not merely flagrant hucksterism or sophomoric editorials. For example, the $9,500,000 U.S. exhibit at San Antonio presented as its stellar attraction a nicely produced film which dared to suggest that bigotry is undesirable, pollution a menace, and the wanton destruction of our natural resources, deplorable!

Learned Zero From 67

In contrast to Montreal's Expo 67, HemisFair was devoid of intellectual integrity, originality and is a consequence, inspiration. San Antonio learned nothing from Montreal but was instead a minor league road company of Robert Moses' "Olympiad of Industry" which flopped in Flushing Meadows in 1964 and '65. As advantages, HemisFair occupied a convenient downtown San Antonio site, attractively restored several on-site historic buildings and gave the city a new convention hall, indoor arena and theatre, all of which unfortunately remain as lonely empty deficit - financed white elephants in contrast to the active cultural center which is the legacy of Seattle's 1962 World's Fair.

San Antonio's leadership was preoccupied with structures, all of which cost far more than initial estimates, thus inadequate funds remained for contents and operations during the exposition. HemisFair's lack of success largely precluded any support for post-fair programming, as in Montreal.

On a purely technical level, HemisFair's national publicity, handled by Infoplan, constituted another major liability in contrast to the effective promotion of Seattle's smaller but financially successful '62 fair and Montreal's Expo, both publicized by Wolcott, Carlson & Co. who admittedly had the decided advantage of promoting superior enterprises. (HemisFair's largest national news coverage resulted from its fatal minirail accident.)

Dumb Estimates

HemisFair attendance of approximately 6,400,000, even with frequently reduced admission prices, was about 3,000,000 less than Seattle's. HemisFair's own economic studies soft-headedly predicted break-even at 7,200,000 attendance. More realistically, 11,000,000 was required to carry HemisFair's nut.

To further emphasize the extent of San Antonio's greatest blood bath since the Alamo, the annual Texas State Fair at Dallas drew more than 3,000 000 in its 16-day '68 season or close to half of HemisFair's gate for a 184-day run. Further confirmation of San Antonio's flop is the fact that approximately 13,000,000 or twice HemisFair's total attendance visited "Man and His World," the 1968 retread, an unofficial second summer of Montreal's Expo 67.

California's Folly

A check of other large-scale 1968 projects must include Cal-Expo at Sacramento. Intended as a year-round permanent State Fair, its management was dominated by California political appointees totally lacking in exposition experience. It suffered acute anemia in both participation and attendance and closed with a deficit estimated at anywhere from $2,000,000 to five times that sum. A 1969 reopening is doubtful though Cal-Expo's board chairman sanguinely stated that there's nothing wrong with the project that an additional $6,500,000 in State funds can't cure. The political "mind" at work! Such largess seems unlikely in view of the fact that the California Legislature has voted all of $25,000 (already exhausted by administrative expenses) for a two year 1969-1970 Statewide celebration of the Bicentennial of California's first permanent missionary settlements. Contributions from industry will no doubt gratefully take their cue from the State's token funding. The Bicentennial Commission under the chairmanship of Lt. Governor Robert H. Finch is presently without confirmed program plans, qualified staff and essential underwriting. At best, the Commission will encourage California communities to salute the Bicentennial via their own annual special events, thus abdicating any real responsibility and producing nothing of genuine impact.

San Diego, however, independent of the State Commission, will commemorate that city's 200th Anniversary throughout '69 by sponsoring a world trade fair, historic re-enactment and restorations, fiestas, art exhibits, etc. Incidentally none of these Sunshine State events should offer any serious competition to Disneyland where the superb new New Orleans area and pirate ride representing an investment of more than $3,000,000 are both beautiful and amusing and surely the world's ultimate achievement in amusement park artistry.

Latin Accent Hazard

Miami's proposed Interama, another politically dominated promotion, now simmering for nearly a score of years, is no nearer realization. Indeed its premise of extensive Latin American participation is even more specious after HemisFair where a Hispanically-oriented theme, "The Confluence of Civilizations" stimulated little in the way of Central and South American participation. Interama is predicated on permanent, continuing exhibits rather than Bureau of International Exhibits authorization which limits participation to a more economical six month operating period. Beyond this, there's nothing in Interama's concept and unqualified leadership to inspire confidence.

Osaka's Expo 70, the first Oriental World's Fair, gives every indication of resulting in a brilliant show, though the Japanese have done little to promote U.S. participation and attendance. The Japanese low pressure sell to U.S. industry is understandable as Expo 70 will primarily play to the vast, ever increasing Asiatic market which Japan considers as its own and industrial domain but it's odd that generally aggressive U.S. industry has eschewed the potentials of what is likely to be the greatest Far Eastern showcase of the century. The U.S. government will participate in Osaka though on a considerably more modest scale than the Soviet Union which recognizes competitive East-West arena for political ideology as well as increased export opportunities.

Comes 1976 In U.S.

Boston and Philadelphia continue to compete for official designation as the site for a proposed 1976 U.S. Bicentennial World Exposition commemorating 200 years of American independence. Both cities will soon present their plans to the lame duck American Revolutionary Bicentennial Commission appointed by President L. B. Johnson.

The Commission will no doubt offer its formal resignations with change to the Nixon administration. But whether reappointed, or new appointees, the Commish will be well advised to examine the quality of leadership, thematic concepts, financial commitment and residual benefits inherent in each city's plans. Obviously the opportunities afforded by the 200th Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence demand the highest level of integrity. We have seen what Canada with one tenth the population of the U.S. accomplished at Expo 67, marking the Centennial of the Dominion's Confederation. Certainly the U.S. has an even greater opportunity and responsibility eight years hence, a none too short time for the organization of what should, even must, be the most prestigous international exposition in our nation's history.

The public invariably detects the difference between phony exposition projects and those which through theme integrity and high operational standards make a genuine contribution to life and are not mere carny come-on. Even so, after television, radio and films, expositions collectively attract the world's largest audiences. In general in this area of international competition small nations such as Czechoslovakia (pre-Soviet takeover), Poland, the Scandinavian countries and Switzerland are in the vanguard of successful participation in international expositons, largely because they employ their leadng architects, writers, designers and performing arts talents in the concept and development of their efforts.

In the U.S. with few notable exceptions, such projects remain the responsibility of play-it-safe Washington bureaucrats plus lowest bid architects and designers. If America is to regain its now nadir of international prestige few policies could prove more effective than the employment of appropriate U.S. creative artists and intellectuals in the development of our exhibits abroad. The world is well acquainted with our industry and technology but far less aware of our artistic accomplishments which can make a genuine contribution to America's worldwide image and domestic pride. That must be the true aspiration of and justified reason for our participation in world's fairs and international expositions. Anything less is not worthy of support and the public is the first to know.

Publicists' Ants In Your Tunisian Sandwich

By HALSEY RAINES

London.

There have been many comments as to why anyone should ever seek an overseas job as a peddler of publicity blurbs. Some who want them are perhaps under the illusion that a unit publicity job abroad is a soft snap. See the world and get paid for it sounds like a groovy deal.

This being the case, there's quite an itch to get into the racket on the part of those who haven't yet experienced ants in their Tunisian sandwiches, enforced asceticism in Bengali, or the corrosive verbal lash of producers and stars needing a whipping boy.

Indeed, statistics show that since 1960, nearly five times as many self-defined international press-agents are doing the con-con in such spots as Paris, Padua, Plovdiv, Puka-Puka, the Rhosllaerchy Valley or Mellofarte Bay.

This allows the employer to make what he regards as a cautious and well documented choice, sometimes for singular reasons, from the ranks of freelance press-agents who have hinted at their availability. The guy who starts the ball rolling is generally a nice chap from Beverly Hills or the Broadway flats who's become urbane and emancipated by taking charge of a London office. He may get his cue by calling up a producer or exec back home and kicking around some ideas. Imagine, for example, such a hypothetical telephone dialog-monolog as the following:

"I guess you'll be needing a p.a. for that new Western in Herzovina. I was thinking about Donnie . . . Voted for Grover? Oh, Hoover, but it might as well have been Grover . . . Yes, hah-hah. Remind you to send him what for Christmas? Oh, a low-speed wheelchair.

"How about that guy who was on 'The Boozers'? Oh, he's the one that drags his wife to all the locations. Yeah, you're right.

"That young bright kid with the squint — you know who I mean. Can't keep away from the broads, eh? Even in Dublin? Okay, maybe we can think of somebody else.

"There's a guy that Jimmy wanted for that big muck-up in Zanzibar. . . . I didn't get it. Gear? Oh, queer. Well, I don't suppose that would have mattered down there.

"How about that fellow from Boston we talked about before. Rex didn't like him? Yul too? No, I hadn't heard.

"You know Ricky? The red-haired guy. Great writer. . . . Ava said that? No, you're right. Got to have somebody that gets along with people.

"Mike maybe. Works hard and gets out a load of copy. What's that? Nobody ever reads copy?

"Who? I didn't get the name. Oh, him. Yeah, I hadn't thought of him. Good at what? Oh, keeping the press away. Sure, I understand how the big shots hate being bugged. There's one thing I remember from that last Spanish picture — he can't spell too good. Doesn't matter? You bet, I'll try. He costs a little more but I'll see if I can get him. Okay, pal."

Italy's Unique Legit Theatres

Continued from page 129

consistent structure. In the last three years attempts have been made in several cultural directions. A special large subsidy has recently been voted by the Rome Municipality to restore to its original splendor the old Teatro Argentina to house the Teatro Stabile. Romans hope that it will then become to Rome what the Comedie Francaise is to Paris and the National Theatre is to London.

State Theatres operate mostly by subscription. Prices range for the Piccolo di Milano from Ital. Lire 1950 (about $3) for stalls and Ital. Lire 950 (about $1.50) for balcony seats. Workers and students are entitled to cut prices.

These organizations, being financed by the Municipality and the State, are controlled by official boards of directors of diverse political tendencies. Their repertory, therefore, is not free, but limited to classical works or Italian plays and, very occasionally, some outstanding foreign work.

Stage Co-Operatives

Then we have a number of acting groups which are called "Semistabili" organized on a co-operative basis. These groups have a stable identity, but no home base. The two most important ones called by the name of their actors, are: the Giorgio Albertazzi-Anna Proclemer Co. and the Compagnia dei Giovani with Rossella Falk, Romolo Valli and Elsa Albani, directed by Giongio De Lullo. The Albertazzi-Proclemer Co. has acted together since 1956, producing about 16 modern and classical plays under different directors. They have always had an exceptional understanding for the needs of their particular audience with whom they have maintained an undisputed popularity. The De Lullo-Valli-Falk-Albany Co. is always directed by Giorgio De Lullo, the most perspicacious of Visconti's pupils and himself also an actor. They went into joint management 13 years ago and have stayed together ever since. Pier Luigi Pizzi, their set designer, is also permanently associated with them and his work has been essential to the production of their elegant repertory. British critic Kenneth Tynan declared that Romolo Valli is probably "the most resourceful and commanding actor in Italy." Anna Proclemer and Giorgio Albertazzi are to the Italians what the Lunt-Fontanne association was to the Americans and the Compagnia dei Giovani represents in Italy what Jean Louis Barrault's Company represents in France: they are the cream of our professional theatre.

Other "Co-operatives" or "Semistabili" recently formed are the Sergio Fantoni-Valentina Fortunato Co., directed by young and talented Luca Ronconi, to which we must add the ex Compagnia dei Quattro (Company of the Four) directed by Franco Enriquez, with Valeria Moriconi, a particularly gifted leading actress.

Regional Groups

Besides the Semistabili, there are regional groups. Edoardo and Peppino De Filippo, the Neapolitan actors run separate acting groups. Edoardo, as he is called for short, actor, author, director and producer at the same time, is incontestably the sovereign of the dialect theatre. His troupe is made up of actors who have been together for generations. Edoardo himself is the head of a theatrical dynasty, once composed of himself, his brother Peppino and his sister Titina. This extremely popular group has a unity of style and training which is unique in Italy and can only be compared to Stanislavsky in Russia. Edoardo owns the Teatro Ferdinando in Naples, but also tours other important towns.

Luchino Visconti, internationally known mostly for his films, is especially famous for having created the decadent and grandiose mise-en-scene of an ultra naturalistic style. The brilliant versatile "enfant terrible" of our theatre, Franco Zeffirelli, once his pupil, is now his challenging opponent. Italy owes to the Old Vic the discovery of this modern Shakespearean expert.

To this group of outstanding directors—of which I have only mentioned a few, must be added a long list of stars, of excellent actors, of set and costume designers (these last particularly abound in our art-conscious country). Why then, generally speaking is the theatre in Italy not an essential part of Italian life? Why do plays run so briefly? Do the public respond adequately to all these efforts?

To take the 1967 figures, the Italian population of 50 million inhabitants spent on public performances (including opera, concerts, musical comedies, reviews and theatre clubs) a total figure of 368 billion Lire out of which only 14 billions are spent on the theatre and mostly in the two largest cities: Rome and Milan. These two cities have only a limited number of play-houses. Rome has only three theatres with over 1000 seats: the Teatro Sistina, the Teatro Sistina, the Teatro Quirino and the Teatro Eliseo. The Teatro Valle (now the residence of the Teatro Stabile de Roma) has 868 seats, the Teatro Parioli 683, the Teatro delle Arti 510, the Ridotto 352 and the Teatro dei Satiri 320.

The average prices of the stalls go from about Lire 5000 for openings and from a maximum of Lire 3500 for regular performances to a minimum of Lire 600 for the balcony. There are 8 performances a week including two matinees. One evening performance and a matinee during the week are given at "family prices" Besides these large theatres there are also a number of smaller theatres where experimental groups of actors perform: a kind of "Off-Broadway."

The situation in Milan is about the same. There are four large theatres: the Teatro Lirico with 1800 seats, the Teatro Manzoni, the Teatro Nuovo, and the Teatro Odeon here about 1000 seats each. There are also a number of small theatres.

The Semistabili and these other groups operate independently and are apparently backed by private producers, but actually they are also partially financed by the government. Private enterprises are taxed 5% of the gross boxoffice takings if the play is Italian. If it is a foreign play taxes are 15% of the gross. Royalties are 10%. Theatre owners take about 35% of the gross. From the budget of—let us say—a million lire a day (which represents the gross of a big success in a large theatre) only about 50% of the gross per day (500,000 Lire if the play is Italian or 40%, 400,000 Lire if the play is foreign) goes to cover the cost of direction, rehearsals, sets, costumes, workmanship and the daily pay of actors.

Privately Backed

A leading actor is paid a minimum of Italian Lire 50-60,000 a day (about $100) to a maximum of Italian Lire 200,000 (about $300). I have known actors to request as much as $600 a day.

In the provinces instead the theatre owners take only 10 to 20% of the gross and often offer a guaranteed minimum in advance. The structure of our commercial theatres, therefore, is such that, in order to recover part of the expenses, the acting groups are obliged to travel throughout the country, to many of the smaller provincial towns before having really exhausted their audiences in Rome and Milan. Luckily the Provinces in Italy provide a large and cultured public where interest in the theatre is ever increasing. Therefore, in Rome and Milan, the theatre owners have the whip hand. Because of the shortage of theatres they can make their own conditions.

Prefer Short Runs

The owners decide the length of time a given play can be performed in their own theatres. Usually six weeks at the most. If a play is a hit and there is a queue at the boxoffice, people are sent away and the play closes just the same. The reverse is also true: if a play is a flop it must continue to run at a loss for the scheduled time because the owner has already booked in another company so as not to take any risks. The policy is to book as many plays as possible and each play for as short a time as possible. This does not give the public time to realize a play's worth before it has moved to some other town.

The theatre in Italy still addresses itself to the "elite" and very little is done to reach larger audiences. The public is often accused of being indifferent to the cultural efforts of our theatrical groups and of being lazy, not arriving on time and of going to the theatre to show off their clothes, etc.

There is a certain superficial truth in this. However, if we go more deeply into it, we find that everything is done to discourage the public from going to the theatre. It would take too long here to enumerate all the difficulties involved in order to find out when and where seats can be secured, which can only be obtained three days before the night you wish to attend. The theatre boxoffice is only open at inconvenient hours and there are no ticket agencies. Other difficulties are the long working hours of our offices, the lack of transport after the show: in certain cities there is no public transport after midnight with the exception of taxis.

In fact the Italian audience is the *most* patient of all publics. the curtain time is often half an hour later than the time announced, there are long intervals and no one ever gets home before 1 a.m. at the earliest. But the greatest handicap of all is the difficulty of choosing what to see. Press reviews are often biased and the public cannot really go by them. Due to the limited run system of a play in a given theatre, the public cannot tell if a play is successful by the number of its performances. One often ends up by choosing a play only because one has heard of the actors.

Large and frequent enquiries and debates are often made in the press among authors, newspaper critics, directors, actors etc., to discover the real causes of the unsatisfactory situation of the theatre in our country, but the answers, though often quite clever, are always elusive and and rarely to the point.

Refunds

In order to support the "arts," the Ministry of Tourism and Spectacle, through a complicated everlasting bureaucracy, refunds a portion of the taxes on the boxoffice takings: more precisely it refunds 18% for Italian plays (which pay only—as I said—5% taxes) and only 8% to foreign plays (which pay 15% taxes). In addition to this difference, Italian taxes are refunded calculating all the gross, while foreign plays have a ceiling of 800,000 Lire over which no refund is granted.

The groups, which we have called Semistabili, receive at the beginning of the season a lump sum of Lire 50,000,000 (about $115,000) if they operate for at least six months, if they have at least 10 actors under contract, and if their repertory is judged by the government to be of a high quality.

Then we have the system of "prizes" granted at the end of the season to the different companies but the criterion of choice is often a mystery to the public.

Not everybody agrees that all forms of government sponsorship are fruitful. Many think that it should be limited to the state theatres (which often have a budget of hundreds of thousands of dollars) or to those permanent theatrical companies which have a definite task to accomplish. Let us not forget that state interference is not always objective and, in the long run, has nothing to do with the real cultural needs of the country.

Why not spend more money in creating other dramatic schools, encouraging university theatres, experimental groups and above all building adequate theatres in the larger cities?

Only if the theatre is left to private enterprise, to the healthy commercial law of demand and supply, free from all political interference, perhaps a new theatrical vitality would spring up which would also better opportunities to Italian playwrights. Their talents are now mostly diverted to the cinema or television, these talents, which have already put Italian films on the map internationally, might return to the more difficult one of the stage if there were sufficient financial rewards.

Australia's Big-Shoot in 1969

By ERIC GORRICK

Sydney.

In another year film production should be on the upbeat here, though that's been said before. Transformation is due expectedly to American capital, with little, if any, kudos to the homebrew politicians and guardians of the governmental coffers, who, over the years, refused financial assistance to local producers.

In year ahead perhaps five major films will go before Australian cameras. Goldsworthy Productions, allied to the U.S. Commonwealth United and to Rod Taylor Productions, have three major films on the 1969 schedule. Warner-7 Arts will also make two pix here this year; Columbia reportedly will go ahead on "Ned Kelly" (Australia's number one bandit), with Tony Richardson directing. Another Hollywoodian setting his sights on this territory is Andrew Fernaday with two bruited productions—"Man from Nogales" and "The Adventures of Jack London."

Japanese producers are also reported keen to continue pic production here this year. Producers from that empire made two "quickies" here in the latter part of 1968, but are said very keen to swing into higher-grade pix.

There is also a possibility that 20th-Fox may enter the Australian scene. 20th still holds an option on the late D'Arcy Niland's yarn "Call Me When The Cross Turns Over." Director Robert Wise, during his recent Aussie visit for previews of "Star," would neither confirm nor deny that 20th would ultimately undertake production here. However, Wise, during his stopover here, made an extensive coverage of the territory.

KIM OF ARIRANG BACK WITH SYMPH

Seoul.

John S. Kim, who cofounded the Seoul Philharmonic in 1946 and served as its conductor until 1961, returned here in November for a homecoming concert. With him was his son, Kim Won-mo, 28, who now teaches violin at Indiana U. in Bloomington and serves as concertmaster of the Ft. Wayne Philharmonic.

Kim has been touring in Europe, the U.S. and Canada for seven years with the Arirang Revue. Preliminarily this troupe did fair in Europe though nearly wrecked when a theatre strike cancelled engagements in Italy. Kim got his troupe to New York and picked up some concert dates via Columbia Management. It was the big attraction at Korea Day at the N.Y. World's Fair.

Leon Leonidoff, senior producer at the Radio City Music Hall, picked up the Koreans for a summer engagement in that 6,000-seat house, which was a blessing for the nine weeks' steady employment, plus the prestige. Later the Arirang gained further U.S. show biz status when employed at the Latin Quarter cabaret-restaurant in Manhattan.

More recently Kim has been performing in and operating out of Las Vegas, Nevada. Concert dates with his son, also with the Korean singer Ivan Oak, have followed. While other individual talents from Korea, America's principal military ally, have migrated to the U.S. there's not much doubt that Kim has the longest working tenure there.

Japanese Actors

Continued from page 131

ing in the presence of others is rarely done in Japan.

I undertook my elementary pedagogy with patience but the time came when my anxiety overcame my forbearance. Willy-nilly my voice rose to thunderous tones which might have been construed as insult. But the Japanese respect authority. The actors showed no signs of injury or resentment and continued to try and try again with never a loss of composure or regard for the director. They were loyal to their commitment. They worked very hard with utmost devotion. By the fourth week of rehearsal (six weeks of rehearsal was all the time I could spare although I believe 12 weeks would have been no more than adequate) the play looked like one and, I trust, like O'Neill's.

At the party given to the cast after the first preview Tsuneari Fukuda, Kumo's artistic director, speaking of the production said 'For the first time in our history we have seen a true Shingeki production, and I can only add that I now realize what a lousy director I have been!" My own tribute is to the quiet grace and resolute industriousness of the young company. Their qualities explain why it was possible for the Japanese to rebuild Tokyo, virtually destroyed in the war, so that it is now a city with a population of 11,000,000 more frighteningly formidable than Chicago.

Soviet 'Karenina' Victim of Swiss Ire Over Prague

By GEORGE MEZOEFI

Zurich.

The year 1968 did not quite live up to the Swiss exhibitors' and distributors' hopes that it might repeat 1967's excellent boxoffice results. If (1967) had been "a year of longruns and high grosses," what with such smash moneymakers as "Doctor Zhivago" (the alltime Swiss boxoffice hit, seen by more than 1,500,000 Swiss out of a total population of 5,700,000), "A Man and a Woman" (a sleeper with boffo longruns and grosses to match), "Blow-Up," "Grand Prix," "Dirty Dozen," "You Only Live Twice" and "Taming of the Shrew," to name but a few.

The first half of 1968 started promisingly enough. "Bonnie and Clyde" (W7), for example, repeated its worldwide boxoffice performance in Switzerland, with a total running time of over 50 weeks in the five Swiss key cities of Zurich, Basle, Berne, Geneva and Lausanne. "In the Heat of the Night" (UA) displayed amazing holdover power, especially after Academy Awards were out. "Dirty Dozen" (MGM), which had not played off all key cities in 1967 yet, continued as a hot grosser. And French middle-aged comic Louis de Funes' apparent mass appeal spread from the French-speaking region of Switzerland to the German part as well, as witnessed by the success of "Oscar" and "Les Grandes Vacances" (The Big Vacation).

A summer and early fall sleeper hit looked like a good omen for the start of the full-fledged fall and winter season: the German "new wave" comedy, "Zur Sache, Schaetzchen" (To The Point, Darling) first effort by young woman director, May Spils, caught on in German Switzerland and, to everyone's surprise, turned into a 15 weeks' longrunner in Zurich and 17 in Basle. Word-of-mouth, plus good reviews, once again did the trick.

Season-opening releases, however, failed to produce any real smashes, despite the fact that such films as Stanley Kubrick's '2001: A Space Odyssey" (MGM) or Joseph Losey's "Boom" (U) did above-average business, as did the John Wayne starrer, "Green Berets" (W7). But the latter film had to be pulled prematurely in Basle, due to demonstrations by Swiss youth and leftist groups, contrary to Zurich where the film continued unmolested.

Another "victim" of politics was the new Soviet 70m version of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina," which was pulled during the third week of a successful run at Zurich's Apollo-Cinerama theatre following public aversion to the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia.

'Protectionism' Rampant; Home Producers Boom

By M. A. KHAN

Karachi.

A 50% rise in the annual output of Pakistani films was registered during the year 1968. A total number of 120 feature films were released by the end of 1968. This rise in production was due to the government's policy to protect the domestic industry from competition with Indian and American films.

In 1963 when the government decided to impose a ban on the import of Indian films and restricted import of foreign films, Pakistani exhibitors had their own doubts and misgivings that they might face an acute shortage during the next few years. But today, they are facing a different problem. With the present rate of growth, they feel that there is an imminent danger of over-production within the next three to five years.

On the recommendations of the Film Fact-Finding Committee, instituted in 1960, the government banned the import and exhibition of all Indian films in 1962. The exhibitors protested and challenged the government's decision in the High Court. The government was forced to amend the law and allow Indian films, imported before the imposition of the ban in 1962.

Later on, the government evolved a new formula for protection of the Pakistan production industry. It passed a law by which the exhibitors of national-language cinemas were forced to devote 85% playing time for home product. Under the same rule, the cinemas showing foreign soundtrack films were asked to give 15% playing time to the domestic films.

After Indo-Pakistan armed conflict in 1965, the government once again imposed a total ban on exhibition of the old Indian films. Radio Pakistan also boycotted playing Indian film songs. This gave a great fillip to the domestic industry. Many businessmen and industrialists who were ignorant of the mechanics of the film trade entered into the film industry with the sole purpose for making quick money. Capital was no more scarce. Since then there had been brisk production activity in all studios.

Almost 75% of films produced both in East and West Pakistan are in Urdu language. About 25% of the films are produced in other languages, like Bengali, Punjabi and Sindhi.

Censorship: There is only one Censor Board at Rawalpindi, which strictly follows a code laid down by the government. The board comprises of the government representatives and nonofficials nominated by the government.

Taxation: Pakistan film industry is heavily taxed. An entertainment tax is levied at 50% of the cost of admission charges in West Pakistan whereas in East Pakistan the tax varies from 60 to 100% of the admission charge.

Film Studios: There are six studios in Lahore, two in Karachi and one in Dacca. Two more studios are being constructed in Dacca.

Cinema Houses: There are about 450 cinemas in Pakistan. These cinema houses have been classified national language cinema houses and foreign cinema houses. In West Pakistan, there are about 300 cinemas.

Distributors: Pakistan is mainly divided distribution wise in three circuits:

(a) Karachi, former Sind and Baluchistan.

(b) Punjab, North West Frontier of Pakistan and Bahawalpur.

(c) East Pakistan.

There are about 50 regular distributors in Karachi, 70 in Lahore and 35 in Dacca. Some of these distributors also deal with foreign films. U.S., U.K. and Italian distributors have their own offices in Karachi and Lahore. The government has not renewed the import licence of Motion Picture Export Assn. of America since June 1966. Last year, the government allowed local film distributors to import U.S. films on Bonus Vouchers.

Scenery a Big Item

Paris.

Of the total sum of $2,010,670) spent by France for cultural exchange last year, the biggest sum went for theatre, probably because of the scenery and costumes necessary for presentation of plays.

Breakdown shows the sums of $1,233,170 for legit, $412,400 for music and $272,000 for plastic arts.

Differential of approximately $93,000 went to individual grants, receptions, etc.

Cure for Malta's Creaky Censor System: Tourism

By CECIL SATARIANO

Valletta, Malta.

Malta, which is 100% Roman Catholic, has been rather slow in catching up with modern trends. Casinos, private swimming pools and bikinis were introduced into the country only a couple of years ago, and only after considerable opposition from the ecclesiastical authorities which, until recently, had a say in such matters.

Film censorship likewise, has been conservatively inelastic and the outright ban on screen subjects like prostitution, homosexuality, abortion, not to mention the slightest suggestion of nudity, has rendered the exhibition industry in Malta rather precarious.

Some idea of the severity of the Malta censors, which do not seem to distinguish between hard core trash and films of artistic (even moral) integrity, may be gauged by the fact that "The Knack," "Life at the Top," "Alfie" are among the films which have been refused an exhibition certificate. "The Family Way," for instance, has been withheld because the censors found objection to one, brief scene showing Hayley Mills' semi-nude figure. Earlier, objection to "Girl Happy" was on the grounds that the film showed too many bikini-clad girls. Censors had passed "The Rape of the Sabine Women" on condition that the word "rape" did not appear, either in the credits or on the film's advertisements. It was subsequently released as "The SHAME of the Sabine Women."

Government censors have since shown more latitude and tolerance, and it is believed that this has been the result of directives from the government itself as part of its campaign to streamline and modernize the island for the tourist trade. Tourism has, in fact, had direct psychological and sociological effects on the manners and mores of the island.

"Rage to Live," "What's New Pussycat," "Morgan, a Suitable Case for Treatment," "John Goldfarb, Please Come Home," "The Sandpiper," all of which were previously banned, some for three consecutive years, have now been released.

The censors also seem to have lifted their ban on homosexual screen subjects. "The Trials of Oscar Wilde," turned down several times previously, finally got a nod from the censors last year.

Film censorship in Malta has worked for a long time in the shadows of the Diocesan Film Commission, a Church-appointed body which reviews (after public release) and rates films for the faithful. Pressure from Church authorities, who until quite recently, had the unwritten power to scratch any member on the Censorship Board when his re-election came for review at year's end, had been instrumental in creating an unhealthy situation where the censors, mostly grey-haired, government pensioners over 50 with no special moral or educational qualifications, treaded softly for fear of losing their jobs. Censors passing a film that was subsequently condemned by the Church's Commission was a black mark against them. Several occurances of this sort precipitated the termination of the services on the Board of those responsible.

Jet Fares Swing Cultural Exchange; France Spent $2,010,670 Globally

By WOLFE KAUFMAN

Paris.

A recent unpublished report by the French Treasury shows that France last year spent a bit over $2,010,670 to send French artists, musicians and theatre troupes around the world. This sum includes the cost of shipping the Paris Opera Ballet, the National Orchestra, the Barrault-Renaud Co., the Comedie Francaise, and others to the U.S., Japan, Mexico, South America and virtually every major city of the world. (It does not include coin spent on culture within France.)

It is beileved, in cultural circles here, that the sums thus expended by France, are about on a par with money spent by Great Britain for the same purpose. Italy and West Germany, it is believed here, spend a bit less, but Soviet Russia spends a bit more. No statistics are made public by any of these countries.

It is doubtful, according to culture-watchers here, that Uncle Sam spends anywhere near this kind of money on State Dept. tours. But a cultural attache at the American Embassy here, who asked not to be identified, believes that the U.S. may be spending more in actual cash than any of the European countries. This is because Washington, when it under-writes a tour must pay cash to TWA or other transportation companies, which are commercial enterprises. Whereas in Europe the business goes to Air France, B.O.A.C., Alitalia, Lufthansa, etc., all of which are government owned. Ditto for railroads and steamship lines, if the artists or troupes do not travel by air.

However you look at it, carfare is the key to international culture. Subsidies put up by the various governments usually are based on the cost of transportation. Thus, if a theatrical troupe or a ballet company is sent abroad, the government usually underwrites the cost of the transportation. The bookings or engagements, themselves, are on a strictly commercial base and sometimes even show a profit. Such profit, if any, is turned back to the government, cutting down the loss.

It is agreed by everybody concerned that there is no way of sending a large troupe abroad and showing a profit—unless the cost of the transportation is deducted or underwritten.

"Free economy" countries permit all the major attractions to work out their own deals and budgets on a strictly commercial basis, getting involved only to the extent of alloting the needed transportation subsidy. In Communist countries, the wheeling and dealing is done entirely by the government officials.

In France, all cultural exchange activities and subsidies are handled by the Association Francaise d'Action Artistique. Despite feeling that cultural exchange is a new thing, which has grown up in the past decade or so, it is interesting to note that AFAA was first dreamed up in 1923 and is now in its 45th year of activity. Phillipe Erlanger, who has been its Director for the past 20 years or so, retired last month to concentrate on personal literary activities.

Of the money spent, approximately $1,850,000 came from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and only $30,000 came from the Ministry of Culture, though both are in close contact as to the projects involved. Ministry of Culture spends most of its money on helping theatres, music and films within France.

To help make up its deficit in operations last year, AFAA was given the profits from foreign troupe showings in France, which amounted to approximately $35,000. Profits from shows abroad (or left-overs after all expenses had been paid) during the year previous, amounting to approximately $66,000, was also applied.

Range of the AFAA activities during the year is shown in a breakdown:

Afghanistan, poetry readings.
South Africa, poetry readings, expositions of French painting, piano recitals;
Algeria, 66 performances of six French plays.
Germany, 14 performances of four plays; eight ballet perfs; 17 music concerts; six art exhibs.
Angola, art exhib.
Argentina, seven performances of Moliere; two ballet performances, 10 music concerts, one art exhib.
Austria, three performances of two plays; five concerts, 1 expo.
Belgium, 92 performances of French plays, four concerts, one expo.
Bolivia, art expo.
Brazil, four performances of ballet, eight performances of Moliere plays, 13 concerts, one expo.
Bulgaria, four performances of two plays (Comedie Francaise), two concerts.
Camboge, poetry reading.
Canada, four performances of two plays, five concerts; one expo.
Chile, one single performance, Paris Opera Ballet, two concerts.
Cyprus, seven poetry reading; two concerts.
Colombia, seven concerts, one expo.
Congo, eight poetry readings, two play performances (Jean Vilar), one concert;
Cuba, art expo.
Denmark, three performances of two plays (Planchon), 10 concerts; one expo.
Salvador, concert.
Ecquador, two concerts, one expo.
Spain, one play performance seven concerts, two expos.
United States, 67 performances of six plays, 20 poetry readings, 12 concerts, one expo.
Ethiopia, five poetry readings.
Finland, seven ballet performances, five concerts.
Ghana, two poetry readings.
Great Britain, 12 performances of two plays (Comedie Francaise); 26 concerts.
Greece, eight performances of two plays, 16 concerts; two expos.
Haiti, 22 performances of two plays.
Hungary, three performances of two plays (Comedie Francaise); five concerts, one expo.
India, one concert.
Iraq, three potetry readings, four concerts.
Iran, two poetry recitals, one performances of play, seven concerts.
Iceland, two concerts.
Israel, 12 concerts, one expo.
Italy, four ballet performances (Paris Opera), 14 performances of five plays, 10 concerts; five art expos.
Jamaica, two plays performances, one concert.
Japan, 26 concerts, one expo.
Jordan, two concerts, one poetry reading.
Kenya, one poetry reading.
Lebanon, two plays performances, 15 poetry readings, 10 concerts.
Luxembourg, 10 play performances, one expo.
Morocco, 55 play performances; 25 concerts, two expos.
Mexico, eight performances of two plays (Comedie Francaise), 21 concerts.
Monaco, two ballet performances (Paris Opera), one play performance (Barrault-Renaud).
Norway, five ballet performance, five concerts.
Pakistan, one concert.
Holland, 41 play performances; seven concerts.
Panama, two concerts, one expo.

New Zealand Goes for Offbeat Pix

'War Games' Proves Unique Hit—Socialists Fear Any Rivalry as Anti-Labor

By D. G. DUBBELT

Auckland.

For feature films, it was a year of brisk business for the offbeat and the daring, not so good results for more solid fare, even if the latter offered star names. New Zealand's 1968 audiences packed into cinemas showing Columbia's "To Sir, With Love" — 25 weeks in Auckland, making it the year's boxoffice champ. "The War Game" (Pathe Contemporary) drew them, as did W7s "The Fox' and 20th's "Bedazzled," which caught the backwash of current Dudley Moore and Peter Cook tv exposure.

"The Graduate" (Embassy) and "Guess Who's Coming To Dinner" (Col) opened big and, with year's end looming, showed no signs of falling off. But less than sensational ticket sellers were W7's "Camelot," "The Charge of The Light Brigade" and Metro's "2001, A Space Odyssey!"

Not that the "offbeat" tag was enough, on its own, to spell boxoffice. Paramounts "Barbarella" ran only a week on its first Auckland release though a bus-drivers strike may have contributed to this.

Many believe that good showing of "adult" pics can be traced, in part, to system of censor classification by age groups, long the setup here. Because of this, many films escape excessive cuts, in contrast to neighbouring Australia where such releases as "Ulysses" have been banned outright.

("Ulysses" was shown uncut in New Zealand, though to sex-segregated audiences, a condition that had only previously been applied to sex-hygiene films.) Australia does not have a classification system.

Film criticism in New Zealand tends to be conservative, with leading Auckland newspaper critics expressing outrage at "The Graduate," one calling it "sick." Also "Bonnie and Clyde" drew shocked comment — but with no appreciable dent in business.

With Cinema Center Films arranging its New Zealand distribution through the large Kerridge-Odeon Corp., the availability of product never looked better. In the face of solid tv competition — the medium is only just reaching full saturation now — the film men are fighting back with the best weapon of all: strong films. Heads of the various exchanges are mostly keen and (by much of the country's business standards) youngish men — United Artists' John Neal, Paramount's Reg Felton, Rank and Lion's Jack Croft, MGM's Brian Turley to name four.

The annual Festival of the Arts, here in Auckland the country's largest centre includes a film section that gives an outlet to features which might find ordinary commercial release chancy if not difficult; often, following such Festival impetus, they do go on to quite respectable playoff figures. At the last Festival, Ingmar Bergman's "Persona" was launched in this way.

BBC's Shocker

Biggest hit was the BBC quasi-documentary shocker, "The War Game," which clocked up big business on a semi-continuous (every hour on the hour) basis.

The Peter Watkins nightmare of what a nuclear war might look like gained tremendous free publicity, with church dignitaries telling the daily press the film should be compulsory viewing for politicians the world over. The Leader of the Opposition, an influential parlimentary figure, made personal approaches to the government to have the film shown on tv, to give it the widest possible impact, but ran up against the original ban imposed by the producers, the BBC, in London. Even so, tv street interviews featured the reactions of patrons leaving the cinema. No film in recent years has sparked such interest. Some trade insiders saw the whole incident as an example of how industry can lead art (for a change) in breaking down barriers; Festival officials had been rather timid about offering such a raw experience as "The War Game" to the public, but had been swayed by the promping of the film's distributors. Biggest entertainment issue going currently is whether legislation should be passed to license private companies to set up radio and tv stations.

The general acceptance of a private radio station three miles offshore in Auckland's Hauraki Gulf, and the effect this has had in zapping up the government-run Broadcasting Corp. has brought pressure to bear to have at least the equivalent in New Zealand of the BBC-ITV setup.

The Labour Party Opposition is against such a move, saying that big business, traditionally anti-Labour and already having the advantage of a National-party slanted press, would have an extra propaganda weapon. Conservatives counter this by saying that Labour are anxious to retain the worst kind of bureaucratic control. Several bids for broadcasting licenses will be filed from recording, entertainment and newspaper interests if and when the lid comes off.

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14 Films 1,725 days — **849,081,000**

6) WB SEVEN ARTS
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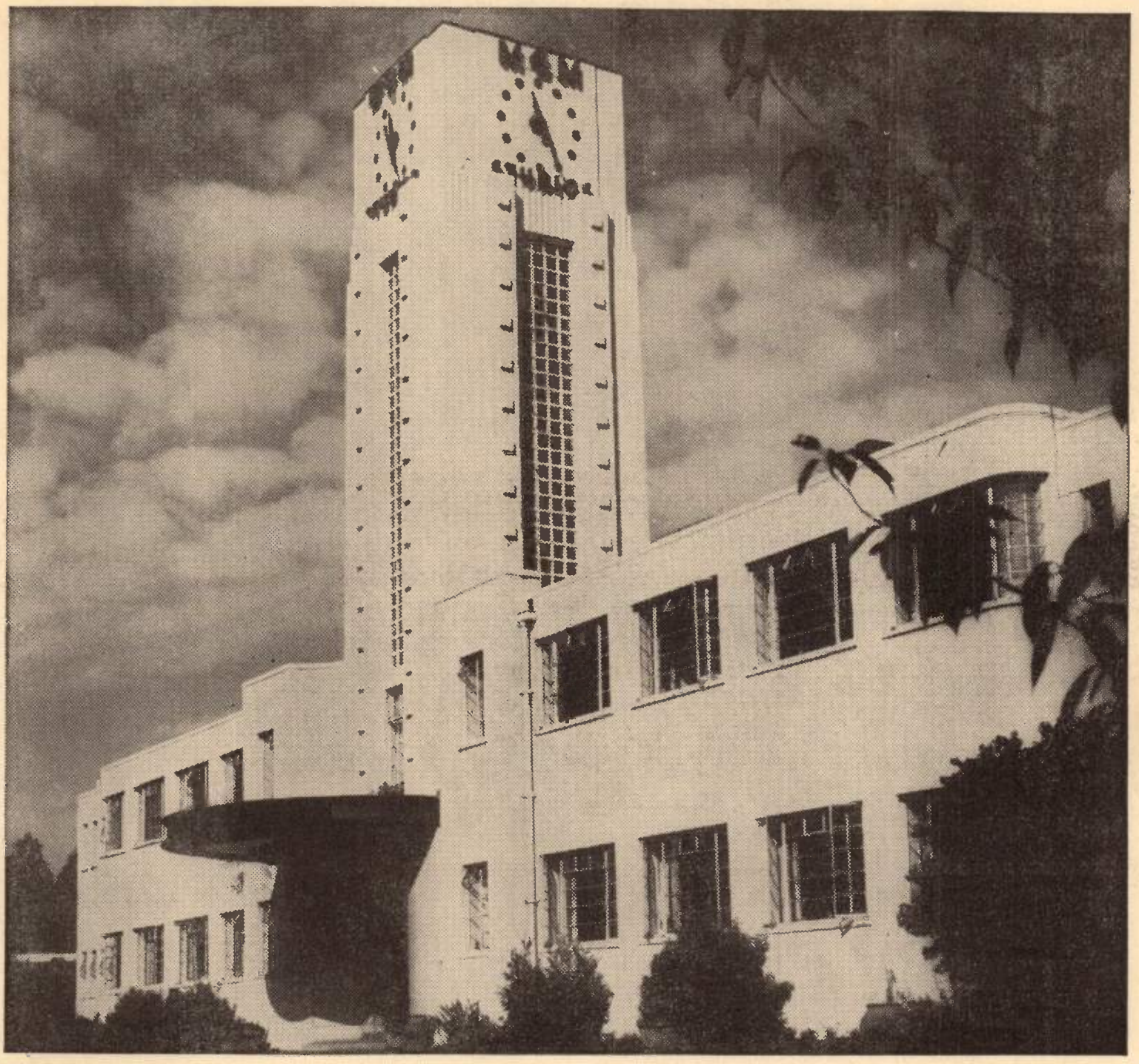

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British View: All Media

Continued from page 130

vintage or curio features on a low-overhead, extremely flexible basis.

Smallseaters are also big in the minds of Rank and ABC, both of whom have announced major refurbishing plans for their theatre chains and are either building or rebuilding houses into small units and/or twin or triple operations.

Another active sector of the British pic industry is the studio one, as mentioned above. Most of the major plants, such as Pinewood, Shepperton, and others, and many of the smaller, in-town facilities such as TVR, Humphries, etc., have extensively rebuilt, refurbished, or are doing so, most with the admitted end of grabbing work from burgeoning video production. Costs are inevitably up here too, but studio chieftains maintain that both in a value-for-money or on an absolute basis, British studios continue to have their selling points, and what's more, will maintain them.

As To Video

Turning to *television*, 1968 has been the year of the big upheaval, the year in which a number of major British video firms lost their "golden" franchises, and in which the new ones — and some of the veterans — were clobbered in initial ratings by the untouched BBC. Now the situation has been somewhat stabilized, with the indie companies coming back in slow degrees but still — at year's end at least — on the lower end of the scale.

Regardless of the eventual outcome of the ratings war, the coming year will, for Britain, be the year of color television. For the moment still a BBC-2 monopoly, color becomes an all-web fact come Nov. 1, 1969, with all the additional upheavals this will bring to an already complicated competitive situation.

Color television has caught on rapidly, despite the limitation to the currently still hard-to-get (70% of national viewing population) reception of BBC-2, and the past ten months have seen number of licenses shoot up 500%, per a recent Post Office assessment, even though the first color licenses weren't issued until Jan. 1, 1968. By October, the UK figure stood at 58,213, with total viewership of BBC-2 (color and b&w) now at over 16,000,000 and growing at the rate of 250,000 a month.

UK companies played their notable part, as well, in the very competitive field of tv film production, which found not only such indie outfits as ATV, ABC and others peddling their skeins abroad (notably "The Saint," "The Avengers"), but also the BBC successfully placing its wares in the international field, with its sale of "The Forsyte Saga" to Russia — reportedly on a cash basis — a notable ice-breaker.

In the field of *legit*, 1968 has inevitably been the year in which censorship — as enforced by the Lord Chamberlain's office — was officially abolished (see separate story). But the expected "permissive" breakthrough petered out in due course as titillation resumed its appropriate place in the general theatrical experience.

But it was also an unmemorable year, theatre-wise, an up-and-down year lacking the very great productions which make the lasting impressions. But the stagings, the choice of material, but above all the performances which often make even the London flops a delight to watch, still kept London and its West End very much in the international legit picture, as people flocked to see Alec McCowen in "Hadrian VII," Paul Scofield in "Hotel in Amsterdam," Kenneth More in "Secretary Bird," Joan Plowright in "The Advertisement," Flora Robson in "The Importance of Being Earnest," or, on a different, but equally entertaining level, Barry Dennen in "Cabaret," Topol in "Fiddler," or Juliet Prowse in "Sweet Charity."

In short, London and the UK scene may not have been such a swinging one (a term abhorred here) this past year, but by comparative standards, in every field, the rewards for the observer were still many indeed.


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Gold Records of 1968

(Following is the list of gold disk awards certified by the Record Industry Assn. of America during 1968 up to Dec. 23. To qualify for an RIAA gold disk rating, a single record must sell 1,000,000 copies while an album must gross $1,000,000 on the manufacturer level. Record listings marked with an (S) refer to single disks; all others refer to albums.)

DATE AWARDED 1968	LABEL	TITLE	ARTIST
Jan. 5	Columbia	Jim Nabors Sings	Jim Nabors
Jan. 5	Columbia	Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits	Bob Dylan
Jan. 10	Atlantic	Chain of Fools (S)	Aretha Franklin
Jan. 12	Elektra	Strange Days	The Doors
Jan. 26	Dial	Skinny Legs and All (S)	Joe Tex
Jan. 31	Paula	Judy In Disguise With Glasses (S)	John Fred & The Playboys
Jan. 31	Acta	Bend Me, Shape Me (S)	The American Breed
Feb. 2	Reprise	Dream With Dean	Dean Martin
Feb. 7	A & M	Guantanamera	The Sandpipers
Feb. 8	Columbia	Woman, Woman (S)	The Union Gap
Feb. 9	Dunhill	Farewell To The First Golden Era	Mamas & The Papas
Feb. 14	Buddah	Green Tambourine (S)	The Lemon Pipers
Feb. 15	Scepter	I Say A Little Prayer (S)	Dionne Warwick
Feb. 16	RCA Victor	How Great Thou Art	Elvis Presley
Feb. 26	Colgems	Valleri (S)	The Monkees
	RCA Victor	Distant Drums	Jim Reeves
Feb. 27	Philips	Love Is Blue (S)	Paul Mauriat
Feb. 27	Philips	Blooming Hits	Paul Mauriat
March 5	Buddah	Simon Says (S)	1910 Fruitgum Co.
March 6	Capitol	Best of Buck Owens	Buck Owens
March 11	Volt	(Sittin' On) The Dock of the Bay (S)	Otis Redding
March 13	20th Century Fox	Doctor Dolittle	Original soundtrack
March 13	Columbia	The Byrds' Greatest Hits	The Byrds
March 19	Reprise	Welcome To My World	Dean Martin
March 19	Reprise	Houston	Dean Martin
March 19	Reprise	Are You Experienced	Jimi Hendrix
March 19	Columbia	John Wesley Harding	Bob Dylan
March 27	Columbia	The Graduate	Soundtrack
March 28	RCA Victor	The Best of Eddy Arnold	Eddy Arnold
March 28	RCA Victor	The Great Caruso	Mario Lanza
April 1	Atlantic	Since You've Been Gone (S)	Aretha Franklin
April 4	United Artists	Honey (S)	Bobby Goldsboro
April 5	Columbia	Young Girl (S)	Union Gap
April 6	ABC	Modern Sounds in Country and Western Music, Vol. 2	Ray Charles
April 6	ABC	Greatest Hits	Ray Charles
April 8	Capitol	Lady Madonna (S)	The Beatles
April 9	RCA Victor	Loving You	Elvis Presley
April 12	White Whale	Turtles' Greatest Hits	The Turtles
April 17	Colgems	The Birds, The Bees and the Monkees	The Monkees
April 17	MGM	Gigi	Soundtrack
April 18	Columbia	Bookends	Simon & Garfunkel
May 2	Reprise	Somewhere There's A Someone	Dean Martin
May 2	Mala	Cry Like A Baby (S)	Box Tops
May 8	Command	Persuasive Percussion	Enoch Light
May 8	ABC	Songs I Sing On The Jackie Gleason Show	Frank Fontaine
May 14	Columbia	Love, Andy	Andy Williams
May 14	Gamble	Cowboy to Girls (S)	The Intruders
May 17	Columbia	Doris Day's Greatest Hits	Doris Day
May 22	Atco	Disraeli Gears	Cream
May 22	Atlantic	Tighten Up (S)	Archie Bell & Drells
May 23	Columbia	Merry Christmas	Andy Williams
June 10	Columbia	Mrs. Robinson (S)	Simon & Garfunkel
June 17	Buddah	Yummy, Yummy, Yummy (S)	Ohio Express
June 28	Atlantic	Beautiful Morning (S)	The Rascals
July 2	RCA Victor	Glenn Miller and His Orchestra	Glenn Miller
July 12	Warner Bros.	To Russell, My Brother, Whom I Slept With	Bill Cosby
July 18	UNI	Grazing In The Grass (S)	Hugh Masekela
July 18	Columbia	Lady Willpower (S)	Gary Puckett & Union Gap
July 19	A & M	The Beat of The Brass	Herb Alpert & Tijuana Brass
July 19	A & M	This Guy's In Love With You (S)	Herb Alpert
July 22	Atlantic	Think (S)	Aretha Franklin
July 22	Atco	Wheels of Fire	Cream
July 22	Atlantic	Groovin'	The Rascals
July 23	Atco	Vanilla Fudge	Vanilla Fudge
July 29	Phil-L.A. Soul	The Horse (S)	Cliff Nobles & Co.
July 29	Atlantic	Collections	The Rascals
July 30	Kapp	Somewhere My Love	Roger Williams
Aug. 6	Elektra	Waiting For The Sun	The Doors
Aug. 14	United Artists	The Good, The Bad and The Ugly	Soundtrack
Aug. 16	ABC	A Man and His Soul	Ray Charles
Aug. 23	Atlantic	Lady Soul	Aretha Franklin
Aug. 23	Atlantic	People Got To Be Free (S)	The Rascals
Aug. 26	Plantation	Harper Valley PTA (S)	Jeannie C. Riley
Aug. 28	Elektra	Hello, I Love You (S)	The Doors
Sept. 4	A & M	Look Around	Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66
Sept. 4	Atlantic	The Young Rascals	The Rascals
Sept. 4	Atlantic	Time Peace—The Rascals Greatest Hits	The Rascals
Sept. 13	Atlantic	Slip Away (S)	Clarence Carter
Sept. 13	Apple Corps	Hey Jude (S)	The Beatles
Sept. 17	Warner Bros.	Camelot	Soundtrack
Sept. 17	Liberty	Stoned Soul Picnic (S)	The 5th Dimension
Sept. 19	Dunhill	Born To Be Wild (S)	Steppenwolf
Sept. 20	Buddah	1, 2, 3, Red Light (S)	1910 Fruitgum Co.
Sept. 24	Reprise	Turn Around, Look A Me (S)	The Vogues
Sept. 26	Atco	Sunshine of Your Love (S)	Cream
Oct. 4	RCA Victor	Feliciano	Jose Feliciano
Oct. 10	Reprise	Axis: Bold As Love	Jimi Hendrix
Oct. 11	Atlantic	I Say A Little Prayer (S)	Aretha Franklin
Oct. 15	Columbia	Cheap Thrills	Big Brother & Holding Co.
Oct. 17	Capitol	By The Time I Get To Phoenix	Glen Campbell
Oct. 17	Capitol	Gentle On My Mind	Glen Campbell
Oct. 30	Columbia	My Love Forgive Me	Robert Goulet
Oct. 30	Columbia	Johnny Cash At Folsom Prison	Johnny Cash
Nov. 1	Columbia	Honey	Andy Williams
Nov. 1	Columbia	Little Green Apples (S)	O. C. Smith
Nov. 13	Mercury	Purple Onion	Smothers Bros.
Nov. 15	Stax	Who's Making Love (S)	Johnnie Taylor
Nov. 18	Capitol	Wichita Lineman	Glen Campbell
Nov. 18	Reprise	Electric Ladyland	Jimi Hendrix
Nov. 20	Apple Corps	Those Were The Days (S)	Mary Hopkin
Nov. 25	Reprise	The Kinks' Greatest Hits	The Kinks
Nov. 27	United Artists	Honey	Bobby Goldsboro
Nov. 27	Reprise	Dean Martin Christmas Album	Dean Martin
Nov. 27	Dunhill	Steppenwolf	Steppenwolf
Dec. 3	ABC	Girl Watcher (S)	The O'Kaysions
Dec. 3	Dunhill	Midnight Confession (S)	Grassroots

(Continued on page 160)

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METHUSELAHS OF SHOW BIZ

By JIM WALSH

Vinton, Va.

Recently, the notion struck me to check if anybody who was prominent in show biz at VARIETY's debut in 1905 is still alive, 63 years later and active in such undertakings as composing, singing, playing a musical instrument or some form of theatrical writing.

Apparently Joe Hayman, who is said to have been VARIETY's first subscriber, is still alive and living in California.

Hayman, a specialist in the "Cohen" brand of Yiddish comedy, was active in vaude and platter making almost 60 years ago. His 1914 record of "Cohen on the Telephone," made by English Columbia but imported over here by American Columbia early in 1914, was a sensation. According to an oldtime Columbia official, it sold more than 2,000,000 copies in this country, and was the first of a long series of "Cohen" monologs by Hayman. It went over so big that every other American disk and cylinder maker was compelled to issue "cover" records by other comedians.

Grace Cameron was among the first show biz personages to buy an ad in VARIETY. She made Edison cylinders and Columbia disks, but a few years ago a friend of hers wrote she, like Hayman, was living in California retirement.

Rudolf Friml

Probably most VARIETY readers, confronted with this question, would crown Irving Berlin as the patriarch of all tunesmithes but he isn't. Berlin in 1907 wrote the words of his first song, "Marie From Sunny Italy," to the music of H. Nicholson, whoever he was, but the song brought only about 37c in royalties and wasn't recorded.

The first recorded song which Berlin had a hand in fashioning was "My Wife's Gone to the Country," to which he, George Whiting and Ted Snyder contributed. All the record companies issued it in 1909. His first recorded number for which he wrote both words and music was "That Mesmerizing Mendelssohn Tune," for the music of which he should have bowed his respects to the late Felix. This was closely followed by the clever, catchy and completely original "Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon."

But that still doesn't give Berlin top antiquarian honors. That distinction seems to go to Rudolf Friml, who still can, and does, concoct pretty tunes, mostly in waltz time.

To show how far Friml goes back, in January, 1907, Victor issued an orchestral record of "A Garden Matinee," a melodious descriptive composition written by Friml, who was then accompanist for Jan Kebelik, the celebrated Bohemian violinist. The Victor record supplement for that month gave this description of the platter:

"This fascinating piece is described by the publisher as 'the prettiest number since 'Narcissus.' . . . The melody is most charming. the record is one of the best that our orchestra has yet made."

Just one month later Edison followed Victor by issuing a wax cylinder of "Garden Matinee" by the Edison Concert Band. It was described as "a delightful entr'acte, written by Rudolph (sic!) Friml, accompanist for Kubelik the great violinist. Most artistically played by our Concert Band . . . This record must appeal to those who are constantly asking for the better grade of music."

Since these records were issued some 62 years ago, I believe that Friml holds the longevity record among composers. And, incidentally, although I have never seen Friml. I have a personal interest in him. The first or second of his several wives was a beautiful girl named Elsie Lawson, a native of the town of Marion. Va., to which my parents moved when I was a small boy and where I grew up. I have never seen the former Miss Lawson, either. As far as I know, she left Marion before I arrived and went to Hollywood where she had some success playing small roles in silent movies and where, presumably, she met Friml.

P. G. Wodehouse

Moving on to dramatists, I thought of Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, who must have had the longest successful career of any novelist or short story writer in all recorded history. "Plum" has been at it so long that when his latest novel, "Do Butlers Burgle Banks?" came out a few months ago, Simon & Schuster, said they were not sure whether he was 1,000 years old and had written 87 books or was 87 and had written 1,000 books. Plum, who began his career around 1900 as an author of boys' books, was 87 last Oct. 15 and is still as skillful and amusing a humorist as he was 50 years ago.

Within the past few months, a musicomedy, "Oh, Clarence!" based on his Blandings Castle characters, has been produced in London to fair success.

Through most of his career, Wodehouse has been actively engaged in writing frivolously funny musical comedies in collaboration with such experts as Jerome Kern, George Gershwin and Guy Bolton. His almost 70 years of authorship must entitle him to be considered the longevity champion of writers with show biz associations.

Then I wondered about recording artists. Was there still anybody extant who might have made records as far back as 1905 or thereabouts? Well, for one, there is Pablo Casals, often called the greatest of 'cello players. As far as I know, he made no records that long ago, but was active in concertizing, which he still is, at more than 90 years of age.

Elida Morris, a bright light of oldtime vaude, is still living, aged 82, in Santa Barbara, Calif. She made no records as early as 1905, but was going strong on the stage. Her first records were made for Victor and Columbia in 1910. The erstwhile comedienne, who was one of the first women to become an expert at operating a plane, is still active. She sings leading roles in musical productions sponsored by the church she attends, and has such strong and vigorous handwriting it looks like something that might have been penned by an exceptionally muscular blacksmith.

Then there is Mrs. Rusling Wood, who was known professionally as Elise Stevenson and who now lives in San Clemente, Cal. She will be 91 on Feb. 9. Like Elida Morris, she is active and mentally alert. Not long ago I talked by long distance with Mrs. Wood, who began making records in 1905 or 1906, and she chatted brightly, recalling Frank C. Stanley, Henry Burr, Corinne Morgan and others with whom she was associated until she quit making records in 1911 to be a housewife and mother.

Elizabeth Wheeler, who was making records as early as 1906, was still living at last report. She is now 93, having been born July 20, 1875. Her husband, William Wheeler, who was at one time head of the Music Department of the U. of Michigan, where former Gov. Thomas E. Dewey of New York was one of his pupils, died in 1967. Up to the time of his death, he and Mrs. Wheeler remained busy teaching music in Cleveland, O. and attending every Cleveland musical event of any consequence.

A SIDE COURSE IN LYRIC WRITING

By AL STILLMAN

If at lyrics you would shine
Be most meticulous of the rime.
Actually there's no excuse
For lyricists who near-rimes use,
Though many a bard rimed "love" with "prove,"
Such practice you should be above.

Carefully avoid inversion,
The deadliest poetic poison,
And it is always a mistake
To use a word that is archaic.

Roget's Thesaurus, Loring's Rimer
Are needed tools of the verse designer,
Though many a word has a different source
Than Loring's Rimer or Roget's Thesaurus.
Poetic license is taboo,
Though used by Shelley, Keats and Poe.
They had something to say, at least,
When penning a poetic piece.

Trick rimes may be employed for satire,
But otherwise they're just a flat tire.
And, by the way, you *can* rime "orange,"
Although it takes a lot of courage.
Identical sounds don't rime, you see,
Which is as plain as A B C,
Even though the *sense* is different,
You rime the syllable that takes the accent.

In other words, take a word like "double,"
The syllable to rime is "dou,"—don't couple
"Ble" with "ill,"—that's incorrect,
And once it's a habit, try and check it!
When riming "beautiful" (that's a "triple"),
It's still the first syllable that you couple.
A double rime, according to eminent
Authority is known as "feminine";
While the single rime, in case you're askin',
Is commonly designated as "masculine" . . .

A poem should not be too long,—
It should not ramble on and on.
Blank Verse, the most majestic form of all,
Boldly eschews the artifice of rime,—
See William Shakespeare's Works for best examples.
So much for Blank Verse. And now ere
I close, remember that the ear
Is the sole guide to rime and rhythm,
And you had best try nothing with them
Unless your ear can pass the test
So essential to success.

Interview With the Frug King

By BERT REISFELD

Hollywood.

The telephone rings: "Bert, honey . . .?" I don't recognize the voice. "How are you baby?" "Who is it?" "Honey, don't you know me? Joe!" "I know 35 Joes; which one are you?" "Joe Shreier publicity."

I remember him vaguely. He calls only when he needs something. "You still covering for European papers?" says Joe. "Yes, I do." "How about lunch tomorrow?" He sounds very sweet. "Thanks" I say, "but I am on a diet." "I am anxious for you to meet my new client."

When Joe insists, he insists. "Sticky Sideburn, the new Frug King, as he is called. Would make a great story for you. Sticky will do a European tour and I thought . . ." "All right" I say "when and where?" There is no use arguing. He is going to hound me from now till doomsday. Better waste an hour with his boy and be rid of him. Perhaps there is even a story with a negative aspect in it. "Tomorrow noon at the Derby" says Joe "I'll tell Sticky to take a bath."

A purple Rolls pulls up next to me as I park my car. "Hi," says Sticky emerging. "Hi," I say, "where is Joe?" Joe pulls up at this moment. He is driving a Volkswagen. It takes him a minute or two to wiggle out, then we walk towards the restaurant.

The Frug King is dressed according to the latest teenage fashion. He wears his hair down to the shoulders, his eyes are small and his face is full of pimples, which serves as an excuse for not shaving. In spite of his ripe old age of 21 he reveals a fat little stomach, like a spare tire. His dungarees have horizontal creases and end about five inches above his ankles. His feet, long as a canoe, are hidden in once-white socks and old loafers. "He's dressed up for the occasion" says Joe "he's wearing shoes today."

The restaurant is packed. Sticky leans against the wall; however he manages to detach himself and we all sit down at the bar. "What's your pleasure?" asks Joe. "I'll tell you later what my pleasure is," I say, "right now I'll have a bloody Mary." Sticky orders milk. "Keeps him strong" says Joe.

"Where exactly is Sticky going?" I ask to give Jose at least one question for his expense-account drinks. "He is going to entertain the boys overseas," says Joe, "and then he may give a couple of concerts." "Oh, concerts" I say. "We also expect to make a picture in Rome and another in Tokyo," Joe sounds off in true Hollywood fashion, "We are also negotiating about a French co-production." "Is that so," I say," Does he speak Italian, Japanese and French?". "No," says Joe, "right now is learning English. But he writes all his songs by himself." "Oh" I say carelessly "he plays the piano?" "Doesn't have to," Joe laughs highly amused, "he whistles the tune and beats it out on the fender of his Rolls; the arranger takes it down. We had no less than 16 hits in our latest picture." Sticky hadn't said a word so far except "Hi."

"Your table, gentlemen!" Hollywood maitre d's still have manners. I ordered a green salad and an Alka-Seltzer. Sticky wants another glass of milk. He eats—if you want to call it eating—a raw hamburger on toast. Joe stays with dry martini.

"How's about them gals in the old country," says Sticky to show that his English is improving. I almost get a jolt by the sound of his voice. "Sticky is interested in girls," explains Joe. "I am glad to hear it," I say, "Wie geht's?" says Sticky, smiling broadly and proving that he is prepared to meet the language barrier head on. He pours the contents of the catsup bottle over his hamburger and orders a second quart of milk. With one hand he beats out the rhythm of a song that he is singing to himself.

"When do you expect Sticky to leave?," I ask. Perhaps my time won't be entirely wasted and I might get an item for the trade press out of it. "Don't know yet," says Joe. Sticky upsets his glass of milk with his elbow, grinning broadly and drying his hands on his shirt.

I decide to try for a story: "How did he learn to sing and how did he become the Frug King?" "He was first to do it," says Joe, "years before the whole thing got started. One day when he was little, he sat down in poison ivy and since he wasn't supposed to scratch, they tied his arms to his body. That's how he learned to twist and from then on it was easy. After that they freed his arms and . . ."

Linguistic Too

"I get it," I say. "How about his voice?" That was an unfair question, I know, but Joe didn't mind. "That was left over from the German measles," he explains, "his laryngitis netted him one Rolls-Royce, three Mercedes, two Cads, four Volkswagens and one bicycle. In addition to that a ranch in Nashville, a villa in Bel-Air and a hotel in Miami Beach."

"Where is Sticky's home?" I am still trying for a story.

"We are building in Lugano, Switzerland, not because of taxes but on account of overseas productions. He shouldn't travel so much."

Joe wants to go on but Sticky gets impatient. "Hi" he says, getting up. We shake hands. It feels like a fish.

"Thanks Joe," I say, "call me again when you find another fascinating story like this." "Glad you could make it," says Joe, signing the check, "Are you staying?" "Yes," I say, "I want to make a few notes." "See you, sweetheart" says Joe. "Hi" repeats Sticky and shuffles towards the exit. I hear a bloodcurdling yell. A few kids had been waiting outside. Word must have gotten around. They are jubilant!

"Waiter," I say, "another bloody Mary, or better make that two."

Music In Conglomerate World

Once a Haven for Lone Operator, Pub-Disk Industry Now Dominated By Wall St.; Expanding Tape Mkt. Stirs New Profit Potential

By HERM SCHOENFELD

Just a few years ago, the music business was the last frontier of the solo entrepreneur. With only a few hundred dollars, it was still possible to turn out hit disks with some unknown combo on an equally unknown label. The field was wide open and everybody had a chance.

In the last couple of years, however, the music biz has become caught in the conglomerate whirlpool. Big business, which previously didn't know the difference between a copyright and an upright, has begun swinging into the publishing and disk fields and wrapping up every firm in sight.

The takeovers during the last couple of years have gone well over the $100,000,000 mark. These acquisitions have ranged from the $42,500,000 purchase of the international Chappell Music empire by North American Philips Co. (a subsid of the Philips Co. of Holland) to Metromedia's takeover of Tommy Valando's music firms for about one-tenth of the Chappell price.

In addition, there were numerous mini-conglomerates entering the field, such as Commonwealth United Corp., Transcontinental Investing Corp., Omega Equities, Viewlex, aside from Utilities & Industries, which was among the early birds with its buyout of Mills Music for around $5,000,000 a few years ago. At present prices, the Mills deal is now regarded as a chromeplated bargain.

Many Giant Entities

The process of consolidation within show biz has now created numerous giant entities within the music biz. Once, Columbia Records and RCA Records loomed as the unchallenged giants via their respective corporate relationships to the CBS and NBC broadcasting networks.

Currently, the roster of top-ranking firms has been increased by Warner Bros.-Seven Arts, with its numerous diskery subsids encompassing the W7, Reprise, Atlantic and other labels along with the largest pop publishing combine in the world via the WB-Seven Arts firm, formerly known as the Music Publishers Holding Corp.

MCA, similarly, has emerged with multiple film, disk and publishing enterprises as has Transamerica Corp., via its absorption of the United Artists and Liberty Records, and Gulf & Western, with its buyout of Paramount's publishing firms and its Dot Records subsid.

MGM also figures prominently in both the publishing and disk markets as does Screen Gems-Columbia Pictures Music. Capitol Records entered the big biz orbit several years ago when it was absorbed by EMI, and more recently via its merger with Audio Devices into Capitol Industries.

Everything has come up for grabs in the last couple of years. Even such a staid oldline family firm like G. Schirmer Music was bought out by Crowell-Collier & Macmillan this year, followed by the book company's bid for the C. G. Conn instrument firm. The growth of the school market for instruments also cued Magnovox's move to buy out the H. & A. Selmer Co.

The music biz drew the attention of Wall St. when it took on the dimensions of big business. About a decade ago, it was figured that the American people were spending more money on potato chips than they were on records. But now the disk business represents well over a $1,000,000,000 annual turnover and the rate of growth appears to be ahead of the nation's average industrial growth.

The immense expansion of the disk market is revealed by the dozens of disk hits nowadays that sell over 1,000,000 copies each. Just a few years ago, there were only about 25 disks and albums that entered the golden circle. This year, the figure is expected to be around the 100 mark. In addition, more and more individual hits are breaking into two and three million copies, reflecting the firm establishment of a mass audience.

After World War II, it was figured that there were about 15,000,000 phonographs in the home. Today, the figure is estimated at 60,000,000. The remarkable boom in phonograph manufacturing almost exactly paralleled that of the television industry.

It's believed that tv created a whole new home entertainment business by discouraging people from going out. Probably the most important factor in the disk boom has been the impact of the youngsters on sales. Unprecedented prosperity has given the kids enough buying power to float the single business and to underwrite the whole contemporary pop style.

New Developments

Coming fast over the horizon are new technological developments that are bound to change the face of the disk biz in the immediate years ahead. Prerecorded tape, which had been limping along for the last decade, finally has begun to forge ahead by leaps and bounds via the introduction of tape cartridges and cassettes.

At the present time, the chief promoter of eight-track stereo cartridges, RCA, is in a market battle with the major cassette exponent, the Philips Co. of Holland. But, like the original battle of the speeds between the 33 rpm and 45 rpm champions, it's expected that the market will shape up as big enough for both.

The tape market, up until this year, was an extra business, stemming in large part from installation of playback machines in automobiles. Now, the tape machines are being bought for the home.

As a result, it's expected that the sale of tape cartridges and cassettes will be cutting into the sales of albums within the next few years. Most industry execs, however, do not believe that the disk will be replaced until the price of tape falls below disks and fidelity of tape exceeds that of the disk.

Coming in the future is the introduction of audio-visual packages for the home. CBS Laboratories may have given the shape of the future with its recent demonstration of EVR, Electronic Video Recording. But while the introduction of EVR into the home is an eventual possibility, early exploitation of the new technology is being limited to the school market.

New Pop Music Stars Tougher To Find In '68; Dig Blues Genre

Two conclusions agreed on by many pop music observers give an an indication of what, and who, may be overwhelming factors to be reckoned with, and cashed in upon, in the talent marketplace during the new year.

First, it's felt that "there has not been a new 'superstar' (as opposed to just plain 'stars') introduced in the rock music field since Janis Joplin (Big Brother & The Holding Company) and Jimi Hendrix (Experience) splashed big at the Monterey (Calif.) pop music fest two summers ago." While these performers achieved their "superstar" status during 1968, they were first spotted by the influential "underground" tastemakers during that event.

(Although many artists sell gold records and pull big b.o., "superstar" in these terms refers to an artist whose disks are "instant" goldies, whose b.o. record is regarded as "dynamite," and, importantly, who sets a musical trend.)

Secondly, it is observed that, tangent to a return to folk and country music, a new crop of rock combos is again interested in basic blues, in contract to the widely performed rock-blues that is the foundation of the idiom.

It appears, then, that the timing was right for the appearance of an unknown, Johnny Winter, in a jam session at Fillmore East, N.Y., a couple of weekends ago. Winter, an albino blues guitarist out of Texas, generated ripples of excitement from knowledgeable onlookers, which stirred intra-trade and public word-of-mouth reminiscent of those reactions following Hendrix's and Miss Joplin's successes at Monterey.

As a result, Winter and his group have been booked into Fillmore for Jan. 10-11, second-billed to blues great B.B. King, and Feb. 14-15, second to Briton Jeff Beck. Winter (individual and combo) has not yet recorded, but the guitarist-harmonica player-singer is billed over Terry Reid on the first engagement, and the Small Faces on the other, both of whom have new well-selling disks in release here.

According to Winter's new manager, Steve Paul (owner-op of The Scene, a N.Y. rock club), a disk deal is being dickered on a "presidents only" basis. In planning Winter's career, Paul, one of the tuned-in persons in the rock society inner circle, is confident that musical talent will have impact on its own, sans "hype (hard promotion). Thus Paul compares Winter with likes of Bob Dylan and others whose management almost eschew publicity.

Winter's big test, of course, will arrive soon. Meantime, however, the cheer over Winter from financially disinterested insiders in New York is already building an advance b.o. appeal for him with the charismatic aspect of the unknown that can function as a powerful career factor.

60 Years A Songsmith: Some Show Biz Greats

By L. WOLFE GILBERT

Hollywood.

Writing parodies on current song hits was a traditional steppingstone to Tin Pan Alley—a forerunner of Allan Sherman today. So I did just that. Every day I'd make the rounds of the then headliners. Rogers Bros., Weber & Fields, Lillian Shaw, Nat Wills, Harry Cooper of the Empire City Quartet, etc. Few of them ever paid me except with a meal, and I suffered no qualms of conscience when I later sold the same parody to a half dozen others without telling one act that I had done so.

One day I walked into the Academy Hotel on 14th St. in New York, looking for Al Jolson. At the time, he was doing an act with his brother, Harry, who had a good singing voice, and another partner, [illegible] Joe Palmer, who sang parodies. Palmer was a paralytic and had to be wheeled onstage. For that purpose Jolson employed a chair similar to those seen on the boardwalk at Atlantic City and maintained the illusion by wearing blackface and impersonating a professional chair-wheeler while he sang and whistled.

Hungry as usual, I weathered that wintry snowstorm as I walked into Al's room. He was on his way out, draped. I noted enviously, in a good looking heavy overcoat. On a clothes tree hung another overcoat. Still shivering from the cold, I sang Jolson a half a dozen parodies and then we talked money. Al wanted four of these parodies, and with a gulp in my throat, I said: "These are very funny, and so I have to get at least $12 for the four. Jolson responded. "You're nuts! I got parodies from Charlie Hoey of Hoey & Lee for $2 a piece."

I changed the subject and said. "Al, I see you've got two overcoats. Do you want to sell one to me?" Al replied "I'll sell you one. This one is only four years old, and I want seven bucks for it." I got the coat, and Jolson got four parodies.

As I left with the coat, Jolie said, "and besides, I'm throwing in my partner, Joe Palmer. You can have him." So the Jolson trio became Palmer & Gilbert. We still used the wheelchair, and we did two Jewish war veterans (G.A.R.) instead of Jolson's blackface boardwalk character.

Ambivalent Rumshinsky

I got to know (some more intimately than others) the stars of the Yiddish theatre but I rubbed elbows with most of them. In music the name of Josef Rumshinsky was preeminent. He produced, composed and conducted. It was customary via the laws of the Jewish Musicians Union, that if a producer intended to curtail any part of his pit orchestra, he must so notify the union on opening night. If he failed to do so, all the musicians must then remain intact for the run of the play.

Rumshinsky conducted on opening night, and as coproducer was to determine whether he needed the entire orchestra or not. He counted the house, sensed he had a flop and decided to do away with the bassoon player, one violinist, and the second drummer. But unfortunately he forgot to promptly notify the union. On the second day, realizing his mistake, and knowing that the saving of the musicians' three salaries might well make the difference between el foldo or ability to keep open, Rumshinsky appeared before the union committee.

He pleaded with tears in his eyes that it was an oversight, and that he could not afford the cost of the three musicians, that the salaries of these men might force them to close the show. This would put the cast, the ushers, everybody, out of work. The unioneers seemed to be impressed, and told Rumshinsky they would let him know their decision the next day.

He started for the door and then suddenly stopped and said, "Gentlemen, when I was talking to you, I was talking as Rumshinsky, the producer. Now I address you as Rumshinsky, the composer. I need those three musicians to make my music sound good!"

The Liberace of the '20s was pianist-orchestra leader Vincent Lopez, who has been at the Taft Hotel in New York for over a quarter of a century. He identified himself by playing Felix Arndt's "Nola."

After the inauguration of Governor Whitman at Albany, there was the Governor's ball. "Mister Nola" Vincent Lopez and his orchestra were engaged. Dignitaries were assembled in the large ballroom of the Ten Eyck Hotel in Albany, as Lopez sat astride his piano stool and waited to herald the entrance of the new governor and his aides, who were flanked by the state militia.

An aide came into the ballroom, warning Lopez to get ready. Vincent nervously asked. "What'll I play, what shall we play?" I was sitting next to Lopez, and I suggested "Hail to the Chief." "We don't know that," said Vince. I whispered,' "Play 'Stars And Stripes, 'Semper Fidelis,' or any Sousa march." "We don't know that stuff," shrieked Lopez. "Here comes the Governor," cued the flunky, and as the imposing erect state militia started marching in, followed by Governor Whitman, Lopez and his Hotel Pennsylvania dance orchestra went into "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers."

Ed Wynn

In modern idiom we call them "suckers," but in the days of "23 skidoo," they were called "lobsters." A vaudevillian named Stuart Barnes sang a well known song, "The Lobster is the Wise Guy After All."

Back in the days when I had a little office in the Gaiety Theatre Bldg. and was trying to eke out an existence writing parodies and special material, a vaudeville agent named Jack "Red" Lewis said, "Wolfie, there's a guy named Ed Leopold from Philadelphia. His father is a well known hat manufacturer, and the guy thinks he's a comic. I told him you would write him an act. I think we could knock him off for a thousand bucks. What do you say—we'll split the dough."

I met Leopold, and right off the bat I realized Lewis was all wrong. Here was a guy (with a great big Panama hat which he twisted into all shapes for laughs) who looked, talked and acted show business. I gave him a little salesmanship and got $500 down payment. I wanted to give him something for his money. So I dreamed up an idea called "The Freshman and the Sophomore." Agent "Red" Lewis became Leopold's partner. The team became Wynn & Lewis.

I was booked to play Poli's Theatre, New Haven. I was on next-to-closing, and lo and behold, in

Continued on page 172)

Britain's Pye Label Shuffles Top Execs

London.

Pye Records enters its 10th year as a subsid of Associated Television with a new look about its administrative echelon.

Most significant in a widespread restructuring of executive responsibilities blueprinted by managing director Louis Benjamin is the oppointment of international director Geoffrey Bridge as general manager. He'll combine the job with his overseas duties.

In the disk biz, Pye has always been regarded as virtually a one man operation, powered at all levels by Benjamin's leadership. But with the additional responsibility of running Century 21 Enterprises, ATV's video merchandising arm, Benjamin obviously feels the time has come to delegate authority.

Thus, after less than one year with the diskery, Bridge, the onetime managing director of EMI Records, is back in the forefront of running a record company.

To fill a vacancy caused by the departure of Nicholas Hampton to join CBS International in Paris, Derek Honey has been named financial controller. He will retain financial control of Century 21 Enterprises.

Replacing Basil Margrave, now with Century 21, as administrative manager is William Taylor, while Vic Ridgewell supervises the stores and transport department as well as functioning as distribution manager.

Tom Grantham, sales controller, has been upped to marketing director; international manager Peter Elderfield takes on an extra job as marketing coordinator.

Following the resignation of Len Bickel, Paul Chave becomes art director, and Charles Keen manager of the art and print department.

RCA DISKERY INTO NEW N.Y. HQ WITHIN MONTH

The RCA disk division is slated to complete its move into its new homeoffice on New York's Avenue of the Americas (6th Ave.) between 43d and 44th St. within a month. Finishing touches are now being made on the 40-story skyscraper in which RCA will have several floors of offices as well as separate studio structure. The move into the new headquarters is less than a half-year behind schedule.

With RCA's move uptown from E. 24th St., the diskery joins numerous other major labels with Avenue of the Americas addresses. Currently on disk row are CBS Capitol, ABC and MGM Records.

In the News

By HAROLD EMERY

A Congressman says auto repair people jacked up prices an extra $1 billion over last year. Of course, that's a free estimate, cheerfully given!

* * *

De Gaulle's austerity plea hitting a few snags. Doesn't he know that 50,000,000 Frenchmen can't be wrung?

* * *

Along about Feb. 1 we expect Mr. Nixon will wonder if he shouldn't change the name from Milhaus to Miltown!

* * *

Know a chap who hit the median line of the Generation Gap yesterday. It was his 30th birthday. He said, "For the whole day, I didn't trust *anybody!*"

* * *

Someone, recalling the Kennedys' patronage of the arts, predicted that, under the Nixons, there'd be "no concerts by Pablo Casals in the White House." Would you believe, a harmonica solo by Herb Shriner?

* * *

Scientists continue to press for U.S. adoption of the metric system. Imagine LBJ in a 40-litre hat!

* * *

"Get Smart's" agent 99 finally married 86. Why didn't the preacher say, "I now pronounce you 185."?

* * *

That airline hired back the stewardess whom they sacked for being married. They've decided she *can* fly united!

* * *

If Julie Nixon and David Eisenhower have children, imagine the pressure on those kids? "Your grandfather and great-grandfather were presidents . . ."

* * *

France's financial crisis a good idea for another Jim Bishop book? "The Day De Gaulle Was Short."

* * *

Remember the days when, if a college student felt the urge to get involved, it was with a girl?

* * *

Saw a chap recently whose gumption I admire. Spends three hours a day panhandling, to supplement his welfare check!

* * *

Hear about the kid who was assigned the role of The Virgin in a school Xmas play? Ran home, said, "Guess what, mom! I'm gonna be Doris Day!"

How I Fainted On Stand; Saga Of Class Hotel

By HARRY SOSNIK
(*ABC-TV Music Exec*)

When I recently read that the famed Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago had gone into bankruptcy and out of existence it brought back memories of the radio days when the highly announcer announced "broadcasting from the beautiful Marine Dining Room of the Edgewater Beach Hotel on the shores of Lake Michigan" was the signal for America to tune in nightly.

In its heyday the hotel was so formal and elegant that no popular music was played on Sundays. Instead there was a concert of classical music for an audience of hotel guests in the grand ballroom. In fact, each evening during the week a program of light dinner music was played in the Marine Dining Room preceding the dance music which started at 8:30 p.m. Although I was already known as a radio conductor and arranger and had played at the hotel as pianist with the Ted Fiorito Orchestra, my first big break came when William Deivey, who was the managing director of the hotel, asked me to bring my own orchestra into the Marine Dining Room.

The responsibility of being awarded such a plum, which entailed not only catering to a very snobbish audience and a very strict managing director, in addition to being responsible for two network radio broadcasts nightly —one concert and one dance— and a long concert program each Sunday afternoon, which was also broadcast, gradually took its toll of my nerves. In addition, the fact that I had a very fine trombonist who liked his liquor and was thoroughly unreliable when drinking, was an added burden.

The climax came during a Sunday concert. These concerts were carefully planned, and programs were printed for the audience. This did not allow for any deviation. On this particular Sunday, the concert was to open with a difficult overture which contained an important trombone solo with some very high notes which I had written to show off the soloist's virtuosity.

When it came time to start the concert, I stepped to the podium, dressed in my formal frock suit, turned to the orchestra (after bowing to the audience) and gave the downbeat. I was shocked to see that the trombone chair was empty, and the trombone solo was coming up soon. There was nothing I could do. Just then out came my trombonist from the wings, slipped into his chair, and picked up his horn in time to start his solo.

Obviously pretty drunk, I hoped that he could get through the number. He came to the end of the solo—reached for a high note and missed. This was too much, and I did something I had never done before and have never done since—I collapsed on the stand and fainted. The tension created by the amount of responsibility, the desire to please the management as well as the audience, and the knowledge that the management frowned on musicians' drinking all contributed towards my collapse.

Needless to say, this experience taught me that no musician was indispensable and is only one of the many memories brought to mind by reading of the disappearance of one of the great and elegant landmarks of Chicago.

Gold Records of 1968

Continued from page 158

DATE AWARDED 1968		LABEL	TITLE	ARTIST
Dec.	3	Atlantic	Fire (S)	Crazy World of Arthur Brown
Dec.	3	Atlantic	Aretha Now	Aretha Franklin
Dec.	3	Atco	In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida	Iron Butterfly
Dec.	3	Atlantic	Fresh Cream	Cream
Dec.	4	Columbia	The Time Has Come	Chambers Bros.
Dec.	5	Disneyland	Walt Disney Presents The Jungle Book	Original Soundtrack
Dec.	6	Apple Corps	The Beatles	The Beatles
Dec.	16	A & M	The Christmas Album	Herb Alpert & Tijuana Brass
Dec.	19	Epic	I Love How You Love Me (S)	Bobby Vinton
Dec.	19	Columbia	Over You (S)	The Union Gap
Dec.	20	Plantation	Harper Valley P.T.A.	Jeannie C. Riley
Dec.	23	Columbia	Funny Girl	Soundtrack
Dec.	23	London	Beggars Banquet	Rolling Stones

W7's MCP Deal

Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records has made a deal with Map City Productions for exclusive performance rights to MCP disk pactees, Anders & Poncia, Our Patch of Blue and Tomorrow's Sunshine. Andres & Poncia, whose initial disks will be produced by Richard Perry, will also be producing sessions for other of the diskery's artists, including the other two MCP acts.

W7 Records is expanding its eastern recording schedule in the coming months.

HAPPY NEW YEAR, VARIETY

JOHNNY MERCER

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M-G-M Records

Business Management:
NEAL RESHAN
150 W. 55th St.
New York, N.Y.

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L. Wolfe Gilbert Still Going Like 60

Veteran Songsmith, at 82, Finds His Oldies Tuning Up as Hits Once Again

By ABEL GREEN

While longevity is no passport to sentimentality or immortality —many grow old but never mature — the track record of L. Wolfe Gilbert, 82, this month, marks the veteran songsmith-entertainer for distinction. If for no other reason, the durability of his standards, which "sold a million" in their origins, give repeated evidence of their vitality with the passing generations. Assuming that the "golden record" is the intratrade yardstick. If so, Britain's The Diamonds have repeated in 1968 what Gene Austin first created in 1929 — million-platter sellers of "Ramona." And this Mabel Wayne-Wolfie Gilbert standard is repeating itself on the charts anew also in the U.S., this time via a c&w version by Billy Walker.

His "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee" (music by Lewis F. Muir) is recognized Americana as is "Down Yonder."

Like "Ramona," a pioneer film "theme song," "Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time" was in that milieu. He pioneered Yank versions of Latin tunes (by Ernesto Lecuona and others) with a string of clicks that range from "Peanut Vendor," "Mama Inez," "Maria My Own" to "Marta" and "African Lament."

Publishers over the years relied on him to "Americanize" imports like "O Katharina" and "I Miss My Swiss." His "nut" songs made him and the late Anatole Friedland unique creators of novelty pops, viz., "Lily of the Valley"—plus parodies thrown in cuffo—which were so vital to yesteryear vaudevillians whose music repertoire demanded change-of-pace from the traditional ballads and other plug songs.

Gilbert has been a member of the board of the American Society of Composers, Authors & Publishers dating back to the Gene Buck presidency through the periods when Deems Taylor, Fred Ahler and Otto Harbach headed it, until the incumbent Stanley Adams regime. That's a span of almost a third-of-a-century during which period he commutes regularly from his Bev Hills home to the homeoffice business meetings, with "personals" at the special ASCAP shows put on by the Society for the Washington solons, for the American Legionnaires, Post Office Dept. and kindred goodwill musical pitches where Gilbert's "medley" establishes quick audience indentification.

Gilbert's beginnings as a song-plugger and "demonstrator" to sell his own and others' songs behind the music counters at the old McCrory's, Grant's, Woolworth's and kindred chainstores, or at the six-day bicycle races at the old Madison Square Garden — a key "plugging" territory — has stood him in good service over the years. He partnered with composer Friedland, among others, as a standard vaude act (they also were in business for a long time as Gilbert & Friedland Inc.) and also with the "Songwriters On Parade" and kindred revues.

So, at 82, ASCAP and AGAC (the American Guild of Authors & Composers) may be further signalizing its veteran and prolific writer-member with special shindigs of their own. Meantime, a letterhead reprise of such other titles that range from "My Mothers' Eyes" and "My Sweet Adair" to "Lucky Lindy," "Are You From Heaven?" and "Take Me To That Swanee Shore" are a continuing monument to a fertile, versatile and indelible career of a music man who is also vital in intratrade matters and maneuvers because, as one of the "west coast" contingents of writers on the ASCAP board he had discharged his responsibilities in behalf of the songsmiths.

Rose and "Wolfie" Gilbert, incidentally, recently marked their 30th anniversary. Gilbert was also just named "senior citizen of 1968" by Mayor Sam Yorty of L. A.

ROBERT ARMBRUSTER

MGM

Britain's '68 Disk Sales Spinning To A Record $72-Mil

London.

Britain's diskeries swung into the fall season with results augurring well for a last quarter performance which will bring the country's annual sales within reach of the $72,000,000 mark for the first time.

Board of Trade figures reveal that at the end of September sales for the first nine months were worth $45,811,200, an increase of $3,132,000 over the same period in 1967. To beat 1967's best ever performance, sales would only need to match those of the final three months of last year.

Sales in September itself at $5,551,200 were 9% higher than in the previous year. While domestic sales improved by only 2%, the industry generally enjoyed an export bonanza. Sales to overseas territories zoomed by 62%, in comparison with the earlier year, and at $998,400 accounted for 18% of total sales.

Production of singles went up by a mere 2%, while albums showed a 6% improvement in an overall 4% hike to 8,507,000 records of all types.

L. Wolfe Gilbert Recall

Continued from page 160

this college town,—"The freshman and the sophomore" Ed Wynn and "Red" Lewis, were in the No. 2 spot. I was afraid Wynn would ask for his money back, so I ducked him and Lewis, and came in on time to go on, next-to-closing. I was the flop of all flops. The students didn't go for me at all.

When I came back for the night show, I stayed in the wings and saw Wynn & Lewis the biggest hit I'd ever seen. The management shifted me to the "deuce" spot and a new star was born. Ed Wynn was immediately booked into the Palace, and the rest you know. Vaudeville headliner, radio favorite, musical comedy star, and hit again in the new television medium but this time in the role of a legitimate character actor. "The Perfect Fool" proved his histrionic ability, and to me he proved that the suckers may be the wise guys after all.

Jessel And Harry Cohn

Georgie Jessel is a lifelong friend. Abel Baer and I wrote "My Mother's Eyes" for him.

For years in Hollywood it was common knowledge that there was a feud between George and Harry Cohn, founder-president of Columbia Pictures. Cohn, innately shy of those things, agreed to a testimonial dinner to him. Of course, a toastmaster was needed. Someone suggested Jessel. Cohn blanched for a moment, and then very spiritedly agreed, "I think it would be swell if George would come."

Jessel was approached and with a smirk decided quickly, "Sure, I'd love to m.c. that dinner." Virtually all the guests knew of the situation, so when Jessel arose to speak he amazed everybody with his eulogies of Cohn, suddenly the axe fell, and he veered off; "The other night I went to Ciro's and watched the best impersonator of actors and celebrites whom it has ever been my good fortune to see. This fellow was such a great artist that he not only captured the voices of the people he imitated, but had also mastered every characteristic. I want to tell you it was completely life-like. He finally announced that he was going to do an imitation of Harry Cohn, and this imitation of Harry was so real and genuine that I punched him right in the nose."

It Lasted A Week

Many luminaries who have made the grade with successful Broadway musical productions were products of Tin Pan Alley. Irving Berlin, Dick Rodgers, Larry Hart and Oscar Hammerstein, Frank Loesser, George Gershwin, Sigmund Romberg, Vincent Youmans, Harold Rome, Dick Adler, Jerry Ross, even the great Jerry Kern, had their beginning in the grind of the popular song grist. Cole Porter was one of the few great not in the Alley.

My Broadway entry? One show. It lasted one week.

I had two strikes on me before I went to bat. The Yiddish theatre on the lower east side produced many greats. Two outstanding figures then were Jacob P. Adler and the just-as-well-known but less flexible Boris Thomashefsky.

Adler had migrated "uptown" from the east side to do "Shylock" with an all English-speaking cast. This inspired Thomashefsky to a like ambition. He took a play which had had a run downtown 2d Ave., in his stamping grounds, named "The Singing Rabbi," and had it adapted into English.

The reigning Jewish composer conductor, and producer, Josef Rumshinsky, and his associate, Harry Lubin, an east side musical favorite, did the score. They needed a lyric writer from "uptown."

Archie Selwyn selected an all English-speaking roster. The director, also of Broadway repute, was William Morris. Boris Thomashefsky, then almost 70, was the star. His leading lady, and ditto in private life, was Madame Zuckerberg, a well-known dramatic soprano.

Bill Morris, the director, came to me and implored that I go to Thomashefsky and tell him to put on makeup. This the 2d Ave. star refused to do. I talked to him in Yiddish; I told him it was the traditional custom of "uptown"—the Broadway theatre— to don full makeup for the dress, but to no avail. He wore his street clothes and retained his broken-dialect English to boot. The rest of the cast was letter-perfect, and truly gave a creditable performance.

Opening night came. Summer had stayed over late, and it was the hottest September evening I ever experienced.

The firststring critics turned out en masse, curious. What was this east side Yiddish star doing on Broadway?

Must tell you the plot of the first act to help understand what made us a cinch flop. In the first scene, we find the mother of a large family celebrating her birthday. She has several sons, all of whom have traveled from far and wide to attend this important occasion. One is a doctor, one a lawyer, one a merchant, and one a scientist. The last son is the quaint titular "Singing Rabbi" from a village in Galicia. All the sons arrived, except one, and mother keeps asking what has happened to her "singing rabbi" boy Will he come? What was detaining him?

This supposedly made for audience suspense. Two minutes before the first-act curtain, the centre door opens, and out walks the Great Thomashefsky, wearing the most grotesque Halloween beard and hideous makeup on record.

The audience, the cast, the musicians, the critics, the authors, the ushers and the doormen were aghast. Thomashefsky mumbled into his beard what was intended to be English dialog. If he had made up properly at the dress rehearsal, this catastrophe might have been avoided. As I mingled out front the comments were horrifying.

Yes, Thomashefsky changed his makeup the next night and Arch Selwyn even prevailed upon some of the critics to come back for a second look. But Broadway wasn't ready for him. It folded in a week.

Scouting Acts For Ringling

By IRVIN FELD

(President and Chief Executive Officer of Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows Inc.)

The telephone in my Berlin hotel room rang with what sounded like more than average urgency that summer morning. I answered it and a heavily-accented voice said, "Mr. Feld? My name is Gunther Gebel-Williams. I hear you've been trying to find me."

He was right. Throughout my six-week European trip to scout new acts for Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, I'd been hearing Gebel-Williams praised as one of the best animal trainers ever. We'd been trying to locate his Circus Williams for weeks with little success. We knew the show was on tour but European circuses are fiercely competitive and guard their routes in the same way Detroit hides new car models.

Gebel-Williams had heard on the superactive circus grapevine that we were looking for him. Thus his call. We finally got to see his incredible tiger and elephant acts and, happily, he'll join us this season as one of our stars.

It took buying the Circus Williams to get him here. Without Gunther, that show couldn't operate. So we are bringing over the entire circus to combine with The Greatest Show on Earth. For 99 years. Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey has enjoyed an undisputed reputation for annually staging the most spectacular circus performance in the world. Filling the rings became my responsibility when, after 97 years of ownership by the Ringling, Barnum and North families, the Circus was purchased in late 1967 by Judge Roy Hofheinz, my brother Israel and myself.

My brother and I were hardly "first of May" guys around The Greatest Show on Earth. When the tents were used for the last time in Pittsburgh in July, 1956, we consulted with the then-management in establishing a new format for Circus presentation.

The splendid arenas and coliseums springing up across the land seemed to us the perfect new "big tops." This new concept has worked beautifully and I can say without hesitation that the Circus has never been in better health.

In fact, things are so good that this year we're touring a second mammoth Circus, as large in every respect as the present show. Thus, when it came time to journey to Europe to scout acts for 1969, I had not three but six rings to fill.

My first scouting mission lasted for 35 days. In that time I saw 46 circuses.

Unless you've barnstormed your way across Eastern and Western Europe, visiting circuses large and small, you can't know the quality and variety of talent available. Once in a while, after a couple of weeks on dusty lots in the midst of a blazing Italian summer, you get the feeling that you've seen everything. Then, out of the blue, comes an act so spectacular that you get shivers up your spine. The talent is there. You've just got to go out and beat the bushes to find it.

Language a Problem

As it has been for just one year less than 100, the name Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey is a magic passport. I don't speak Italian or French very well but when I was being introduced, I could always make out the word "Ringling" in the conversation. Eyes brightened and smiles widened when the name was mentioned.

At all the small touring shows, we were treated as honored guests, usually occupying seats at trackside in front of the circus' one ring. Sawdust is still used in European circuses and we were always on the first row. After a particularly athletic horse or elephant act, we found ourselves with sawdust not only in our shoes but **everywhere!** We learned **not** to wear dark suits.

In a small circus in rural Italy, I spotted a young juggler who seemed to have exceptional promise. After the show I went back to meet him and learned that he was the elephant trainer's nephew and a student in a large Italian university.

In fine English, he thanked me for my interest but told me that juggling was only his hobby. He was that month receiving a Ph. D in Philosophy and had already accepted a professorship at the University of Milan.

But I haven't given up. I well know how circus can get into your blood. I wouldn't be at all surprised to someday get a call from him and, who knows, perhaps Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey will someday feature the only "Doctor of Juggling" in history!

One day in France I visited a tiny circus and saw a clown who bore a more than slight resemblance to Lou Jacobs, the famed funnyman who for years has appeared in our show and on our posters. After inquiring, I found out that the gentleman had spent a few months in the United States some years before as a prop hand on The Greatest Show on Earth. Evidently he had watched Lou Jacobs very, very closely!

One problem we kept encountering when we attempted to sign acts was relatives. Say we were interested in a troupe of 4. Before they'd sign a contract, the performers would ask about bringing along their families. One three-man act wanted to bring over an additional group of 14 — all "immediate family," we were told.

After we had inked one fine act, its leader told me that his grandfather had been with Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey for two years in the 1920's. The old gentleman was still alive and we visited in his home for a pleasant hour. Two of his other grandchildren had made pretty good, too, he told me. One was a doctor, another a priest. But, just as soon as his other grandson signed a contract with Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey, his accomplishments were immediately the ones most appreciated by Granddad.

In most European countries we dealt directly with the Minister of Culture when attempting to sign circus artists. Circus performing in Europe is on the same prestige level as ballet or opera and the governments consider the signing of one of the country's acts by Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey to be equal to one of their opera stars singing with the Met.

We spent fascinating hours at the circus high schools operated in most eastern European countries. The students staged special performances for us and we made extensive notes on young acts to see again, following their graduations. These schools, operated by the state, teach the three R's along with juggling, wire walking and tumbling.

And homegrown talent hasn't been bypassed. Many of our clowns this year are graduates of the College of Clowns, a unique institution we established last fall at our Venice, Florida, winter quarters. These new grads, instructed in this timeless art by a staff of longtime Circus pros, will get their first chance to show their stuff when the "Red" company of The Greatest Show on Earth opens January 6 in Venice.

Like when a little girl of maybe six years asks you on a circus lot in Sweden, "Mr. Feld, can I come to America and work for you when I grow up?"

And — you know? — maybe she will.

EARL and LOIS
Management
WILLIAM MORRIS AGENCY

Jolson Would Have Been Proud

By JACKIE KANNON

Recently at the Ratfink Room, where I am resident host, comic and seducer, I noticed that my usual assortment of powerful routines, barbs, quips, bits, "shtiks," hunks, chunks, Chex and Kix, (exclusively written for me each month by Bob Orben and Billy Glason) were not receiving their usual quota of "socko mitting." After consulting a battery of highpriced comedy experts, such as Bert Parks, Bud Collyer and Regis Philbin, it still remained a puzzlement. Was I losing my-Kannon fodder? Would my long career as one of the nation's most beloved and revered humorists be ended? Would my one-liners come out sounding like half-liners (setups without punchlines)? Would hecklers engage me in verbal combat and win and, alas, would the prestigious Ratfink Room become the next midtown Chicken Delight?

When a pro is in trouble he returns to the fundamentals. A prizefighter concentrates on footwork, a homerun hitter on batting stance,. So I began a critical selfexamination of the tools of the comedy trade. Were my cufflinks losing their shine? Were my Lew Magram shirts starting to fray? Were the points on my Italian patent leather shoes beginning to blunt? Was my Canoe cologne sinking? A cursory look in the mirror quickly reflected my problem. My stock comedian tan had faded to a sickly pale pastiness, the likes of which I had only seen once: on Georgie Jessel's face the morning after an all-night Girl Scout meeting at the Hotel Dixie.

Anointing my face with an old world nostrum for quick tanning — Johnson's baby oil and Skippy peanut butter — I spent a dutiful quarter of an hour under my sunlamp. That night at the club I noticed a marked improvement in my performance. Some of the audience even stayed to the end. Of course, they were my three musicians, but they stayed.

The next day I subjected my hawklike Kannon visage to yet another sunlamp session and found that night that I was beginning to hit my old stride. My zingers were zinging, my cappers were capping, my toppers topping and my adlibs libbing. I had managed to pull my 45-minute stint out of the lecture field and back into the comedy bag. It's amazing what a difference three laughs can make.

Convinced of the efficacy of my sunlamp treatment I spent the entire next afternoon under the sunlamp, daringly increasing the ratio of baby oil to peanut butter. That night at the Ratfink Room I scored one of the most resounding triumphs in the annals of show biz. The VARIETY nitery reviewer pulled out all the superlative stops — "Boffo, Socko, Whammo, Chico, Harpo, Groucho, Frodo, Pluto, Moffo, and Zippo!" And as he was leaving he remarked, "You're truly a credit to your race, Mister Kannon, especially the way

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'Little Tich,' Famed 4-Ft. British Comic, Born 100 Years Ago, An Int'l Fave

By GORDON IRVING

London.

"One Tich of Nature Makes the Whole World Grin." Such was the billing matter of Harry Relph, comedian and actor, famed for his "Big Boots" dance, who was born 100 years ago on July 21, 1868, in the Kent, England, village of Cudham.

He was a little man, four feet small, with dwarfish legs, but the owner of a big talent. The world knew him as "Little Tich," the name he took for the vauderies of Britain and the U.S.A., and which has been handed down in present-day England as a tag ("Tich") for anything, anyone tiny.

Relph brought his characters to life — policemen, lamplighters, dentists, a ballerina, even a pantomime fairy. He scored in characterization; his agility of mind conquered over deformity, and he won a name for clean fodder, clean band-parts, showmanship, and a professionalism that is enviable.

He was also a blackface comedian, but gave it up on tip from Tony Pastor, U.S. producer, who enticed him to America at three times his British salary.

Like many in English vaude, Relph came of a large family, being the last of 15 brothers, all sons of an Irish mother and an Englishman who was mine host at the Blacksmiths' Arms in Cudham village.

Physical problems didn't daunt him. He had been born with five fingers and a thumb on each hand, and six toes on both feet. His powers of observation were acute; he developed the idea of a dance with big boots, 28 inches long, which he gave as a gift to his lifelong friend in France, Sacha Guitry, when he discarded them.

Little Tich had the international approach. He liked American audiences, and also, since he spoke French and other European languages well, he often travelled to Paris for engagements at the Alhambra, the Olympia and the Folies Bergere. When he was 42, he was elected an officer of the French Academy, the first vaude artiste to gain that honor.

One of '5 Harrys'

For 17 years he was the toast of the old Tivoli Theatre in The Strand, London, and in a show there for 10 weeks in 1907 he was one of five Harrys—Harry Lauder, Harry Tate, Harry Fragson, and Harry Randall. The show was billed as "Sensational Success of the Five Harrys."

Pantomime audiences at Drury Lane, London, loved the little Englishman. He starred with Dan Leno and Marie Lloyd in 1891, in "Humpty Dumpty," and went back the following year for "Hop o' My Thumb."

To see Harry Relph walk on stage tackled the risibilities of English payees. He won sympathy with lack of height, the way he

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Gaming: All Kinds, All Levels:

British Helpless About Waste

London.

By DICK RICHARDS

Ever a gambling Kingdom, this realm's craze for gambling has spread through the provinces and is causing plenty heartburning among the Church Commissioners. It's way beyond football pools and horses. Gambling clubs and casinos to suit all tastes and bank balances abound.

Well over 1,000 are known to exist in Britain. Most of them, open only at night, but there are exceptions. For instance, the casino run by comedian Charlie Chester in Archer St. (Musicians' Highway) behind Shaftesbury Ave. in London is open 24 hours a day. So is the Playboy Club in Park Lane.

Many, such as the Colony, Golden Horseshoe, Golden Nugget, Mazurka, Piccadilly Corner House, the Knightsbridge Sporting Club and the Victoria Sporting Club open their doors around lunchtime. And in most cases it's a Sunday through Saturday operation.

Baccarat, blackjack, chemin-de-fer, craps, roulette, poker, brag, kalooki, boule, gin rummy, punto-banco and stud fans are all catered

Bingo, some people claim, is fast ousting soccer and cricket, as Britain's favorite national sports. Dancehalls and cinemas have been coopted to swell the ranks of bingo halls and anti-gambling interest view with alarm. Much of it justifiable, the amount of money and time spent in such places is astounding. For the outlay, prizes are, relatively, as handsome as the money that can be picked up during a lucky streak in a deluxe gambling club.

Though a large proportion of bingo players are merely lonely citizens out for a little quick fun and perhaps a small financial gain there are many disconcerting stories of ruined homes caused by housewives staking the weekly housekeeping money on the chance of getting a "full house" or two during an afternoon bingo sesh.

But it's the growth of the gambling clubs and the manner in which some of them are run that's causing concern in high places. Under a new Gaming Act of 1968, drawn up by the Home Secretary, which though it will not come into effect for maybe a year, gives time for valuable advance planning. Those who run gaming clubs are due to come under much more carefully scrutiny than in the past.

A Gambling Board has been set up under the chairmanship of Sir Stanley Raymond who, though not an experienced gambling pundit, is a shrewd character who ran British Rails and has had income-tax experience in the past. Raymond and his colleagues are spending the interim period till the Act becomes law in visiting gaming clubs of all descriptions, talking to those with vested interests and generally studying the vast problems likely to crop up in making Britain's gambling clean and keeping it that way.

Raymond is aware that Britian's gambling fever cannot be quenched. He sees it as his job to ensure that the clubs and casinos are all run reputably, that the proprietors will get a reasonable profit, and that the gamblers will not be taken for suckers. He aims to make sure that the black sheep on either side of the fence are weeded out and that racketeering shall not flourish in an atmosphere where big money can breed big temptation.

He promises to be tough as to who runs such clubs. They will be strictly o.o.'d before getting a license to operate and Raymond will want to know searchingly about their financial status and who are the men in the back room, apart from who are the fronts. There will be fines and jail sentences for transgressors and though at the moment the proposed punishments will barely deter any crook who's set on making a rich killing it's an indication that the authorities are on the right path.

Raymond will also be looking carefully into the rules under which the games are played. The glib phrase "International or Classical Rules" seems to have elastic interpretations and only last year, for instance, a case blew up as to whether playing roulette with the zero was illegal or not. It can be taken as certain that rigid rulings will be laid down as to how such games of chance may be played in order to ensure a fair crack of the whip for both proprietor and punter.

Bingo Craze Too

It's probable too that a ceiling will be created for top bingo prizes. The ordinary, social suburban gettogether began to take on new proportions when "running networked games" which took place in a string of halls all over the country boosted the main prizes to many thousands of dollars.

But it is still the metropolitan gaming clubs that appear to constitute the biggest menace. Most of them are obviously run on straight lines but the chances of easy pickings always lure the crime boys.

Now, however, the rumors that American mobsters are seeking to move in are hardening. Raymond will make no comment on speculation that the Mafia already has a foothold of the action here. Except to say: "It is information such as this which can be useful to us."

NOSTALGIA BACK IN PARIS

'Props': Useful But Unneeded

Max Gordon recalls meeting the late U.S. Supreme Court Justice Charles Evans Hughes, who in the 1920s successfully defended the Keith-Albee interests as a "vaudeville trust" in agent Max Hart's historic but abortive Federal Court suit. This was long after Hughes argued that "scenery and costumes ofttimes got in the way of real talent," which could go onstage and, by personal magnetism and innate showmanship, entertain people without any necessity of props or costumes. In fact, vet producer-agent Gordon recalls that in Boston, and in a more limited time even in New York, the vaudevillians were barred by the Sunday blue laws from using any makeup; thus a whiteface clown, for example, either worked straight or skipped performing on that day.

Bigtime agent Hart sought to put Keith-Albee under interstate jurisdiction—movement of costumes and scenery across the land—in his legal maneuver to invoke Federal laws—but Hughes brought out from Hart's own star witnesses (Eddie Cantor, Frank Fay, Frank Tinney, et al.) that, yes, even if their blackface makeup or sharp tuxedos were lost in transit, they could go onstage and "creditably" entertain the payees. Same would be true of the choristers in a "flash" act who could still high-kick sans their theatrical wardrobe.

When Gordon later met Hughes, then the Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, he told him, "I guess now, Mr. Chief Justice, we can truly say that today some chorus girls are not attired in anything." *Abel.*

Theatrical Hotel

By HARRY GOLDEN

In 1933, I was the night manager of the Hotel Markwell on 49th St. and Broadway.

I fell into the business naturally. My brother Jack had been a hotel man for over 20 years. An uncle, Koppel Berger, operated the Hotel Normandie on Broadway and 38th St. With no more than 70 English words in his vocabulary, Koppel Berger made a fortune letting rooms to actors. Fancy hotels did not accommodate actors any more than fancy churches accommodated, but Koppel had a sign in front of the Normandie, "Actors Welcome." Few hotels catered to the theatre. Frank Case at the Algonquin always did and there were a few others, but by and large, hotel clerks turned actors away. Actors broke down these barriers when movie stars began to make more money than the President of the United States. Koppel Berger was the first member of my family to make a good thing out of civil rights.

(Excerpted from author-editor Harry Golden's autobiography, "The Right Time," to be published by Putnam's—Ed).

Once, when a vaudeville troupe managed to beat their bill, I said to Koppel, "Those rotten acrobats you,' to which he replied, "Yes, took a lot of money away from but I have taken a lot of money from other acrobats."

Koppel coined the legendary retort to the irate guest. A fellow came in for a room late one night, when the hotel was almost filled and Koppel said the only room left cost $2.

"But you've got $1.50 on the sign," said the guest.

"Go sleep on the sign," shrugged Koppel.

At the Markwell we also accommodated actors and actresses, some of them well known oldtimers, others who were to become famous later, but all who had one thing in common in those years—they were broke. Henry Chesterfield of the National Vaudeville Artists paid the room rent for a number of them out of a relief fund. He would come in once a week and settle up with me. Some of the actors and actresses were on Federal Theatre projects collecting a check for $26.80 every week which was just enough to keep them going.

There was a mystery about their tenancy, however. Why would these show people stay at the Markwell for $8 a week when the newly built, firstrate, Manger Hotel (later the Taft) advertised for $30 a month?

Ah, I saw the reason for this every day. In the Markwell, the actor could cross 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 Markwell with a bundle of laundry or a suit dangling over his shoulder. Despite the cheaper $30 at the much better hotel, actor or actress could not cross the lobby on personal errands. They would have to call room service and instead of 15¢ 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 Taft (nee Manger) on his way to the Chinese laundry.

To the left of the Markwell was the Forrest Theatre where one of our guests, Maude Odell, played Sister Bessie in the original troupe of "Tobacco Road." Miss Odell died in her dressingroom not long after the play opened and Vinnie Phillips took her place, continuing in the role for another two years. James Barton, who played Jeeter Lester in this company, also stayed at the Markwell for a while. I remember shaking hands with him when he checked out to move to a more comfortable accommodations when the play caught on.

'Tobacco Road'

I gave away hundreds of free tickets to "Tobacco Road." The usual practice among theatrical managers when a show was near folding was to hand out free passes to all the hotel managers who would distribute them to the guests and out-of-towners. If enough people went to see the show, the producers hoped that word-of-mouth would keep the production running. This practice worked with "Tobacco Road" whose future looked dim indeed until one of the national organizations, dedicated to improving public morals, condemned it and then "Tobacco Road" went on to one of the longest runs in theatrical history, making a millionaire out of the itinerant lawyer who put up a pittance to help get it started.

I never thought much of the play. It succeeded I believe not because its characters were real but because they were less than human, not even stereotypes.

Like all hotel managers, I was glad it was running. Across the street was the Ambassador Theatre. Walter Pidgeon, who was playing in "The Night of January 16," used one of the Markwell rooms to change his clothes. Dick Powell who was the master of ceremonies at a Chinese restaurant also stayed at the Markwell before he became a Hollywood success. In those days, Mr. Powell was a cold, austere man, but a decent one, a straight-from-the-shoulder fellow. He used to send me a box of cigars at Christmas and no matter how convoluted my travels in later years, those cigars always caught up with me. There were Christmases when I wished he had sent me the $20 those cigars cost.

QUIETER NIGHTS VERSUS YOUTH

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

Paris.

Frills, lace and art nouveau may be the new outline of Paris night life, judging from the new "in-spots." If this keeps up it may mean that big beat and psychedelic aspects are about to wane. Psychologists and sociologists can debate soon whether this is a move by those over 30 to get back at "youth," which has monopolized things and almost brought down the government.

New scene offers warmth and camaraderie in turn-of-the-century trappings. No fevered loner dancing with himself, ignoring his companion. No deafening din of the discotheques that controlled night life in the so-called "Tout Tout Paree" of the last few years.

Be all this as it may, the new spots are beginning to look more like Franz Lehar times. What may be most symptomatic is James Arch's new spot La Goulue, named after the noted gluttonous alcoholic can-can dancer of the late 19th century. This same Arch had the Bus Palladium a few years ago, then a hippie, big beat, noisy, psychedelic echo of Yank spots.

But now he says the so called Belle Epoque (late nineteenth and early twentieth century) is in and his spot will mirror that. It will revive the cafe concert aspects with a femme orchestra in period dress and corresponding decor to match. Songs will all be old and dancing will be both old and new with a little rock mixing with waltzes and even the gavotte. His Bus Pallaidum lasted almost a year three years ago and he expects this to last longer. Time will tell. Who may guess public mood?

One first inkling of the new cafe tone was the celebration of the 75th anni of that classic 1900's landmark restaurant, Maxim's, in October. It was part of the launching of the 20th-Fox pic "A Flea in Her Ear" based on a Georges Feydeau farce about the epoch of Maxim's beginnings. Though the picture proved disappointing, it was clear that Maxim's was still very much alive and in vogue again, certainly not, and never, a wax museum or mere touristic haven.

The Vaudables, Maggie and Louis, stress their businessman lunch trade and at night the young crowd for dance and dinner. The Maxim's reproduetions in many countries and their trademarked dinners on planes and in stores also marked the "re-discovery."

Many undeterminate-type spots are languishing during this nitery and nighttime changeover. The big blaring rock joints are out and many of the discotheques. Exceptions, of course, per Chez Castels, which has the over-ornate decor and gyrating youth and ditto Regine's New Jimmys, with Francois Patrice's Saint Hilaire one of the few way out decorated disk-danceries doing well on Patrice's following.

Back in favor for late dining are such brasseries with old time atmosphere as the gigantic Coupole in Montparnasse and Brasserie Lipp in Saint-Germain-Des-Pres. Oldie brasseries, specializing in beer, sauerkraut, sausages etc, like Bofinger, Flo, and even railroad stations, with their flouncy milieu, are again in, even adding dancing and shows.

The failed Miniland, a complex of clubs, stores and gadget rooms, is being transformed into the Alcazar which will go back to old-time songs, femme bands and the rustling decorations of yore. And cafe concerts, with cafes giving shows, are being resurrected, plus cafe theatres with young troupes doing shows and passing the hat around.

Of course such venerable tourist nitery meccas (floor vaudeville deluxe) as the Lido go on but their

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Star Salaries' In Boom and Bust Cycle; College Dates Fueling The Trend, But Cool It Move Gaining

By JOE COHEN

A major question in the agencies is whether 1969 will be the year that salaries levelled off. The economy is still booming and Las Vegas salaries, once the epitome of personal earnings, has long been dwarfed by takes on the college circuit where $50,000 per night for individuals have been reached.

New developments indicate a clouded picture. There are many who feel that the show biz economy is overheated and steps may be taken to cool it for a while. On the other hand, colleges present a scene of continued growth at an unprecedented rate.

The most optimistic part of the picture on the campus comes from the fact that government support in colleges will be on the upbeat for many years. The Government, on all levels, is anxious to educate as many as possible — eliminate dropouts and provide universal educational opportunities for all. Under such a program, it's predicted that there will be an unprecedented building program. Campuses will be enlarged and with it some of the largest recreational facilities anywhere will be created for students.

The emphasis on the new college students will be concentrated on increasing black applicants. It's hoped that everyone from the ghetto areas who qualifies will be in the classroom.

Thus, according to the agency prognosticators, entertainment will play an increasingly greater role on the academic scene. The large physical plants built primarily for spectator indoor sports, will also be the site for bashes where names able to command huge salaries will be booked. There is also likely to be smaller buildings suitable for longhair, lectures, and legit fare, and which will also house the do-it-yourself programs such as the drama groups.

The impetus provided by the Federal building programs on the campus, while geared primarily for education, will inevitably also serve the entertainment industry. More names will be required, according to the percenteries, and it's possible that $50,000 a night attractions may be more common than they are today.

High Salary Revolt

However, the optimism is tempered by an inevitable revolt against perpetuating these salaries in an area where Government must provide daily aid to students, or the wherewithal to maintain themselves in the college. These datediggers feel that the wisest thing that the offices can do is retard the insatiable demand for higher loot among entertainers. Many entertainers have found that the college stands are a good thing and it would be better to use restraint, rather than to louse it up for later.

Besides, according to the agencyites, an entertainer or a group commanding $50,000 isn't going to work too frequently because many spots will be fearful of paying out that kind of money without hitting major criticism. In fact, one agencyite confided, in Federally-aided schools such salaries could start a Congressional probe.

Somehow, it's pointed out, the Government has always been able to get entertainers to work for free or for modest salaries. The White House has been able to get the top talent in the world to work cuffo at its functions. USO has also gotten the major performers to volunteer on hazardous duties. And to pay those kingsized takes in which a single entertainer in one night collects more than either a member of the House of Representatives or a Senator, who earn $30,000 annually would raise the hackles of a lot of legislators, especially in areas in which the Federal funds are called upon for maintenance.

The date diggers claim that the college circuit, even more than Las Vegas, is the most responsible influence in zooming the entertainment wage-envelope. The ivory towers have also made their influence felt in the casino country. It had been difficult for some agents to steer some of the top groups away from the colleges for Vegas unless they sweetened the pot and made it comparable to their accustomed one-night jobs.

Inflationary Factors

With such inflationary influences, some agents believe that it's little wonder that the niteries have suffered. The top names venture into a few spots only. Guest shots augment their income and there's no need to knock themselves out travelling throughout the country. Florida niteries, which meet the huge salaries in vogue for names, are forced into huge cover charges plus minimum, which make it a diversion for the extreme upper crust of the economy.

In fact, according to agents, it's the hotels that carry the brunt of the nitery industry in most cities. The agents foresee no immediate debacle or sudden collapse, but they have been alarmed at the shrinkage, much of it caused by huge salaries, and high operating expenses. Some cafes have been forced to price themselves out of business. There could be more folds, they admit, primarily because headliners that are genuine draws cost so much. Even those that do not draw at the boxoffice, but can entertain, still require a lot of coin. The bonifaces' problem is genuine.

Montreal Letdown After a Big 1967

By CHARLES LAZARUS

Montreal.

Expo 67 was a big success. No doubt about that. Its 50,000,000 attendance confirms that. The concessionaires in general did well and the examples of Expo 67's architecture, shows and general surge rippled world round. There were, of course, some sequels of a negative nature: (1) Afterwards the regular Montreal tourist traffic fell off and (2) the locals had exhausted their ready money on their cultural and fun spree. True the "Son of Expo" idea was far from a flop, though far less than expected by congenitally sanguine Mayor Jean Drapeau.

The rationale, of course, is that the value of a world's fair can be measured only in terms of the long view; and in this respect, as far as can be determined more than one year after, Montreal did better than all right. If you consider:

The completion of a superior superhighway network in and around Montreal.

—The dramatic expansion of facilities for the performing arts and popular entertainment.

—Creation by land reclamation of the Expo Islands in the St. Lawrence River, now the site of Expo Two et seq., as well as clearing of a vast waterfront area which was part of the Expo 67 complex.

It's figured that millions of Americans made their way to the world's fair — a good percentage never having been to Canada before — and decided to bypass Montreal during 1968.

That, of course, is the simple and logical explanation; but more realistic is the misplaced confidence on the part of the board-and-bed as well as the wining-and-dining industries, who figured that with Expo 67 having placed Montreal on the international map, the pace would continue after the fair ended and all they had to do was sit around and collect the coin.

Chicago In the 1940s and '50s A Thriving Nitery Capital

By PETER THOMAS

Chicago.

Little has been written about the smalltime night clubs of the 1940s and '50s, which thrived in the Chicago area. Today the Windy City boasts the happy medium, the Palmer House, Scotch Mist, London House, Mister Kelly's and a few others.

In the 1940s work in Chicago clubs was in great abundance. The Woods Bldg. on Randolph and Dearborn had the largest collection of 10 percenters. An act new to Chicago soon learned the best way to keep the Woods elevator operators on civil terms was to take the lift to the top floor and then walk down, checking offices on each floor. Among the agents in the Woods at that time were Bill Matthews, Mike Taflin, Harry Sigman, Ted Pearlman, Morty Hyman, Jack Block, Matt Schiff.

Beaucoup Agents

Across the street at 127 North Dearborn could be found Hal Lawrence, George Hall in the Milton Schuster Burlesque office, Caesar Arregoni, Tony Antonio. At 203 North Wabash were Tommy Sacco, Paul Marr and Frank Minecci. Bert Peck's office on State and Lake was a busy place. Others in the area were Marty White, Adolph Grody and Seymour Shapiro. Latter is still active as are Taflin and Mae Dubrow, who was Peck's associate for many years. Most of the agents of the '40s have passed on or are out of business.

Work? Plenty of it, and continuous. Some acts, mainly strip women and emcees, stayed in the same club for years. Acts made the rounds of the Chicago, Cicero, Calumet City, Milwaukee and Peoria clubs. If an act felt it had to take time off to maintain its sanity after months in the same club, there were always weekends to pay the rent. The Palm on North Ave., or Zagorski's Basement Club were good for a Saturday night. The Rainbo Gardens ran two nights; the Englewood Theatre on the South Side and the Stratford kept acts busy on the weekends.

Many a smalltime act remembers Chris Pappas' Club Marathon on North Clark. The Marathon lived up to its name, with practically continuous shows—and no airconditioning or fans!

At the Wonder Inn on West Madison, the emcees used to open each of the four shows a night with: "Welcome to the Wonder Inn. After you've wandered into the Wonder Inn, you'll wonder why you ever wandered in." This was pretty hot stuff in 1942. A blonde girl singer worked this small club for many months until it suddenly occurred to her that spring was coming to Skid Row and she was still singing, "I'll Be Home for Christmas" . . . It didn't bother her much; she did update her material with the insertion of "Easter Parade," apparently oblivious to the fact that Easter had been in March, and was long gone. No one seemed to notice the difference.

The 'Challenge' Finale

The standard Chicago finale was de rigeur in the small clubs. Invariably, it was an eight-bar "challenge" routine, done to the immortal strains of "Mama Don't 'Low" —no singing, dancing, juggling, etc.

The '40s sounded the death knell to the small lines of girls in the clubs. Flo Whitman had her line of five or six girls, all of whom did specialties, at the L & L Club. Flo held forth there for many years, with her "Every Five Minutes a Brand New Girl" production. She later transferred her line, her spotlight, and female operator several short blocks down the street to the Soho. She was one of the few feminine veterans of the small clubs. Ginger Duvall, Bea Haven and Jerry McCauley were other femcees.

Late in the 1940s the small clubs moved more and more away from the vaudeville format, in the direction of an all-strip show. Prior to that time, the shows were fairly well balanced; perhaps a mixed dance team, girl singer, character, tap, acrobatic dancers, and several strips. The exotics finally took over, and many a well-trained dancer had to don the G-string to stay in the business.

It was a bit surprising to discover recently that a half dozen girls who were in the business in the early 1940s are still working the few Chicago spots that are left. (They must be doing something right!)

Chicago clubs in the '40s had a tremendous collection of extremely beautiful girls. The great demand for exotics, and the good money around the Chicago area, attracted girls from all over the country.

The Emcees

The emcees rotated from club to club, some of them finding a home in a spot where they stayed on and on. Milty Wolf worked a small club on West Madison, known as "Yammy's," for years. Some of the boys who were staples on the club circuit at that time were Dick Gale, Phil Tucker, Petey Wells, Cliff Real, Larry Ross, Billy Falbo, Harry Harper, Wally Weston, Red Forrest, Carl Dennis, Pat McGowan, Reggie and Ronnie Mason, Eddie Gorman, Moe Lee, Pat Dennis, Tiny Roy.

Illness among performers of the era seemed to have been non-existent. Nobody missed a night's work. In one large club on North Clark St., the cast remained intact for many months. One girl did have the nerve (according to the four bosses) to be rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. As she lay flat on her back in the operating room, she was fired from the club. As one of the kind owners shouted backstage, "she picked a heluva time to go to the hospital. It's the week of the Furniture Convention!"

Some clubs came and went after a few months, but others have a long life. Up from the Loop and across the Clark St. bridge were the Post Time Cafe, the Playhouse, the Gayety, French Casino, Liberty Inn and the Marathon. Further north on Clark and Division: the Talk of the Town and the Mark Twain Lounge. A few blocks north was Rothchild's Melody Casino. In the Diversey area were the Famous Door and the Paddock.

All Around the Town

Practically side by side on South State St. stood the Pink Poodle, Kitten Lounge, Mac's Burlesque Bar. Across the street were the Trocadero and Millie's New Club Era. Over on Wabash, the famous 606.

Out of West Madison: the Wonder Inn, MacDonald's Farm Club, the Cabin Tap which, in spite of being a sleazy looking joint, was a pleasant place for a performer. The stage was very high and very small. A three-piece band occupied half of it. Several times a night, the alcoholic saxophone player would keel over, and slide from his chair to the floor. Without missing a beat, the drummer or the pianist, depending on which side of his chair the missing member had sprawled, would pull him back on his chair, and the show continued as usual.

Several blocks west, the corner was occupied by the Club Soho, then the L & L, Flamingo, Majestic (where Zeleka & Her Gorilla held forth for a long engagement), the Club Paree (but not for long), Solly's Swing Club, and Yammy's.

Chicago's Southside boasted a few scattered clubs: Dinty's, the Cafe of Tomorrow, Moonlight Gardens. (Whoever played there will never forget "Mrs. Moonlight.")

The highly advertised Blondie's Celebrity Club in the Loop vanished from the scene in the early '40s. The Moulin Rouge in the basement of the Woods Bldg. had a short life, as did the Spa on Rush St. Out in Cicero, acts were used at Martin's Warren Park Inn, Val's Wonderbar and the 4811 Club.

On North Ave., the cavernous Club Charming had a large and diversified show. Nearby was the smaller Club Hello. On Milwaukee Ave., the Silver Cloud (still operating), the Cave of the Winds, and nearby, the Gayety Village. Up on Wilson Ave., the Silver Palm and the long running Backstage Club, used many performers, as did the Silver Frolics on North Wabash.

The Wardrobe

The operators of the smalltime clubs were very particular about the wardrobe worn by the girls. Costumers were a frequent sight in the wee hours of the morning, coming backstage with a just-completed gown for one of the girls. Ex-performer Elwood and His Lavonne Creations, Dick and Martha Draney, Harry Bozan, Wesley Davis, and Maury Banks supplied a great deal of the wardrobes. Banks was especially well-known for his net panties and bras.

The Majestic and Lorraine Hotels (now gone) in the lower Loop were home for many an act. On the near Northside, the Devonshire and Berkshire housed night club people. Some of the older acts clung to the Raleigh, Ontario and Calumet Hotels. Up on Division, the Wilmar Hotel and the nearby 1254 Hotels had colonies of performers.

The '40s and '50s were a colorful period in Chicago night life.

JACKIE MASON

"I want to wish me the best of luck on VARIETY's 63rd ANNIVERSARY . . . . I hope this year will be the kind of year I should have had last year."

THE RICH KID

Hong Kong's Entertainment Needs

Even Introduction of TV Fails to Dampen Other Media—Pix, Legit, Bars, Okay

By HAL HARRISON

Hong Kong.

There is such a need for entertainment of all sorts in this pulsating city of trade and 4,000,000 population that the introduction of a television system a year ago has hardly produced the slowdown which often comes in the wake of video, as currently in Israel and earlier in so many other areas.

Chinese-language feature films have held their own, the top take for one release, Shaw Bros.' costume actioner, "The Assassin" hovering around $200,000 (U.S. equivalent) in this market. The Cantonese "Emporer Lee," also a costume-action item, was probably second best at the pay windows. Third rank would probably also belong to the Shaws' "Golden Swallow." It may be described as a bloody swashbuckler.

"Dragon Inn," made in Taiwan, may gross $340,000, which would top Fox's "Sound Of Music" locally. This, too, is from Shaw Bros.

Cantonese vs. Mandarin

Meanwhile the Cantonese industry — composed of several independent producers renting space in two studios — was caught in the vise of falling popularity and rising star salaries. Once from one of the world's most prolific industries — surpassing 200 films per annum four years ago—the Cantonese film has now changed from the black and white quickie to the scope, color, high-risk investment. But Cantonese fans continue to drift into Mandarin cinemas.

The few young, creative talents —producer-star Tse Yin, director-writer Lung Kong, Choi Yuen, Tsang Kong — are saddled with mossback cameramen and hard-shelled crews. The few youthful films made can't offset the older generation producers who seem determined for business as usual until there isn't any business left.

In addition, the star-crazed industry is losing one major star, Siu Fong-fong, when she goes to the States for dress designing studies in 1969. The other female star, Chan Po-chu, spent the last half of 1968 on a nearly disastrous personal appearance tour to the South. Some are saying that at 22 she has "passed her prime." Possible replacements for these two, Shuet Nie, Sit Kar-yin, Fung Po-po, and Wong Oi-ming, are lacking in star potential, not much interested in work, or just too young.

Stars Star-Like

Shaw Bros'. stars confronted the studio with tough demands. Ivy Ling-po, after a six-week singing contract in Taipei, Lily Hol, after tears on set and possible "Icing," and swordfighter Wang Yu, after his winning association with "million dollar director" Cheng Cheh was changed before any wickets fell, are all top talent causing trouble, but still working.

Cantonese "operas" are in danger of losing performance rights in public parks — finances already having driven them largely from any playhouse accommodations. In June, Wah Yan College staged its annual Cantonese opera in English at the City Hall to the usual pleasant reception.

Encouraging was the first visit of Sino-Japanese singer Jimmy Lin Chong to Hong Kong from his usual stages in Tokyo and Taipei. His initial two-week cabaret appearance stretched into six SRO weeks and a two picture contract with Shaw Brothers. Except for a few band singers and magicians — the best is Mr. X — Lin Chong is alone here in representing the Chinese on the cabaret stage.

Imported Turns

The Far East circuit of generally second-rate Australian, European, Korean and Japanese acts includes most Hong Kong clubs. Three shows a night in three widely separated clubs is the norm. An outstanding regular on the circuit is the telepathic, bullet-catching Trio Fantastic (Bob and Peter McGowan and Michelle). Eric von Rey from the Philippines, went home in despair after hitting the hand of a club bass player on a faulty knife-blade shot. The Spanish Del Monte passed through in October with an all sword-balancing act.

The Universal Playboy, an expensive bar girl room with the city's highest percentage of American audience, manages to snare some of the best talent on an exclusive basis. Since Web Fleming stayed 21 weeks in 1967, the intimate club has staged Margee McGlory, Miss Venus, Sherry Landis and Larry Cole on r and r from Vietnam. The best singers of the year were the Chantinos, an Australian brother-sister trio with electrifying stamina.

The Mandarin Hotel reopened its top floor restaurant but didn't hit stride until Peter Maxwell came in October. It remains to be seen if the Mandarin will re-capture its 1957 position as the leading cabaret in town.

Among the other hotels, the historic Peninsula occasionally has one-nighters (Denise Darcel) as unnecessary additions to their excellent food. The Miramar Hotel stages conglomerate shows to a largely tourist audience.

The Kings clubs (Kingsland in Kowloon, Kingsgarden on Hong Kong Island) now have the lead in showing everybody else what showbusiness is all about. Ken Jaecle continues putting the resident ballet of Australian girls through the best paces the clubs have ever had. Out standing accompanying shows this year were Digger Revelle, Rondart and Jeanne, the Parentela Filipino Trio, Eddy Seifert, Albiu Arno, and one-finger stand Princess Elena Omar.

In mid-September the Kingsland opened Hong Kong's first resident all-male revue with the Playgirl's Den. After press reaction to the show, the government allowed a license for the female impersonators to strip. However, the non-stripping show continues to curious, full houses.

A rash of local game and song shows headed by a nightly 90-minute prime-time variety show has marked the year-old wireless tv station as the best in town though the older Redifussion service continues buying the best in American and British films. Using established Cantonese film comedians, a wheel of fortune and such stunts as staging a show on a ferry plying the Harbour, the prime-time "Enjoy Yourself Tonight Show" vies with old Cantonese film reruns as Hong Kong's most popular vid fare. Singapore tv bought tapes of 26 "Enjoy Yourself Tonight's" and 26 "Sing, Sing, Sing" Cantonese song shows.

Television Broadcasting reports approximately 100,000 wireless sets in operation while RTV has built up that many subscribers in 10 years. With tv sets now propping up the patronage of medicinal wine bars, Hong Kong will never be the same again.

Paris Nostalgia

Continued from page 175

new shows will mirror the new psychology. Even the Crazy Horse Saloon has a turn-of-the-century flavor.

It may be only a shortlived retake of nostalgia or a more authentic trend. Paris has always protected the old, per the still flourishing Folies Bergere and Casino De Paris (not to forget creaky operettas).

Best summing up of all this may be an ex-dilapidated hotel called L'Hotel, which has been refurbished and turned into the leading offbeat hotel, restaurant and late party spot in town. Originally it was practically a lowly student hostelry with some interest in the fact that Oscar Wilde had died there. Enterprising entrepreneurs took it over. It is now one of the poshest little hotels in town.

But Wilde's room has been left intact, which may symbolize something.

I WAS FIRED IN FRONT OF THE PALACE ON A MONDAY AFTERNOON

By HY KRAFT

For some time now the editor of VARIETY has dredged up a rich assortment of nostalgic-making time capsules relating to the days of its Sime. Refurbishing of the Palace into a legit theatre inspired more memorabilia.

I was a reporter on The Clipper. For those who just came in, The Clipper was the oldest theatrical trade paper. It died not alone from the incurable though venerable ailment of longevity but it couldn't withstand the blast of independent theatrical journalism that Sime Silverman generated.

Obviously I couldn't have been fired if I hadn't been hired in the first place. The first place was the intercession and recommendation of Leo Feist, the showman-music publisher. The slogan "You Can't Go Wrong With a Feist Song" dominated the music business as did his adventurous feats of exploitation. I met Feist through my brother Will who was working his way through college via a miscellany of odd jobs. Like the old sage who said that if he had Rothschild's money he'd be richer than Rothschild because he'd give Hebrew lessons on the side, my brother, though he never did achieve wealth, added to his small income by tutoring boys in the ritual of "bar-mitzvah." One of his pupils was Mr. Feist's son. Will took me along one night to Mount Vernon and while he was inside teaching the kid how to be a watch or a fountain pen (most celebrants got one or the other or both at confirmation) I was on the porch talking to Mr. Feist.

He sat in his wheelchair puffing Meccas; he said he was rich enough to afford smoking a nickel pack of cigarettes. I had never been so close to a pioneer, here was the exciting hero of a hundred fantasies that I'd cherished since my first reading of Horatio Alger. True, I was in the midst of my initiation into the field of entertainment. I spent eight hours every day pasting busted film sprockets in the New York exchange of the Triangle Film Co.—a geometric misnomer for the five or six male and female components of the company. When Feist suggested that I might get a job on The Clipper, I threw away a half-smoked Murad and switched to his Meccas. He gave me a note addressed to the owner and editor of The Clipper and promised that he would phone the gentleman in the morning and herald my entrance.

The Clipper's office was in the upper half of a two-story building next to 1600 Broadway. The street floor housed a Thompson Cafeteria. We faced 7th Ave. and we could look out on 729 Seventh and watch the activity buzzing in that beehive of the burgeoning film business. And we could also catch an occasional glimpse of William Randolph Hearst as he entered or exited from the building where he supposedly maintained a penthouse.

The Clipper office, as I remember it, had two parallel rows of three desks each and Orlando Vaughan, the said owner and editor, occupied the large desk at the window.

Vaughan's closest friend was George M. Cohan. They came from Providence, R.I., and Vaughan talked like Cohan acted. The identification with Cohan was complete, for Vaughan, even in his role as editor, played the part the way Cohan would have played it. He tried to be tough but, alas, there was very little to be tough about. Yes, he did try to adjust editorial content with advertising but, as I see it now, the paper had little influence and I suspect The Clipped, as well as its owner and editor, weren't in the best of fiscal condition. Vaughan, like Silverman, was picturesque and they shared a dedication to certain self-imposed codes which they tried to impose on others.

For me those six or seven desks, the two or three men at typewriters, Vaughan at upstage centre, his black hat pulled down, looked like the newspaper offices I'd heard about but had never entered. This was the city room and I was instantly overwhelmed by "the aroma of printer's ink" though there wasn't any in the office. I was also overcome by Vaughan—or rather by the brevity of the interview. He read my name from Mr. Feist's note which I had handed him, said the salary was $20 weekly and then to a man seated at the first desk nearest his "Paul, this is Kraft.' Those four words constituted a definition of destiny.

The Paul was Paul Swinehart. I hadn't even completed the two or three steps from Vaughan's desk when Swinehart, the managing editor, without looking up from his reading, said, "Go out and get some news." I waited for an explanation but none was forthcoming. I didn't know what news was and I certainly didn't know where to get it. All I understood was "Go out."

A middleaged man at one of the desks, Bert Ennis, sensed my apparent ignorance and bewilderment and motioned me to his desk. He told me to walk in and out of the theatrical offices, told me where they were to be found, and to ask for news. And he gave me a copy of the current issue and suggested that I read it.

I didn't have the nerve to go back to the Triangle Exchange so I was out a half day's pay. There must have been some angry projectionists and stomping viewers at your neighborhood theatres that night. Instead, I had a cup of coffee at Thompson's, read The Clipper and planned a route which I must have taken every day for the many months that followed. I started at the Putnam Bldg. (now the Paramount Theatre Bldg.), The Gayety and Astor Theatre Bldgs., the Columbia Burlesque and Palace Theatre Bldgs.

As the months went by I got to know the big shots in bigtime vaudeville from J. J. Murdock to Pat Casey, the two pillars of E. F. Albee's temple as well as Fally Marcus and Eli Sobel, their opposites in the smalltime field. There were no specific areas on The Clipper so we all did a little of everything from front page stories to news, to reviews of vaudeville, motion pictures and occasionally a Broadway show.

The Monday Mat Railbirds

But the essence and accolade of real recognition was catching the Monday matinee opening of the weekly bill at the Palace. The "in" group stood in back of the orchestra like vigilant sentries, watching the performers with one eye and with the other stealing glances at the reactions of the bookers and agents. They were the final court of law, their decision could mean sudden death or new life. The back of the orchestra was indeed the corridor of power. I was permitted in the select circle, one of the youngest in this Court of Assizes.

Monday was also our pressday and we'd work late into the night while Vaughan and Swinehart handled the business of putting the paper to bed. There were always last minute stories to be written or reviews of New Acts or fillers of one kind or another.

The one column that we could cut or extend was Question and Answer. I don't recall that we ever received questions but I do know that we made up the answers. No, Ethel Levey's first husband was George M. Cohan. Their marriage was dissolved in 1907. Yes, John Barrymore played Mac in "A Stubborn Cinderella" opening in Chicago in May, 1908.

These bits of useless information were available in the files of The Clipper but when we were in a mad hurry we wrote our own answers without referring to the files. At least I did for I was certain that this column was never read since there were no anxious questioners awaitnig responses. So once I wrote, "No, Victor Herbert didn't write De Koven's "Robin Hood." There was no reaction so the next time, among others I wrote, "No, William S. Hart never appeared on the legitimate stage." This last bit of improvised trivia was the coup de grace, the falling axe.

As far as I was concerned this column, along with other memorable columns of prose that I wrote, would pass into unnoticed oblivion. It passed the notice of my owner and editor and we didn't hear from a single indignant reader. But you can be sure that there's always some wise guy. My bete noir was on the staff of the N.Y. Times. This savant, probably the only reader of the Q. and A. column, quoted my innocent answer and then went on to give a detailed biography of Bill Hart's long stage career including appearances in Shakespearean plays, as Armand in "Camille," etc., beginning with his debut in 1899 down to his last legit role in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." I was as unaware of this record as I was of the N.Y. Times Sunday article.

But Orlando Vaughan or one of his attention-callers must have read it. He was looking for me on that fateful Monday and found me during the intermission out on the sidewalk where I was probably smoking a Mecca. "Did you write the Question and Answer item about William S. Hart?" I nodded rather modestly. He whipped out a copy of the aforesaid dramatic section of the Times and showed me the half column list of Mr. Hart's distinguished contributions to the spoken drama. He accompanied the presentation with, "You're fired."

I never did see the next-to-closing act that week at the Palace. And I never again saw a William S. Hart movie. I gave my business to Ken Maynard. I don't think he ever played Armand in "Camille."

INSIDE HOUDINI

By MILBOURNE CHRISTOPHER

(Author of the new biography "Houdini: The Untold Story," to be published by Crowell in March.)

Locked in a safety deposit box in the vault of a New York bank are the secrets of Houdini's incredible escapes and baffling stage illusions. The box, so the frequently printed story goes, is to be opened Oct. 31, 1976 — on the 50th anniversary of the master mystifier's death.

I have had long distance phone calls from Hollywood and London, dozens of letters from as far away as Calcutta and Rio de Janeiro, inquiring as to the name and address of the bank. The story is sheer fiction. It is just one more of the many legends that arose about the master showman who escaped from government jails, penetrated challenge crates and caused a live elephant to vanish from view on the stage of the New York Hippodrome.

Houdini's real secret was his unmatched self-confidence and his ability to make even the simplest feat of conjuring a major mystery. After he had given up the challenge handcuff act, which made him a headliner here and abroad, he wrote a manual for the would-be escapologist — "Handcuff Secrets" — which was published in London in 1909. He was a prodigious contributor to the magic journals of his time as well as popular periodicals such as: *Collier's, American Magazine, Ladies' Home Journal* and *Popular Science.*

He was a compulsive letter writer. Through the years I have collected more than 1,000 of them. Beatrice, his wife, whom he called Bess, saved even the scraps of paper on which he sent her notes during the shows — "Get ready for the trunk trick" — and the effusions he enclosed with her birthday presents which listed noted people who had been born on the same date and assured her of his love.

In April, 1911 he wrote Will Goldstone, the London magic dealer, telling of his b.o. totals on tour:

"Had two record weeks, Huddersfield and Burnley. That Mr. MacNaughton prefers to play me on salary, and at a £25 raise. I played to £665 in Huddersfield and £610 in Burnley.

"I broke records at both places. I hear both Managers are to be placed before the Watch Committee (sic) for overpacking.

"This Saturday I am giving a Lord Chamberlains (sic) performance for a new 'material' plot. . . ."

The new presentation was the first showing of what Houdini was to call "The Chinese Water Torture Cell Escape." He freed himself after being locked upside down in a tank of water. It was for the rest of his life his most puzzling and daring stage escape feature.

Unlike other entertainers who performed the same acts for years, Houdini accepted challenges as often as six or seven times during a week. He escaped from boxes, barrels, metal containers and unusual restraints which were brought to the stage by their manufacturers.

Those Free Ballyhoos

Millions of spectators saw some of his most breathtaking exploits —for free. Locked in manacles, he jumped from bridges into rivers, not only from coast to coast in America but also in Berlin, Paris, Melbourne and other stops on his global route. And, again for free, he escaped from nailed and ironbound crates submerged in harbors and channels. The largest street crowds ever assembled in many American cities came to see Houdini twist and turn in a straitjacket thousands of feet in the air, while suspended head downwards from a rope attached to a support on the roof of a tall building. The outdoor stunts paid off handsomely at the boxoffice.

Once Houdini achieved top billing he meant to keep his name there. Joe Dunninger, now the most famous American mentalist, visited him backstage at the New York Hippodrome. Someone asked Houdini to autograph one of the books he had written. He signed his name with a flourish. Then the man recognized Dunninger and asked for his signature too. Joe added it beneath the escapologist's, but just as large. Houdini reached for the book and under Dunninger's name penned the qualifying word "witness." Anyone who saw the volume in the future would suppose that Joe's name was there merely to authenticate Houdini's.

'Spiritualism' Exposes

Paradoxically Houdini who caused more puzzled expressions than any other magician in history did more to explain the trickery used by cheating spirit mediums than any "scientific" researcher. He could, and did, duplicate dark room "spirit" phenomena. He abhored false seers and other charlatans who preyed on widows and a too-trusting public. He denounced psychic deceptions both on lecture tours and from the stages of America's largest theatres.

Even Houdini had his superstitions. John Mulholland told me a few months ago that Houdini had ordered him out of his house on 113th St. when Mulholland, as a young man, had brought an unusual book with him to show Houdini. It had a picture of a peacock on one of its pages. Peacocks, Houdini roared, were symbols of disaster. Later the master magician atoned for his outburst and sent Mulholland a set of books which he knew the young man wanted for his collections.

There was no message with the volumes, no indication of the sender's name. At a meeting of the Society of American Magicians Houdini asked Mulholland if he had received the books. John said he had, but he hadn't known who had sent them. Houdini smiled, and said, "Who else would send you such a valuable present?"

The greatest pleasure in writing my book about him was in correcting oft repeated legends and recording his triumphs, which to my way of thinking, were more fabulous than the legendary tales. The principal task was to cram the story into a single volume, and hope that the elusive Houdini would not escape from between the confining cloth covers.

Jolson

Continued from page 174

you handle your subject matter without leaning too heavily on racial humor."

Deep Dixie

Somewhat nonplussed by his remark but elated by his accolades, I stepped in front of the club for a breath of freshly polluted New York air. Suddenly a gentleman in a white Panama suit with a stringtie said to me in a distinct Southern accent, "Hey, boy, here's a quarter for you-all . . . Get me a cab." Stunned, although I maintained enough composure to pocket the quarter, I raced back into the club and into the men's room. The attendant, a trusted employee for five years, greeted me in a somewhat peculiar fashion, "Hey, Soul Brother, how come you still wearing your hair in a conk? How come you don't go Afro?" In a moment of blinding revelation before the mirror I realized the reason behind my mistaken identity as well as my newly recaptured comedic success.

I had become a self-made black.

Immediately cashing in on my new hue, I booked myself on a whirlwind college concert tour at $10,000 per night. I became the darling of all the arch-liberal campuses such as Berkeley and San Francisco State, made the cover of Jet and Ebony, was voted "Eldridge Cleaver's favorite comic," signed to do a tv series called, "I Spy For Julia," and at present am making plans to run on the Soul Ticket for the president of the United States in 1972.

And yet, dear fans, this remarkable comeback was so simple, all because of baby oil, peanut butter and an overzealous Westinghouse sunlamp.

I hope Henny Youngman never finds out.

'Little Tich'

Continued from page 174

sported outsize evening dress, top hat, and a large cigar.

Audiences fell for his tune, "Could Do A Bit," as the eternal little man, gazing into a window, hungry, as hot steaming pies cooked enticingly behind the glass.

The United States liked Tich so much that offers came in. He turned down one from Phineas T. Barnum. He became rich enough to ride around in a limousine in London. But he never forgot early struggles, days as a whistler outside the queues at England's musichalls when he slept in cheap lodginghouses overnight.

He was 12 when he made his bow at a riverside resort, Rosherville Gardens, near Gravesend, on Thames, and he clicked at 16 at other vauderies in and around London.

The name "Little Tich" goes back to the infamous Tichborne Claimant Trial that lasted from April 1873 to February 1874, when Relph was only six. This was the celebrated impersonation case in which an English butcher's son, Arthur Orton, turned up at Wagga Wagga, Australia, to pretend he was Roger Charles Tichborne, lost at sea in April 1854, and heir to an ancient Hampshire baronetcy.

Orton, who weighed 25 stones (350 lbs.), did 14 years' penal servitude, was released on ticket-of-leave in 1884, later appeared on the musichalls recounting his adventures. Harry Relph took the name Little Tich as a monicker contrasting with the bigness in girth of Orton.

At the height of his career Tich earned $900 weekly, and topped the bill over Dan Leno for a dozen weeks at the Trocadero in Piccadilly, London.

FRANK SINATRA, JR.

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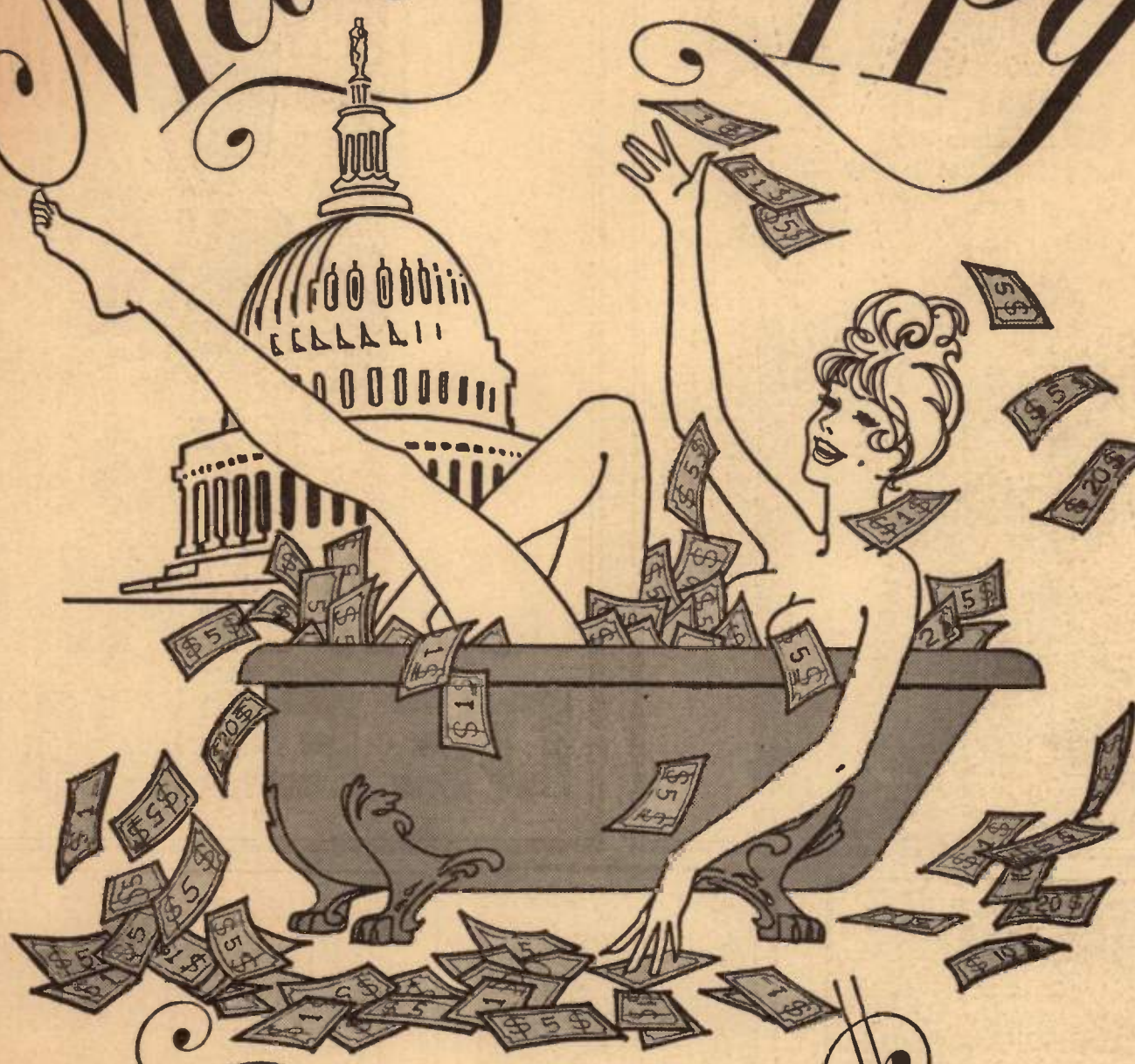

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BRITISH END PLAY CENSORSHIP

Silly System Exempted Bawdy Vaude, Air And Screen—Capricious and Inconsistent—Lord Chamberlain Now Stages Garden Parties of Royal Family—Doesn't Mean 'Anything Goes'

By DICK RICHARDS

London.

In British legit circles the date Thursday, Sept. 26, 1968 ranks in some minds with that of the Magna Carta. That day, after 231 years of arguing, hedging, resentment and apathy, the abolition of prior restraint theatre censorship finally became law. The Lord Chamberlain could toss away his blue pencil. Believedly with a sigh of relief, for the job was sour in his mouth, anyway.

Lord Cobbold, present Lord Chamberlain, has often said that he thinks that some sort of restrictive eye should be kept on the theatre, but he doesn't think that a member of the Royal Household should have to carry the baby. Checking scripts has only been a small portion of the duties of his office. There are all those garden parties to arrange, and it's his job to ensure that only the elite get into the inner enclosure of the Royal Ascot racetrack.

In the 15th century it was the task of the Master of Revels, who didn't take his chore over seriously. The British stage then became a scandal, with its thesps generally regarded as loose living rogues and vagabonds (while the actresses took on peers). In the 17th century the puritanical Oliver Cromwell locked all playhouses. With the Restoration, it was exhuberant and bawdy, like Charles II.

Prime Minister Sir Robert Walpole was the man largely responsible for the idiotic law with which Britain's been saddled for two centuries. But it was not immorality that worried Walpole overmuch. He was miffed that his own venality and chicanery became a stage butt in the satirical hands of writers like Henry Fielding and John Gay. Particularly, he blew his top over operettas such as "Polly" and "The Beggar's Opera."

In 1737 he secured Parliamentary backing. Bill was eventually amended in 1843 and a new Act passed. That's the one which, unaltered, has just been repealed. Ironically, a revival of "The Beggar's Opera" was on show at the Apollo in Shaftesbury Avenue when the Lord Chamberlain's censorship powers were ended. His right hand man and other officials went along to see the show and have a drink with the cast.

The point about stage censorship that's irked most reasonable people is its sheer lack of consistency. Thus, the Lord Chamberlain has been responsible only for stage, ballet and opera performances. Not for vaudeville, and anybody who ever saw George Robey, Max Miller or the Crazy Gang in full, magnificent, vulgar, lyrical swing know that to be a bellylaff. Nor for radio or television, so that the anomaly arose on one occasion when a poem, cut from a stage production, was broadcast to millions that same night. Nor for films. Not even for some stage productions, those put on at theatre clubs with the audiences limited to 'members alone.' All this was ammo enough for those demanding a 'free theatre.'

Though certain rules pertained quite often the decision of the Lord Chamberlain's Office was dictated by 'good taste,' a tricksy task for two or three 'amateurs.' Through the years this has caused some strange and often ludicrous decisions, making one echo Shakespeare's remark in "Hamlet"—has this fellow a feeling for his business?

On the Lord Chamberlain's sayso a chemise in "Up In Mabel's Room" had to be referred to as an 'undervest.' "In the Zone" at the Everyman (this was pre-"Pygmalion") could not say 'bloody'; said instead 'bleeding.' Yet, curiously, "For Christ's sake" was accepted as an expletive in a play in the 20s. "Go to hell" and "Gorblimey" used to cause the Lord Chamberlain's Office misgivings and even "damn" was not always sure to pass.

Lord (Ted) Willis recalls that in 1948 the word 'bloody' was cut out of one of his plays. Eight years later, in the play "Billy Liar," it was used 248 times. Artistically, this may well have been a sanguinary excess but it does seem to reveal muddled thinking on the censor's part.

Every reputable playwright and impresario can tell of similar censorship brushes over lingo, situations, dress and themes.

But all that's in the past. It is the present and, even more important, the future that is the main concern as a result of the new Theatre Act introduced as a Private Member's Bill by Henry Strauss, the Labor member for Vauxhall, London.

Where Do We Go From 'Hair?'

The first play to be staged in London after the new Bill became legal was "Hair," a significant start. All the publicity and pre-ballyhoo suggested the dawn of a new era of license. Actually, of course, the show's simply settled down as a lively, successful novelty but the gagsters had a right to ask "Where do we go from 'Hair?'"

Perhaps it's as well to get things in perspective. The New Act does not mean that 'anything goes' even though, in this age of permissiveness, there's a likelihood of much more going. Showmen are still subject to the laws of libel and obscenity and the police and Big Brother Public are still watching them as carefully as ever. The responsibility now rests on the playpurveyors to make sure that they don't break the laws of the land.

Contempt & Incitement

Public people—even the Royal Family—may now be portrayed on the stage, but the writers and management must still watch out for contempt, incitement to hatred and ridicule. Plays that may provoke a breach of peace, racial hatred, disaffection of Parliament and Government, blasphemy are all liable to come under the chopper of the law.

Following "Hair" have come "Fortune and Men's Eyes," a study in homosexuality with the added "excitement" of seeing three men briefly nude on the stage; "The Beard," in which scatological lingo has touched new depths, and Edward Bond's "Saved" and "Early Morning" (previously banned for public showing) will be seen. By now Hochhuth's "Soldiers" will have found a public home; "Spitting Image," in which a young fag becomes "pregnant," made only a shortlived West End appearance. Not exactly a wild outburst to meet the new era but it's clear that this is a waiting period, while people weigh up the problems, the elasticity of the situation and the risks.

Mostly people are pondering just what is the New Freedom that the theatre has so hardly won. Freedom to occupy the stage with obscenity, lasciviousness, wanton irresponsibility and titillation? Hardly. For even if there are playwrights unwise enough to underestimate public taste to that extent they may well find that commercial theatre managements will be tougher than ever, for it is they who will have to defend. Who is going to be the first management unwise enough to risk an expensive public prosecution especially with the laws of libel, pornography and contempt so flexible that it's always anyone's guess which way a case may go.

Nix Littler's Appeal Against Libel Verdict Over 'Right Honorable'

London, Dec. 31.

Emile Littler lost his appeal against a jury's award of $5,400, and costs estimated at about $180,000, resulting from a libel case in which the impresario had been sued by London Artists Ltd., the Grade Organization, Associated Television and Lew Grade. The case had arisen following the withdrawal of four stars, Anthony Quayle, Coral Browne, Anna Massey and Corin Redgrave, of Littler's production of "The Right Honorable Gentleman."

In considering Littler's appeal, Lord Denning said that comment must be fair, and to be fair the commentator must get his facts right. The play was a matter of public interest and Littler was entitled to make his views known, if done fairly and honorably. But Lord Denning ruled that Littler "had been carried away by his feeling at the moment and thus landed in all this trouble." Costs of the dismissal of the plea are estimated at $24,000.

Following the decision of the four players to leave the cast, "The Right Honorable Gentleman" closed. In the meantime, however, Littler made a public statement that the plaintiffs had persuaded the four stars to quit.

London Artists, the Grade Organization, Associated Television and Lew Grade brought a libel action and won it.

Race Bias As Was

(Though one of the great comedians of his day, the onstage peer of W. C. Fields, Eddie Cantor and their likes, the Negro entertainer, Bert Williams (1873-1922), travelled the U.S. during the little-challenged reign of Jim Crowism. The humiliations mocked Williams' status and success as a star. This article, first published in 1923, is reprinted by permission of Kay Ashton-Stevens, widow of the Chicago critic, Ashton Stevens. It quietly details some of the degrading "adjustments" race prejudice forced upon Williams—Ed.).

BERT WILLIAMS' LAST INTERVIEW

By ASHTON STEVENS

Some night my old friend Bert Williams, the very fine comedian, is going to give me a shock. Some night when I ease into his dressingroom for a reflective pipe he will be cheerful and he will be talkative — and I will curl up in a swoon.

I've known him more years than some comedians or critics are old; and he is still the mournfulest of all the men I know. He is even more mournful than Ring Lardner, who used to inhabit a corner of Bert Williams' dressing room and match long gloomy silences with him.

I missed Ring Lardner when I went backstage at the Studebaker to see Bert Williams. Mr. Chappy said he missed Ring Lardner, too, said it was never so quiet and restful in the dressing room as when Mr. Lardner and Cap (as he calls his employer) got to saying nothing to each other for twenty minutes at a stretch. Mr. Chappy has been Bert Williams' valet for twenty-two years, and ought to be a good judge of muted gloom.

"I don't know which of those gentlemen," said Mr. Chappy, while Bert Williams was working his first shift in Broadway Brevities, "is the silenter, and I ain't saying you couldn't get a person out of a deef-and-dumb asylum that would beat either one of 'em. But I'll contend with my last dollar that they ain't a dumb man in the world could beat 'em both."

Bert Williams came back to listen to trouble, which seems to gravitate to him as naturally as a penny to a slot. Somebody had been doing wrong again to Broadway Brevities, poor thing! and as ever Bert Williams was shouldering the black man's burden. A couple of minor comedians had "jumped the show," as the phrase is, taking with them the orchestra parts of the number that opened the second act. The leader, the stage manager, everybody was in a fume. They described the dirty trick with language in kind but inadequate — but I didn't know it was inadequate till Bert Williams summed the atrocity in a single word, deep from his diapason:

"Sabotage!"

He sat loose while Mr. Chappy rerobed him for his next appearance — in the ancient dress suit and white cotton gloves and too small silk hat.

I think he stood up to change his pants; but I am not sure. I know he sat there, loose, jointless, wordless, while Mr. Chappy handed him his kinky wig and some prepared cork with which to blacken a light lemon-colored line on his forehead that showed below the wig.

The coat of this disreputable dress suit is green from age. The pants are black only where they have been patched; the chassis of them is in hue a stale heliotrope. When I first saw those heliotrope pants — and they were veterans then — we had not been at war with Spain.

"Same pants, Brother Williams," said I, in whom the habit of conversation is incurable.

"Same," he assented, and, morvelously enough, went on. "Same pants in which I appeared before the crowned heads of Europe."

It sounded very funny. Perhaps that was because it was so very true. There was a time in Europe, you know, when you weren't much of a king if you hadn't seen Bert Williams.

"I'm glad you've got a good song — at last."

"I'm glad, too, Brother Stevens."

"How'd you find this 'Moon Shine on the Moonshine'?"

"Didn't; it found me. Sang it for the record, picking out the notes and words as I went along." He illuminated by holding up an imaginary score. "Hit. Thought I might as well learn it for the show. So I worked it up. Pretty slow. Four months. Drink?"

"No; still no. But where do you find it these days?"

'Don't; it finds me. Get a reputation as a regular seven-days-a-week consumer and you'll never suffer; there's a bootlegger waiting for you in every port."

"Well, I don't mean to flatter, but, Brother Williams, you certainly had the reputation of holding more—"

"Unearned."

"You didn't—!"

"Didn't hold it. I drank it, but I didn't keep it. I was like the old Romans. Every now and then I'd drink four or five big glasses of plain water and — liquor would leave me. Than I was ready for another set of drinks. It was a system."

"But why? You weren't selling the stuff."

"Why? Because, Brother Stevens, the saloon was the only club in which a man of my color could meet a man of your color. And I like my friends; like to be with them; like to be seen with them. I could do that in the saloon — some saloons. Other saloons, a few, weren't particularly cordial. You know." I knew.

" 'Heavy' saloons I used to call them. I'd pop my head in the door of one of these 'heavy' saloons, and not seeing anybody I knew right well, I'd say, in my best London accent, 'Sorry! I thought Mr. Stevens was here. He promised to meet me here at five-thirty.' You see, I knew your time for this place, knew Brother Lardner's time for that place — I had everybody's schedule, and it required a lot of drinking on my part when you were all on time at your favorite drinking places."

"And when we weren't there?"

"A trifle harder on the feet, that's all. A little more standing around, diffidently . . . waiting . . . waiting for Mr. Lardner, or Mr. Houseman, or yourself. I always said I was waiting for somebody . . . even when I was only waiting for anybody . . . anybody who'd breeze in and say, 'Hello, Bert! what you doing here?' and give me a chance to chum and make myself at home. Funny what a man'll do for human companionship!"

"I hear Al Woods will make a star of you next season."

"A star? I asked him to bill it 'The Pink Slip with.' "

"Good Play?"

"I think so. I'm a porter in the hotel at Catalina Island; an awful liar; but a character. And I've got a song coming along that ought to have character in it, too. I sing it with a dog; wtih a gangling-legged outcast dog. A lady has given me a dollar to take this dog out and feed him, and her husband has given me five dollars to take the dog out and drown him. There ought to be some character in that song, not to say problem. I'm working it out — slow — way I do everything, Brother Stevens. But I think I ought to be able to understand the way that old black porter feels Yes," he added, in that mellow, melancholy bass, "and I think I ought to be able to understand how the dog feels, too."

BUENOS AIRES' 20 LEGIT PLAYHOUSES

By DOMINGO DI NUBILA

Buenos Aires.

Argentinians have long been devotees of the spoken stage play. About 20 professional theatres operate in Buenos Aires, not bad comparing respective populations and economies of B.A. against New York. There are also many semi-pro, or call them amateur, acting companies. So say that neither the theatre nor the home screen entertainment has been fatal opposition.

Big hit there has been a comedy, "La Fiaca" (VARIETY, Dec. 6, 1967) by Ricardo Talesnik, which grossed near $150,000.

"The Man From La Mancha" opened recently, played by Natl

(Continued on page 208)

OUTDOOR DRAMA FOR TOURISTS

Have Unproduced Play, Will Disrobe

By TOM DEL VECCHIO

The thrill of seeing the title of your musical strewn through the lead item in Lewis Funke's column in the Sunday New York Times is a joy accorded few mortals. But there it was, "1776," a new musical headed for Broadway. Not only that. Right there among the booming advertisements was the screaming title of another play I had written—"Tom Paine."

Unfortunately, the titles were mine—but the particular plays were not.

My musical, with a rousing score by Carl Kulkman, ran for six "weekends" in the improvised Skylark Hangar 10 Theatre at Kennedy Airport. It's been revised but thus far no takers. There is no nudity in it, but there's no reason why we can't have George Washington strip down in an underwear change at Valley Forge.

We could even throw in a couple of four-letter words. Who had a better reason to use them than Washington that bitter Christmas when the United States, though named by Paine, had yet to be founded.

As for sex appeal, there's Gouverneur Morris, the lover with the wooden leg, and much-adored Peggy Shippen, who married Benedict Arnold.

The musical was an offshoot of a play on Paine, which also had a run in our modest airport theatre. We felt we had a hit when youngsters in the audience began hissing Gouverneur Morris.

Jean Dalrymple, intrepid dear, came out to see it. She said she liked it, but not enough "to marry it," as she put it. That version along with the others dating back 15 years or more found their way to the late Franchot Tone, a Paine admirer. He wrote me he'd rather see no play than an unimpressive one on Paine.

No one suggested collaboration, no one seemed to care enough, and Paine remained theatrical anathema—until the unorthodox one which is now the off-Broadway hit. But not mine.

BARD'S BOY-GIRLS AND MODERN FEAR OF SWISH

By PROF. JOHN McCABE

(Author of the following commentary is chairman of the Dept. of Drama and Theatre Arts at Mackinac College, Mackinac Island, Mich. His most recent book is "Mr. Laurel and Mr. Hardy"—Ed.)

Mackinac, Mich.

National Theatre of Britain's version, last year, of Shakespeare's charming comedy, "As You Like It," stirred up a bit of rumpus. There was superb acting, appropriate decor and impeccable direction. What it also had was the startling spectacle of the female parts played by men. And not mincing effeminates: these were manly men, muscles, hairy arms and all.

Some of the critics were far from enchanted. Others were at least intrigued. In short, a mixed bag of reviews.

Kenneth Tynan, currently Literary Manager of the Theatre, recommended the experiment on the basis of an article by the redoubtable Polish critic, Jan Kott, the man who made such a stir in contemporary Shakespearean circles with his book, "Shakespeare Our Contemporary." Kott, a man it must be said with a somewhat bleak point of view, "discovered" in Shakespeare a similar attitude. The point of his very ably written and closely reasoned book is that Shakespeare, as evidenced principally in "King Lear," is an "existentialist."

In the article which stirred the National Theatre up to the unusual doings with "As You Like It," Kott raised the point that if we really are to understand Shakespeare's comedies with anything like their full value we should try to reproduce some of the essential playing conditions for them and see for ourselves what added values will accrue therefrom. One of these conditions, Kott noted, is the fact that in Shakespeare's day the parts of women were played by males.

Why did this highly skillful production with its first rate actors fail to get high marks? Was it simply because the critics were repulsed by men-as-women and the modern connotation? Perhaps the answer may be found in the following bit of personal history.

In the early 1950s, I lived for three years in Stratford-upon-Avon where I was doing research for a doctoral dissertation on Elizabethan staging. Naturally I had the opportunity to see all of the productions of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in a wide variety of the plays acted by such superb artists as Paul Scofield, Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton, Richard Burton, Michael Redgrave and the like. This surely was Shakespeare at its finest. But was it?

Actually, my most moving experience in watching Shakespeare came not at all at the formidable theatre on Avon banks but in a small room of the King Edward VI Grammar School where the boys of the very school to which Shakespeare crept unwillingly with shining morning face as a youth presented for three evenings one May a production of "Romeo and Juliet." It is a long-established custom that one of the plays by their distinguished alumnus be presented yearly at this all-boy institution with an all-boy cast. The "Romeo and Juliet" I saw that unforgettable evening in the company of a number of townspeople and some of the leading actors of the Shakespeare Memorial company was, quite simply, the most moving production of a Shakespearean tragedy I have ever seen. It was all emotional richness because it was "Romeo and Juliet" and nothing else: no opulent, distracting set, no hyper-gorgeous costumes, no obtrusive, "clever" directorial touches, and above all no throbbing, acting-type acting. It was just the play itself, illuminated by direct, purposeful playing in which the emphasis was on basic emotion and meaning unencumbered by actors thinking of effects, or how pretty they looked, or how vibrantly their tones resonated. All it was, was Shakespeare, and that's *all* it was, and when to this was added the incandescent innocence of real youth (particularly Juliet's), the emotion was profound and overwhelmingly affecting. At one point, I looked out of the corner of my eye at the group of professional actors in the audience, and I was additionally moved to see that we were all sharing the gift of tears.

And so it occurred to me last year as I read the reviews of the Kott-inspired "As You Like It," that Kott and the National Theatre may just have missed the boat not because they used men for the female characters but because they failed to use, as Shakespeare had done, *boys*. The production might well have had more of a chance if it had given the female roles over to just such boys as inspirited that beautiful production of "Romeo and Juliet" I saw in Stratford.

U.S. PAGEANTS RATE LONGEVITY

By MARK R. SUMNER

(Author of the text which follows is Director of The Institute Of Outdoor Drama at the University of North Carolina.)

Chapel Hill, N.C.

All of the nation's 16 major outdoor historical drama companies reported attendance gains again in 1968, and the average sold ticket income is advancing from $2 to $2.50. Eight of the smaller production companies reported that this past summer was their best season to date.

Pulitzer Prizewinner Paul Green, whose classic outdoor history, "The Lost Colony," has been staged each summer since 1937 at Manteo, North Carolina, has dubbed these outdoor combinations of theatre, dance, and music "symphonic" dramas; and the late John Gassner of Yale called them "epic theatre." By whatever name, these gigantic original scripts by such writers as Green, Kermit Hunter, Josef Meier, and Jan Hartman have a secret ingredient — audiences.

Nearly all of them, large and small, are produced by the non-profit efforts of local citizens, businesses, and government cooperating with theatre professionals and experts from the travel industry. Each season they hire hundreds of young performers, sometimes grouping together to screen talent at large regional auditions.

Not only has the number of productions grown steadily since the 1930s (when "The Lost Colony"; "The Black Hills Passion Play," Spearfish, South Dakota; and "Ramona," Hemet, California, were the only long-term outdoor dramas in a sea of short-lived pageants), but in recent years the attendance at each drama has also grown rapidly.

At the present time the Institute of Outdoor Drama of the U of North Carolina reports that there are some 60 communities working on plans for outdoor history plays which vary from a musical "Rip Van Winkle" near Catskill, N.Y. to "The Lewis and Clark Story" near Seaside, Oregon.

The costs of production today are high in comparison to those in the early years of outdoor drama, and it is the travel industry, the tourist's search for something different, and alert state government that make financing possible.

Paul Green's musical history "Texas" in Palo Duro Canyon State Park near Amarillo cost $490,000 by opening night, and many of the present companies have developed amphitheatre plants estimated to be worth more than $1,000,0000.

The Ohio legislature recently appropriated $200,000 to assist the Dover-New Philadelphia area with its new amphitheatre project, and Pennsylvania has set aside $250,000 for a project near Uniontown. Kentucky has built five amphitheatres, and other states that have contributed to these dramas include Alaska, North Carolina, Georgia, Virginia, West Virginia, South Carolina, Illinois, and Texas.

Few of these outdoor plays have casts of less than 80 performers, and it is not uncommon for a company to run a summer payroll of 130 people. Weekly salaries run from $45 to $200, depending upon the location of the drama, and some companies have extensive housing and restaurant facilities.

The backstage area at "Unto These Hills" at Cherokee, N.C., contains dormitories for unmarried performers, a dining hall, craft shops, a recreation building, and apartment buildings for families, all in addition to a 3,000-seat amphitheatre, dressing rooms, and work areas.

The top show in 1968 was this same Kermit Hunter tragedy about the Cherokee Indians. Paid

(Continued on page 196)

Max Gordon Produced Hits at 20G; Shudders at Those 100G Single-Set Straight Plays and 750G Musicals

By MAX GORDON

The only business that I know of that has millions of customers and never enough good merchandise is show business. There is always more copper, steel and oil around than we really need. But HITS in the present day theatre are rare. And there's only one reason for this—lack of playwrights.

I began seeing shows around 1900 when my brother, Cliff, was a leading comedian in burlesque with the Al Reeves Beauty Show.

After that I became a regular at the burlesque shows playing the Dewey Theatre on 14th St. In those days, the burlesque shows catered to ladies—and the Ladies' Day price on Saturday afternoon was 10c. All of my sisters went, and I was a permanent guest. I saw many of the great comedians with these burlesque shows. My brother Cliff Gordon and Bobby North were then partners and they produced "The Merry Whirl" which played for six months at the Columbia Theatre now the De Mille on 47th and 7th Ave. The finale of the first act was "Alexander's Ragtime Band" written by Irving Berlin.

The whole world was writing for the theatre. Foreigners and Americans wrote musical shows for Broadway, and at that time Charles Frohman, Charles Dililngham, Lieber & Co., the Shuberts and David Belasco were producing. It was the Golden Age of the theatre. Every smalltown had its opera house and stars like Maude Adams, David Warfield, Sothern & Marlowe appeared on these one-nighters.

I have lived to see the legit as the only form of loving theatre to survive. The popular priced theatre that played some Broadway shows and the best of the melodramas, and the first-class vaudeville which the Keith and Orpheum circuits monopolized, all have disappeared. These, of course, could never hope to be revived because the costs would make it impossible.

After the depression, another Golden Age appeared in the theatre. It was the period between 1930 and 1940 when we had Lillian Hellman at her tops, and that goes for Bob Sherwood, Kaufman & Hart, Sidney Kingsley, Maxwell Anderson, Elmer Rice and John van Druten, who wrote some very fine comedies, as did Donald Ogden Stewart and a host of others.

The trouble with legit began when Hollywood took away a generation of playwrights, and this was followeed by television taking another generation. How can you possibly ask a writer working in tv or in the movies to write a show that might close in a night? And unless the plays or musicals get terrific notices in the three newspapers that remain, the chances are that there would be a quick closing.

Made $7,600 on 27G Gross

When I began producing, "Roberta" played to $27,000 a week and the show made $7,600. While we were playing to practically empty houses at the start, everybody in the company, from Bob Hope down, took one-half less than their salary. In those days, it took a while to overcome bad notices, but with everybody's cooperation you could give the critics a good battle. "Roberta" turned the corner when Rudy Vallee sang "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" over the radio, and the next morning there was a line around the block at the New Amsterdam Theatre.

"The Women" got almost a daily "pan" from my friend, Dick Watts. Brooks Atkinson just discussed the play and at the finale said, "This reporter disliked it." Heywood Broun wrote a column that said it was one of the worst comedies he had ever seen. That night, the show sold out and it did for two years after.

The musical comedy theatre lost George Gershwin, Jerome Kern, Oscar Hammerstein, Cole Porter, Larry Hart and Sigmund Romberg, and it has been proven the musical theatre could ill-afford these losses.

Let me dwell on the first-class vaudeville business when Al Lewis and I began producing one-act plays. There was a sign backstage in every vaudeville theatre saying, "The use of the words Hell and Damn are strictly prohibited."

Instead of stand-up comedians, we had character comedians. There was Nat Wills, tramp comedian; my brother, Cliff, was a Dutch comedian; Joe Welch was a Jewish comedian; Frank Fogarty, an Irish comedian; Walter C. Kelly was famous as the "Virginia Judge." And let use not forget Will Rogers and W. C. Fields.

The theatre has lost the young people because they can't afford the present boxoffice prices. Balcony business is off in most of the theatres. My reason for this is that the fellow who has enough money to buy an orchestra seat won't sit in the balcony; and the other fellow can't afford to pay the prices the balcony charges.

Off-Broadway

The great hope to me is the off-Broadway theatre, provided those filthy shows are done away with and there are ones that fathers and mothers can bring their children to see. Contrast the present off-Broadway theatre with the off-Broadway theatre of 50 years ago that brought forth Eugene O'Neill and any number of other fine playwrights.

Right now, I was very happy to see "The Fantasticks" and "You're A Good Man Charlie Brown," and one of the best musicals I have seen in a long time, "Your Own Thing." Those $750,000 musical productions send shivers up my spine. I just can't understand all the expenses incurred when I think that "My Sister, Eileen," "Junior Miss," "Dough Girls," "The Late George Apley," "Over 21," "Born Yesterday," "Years Ago" and "The Solid Gold Cadillac" were produced for an average of around $20,000. All these happened to be my shows.

In my time, I produced plays and musical shows for many stars. I never experienced an unpleasant moment with any of them beginning with Fred Astaire, Frank Morgan, Lunt & Fontanne, Noel Coward, Judy Holliday, Shirley Booth, Josephine Hull. Nowadays stars seem to get "sick" too often.

In closing, I just want to say that VARIETY did more for the vaudeville business than any newspaper did. The paper had a column, "Stolen Acts." Anyone who stole a joke from another comedian was barred. There was great pride in being original, and I never knew a group of men that appreciated the art of their brother artists more than the vaudevillian.

Let me say a word about the United Booking Office which was a monopoly in the first-class vaudeville business. I never knew more incompetent people—prejudiced and ignorant. As I recall, only four people emerged successfully. They were John Royal, Bill McCaffrey, Lawrence Schwab and Harold Kemp.

This year will tell the story for the legitimate theatre. How long will the shows run at the new boxoffice prices and how long will backers be available for one-set shows that cost $100,000 or more, and musical shows that cost three-quarters of a million dollars or over?

MODERN DANCE'S BREAKTHROUGH: 15 TROUPES, 11 WEEKS, 3 SPOTS

Natively American, This Form of Dance Entertainment Has Suffered 40 Years of Hardship and Neglect to Attain Its Present Season's Boxoffice Promise

By ISADORA BENNETT

This season of 1968-69 may turn out to mark the hegira for that native American art movement, loosely called "modern dance." In fact, you don't need second sight to prophesy. Enough has been proven already. It is dramatically on view in New York but it is going on all over the country, according to those in the know. The prophet at last has honor in his own land.

Right now, there is in progress the longest continuous season of dance ever produced in New York as a single operation — The Festival of Dance 1968-69. It began Oct. 23 and continues through April 13 in three theatres — the Brooklyn Academy of Music, whose 2,200-seat auditorium was built as an opera house in the days when the Met regularly visited Brooklyn; in the Billy Rose Theatre, also large; and in New York City Center, largest of all.

And, miracle of miracles, this is not what used to be called "bucking show business." It is not a long season of overlapping engagements of competing companies. It is a collaboration with dates carefully scheduled to avoid conflicts. For the first time ever, those poor wayfaring strangers, the modern dance companies that have played to great acclaim in the opera houses of the world but were virtually vagrants in New York, now have, not only one home, but three. With an interlude — from Dec. 10 to Jan. 5 — given over to that other valiant gypsy, American Ballet Theatre, at the Brooklyn Academy and with time out for the regular five-week Spring season of City Center's permanent resident company, the Joffrey Ballet, from Feb. 18 through March 23, this represents, not only the longest general dance season but, by far, the longest season ever undertaken for the indigenous form of American contemporary dance. Eleven weeks, no less! American Modern Dance never had it so good.

Lots of Cooperation

This miracle happening both here and elsewhere in the country has been brought to pass by some sage management and some fine coordination, all made possible by some highly intelligent Government, State Council and Foundation grants, preceded — and accompanied — by far-sighted and selective individual patronage. Most of it refreshingly novel.

It is a collaboration in every sense — between the theatre managements and between companies. Harvey Lichtenstein, director of the Academy, presides over the performance there. Those at the Billy Rose are presented by Theater 69, the permanent organization with the movable date, already distinguished for its service to new playwrights and to the Paul Taylor Company's recent seasons on Broadway. City Center is represented by Norman Singer, the administrative director who had previously presented modern dance series at Hunter College for four years.

15 Companies

The artistic collaboration, by the time it finishes, will have presented 15 "modern" companies, headed by their dancer-choreographers, each one represented by his own repertory. Led off by the Martha Graham Company (which made a heavy financial sacrifice out of loyalty to the principle), the season, before it is over, will represent, in the BAM-Rose innings, such established artists of the older young-generation as Jose Limon, Anna Sokolow, Erick Hawkins, Merce Cunningham, Alvin Ailey, Paul Taylor and Alwin Nikolais. But it also plays host to some of the younger companies — those of Twyla Tharp, Yvonne Rainier, Don Redlich and Meredith Monk, yclept betimes as "avant garde." When it resumes at City Center, there is a return engagement of two weeks with the Graham company, opening the week of March 24, followed by a week shared by the companies of Pearl Lang, Talley Beatty and Donald McKayle.

Earlier Efforts

The dancers themselves had tried in the early days. There had been those seasons at Bennington College and Mills College. At least, two organizations were in the hatching stage — brought into my office by the brave hopefuls involved. One of these was a major organization, highly developed, and with superior legal counsel and structure. Corporation taxes were paid on it for several years up in those marble halls in Albany. But, like most other attempts, it grounded on the shoals of fund-raising. One of the most talented groups imaginable — and many more of the great were still alive and working then — it did not include anyone with a talent for raising money. Money may not make, but it does foster, miracles.

They *were* individuals. The very nature of this particular internal, subjective form of dance could produce only such. They had their differences of viewpoint. (True, they even tried to avoid seeing each other's work, lest they begin borrowing.) Sometimes the disagreements began to simmer a bit. And they did attract partisans whose boiling point was low. But the leaders were not at each other's throats, as was believed.

I was told that they were impossible and "it" was impossible when our office was invited to produce the first big collaboration at City Center in 1949. (We called it New York City Dance Theatre, avoiding that phrase, "modern dance.") All I did was to ask the individualists to renew their vows because we were undertaking this horrendous task as a showcase, long needed, *for them*. The opportunity was a rare one and it had to be seized. At that time, it was not only rare, it was unique. And it was only due to Morton Baum's enthusiasm that the invitation came. As usual, the only time that could be allotted was the Christmas season — in those days so unpromising that theatre unions cheerfully allowed lay-offs. The season was short (just under two weeks) — but the collaboration was the biggest up to that time — 12 choreographers represented. We promised 25 works, produced 29 with a total roster of 75 dancers, singers and actors and had a "special" orchestra (often augmented for the ultra-modern scores) with a battery of seven conductors (some of them composers). It was murder for Richard Pleasant, Donald Duncan and me — but not because of the individualists. They behaved handsomely. It was murder because we were operating on the lowest budget ever known on land or sea for that kind of producing project — $10,000. We took no fee and, in retrospect, I think we absorbed some operating costs in our office. But we were pleased when we were informed that the season had broken even.

A Seed-Bed

Of necessity, it was hastily put together — and not all of the best choreographers were represented. Such were the hazards of modern dance in those days that some companies were disbanded. We chose works of high quality, including some solo works.

With my own strong feelings about salvaging important works for a basic modern repertory, we produced, or brought back into repertory, several great ones, gave some their first performance in a theatre, brought some to their first completed version and gave several important ones their Broadway premieres. To do this, we also created a pool of dancers, like a basic company, to be used by those choreographers, who had no operating companies of their own. A need, which had existed for years! There were larger producing plans for later years. But, like most efforts in behalf of modern dance, it came to a dead end for lack of funds.

This joint-season plan was picked up and underwritten by the B. de Rothschild Foundation for several years under the management of Gertrude Macy, who both then and since managed a number of Martha Graham seasons. The companies or soloists grew in number, up to 13, and the seasons grew, too, up to three weeks. So did the deficits. After one of them, there was celebration at a loss of "only $10,000." (The orchestras and the productions had also grown.) Since then, there have been two seasons at the State Theatre. The New York State Council on the Arts (John Hightower, its director, always in the vanguard) made these possible with grants. They were produced by Roger Englander. But these, too, seemed to have come to a dead end.

The present project is *not* a joint season. It is a tighter collaboration. The move that produced the present situation was a "Do It Yourself" operation. In 1966 an alliance of five of the leading company-heads and their managers formed the National Dance Foundation with Charles Reinhart, manager for Paul Taylor, as President. The five were Merce Cunningham, Paul Taylor, Alvin Ailey, Alwin Nikolais and Murray Louis — all veterans of successful foreign tours, State Dept.-sponsored or independent, or of tours and projects outside New York. Taylor had had two short Broadway seasons with the help of the Barr-Wilder-Albee Foundation and has had one since. Nikolais had a base under the wing of the Grand Street Theatre.

How Far "Off"?

At a press conference that fall, they disclosed their purpose — to buy, lease or share a theatre *in New York. It was to be for* themselves, yes, but also for other choreographers — exactly the present operation, as it has developed. From the conference-audience came a suggestion of off-Broadway. Alvin Ailey's wry response was, "how far off Broadway — Korea?" Reinhart coordinated their efforts and the result was a grant from the Ford Foundation given, not to the companies, but to the host-theatres — $100,000 each to the Brooklyn Academy and Theater 69 and $285,000 to City Center. The N.Y. State Council on the Arts added $25,000. (Grants, as everyone now knows, must be given to non-profit organizations.) And here, the purpose *was* to provide a *theatre*. This grew to three theatres. The National Dance Foundation has now disbanded. But that's a "happy ending," as Charles Reinhart says, "we had accomplished our objective."

This business of getting a theatre may sound quaint to the Broadway Boys who read VARIETY. But it has been the besetting problem of the modern dance. Martha Graham, alumna of theatre-wise Denishawn, was the first to insist on going into a theatre — with her first independent dance-performance April 18, 1926 at the 48th Street Theatre. This hazard was caused by the stern rejection of the dance by Broadway house managers.

There was no such thing as a percentage-deal. The best was a four-walls-deal with all expenses on the company (including what would normally be house-expenses). Naturally, no theatre was available except in the worst season of the year — and on short notice. Notice so short, sometimes, that you didn't have time to advertise! (I have prepared ads with no certain commitment as to a theatre, many times.)

The dance got more respectable with Broadway house managers as producers like Gertrude Macy or Richard Barr dealt for theatres. But they were still available in the worst periods and at short notice. And the costs were not cut. They spiraled.

As long ago as 1940, when I managed Martha Graham's one-week season at the National Theatre, we broke even on the run, even paid some old debts, but the deficit was related to production costs. A pattern began to emerge. The element of loss is not merely in ratio to, but almost exactly that of those pre-opening costs, which include the preliminary rehearsal period for both dancers and orchestra and also new productions. This is not just my personal viewpoint. It has been confirmed many times by Gertrude Macy, who has managed more seasons than I have. And by LeRoy Leatherman! As cited by him, a Graham season — in a fairly good period of the year in as large a theatre as the Mark Hellinger — even made a slight profit but the loss represented those pre-opening-production costs. Pre-opening costs were $75,700. This included two new productions, "Cortege of Eagles" and "Dancing Ground." Operating and closing expenses were $127,774. The Box Office Gross was $132,000. The deficit was $72,000 — more than covered by grants and contributions of $91,600.

If old Spartan days are done, or so it would seem, something new has been added. And John Foster Dulles had a name for it — in another connection. It is "brinksmanship."

However, everyone involved is optimistic. Said LeRoy Leatherman, "This means a great deal more than simply getting a theatre. We've had that before. And it means more than saving some costs of presenting a run in a theatre. For the first time ever in the history of the Graham company, we are able to talk about tours in practical terms. We are able to say, 'We know when our seasons are. We can be rehearsed and ready.' We can go on tour at a definite date. And that, too, offers a saving. Do you know what that means? 'Rehearsed and ready' means that I can now try to reduce costs from a weekly 'nut' of $35,000 to $24,000. This means a future."

In the season 1967-68 the Rockefeller Foundation gave the Cunningham Company a grant for an administrative salary to get things in order. This brought in Lewis Lloyd. There was an additional grant of $20,000 for a four-week residency at the University of Colorado in Boulder, which had previously had Jean Erdman in residence, sans grant. The New York Foundation gave a grant to the Brooklyn Academy for the two-week Cunningham Spring season, that one so successful that it encouraged the present project. The same foundation gave a grant for $5,000 for a trip through South America. In August of 1967-68, three new productions were done. These were by Frank Stella, Andy Warhol and Jasper Johns (collaborating) and Marcel Duchamps. "There was no patron, no commission," says Mr. Lloyd. "We went into the hole for that." Plus other expenses, this represented a deficit of $40,000. "That is our annual deficit," says Mr. Lloyd. "After a benefit in December, we got back up to zero." "But, he adds, "*for the first time ever in his entire career*, Merce Cunningham has a guaranteed salary." Illuminating?

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Wanted: 'Male, 28, Arrogant'

By ARNOLD M. AUERBACH

My favorite part of VARIETY is Casting News. I never miss it. Some weeks I've been known to skip the Cincinnati picture grosses; on very busy Thursdays I just skim through Westport chatter—and once I think I passed up 8 or 12 of the writers' names on a Bob Hope TV Special. But miss Casting News? Never!

Not that I'm an actor, except when pretending to fight off a second drink, or a pat of butter in my baked potato. No, it's the *writing* of Casting News that stirs my professional interest and envy. Nowhere else in literature have I run across a prose style so lean, yet so vivid, compressing into a few pithy works the entire range of human character and emotion.

The adjectives, of course, are the secret ingredient. No shilly-shallying here; no temporizing with subtleties. If a man in a play is "sadistic, hateful," Casting News says so, by gar! But the adjectives don't come in just one key; they pique you with unexpected combinations. "Phone-operator, sexy, father-ridden . . ." "Surgeon, conniving, sports-loving . . ." What spectrums of complexity are here laid bare before our eyes!

And talk about eroticism! "Femme, lush figure, spirited, passionate . . ." What casual male, no matter how thin-blooded, thumbing the pages en route to Literati or Obituaries, won't pause, his pulses leaping, to sigh over so delicious a creature?

Even the smallest bit-part sounds like a show-stealer. What aging d'Artagnan, dozing near the Players' Club mailbox, doesn't yearn to rise from his chair and get his creaking bones up to 45th St. for a crack at "Male, 28, arrogant, black-eyed, eloquent?" No matter that Casting News makes these roles sound more dramatic than they often turn out to be on the stage. That just proves a commonly-suspected fact; most playwrights are too verbose. In fact, some of our more self-indulgent authors could take a lesson from the encapsulated style of "Subway motorman, poetic, self-deprecating."

Or maybe the guys who write Casting News should write the plays.

J. J. Shubert Saves Face

Seems there was a rehearsal of a new Shubert operetta, laid in Sherwood Forest. On the bare stage, the leading actor stepped forward and stated "I'm Robin Hood!"

From the back of the theatre, J. J. Shubert yelled "No!, No!" He stopped the proceedings, came down front and beckoned the actor to him. "That's all wrong the way you're saying it," he told him. "You should come out and say 'I'm Robin of Hood!' "

The actor tried to argue—but nobody argued with Jake Shubert. Nobody else in the theatre tried to.

So the rehearsal resumed, with the actor coming out and grandly announcing "I'm Robin of Hood!"

J.J. sat in the back of his theatre and nodded, satisfied. The author, who had been out for a smoke, returned. When he heard his deathless line in its revised version, he asked what had happened. Jake explained he'd thrown in the change. The author was appalled. "You're wrong—and for Pete's sake change it back, or we'll be the laughing stock of every New York critic!"

Jake thought it over. Nodded. But there was a certain problem in facesaving. Before the entire company, he marched down the aisle and beckoned his lead to him. "You know that change I gave you a while back?" he asked. "Well, cut out that *'of.'* Show's running too long already."

Max Wilk.

LSD Is Bad for Your Health, So Israel Scorns Stage Faddists

By JOSEPH LAPID

Tel Aviv.

Israel is square country. Not square enough to qualify for camp. Rather sophisticated, so you can't snigger. Well aware of the hip world, but rejecting it. Not with a bang, with a whimper. Here is the catch: you don't make an issue of it. Import the loudest, swingiest groups from good old Britain: The Tremeloes, The Marmalade. They come, raise hell, hell doesn't answer. They just fade away. Where have all the flowers gone? Nobody cares. We dig you, Harold Pinter, we do. You faker. LSD is bad for your health. Rather take gefilte fish.

"Here is my big idea, Mr. Producer. Two young men, in love with each other. Meet two Lesbians. No communication. Take pot. Go on killing spree . . ."

"Very good, young man, very good. Now get me a story about boy in the Army falling in love with girl in kibbutz . . ."

Dull? Not really. Rather quaint. The theatre of alienation, of non-communication is, after all, realistic. In an abstract form it deals with a real social problem. Walter Kerr may think that the guy who tears a newspaper to pieces—slowly — in Pinter's "Birthday Party" is representative of something. But he is a nut and a nut is a nut is a nut. So is a homosexual. So is a Negro who bites his white neighbor. And the potty ex-hippy turned yippy.

Life Is Square

Israeli art—film, theatre, even book—is square because life is square. Take such a simple sin as boozing. In more advanced societies—from Sweden to U.K. to U.S.A.—a drunk on stage, on the screen, is not interesting any more. In Israel he is uninteresting too. Not because there are so many, but because there are so few. According to the Tel Aviv police not a single car accident in the past year was caused by drunken driving.

Che Guevara was a bandit and murderer who tried to impose on the South American people a bloody system of government. An article to this effect appeared a few weeks ago in Maariv, Israel's leading popular paper. It was not written by the local eye of the Central Intelligence Agency, but by Ephraim Kishon, the country's leading satirical writer. The sort of man who were he in Paris, Bonn, London and New York would presumably be tearing down the facade of the Old Society.

Out of the 100-odd films so far made in Israel, 99 were straight as a Texas turnpike: a story, a hero, a villain and a girl. The oddball, "Hole in the Moon," which attempted to emulate the European way-outs, was given all the indulgent praise it needed to suffocate. The only playwright of stature who touches on the theatre of the absurd, Nissim Aloni, is always dutifully described as "the most important figure" in the Israeli theatre but audiences stay away from his works in droves.

How come? After all, the Jews are an inventive people, imbued with a great degree of intellectual curiosity. Anti-Semites as well as philo-Semites, for different reasons, like to point out that from Jesus via Karl Marx, Freud and Einstein, there hardly was a spiritual upheaval worth its mettle without a Jew in it. Jews have drawn nice little circles around Establishments throughout the ages. Why should the Jewish State be such a square?

Levi Geri is a high-ranking Government official. He is also chairman of the Censorship Committee, a public body—educators, critics, always one woman—embodies in the law. It can ban films or plays, in part or in toto. It rarely does. In fact, Geri is a most lenient man. Following the British example, he himself advised the Government to abandon censorship on plays. In the meantime sex gets a fair treatment from the Israeli censors. You had a nude on the stage in "The Peace" by Aristophanes and in a Duerrenmatt play. And films will get away with erotic scenes as long as it is not real dirt.

Not so cruelty. "Bonnie and Clyde" were cleared on artistic merits, but a film with similar content and less artfulness would surely get into trouble. And "Help," the English play in which thugs stone to death a baby on the stage was "temporarily" banned by the censors "until further consideration."

The point is, that these are all foreign products. With a few dainty exceptions—a glimpse of a nude model in the film "Iris"—homemade films or plays deal neither with the more ferocious aspects of *ars erotica*, nor with cruelty for its sake and others enjoyment. "Marat/Sade" was not rejected by the Israeli public. It was received with equanimity, which is poison for such a play.

This attitude, which makes the censor's task superfluous, is ascribed to the strong hold Jewish family life exerts on most of the people and Jewish tradition on some of the people. It is the sort of healthy reaction which makes any good hippy sick. The biggest scandal in the history of the Israeli theatre occured a few months ago, when Peter Frye, an American-born director, couldn't resist the temptation to "phew" loudly at Pinter's "Homecoming" in the Kameri Theatre. The purity of his motives would have been more obvious but for the fact that he is heading Ohel, a smaller and much less successful legit enterprise. For good measure a number of young poets and writers "phewed" Peter Frye's next production in the Ohel. What was the public attitude? Plague on both your houses. Who ever heard of a professor standing by while his brother makes love to his wife. But, then, a director shouldn't "boo" either. Not nice, not done, please behave yourself.

Don't Need The Lecture

The Israeli experience seems to indicate that when life is in strong focus, art doesn't go astray. Israeli existence has a very strong purpose—survival. Israeli society is united in confronting its external enemies and the Israelis do communicate—not only verbally, but mentally. All forms of art are important because of their un-

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THE THEATRE COLLECTION

A Broadway Producer Who Dressed Like a Bishop Helped Start New York's Unique Repository of Amusements of All Kinds— Home of Old Scrapbooks

By PAUL MYERS

(Author is Curator of the Theatre Collection in the Library & Museum Of The Performing Arts, which is an integral part of the Lincoln Center complex in Manhattan.—Ed.)

The popular conception of a library as an oak-paneled sanctuary presided over by a shushing little old lady is immediately dashed by the Theatre Collection of the New York Public library. In 1965, the Music, Dance & Theatre collections moved from the institution's lion-guarded edifice at 5th Ave. and 42d St. to travertine marble and glass of the Library & Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center. The Theatre Collection is now housed in redcarpeted splendor and is graced by lively, eager and (it is hoped) helpful librarians.

Paul Myers

The Theatre Collection is a lot more closely related to Sarah Bernhardt and Sophie Tucker than to Melvil Dewey. The staff is much more keenly interested in Clive Barnes' review of last-night's opening or the latest Nielsen ratings than in the American Library Association's new pamphlet on recruiting children's librarians. The holdings of the Theatre Collection, too, are not limited to the conventional, muftibound library books but extend to clippings, programs, posters, photographs, promptbooks, letters, original scene and costume design and memorabilia which recall the theatre of yesterday, record the theatre of today and inspire the theatre of tomorrow.

The initial impetus of the Theatre Collection came in 1931, when David Belasco offered his archives to the N.Y. Public library. The "Bishop of Broadway" stipulated that the material must be made available to the public and in September of that year, under the leadership and guidance of the late George Freedley, the collection opened to the public. Over the years, we have had the rare fortune of attracting additional gifts of their records from such as John Golden, R. H. Burnside, A. L. Erlanger, the Playwrights Company.

We have acquired scrapbooks recording the careers of Paul Muni, Burl Ives, Maurice Evans, Gertrude Lawrence, Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, Sophie Tucker, Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes and others. The shelves seem more a theatrical warehouse than a library.

Among our most used treasures is the Robinson Locke Collection of Theatre Scrapbooks, in which stage personnel—great and small—are remembered through clippings, reviews, photographs, programs and letters. Locke was the publisher of the Toledo Daily Blade and an avid collector. He amassed material concerning the folk of the legit as well as of film and vaudeville. His brother-in-law was Henry E. ("Adonis") Dixey. The "Adonis" was in honor of his most loved role, and his billing read, "Mr. Dixey possesses the most beautiful male legs on the American stage."

We are not solely concerned for the legit. Our shelves house thousands of movie stills, pressbooks of films, the scrapbooks covering the entire career of the late Capitol Theatre.

Television is a more recent happening than the Collection itself so that our files record the entire life of this entertainment medium—scripts, clippings, reviews, etc. Recently, we have acquired extensive runs of the great soapers of Elaine Carrington and Hector Chevigny—remember "The Second Mrs. Burton?"

On Jan. 30, 1766, when Garrick was told of the death of Mrs. Cibber, he broke out, "Cibber dead! Then tragedy has died with her . . ."

The players' art is such a fleeting mirage. The dramatists words remain upon the printed page and scholars can argue whether they were set there by Shakespeare or Marlowe or Bacon, but Kemble's Coriolanus and Booth's Hamlet and Merman's Annie Oakley drift off into reminiscence. Even the shifting audiences wreak a change on the films of Chaplin and the video shows of Milton Berle. Through word and picture, this evanescence is caught at the Theatre Collection.

Times Square, Piccadilly, the Prater, Hollywood & Vine, and Theatre Square, all converge within the confines of the Theatre Collection at Lincoln Center.

Flamboyant Pressagentry — 'The Road'

By JOHN Y. KOHL

Editor emeritus of Sunday Call-Chronicle, Allentown, Pa., and lifelong theatre buff, continues to contribute to the newspaper he founded. During the days of which he writes, he held the unofficial portfolio of pressagent for Allentown's Lyric Theatre.

Allentown, Pa.

Many tears have been shed on the passing of "The Road" but I often stop to wonder: What of the gentlemen who regularly traveled that now so dimly remembered route in advance of great stars and grand attractions?

These gents paused in each town just long enough to "fix up" with the local manager and leave batches of stills, mats, readers and specials for the local newspapers.

That was so long ago that most of them must by now have passed on but to recall this grand array of men, many of whom came to town annually from August to May, is to envision a rare breed, even for those days. They were indeed distinguished emissaries of Thespis in their erudition, their facility of speech, their poise, their courtliness — even their personal appearance. Frequently, the latter included flowing bowties, cutaway coats, pince-nez and canes.

Few if any had the spacegrabbing proclivities one associates with pressagentry. They took it for granted the newspaper editor would do for them what he could. Far be it for them to personally expound on the glories of the attraction but this very underplay suggested that most certainly the editor was already fully aware of all it portended.

And so, although requests were modest, even to almost an I-don't-care attitude, always they left enough copy behind to fill the need if a sudden softening of the editorial heart—or awakening of the mind — occurred, perhaps coincidently with a wide-open paper.

Sartorial Elegance

First to come to mind, because of his commanding presence and impressive proportions, is J. Emerson Cooke. Cooke represented the spectacle, "Mecca," among other productions.

Perhaps tops in sartorial elegance, Randolph Hartley wore a cutaway with silk lapels, and eyeglasses with an attached black ribbon. He was ahead of "The Butter and Egg Man." He always visited all the newspaper offices in town. There were five of them. The call was purely one of greetings. Shocked city editors promptly wrote a piece about the distinguished visitor and his mission.

Another who affected the cutaway was Ned Alvord who was ahead of Joe Gaites' "I'll Say She Is," a before-Broadway opening with the Marx Bros. making their debut in the legitimate. As for Mr. Alvord, who hustled around with his hands hidden behind the tails of his cutaway, he ranks tops in the lexiconic brillance of his copy. For the first time in the history of Allentown journalism, the chorus girls bore the startling appellation of "houris."

Every other agent knew Georgia Alabama Florida who was ahead of Ed Wynn's "The Grab Bag." He had a stock act of tossing his hat into the manager's office and then announcing himself.

Sometimes the pressagent was cast in the role of lecturer, filling engagements with women's or college groups, discussing Shakespeare, Sheridan, Ibsen. In such cases, the show usually had two agents, the second filling the speaking dates arranged by the first. Beauvals Fox thus followed D. W. Haynes for George Tyler's all-star production of "The Rivals."

The scholarly Fox was a natural for this type of thing, with his studious appearance, soft voice and facility of classic quotation. Among other attractions which brought him to Allentown were "Delicate Justice" with J. Hartley Manners and Laurette Taylor; Jane Cowl in "Twelfth Night" and William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes."

Charles Bachert piloted the Earl Carroll show, "Ashes of Love," to Allentown for its world premiere and starring the Countess of Cathcart. Sam Stratton brought Channing Pollock's "The House Beautiful" and the inimitable Mitzi Hajos whose annual visit was invariably marked by sellouts.

Charles Washburn, later a Broadway agent, heralded George M. Cohan in "Ah, Wilderness!"

Alex Yokel, who became a Broadway producer ("Three Men on A Horse"), came along with "The Man Eating Tiger," which also was an opening, with Sam H. Harris present.

Ned Holmes, veteran agent, always ahead of top things, notably, "Strange Interlude."

The annual tours of William Hodge, one of the great favorites of The Road, brought Frederick Calvin to town; Joseph Roble was ahead of "No, No Nanette"; Tom Kane, one of the best known agents and one whom every other agent knew, did his bit for "Pigs"; Jack Lacey came back often with such attractions as William Faversham in "Footloose," Earl Carroll's "Vanities" and "Greenwich Village Follies." At one time he had been a circus agent.

Howard Gale was ahead of Jed Harris' "Broadway" as well as "My Girl" for Nicholai, Welch & DeMilt, and Brightly Dayton put over "Abie's Irish Rose" for two weeks.

Wallace Munro bore the appearance and manner of an elder statesman. He delighted in telling me how he had opened Allentown's Lyric on Oct. 11, 1899. with Lewis Morrison and his wife, Florence Roberts, in "Frederick the Great."

I know of only two of my old friends still among the living although, of course, there may be others. They are Karl Bernstein who came to Allentown as a very young man ahead of "Twinkle Twinkle" with Joe E. Brown, and Nat Dorfman who introduced Allentown to "Craig's Wife."

Broadway's Wondrous 1920s

By NAT DORFMAN

It was the frantic, fabulous 1920s when I was first inducted into the New York theatre colony. Al H. Woods was then a prolific producer who often had 10 duplicate companies traversing the land. When reporters queried him on his future plans, he would say: "Rumor me something."

Mordant George S. Kaufman, who when asked what he thought of a certain play, fired back: "I saw it at a disadvantage, the curtain was up!"

Then there was the critic — whose name escapes me — who, in his review of an opening, reported "all was so quiet last night, you could hear a play drop." Even the kindly Kelcey Allen, who never panned anything, once rose in his wrath to say, "*The cast was well balanced. Everybody was rotten!*"

You remember the beautiful Barrymores, Ethel, Lionel and John, sometimes seen together, mostly seen singly. I was associated with Ethel when she appeared under management of Archie Selwyn in "L'Aiglon" in which Eva LeGallienne had the central role. Selwyn felt that top billing should go to Miss LeGallienne because she was the play's "hero." Actually, however, Miss Barrymore possessed the magic boxoffice name. Selwyn shied away from discussing the billing problem, but left it up to me to tactfully solve the situation. I thereupon approached Miss Barrymore hesitatingly. "You have no problem," she said softly. "Put Eva on top and put me at the bottom!"

I vividly recall Humphrey Bogart (no one called him "Bogey" then) and Clifton Webb who were appearing in Lyn Starling's farce, "Meet the Wife," in which the fantastically funny Mary Boland, John Drew's ex-leading lady, was the star. Bogart's salary was a meagre $60 a week, with $75 for Webb because he had already established something of a reputation for himself as a dancer in Broadway musicals!

I even now see the ebullient John Golden walking past on 44th St. at lunch hour with the ever "suntanned" Lee Shubert, with Golden doing most of the talking. Golden, who produced the Frank Bacon smash, "Lightnin'," among scores of others, once told me he was proudest of the fact he had written the lyrics for the popular song, "Poor Butterfly."

The pure theatre of the 1920s offered Grace George, Jeanne Eagles, Maude Adams, Mrs. Fiske, Otis Skinner, David Warfield, Raymond Hitchcock, Pauline Lord, George Arliss, Nora Bayes (who was one of the era's queens of song in her own playhouse atop the 44th St. Theatre where now reposes the NY Times), Richard Bennett, Holbrook Blinn, DeWolf Hopper, Elsie Janis, Sam Bernard, Willie Collier, Louis Mann, Al Jolson. Jolson once transported the entire Winter Garden orchestra at his own expense to a benefit just to make sure his song medley would be 100% truly Jolsonian.

Yesteryear greats like Maxine Elliot, Fred Stone, Julian Eltinge, Laurette Taylor, Leo Dietrichstein, the shapely Lillian Lorraine, whose back was worth a million dollars, Lillian Russell, dancing ingenue Marie Saxon, who died at 37, Helen Morgan, and such comical fellows as Joe Cook, Eddie Cantor, W. C. Fields, Bert Williams, Weber & Fields, Victor Moore, the one and only Fanny Brice, Willie and Eugene Howard whose unforgettable quarter from "Rigoletto" was delicious. And, of course, Ed Wynn, the first, if memory serves, to get a weekly paycheck of $5,000 from George White for his comicalities in "Manhattan Mary."

Yesteryear greats like Maxine

Just after World War I Manhattan had 70-odd playhouses, from Herald Square to Daly's and the Century above Columbus Circle.

Famous was the table talk at Sardi's, 21, the Stork Club, Lindy's, Reuben's, the Algonquin. At the last it was George Kaufman, Dorothy Parker, Heywood Broun, Franklin P. Adams (FPA), Alexander Woollcott, Edna Ferber, John Toohey, the elder, George Jean Nathan, H. L. Mencken, Marc Connelly, Groucho and Harpo Marx, Moss Hart, Arthur Caesar, Wilson Mizner, Wilton Lackaye, Walter Kingsley, Harry Reichenbach, S. N. Behrman and Kelcy Allen (a ringer since he wasn't a wit), Sam Hoffenstein, Morrie Ryskind and Harry Hershfield.

The Cheese Club

Then there was the Cheese Club, a gag organization if ever there was one, whose members, newspapermen, pressagents and cartoonists, met for lunch at the Hermitage Hotel, later Sardis', where badinage and jokes were served instead of good food. The Cheese Club gave Jo Swerling his start as a playwright by producing a script every Broadway impresario had rejected. The club, therefore, as a gag, decided to give Swerling his great opportunity, retitled the play "One Helluva Night," which it was. And to go along with the gag, Sam H. Harris was prevailed upon to lend us his theatre. The play lasted only a single performance, but so sensational a job did the Cheese Club do, among other things they sold tickets on a street corner — 42d St. and 7th Ave. — that society turned out and tickets were going for $50 a pair.

Sam Behrman, after being given a farewell party before a trip to Europe, changed his plans without informing anybody. Two days later George Kaufman spied him nonchalantly eating his lunch at Sardi's. Stalking over, Kaufman bellowed: "Forgotten, but not gone!"

During the first appearance in the United States of London's famed "Charlot's Revue" with the very funny Beatrice Lillie, the lovely Gertrude Lawrence, and the gifted Jack Buchanan, were going through their paces at a run-through at Atlantic City's Appollo Theatre. Back of the house in the darkness, loomed J. J. Shubert who, at the time, was preparing another of his many Sigmund Romberg operettas. Turning to an aide after watching for an hour, J. J. whispered, "This will never go on Broadway."

GREAT CURTAIN LINES

By EDWIN BRONNER

"Let's drink to the spirit of gallantry and courage that made a strange Heaven out of unbelievable Hell, and let's drink to the hope that one day this country of ours, which we love so much, will find dignity and greatness and peace again." (*Mary Clare as Jane in "Cavalcade."*)

* * *

"Hang me and be damned to you!" (*Jeanne Eagles as Sadie Thompson in "Rain."*)

* * *

"I'm telling you, Joxer, th' whole worl's . . . in a terr. . .ible state o' . . .chassis!" (*Barry Fitzgerald as Boyle in "Juno And The Paycock."*)

* * *

"O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?" (*Sybil Thorndike as Joan in "St. Joan."*)

* * *

"Madam will say nothing so long as you don't tell her. That's a good girl. It's nicer like this don't you think? Not that it means anything, but still, one feels less lonely, in the dark." (*Ralph Richardson as General St. Pe in "The Waltz Of The Toreadors."*)

Elaine May is staging "Pseudologues and Picaroons," collective title of an off-Broadway triple bill to be produced by **Lyn Austin, Oliver Smith** and **Seymour Vall.** The plays are "The Car Lover," by **Bruce Jay Friedman;** "Next," by **Terrence McNally,** and "History," by **Martin Duberman.** They're previewing indefinitely at Stage 73, N.Y.

Stage Faddists

Continued from page 193

importance—they exemplify the determination of the Israelis to carry on with their daily lives as if they weren't in danger. "Business as usual" includes such paraphernalia as the screen and the stage. It was rather typical that, during the Six Day War, the legit theatres let most of their actors and actresses join the troops as entertainers, while the older members carried on, like the London Windmill Theatre under the blitz, using the slogan "we never closed." How can you, under such circumstances, display perversities? Living people — really living people—don't need "living theatre."

In a country which is tenaciously holding on to its present while hoping for a safer future, little is left for the discerning artist but to use his distorting insight on the past. But then he is told, if you excuse the pun, to "cool de sac." He is hopelessly up against two walls: the Wailing Wall of the Biblical times and that other Wall, of the Warsaw ghetto. Hannah Arendt can possibly afford to accuse the victims and that other Shaw may play with the mixed identities of an Eichman and a Jew—but one can hardly transcend, in the artistic sense, such subjects in the country of the survivors. A Swiss playwright, Max Frisch, can reap immense success with his anti-anti-Semitic play "Andora"—in Germany—but in Israel it was received with the shrug of the expert when confronted with the enthusiasm of a dilettante.

"The Nuremberg Trial" faired here a little better, but no theatre is willing to stage Peter Weiss' "The Interrogation," about the Auschwitz trials. When life and death loom so large, there is little left for arts to say. In fact, the bitter soberness of the Israeli audience prevented the Kameri Theatre from carrying out its intention to produce Peter Brook's anti-American tirade on Vietnam, "US."

After the Six Day War a small group of young actors made a daring attempt to emulate the underground theatre of the West by presenting a play which condemns Israeli militarism. The production died mercifully, simply because the Israelis know that they don't want war, ergo the play is a phony.

Needless to say, all the films made so far in the wake of the Six Day War—"Is Tel Aviv Burning?," "Every Bastard a King," etc.—are taking the rightousness of the Israeli cause for granted. Cowardice on part of the producers, directors, writers and actors? Commercial considerations? These would seem the ready made accusations of "progressives" of all sorts discomfited with the unanimity of the performing arts in Israel. But what if all these producers, writers etc. really believe, just as the audiences believe, that they reflect the truth and that their truth is straight, conventional, patriotic and — horrible dictum — square? Should they abandon it, just to please the more "advanced" souls?

The medium is the "*missage.*" And if there is one medium which missed its destiny, it's certainly television. In the U.S. it became a wasteland.

'De Lawd' Was an Amateur

By MARC CONNELLY

It was a cold, dismal morning, four days before the rehearsals were scheduled to start, when Rowland Stebbins, (producer of "The Green Pastures") and I started our routine trek to Harlem. The day before, we had engaged the last of the sixteen small fry who would appear as cherubs and members of the Sunday school class. One was the small son of a woman who was to play the First Lady Angel and the free-speaking Second Cleaner in God's office. She was a professional, and she assured me like a classic stage mother that her little boy was too. This was attested by the business card she gave me which read: Jazznips Richardson, Jr. The Wonder Child.

Our taxi crept slowly northward through sleet and snow. It seemed as spiritless as we were. The prospect of another day of hopeless search for the one man without whom there would be no production was grim. In near-desperation Rowland had tried to persuade Dr. Adam Clayton Powell Sr., the Congressman's distinguished father, to leave his five thousand parishioners in the outstanding Abyssinian Baptist Church in New York to play De Lawd. Dr. Powell had the physical characteristics the part needed. He had liked the play but declined to leave the pulpit for the stage.

When we arrived at the agency, the agent had a scattering of new faces for us to see. Desperately we tried to picture one as improving with voice lessons, another at least a little bit taller with shoe lifts, this one's scanty hair covered with a wig, or padding on a tall, scarecrow-like figure. When the last one had been thanked for coming, Rowland and I were wordless, silently plumbing new ocean-like depths of depression. Then the casting agent came in from the outer office.

"I've got an old fellow here I just heard about the other day. He's not an actor, but he's done some reading in schools and certainly looks like what we're after."

Spiritlessly we told the casting agent to show him in.

In "Here Are Ladies" James Stephens says: "God came down the street like a man and a half." In a dingy cubbyhole of an office Richard Berry Harrison appeared with similar dimensions. Topping his six-foot height was a head of leonine gray hair. Below it, we saw a face that had managed to weather 65 years of struggle and disheartenment. It was a face maturely serene because of the dauntless inner strength of the gentle being who wore it. He spoke with a voice like a cello's. Gravely and courteously he said he had heard we were looking for actors and that he had been told he might be right for a part.

Mr. Harrison agreed to read th play that night. The next morning he telephoned that he had read the play. He had found himself agreeing that a great many Negroes interpreted the Bible the way the people in the play did. He was doubtful of his qualifications to play De Lawd. It was true, he said, that in Negro schools about the country he had read scenes from Shakespeare's plays and recited the poems of Paul Laurence Dunbar, who, he told me, had been best man at his wedding. He also questioned his ability to learn to speak in the dialect of the Deep South because his speech was acquired in Montreal, where he had been born. As the religious grandson of slaves who had fled from Alabama to Canada by way of the Underground Railroad, he had a final and much more serious question that must be answered.

"I know you weren't trying to make fun of my people when you wrote the play, Mr. Connelly, but I wouldn't like to do something that might make Negroes feel I'd let them down. I just don't know what to do."

I felt certain De Lawd's way of talking would not be difficult for him to learn and that with five weeks' hard work he would be completely at ease on the stage. His last anxiety was not easy to allay. One of Rowland's intimate friends was Herbert Shipman, the Suffragan Bishop of New York. Rowland had consulted him after reading the play and been assured that if it were properly produced it might be enjoyed by people of any creed. Mr. Harrison had told us he was an Episcopalian and agreed to let Bishop Shipman talk with him about the play and help him decide whether or not to play it. Bishop Shipman broke an engagement to talk with Mr. Harrison that night. The next morning Rowland told me the Bishop had called him after a long discussion with his conscientious caller.

"I don't know whether he'll do it or not," the Bishop said guardedly." We talked about *The Green Pastures* for almost two hours, and in spite of the bumps he has had from life, he is an unwordly man. A fine man with a conscience that has guided him all his life. He listened attentively to everything I had to say, but he said that before he made up his mind he wanted to go home and pray over the problem. He promised to call you this morning."

At eleven o'clock I was in Rowland's office when Mr. Harrison kept his promise.

"Good morning, Mr. Connelly, this is Richard Harrison." As if I could have mistaken that cello voice for anyone else's.

"Good morning, Mr. Harrison. I hear you had a good talk with Bishop Shipman."

"I did. I had a long talk with him last night. He is a very fine gentleman."

"He thought highly of you, too," I said. "Well"—and never was there such false casualness in a *well*—"have you decided if you are going to be with us?"

He responded with some of the finest tones a cello ever played: "I hope I can be with you right along, Mr. Connelly."

So 48 hours before those in the play would begin rehearsals by listening to a reading of it, Rowland and I came as close to uttering a prayer of thanks as a couple of agnostics could.

Hurok Hits 'Hair'; Sex - With - Taste Wiz Was Ziegfeld

By TOM DEL VECCHIO

Sol Hurok, indefatigable importer of the theatrically cultured over the past 50 years, patiently awaited the arrival at Kennedy Airport of his latest import—the 100-member Rumanian Folk Ballet. He looked startled when this theatre-minded newsman asked his opinion on the away-out "new" nude theatre which seems to be taking over.

"I walked out of 'Hair' after only 15 minutes," he said. "Filthy, dirty! It does not represent the cultural life of this or any other country. There is no room for this kind of theatre. I condemn it."

But isn't this the wave of the future?

"They will never take over the theatre," he assured. "Give them a little time and half of these bums will be in jail, and that will end it."

"But if as you say, Mr. Hurok, this is bad theatre, how come these plays are attracting such big audiences?"

Hurok ignored a gesticulating staff member:

"There are people who go to see sex and so they go to see 'Hair' just they used to go to Minsky's burlesque. But they are not presenting sex the way Ziegfeld did, with all those fantastically good-looking young women.

"There is also sex in the opera 'Thais,' where the priest falls in love with 'Thais.' But the sex is presented beautifully. Such productions make you glad you are alive, and you want to live longer just to see even more of the beauty in this world."

"What about plays like 'Waiting For Godot' and 'The Caretaker' and—and—?"

"I don't like that kind of theatre," said Hurok, with a wave of dismissal. "I hated 'The Caretaker.' I got up in London during the second act and shouted in the aisle: 'That's not a caretaker—it's an undertaker!' and I left."

Last of The Showboats: Part of Indiana Univ. Theatre Seminar

By PROF. LEE NORVELLE

(Indiana U. Drama Dept.)

Bloomington, Ind.

In the opening scene of "The Green Pastures" one of the children in the Sunday school class asks how the Lord ever decided he wanted the earth in the first place, and wanted it right here where it is. With pardonable circumlocution the teacher answers "De Book ain't got time to go into all de details."

One might ask, in this highly technological and strongly competitive space age, why Indiana Univ. with a statewide enrollment of 46,835 and an annual all-purpose budget of $105,000,000 would want a Showboat and what would be the likelihood of reviving the desiccated sheen of a vanished era if one could be had?

The writer, using the disclaimer that the space limitation set by the editor will not permit him to go into all "de details" will attempt to give partial answers to the above queries.

Writing in the N. Y. Times, July 12, 1959, Robert J. Siegel with nostalgic lament wrote, "Summer stock may be booming in the Berkshires and the Poconos. But along the great rivers of mid-America a once-proud theatrical tradition has come on bleak days. This summer for the first time in many years, there isn't a single showboat playing the river towns along the Ohio or the Mississippi, the Tennessee, the Monongahela or the Kanawha . . . For the past 10 years the Majestic has been the only showboat touring the rivers. But this summer its owner, Capt. Thomas Jefferson Reynolds, nearing 80, decided to retire after a lifetime of showboating."

The above article was read by the then president of Indiana University and the director of the University Theatre. After a conference immediate steps were taken to buy the boat. A call to Capt. Reynolds resulted in a conference two days later which resulted in the purchase of the boat, if approved by the trustees of the University. Approval was given by the board at its next meeting and the purchase was finalized Sept. 26. The entire cost was met by funds taken from the accrued surplus of the Brown County Playhouse, an auxiliary of the University Theatre, thus no tax money was used in the transaction.

One of the stipulations of the purchase was that Capt. Reynolds would serve as pilot and official advisor for the first season, at least, and longer if the arrangements were mutually satisfactory. The purpose of this stipulation was that his experience of 43 years of showboating on the Ohio River and its tributaries would be of great value to those who were eager, although without experience in showboating operations, to carry on what was believed to be a highly desirable traditon.

The Captain's first boat, the Illinois, was burned at Foster, Kentucky, in 1916. In this fire he lost his eldest son, Norman. Shortly after the loss of his first boat he built his second, the America. In 1923 he sold her to his brother and built the Majestic at Pittsburgh, Pa. She was commissioned that year and plied the waters of the season until the beginning of World War II. Not only did it bring live entertainment to the citizens of these regions but it also served as a year-around-home for the Reynolds family. Five of their children were born and reared to adulthood on it.

Drydocked By War

As a casualty of the war it remained moored at the mouth of the Kanawha river until the summer of 1948 when Kent University of Ohio leased it. Hiram College leased it for the season of 1949-50. During the 1951 season it was operated as a private enterprise through a lease by Wesley Eagan. Hiram College leased it again in 1952 and operated it through 1958. Throughout all these seasons Capt. Reynolds retained the ownership and leased it on a cash basis. He also served as consultant and pilot.

At the end of the 1958 season it was decided that once colorful and profitable showboat era had come to an end. Again the Majestic was moored at the confluence of the Ohio and the Kanawha and offered for sale for any purpose deemed appropriate by the prospective purchaser. The only offer made, prior to the one by Indiana University, was by a syndicate which was going to use it as a gambling casino. Thus the purpose for which she had been built seemed ended.

14 Showboats 1923

When she was launched in 1923 there were 14 showboats operating on U. S. rivers. In 1959 there were none making regular runs. Through more than three decades heroines had been rescued "just in the nick of time" on the stage of the Majestic, now it seemed there was no one to rescue the Old Lady herself. Just eight days before the deal was to be completed with those who would turn her into a river casino Indiana Univ. came o her rescue.

Why did Indiana Univ. want a showboat? There were three excellent reasons: 1. The success of the University Theatre and of the Brown County Playhouse had caused a significant increase in students enrolled in theatre courses and another medium for practical training was needed, 2. The University was eager to use it as a means of improving its image in the southern part of the state by offering services to communities which once relied upon showboat performances as their only means of professional entertainment, 3. It was a challenge to attempt to revive a colorful and important theatre era on the Ohio River.

From the announced date of purchase excitement ran high among the towns and countrysides adjacent to the waters where she would be in operation. Various communities offered to provide dock space free for the winter months when she would be tied-up. Newspapers, radio and television stations gave generously of space and time to prepare the public for the "Coming of the Showboat." Women's clubs and men's service clubs volunteered their services to promote the project. Small river towns cut the willows and repaired the roads which once led to the landings where the daily packet had stopped to discharge, and take on passengers, deliver and take on cargo, and at which showboats docked to provide the only entertainment available to those in the area.

At most of these no boat had landed for more than 20 years.

Nor was the excitement confined to the smaller towns. Large cities were equally cooperative. Although they had various forms of entertainment and some were visited by professional touring companies and also had their own community and university theatre they too were excited at the revival of Showboat entertainment. City officials and citizens cooperated fully and rendered many valuable services. One large corporation donated two large kitchen ranges and the largest refrigerator which they manufactured to be used in the galley. They also paid the shipping and installation charges. This is only one of many expressions of appreciation for bringing back the Showboat.

Fatal Heart Attack

Amid all of the excitement and joy of reviving the traditon there was one tragic note. Before the first season opened, in fact before the Majestic was delivered to her new owners, Capt. Reynolds while performing some daily routine aboard her, alone, suffered a fatal heart attack, fell from her deck into the river. His body was found some hours later.

Having relied heavily upon his experience in helping to plan and execute our first season, and upon his handling the boat, as only he could handle it, we not only lost a friend for whom we had developed affection and in whom we had great confidence, but we had lost a valuable guide and counselor.

His two sons, who were employed as pilots on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers on modern towboats, arranged to take their vacation periods at different times and one served as pilot for the first half of the season and the other for the second half. Although they were not experienced in handling a stern-wheel craft they did render valuable service and sacrificed their much needed vacation in order to honor their father's contract. They said, "This is the way he would want it and this is the way we will do it. We were born and reared on this boat." Their pay was negligible: their work arduous; their devotion filial.

25,423 Paid 50c & $1

The first season was indeed a rough one but we were rewarded with gratitude and patronage at the 25 countrysides, towns and cities wherever we stopped. We gave 87 performances before 25,423 patrons. The average admission price for adults was a dollar. Children were charged 50c. In the larger cities the price was slightly higher. Our total take for the 10 weeks run during the first season for boxoffice and concessions was $32,411. Our operating expense was $14,453.13. During the next four seasons we experienced a steady increase in patronage.

Near the end of the fifth season, to avoid colliding with a pleasure boat near Evansville, Ind. the pilot struck a ledge and tore a hole in the hull. The Coast Guard inspection resulted in ruling her no longer seaworthy. We were permitted to present shows while she was anchored at her permanent pier in Jeffersonville, Ind.

After the seasons of 1965 and 1966 it became obvious that an anchored showboat was not in reality a showboat at all. So the quest for a new boat was begun and the Majestic was reluctantly placed on the auctioneer's block. She has been sold to the city of Cincinnati, (where it has been transformed into a moored restaurant—Ed.) but the irrevocable rule of the Coast Guard means that she will never tour again; so with poignant nostalgia we say bye, bye, Majestic.

Is this the end of a revived showboat era on the Ohio? No! Plans are evolving for Showboat Majestic II. It will be modern including airconditioning, heating, plastic padded seats, 65kw generator, rigging and drapery, light and sound instruments and controls, and an intercom for boat operation. Seating capacity will be a third larger than the original Majestic.

With improved and enlarged facilities more students will receive practical training in the area of their major interest; with greater speed and power an enlarged area of patrons will be served during the 10 weeks' season; with larger and more modern stage facilities a wider selection of plays can be offered and the quality of productions improved.

DeLuxe Showboat, Circa '69

What will the cost of Majestic II be and will it be met without the use of appropriated tax money? The total cost estimate is $354,903. The sale of the original Majestic provided a modest but definite beginning toward meeting the cost. The University auditor's report for the five years the boat toured shows an average annual surplus of $10,959.92. The average annual surplus from the Brown County Playhouse is approximately $7,000.

Since these are related auxiliary enterprises surplus funds can, if necessary, be used jointly. The enlarged capacity and range of the new Majestic should result in a larger annual surplus.

Also there are a number of organizations offering their cooperation.

Whatever the difficulties of acquiring the sufficient funds for Majestic II they are being faced with much less apprehension than were those of reviving the showboat tradition in 1959 when the original Majestic was relaunched.

Patrons happily await the time when the nostalgic notes of "Here Comes The Showboat," "Beautiful Ohio," and "Back Home In Indiana" peal forth from the calliope (which, by the way, is the largest of its kind and was salvaged from the original Majestic before her sale) echo among the river hills and throughout the surrounding country side. Experience has proved that within a radius of approximately 10 miles this instrument of attention-getting is more effective than all other forms of promotion combined. Its raucous but persuasive sounds mingled with that of the whippoorwill are irresistable to children and adults alike — again "Here Comes The Showboat!"

A GRIM VISIT TO FUN CITY

Midtown Manhattan Today Repels the Outlander —No Redcaps, No Service, No Cabs, No Smiles —Makes Hartford Look Great

By ALLEN M. WIDEM

(Laments below are by the amusement editor of the Hartford Times following his most recent penetration of the Asphalt Jungle. —Ed.)

Hartford, Conn.

During the recent autumn my wife and I descended by New York, New Haven & Hartford for a weekend visit to Fun City. At Grand Central, no redcaps, though a teenage youth offered to help after the luggage was up the steps on my muscle. I gave him 50c to get a taxicab and ended going over to Madison Ave. myself to accomplish that task. At our Central Park South hotel my confirmed reservation of a moderate priced room failed but I was offered a suite at not too much more. And that was the introduction to New York City.

Another schlep up a weary elevator, the attendant unsmiling, and a happy dumping of baggage on the bedroom floor, a quick wash, and a dash out into the rain, past an unending, street-blocking line in front of the Paris Theatre ("We've *got* to see 'Romeo and Juliet' someday," wife intoned and I grumbled something).

Then the restaurant, smiling captain, a kingsized menu and interminable wait for choice delicacies, overpriced, undercooked.

We got back to the hotel, past the gloomy, crest-fallen appearing lobby, and went back to the suite, there to gaze soulfully at a late, late movie, and wonder aloud how much more glamor can I buy?

Saturday morning wasn't much better. My wife stumbled over a breakfast tray in the gloomy recesses of a darkly-lit 14th floor hall of this once-proud hotel, and we harked ourselves to fabulous (sic!) Rumpelmayer's, there to stand placidly in line half an hour for weak coffee, even weaker scrambled eggs, and a weary waitress' lamentations anent her tired feet.

We browsed in the afternoon rain, to Saks 5th Ave., where clerks couldn't care less, and somebody jammed an umbrella in my wife's ribs.

We got back to the hostelry, there to be confronted by a timorous maid begging our pardon for storing a bottle of her milk in our kitchen refrigerator. Another look at a weak tv reception, and off to brave the harrowing experience of walking in the rain. (Again, no cabs, no assistance from grim-countenanced hotel doormen), and to Lindy's, there to finally relax a bit.

We walked warily in the enveloping rainy darkness, past filthy garbage piles and filthy-looking passersby, and caught the 200th-plus performance of "George M," a most likable show.

At 11:15, we fought the hippie crowd for space on an over-jammed sidewalk and couldn't find a cab.

We finally checked out, amid a feeling of despair for what once was a first-quality hotel's atmosphere, and went over to Grand Central, where again we couldn't buy a N.Y. Post "for love or money," munched on a couple of tired sandwiches after waiting in line and sat on a train that bumped and crunched its way three hours later to Hartford (a kid pelted a window in our car with stones, necessitating a hold-over in New Haven).

In the old days we looked forward to New York visitations. There was a feeling of well-being in walking through the lobby of a famed hotel, gazing upon personalities known the world over.

This time, there was no glamor, only an imminent feeling of hopeless, facing weary faces, even wearier rooms (the paint was peeling, the sink was clogged).

What has happened to New York, the "Fun City"?

The pride's gone. The hippie element is bemusedly tolerated, the agonizing cab situation accepted.

Perhaps it might be well to label midtown New York a disaster area and start all over again. The key ingredient, hotel-and-amusement-wise, would well be enthusiasm!

'Youth' Influences Swiss Theatre's Sheltered Habits

By GEORGE MEZOEFI

Zurich.

Could it be that the worldwide youthful opposition against anybody or anything representing "the Establishment" may start to influence—slowly, but unmistakeably—such a heretofore "protected" sector as the Swiss legitimate theatre? Certain tendencies, first registered in 1968, seem to point in that direction.

For example, there has developed a marked preference, notably by younger theatregoers, towards the smaller legit outlets with a more progressive or even experimental repertory. This is reflected by growing attendance figures of such smallseaters as Zurich's Theatre an Neumarkt (up 20% in 1967-68 against the previous season, or 30,000 patrons against 1966-67's 24,000) or the same city's Theatre am Hechtplatz (87,000 patrons in 1967-68, or 9,000 more than the year before). Even the Bernhard Theatre in Zurich, which has a more conservative policy of light comedies, registered its highest attendance figure in many years (107,000 patrons for 353 performances) — indicating that smaller houses are coming into their own here.

Contrarily, the top Swiss legiter, the Schauspielhaus in Zurich, has repeatedly been a target for criticism this year for its repertory policy, deemed too conservative by those in favor of more up-to-the-minute legit.

The Schauspielhaus' undisputed dominant position in Swiss legit is being challenged by the city of Basle this season, where the two houses, Stadttheatre (legit and opera) and Komoedie (legit, smallseater), have been united and placed under the direction of Swiss legit director Werner Dueggelin, with playwright Friedrich Duerrenmatt as artistic collaborator. The repertory lineup of Dueggelin's initial Basle season shows a marked tendency towards modern plays and/or classics with a contemporary "message." Season-opener was a new Duerrenmatt version of Shakespeare's "King John," deviating considerably from the Bard's original play in favor of a more up-to-date interpretation.

The Zurich Schauspielhaus, it is true, is presently "between managements," as former artistic topper, Leopold Lindtberg, resigned unexpectedly last season, and his successor, Peter Loeffler —until recently director of the Berliner Festwochen (Berlin Festival Weeks)—was not available before beginning of 1969. Hence, the 1969-70 fall-winter season will be the first under his responsibility.

Things are also beginning to happen in such provincial cities as St. Gallen, where a new theatre combining legit, opera and musicals opened in the spring of '68. Built at a surprisingly low cost of $2,800,000, this 800-seater was the first Swiss house to stage "Hello, Dolly," in German. Average capacity of the St. Gallen house's first season is reported to have been a sensational 91%!

OPERA: BEGGARS IN TAILS

By ROBERT J. LANDRY

Two opera companies maintain extensive repertory, side by side, in New York's Lincoln Center For The Performing Arts. They insist that they do not compete, and let's say that they don't, except perhaps in their respective disclaimers of competition. Each has its own scale, $15-top versus $5.95 top, its own budget, its own community roots and musical purposes. Each faces constant deficit, aggravated by the endemic inflation which today blights all planning. Though the Metropolitan Opera income-expenses balance (balanced by contributions) runs around $17,000,000 yearly at present and this is six or more times larger than the N.Y. City Opera, each company distinctly is aware of the other and of the contrasting data.

These companies remain private enterprise by definition, but the term groans at both locations from an overload of subsidy of all sorts. Each opera is a perpetual beggar, rattling varying-sized tin cups, wearing evening clothes, of course. A moment of striking resemblance came last September when demands of the musicians union held up City's season start several days. That overture had been rehearsed at the Met.

There have been several recent occasions when the lesser and young company was getting better word-of-mouth and press notices than its neighbor. Against which stands the Met's unsurpassed nonchalance about critics. It has survived too many close squeaks and loud squawks. The Met is in with the town's surviving or would-be elite and has added confidence therefrom. The Met is so social it is almost on a Par with the Horse Show!

Nowhere in the world do two operas exist this way, cheek to cheek. Granted the seasons are unequal in length and the productions unequal in cost. City divides its 19 weeks between a fall and a spring cycle, whereas the Met runs straight through from Sept. 15 to May 1, one of the longest repertory commitments anywhere. An occasional singer is heard at both houses, but the practice is not common, nor likely to become so. Nor is there any exchange of conductors.

What has given City high marks in the past couple of seasons has been lively re-stagings of old works. Such is also undertaken by the Met but its stage directors, however prestigious elsewhere, bring less daring, or are permitted less. In any event, Tito Copabianco and Frank Corsaro have dared greatly at the City, and with resultant esteem. City has tended to avoid allowing the scenery to over-awe or constipate the production as was the case with the Met's new "Carmen" as re-staged by Jean-Louis Barrault. More effective at the Met were recent new productions of "Falstaff," "Luisa Miller 'and "Hansel and Gretel."

Oscillations

City scored a veritable coup de theatre with "Faust" as handled by Corsaro with settings by Ming Choo Lee and the electrifying stage presence of bass-baritone Norman Treigle as His Satanic Majesty. Even so, such a triumph came following a catastrophe the week before with a commissioned contemporary work, "Nine Rivers To Jordan," which prompted VARIETY to headline: *"A Ford Grant Is Not A License To Bore Audiences."*

Verdi and Puccini reign perpetually at the Met, in which connection there is the typical criticism of Met policy that it operates as a museum. Understandably since it has not had happy experiences with commissioned new works. These may provide something fresh to write about and talk about but they tend to alienate old subscribers and, rather worse, they generate empties in a house that boasts of 97% capacity attendance. The Met subscribers are not young folk and they typically resist loud noises in lieu of melody as they resist arthritis.

Managing Director Rudolf Bing of the Met (he's from Vienna) could tease his neighbor recently in noting that "our colleagues across the plaza do not exactly shy away from 'Traviata' and 'Butterfly' and 'Faust' and 'Tosca' and 'Carmen.' But since these operas draw full houses in both theatres at all times, nobody is harmed and all can be happy.' This was a witty, Bing-like reflex to the reputation of Julius Rudel, his like number at City (also from Vienna) for innovation and novelty. The implication, not without supporting evidence, is that even the "experimental" company cannot go too far in that direction but must also depend, like the Met, upon "300 years of genius." Admittedly, Rudel has an honestly-earned world renown as a dedicated friend to folk and modern composers.

Bored, And/Or Careful

The case for "museum" works is that they play, they sing, they draw. It goes for contemporary opera, as for Broadway musical comedies, that they're not writing melody anymore. The living present awaits the appearances of another George Gershwin. There have been too many modern composers come a-cropper at both houses. Skeptics will not take too seriously cautious composers who protect themselves from the dangers of opera by announcing themselves bored with the medium. They should be so good.

For sufficiently compelling reasons New York's cheek-to-cheek opera companies have to think incessantly about their economics. City Opera has switched to subscription, now sells 73% of its tickets by the "organized audience" plan. It has adopted a latterday sophistication in reference to deficits, speaking less of being subsidized and much about itself subsidizing every occupied seat. It started 25 years ago as a one week "season" and is now a $2,500,000 annual business with a permanent cadre of 29 stagehands, 44 to 70 pit musicians, 35 to 60 choristers. Under the latest contract the musicians rate around $250 a week, with rehearsal fees up from $6 to $7 an hour, and the company paying 3% to the welfare fund.

This every-occupied-seat unit of deficit calculation at City works out as follows: the opera-goer pays $5.95 but it costs the company an additional $2.80 to break even. Translated, the patron ought to be paying $8.75. For the difference City turns to its friends, admirers, paid supper guests and foundations.

(Since above was written City raised its top to $6.95.)

Rudel's Echelon

Rudel does not do it alone, naturally. His alter ego in administration is John S. White. He (Rudel) speaks of Hans Sondheimer as his make-do wizard of stage technicalities. Others who abet Rudel include Felix Popper, Thomas Martin, Dan Rule, Ed Joseph, Ted Mareinkowski. There are 17 listed conductors and music staff at City. That Rudel is the company's own best maestro is an advantage to it and to him. These last years have seen Rudel come into world demand as a guest conductor. This month (January) he is in Tel Aviv for the Israeli Philharmonic.

Since Rudel took firm charge (he had long been assistant conductor), City has presented a broad array of new operas with attendant rise in prestige. A random sampling of these enumerate "Schweik," "Wings Of The Dove," "Turn Of The Screw," "Golem," "Passion of Jonathan Wade," "Wuthering Heights," "Baby Doe," "Katerina Ismailova," "Bomarzo" and "Don Rodrigo." Some of the new works were accident-prone. During intermission at the opening of "Nine Rivers" an informal caucus of reviewers recalled other "worst firsts." An opera called "Gentlemen Be Seated," deriving from minstrels, was nominated. But nothing was ever so unfortunate as the pre-Rudel "Orpheus In The Underworld," remembered as more campy, if possible, than the Met's and Menotti's "The Last Savage."

Von Karajan

Both companies do rely for newness of approach on stage directors and scene designers. Interestingly, one of the most discussed of Met stage directors has turned out to be Herbert von Karajan via his "imported from Salzburg" productions of "Das Rheingold" and "Die Walkeure."

Eastern Airlines is paying $125,000 subsidy each to defray the special costs of the four new "Ring" stagings, which will be completed in 1970. The rise of the corporation "investor" in opera (for public relations sake) is a comparatively pioneering thing, and looms large in the hopes of fretters over deficits.

At the Met there has to be a lot of head-shaking about the future. Lauder Greenway, Lowell Wadmond, George S. Moore, Charles M. Spofford and the new treasurer, James F. Jaffray, are plainly haunted by sheer business dangers. They sit on an inflated balloon that might deflate. Despite the imposing boxoffice collections of $10,900,000, the Met a year ago needed $4,200,000 in contributions. Keeping the donations in-flowing is the agony behind the ecstasy.

Payroll Runs 76%

Met expenses are fascinating in their general revealed terms, would be more fascinating with specific salaries revealed. Artists stand the Met $6,500,000 a year, or 39% of operation. Payroll generally amounts to 76% of the costs of which "employee benefits" is a yearly burden of $1,200,000. Compared to compensation for artistic and administrative talent, the charges for scenery and costumes, transfer and travel and so on are minor outlays.

New productions, as such, are nearly always individually "sponsored" by foundations, corporations, rich individuals or the Met's own guild of constant supporters. Five is an average number of new productions (not new works) annually at the Met.

Not everybody understands that the Met is tenant, not owner of the new opera house in Lincoln Center, though the lease is not yet written, partly because experience will dictate the terms. Meanwhile, the Met is paying the operating costs. Separately, it did become outright owner of a fourth warehouse ($250,000) for scenery, somewhat diminishing the storage story as to the new backstage.

Less Secretive

Increased, if not total, candor is practiced today by the Met against the used-to-was mystery at the old stand. It was never entirely clear there who owned what as between one corporate entity and another, the building, the boxes or the bonds. They finally neated up the premises so that the Met could lease the old site to realtors who will pay it $200,000 a year stepping up to $600,000.

Nothing much is known about the turnover of subscribers. How many fall out? How many wholly new subscribers replace them? One hears that parking has driven many to cancel. Getting into the underground garage is hard; getting out after a performance is torture.

Exceptionally tolerant audiences at the Met proved otherwise in November when a soprano was booed in fine Italian style during "Rigoletto" and was substituted in mid-performance. Lobby gossip supports the idea of latent discontent with some performances and some singers. Security guards restrained the standees who were distinctly vexed with Jean-Louis Barrault's vaudeville-style "Carmen."

It is generally thought that Bing tolerates a minimum of nonsense from singers, but his real letdowns have been from composers and stage directors. It is a point of pride at the big house that it has every role covered two-three-four deep and there is no instance of cancellation because of illness of principals, though replacements have in some cases been numerous. There are 48 sopranos on roster, 28 mezzos and contraltos. Tenors number 30, baritones 25, bassos 19. There are usually some 15 conductors used rotatingly during a season.

In Bing's early days as managing director it was necessary for him to effectively inform all the singers, through the case of Lauritz Melchiors distaste for rehearsals, that the Met was not being run by the singers. Later there was Bings well-reported contretemps with Maria Callas and her long holiday from the house. These and some other incidents are variously interpreted by the lobby gossips. Is Bing a stern disciplinarian or only a realist aware that he must protect himself from artistic vanity? Less remarked are instances of Bing's appreciation for artists who come through for him in the clutches, as per Dorothy Kirsten a year or so back.

Bing certainly runs a tight ship with John Gutman, Robert Herman, Francis Robinson, Herman E. Krawitz, Reginald Allen and William H. Hadley on the bridge. Emergency is the order of almost any day, yet a repertory season running eight months, with a spring tour of seven weeks following, goes smoothly most of the time. The Met's great nights can be very great indeed. "Don Carlo" was superb recently. "Luisa Miller" for another, and "Manon Lescaut." Naturally in repertory the casting and the chemistry changes and "Romeo Et Juliette" or "La Traviata" can be pretty lacklustre at a given performance.

There remains the broad criticism of those who never have, or never will again, like any opera, any performance. They cry that opera is hopelessly antiquated, that it creaks in its mechanics, and that tri'lingly small innovations are "sensational" because so rare. Even Corsaro's much-hailed "Faust" at City Opera was not without some conceptual kinship to the "Urfaust" done as long ago as 1936 by Robert Breen and Thomas Wood Stevens in Chicago.

But taking into account everything of merit in the indictment of opera, on a clearly exciting night you can still see the glint of genius. Time may intervene and too-familiar works may pall but at its best this hybrid art-form has a lot of satisfied customers. It could not endure otherwise. And in partial proof of this stands Lincoln Center's cheek-to-cheek pair. Despite every adversity of now and fear of tomorrow.

Outdoor Drama

Continued from page 191

attendance was 123,000. Josef Meier's "The Black Hills Passion Play" was second with 100,500 spectators, and this production will pick up another 40,000 persons during its winter season at Lake Wales, Florida. The Meier production is formalized and stately with two hundred extras to support the professional players. It is presented only on alternate nights since the local extras cannot work full-time.

The biggest jumps in 1968 attendance were at Green's "The Lost Colony" at Manteo, North Carolina, and his "The Stephen Foster Story" at My Old Kentucky Home State Park, Bardstown, Kentucky. The Manteo play, granddaddy of "symphonic drama," increased its attendance from 54,000 in 1967 to 64,300 and set a new box office record. Attendance at "The Stephen Foster Story," which has been gaining steadily for the past three seasons, leaped from 47,000 in 1967 to a record 57,000 this summer.

Located at Branson, Missouri, "The Shepherd of the Hills," adapted by Mark Trimble and Hal Meadows from the old Harold Bell Wright novel, has a longer season than most productions. A new record for this show was set by its closing performance Oct. 25. About 83,000 tickets were sold.

Pilgrimage

With one or two exceptions the giant history epics are played near the actual locations of the stories they depict, and every effort is made to create a sense of pilgrimage in the audience.

Research of their audiences has taught the managers to sell the customer before he even plans his vacation, well before he leaves home. The awareness that members of an outdoor drama audience travel an average roundtrip of 400 miles with 3.2 persons per car and that eight out of ten groups have at least one child keeps the promoters aiming at the family traveller.

Production is all for nothing, however, if the scripts and performers fail to create theatrical excitement and empathy. There are amphitheatres here and there growing up in weeds and ruin from lack of theatrical know-how.

Some of the major historical dramas, the size of their amphitheatres, a word about their subject matter, their potential weekly gross, and the admission price ranges are listed below. Most companies operate on budgets based on income from ticket sales of between 50% to 70% of capacity.

THE BLACK HILLS PASSION PLAY, Spearfish, South Dakota. 5,616 seats. The story of the last days in the life of Christ as dramatized by Josef Meier. $44,808. Tickets $2-$4

THE BOOK OF JOB, Pineville, Kentucky. 1,389 seats. The King James Version of the Book of Job dramatized by Orlin Corey. Staged as a choral reading with world-famed costuming and makeup by Irene Corey. $18,000. Tickets $2-$3

THE COMMON GLORY, Williamsburg, Virginia. 2,452 seats. Paul Green's dramatization of Virginia's part in the American Revolution, focusing on Thomas Jefferson and ending shortly after a recreation of the Battle of Yorktown. $34,824. Tickets $2-$3

CROSS AND SWORD, St. Augustine, Florida. 2,000 seats. The story of the founding of St. Augustine by the Spaniards and the failure of attempts to Christianize the Indians. The story centers on Pedro Menendez, leader of the colony. Written by Paul Green. $27,348. Tickets $2-$3

HONEY IN THE ROCK, Beckley, West Virginia. 1,324 seats. Kermit Hunter's story of the personal and community tensions and problems during the Civil War and the creation of the state of West Virginia. $23,256. Tickets $2.50-$3.50

HORN IN THE WEST, Boone, North Carolina. 2,243 seats. Kermit Hunter's play about a Tory doctor and his family who become involved with the revolutionary element in the mountains of North Carolina during the American Revolution. $37,446. Tickets $2-$3.50

THE LEGEND OF DANIEL BOONE, Harrodsburg, Kentucky. 800 seats. A play about the Kentucky years of Daniel Boone by Jan Hartman. $13,800. Tickets $2.50-$3

THE LIBERTY TREE, Columbia, South Carolina. 1,256 seats. South Carolina's struggle for independence during the American Revolution as told by Kermit Hunter. $22,608. Tickets $3

THE LOST COLONY, Manteo, North Carolina. 2,000 seats. Paul Green's classic about the ill-fated first English colony planted by Sir Walter Raleigh. $28,920. Tickets $2-$3

THE RAMONA PLAY, Hemet, California. 6,002 seats. Garnet Holme's adaptation of the tragic story of the collision of Mexican-Indian and Mexican-American cultures as seen in the life of a young girl. $42,278. Tickets $2-$4

THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS, Branson, Missouri. 1,300 seats. An adaptation of Harold Bell Wright's novel about life in the Ozarks. $20,790. Tickets $2.50-$3

THE STEPHEN FOSTER STORY, Bardstown, Kentucky. 1,300 seats. A biographical drama of the early life of Stephen Foster by Paul Green and Foster music arranged by Isaac Van Grove. $22,956. Tickets $2-$3

TEXAS, Canyon, Texas. 1,200 seats. A musical drama about the taming of West Texas written by Paul Green and telling of frontier and cowboy life before the coming of the railroad. $17,400. Tickets $1.50-$4

UNTO THESE HILLS, Cherokee Indian Reservation, North Carolina. 3,000 seats. Kermit Hunter's dramatization of the tragic history of the Eastern Band of the Cherokees, focusing upon the life of Tsali. $48,246. Tickets $2-$3

CRAZY HORSE PAGEANT, Hot Springs, South Dakota. 800 seats. A pageant-like biography play about the life of Crazy Horse, including the Battle of the Little Big Horn. $5,250. Tickets $2-$2.50

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VAN CLIBURN
MISHA DICHTER
JAMES DICK†
PETER FRANKL
NELSON FREIRE†
ELENA GILELS
EMIL GILELS *(Summer, 1969)*
EUGENE ISTOMIN
NIKITA MAGALOFF
JOHN OGDON
GARRICK OHLSSON†
SVIATOSLAV RICHTER
ARTUR RUBINSTEIN
ABBEY SIMON
ALEXANDER SLOBODYANIK
GRIGORY SOKOLOV
RALPH VOTAPEK
RICHARD & JOHN CONTIGUGLIA *(duo pianists)*

Cellists

JACQUELINE DU PRE
MICHAEL HARAN†
ANTONIO JANIGRO
GREGOR PIATIGORSKY
MSTISLAV ROSTROPOVICH*

Violinists

LEONID KOGAN*
NATHAN MILSTEIN
DAVID OISTRAKH
IGOR OISTRAKH*
ITZHAK PERLMAN
ISAAC STERN
HENRYK SZERYNG
VIKTOR TRETYAKOV
WANDA WILKOMIRSKA
PINCHAS ZUKERMAN

Harpsichordist

RAFAEL PUYANA*

Flutist

ELAINE SHAFFER

Conductors

MAURICE ABRAVANEL
ANTONIO de ALMEIDA†
DANIEL BARENBOIM
PIERO BELLUGI
THEODORE BLOOMFIELD
PIERRE BOULEZ
ANTAL DORATI
JOSEPH EGER
LAWRENCE FOSTER
RAFAEL FRUHBECK DE BURGOS
CARLO MARIA GIULINI
HIROYUKI IWAKI
ANTONIO JANIGRO
MILTON KATIMS
PAUL KLETZKI
KIRIL KONDRASHIN
EFREM KURTZ
MAURICE LE ROUX
ARTHUR LIEF
LORIN MAAZEL
HENRY MAZER
HOWARD MITCHELL
HELEN QUACH
WITOLD ROWICKI
LEIF SEGERSTAM†
GEORG SEMKOW
ELYAKUM SHAPIRRA
EVGENI SVETLANOV
ANDRE VANDERNOOT
ALFRED WALLENSTEIN
IGOR STRAVINSKY
and
ROBERT CRAFT

Guitarists

JULIAN BREAM
ANDRES SEGOVIA
JOHN WILLIAMS
SABICAS *(Flamenco)*

Clarinetist

GERVAISE DE PEYER

Sopranos

MARY COSTA
VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES
ELIZABETH HARWOOD
BERIT LINDHOLM†
KAREN LORENZEN†
CAROL NEBLETT
ROBERTA PETERS
ELINOR ROSS
BELLA RUDENKO**
TERESA STRATAS
GALINA VISHNEVSKAYA*

Mezzo-Sopranos

JANET BAKER
GRACE BUMBRY
NEDDA CASEI
SHIRLEY VERRETT

Contraltos

IRINA ARKHIPOVA
MAUREEN FORRESTER†

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PETER PEARS
JAN PEERCE
ROBERT TEAR

Bass

JEROME HINES

Opera

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JU 6-2100

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Rockefeller Center, 57 West 48 Street,
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MO 1-2520

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Season's Greetings

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Frank Carrington
Founder-Producer

Angelo del Rossi
Associate Producer

Modern Dance

Continued from page 192

Yes, but characteristic of modern dance.

Hooray For Ford

"Thank you, Ford Foundation!' That's what I'd like to say," comes from Richard Barr. "This is one of the most expensive forms of theatre to subsidize. It's equivalent to a full Broadway production — and always with a limited engagement. Furthermore, it's repertory, remember, which has licked many a good man and true. Our losses on the last ten-day Broadway engagement for Taylor were $12,000 but that's in addition to gifts and grants of $10,000, making it $22,000."

This, too, is the year when a grant from the Lila Acheson Wallace Fund made it possible to buy the building at 316 East 63rd, which has housed the Martha Graham studios for some years, to create the Martha Graham Center. This will insure preservation — and revival — of much of the great body of Graham works but also a continuation of Graham training methods. It even goes beyond that. The land allows for the building of a work-shop theatre, to be used not only for Miss Graham's new works but for the works of other choreographers. And a drive is in progress to raise the necessary $300,000 for that. A "young company" is being formed, made up of advanced students, which will provide that long-needed "pool" on which choreographers can build new dances. A true creative center, at long last.

B.A.'s Busy Legit

Continued from page 190

Mistral and Ernesto Bianco, and is doing great, taking $110,000 in first three months. Ditto for "Segun pasan los anos" (As Years Goes By), a musical starring Lolita Torres, whose gross sales hit $144,000 in first four months. Arthur Miller's "The Price" ran for almost seven months, played by Miriam de Urquijo, totalling $113,450. Camoletti's "Secretissimo," starring Mirtha Legrand, cropped $81,000 in five months.

A notable success was "Juguemos con el mundo" (Let's Play With the World), a one-woman show

Jule Styne

OBITUARIES

GILBERT MILLER

Gilbert Miller, 84, Broadway and London theatrical producer, died in his sleep Jan. 2 at his New York home. Details in next week's issue.

BARTON MACLANE

Barton MacLane, 68, film actor, died Jan. 1, of pneumonia in Santa Monica. He had played heavies on screen for 30 years.

MacLane was born in Columbus, S.C., graduated from Wesleyan University, and attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in N.Y. After a few seasons in stock, he became a Broadway regular in 1929, appearing in "Subway Express," "Steel," "The Tree" and others. His drama "Rendezvous" in which he starred, was produced in 1932. He made film debut in 1924 in a Richard Dix football yarn.

By the mid 1930s, he was a Hollywoodite, appearing in a variety of gangster roles such as "San Quentin," "The Black Legion," "Bullets Or Ballots," "The Maltese Falcon." Most of his screen appearances were for Warner Bros. He also was featured in "Men Without Souls," "Big Town Czar," "Best Of The Badmen," "Western Union," "The Treasure of Sierra Madre."

In Loving Memory

MAUD MARIAN BISHOP

EDNA ESMERALDA

In 1960 he played in the NBC tv series "The Outlaws" as a U.S. marshal.

He is survived by his widow, the former Charlotte Wynters, a son William, a daughter Marlene, two brothers, Andrew and Oscar, and two sisters, Mrs. Ann Yost and Mrs. Rebecca Robbins.

DAVID O. ALBER

David O. Alber, 59, entertainment biz pressagent, died Dec. 31 of a heart attack at Memorial Hospital, Hollywood, Fla., while on vacation.

Alber, founder of David O. Alber Associates in 1929, represented many show biz names including Guy Lombardo, Dinah Shore, Bob Hope, Kate Smith, even Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, during his career. Radio and tv shows he represented included "Truth or Consequences," "The Real McCoys," "The Bell Telephone Hour" and others. In more recent years, the agency was moving into the corporation representation field with a wide range of interests from Parker Brothers (games) (to Procter & Gamble (soaps, etc.).

A native New Yorker, Alber worked briefly on the old Evening World, at which time he changed his name from Ostrowsky to Alber, and also wrote a radio column before turning to public relations. He was president of the now defunct Spot News Syndicate and Spot Feature Syndicate. He coauthored "The Public Relations Handbook," published in 1949.

In Loving Memory

Mabel Esmeralda

EDNA ESMERALDA

Surviving are his wife, a son and daughter, and one grandchild.

GEORGE LEWIS

George Lewis, 68, jazz clarinetist, died Dec. 31 in Tuoro Infirmary, New Orleans, from pneumonia and Hong Kong flu. The self-taught musician gained international renown as a jazz musician whose style influenced many later clarinetists.

A native of New Orleans, Lewis bought his first clarinet at the age of 10 from a pawnshop, and made his professional debut at 13. For the next few years he worked with the Black Eagle, Buddy Petit's Black and Tan, and his own band. During the 1930s Depression he worked for the WPA during the day and with bands at night. He came north in the '40s with the late Willie (Bunk) Johnson, taking over that band when Johnson retired. Playing Childs' Paramount Restaurant, Lewis typically gave customers a mixture of jazzed-up hymns and ribald tunes from the Storyville district. He later took a band to England and the Continent.

MARY FIELD

Mary Field, 72, film writer and director, died Dec. 23 at Worthing, England.

She specialized in documentary films for children, especially concerning animals and nature. She began her career as a history school teacher before joining Bruce Woolfe as education manager at British Instructional Films.

She joined British Independent producers and then G.B. Instructional Films to make "Secrets of Life" and "Secrets of Nature." She later became exec producer for all films made for Rank's Childrens Clubs, joined the Board of Censors, and became an exec officer of the Children's Film Foundation, a Fellow of the British Film Academy and chairman of the International Centre of Films for Children in Brussels.

From 1959-1963, when she retired, she was children s program consultant for ATV and ABC Television companies.

FREDERICK TRIPP

Frederick Tripp, 76, actor, died recently in London. He made his stage debut at the Standard, Pimlico, in vaude in 1906. He appeared on stage, behind scenes and as house manager for seven years for Tod Slaughter, then became stage director for Seymour Hicks.

After years of producing repertory all over United Kingdom he directed his first panto in 1916 and did 16 more with top artists before retiring in 1960.

Mother was a dancer with Espinosa, father an extra with Tree and Irving, and his wife, who survives him, was actress Maud Diamond.

In Memory of

CAPT. BILLY BRYANT

Who Passed Away Jan. 26, 1968

His Loving Wife and Daughter

Josephine and Betty

VAN NEST POLGLASE

Van Nest Polglase, 70, veteran art director who started his career in 1919 with the old Famous Players-Lasky in N.Y., died in Hollywood, Dec. 20, as result of burns sustained when his robe caught fire from a lighted cigaret while asleep.

From 1927 to 1932 he was supervising art director at Paramount, and was with RKO until 1943, when he swung over to Columbia Pictures. He retired in late 1950s'.

Son survives.

HUGH WILEY

Hugh Wiley, 84, short story writer and screenwriter, died Dec. 30 of pneumonia and a heart ailment at his home in Berkeley, Calif. His most popular tales were a series called "Wildcat," about a Negro soldier in San Antonio. Another series was set in Frisco's Chinatown.

He was published regularly in the Saturday Evening Post and also wrote extensively for motion pictures.

FRANK E. BANTA

Frank E. Banta 72, retired NBC radio pianist, died Dec. 27 in Avon, N.J. Born in New York, he joined NBC in 1926 and remained for a 25 year tenure. He was pianist for fledgling radio show "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" among others. Besides making several recordings, he played the European circuit three times as accompanist for singing quarter, The Revelers.

His widow, Cecelia, survives.

COL. MYRON STOUN

Col. Myron Stoun, 58, died in Detroit, Dec. 14, after a long illness. His wife, Sylvia, had a nightclub act, Saucy Sylvia, which was based in recent years in Detroit with side trips to Las Vegas and Miami.

Poor health forced early retirement upon Stoun, and he devoted his late years to managing Sylvia through her club and recording dates.

JAMES E. BALMER

James E. Balmer, 76, one of original founders of the Variety Club, died in Pittsburgh, Dec. 7. He was a retired vice president of the John Harris Enterprises.

He was active in every branch of show biz and was with the "Ice Capades" for many years.

Survived by wife, two sons and a daughter.

GALINA TALVA

Galina Tzvetckoff Vilkov, 41, who acted under the name of Galina Talva, died Dec. 27 in Washington. She had played a supporting role to John Gielgud in "Crime and Punishment" and was in the cast of "Call Me Madam" on Broadway .

Survived by husband, her parents and three children.

LAURENCE BARNETT

Laurence Barnett, film sales manager in London since 1954, died Dec. 22, in that city. He was London manager for Associated British Film Distributors before the last world war. He was first salesman employed by Walt Disney when setting up the Disney sales force here.

Survived by wife and daughter.

CATHERINE FERGUSON

Catherine Ferguson, age unreported, actress was killed in an auto crash Dec. 8 near Chester, England. She was due to have played lead in "Billy Liar" at the Chester Gateway.

House manager Romi Chopra and studio director Roshan Seth were both injured in the accident.

JERRY SMITH

Jerry Smith, about 65, a former vaudevillian who teamed with his wife, Marie Hart, died Dec. 20 in Hollywood. Fla.. where he operated a realty office. They played Loew's State, N.Y., in 1926 as well as other choice houses around the circuit.

He played straight for his wife, who survives.

DAVID LUNDY

David Lundy, former prez of Blair Television, died Dec. 27 in Sacramento, Calif. following a lengthy illness. Lundy, who joined John Blair & Co. in 1958, was named Blair TV prez in 1962 and most recently had served as west coast tv consultant for the station rep firm.

Survived by wife and daughter.

VINCENT S. ANDREWS

Vincent S. Andrews, 66, business manager for various theatrical personalities, died in New York, Jan. 2, following a brief illness. Survived by wife, two sons and brother. One son Vincent Jr., manages the California office.

Louis Druzinsky, 66, musician who had played with numerous orchestras, died Dec. 20 in Miami Beach, Fla. He was member of Greater Miami Philharmonic. In New York, he had played with the NBC orch, under Toscanini. Survived by wife, daughter, son and two sisters.

Walter Perner Sr., retired bandleader, died Dec. 13 in Florida. He was the resident bandleader at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York for years. His son, Walter Jr., is managing director of Loretto-Hilton Theatre, Webster Groves, Mo.

Al Lo Zito, 63, violinist for the last 10 years with Singing Strings at Miami Springs Villas, died Dec. 23 in Miami. He went there 22 years ago from New York. Survived by his wife, two sons, daughter, two brothers and three sisters.

MARRIAGES

Lila Kedrova to Richard Howard, Dec. 31, Sault Sainte Marie, Ont. She is Oscar-winning Russian-born film player; he's a stage director.

Leslie Caron to Michael Laughlin, Jan. 1, Jamaica, B.W.I. Bride is actress; groom is film producer.

Sara Miller Suchoff to Dr. Jesse Donald Stark, New York, Dec. 20. Bride is print booker at Gotham's Pathe Contemporary Films.

Drama-Going In London

Continued from page 3

the stars, some flat autobiographical "gen," the info that the play takes place in two acts in one set, the "relevant" fact that the hero's sweater is provided by Jaeger's and that the theatre's disinfected with Jeyes Fluid. Exceptions are the Royal Court, the National Theatre and the Mermaid who try to provide good informative programs — at a price. First night programs are usually free but grudgingly dished out. Some theatres limit free programs to one between two people which makes the gesture seem like a pauper's outing.

BARS: This is an exciting thing to Yanks, modified rapture. Most theatre bars are run by outside interests and the average London theatre bar is a bad joke. They're understaffed, and measures are usually smaller and more expensive than in the average saloon. To slake one's thirst, in the madding congestion at intervals, is an operation that has to be approached with patience, cunning. Does temper help? Opinion is divided.

STAFF: This, of course, is a generalisation. Start with managers. Once they were conspicuous, per Frank Boor at the Hippodrome and Sam Harbour at the Coliseum, but managers now are not "outgoing" greeters. Most managers are amiable men and efficient, but it is not this generation's way to exude "welcome."

In London, unlike Paris, no pourboire is needed for an usherette — and that's as well, for few of them rate it. Most of them seem quite inexperienced and uninterested. Some aren't even polite. Some even leave customers to find their own seats.

And how those commissionaires glory in locking up the exits almost before the cast have reached their dressingrooms.

CLOAKROOMS: Usually badly sited, overcrowded and with no queue system. In many theatres the standard price of 6c has quietly sneaked up and a dispatch case or umbrella will be charged extra to the coat. And then there's that little dish of silver on the counter which invites a contribution.

BOOKING SEATS: Most box-office managers are polite and patient (for theatregoers planning a visit to a theatre are notoriously screwy) but there are still snags. Telephonic communication during the day is a major headache, if the show's a hit. If a person does manage to break through Outer Space and book seats they have to be collected way before curtain-time, which can be an inconvenience. Of course, seats can be booked through brokers — sometimes. That, naturally, is an extra hike on the cost of ducats.

CURTAIN-TIME: The early opening of theatres, a necessary wartime measure, has now settled down, mainly, to 7:30 p.m. or 8. An awkward hour, providing too little time to eat comfortably before the show and often too little afterwards, unless the customer is able to patronise a fashionable club or restaurant. Most Londoners feel 8 p.m. should now be the very earliest for a combination of pleasure and convenience.

The theatre here, unlike the cinema, football matches, shop opening, is still extraordinarily slaphappy in starting on time. Late opening on a firstnight is now an accepted practice, but it frequently happens on other nights. Latecomers are always a nuisance but often it's not their fault, taxi and traffic problems being what they are. But many people now bank on the fact that curtains will go up late automatically, which is a bore for those who have made adequate provision to get to the theatre in time.

SMOKING: There's no consistency. A few theatres still permit it. It should be allowed everywhere or banned everywhere.

Inadequate notice when a leading player is unable to appear. However worthy the sub it means that a customer is probably getting less star value for the same cash. The habit of stars not wishing to play for more than six months can prove a disappointment to the average visitor. Sometimes a new star is hired of equal stature. But not always. Often the management will rely on the play itself carrying the newcomer. Sometimes it works. But not always.

To make a splash and take a girl to a theatre these nights is a hefty dent in the pocket. What with two stalls, programs, cloakrooms, interval drinks, a modest supper after the show plus taxi fares or the possibility of a parking fine if a man's lucky enough to find a space for his car) the cost of a theatre evening mounts up alarmingly without the escort trying to outshine Onassis. If he gets away with an expenditure of around $25-30 in pounds he can feel relieved — but the chick won't regard him as one of the Last of the Great Spenders.

Eyeball to Eyeball

Continued from page 3

of a silver tray which was a replica of a tv dinner.

Marion, who addressed the 1,200 distinguished guests—all wives of men who also were unable to attend the dinner because they, too, were watching the Orange Bowl game—said, "This is probably one of the great moments in Harry's life, and he told me during a commercial, just before I was leaving for the dinner, that he wanted all of you to know that if he could have possibly got out of his chair, he would have been here tonight.

"Harry wanted to say that this trophy belongs not only to him but to all the people who made it possible—Robert Sarnof of NBC, William Paley of CBS, Leonard Goldenson of ABC and the announcers, the cameramen, the technicians, down to the lowliest soundmen who gave so much of their time and effort to make him look good."

In presenting the award Mrs. Robert Yoakum, standing in for her husband who was supposed to be master of ceremonies, said that Dalinsky had not missed one football game that was televised in 1967 including all the preseason contests as well as reruns of games from former years.

His eyeballs had covered more yardage and he had passed up more meals and caught more hell from his family than any football-watcher of the year.

Mrs. Yoakum said that Dalinsky had received 34,578 votes. The runnerup for the trophy was Gordon Manning of New Canaan, Conn., who had been the league's leading watcher until late into November, when unfortunately his house burned down. By the time the fire was out, Manning was only able to catch the last half of the New York Giants-Minnesota Vikings game, and he never was able to regain his stride.

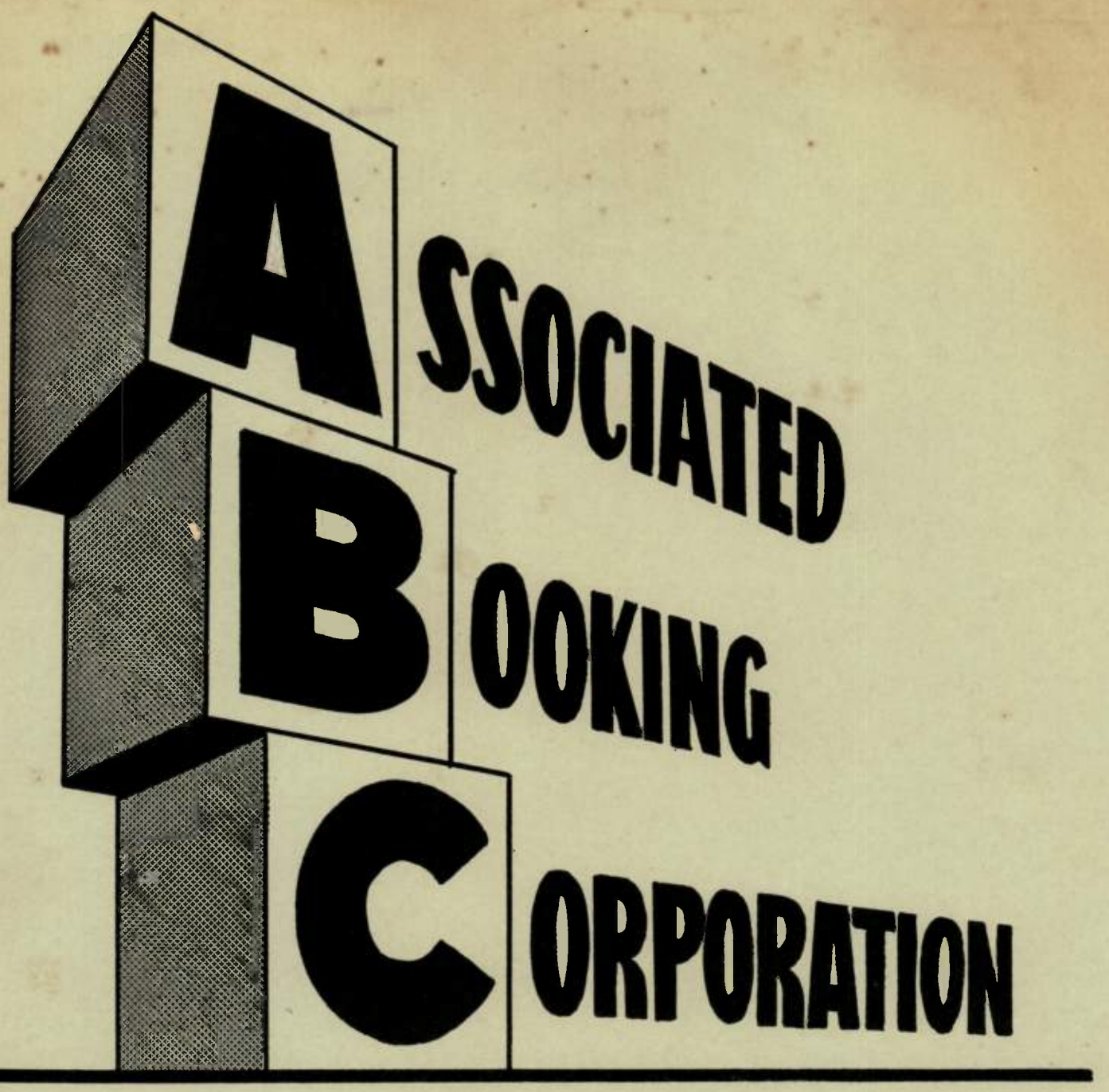
The highlight of the evening were films of Dalinsky watching some of the great football plays of the year. One was of Dalinsky sitting on the edge of his chair as Chicago's Gale Sayers ran a 100-yard kick return. Another showed Dalinsky drinking a beer as the Los Angeles Rams' Fearsome Foursome smeared Baltimore's Johnny Unitas, and a third historical shot showed Dalinsky on his feet changing channels to watch the New York Jets' Joe Namath pass for a 60-yard touchdown play.

One film, shot by director Andy Warhol, showed Dalinsky sitting staring at his set for three hours without moving a muscle. It is considered one of the greatest underground films ever made.

Mrs. Tony Bradley, whose husband was chairman of the awards committee, wound up the evening by saying, "The most valuable television football-watcher's award is given to a person, not only because of his viewing ability in the livingroom, but because he exemplifies the spirit and traditions of the American husband who eyeball-to-eyeball has devoted his life to watching football on tv.

"It is the Harry Dalinskys of this world that have made tv football viewing what it is today, and an inspiration to the youth of the country, who someday will be watching football themselves."

After the dinner, reporters found Mrs. Dalinsky sitting at a table all alone. When asked what she was doing there, she replied, "Harry told me not to come home until the Orange Bowl game was over."



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Yes, this is Phyllis Diller, making her dramatic motion picture debut in
Universal's "The Adding Machine," co-starring Milo O'Shea and Sydney Chaplin.