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103rd YEAR

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1973 ITINERARY
83 ENGAGEMENTS

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Jan. 9-Jan. 14	St. Petersburg, Fla.
Jan. 15-Jan. 17	TV Taping-St. Petersburg
Jan. 19-Jan. 23	West Palm Beach, Fla.
Jan. 24-Jan. 30	Miami, Fla.
Feb. 1-Feb. 4	Jacksonville, Fla.
Feb. 6-Feb. 11	Greensboro, N.C.
Feb. 13-Feb. 14	Macon, Ga.
Feb. 16-Feb. 19	Fayetteville, N.C.
Feb. 21-Feb. 27	Richmond, Va.
Mar. 1-Mar. 12	Baltimore, Md.
Mar. 14-Mar. 18	Raleigh, N.C.
Mar. 20-Mar. 25	Norfolk, Va.
Mar. 27-May 28	New York, N.Y.
May 30-June 5	Philadelphia, Pa.
June 7-June 10	Hershey, Pa.
June 14-June 17	Little Rock, Ark.
June 20-June 24	Oklahoma City, Okla.
June 27-July 1	Dallas, Tex.
July 2-July 3	Fort Worth, Tex.
July 5-July 9	San Antonio, Tex.
July 11-July 15	Phoenix, Ariz.
July 17-July 22	Tucson, Ariz.
July 24-Aug. 8	Los Angeles, Calif.
Aug. 9-Aug. 12	Long Beach, Calif.
Aug. 13-Aug. 21	Anaheim, Calif.
Aug. 23-Aug. 28	Oakland, Calif.
Aug. 29-Sept. 3	San Francisco, Calif.
Sept. 5-Sept. 9	Fresno, Calif.
Sept. 11-Sept. 16	San Diego, Calif.
Sept. 19-Sept. 23	Denver, Colo.
Sept. 26-Sept. 30	Cincinnati, Ohio
Oct. 2-Oct. 22	Chicago, Ill.
Oct. 25-Oct. 28	Ottawa, Ont., Can.
Oct. 30-Nov. 4	Quebec City, Que., Can.
Nov. 7-Nov. 18	Nassau County, L.I., N.Y.
Nov. 20-Nov. 25	New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 27-Dec. 2	Springfield, Mass.

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Mar. 20-Mar. 25	Knoxville, Tenn.
Mar. 27-April 1	Charlotte, N.C.
Apr. 4-Apr. 30	Washington, D.C.
May 3-May 9	Toronto, Ont.
May 10-May 13	Kitchener, Ont.
May 15-May 28	Boston, Mass.
May 30-June 3	Providence, R.I.
June 7-June 10	Hampton, Va.
June 15-June 17	Lubbock, Tex.
June 19-June 20	Albuquerque, N.M.
June 22-June 24	El Paso, Tex.
June 26-June 27	Amesbury, Tex.
June 29-July 2	Tulsa, Okla.
July 5-July 11	Houston, Tex.
July 13-July 15	Lake Charles, La.
July 17-July 18	Mobile, Ala.
July 20-July 22	Monroe, La.
July 24-July 25	Jackson, Miss.
July 27-July 30	Memphis, Tenn.
Aug. 2-Aug. 5	Des Moines, Iowa
Aug. 7-Aug. 8	Waterloo, Iowa
Aug. 10-Aug. 13	Omaha, Iowa
Aug. 15-Aug. 19	Kansas City, Mo.
Aug. 22-Aug. 28	Salt Lake City, Utah
Sept. 5-Sept. 2	Spokane, Wash.
Sept. 12-Sept. 10	Seattle, Wash.
Sept. 19-Sept. 16	Portland, Ore.
Sept. 27-Sept. 23	Vancouver, B.C., Can.
Oct. 2-Oct. 3	Bloomington, Minn.
Oct. 5-Oct. 7	Duluth, Minn.
Oct. 9-Oct. 10	Champaign, Ill.
Oct. 11-Oct. 14	Madison, Wis.
Oct. 16-Oct. 17	Milwaukee, Wisc.
Oct. 18-Oct. 21	Bloomington, Ind.
Oct. 23-Oct. 28	Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 30-Nov. 4	Nashville, Tenn.
Nov. 6-Nov. 11	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Nov. 13-Nov. 18	Detroit, Mich.
	Cleveland, Ohio

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190 PAGES

MEDIA MIRROR V-FOR-VIOLENCE

\$17 Billion Arena-Auditorium Biz Seen On Threshold Of New Growth

By DON L. JOHNSTON

(President, International Assn. of Auditorium Managers)

Chicago.

Recently, I was asked if our segment of the entertainment business was in danger of overexpanding. The answer is a resounding "no," with an exclamation point that emphasizes a strong conviction that most assuredly we've hardly scratched the surface.

The decade of the 1960s saw a tremendous growth in the number of new assembly facilities throughout the U.S. and Canada.

Of the more than \$16,600,000,000 invested in facilities now completed and in operation, at least half that amount was expended since 1960. It is further estimated that an additional \$660,000,000 in facilities are presently in planning, designing or construction stages. And feasibility studies for facility sites are underway in numerous other cities.

An updated profile of the International Assn. of Auditorium Managers pinpoints the following salient characteristics:

Over 625 executives, responsible for the management of the prime public assembly buildings on the North American continent.

More than 400 building structures, representing billions of dollars of publicly and privately invested funds.

In excess of 30,000,000 square (Continued on page 70)

Cannes Film Festival Attracts Some 20,000 Worldwide Pix Pros

By MAURICE BESSY
(Director General Cannes Film Festival)

Paris.

The Cannes Film Festival, statistically, means 20,000 film industry professionals, including journalists, coming from all parts of the world for two weeks during which they are faced with 400 films.

Writers and film creators, players and technicians, producers and even promoters are faithful to that annual rendezvous. And it is worth noting the care that each participating nation brings to their competing films with their privileged values.

Of course, one cannot see everything, nor meet everybody; but each has the chance, both businessmen and artists, to get an idea of new film tendencies, outlooks and the essential new orientations of the empire of images. (Continued on page 72)

THE INVENTION OF TV

By ART BUCHWALD

Washington.

The question came up at dinner the other night when people were discussing the Tory victory in Great Britain.



Art Buchwald

"It's quite simple, my dear chap. There was no television."

"Of course," someone else said, (Continued on page 68)

Advocates A New U.S. Cabinet Post: Secy. Of Leisure

By MORRIS L. ERNST

Every few days in our youthful Republic, we stretch our wings, evoke dreams and ther of course create new cabinet posts in our national and state governments. In 1893 we established Commerce & Labor, and 20 years later split it up into two separate vast departments of Government.

I suggest we now set up a Department of Leisure because our greatest new problem is Leisure which is leading to an avalanche (Continued on page 72)

Alaska Cools It In Many Ways: TV, Topless, Sports

By THOMAS M. PRYOR

Anchorage.

Instant tv, news or major sports is so rare in this outpost state, that it would be worthy of frontpage attention. The first and only time it happened in July, 1959, was when the first U.S. space team walked on the moon. Then it was indeed page 1 news.

The historic event was made available via satellite, courtesy of (Continued on page 75)

1972 A HECTIC, ACTIVE ANNUM

BY ABEL GREEN

It's V for VARIETY on its 67th Anniversary but it's not yet V for Victory in Vietnam (Dr. Henry Kissinger is still trying). But, above all, the annum symbolized V for one-of-the-more-Violent years in the broadscale post-World War evolution of permissiveness that seemed to bare a new brand of uncivilized human relations.

The media bespoke it, and its mores were reflected in show biz, the arts, communications, lifestyle, humanities (or inhumanities).

The media also pointed up ping-pong diplomacy which permitted U.S. to finally crash the Great Wall of China. President Nixon's follow-up into Moscow brought American grain to the Russian steppes, Pepsi-Cola to the Russian masses and an inverse tradeoff of Russian vodka, spirits and other commodities to the U.S.

The Violent Year was mirrored on tv, via radio and in the press. Pleas for law-and-order and even community-level vigilante methods were offset by Civil Libertarians and minority groups protests.

In broad strokes the Times Square porno "cleanup" drives belatedly followed New York tourism downbeat with its negative inroads (Continued on page 50)

Confessions Of A TV Glory Boy

By ERNEST WEATHERALL

Bonn.

The words "foreign correspondent" had a certain magic to us during our days as hard-working reporters for a smalltown newspaper. The foreign correspondent in that era was usually played on the screen by Herbert Marshall or Joel McCrea. He dined with royalty, played golf with Prime Ministers, had a countess as a mistress and was mixed up in all kinds of international intrigue.

How glamorous his job was compared with ours covering school (Continued on page 79)

Early Press Day

Because of the size of the 67th Anniversary Number, this edition went to press early.

A few departments are omitted or are telescoped into the overall general editorial departments of the paper:

Newsgal Got 10 Days In Judy Garland Case; In Re 'Public's Right To Know'

By MARIE TORRE

Pittsburgh.

Events in the news soon settle in the dark recesses of people's forgetfulness.

But in the 13 years since I served 10 days in jail for refusing to reveal a news source for a New York Herald Tribune column, I am still questioned and interviewed, talked about and debated on the issue of a reporter's privilege.

The controversy lives not only because it's an issue that has yet to find a reasonable resolution but also because reporters regularly are being sent to jail for protecting their news sources.

In my own case, the "source" had provided me with information on what was to be Judy Garland's first television special. General Motors was to sponsor the event and CBS was to present it.

About two months prior to the scheduled "Judy Garland Show," I learned of problems between the (Continued on page 74)



Marie Torre

KILROY, COME BACK

By FERRIS HARTMAN

Brissac, France.

Whatever happened to the jitterbug that American GIs taught French girls during World War II?

More than a quarter century later, French mesdemoiselles and their beaus are still dancing at carnivals in every village and town. But they still jitter on their toes instead of their heels.

Only the music has changed. This year it is a rock rhythm reminiscent of the 1950s. The French vocalist sings his lyrics in a rasping American double-talk reminiscent of Lionel Stander and Willie Howard out of Al Kell or (Continued on page 72)

Hedda & Louella, Two Phenoms Of H'wood Golden Age

By GEORGE EELLS

Hollywood

Hedda & Louella.
Burns & Allen.
Wheeler & Woolsey.
Abbott & Costello.

If gossip columnists Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons were no comedy team, they were phenomena. Not only for the preeminent positions they held in Hollywood, a town where more correspondents were stationed than in any city except Washington, D.C., but also because the gossip they dispensed contained the rawstuff of social history.

From what Hortense Powder- (Continued on page 82)

Under 30 B'cast Youth Wants To Be Seen, Heard

By MICHAEL E. MARCOVSKY
(Asst. To Exec. VP, WPX, N.Y.)

A concerned activism. This most aptly describes the young people, the Under 30s, in broadcasting as the New Year debuts.

A few weeks ago some top broadcast industry figures such as Dick O'Leary, prexy of ABC's owned tv stations; Max Buck, national sales veep for NBC; and Maurice Webster, division services v.p. for CBS Radio, participated in no-holds-barred rap sessions (Continued on page 70)

Mao Didn't Know Marx Had Bros.; Pays Nixon A 'Friendship' Visit

By DAN CARLINSKY

Washington.

Chinese Communist Party Chair. man Mao Tse-tung and his wife left here for a return trip to Peking, ending their historic visit to the United States. Mr. Mao's week-long "friendship voyage" had come at the personal invitation of President Nixon, following by only six months the President's visit to the People's Republic of China.

In spite of the confidentiality of most of Mr. Mao's formal activities in this country, on the informal side television viewers were treated to the widest coverage ever given a visiting leader. Camera crews from all three networks followed the Mao entourage everywhere, grabbing film footage wherever the veil of secrecy was lifted for even a moment. Among the highlights:

MONDAY. The Chinese leader is locked away for four hours in what a spokesman later terms "friendly and most constructive talks" with delegates from the U.S. Table Tennis Association. Presal- (Continued on page 68)

The Hinterland Theatre: Thriving And Spawning Many Pre-Equityites

By JOHN McCABE

(Prof. McCabe, author of "Mr. Laurel and Mr. Hardy," has also written "George M. Cohan: The Man Who Owned Broadway," which will be published in March.)

Mackinac Island, Mich.

A true story. In recent years, two highly talented actors, graduates from the same university theatre department in their hometown, came to New York to case Broadway. Soon enough they discovered the sad facts of life about job availability. In time, their savings depleted, Actor A and Actor B, like so many young actors awaiting their chances, took menial parttime drudgeries and cursed the circumstances that placed them in competition with literally thousands of others for the pitifully few roles on Broadway and off-Broadway.

After two years of this helter-skelter existence, Actor A went home. Actor B was determined to stick it out, and he did, scrounging out an existence and finding an occasional role in shortlived shows. During the Christmas season his third year in New York, Actor B visited home precincts to look up Actor A. What he discovered dazzled him. Actor A was playing leading roles in a new repertory company founded by the university (Continued on page 81)

Metro's Lot No. 2 Of Fond Recall

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

Hollywood.

The last motion picture was being shot late in 1972 on Metro's famous old Lot No. 2. It invited nostalgic memories covering 45 years. Old No. 2 is shortly to become one more housing site.

Property, directly to the west of Metro's main studio and consisting of 38.75 acres, had been acquired by Levitt Multi-Housing Corp., for a figure reported around \$5,000,000. Nature of replacement was dependent upon zoning. Desire is to construct a giant living complex, similar to Metro's Lot No. 3 now being converted to houses and apartments.

First picture shot on No. 2 was Marion Davies' "Quality Street" (1927). The "Andy Hardy" series used its Carvel St. for all exteriors. One of the sets is the house on Carvel St. where Ann Rutherford lived in the "Hardy" series. Miss Rutherford was in "They Only Kill Their Masters," the swansong production. (Continued on page 76)

Apartheid's Spur

By CAPT. JACK H. STODEL
(Retired Schlesingers G.M.)

Johannesburg.

Show biz in South Africa stage-wise has not been so hot this last year. Impresarios haven't fared well with importations of overseas artists. Jerry Lewis was expected to hit the jackpot but the promoters burned their fingers.

Another disappointment was Joan Fontaine. In addition she was unable to appear a couple of nights due to illness and this resulted in an explosion between her and Pieter Toerien, her impresario, when she demanded money for the miss- (Continued on page 73)

God Cast To Type; 'De Lawd' Never Won Repeat Role

By RUTH MAITLAND

(Longtime standby for Ruby Keeler in the "No, No Nannette" Broadway revival, the author is the daughter of the late Broadway critic and columnist Ward Morehouse.)

Certain players are remembered for different reasons — such as enormous talent, great beauty, memorable roles and sometimes just because of personal behavior. Only a few are remembered for simple goodness. Richard Berry Harrison was one of them.

He was not God but he came awfully close in his part of de Lawd in "The Green Pastures." Harrison's offstage and onstage character had many convinced that he (Continued on page 71)



RINGLING BROS. AND BARNUM & BAILEY CIRCUS

The all-new, all-exciting 103rd Edition of RINGLING BROS. AND BARNUM & BAILEY CIRCUS, the most lavish and exciting edition of The Greatest Show on Earth ever staged, world premieres on Friday, January 5, at our winter quarters in Venice, Florida. It's non-stop excitement for Children of All Ages! IRVIN FELD President-Producer

French Legal Oddments On Show Biz And Other Changing Of One's Name

By MARY BLUME

(Herald-Tribune Columnist)

Paris.

What isn't in a name? The wrong name, two English psychologists have found, can cause not only embarrassment, but acute suffering and mental illness.

The two psychologists, Christine Bagley and Louise Evan-Wong, have investigated the effects upon children of having such given names as Matilda and Philomena and such surnames as Handbag, Overflow and Placenta. Their (Continued on page 80)

VARIETY AT 67

With its fingers on the pulse of the various amusement media the columns of this weekly have spotlighted the year 1972 as being particularly restless. This is detailed in the general summary. It is implicit in a think-piece on "violence" on the screen.

What accelerates anxiety is the presentday speed of communications. A bad day's or night's budget of brutality conveys an instant sense of human misbehavior. How can, for example, the City of New York offset impressions injurious to its tourism, its legitimate theatre sector? To ask the question is to imply the difficulty.

Then there is the "new permissiveness" of the society, the shrugging acceptance, it would seem, of what only a few years ago would be deemed "unthinkable" excess of sex scenes and dialog. All this comprises an aspect of a revolution in communications.

Reporting all these developments has not been easy. And the outlook promises to continue strident.

Meanwhile there are more potential opportunities for show business than ever before. This weekly sticks with its policy of telling it as the reporters and editors see it and with the broad international emphasis which has been typical, almost from the paper's founding in 1905.

Most-Asked Questions Re Films, And A Librarian's Responses

By JAMES L. LIMBACHER
(Divisional Librarian, Henry Ford Centennial Library)

Dearborn, Mich.

When my book, "A Reference Guide to Audio-Visual Information," was published last November, it included among many other things a list of reference questions on the movies which were asked most in public libraries.

Perhaps it's time to share some of these most-asked queries. How many of them do you know?

Q. In what picture did James Cagney utter the famous line, "You dirty rat!"?

A. Warner Bros.' "Taxi" in 1934.

Q. Who were the actors who

(Continued on page 76)

What's A Good Show?

By HAL KANTER

Hollywood.

You seldom get an answer that satisfies.

The film producer says any production that makes money is a good show; the exhibitor says any film that brings crowds to his candy counter is a good one; the network executive who finds an unexpected whopping share of the overnight audience count will consider a show he disliked in his living room a good one the following morning; the writer whose work reaches the screen almost exactly as he wrote it knows it's a good (Continued on page 80)

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ABEL GREEN, Editor

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'GODFATHER': & REST OF PACK

BIG RENTAL FILMS OF 1972

(U.S.-CANADA MARKET ONLY)

Below is **VARIETY's** Anniversary Edition ongoing annual checklist on the big pictures of the year just ended as reflecting their domestic (United States and Canada) rentals accruing to the distributors. (Not total receipts taken in at the boxoffice).

To repeat the standard explanation given (and necessary) every year: some pictures go into release too late in the calendar year and cannot be computed for inclusion. Thus, certain of the October-December openings of 1972 were on the market too sketchily for significance here. These must wait for next year's compilation. ("Big" rental rule-for-admittance to the **VARIETY** list is a film domestically earning rentals of at least \$1,000,000 during the calendar year.)

There are some exceptions to the "too late in" rule of thumb, namely films that made such fast impact on the boxoffice (usually roadshow type films) that the minimum of \$1,000,000 rentals, for the introduction segment of 1972 are detailed.

It will be noted that a number of late 1971 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	RENTALS TO DATE
The Godfather (F. F. Coppola; A. Ruddy; Paramount; March, 72)			\$81,500,000
Fiddler On The Roof (N. Jewison; United Artists; Oct., 71)			25,100,000
Diamonds Are Forever (G. Hamilton; A. Broccoli-Harry Saltzman; UA; Dec., 71)			21,000,000
What's Up, Doc? (P. Bogdanovich; Warners; March, 72)			17,000,000
Dirty Harry (D. Siegel; Warners; Dec. 71)			16,000,000
Last Picture Show (P. Bogdanovich; S. J. Friedman; Col.; Oct., 72)			12,750,000
Clockwork Orange (S. Kubrick; Warners; Dec., 71)			12,000,000
Cabaret (B. Fosse; C. Feuer; Allied Artists; Feb., 72)			10,885,000
The Hospital (A. Hiller; H. Gottfried; UA; Dec., 71)			9,000,000
Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex (W. Allen J. Rollins-C. Joffe-J. Brodsky; UA; Aug., 72)			8,500,000
Bedknobs And Broomsticks (R. Stevenson; B. Walsh; BV; April, 72)			8,250,000
The Cowboys (M. Rydell; Warners; Feb., 72)			7,000,000
Nicholas And Alexandra (F. J. Schaffner; S. Spiegel; Col; 72)			6,750,000
Frenzy (A. Hitchcock; Universal; May, 72)			6,300,000
Skyjacked (J. Guillermin; W. Seltzer; MGM; June, 72)			6,001,000
Song of the South (reissue)			5,900,000
Escape From Planet of the Apes (D. Taylor; A. P. Jacobs; 20th; June, 71)			5,500,000
Butterflies Are Free (M. Katselas; M. J. Frankovich; Col; July, 72)			5,500,000
The New Centurions (R. Fleischer; Chartoff/Winkler; Col; July, 72)			5,500,000
2001: A Space Odyssey (reissue)			5,395,000
Joe Kidd (J. Sturges; S. Beckerman; Universal; June, 72)			5,250,000
The Graduate (reissue)			5,200,000
Now You See Him, Now You Don't (R. Butler; R. Miller; BV; July, 72)			5,100,000
Play It Again, Sam (H. Ross; A. Jacobs; Par; May, 72)			5,000,000
The Valachi Papers (T. Young; D. DeLaurentiis; Col; Oct., 72)			4,950,000
Doctor Zhivago (reissue)			4,600,000
Fritz The Cat (R. Bakshi; S. Krantz; Cinemation; March, 72)			4,600,000
Conquest of Planet of Apes (J. L. Thompson; A. Jacobs; 20th; Aug., 72)			4,500,000
Summer of '42 (reissue)			4,500,000
Prime Cut (M. Ritchie; J. Wizan; CCF/NGP; June, 72)			4,100,000
War Between Men and Women (M. Shavelson; D. Arno; NGP; May, 72)			4,000,000
Straw Dogs (S. Peckinpah; D. Melnick; CRC; Jan., 72)			4,000,000
Super Fly (G. Parks Jr.; S. Shore; Warners; Aug., 72)			4,000,000
Sometimes A Great Notion (P. Newman; J. C. Foreman; Univ.; Nov. 71)			3,900,000
Shaff's Big Score (G. Parks; R. Lewis/E. Tidyman; MGM; June, 72)			3,675,000
Mary, Queen of Scots (C. Jarrott; H. Wallis; Univ.; Feb. 72)			3,600,000
The Other (R. Mulligan; 20th; July, 72)			3,500,000
Hot Rock (P. Yates; H. Landers/B. Roberts; 20th; July, 72)			3,500,000
Buck and the Preacher (S. Poltier; J. Glickman; Col; April, 72)			3,100,000
Portnoy's Complaint (E. Lehman; Warners; June, 72)			3,100,000
Fuzz (R. A. Colla; M. Ransohoff-J. Farren; UA; May, 72)			3,000,000
Deliverance (J. Boorman; Warners; July, 72)			3,000,000
Legend of Nigger Charley (M. Goldman; L. Spangler; Par; May, 72)			3,000,000
Pocket Money (S. Rosenberg; J. Foreman; NGP; Feb. 72)			2,900,000
Gone With The Wind (reissue)			2,830,000
Kansas City Bomber (J. Freedman; M. Elfand; MGM; Aug., 72)			2,785,000
Man in the Wilderness (R. Sarafian; S. Howard; WB; N-v., 71)			2,750,000

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'What's Up, Doc?' Big; Tough And Sex Themes Rule Marts; Reliable Disney Re-Issues

By ROBERT B. FREDERICK

The 1972 film scene, on the U.S.-Canada domestic side at least, was so dominated by one film that all the others, even those that had their own good measure of success, faded into the background by comparison. It was the year of "The Godfather."

With the ample assistance of a tremendously big-selling novel, the cooperation and/or defiance of the Mafia (albeit not mentioned on track by name) some timely for-real gangland exploits that kept the headlines full of comparison, Paramount's "The Godfather," in its natal year, sailed so far ahead of the rest of the competition that it exploded to the very top of **VARIETY's** all-time list. And there's plenty of subsequent-run life in the old boy yet (unless Paramount pulls it off the market to strengthen its upcoming sequel). With a claimed \$81,500,000 in domestic rental, "The Godfather," in one year, relegated "Gone With The Wind" to second place, despite that perennial's own advance to \$77,000,000.

A full-scale reissue in 1973 of Fox's "Sound of Music" will provide the test of musical sweetness and light against blood in the streets. Any other comparison on this list to "Godfather" would be irrelevant so we'll move on to a different level.

That there's a big market yet for good musicals was amply proven by "Fiddler On The Roof," which sealed up second place for the year with \$25,100,000. Teyve may well be the world's most successful milkman. James Bond's pull was once more proven (especially when the Bond is named Sean Connery) by "Diamonds Are Forever," which reached a huge \$21,000,000 (and most of the other 007 efforts strengthened their individual positions to become surely the most "gilt-edged" Bonds in UA's dossier).

Peter Bogdanovich emerged as the new director of the year (Francis "Godfather" Coppola is now a veteran a young one) with two of his efforts high in the ranks. With the help of Barbra Streisand, Ryan O'Neal and a surefire old-fashioned comedy line, "What's Up, Doc?" hit \$17,000,000 while the director also proved, with "The Last Picture Show," that a good script, a sure hand at the helm, plus a truly talented cast, could go high marks at the boxoffice (even in black and white) with \$12,750,000. This was Columbia's big one (above \$10,000,000).

Violence, clever promotion and a timely switch of ratings when the first X-rated cream had been skimmed off, gave Stanley Kubrick's "A Clockwork Orange" a whopping \$12,000,000 (a long way from his "Space Odyssey" but with plenty of power on its own). Another musical and the best thing that has happened to Allied Artists in years, "Cabaret" toted up a salubrious \$10,885,000 in rentals, plus some of the most sugary reviews of the year.

The next big package (\$5,010,000 to \$10,000,000) was outstanding by the variety of subject matter, all of which found its own market in comfortably big numbers. This may have been due to "shopping around" on the part of filmmakers as well as a sincere attempt to provide variety in film fare. George Scott, turned loose in an unbelievable "Hospital," charmed the filmgoers out of \$9,000,000. Woody Allen, giving some highly suspicious punditry, turned "Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex" into a magna cum laude \$8,500,000. John Wayne, supported by the youngest cowhands yet, was popular, as usual, in "The Cowboys," which rounded up \$7,000,000.

One of the year's handsomest films, "Nicholas and Alexandra," topped the costumers with a lovely \$6,750,000 and like most costume efforts has considerable release value. Alfred Hitchcock came up with his best one since "Psycho" when his "Frenzy" (which also marked a return to British location) grabbed off a lovely \$6,300,000. A timely theme plus good casting put "Skyjacked" across the line with \$6,001,000.

Biggest of the reissues was Disney's animated and live action "Song of the South," possibly helped by a bit of racial stereotype despite early in its run, but hitting a melodic \$5,900,000 during the year. Another Disney item, the new "Now You See Him, Now You Don't," was also seen and heard to the tune of \$5,100,000.

One more ape film (and nowhere near the end), "Escape From Planet of the Apes," was a healthy \$5,500,000. In the same rental category were two equally successful but highly different Columbia releases—the touching "Butterflies Are Free" and the actionful "New Centurions."

The \$5,000,000-plus group was rounded out by \$5,395,000 more for Kubrick's "Space Odyssey," \$5,200,000 for a return visit of Mike Nichols' "The Graduate" and \$5,000,000 each for Woody Allen's "Play It Again, Sam" and Charles Bronson's "The Valachi Papers." The latter did mention the Mafia and many real-life wrongdoers.

Coming under the heading of corrections are some unexplainable (by the companies providing the figures) changes in previously-issued totals. United Artists' "West Side Story," which had been boosted in 1971 to \$28,100,000, should correctly be \$25,000,000 (the figure it first reached in 1968). Likewise, "It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," also UA, was lowered to \$20,000,000 despite a boost last

(Continued on page 30)

Elmo Williams, Fox Indie-Maker

Elmo Williams has been removed as Twentieth Century-Fox's vice president of worldwide production. As of yesterday (Tues.), he became an indie producer of pix for Fox, and a "special consultant" on the studio's feature program, according to a statement from Gordon Stuhlbarg, Fox president.

Williams, a holdover from the former Fox management headed by Darryl F. Zanuck, will now produce pix aimed at "the largest possible international audience" combining action and suspense as prime ingredients, says Fox. His first will be "Everywhere That Mary Went."

Distributors Sue

A lawsuit charging b.o. under-reporting has been filed in the Cook County Circuit Court, at Chicago, Illinois, against William J. Cain, operator of the Roxy Theatre in Lockport, near Joliet.

Distributors are American International, Avco Embassy, Buena Vista, Columbia, MGM, Paramount, 20th-Fox, United Artists, Universal and Warner Bros.



SPLITTING THE ANATOMY

Strictly For Export, Italo Horror Films
Aim To Reach New Optical Brutalities

By DICK RANDALL

Rome. The new Italian horror film is really not for the Italian market. The Italian people usually laugh at them. The producers aim these shockers at the American, British, German and Japanese fans. Italian producers are trying to give the public (mainly in U.S. where the money comes from) more than they ever got before. Blood flows like chianti! The makeup men who can properly prepare a slit throat, a singed body, a branded chest, torn-out eye sockets, et al, is in great demand. The actors are secondary.

For "Lady Frankenstein," produced by another Cushing named Harry, the producers signed Joseph Cotten as Dr. Frankenstein to get a bigger American television sale. His price was a bit prohibitive for a film that cost under \$200,000 to make, so we rewrote his part, cutting it to two weeks. In the final version, the monster turns on his creator and crushes him to death in the fifth reel. Either that or get a less expensive star.

Most of the cast and crew names in Italo-terror films are Anglicized. Director Antonio Margheriti becomes Anthony Dawson. The first horror star to come out of Italy strangely enough was a British girl named Barbara Steele.

I recently changed the Italian cast of a lesbian vampire film on the main titles to read Stella Lugosi, Doris Karioff, Christa Lee and Rita Cushing.

One of the few Italian directors using his own name is Mario Bava. Mario is an ex-cameraman. He made such classic horror films in the past as "Black Sabbath" with Cameron Mitchell and "The Whip and The Body" with Christopher Lee and Dahlia Lavi. His specialty is creating tremendous special effects like having a murderer with a meat cleaver open a door for an unsuspecting victim and slicing his head into two before your very eyes. In his most recent film "Carnage" (released by Hallmark of Boston through American Intl.), he shows a double murder committed by an assassin in the shadows who is disturbed by a couple making love on a huge bed in the room he enters. He picks up a spear and hurls it into their bodies. We see the spear pierce the man's body on top, go right through the woman's body underneath, and then out through the bottom of the bed into the floor—all with amazing precision. It usually makes the femmes in the audience turn their heads from the screen.

Model-Maker Rambaldi

The Roman responsible for such effects you see is an artist, model-maker named Rambaldi who is a specialist in out-of-heads. He has at least 100 heads of famous and infamous Italian and French actors in his "studio morgue" in Rome available for loan to horror films. He supplied two heads (at a cost of about \$300 each) for a film called "The Man Without a Head." In it, the actor is decapitated on his motorcycle, as he tries to pass a truck carrying sheet metal, while his headless body, gushing blood, holds its seat until the final crash.

For this cinematic feat, Rambaldi advised us to get a midget stuntman. He fitted a pair of false shoulders to fit over his head, giving him the stature of an ordinary-sized man. Over this, he placed the "makeup blood," and on top, mounted the false head. Sounds like a great deal of trouble for a 10-second scene, but it paid off.

"The Mad Butcher," stars Victor Buono as a man who slices his wife for sausages during the 1920s and sells them in Vienna's Schoenbron Park as the most savory in town. A half dozen other victims provide raw materials for his human Weiner Wurstels. In

the finale, he battles with a detective and accidentally falls and dissolves in a vat of sulphuric acid. This last effect was created by having Buono (a man of over 250 lbs.) fall into a vat of water, bubbled by chemical additives. He goes down under the waterline and comes up with his hands and face blackened like they were searing away as the bubbles get more and more violent. Then he goes under for the third and last time.

This was probably the cheapest effective way to shoot the scene, but Buono wasn't satisfied. He suggested we do it over again using a mannequin of him and real sulphuric acid to dissolve more vividly. That would really get 'em. Our production people said it wouldn't work because a mannequin is made of rubber or plastic and wouldn't dissolve in acid. Buono then suggested: "Why don't you just go into a butchershop and buy a big hog's head? Have your artist and makeup men make it look like me," he said. "Attach that to the mannequin body and let it go under in a vat of real acid."

We almost did it. Just a little modelling of the nose and ears and it would work. Only it was too dangerous working with real sulphuric acid. The impact of the body might splash and injure the workmen. With our small budget this is one thing we wouldn't be insured for. So another horror classic piece of business died a-borning.

Rambaldi once made a whole frightening flock of bats that worked on a thread-like wire mechanism against a black drape and could be made to swoop down, attack, fly back—alone and in formation. He used it in a picture where one of the bats left the formation and flew into Florinda Bolkan's hair. She was frightened out of her



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wits but pulled it out of her hair-piece and threw it away. Spectators shivered in their seats.

Most Italian horror producers can't afford a few thousand dollars for an effect of this kind. Personally, I needed some bats for a vampire film and bought three live ones in a pet show near the Via Veneto for \$35 each ... to keep! It was hard training them, but they were grotesque enough (with big monstrous rat heads and sprawling fin-like wings) for excellent closeups. Afterwards they became good housepets.

Vive Henri Langlois

The opening night program, Oct. 16 last, in Rochester, N.Y. for the "Two Weeks At The Cinematheque Francaise" package included a compilation of quotations about Henri Langlois, the famous archivist of Paris, who was present to receive a silver cup from the Eastman film curator, James Card. These recollections are reprinted here as significant evaluation of a man of unique status in this buff epoch. These are the comments:

"He is the dragon who watches over our treasures."—Jean Cocteau

"He is something of a genius and a saint, a man who persists in making no distinction in the preservation of good and bad films, knowing that it is nothing less than presumptuous for any one person, living in a specific time and place, to exercise the right to execute, to destroy, any film that might, conceivably, say something to later generations."—Vincent Canby

"The only school for the cinema is go to the cinema, and not to waste time studying theory in film school. The best school of cinema in the world is the Cinematheque of Paris. And the best professor is Henri Langlois."—Bernardo Bertolucci

"We owe our passion for films to him."—Jean Renoir

In 1898 there appeared in Paris a passionate and obsessed Polish filmmaker. He was Boleslaw Matuzewsky, the official Court Cinematographer to Czar Nicholas II. Frantically he sought to set up—somewhere in the world—a film archive to preserve the cultural and historical treasures that had been produced during the first three years in the life of cinema. The haunted cameraman failed.

Three decades later film found its man and ignited with the madness of love, a champion who could not fail. Henri Langlois, furious to find the mass destruction of cinema's past (through greed, or indifference, by fire and flood and mass idiocy) set about on a seemingly quixotic mission to find and save the millions of feet of missing motion picture film.

Before Langlois, there had been feeble attempts by governmental agencies in a few countries, to make token preservation of its national film heritage. But cold, compromised and bureaucratically inflexible, such beginnings were less than inadequate.

There are always those who consider announcements that the river is flooding, the dam is giving way or that the ship is on fire to be melodramatic.

From 1934 to the present day Langlois has been a man in mortal combat with the functionaries, the exploiters, the dishonest and sometimes even with great friends who may become so fired by personal or political urgencies that they are willing to put film in a secondary position. He has few admirers among those who set great store by careful coiffures, tied shoelaces and a flawlessly printed balance sheet. He is an affront to those who consider the pursuit of personal gain an obligation.

But he is indeed, the living patron saint of all who love the film and will forever honor this man who set in motion the forces in the world now determined to preserve the cinema's past and keep the faith in its future.

—James Card

"Film is the medium between the people and the cosmos."

—Langlois.

International Festivals-1973

(TENTATIVE DATES)

Jan. 20-26	MIDEM—Music—Cannes	France
Feb. 3-8	Grenoble (short subjects)	France
Feb. 11-21	Monte Carlo (television)	Monaco
Feb. 23-26	Tampere (short subjects)	Finland
March 5-11	Cortina D'Ampezzo (sports)	Italy
March 19-21	(1) U.S. Film Festival	Dallas, Texas
April 1-6	MIP-TV—Cannes	France
April 5-8	Jacksonville	Florida
April 9-14	Oberhausen (short subjects)	W. Germany
April 15	(2) U.S.A. Film Fest	Dallas, Texas
April 19-25	MIFED—Milan	Italy
April 25-May 3	Montreux (television)	Switzerland
April 29-May 5	Trento (mountain films)	Italy
May 10-26	Cannes	France
May 22-26	American Film Fest (16m).	New York City
May 25-June 7	Melbourne	Australia
June 9-16	Cork	Ireland
June 13-17	Annecy (animated)	France
June 19-27	Varna	Bulgaria
June 22-July 9	Berlin	West Germany
June 30-July 9	San Sebastian	Spain
July 10-25	Moscow	U.S.S.R.
July 25-29	Film 73 London	England
July 26-Aug. 6	Pula	Yugoslavia
August	Venice	Italy
August	Atlanta	Georgia
September	New York (Lincoln Center)	New York City
Sept. 27-Oct. 6	Teheran	Iran
Sept. 28-Oct. 3	VIDCA (Video Cassettes)	Cannes
September	Sorrento (West German films)	Italy
Oct. 15-19	EBU (European Broadcast Union)	Milan
Oct. 19-27	MIFED—Milan	Italy
Oct. 22-26	Oberhausen (sports)	West Germany
October	San Francisco	California
November 2-22	Chicago	Illinois
November	Rochester Film Festival (?)	Rochester, N.Y.
November	U.S.A. Animated Fest	New York City
November	New York Educational	New York City
November	London	England
November	Teheran (children)	Iran

Value Of Studio Libraries:

Closings Called False Economy

By R. A. LEE

(As Head of the Research Dept. of the Universal City Studios on the west coast, R. A. Lee comments in the broad perspective of time on the high usefulness of a library to serve each studio. He doubts Hollywood's capacity to unite in any community-wide project. The text which follows is reprinted from the So. California Chapter's Bulletin of the Special Libraries Assn.—Ed.)

Hollywood.

I am not sure if it is indicative of the status of motion picture libraries that our own has just moved from the top floor of one MCA building to the basement of another, but a definite downgrading or discarding of research departments has been occurring throughout the film industry during the past 10 years. It is really no more than a reflection of the chaotic state of motion pictures themselves, with their new specialization, rating systems, and a long-term gamble every time, that any new film will hit the public fancy. There is far less room for overhead in the surviving studios, and unfortunately this is the category into which their libraries fit, however small their cost in comparison with other studio expenses. But their disappearance does not go unnoticed.

In **VARIETY** of Aug. 9, 1972, veteran director Howard Hawks announced he would make a \$4-million film abroad, and among his stated reasons was the following:

"If you go to a studio today they want 25% overhead and don't give you anything. You can't get any help, there's no staff around, there's no library, they have incompetent people and are not properly staffed. You might just as well be anywhere in the world, because you're on your own with whatever you do."

He was probably referring to Paramount which closed its library in 1969 in a general contraction of that studio's facilities, but his description might fit several of the former major studios.

When I reported to Special Libraries in November, 1963, on the status of motion picture libraries, here were then eight surviving research departments within the industry. Today there are roughly five. The personnel has decreased accordingly, the several once flourishing departments are now really just holding operations with mini-

mum staffs. When MGM held its grand auction over two years ago, the library was luckily under lease to independent researcher Kellam de Forest and able to escape the auctioneer's block. Now 20th Century Fox's library survives under the same conditions. These two largest of the studio libraries are under contract to de Forest who operates from the Desilu (ne. RKO) library and performs research for most independent producers.

Many believe the consolidation of all studio libraries into one working unit for all filmmakers to be the ultimate ideal solution. Others consider the realities of such a situation. To begin with, Hollywood has never been able to agree on any joint project other than the Motion Picture Academy. The defunct Hollywood Museum, which would have paid for itself many times over by now if our own Universal tour is any criterion, is a good example of just how far such studio cooperation has worked in the past. Competition is still the name of the game.

Then, say the central libraries was established and three studios embarked on a similar project (it often happens; after many a year, three films dealing with rodeos are currently making the rounds), same period, same locale, same need of background research. Who has priority and is served first, who gets second best, who third, and it will be expensive to duplicate material (which may not be used again for several years) for the other borrowers. And the competition between the studios would bring the whole matter to a head. It would need their complete prior agreement and financial support to keep such a library afloat.

On the other hand, as every librarian knows, the most economy and speed and good work is effected by the library within the corporation serving that corporation alone. And in addition the cooperation between studio libraries has been exemplary for years. The studios may be at loggerheads but their libraries know which one of them has the best resources and specialties and they trade information freely back and forth. If Universal has the best magazine pictorial references for the fifties and earlier, Disney has it for the sixties, and no one can match the Warner or MGM clipping files for any period. The loss of even one library is felt all along the line. We all recall the wealth of Cecil

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'WE ONLY KILL EACH OTHER'

Britain's Industrial Relations And The Show Business Unions

By GERALD KELSEY

(Chairman, Writers Guild of Great Britain)

(Kelsey's concern below is Britain's New Industrial Relations Act, modelled on America's Taft-Hartley Law, which has become a political-legal wrangle. It provides for closed shops where management and labor concur in same, but only for those unions who register to comply with the Act. Some unions have balked, most have gone along, including British Actors' Equity and Kelsey's guild of writers. What has long disturbed British authority and U.S. businessmen in the United Kingdom is the "wildcat" type of irrational action by members who mostly go unpunished by their crafts.—Ed.)

London.

In considering industrial relations in Britain it is important to realise that the Labour Party was spawned by the Trades Union movement to give workers a voice in national government. To keep politics out of Trades Unionism is therefore like trying to keep theology out of the church.

But it was the Labour Government, under Harold Wilson, who in their last term of office first introduced proposals for the reform of the Trades Disputes Act, 1926 and other dated legislation in an attempt to combat the damage which, they claimed, was being done to the economy by, in particular, unofficial strikes.

When, in the face of violent Trades Union opposition to the proposals, Harold Wilson dropped them, it is arguable that he ensured the Labour Government's defeat.

Edward Heath was not slow to seize the opportunity it presented. With the opinion polls forecasting Labour victory, he won office and claimed a mandate to reform the law as it related to the Trades Unions.

There was no real attempt to govern with the consent of those most effected by the new legislation. The government produced its act and, while prepared to talk to the Unions about minor points of detail, made it quite clear they would make no amendments of substance.

The Trades Union Congress retaliated with a refusal to co-operate in the working of the new act and a boycott of the Industrial Relations Courts that were set up.

The vast majority of unions accepted a Congress dictate and refused to be on the "new register" of Trades Unions that the government created.

Among those who could not accept this decision not to co-operate were three British entertainment unions, Equity, The Film Artists Association, and The Writers' Guild. They conformed with the law and registered and were subsequently suspended by the TUC and face expulsion by the next Congress.

But it would be a mistake to imagine the decision of the three unions not to obey the TUC instruction indicated unqualified approval of the act. The fact is that, representing entirely freelance workers, their position is vastly different from that of other unions — particularly those with large memberships and a switch to pull against the manufacturing processes.

No one should be surprised that dockers and engineers have little understanding of the problems of freelance workers in the entertainment industry, but in making no concessions to the very special problems these unions faced the TUC exposed a rift in their ranks which was more a matter of survival than ideology.

The entertainment unions which did not register under the act (notably ACTT, NATTE, the ABS and the MU), do not face quite the same problems.

Their members can, within reason, organize on the basis of continuing employment in static groups either at the same places of work or in a predictable job by job circuit between such places.

As unregistered unions, how-

ever, they cannot seek any kind of "shop" agreement with the employers; strikes they call could be illegal, which in turn can threaten their officials and their funds. But being in line with other unions which make up the greater part of the country's work-force; and because the Trades Union Congress is fully recognized by the government, its action in staying off the register does not hamper its activities and continues to ensure full consideration of their member's interests at national level.

The three registered unions have, in common, membership depending for their work on personal appearance and creative ability factors. They have absurdly high unemployment figures because the element and exercise of choice in selecting a person for each of the few available jobs has produced an artificially inflated pool of labor.

And it is a pool that constantly receives back those who have just left it, as jobs are, for the most part, of short duration.

This, of course, applies to writers as well as performers for the writer often goes long periods between commissions or the sale of a script.

In order to prevent this pool becoming further swollen and to ensure fair selection for those already in it Equity, over the years established a system of casting agreements so that its members were given first consideration.

The FAA operated a similar system and The Writers' Guild gained

(Continued on page 46)

FROM SIEGEL TO SELZNICK

By RICHARD D. ZANUCK
and DAVID BROWN

(Messrs. Zanuck and Brown are proprietors of The Zanuck/Brown Co., working under a 20-picture, five-year contract with Universal. One film is already completed, three are shooting and nine others are in various stages of preparation. Prior to going independent, Zanuck and Brown were respectively president and executive vicepresident of 20th Century-Fox and senior executive vicepresident and executive vicepresident of Warner Bros.)

Hollywood.

When the late "Bugsy" Siegel was criticized by respectable friends for his underworld associations he explained, "But we only kill each other." The motion picture industry might well adopt this rationale instead of solely blaming television, inflation, war and other outside influences for its troubles.

Having spent between us a grand total of 35 years in high echelon executive positions, we have assembled a catalogue of "killing" practices the abandonment of which would, we feel, go far toward establishing a more favorable climate for creativity and possibly result in a better batting average of hits.

We start with the assumption that audiences have not shrunk but have merely gone away, some of them in anger and more of them in boredom. They are still out there and in greater numbers if only by reason of the rise in population. For example, if we could but recapture that portion of the audience that has been driven away by kinky and raunchy subject matter, (and many of us are in part responsible) we believe the grosses of the average film would begin to approximate those of today's exceptional films.

True, exceptional showmanship is needed to overcome the free and often superior product of television.

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Pix Biz Needs That Ancillary Income If Product Flow To Exhibs Can Continue Being Bankrolled

By LEO JAFFE

(President, Columbia Pictures Industries)

The motion picture industry has seen an improvement in its fortunes during the past year—the changes are noticeable, but far from spectacular.

We are still confronted with the problem that only a handful of pictures are doing the business. The degree of selectivity has increased, but it is evident that only a few pictures get mass public support and rise to heights in grosses never envisioned before.

While this is salutary, at the same time it becomes quite discouraging to the companies or individuals who are investing huge sums of money to finance the majority of the motion picture productions that ultimately result in boxoffice disappointments. This is particularly true since high percentages of profits or gross are paid to participants on profitable pictures.

The picture business must widen its horizons if it is to remain viable and one that can generate profits. In this respect, it is essential that all forms of exhibition be utilized, after the traditional motion picture theatres have been given the first opportunity and a reasonable time to play each picture. It is only on rare occasions that negative costs, prints, advertising, interest, distribution costs, etc., can be recouped from theatrical showings only.

The theatre is and will, in my opinion, remain as our prime customer — however, as aforementioned, after a picture has run its course, it must then be promptly released to all other forms of exhibition now available, or that may become available in the foreseeable future. This could be in hotels, in the home via pay television, cassettes, etc.

Revenues derived from these sources enable the company finan-

cing the pictures to reinvest, thus assuring each segment—the motion picture exhibitor in particular—of a continuity of product.

This requires understanding—and an acceptance by exhibitors that a new way of life is confronting us and that we must recognize and treat with each others' problems, and establish a format that will enable us not only to continue our existence, but even thrive in the years ahead.

In my opinion this end result can be accomplished based on the statesmanship more in evidence than heretofore. But it's time we reduce the dialog and get down to specifics and try to find some, if not all the answers.

Jim Gould Retiring As Music Hall Prez

James F. Gould, who went to work in Radio City Music Hall as an accountant two months before it was formally opened to the public in December 1932, is retiring Jan. 3, as president and managing director. He will probably reside in Florida where one of his sons now lives. As executive vicepresident, rising from the ranks through the treasurer's position of the 6,200-seat Rockefeller Center theatrical showcase, he had succeeded the late Russell V. Downing.

The Hall has no exec v.p. so his successor may be from the outside, perhaps in the same manner that Gov. Nelson Rockefeller's exec secretary Alton G. Marshall was designated president of Rockefeller Center Inc. when Gus S. Eysell retired to remain as a consultant. Marshall is also chairman of the board of the Music Hall.

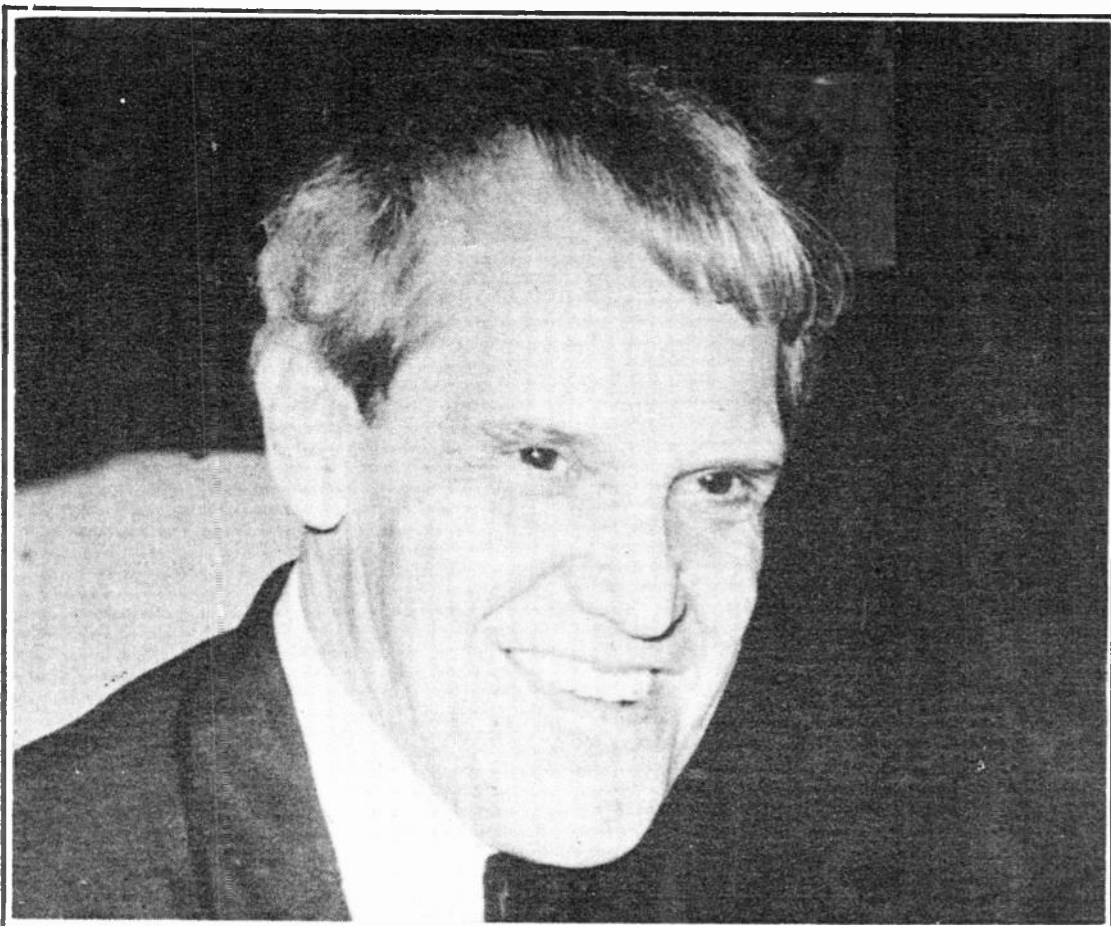
The theatre, however, has four vicepresidents, chiefly administrative, excepting Leon Leonidoff, the senior producer, who is also an officer of the corporation. One of the vicepresidents may be tapped to succeed Gould.

Latter hosted a 40th anni bash at the Rainbow Room last week, attended by press and invited celebs which lasted until 2:30 a.m., an unusually late-hour for this staid room. Duke Ellington, incumbent at the across-the-65th floor's companion Rainbow Grill came into the RR for a number with other divertisement.

Gould inherited a particularly tough administrative-showmanship chore after Downing's resignation although latter, too, was starting to feel the paucity of product suitable for the situation and the wave of overly permissive films. Gould latterly adventured with the closed-circuit Muhammed Ali-Joe Frazier heavyweight championship fight, and still more recently with mid-night rock concerts, to strong b.o. results. It achieved both in bolstering the nighttime business which had been slipping, and also lured the younger audiences.

Where in former years there were standing orders for the reserved mezzanine seats, and it was almost as much an "in" social thing as having a box at the Met, the Hall started to feel the business dropoff along with the rest of Gotham's "nervous" post-dinner business because of safety-in-the-streets, etc. The rock bookings helped reversed the trend somewhat.

Gould, of course, is exiting on the crest of Jack L. Warner's "1776" which runs through January—possibly even a bit longer—but certain to establish the longrun record of any holiday booking at the Music Hall.



RICHARD BARSTOW

"One of the true DeMilles of the living theatre." **VARIETY**
Directing, staging, and choreographing the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus for my 25th anniversary year.
Tremendous thanks to Mr. Irvin Feld, the greatest showman on earth.

**"ACROSS
110TH STREET"**

Executive Producers Anthony Quinn
and Barry Shear
Directed by Barry Shear
Produced by Ralph Serpe, Fouad Said
Screenplay by Luther Davis
Starring Anthony Quinn,
Yaphet Kotto, Anthony Franciosa

"AVANTI"

A Mirisch Production
Producer-Director Billy Wilder
Screenplay by Billy Wilder
and I.A.L. Diamond
Starring Jack Lemmon, Juliet Mills,
Clive Revill

"BILLY TWO HATS"

A Palmer Algonquin Films Ltd. Production
Produced by Norman Jewison
Directed by Ted Kotcheff
Screenplay by Alan Sharp
Starring Gregory Peck, Desi Arnaz Jr.

**"COPS AND
ROBBERS"**

Produced by Elliott Kastner
Directed by Aram Avakian
Screenplay by Donald E. Westlake
Starring Cliff Gorman, Joseph Bologna

**"ELECTRA-GLIDE
IN BLUE"**

Producer-Director James W. Guercio
Screenplay by Robert Boris
and Rupert Hitzig
Starring Robert Blake,
Billy (Green) Bush, Mitch Ryan,
Jeanine Riley, Melissa Green

**"FIDDLER ON
THE ROOF"** (General Release)

Mirisch Production Company
Produced and Directed by Norman Jewison
Screenplay by Joseph Stein
Starring Topol

"FELLINI'S ROMA"

Ultrafilm, L.P.A.A.
Directed by Federico Fellini

**"FIVE ON THE
BLACK HAND SIDE"**

Produced by Michael Tolan
and Brock Peters
Directed by Oscar Williams

**"GAWAIN & THE
GREEN KNIGHT"**

Produced by Carlo Ponti
Directed by Stephen Weeks
Screenplay by Philip Breen
and Stephen Weeks
Starring Murray Head, Ciaran Madden,
Nigel Green

**"HARRY NEVER
HOLDS"**

Executive Producer Alden Schwimmer
Produced and Directed by Bruce Geller
Screenplay by Ron Austin, James Buchanan
Starring James Coburn, Michael Sarrazin,
Trish Van Devere, Walter Pidgeon


**"LADY CAROLINE
LAMB"**

Produced by Franco Cristaldi
and Fernando Ghia
Directed by Robert Bolt
Screenplay by Robert Bolt
Starring Sarah Miles

**"LAST TANGO
IN PARIS"**

Produced by Alberto Grimaldi
Directed by Bernardo Bertolucci
Screenplay by Bernardo Bertolucci
and Franco Arcalli
Starring Marlon Brando, Maria Schneider

United Artists

Entertainment from Transamerica Corporation 

"LIVE AND LET DIE"

Produced by Albert Broccoli
and Harry Saltzman
Directed by Guy Hamilton
Screenplay by Tom Mankiewicz
Starring Roger Moore as James Bond

"SCORPIO"

Produced by Walter Mirisch
Directed by Michael Winner
Screenplay by Gerald Wilson
from a story by David Rintels
Starring Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon,
Paul Scofield

"THEATRE OF BLOOD"

Produced by John Kohn
and Stanley Mann
Directed by Douglas Hickox
Screenplay by Anthony Greville-Bell
Starring Vincent Price, Diana Rigg,
Harry Andrews, Jack Hawkins,
Robert Morley, Diana Dors,
Milo O'Shea and Eric Sykes

"THE LONG GOODBYE"

Produced by Elliott Kastner
Directed by Robert Altman
Screenplay by Leigh Brackett
Based on the novel by Raymond Chandler
Starring Elliott Gould, Nina Van Pallandt
Henry Gibson, Sterling Hayden

"TOM SAWYER"

A Reader's Digest Presentation
Produced by Arthur P. Jacobs
Directed by Don Taylor
Screenplay by Richard M. Sherman
and Robert B. Sherman
Starring Johnny Whitaker,
Celeste Holm, Warren Oates

A NEW WOODY ALLEN FILM

"MAN OF THE EAST"

Produced by Alberto Grimaldi
Directed by E. B. Clucher
Starring Terence Hill

"WHEELS"

Produced by Walter Mirisch

"McKLUSKY"

A Levy-Gardner-Laven Production
Directed by Joseph Sargent
Screenplay by William Norton
Starring Burt Reynolds,
Jennifer Billingsley

"THE OFFENCE"

Tantallon Films Limited
Produced by Denis O'Dell
Directed by Sidney Lumet
Written by John Hopkins
Starring Sean Connery, Trevor Howard

"THE OUTSIDE MAN"

Produced by Jacques Barr
Directed by Jacque Deray
Screenplay by Jean Claude Carriere
and Ian McLellan Hunter
Starring Jean Louis Trintignant,
Ann-Margret, Angie Dickinson, Roy Scheider

FOR ROADSHOW PRESENTATION IN 1973



"Man of La Mancha"

An Arthur Hiller Film
Executive Producer Alberto Grimaldi
Produced and Directed by Arthur Hiller
Screenplay by Dale Wasserman
Starring Peter O'Toole, Sophia Loren and James Coco

Pay-TV Is To NATO What Communism Is To The John Birch Society: Doomsday; But It Ain't Necessarily Gonna Kill Pix

By DORE SCHARY

President, of TheatreVision Inc. A long time ago, there was something called "television." The story of its failure is written in the annals of the California legislature,



Dore Schary

in the minutes of countless meetings of the National Assn. of Theatre Owners and in the spirited victories won by other opponents who viewed Pay TV as the rich-enemy which would destroy picture theatres, the three major tv networks and probably the film studios. It was considered an evil as potent as fluoridation and the common cold. It was to NATO what Communism is to the John Birch Society—and the end of the world.

So after valiant but futile struggles (perhaps not effectively fought) "toll" fell down and was left for dead by the conquerors. But, in this instance, the Indians didn't kill Custer.

Pay TV is alive and well and getting "weller" by the day.

The revived practitioners and their cohorts choose to use euphemisms; Premium Television, Cable Bonus Programs or some such—but it won't camouflage the facts, Charley—it is Pay TV.

The army is marching and it is a well-equipped, stylishly uniformed and sturdy group of blooded troopers who march to the assault.

There are at present 6,500,000 cable users and that number jumps each month; a conservative estimate is that by the end of 1973, there will be 8,000,000 wired homes, and by December, 1974, 10,000,000.

As of now, a number of Pay TV systems are going after the potential buyers who are out there—north, south, east, west and in Middle America—not to mention Canada (wait a second—let's mention Canada, a country heavily wired with excellent cable companies) and those buyers are waiting for the troops to arrive.

The battalions have different flags; Gridtronic (Warner Bros.), Trans World Communications (Columbia), Computer Cinema, Athena Communications (Gulf & Western-Paramount), Primary Entertainment (20th Century-Fox—Bell & Howell) Motorola Cinema, Optical Systems, Telebeam Corp. and, of course, your reporter's outfit, Theatre-Vision, which went into action in Sarasota on Dec. 1, and, in collaboration with Philco-Ford, hits Fort Washington, Pa., Jan. 5.

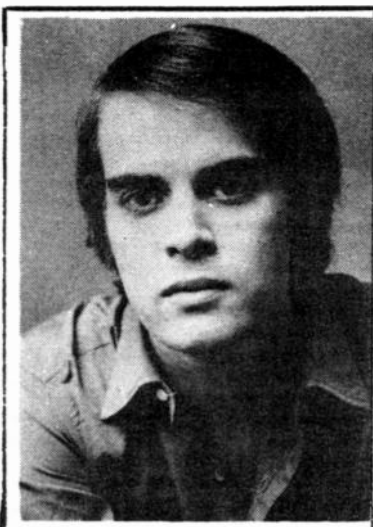
None of us expect we shall capture and hold the entire field of action. It is likely that some may fall, but most will survive and win out over the continuing onslaughts from NATO and the big commercial networks.

Obviously, it would make better sense if, in this often nonsensical business, the concerned parties would come to rational conclusions:

(1.) Pay TV provides the audience with an option and they will insist on their right to make a decision based on all their entertainment options.

(2.) Recognize that home and theatre atmospheres have changed. Theatres are here and will remain—perhaps more or less in number—but certainly smaller in size and potentially more profitable (i.e. "Godfather"). Home entertainment is also here to stay—by cable, Pay TV, commercial TV or cassette and all NATO's horses and all NATO's men cannot put things back together again. The '40s, '50s, '60s are gone. The '70s are present and accounted for.

(3.) Motion pictures did not de-



JAMES DEVEREAUX

In "AND BABY MAKES THREE" To Be Released In 1973. HAPPY NEW YEAR To All My Colleagues And Friends.

Personal Manager:
HOLLY BROOKE
212-228-0900

stroy the theatre—they changed it; movies—change yes; radio did not destroy the record business but—wow!—what a change; and radio due for extinction with each new medium just keeps rolling along. Change is the name of the game and the Supreme Court, the F.C.C. and the public say so.

(4.) Pay TV is well-financed. There is a commitment by big business and by the picture industry. Since it is in business for keeps and will not be licked—why not join?

Those of us involved with Pay

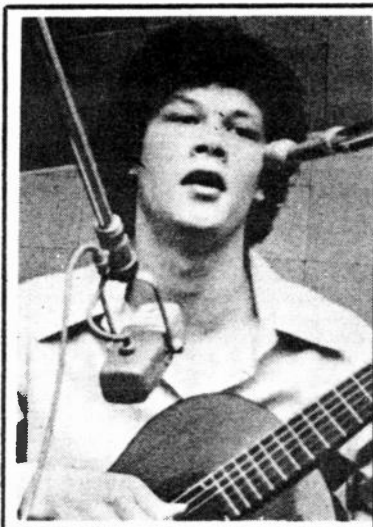
TV and Cable do not have a monitor point of view about the future. We believe that motion pictures are our staff of life, like bread, but some of us believe in a balanced diet and we believe that cable audiences affect not only movies—but plays, good, provocative and new ones, along with the classics; also part of that audience wants music, opera, ballet and fresh, tough and searching talk by people who really have something to say; also, part of that audience wants innovative programs still on the drawing boards inside creators' heads.

TheatreVision, allied now with Storer Cable and Philco-Ford, with new allies soon to join the colors, has aspirations not just to make a dollar (many dollars) for our parent companies, Chromalloy American and Laser Link, but also to bring a wide choice to the TV buyer.

We don't wish to milk our subscribers. For the extra money they will spend, we want them to get a better show—free of interruptions, no longer chopped and mutilated, no longer larded with reminders that we are thought to be constipated, groaning with a variety of pains and burdened with body odor, bad breath, dandruff, yellow-stained teeth, itchy toes, sexless hair and rough toilet tissue. We believe we can bring them entertainment with excitement, pleasure and purpose devoid of the hard sell every few minutes. That's our aim.

Our competitors must have the same aim in mind.

Together we go forward. NATO keeps protesting—like King Canute standing at the seashore commanding the waves to retreat. So, what else is new?



MARK ESTEP

"Singer, Composer, Actor, Handsome, Youthful and Talented. A student of serious music, his first effort is rich... filled with his own compositions all about the beautiful things that happen to a young man growing up... good listening."—Ray Strait, Syndicated columnist

DIRECTION

PARLANCE PRODUCTIONS

Personal Supervision—Al Sulprizio
3351 Wrightwood Drive
Studio City, Cal. 91604 (213) 656-1407

AT LEAST 10 HAMLETS IN ANNALS OF SCREEN

Ottawa.

"In 1912, Photoplay, in an article headed 'Conditions Are Improving,' noted with warm approval that films based on plots from Shakespeare were replacing sensational stories of train robberies and that famous actors and actresses were appearing in them."

So writes Peter Morris in the intro to his brochure "Shakespeare on Film" (revised, enlarged and updated from his '64 original, commemorating the Bard's 400th anni). Published by Canadian Film Institute (of whose Canadian Film Archives Morris is curator), it lists, with credits and comment, 73 films and tv-films of Shakespearean adaptations from '29 to '71—from Sam "additional dialog by" Taylor's "Taming of the Shrew" (Douglas Fairbanks-Mary Pickford for UA) to Roman Polanski's "Macbeth," filmed in Britain for Playboy Productions/Caliban with Jon Finch and Francesca Annis in the leads. His intro mentions many previous Shakespeare-based films.

Morris lists 10 "Hamlets," from the two test shots (1933-34) for a version starring John Barrymore—planned but never produced by U.S. stage designer Robert Edmond Jones and wife Margaret Carrington—and for a ditto by Alexander Korda for his London Films.

Barrymore—who had played the Melancholy Dane sans hitch in long theatre runs—died up on the same lines in both tests, filmed a year apart. After delivering the "rogue and peasant slave" soliloquy with ease, when he came to "Yea, from the table of my memory..." in the ghost scene, he broke off, unable to remember the next lines: "I'll wipe away all trivial final records..."

The first completed "Hamlet" during the 43-year period, per Morris, was filmed in India by Sohrab Modi in 1935—a record of his stage production. Next was Olivier's in Britain, 1948, then another in India in 1954, by Kishore Sahu, "apparently based on a stage production." Next was West Germany's '60 version, directed by Franz Peter Wirth, with Maximilian Schell title-roling—followed by USSR's '64 "Gamlet," helmed by Grigori Kozintsev.

Gard.

Films Overlook Some U.S. History

By EDWIN J. BARRETT

Cobb Island, Md.

Although I still claim to be a longtime film buff (among the first silents I saw was "The Man from Painted Post," with Douglas Fairbanks), I've not, regrettably, set foot in a cinema since "Little Big Man." A principal character, George Armstrong Custer, lies in West Point Cemetery, as does my brother vets of two later wars.

Another picture I enjoyed, much longer ago, is "The Prisoner of Shark Island," in which Warner Baxter (1893-1951) portrayed Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, who in 1865 set John Wilkes Booth's broken leg. For the Woodrow Wilson biopic I salute Darryl Francis Zanuck. I also saw Alexander Knox as my favorite 20th century President in a play in New York, and caught George Abbott, the Sage of Salamanca, N.Y., not Spain, in the role of John Brown, reckless abolitionist—a feat which had to be performed quickly.

As one who digs history, I make a pitch for more motion pictures drawn from our nation's annals, and in which lesser known figures, not historical heavyweights, would get the nod. Par example: "The Blooming Boy," which title is taken from the text of Hiram Mann's 1797 book about Deborah Sampson Gannett, who, masquerading as a man, enlisted in a Massachusetts regiment and served during the Revolutionary War or immediately thereafter: dates differ in records preserved in the National Archives. Definitely, she was granted an annual pension of \$96.

At West Point, where Deborah Sampson was mustered out, the regiment was ordered to bathe in the Hudson. A good soldier, Private Robert Shirreff, as she was carried on the roster, obeyed, despite the risk of "unbosoming the delicate secret." So biographer Mann reported. "What should ravish her ear but the sound of a fountain, that percolated over a high rock near the river's bank... Thither she unnoticed retired. And whilst the Hudson swelled with the multitude of masculine bodies, a beautiful rivulet answered every purpose of bathing a more delicate form. Nor were there any old, lecherous, sanctified Elders to peep through the rustling leaves to be inflamed with her charms." This scene would of course be lifted bodily from the book. Were its author extant today, he would no doubt be hailed to Hollywood.

In October 1783, Brig. Gen. Henry Knox handed dauntless Deborah a certificate of honorable discharge. Still clad in her regimentals, she returned home to Stoughton, Mass., and in 1784 married farmer Benjamin Gannett. They had three children. In 1818, petitioning for a pension, she deposed that she had been wounded in action at Tarrytown.

A Confederate captain is the heroine of a Civil War story that might be filmed: no masquerade. On Oct. 7, 1861, Maj. Gen. James E. B. Stuart, masterful cavalry commander, gave Antonia J. Ford a commission. She served on his staff. Less than two years later Antonia tipped off Capt. John Singleton Mosby, a partisan cavalry leader, that Brig. Gen. Edwin H. Stoughton was ensconced at Fairfax Court House, then a village in Virginia. (Fairfax County today is a residential suburb of Washington.) On March 8, 1863, a quiet Sunday, Mosby, who didn't share Stonewall Jackson's distaste for Sabbath operations, led 29 rangers through the Union lines and captured Gen. Stoughton, two captains, and 30 enlisted men. The hapless brigadier was routed out of bed. It was, marveled Jeb Stuart, a feat almost unparalleled in the war.

Arms, equipment, and 58 horses were seized in the raid. The equine loss provoked a rueful quip from the White House on March 10. "I am sorry for that," said President Lincoln, "for I can make brigadier generals, but I can't make horses."

Old, Shoddy German Sites Below Common Mart Average Capacity, Exhibs Hate 'Communal Cinema'

By HAZEL GUILD

Frankfurt.

Trend is toward smaller film situations in West Germany. With about 3,300 houses still in operation (not counting the subsidized 82 communal cinemas), the 54 big cities offer about 890 houses, or 26.8%, while 759—22.9% are in the middle-sized cities, and 27.9% in towns with from 5,000 to 20,000 inhabitants. Villages with less than 5,000 residents account for the final 22.4% with 741 houses.

And the era of the giant first-run or action house is over. Only 28 situations provide more than 1,000 seats while the highest number (40.3%), 1,336 houses, have between 300 and 500 seats, and 1,173 cinemas—35.4% offer less than 300 seats.

Heavily industrialized Saar area provides the most seats per resident, 37.3% per 1,000, while Hamburg runs at the other end of the line with only 17.1 seats per 1,000.

Germany thus makes a bad showing against its Common Market neighbors with an average of 21.9 seats per 1,000 throughout. Highest is Luxembourg with 65.2 seats per 1,000 inhabitants, followed by France (41.7) and Belgium (40). Even fewer seats though, are in Holland which has only 15.4 per thousand.

About the government-subsidized "Communal Cinemas":

"Even one of the first-run exhibitors who is suing our Communal Cinema admitted that in our first year of operation we had remained true to our promise not to show any strictly 'commercial films'—whatever that means!"

noted Frankfurt's cultural adviser Hilmar Hoffmann.

Hoffmann, perpetrator of Germany's first Communal Cinema and hence the object of ire of the competing (and unsubsidized) first-run houses throughout Germany, views with pride Frankfurt's Communal Cinema which has just moved into its permanent house after a year and a half of sharing quarters with the Theatre at the Tower.

Despite his slogan of "no commercial pictures," this is Frankfurt's most attractive new situation. It packed in 2,250 patrons during its initial six days of operation, and has some highly commercial-sounding schemes to attract students for early performances, and oldsters for matinees.

Hoffmann admitted that the new house's opening week was of films designed to attract attention and pull in the audiences—16m silent Charles Chaplin oldies, obtained with some difficulty because the major distributors are shying away from the Communal Cinemas and tending to favor their major sources or revenue, the indie first-run houses still in existence here.

Many of the 3,300 cinemas operating in Germany (pared down to under half from a 7,000 post-war peak) are old, dilapidated. Few even provide middle-of-the-house aisles. There's little aura of glamor in a night at the movies.

Frankfurt's Communal Cinema manages to change all that. The 178-seater, off to one side of the city's super-modern new Historic Museum, is of bright modern design.

(Continued on page 72)

PORTRAIT OF U.S. MOVIEGOERS

'N. Y. Daily News' Porno Switches

Though the major New York newspapers seem unlikely to follow some of their inland peers in refusing to accept advertising for X-rated features or "unrated" items deemed to be pornographic, in the eyes of the Manhattan sexpo establishment the city's sternest Mrs. Grundy is at the New York Daily News, and not the N.Y. Times.

Since the beginning of the porno wave, the News ad-copy acceptance policies have been the source of constant migraines for exhibitors and distributors trying to sell their wares. The News consistently finds sexpo title to be unacceptable when the originals run unchanged in the N.Y. Times and Post. Thus, advertisers are forced to alter copy, art work etc. before they allowed access to the News advertising pages. Ironically, the News runs more pornopic advertising than any other local daily. Listed below are some of the more notable title changes attributed to the News:

"Deep Throat"—"Throat"
 "Meatball"—"Hamburger"
 "Meat Rack"—"Street Rack"
 "Teenage Slaves"—"Teenage Serfs"
 "Cherry Blossoms"—"Berry Blossoms"
 "Sons and Mothers"—"Sons and Others"
 "Seduction of Inga"—"Temptation of Inga"
 "Pornography in New York"—"Permissiveness in New York"
 "Hot Parts"—"Ultra Violet's Guide to 40 Years of X Films"
 "Massage Parlor"—"Menage Parlor"
 "Mary Jane"—"Mary J."

In one case, the News objected to the name of a midtown porno theatre devoted to gay sexpo material. It refused to call it the "Tomcat," substituting the name "Thom." The News also screens all sexpo ads so they appear lighter on the page than more conventional advertising for establishment pix.

DEMOGRAPHICS CUE UPPED B.O.

By JACK VALENTI
 (President, Motion Picture Association of America)

In each of the last four years the Opinion Research Corp. has conducted scientific surveys for the Motion Picture Association to furnish us a reliable portrait of the American moviegoers. I have long been a believer in assembling information through scientific research. Too often we rely on personal opinion instead of verified facts.



Jack Valenti

Any alert management wants to know all it can about its customers, their ages, their characteristics, and in the case of movies, who attends and how often, and who doesn't.

Although there have been variations, each year a pattern runs through all four ORC surveys. There is good news, and some that is not so good. And there are opportunities for filmmakers, distributors and exhibitors to grasp.

The 1972 survey affords us reassurance—a reassurance that the industry has a solid and regular audience, not as large as we would like it, or as it should be, but one that appears unwavering in its devotion to motion pictures shown in the theatres. It is also increasing. To avoid overstatement, this increase is slight, but to also be fair, there is an increase.

This backbone following is found in the 12-to-29 age group, which, although representing only 40% of the 12-and-over population, accounts for 73% of total theatre admissions.

The first three surveys (1969, 1970, 1971) reported declining admissions. This pattern was reversed and turned into a small upswing in 1972. The average number of admissions per moviegoer, in the 12-and-over population, rose from 11.7 to 12.2 in 1972.

Another finding, which may be a sign of the future, lies in the attendance in 1972 by those in the 40-49 age group. The admissions by this group rose from 6% of total admissions in 1971 to 10% in 1972. As this group, now apparently being attracted more often to the theatres, passes into higher ages it could tend to offset the present low attendance record of those 50-and-over. Our major attendance problems are in the older population.

Teenagers Tops

The more frequent moviegoers, as expected, are found among teenagers. More than four-in-10, in this age bracket, attend at least once a month—a proportion about twice that for the general public age of 18-and-over. The frequent moviegoers, while constituting 23% of the total public age 12-and-over, account for 86% of yearly admissions.

Think what it could mean if we could expand by only 1% the number of frequent moviegoers in other age groups. I believe this is a goal possible to attain.

Education and family income, usually companions in American life, are stimulants to movie attendance.

Two-thirds of those with at least some college education are frequent or occasional moviegoers. Only 20% in this category never go to the theatres. The "nevers" in the total population age 18-and-over are more than twice that, or 43%. For those with less than a complete high school education the proportion of nonmoviegoers climbs to 66%.

Sixty-three per cent of families (Continued on page 62)

Hardcore Producers 'Reputation'; Porno 'Talent' Slow Finding 'Fame'; Film As Part Of The Gay Hustle

By ADDISON VERRILL

When hardcore pornography began a libidinous assault on the commercial theatres of the U.S. three years ago, it was the producer-directors who first received personal attention and built certain "reputations." Bill Osco, Alex De Renzy, Richard Robinson, Arlene Elster, the Mitchell Brothers, etc. became bankable filmmaking names whose billing in advertising for porno features provided erotica buffs with a guide through the swamp of available product, much of it anonymous and fourth-rate of its kind.

In 1972, sexpo filmmakers continued to draw attention as new names were added to the hardcore pantheon: Jerry Daimiano ("Deep Throat"), Wakefield Poole ("Boys in the Sand"), the Amero Brothers ("Dynamite") J. Brian ("First Time Round"), etc. But the emphasis this past year has been less on filmmakers than on the performers themselves, and thus there is emerging whole new "entertainment" breed: performers who labor in hardcore and who say they are not ashamed of it. Gone, indeed, are the days when stag movie actors wore masks and kept their socks on.

Ironically, 1972 marked the 10th anniversary of the death of Marilyn Monroe and recalled the brouhaha surrounding the disclosure, early in her career, that she had once posed for a nude calendar. Nowadays at least one actor in an upcoming "Establishment" feature frankly lists his previous porno appearances in his bio.

Its 'Biograph Girl'

Though as yet the porno industry has not developed a big stable of identifiable performers, that appears to be the trend, and in 1972 the hardcore market got its own pristine Biograph Girl in the form of Linda Lovelace, oral sexpert of "Deep Throat," porno's biggest money attraction to date. Miss Lovelace has been interviewed in the press (Women's Wear Daily and Screw Magazine, among others) and has gained such a buff following from one pic that her just-wound "Deep Throat" sequel should start way ahead of its anonymous competition when launched early in '73.

The male equivalent of Miss Lovelace is Jim Cassidy, a muscular type working out of Los Angeles whose specialty is gay hardcore features, most recent: "A Deep Compassion." Cassidy won a Mr. Nude America contest this year on the west coast and gave his hobby as making porno movies, and it's probably better that Bert Parks wasn't there to hear that. Cassidy is one of the biggest attractions on the male-male circuit, earning the kind of billing most conventional actors work years for and usually never get. In trailers for "Deep Compassion" his billing reads: "with the special guest appearance of Jim Cassidy as the love god." Attention, Actors Equity. (Cassidy recently showed up on the television "Sonny and Cher Show" doing a loincloth bit—the equivalent for surprised porno buffs of Linda Lovelace doing a Gleem toothpaste commercial.)

One Made 'Respectable'

Neither Cassidy nor Miss Lovelace, however, has yet managed to bridge the gap between hardcore and "respectable" features, and to date only one performer gets credit for that feat (not counting the numerous tales of now-established performers who are rumored to have once made stag movies in their youth). That's Calvin Culver, a New York model (recently on the cover of Newsweek), who is to be seen in Radley Metzger's new feature, "Score" and

in Audubon's pick-up "Fun and Games." He also had roles in "Gnger," in the legit "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" with Ingrid Bergman and is reportedly set for Robert Fryer's "The King Must Die" with Maggie Smith.

As Casey Donovan, however, Culver made three gay hardcore appearances, most notable as the busy lead in "Boys in the Sand," and he makes no bones about it, talking frankly in interviews about the "valuable experience" resulting from such efforts. His background seems no hindrance to his getting more establishment roles, though one can't help but wonder what Louis B. Mayer would have done if an aspiring actor gave him a porno reel as a screen test back in MGM's halcyon days. The heavens no doubt.

Other porno performers to have developed some public recognition include Dolly Sharp, Johnny Wadd and Bill Harrison. Miss Sharp plays the older friend of Linda Lovelace in "Deep Throat" and has been in a number of other features over the past year. Her stamina is awe-inspiring and porno buffs credit her with being the first porno "actress," one who concentrates on communicating her feelings directly to the audience (some call it erotic mugging) even in the midst of the most acrobatic maneuvers.

'Wonder of Nature'

Mr. Wadd, presumably a pseudonym, has been an imposing fixture in boy-girl loops and features since the beginning of the hardcore wave. He is less a performer than a wonder of nature and quite literally has to be seen to be believed.

Harrison is the newest of the group, having made his debut in Wakefield Poole's current "Bijou." Almost a Robert Redford tintype, Harrison should be in some demand in future considering the initial gay response to his credentials.

Though porno films are still not considered respectable footage for the vast majority of young actors hoping to break into legitimate branches of filmmaking, the fact that it has worked successfully in Culver's case may make some more amenable to such appearances in future.

There are porno performers, however, with little interest in becoming legit actors or actresses.

Many use the features as a means of advertising their available wares and it's no secret that hustlers of both sexes who used to display themselves in nudie magazines for ultimate purchase now find the porno film a quick, highly effective showcase on a national scale. A story circulating in New York recently tells of a male porno star from California who was flown to Manhattan and given \$500 plus expenses for one night with a wealthy patron, all stemming from one viewing of a pic at the Park-Miller theatre.

LABOR HASSLE DELAYS SCREENING ROOM BOW

Due to what he called "minor labor problems" with the electricians' union, Associated Independent Theatres exec veepee Ralph Donnelly has postponed the opening of the Screening Room Theatre, N.Y. to Jan. 18. House plans a series of week-long bookings of offbeat features as reported in VARIETY two weeks ago.

Firs. house ad, originally set to break in the Sun. (7) edition of the N.Y. Times, will now run on Jan. 14.

Govt.'s Film Development Fund In Australia: A Boon As In Canada

By TOM STACEY

(Australian Film Development Corp.)

Sydney.

The Australian Film Development Corporation was established by statute in 1970 as a result of recommendations to the Commonwealth Government made by the Film Committee of the Australian Council for the Arts in 1969. Its objects were set out as "encouraging the making of Australian Cinematograph and Television Films and encouraging the distribution of such films within and outside Australia."

This Corporation is required to exercise its function with a view to the achievement of high technical and artistic standards in Australian films. Its activities are restricted by statute of productions with significant Australian content. However, all types of film making are within its ambit, including features, documentaries, television series and pilots, and television specials, both on film and on videotape. To enable the Corporation to assist such projects financially, the Commonwealth Government provided an initial fund of \$1m., which has since been replenished to that amount. (It will be noted by world showmen that Australia and Canada thus far have benefitted notably from establishment of government film funding—Ed.)

In arriving at its initial policy, the Corporation felt it imperative first of all to restore a measure of confidence in a previously unstable industry on the part of private investors. For this reason the Corporation adopted a strong business-like attitude in its decisions and actions. It has supported only those projects showing strong promise of commercial success, and in this way has succeeded in attracting some new private investment into the industry.

The Corporation uses both loans and investment in supporting film ventures. Finance is restricted to part of the budget of a film only. Loans are confined to the more secure ventures, often against the security of prior sale of the product. In the case of more risky proposals, the Corporation invests and after recoupment of its investment, shares in the profits derived from the film. In addition, the Corporation has power to guarantee the repayment of loans obtained by film makers from other sources.

In the first years of operation, the Corporation has confined itself to playing a relatively passive role, generally leaving the initiation of

projects to the industry. This has resulted in a steady inflow of propositions and enquiries, close to three hundred in the period from commencement until the present. The Corporation has become financially involved in one way or another in more than 40 of these. The majority of its ventures have been in the field of television production (both series and single programmes), but the Corporation has also participated in some 18 feature films. One of its major efforts to date, "The Adventures of Barry McKenzie," is now showing in capital cities throughout Australia, and is breaking box office records. Another of the feature films supported by the Corporation "Sunstruck," has just been released.

In addition to its financial activities, the Corporation provides a range of services to the industry in the form of advice and expertise in related areas, such as script development, budgeting, film processing, legal matters, and distribution at home and abroad.

Improved avenues of distribution and exhibition will allow the Corporation to support a wider range and increasing number of film ventures, and so help to provide much needed continuity of work in the industry. The Corporation, which is attaining a unique position in the industry in terms of its overall knowledge of many aspects of film making in Australia, may also be able to adopt a more entrepreneurial stance, bringing together appropriate scriptwriters, producers, directors and camera crews to make Australian films of ever higher quality and with ever increasing chances of success, both artistic and commercial.

Peruvian Pic Exec Buys 31 India Pix In 251G Deal

Bombay.

A Latin American film buyer, Alfonso Diaz of Promociones Filmicas Internacionales, Lima, Peru, acquired 31 pix for \$251,500 during a recent stay here. Deal included 28 Hindi films, 2 Bengali films ("Sagina Mahata" and "Interview") and 1 Marathi language pic, "Donhi Garcha Fahuna."

Diaz said that Latin American preference for Indian product is largely because the women portrayed in Indian films always remained loyal to one man, with less sex and violence.



"I knew it the moment the producer showed me the script.

"But more important than the Emmys and other awards that 'Brian's Song' won was the fact that it was the highest rated made-for-tv movie ever. I mean, people wanted to see this movie. Maybe even needed to.

"That's why thousands of them packed Chicago theaters to see 'Brian's Song' just a few weeks after it had been on television.

"And, as a cameraman who has been in the business for fifty years, working on 'Brian's Song' made me feel good. You know, jumping from one medium to another without a hitch.

"That's why I like the flexibility and freedom of something like Eastman film. And why I'll stick with it.

"After all, I never know when another 'Brian's Song' might come along."

Joseph Biroc. Award winning
Director of Photography, "Brian's Song."



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DEBATE OVER BRUTALITY

—'VIOLENCE' AS SUBSTITUTE FOR 'STARS'
—EXPLICIT HORRORS OF '72 PIX—AND WHY
—RECALL TORTURE SHOWS OF ANCIENT ROME

By LEE BEAUPRE

No sooner had the star system been officially buried than Hollywood miraculously discovered a replacement to lure audiences into theatres. That new "star," now shining more brightly than any Gable or Garbo of old, is violence.

Obviously violence has been a staple of American films since 1903's "The Great Train Robbery." Westerns and war films, to name two constant genres, would languish without their climactic gun-fights and battles. Nevertheless, such films previously represented a moderate portion of the total Hollywood diet, and their brutal seasoning was usually applied lightly.

Only in the early 1930s was there a sustained outburst of violence on U.S. screens, with nearly 100 gangster and prison pictures made in response to Depression escapism. Yet for all the noise of machine-gun fire, most of these criminal chronicles avoided sustained closeups that might further upset sufficiently distressed filmgoers, and very few of them approached the boxoffice magnitude of more popular fare such as Norma Shearer tearjerkers, Marie Dressler comedies and Maurice Chevalier musicals.

In the last year, however, an unprecedented majority of the most successful motion pictures has zealously mined the rich ore of bloodshed and brutality.

Consider the following tidbits from 1972's top grossers, as listed elsewhere in this issue: an antique bear trap snaps fatally shut around a man's neck in "Straw Dogs," a woman is raped and killed with a pop-art phallus in "A Clockwork Orange," a man is ground up into sausage links in "Prime Cut," a prolonged castration highlights "The Valachi Papers." Less exotic but equally graphic tortures—stabblings, shootings, garrotings, beatings and the like—spice such other recent hits as "The Godfather," "Dirty Harry," "The Cowboys," "The New Centurions" and the spate of black features fiscally spearheaded by "Super Fly."

Just as these recent outpourings of violence have rescued film distributors and theatres, so they have provided new work for the nation's film critics and instilled new zest in the missionary efforts of various citizens' organizations. Media disputation has led to three distinct viewpoints regarding screen violence, none of which effectively withstands dispassionate analysis. Once certain prejudices and white-heat emotions are bypassed, however, a startling but logical view of violence does emerge.

The current group of features can be seen as historically and sociologically inevitable, and the continued existence of violent films may well be regarded as essential to the recovery and preservation of our national health. That may sound like a frivolous or decadent attitude, but reconsider first the alternate stances advocated by our leading film commentators.

(1) The first viewpoint, advocated by such filmmakers as Sam Peckinpah and Roman Polanski, sees excessive and graphic depiction of brutality as the only effective deterrent against real-life perpetuation of such horrors. As Polanski noted in an interview, "If you don't show (violence) realistically, then that's immoral and harmful. If you don't upset people, then that's obscenity."

Although filmmakers may have an aesthetic case for this use of violence, their admonitory rationale hardly explains the continuing commercial appeal of screen sadism. No one has ever attended a film because he sought correction of his moral thinking. In attending one super-violent picture after another, filmgoers confirm that these works provide them with pleasure, not "education." If a

highly successful film were to engender the mass revulsion sought by Peckinpah and Polanski, one might be inclined to assume the public had turned masochistic.

(2) The second position, championed by the censorship forces and a growing number of "concerned" commentators, maintains that mass-culture violence is harmful—either in directly encouraging real-life acts of brutality or in promoting a societal atmosphere tolerant of such behavior. This view was accorded academic credibility 20 years ago when a psychiatrist named Fredric Wertham spearheaded a successful campaign to outlaw such gory Entertainment Comics as The Vault of Horror and Tales from the Crypt. In his book "Seduction of the Innocent" and in his subsequent testimony before a Congressional committee, Dr. Wertham persuaded many that these horror comic books could dangerously inflame youthful imaginations.

Not until recently, however, has the effect of violence on adults come under serious scrutiny. In the aftermath of the appalling real-life violence that has infected our culture, several critics have seconded Pauline Kael's feeling that "at the movies, we are gradually being conditioned to accept violence. The directors used to say they were showing up its real face and how ugly it was in order to sensitize us to its horrors. You don't have to be very keen to see that they are now in fact desensitizing us . . . Surely, when night after night atrocities are served up to us as entertainment, it's worth some anxiety."

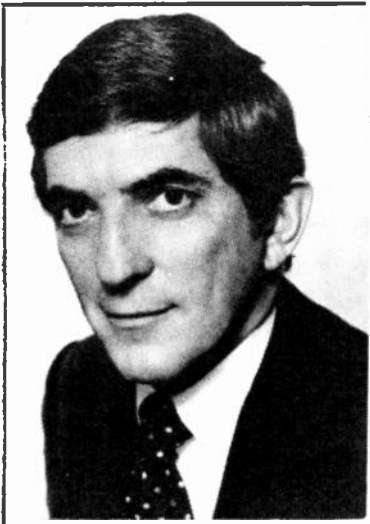
If audiences were being immunized to violence, why would they continue to attend and enjoy such films as "The French Connection," "The Godfather" and "A Clockwork Orange" in record numbers? If the new screen violence had no impact on our "desensitized" natures, wouldn't this cycle have died as the mass taste for sexual pornography?

There is no evidence that films affect our attitudes or behavior more than superficially. Clark Gable's bare chest in "It Happened One Night" may dampen undershirt sales, but decades of romantic happy endings on screens have not lowered the nation's divorce figures. And as French director Jean Renoir ruefully noted, "In 1936 I made a picture named 'Grand Illusion' in which I tried to express all my deep feelings for the cause of peace. This film was very successful. Three years later the war broke out." Motion pictures are not the perfect Skinner box, and ever since Cain, man has demonstrated his violent abilities without recourse to a tactical model.

(3) The final attitude, largely promoted by "liberal" film critics and filmgoers, regards screen violence as a necessary reflection of today's world, so long as it is exhibited in an organic and inextensive manner. The difficulty with this seemingly reasonable stance is that good taste remains a very subjective commodity. One man's gratuitous excess is another man's organic necessity. If the very critics holding this temperate view were to arbitrate on the present group of violent pictures, the result would be nothing but hung juries.

None of these widely circulated views, then, goes very far in illuminating the reasons for contemporary violence, both on our streets and on our screens. But perhaps valid explanation for this phenomenon does exist, one that derives from a 40-year-old work entitled "Civilization and Its Discontents" written by the now unfashionable Sigmund Freud.

"Men are not gentle, friendly creatures wishing for love, who simply defend themselves if they are attacked," he wrote. "A



JONATHAN FRID

Former Star of "DARK SHADOWS" Co-Starring in ABC's Movie Of The Week "THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER" Tuesday, January 9, 1973.

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powerful measure of desire for aggression has to be reckoned as part of their instinctual endowment." Initially men suppressed this instinct in order "to make the earth serviceable to them" and "to protect them against the tyranny of natural forces."

But to serve this primary purpose of civilization, it also became necessary for society to regulate the relations between human beings for maximum productivity. "If civilization requires such sacrifice . . . of the aggressive tendencies, we can better understand why it should be so hard for man to feel happy in it . . . Civilized man has exchanged some part of his chances for happiness for a measure of security."

All societies have exacted some degree of man's instinctual aggression in exchange for security and control of his environment, but American society has always driven the hardest barter. The reason for this greater repression of instinct is simple: our country was born with it. Whereas most nations evolved from barbaric roots, we were founded on the Puritan belief that hard work and devotion to our fellow man were the paths to our salvation. And once Americans witnessed the unparalleled progress achieved through "discipline," they readily acquiesced to additional regulations designed to steeper aggressive impulses.

The stock market crash of 1929 abruptly damped this optimism, and the ensuing cycle of violent gangster and prison movies reflected America's feelings of despair and impotence. But despite the anti-social behavior of these killer-heroes, their goals (like those of the heroes in today's "blaxploitation" films) remained the goals of pre-Depression America: material success and the love (or respect) of one's fellow man. Furthermore, these violent heroes (unlike the present group of black protagonists) all suffered ultimate retribution, as if to remind audiences that "crime does not pay" and aggression is not its own reward.

The task of recovering economic prosperity reunited the American people in their willing suppression of destructive impulses. As we neared this goal, war broke out. "It is always possible to unite considerable numbers of men in love towards one another," Freud noted, "so long as there are still some remaining as objects for aggressive manifestations." World War II, the Korean War and the subsequent decade of rabid anti-

(Continued on page 32)

The Page You Never Read

By MORT WEISINGER

On Election eve, when President Nixon delivered his victory speech at the Shoreham, he commiserated with McGovern for coming in second by referring to his own defeat in 1960 by JFK. Said Nixon: "That's why, when I wrote a book shortly afterward, I dedicated it: 'To Pat—who also ran.'"

Aside from family members and close friends, book buyers have a blind spot for authors' dedications. Yet, despite their low readers' rating pull, many scribes climb the walls trying to be original or clever in their tributes. Frequently, they'll spend more time worrying about the dedication in the book than over the title.

In the course of dreaming up a nifty for my next novel, I've combed hundreds of books, past and present, for some nuggets. If you are presently incommunicado with the Muses, perhaps my findings can guide you.

Most overworked is the spouse syndrome, wherein the book is dedicated to wife or husband. Irving Stone has dedicated every one of his books to his wife, Hemingway, four times wed, distributed his literary largesse among his four wives by rewarding each of them with an inscription. These marital dedications are usually dullsville. But a clever switch can save the day.

FPA, for example, dedicated a book to: "My Loving Wife, but for whose constant interruptions this book would have been finished six months earlier." Groucho Marx trumped him in "Memoirs of a Mangy Loser," which he dedicated to his wife, "whose lack of interest in my book has been a constant desperation." Bennett Cerf wins the Oscar in this genre for the gem he composed to go with his book, "Out On A Limb-lick":

There is a young lady from
Fife
Whom I never have seen in
my life.
So the devil with her:
Instead I perfer

To dedicate this to my wife.
Unmarried? If you want to give your current flame the treatment, study William McFee's long string of books, wherein his numerous libidos are recorded for posterity with a different dedication for each femme. When Corey Ford wrote "What Every Bachelor Knows," he dedicated it: "To all the girls I've made happy by not marrying them." Robert Ruark dedicated his last novel, "The Honey Badger," a sexy semi-autobiography, with true Playboy flair: "This book is for all the nice girls who, wittingly or otherwise, supplied the vital statistics without which there would be no book."

Honor thy agent or editor? Old hat. Maxwell Perkins, the venerated Scribner's editor, had more than 20 books dedicated to him during his lifetime. Agent Paul Reynolds reports that more than a dozen writers in his stable have dedicated works to him. Besides, it would be difficult to top H. Allen Smith who, when he wrote "Life in a Putty Factory," used this zinger: "Ten percent of this book is dedicated to Harold Matson, my agent."

If you're thinking of selling copies, try the multiple-dedication approach. It worked for George F. Allen, the famous White House wit. When he wrote "Presidents Who Have Known Me," his dedication named 500 of his friends. The list ran four pages long. As he had shrewdly calculated, most purchased copies for him to autograph. Morrie Ryskind handled this gambit more tersely in his autobiography, "Unaccustomed As I Am." "Dedicated to the Great American Democracy," he wrote. "May it bring me royalty." Also playing the numbers game with the omnibus dedication was General Eisenhower, who dedicated "Crusade in Europe" — "To the Allied Soldier, Sailor and Airman of World War II." General Hap Arnold dedicated his book, "Global Mission," to the entire U.S. Air Force.

Humorists favor witty punchliners. Will Rogers dedicated "Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat" to Mrs. Calvin Coolidge "because she

appreciates jokes even on her own husband." Ogden Nash dedicated "Hard Times" — "To Mrs. (Dorothy) Parker, Mr. (Samuel) Hoffenstein and Mr. Roget, without a handy set of whose works this book could not have been written so quickly." When H. Allen Smith wrote "Lost in the Horse Latitudes," he impishly dedicated it to the New York Commissioner of Sanitation.

Smith was another who did his dedications wholesale, saluting a host of friends and acquaintances. Howard Teichmann's "George S. Kaufman: An Intimate Biography" has a similar sizable cast of characters whom he had interviewed for source material; Max Wilk dittoed in one of his Hollywood books.

Moss Hart, Quentin Reynolds and a few other zanies were given to personally inscribing gift copies of their tomes to pals with a legend reading something like: "For so-and-so, without whose help, deep love and sympathetic understanding every word of this book was written."

Stuck for a dedication because you don't have any friends or family? Then try the Cryptic Credit. "To George, who lived this book." Or "To Dennis, who was there when it happened." my favorite in the baffler category is the throwaway used by Rex Lardner in "The Lardner Report." "Dedicated to," he inscribed, "skip it." And let's not forget the snapper used by Kaufman & Hart on the flyleaf of the edition of their play, "The Man Who Came to Dinner" — "To Alexander Woolcott, for reasons that are nobody's business."

The late Mark Hellinger, who had started many an obscure writer on a literary career by publishing his initial efforts in his Broadway column, was rankled that not one of his proteges had ever expressed gratitude via a dedication to him in one of their books. So, when Hellinger had his anthology of short stories, "The Ten Million," published by Farrar & Rinehart, he assuaged his ego with this inscription:

"Because no one will appreciate my book nearly so much, the author affectionately dedicates it to—MARK HELLINGER."

What happens when a literary work is the joint effort of two writers? When Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benet co-authored "A Book of American," they solved the dilemma by dedicating it to their children thus: "To Stephanie, Thomas and Rachel, our other works in collaboration."

When bridge experts Ely Culbertson and E. T. Webster collaborated on "The Culbertson Webster Contract System," they opted for a dual dedication in split-level format: "I dedicate this book to Ely Culbertson, My Most Promising Bridge Pupil . . ." E. T. Webster. And, "I dedicate this book to Webby, My Third Favorite Bridge Partner (That is, after the two opponents) . . ." Ely Culbertson.

As for my own problem, after months and months of pondering, I've finally come up with the answer. Inasmuch as my next novel will deal with Wall Street, the dedication will read: "To anyone who has never lost a dollar in the market."

Now all I need is a plot.

Hock Joins Schlaifer

Mort Hock has joined Charles Schlaifer & Co., as v.p. of the ad agency.

Among Hock's former posts were v.p. over Paramount Pictures' advertising and publicity and exec director of advertising for United Artists, Warner Bros. and Blaine Thompson Co.

Richard Sarafian replaced Brian Hutton as director of "Man Who Loved Cat Dancing," for MGM. Pic will top-line Burt Reynolds. Later made a settlement with manufacturers of his posters, puzzles, etc. whereby he gets a hefty sum, percentage and an agreement that distribution of all items stops after Christmas.

Paramount Pictures
proudly
salutes its founder
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on
the occasion
of his
100th
birthday.

DECLINE IN JAPAN

Seven-Choice Video Plus Travel Boom: Erotica & Sadism Fail To Save Films

By JIM HENRY

Tokyo. For some years now, the Japanese film moguls have been consoling themselves that "the worst is over" in the wholesale desertion of cinemas by the Japanese public. They have staved off bankruptcy by concentrating on distribution of rival foreign films and operating bowling alleys, supermarkets, hotels, taxi companies and even florist shops to bolster revenues while they hunt for the magic formula to lure back the fickle public. Yet this year it is still true that Japanese newspapers may soon be reporting the "demise" of the nation's film industry in terms of its earlier promise.

Japan made its name as a film producer in the late 1950s with such celebrated productions as "Rashomon," "Seven Samurai," and "Gates of Hell," in which the country's feudal past was exploited with dramatic and, above all, exceedingly beautiful results.

Later successes were scored with a succession of films dealing with modern Japanese life (as often as not dwelling on its frustrations). But at some point in the 1960s pro-

ducers seem to have lost heart, or their knack.

As of the present, quality and quantity have both declined sharply. The output of the three major studios (Toei, Shochiku and Toho, not counting Nikkatsu now a second-rate company producing only budget porno pix) totals about 130 films this year compared with 547 in 1959, when Japan was producing more films than any other country.

Finding Answers

In their attempts to find answers the film makers have turned to sex and sadism, turning out so-called "eroductions" and gorily explicit films on feudal gangsters. The public and the Code of Ethics were not amused and now even the number of "sexy pix for adults only" has begun to fall off again.

The basic reasons for the decline of screen fare in Japan are similar to those which have operated in the West—(1) the growth of television and (2) general diversification of leisure activities are chiefly to blame. But in Japan the process has moved further and faster than in most western

countries. About 20,000,000 television sets and a choice of seven channels keep the Japanese public glued to their armchairs most evenings.

The taste for travel has been boosted by the desire to escape from grossly overcrowded cities. Finally, sports are booming, and winter sports in particular have hit hard at the cinema's market.

In the past, the long New Year vacation could be relied upon to pull in massive audiences and make up for thin periods at other seasons. Today's Japanese like to spend their winters skiing or skating, with the result that New Year cinema receipts are down between 13 and 15 per cent.

The over-all picture of decline and despondency in the film industry is a grim one indeed. The total number of tickets sold has fallen from 1,130,000 at 7,457 theatres in 1958 (the industry's peak year) to 250 million at only 2,600 cinemas as of November, and the aggregate market is expected to shrink by another 25 million or so in next year.

Filmmaker (Ex-Wm. Morris) On The Functions Of An Agent

By BARRY J. WEITZ
(Exec VP, Philip D'Antoni Prods.)

(The following is a selection from a chapter titled "The Talent Agent" by Barry J. Weitz in the book, "The Movie Business"; edited by A. William Bluem and Jason E. Squire; published by Hastings House and reprinted by permission. At the time of writing, Weitz was an executive with the William Morris Agency in Beverly Hills. He is now Executive Vice President of Philip D'Antoni Productions, producers of "The French Connection," "Bullitt" and the forthcoming "The Seven Ups.")

In the triangle of buyer, seller and agent, the agent obviously performs two important functions. First, he sets up a very clear delineation between the buyer and the seller, and second, he gives the buyer a professional person to deal with on a consistent basis and in a business atmosphere. Thus a freedom from emotion is established, allowing the parties to cut to the core of the negotiation and agree upon what each party considers as essential. The presence of an agent is certainly a great aid to the buyer, since he does not have to become too closely involved with the artist during the negotiations. The buyer can deal with the artist on a creative level and with the agent on a purely business and career level. For these reasons, the talent agency is a very real part of the entertainment business. Indeed, it is essential to it.

Contract negotiating is probably the most time-consuming as well as important aspect of an agent's work day. Some agents like to think that there are certain secret methods that enhance their ability to negotiate, but there is no standardized formula or checklist that can be relied upon. Each negotiation is individual and unique. The aim of all negotiations is, of course, to secure the best possible deal for the client—to persuade the studio, network or buyer to make the best arrangement.

There are times in an agent's life when he is working with an actor who is "hot"—one who is in demand throughout the industry because his popularity in earlier films indicates that his presence in a film will probably insure a degree of potential success from the outset. The agent's responsibility in this situation is one of exercising great care in analysis of screenplays that are being submitted to him. He must choose scripts that have an important influence in the film business in the next year or so, thus exposing his client in a well-rounded fashion that will insure greater career longevity for him. This, of course, is the ideal situation, but even in these moments of great demand, great care must be taken by the agent in resisting any tendency to overplay his position. Work and creative contribution are still the most important aspects in the performer's life.

If Not 'In-Demand'

If a client is not an "in-demand" actor, the agent must go out and strongly "hustle" for his sales. If the talent is there, and if various reviews have not overlooked that talent, then the agent has some sort of "hook" to use in selling his client. If, however, the performer has little motion picture ability—if he had the opportunity but has not been able to prove himself—then the agent must reevaluate his client's career. There are many clients, for example, who have not been able to succeed in features but have ended up starring in their own television series—or even directing television shows, since these are two entirely different markets. There are also clients who have not been able to succeed in either motion pictures or television, but have become major stage performers. A great deal depends upon the talent finding his show media. The agent certainly should assist in the search, and give proper guidance to a client in this endeavor.

There are many clients who do not want their agents to become too involved in much of their lives. They prefer to keep things on a very nonemotional, business-like basis. For many people this can work very successfully. Over the long term, however, I think it almost impossible for a client and an agent not to become involved with one another and interest themselves in things other than the day-to-day business. If a client is so inclined, an agent can be a major support in the client's life with respect to what he is doing with his career and where he wants to be going in the next years. The client may feel that money is not even a primary consideration—that popularity, doing good things, or making a contribution to his art are more important sources of satisfaction.

Always, The B.O. Potential!

Along with the popularity, of course, usually comes some degree of remuneration, and as an agency we are very much interested in proper remunerations. But often, the business-oriented studio types do not concern themselves with a creative environment for the client. They may be more concerned with getting the project out or just the return of the dollars.

The agent's problem may very well start, then, after the deal has been made and the buyer and seller start to "live" together. Keeping the relationship alive and viable—and keeping the creative juices flowing—may be the most important aspects of the agent's work, and thus some of the services an agent renders often begin only after the deal is made.

One can easily see that a good agent will raise a business relationship to a human relationship—a circumstance that is difficult to find in any industry outside the entertainment business. The relationship can be a very personal, intimate one. Agents are diplomats, negotiators, salesmen, friends, and a very real part of the performer's life. Being a part of any person's life obviously creates a new and very important responsibility, the execution of which demands careful shaping of the client's career, sound negotiating for the right kind of deal, awareness of what the trends in the market are, and the ability to anticipate what the market will be like after a film has been completed.

It is difficult, however, for an agent to generalize to a client about this responsibility. He can put his finger on it only after he is able to find the right type of project, after he has been successful in bringing that project to his client's attention and after he has negotiated a deal with a studio for X amount of dollars for the client to perform a specific role. When the performer is paid for his performance, the agent is then in a position to say, "I have performed a function for you by negotiating a deal for which you have been paid, and from which we have both made money. Now we are prepared to go on to the next step."

The agency will always be an integral part of the motion picture business because there will always be a need for the creative middleman—and buffer—who is constantly in touch with a changing business and new concepts in the media, and who can bring together various creative and business elements for the mutual satisfaction and reward of those who participate.

Peter Bogdanovich will cast Ryan O'Neal in a third pic, an untitled chiller for the Directors' Co. to follow their previous "What's Up Doc?" (WB and "Paper Moon" (Par). Also in the thriller will be Cybill Shepherd and Orson Welles. Bogdanovich completed "Moon" four days under sked and the black-and-white pic came in at \$2,500,000.

Settling The Dust In Australia: Consolidation in '72 After '71

By KEITH H. MOREMON

(Managing Director, Greater Union Organisation)

Sydney.

As 1971 was a year of major change in the film trade of Australia—1972 mainly witnessed a settling down period—the combining of MGM and BDF distribution and the takeover of Warners by Roadshow have now been finalized. They are operating smoothly and bringing important economies to the costly film distribution side of the industry.

The absorption of the Metro theatres circuit by our Greater Union Organization also has been completed. The Australian Film Development Corp. after what must go down in history as the most appalling start in the life of any organization, government or otherwise—which commenced its life by not only biting the hand that was to feed it, but actually savaging that hand—has now begun to settle down to business in an adult and business-like way.

Changes, of course, will have to be made in the corporation before the errors will be forgiven by producers, distributors and exhibitors alike. These changes will no doubt be suggested by the Tariff Board to the government arising out of the many submissions made to the board.

The recent Tariff Board enquiry into many aspects of the industry gave all sides the opportunity to air their views and the results are being awaited with much interest.

The major impact of the introduction of the "R" Certificate film classification is over and already after only a little over a year later patrons are again shopping more carefully for films. Pix in this new classification have met with great success in the cities and larger provincial areas but have been rather less successful in the country towns.

Because of the "R" Certificate classification and weather conditions the first trial period of daylight saving did little to hurt box-office last summer, but daylight saving has now been introduced in four States permanently for four months each spring and summer. When the weather conditions improve it is certain to have some impact on attendances.

Feature film production was slightly more active over the past year with the result that a few of

the new features appear set to make a profit for the producers in Australia alone. By Christmas there were several Australian films in release—more than in any previous period.

Greater Union Organization continued its leadership in the film biz here through its program of building new theatres, renovating and/or twinning old houses and acquiring additional outlets for its suppliers. We also continued to upgrade facilities within our theatres to provide a better service and atmosphere as marketing efforts increased, selling was rewarded by new boxoffice records in practically every theatre we operate. The big pictures of 1972 were "Godfather," "Percy," "Clockwork Orange," "Kluge," "What's Up Doc?," "Bedroom Mazurka," "Summer of '42," "Tales of Beatrix Potter," "On the Buses" and

AID TO NEOPHYTES BY FILM INSTITUTE

Hollywood.

Some 14 filmmakers have received awards totalling \$100,000 for the making of new films in the latest cycle of Independent Filmmaker Awards granted by The American Film Institute. Final selections were made by review committee composed of Perry Miller Adato, Larry Jordan, Richard Leacock and Eleanor Perry.

Recipients are: Michael Brown Lincoln, Neb.; Mario Castillo, Los Angeles; Abigail Child, New York; Ian Conner, L.A.; Johanna Demetrakas, L.A.; Ken Greenwald, L.A.; Timothy Huntley, L.A.; Patricia Jaffe, N.Y.; Linda Jassim, L.A.; Kris Keiser, N.Y.; Amalie Rothchild, N.Y.; Hubert Smith, L.A.; Richard Wechsler, L.A.

Independent Filmmaker Awards Program is receiving special support from the National Endowment for the Arts to increase AFI's assistance to neophyte filmmakers. Applications for next cycle of awards in March are currently being accepted with deadline Jan. 15. Inquiries should be addressed to Jan Haag, The American Film Institute, 501 Doheny Road in Beverly Hills.

Any Mexican 'Independent' Surely Will Be 'Punished' By The System

Mexico City

Any would be "independent" filmmaker here in Mexico has problems. Of course, he can rebel against the establishment and strike out on his own but in the long run he ends up at its mercy. The Mexican system is hard to circumvent.

An "independent" may avoid the Motion Picture Bureau (for supervision of his script). He may beg, borrow or con money to finance his production (and bypass the National Film Bank which requires some collateral before granting credits which are to a great extent determined by a film's potential commercial value). The independent shoots it in 16 millimetre with hopes of being able to blowup to 35 gauge later (to reduce production costs). He films it clandestinely with friends and a minimal crew (and avoids having to abide by union conditions which artificially inflate production costs).

When the picture is done, the indie arranges private showings to demonstrate he has been able to turn out a "quality" product that's the equal of, or better than, what the "official" industry has produced. Assuming he gets a warm reception from his colleagues, critics and the press he may have a chance to capitalize with a picture that has commercial appeal and can at the least return his investment. Then his troubles start.

Approval for commercial release means presenting his product for "supervision" and that could mean the "independent" faces scissoring after all, per the system. Then the union is going to insist on some "displacement" pay as punishment upon the rebel for not having operated according to the book. Then, of course, he's going to have to wait for Operadora de Teatros to grant him a theatre date. So, he's back where he started from... just a little bit wiser about the advisability of bucking Mexico's rigid system.

It can be done, however, and the best illustration is "Insurgent Mexico" which was made in this fashion by Paul Leduc and ended up representing Mexico during Critics Week at the Cannes Film Fest. His success may have started something.



Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation

Twentieth Century-Fox Television

Twentieth Century Music Corporation

Twentieth Century-Fox Realty & Development Company

Twentieth Century Records

Twentieth Century-Fox Studio Operations

'Industry' As Used, Signifies You & Me

By ROY B. WHITE

(President, National Assn. Of Theatre Owners)

Cincinnati.

The motion picture "Industry" is a nebulous, amorphous organism that moves from the pull or thrust of its own weight. We use and abuse the word "Industry" relentlessly and with determined unwillingness, in most cases, to look inward for answers to the problems that perplex us. We analyze, evaluate, chart, graph, and otherwise accuse, chide, bless or damn the "Industry." We seem to take solace in stepping behind the word "Industry" and by so doing we somehow enjoy a third person insulation and anonymity. We escape the painful need of looking inward.

And while we incessantly analyze, chart, graph, blame the other guy and otherwise try to understand what happened yesterday—we spend precious little time today building the foundations for tomorrow. We concentrate too much on where we have been that we pay too little attention to where we are going.

How dare we presume that the motion picture business we are in will not change, indeed, has not changed.

How dare we talk of the "Industry" with detachment and/or as though it had the corporate structure of a General Motors or the lofty purpose of an organized religion.

How dare we not realize that if there is an "Industry" — we are it — you — me — I — he — her — them — and all others who operate within its fuzzy borders.

Yes—we are the "Industry"—you, I, and we had better begin to individually assume the responsibility inherent in the above conclusion rather than looking out in the vast beyond for a mythical "they" to do something about our problems.

We have somehow, somewhere along the line developed a terribly confused approach to our role. Our priorities are out of order and if we don't "shape up," I fear that some of us may "ship out."

A business succeeds because it serves a need and the necessity of doing more things right than wrong in satisfying that need is a fundamental function of being in business and most certainly of remaining in business.

We can not, however, become so obsessed with ourselves, with analyzing, charting, graphing, blaming each other and other intramural time wasters that we forget and neglect our primary function which is, of course, providing a constant flow of "top drawer" entertainment. If we accept our role, each of us, individually, be he producer, writer, actor, actress, distributor, exhibitor or any one else contributing to the end result of entertaining people, then we will have better satisfied the human need that makes it possible for us to be in business.

If each of us, individually, accepts this role with a new dedication and a fresh approach which does not preclude enjoying what we do, then we can each indeed make a better "Industry"—one which belongs and responds to you and to those who generate the input.

There are many new things on the horizon—some will fade away and others will prove to satisfy a need. In any event, there will be changes; new ways of making films—new ways of distributing films—and new ways of exhibiting films. New people are entering all facets of our expanding motion picture business. New people have exciting ideas and are not tied to the past by tradition or habit.

If there is one constant, it is most certainly the insatiable desire and appetite for good, broad-based entertaining motion pictures. The only thing that will turn this huge market off and away is disuse or abuse.

It is our obligation to ourselves and to each other to see that this does not happen.

These Are 1-Liners, Too

Compiled by WOODROW J. SANDLER

Excerpts from 'Cynical Proverbs', compiled by attorney-author Woodrow J. Sandler.

I drink to make other people interesting.

—George Jean Nathan

The Jukes were an old family, too.

—Lillian Hellman

A long dispute means that both parties are wrong.

—Voltaire

A bore is a fellow who opens his mouth and puts his feet in it.

—Henry Ford

Common sense is not so common.

—Voltaire

Conscience is the inner voice that warns us somebody may be looking.

—Mencken

Every man has a right to be conceited until he is successful.

—Disraeli

No man would listen to you talk if he didn't know it was his turn next.

—E. W. Howe

Whenever I feel like exercise, I lie down until the feeling passes.

—Robert M. Hutchins

Friends are people who borrow my books and set wet glasses on them.

—Edw. Arlington Robinson

Gossip is vice enjoyed vicariously.

—Elbert Hubbard

When you are down and out, something always turns up

—and it is usually the noses of your friends.

—Orson Welles

Repartee is something we think of 24 hours too late.

—Mark Twain

It's better to keep your mouth shut and appear stupid—

—than to open it and remove all doubt.

—Mark Twain

A celebrity is one who is known to many persons he is glad he doesn't know.

—H. L. Mencken

The way to fight a woman is with your hat. Grab it and run.

—John Barrymore

Friendships last when each friend thinks he has a slight superiority over the other.

—Balzac

When women kiss each other it always reminds me of prizefighters shaking hands.

—H. L. Mencken

'CRISIS' IS PERPETUAL

By ROBERT M. WEITMAN

Hollywood.

"Crisis" has been a normal state of affairs practically since the motion picture industry began. From the days of silent movies, the business has been confronted by one imminent danger after another.



Robert M. Weitman

Every conceivable reason has been given why the motion picture industry was and/or is on its way to destruction and oblivion. Many of the reasons have been based on fact, others very meaningful, others emotional.

Radio in the 1920s was to be the downfall of the screen, according to some wisecracks, because the public would not pay to go to theatres when they could stay home and listen to radio for free. Later it was forecast that the industry could never survive with talking pictures. I remember the popular "crises" of the equipment and patent wars, astronomical talent and executive salaries, the Depression, television, runaway production, soaring production and distribution costs, lost adult audiences, censorship, pay-tv, community antenna, ratings, etc.

Most predictions of disaster, most crises in the industry are generally voiced according to the person's point of view, his position in the business—whether he is a producer, a distributor, an exhibitor, a financier, an equipment supplier, or what ever.

Ironically, one of the most commonly voiced crises, which is supposed to ruin the industry, is the lack of cooperation among the producers, distributors, and exhibitors. Sometimes this crisis almost reaches a state of war as each accuses the other of having a selfish narrow view of the business.

What all of this means is the industry has always faced problems, whether real or fancied, whether you call them crises or changes. It has always been an industry in transition and it has always survived.

All of these so-called crises are mentioned to emphasize the fact that each individual in the business must think independently to determine what is the truth for himself, where the motion picture business is going for him, and what he is going to do about it.

Many of these problems have gradually developed into what is now a revolution in the industry. To many this revolution means "disaster" and to others it means "opportunity." Take your choice and there will lie your future.

There have been big changes in the major motion picture companies, change in ownership and management. There have been mergers with conglomerates. Financial control of the studios has been in contention for years, and will no doubt continue to be. But these are not the real critical point of focus today.

Who'll See, How, Where?

The real problem and crux to the future will be in the exhibition of motion pictures or how motion pictures will be seen and paid for by the public.

This particular problem underlies a large part of the friction between the producer-distributors and the exhibitors today. The major film companies contend that they cannot continue losing money while the exhibitors make a big profit. Consequently, the major companies have made it clear that they intend to seek revenues by means of CATV, cassettes, pay-tv to hotels and homes, or however.

Already the producer-distributor companies have realized large revenues from the sale of motion pictures to television. The television networks are producing feature-length films. Movies on television draw the largest audiences. This tells us that millions of people watch motion pictures every day; and that the question is how to reach them other than on free television.

This ultimately means other outlets including pay television to exhibit motion pictures in hotels, apartment complexes, and in the home. A number of major companies already have such exhibition systems in varying stages of development and operation. Progress is inevitable, inexorable. To fight it is to waste time, energy, and money. To take advantage of it, can invite success and profits.

Following The Fans

Major film companies involved in new systems of distributing motion pictures to homes, hotels and other new outlets are MCA, 20th Century-Fox, MGM, Columbia Pictures and Warner Bros.

MCA Disco-Vision, recently demonstrated, is a system of transmitting color motion pictures on a record from a turntable to television sets in homes. 20th Century-Fox has formed a joint venture with Bell & Howell Co. and Primary Medical Communications to make available feature motion pictures and equipment to motels, hospitals, and nursing homes.

MGM, which recently established its Metrovision system of showing current motion pictures in hotel rooms, also is exploring the possibility of other CATV operations. Columbia Pictures has a system of showing first-run pictures in hotels and homes. Warners will test a subscription service of movies in the homes. Also, many other companies are working on similar projects.

Without a doubt, in the near future there will be millions of motion picture screens not only in theatres but also in hotels, apartments, and homes with millions of people anxious and willing to pay for good entertainment. And where there is a motion picture screen there is a market for motion pictures.

And most important this means that the making of motion pictures, the recording of human activity in story or dramatic form, will always be here. The technical methods will no doubt change, such as the possible elimination of film as we know it today and the substitution of some kind of electronic system. Actually, this kind of electronic system has been developed and is now compatible and interchangeable with film.

Projection as we know it probably will change on a large scale in the near future. Plans for films to be beamed electronically to theatres from centrally located broadcasting stations, thus eliminating the expense of making and shipping some 50 to 400 prints of each picture. This will mean a reorganization of the distribution

system which has remained practically the same for the past 50 years.

Already this electronic distribution system has been developed and is in use by Columbia Pictures' Tele/Theatre division which beams first-run movies to hotel rooms and is planning to telecast movies to homes on a number of OATV systems throughout the country.

Plans for this system, as well as a forecast of the future pattern for the entire industry, was contained in a letter to the stockholders signed by Columbia executives Abe Schneider, Leo Jaffe and Jerome Hyams who pointed out that declining theatre attendance can be offset by the sale of films to other media such as CATV and video-cassettes.

The Columbia executives stated: "We hope that the nation's enterprising exhibitors will join rather than resist these evolving fields. They, too, have a big stake in home entertainment. It is not, in our judgment, a threat as some believe, but a source of new opportunity to recapture our audiences."

This expanded exhibition of motion pictures will bring about the production of more motion pictures for special audiences. This will, in effect, open new markets for the production of motion pictures. It will offer additional opportunities for established producers as well as new producers.

Also, there are many other changes coming about such as the studio system as we know it today—there probably will be fewer studios and stages for more economic operation. The economics of film making also will change, new managements will emerge, new production technologies will replace old ones. While these will be important, they will not be as significant as the expanded markets for films through the new motion picture screens in hotels, apartments, and homes throughout the country, and hopefully throughout the world.

Whether we realize it or not, the revolution is in full swing and a new era is at hand. There will be great problems to be faced and resolved but the business is not doomed as some critics believe.

There are tremendous opportunities in motion pictures—possibly greater than any time in history. This does not mean that everyone in the business or everyone who produces a picture will make money. It does mean that producers with initiative and foresight, with a knowledge of how to make entertaining pictures at the right price, will find great opportunities and great fortunes now and in the future.

The so-called crisis of today can be our opportunity of tomorrow.

Carlo Ponti Thinking Aloud

To ROD AMATEAU

Rome.

(The following paragraphs on various matters were translated from the Italian. For which linguistic assist, due appreciation goes to the above bilingual byliner, film director Rod Amateau, a product of Hollywood who is fluent in Italian.—Ed.)

ON FILMS TODAY

Today, young people are more educated, more informed about movies. They see a film that is not really complete—just an idea for a film or the experiment for a film—perhaps half of a film where the director didn't develop the theme—these young people are tolerant of that film experiment for two hours but they, like older audiences, really like a film that is complete, thought-out. Those are still the "big pictures" that make big grosses and win prizes.

* * *

ON THE FRENCH

A very smart people, but they know it. That is why people from other countries find them not likeable. Actually, the Italians are very smart, too. But they don't know it, so instead they are nice.

* * *

ON DIRECTORS

They make films for themselves, each other, critics, psychiatrists. I don't know—once in a while, they decide to make a commercial success and then they try—but they think, when they do that, they are making a sacrifice to make a film with a beginning, middle, end.

* * *

ON 'BLOW UP'

No, there was no beginning, middle or end. Antonioni has his films in his head and he tells nobody, not even the production manager, what he is going to do. You must believe in him or don't work for him.

* * *

ON ROMAN POLANSKI

I had never seen any of his films—not one—but I knew he was ready to make a commercial success. No one would help me, so I financed it myself, and Roman Polanski made a wonderful picture—"What?" is the Fellini "8½" of today.

* * *

ON CHINA

I want very much to make a film in China, but it's too difficult—permits, restrictions, etc. They are very intelligent people, however, and when they are ready, they will open the door and it will be very interesting to film there. I have only one thing against them. They invented pasta. Marco Polo brought it back. It makes me gain weight. I hate it only after I eat it. I never ate pasta until I was 21 and came to Rome.

* * *

ON TRUFFLES

Very difficult to find, they grow wild, under ground—specially trained dogs are trained to find them. Very expensive. Imagine, we go to the moon but cannot grow a truffle!

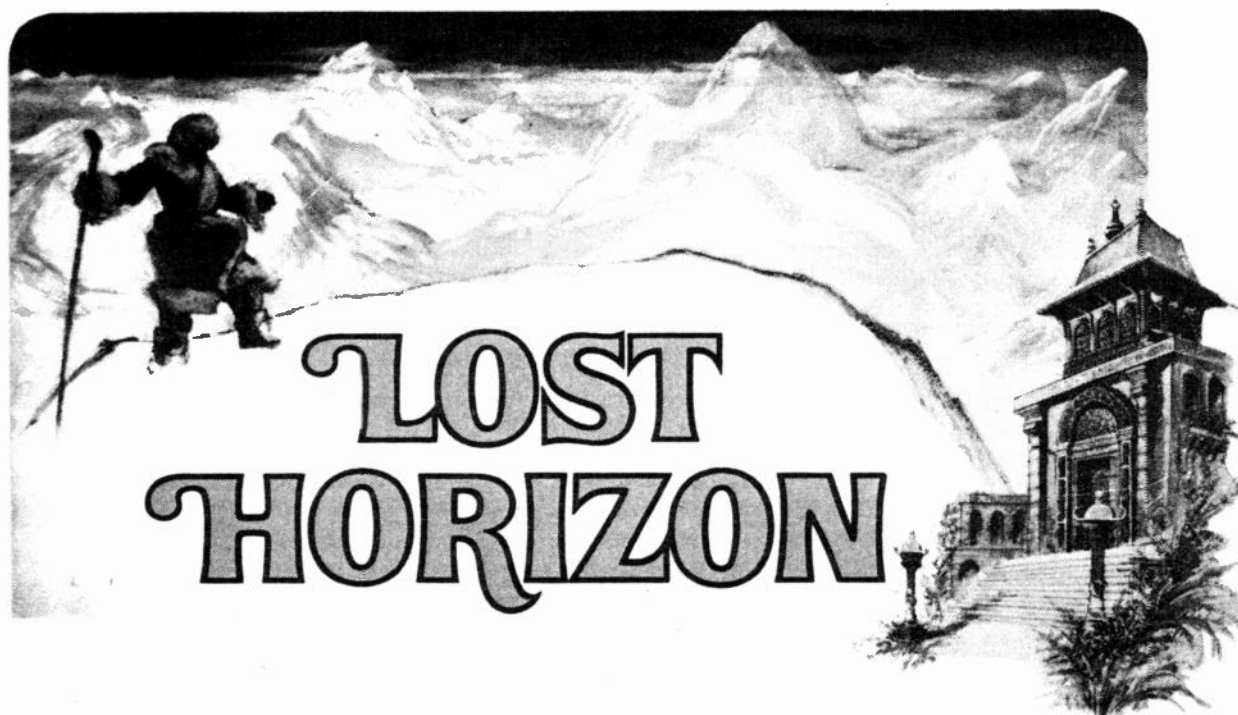
* * *

ON CARS

I hate automobiles. I want to make a film that shows automobile as the enemy of man. It's dirty, stupid, confining and it takes people away from where they should be—with each other.

ROSS HUNTER'S

Musical Production of



has been chosen for the

ROYAL FILM PERFORMANCE

in the presence of Her Majesty

Queen Elizabeth II

in London

on March 26, 1973

*Congratulations, Ross,
on winning this singular honor
for your first picture for Columbia!*



Films Need To Tell A Story: Even 'Plot' Hooters Expect It

By EUGENE VALE

Hollywood. Whether a motion picture can romance its audiences — without telling them a story—is not only debatable, but crucial to the future trends of the industry.

Not too long ago, the worst insult some producers could think of in judging a screenplay was: "Why, it has a story!"

Such overreaction to pictures with a beginning, a middle, and an end, was not without foundation. As audiences became more sophisticated, they grew wise to every ordinary plot gambit the filmmakers struggled to invent. After viewing thousands of television shows, old and young veterans of the tube had learned to predict successive twists and switches, and were ready to "telegraph the ending" to the writers who had labored to preserve the secret for the climactic scenes.

No wonder that, in this running battle of wits, some directors tried to outsmart the audiences by doing away altogether with any comprehensible story structure.

They succeeded—but in the end it turned out to be a costly victory. The out-smarted, viz, defeated, customers lost interest, not unlike Robert Frost, who told an esoteric poet seeking approval for his incoherent poem: "If that's your secret—keep it."

Plot Mix-Up Unnoticed

One anecdote hopefully not true, tells of the projectionist who by mistake reversed two reels. None in the professional audience noticed it. And another report, certainly fictitious, asserts that a man accused of murder claimed that he had been in a film house during the time the crime was committed. To test the veracity of his alibi, the judge requested him to describe the plot of the picture. The man did—and was convicted.

At the other end of the spectrum is the "formula" picture which served the industry so well in the beginning. But inevitably, the formula petered out, even when dressed up in new settings. Which prompted the old-time producer to instruct his writer: "What I really want is a new cliché."

His chances of recapturing today's audiences are slim. The formula has often been confused with story-telling. In fact, it is the death of true creation. Between these extremes, how is a studio to navigate around submerged shoals and reefs to reach audience acceptance?

Dangers of 'Repetition'

Imitation of the most recent success is no guarantee. Fortunes were lost by the lavish would-be successors to "Sound Of Music" and the ragged pursuers of "Easy Rider" youth.

Repetition dulls curiosity and interest. Conversely, the fresh approach carries with it the fascination of the unexpected.

But more than new forms, such as jump-cuts and solarization, what ultimately matters is content, whether the emphasis is on characterization over plot, or whether a single tender incident is beautifully dramatized as in "Summer of '42."

In short, unlike the indiscreet lover, the filmmaker should tell—something. Provided he communicates with the audience, his creativity is not otherwise restricted.

Within this freedom, the personal statement of a filmmaker can lead to box office success. If it is deeply felt, it is likely to strike a chord in countless millions who have had similar experiences. The personal truth may have more universal appeal than the commercial concoction by committee.

On the other hand, a self-centered (and self-important?) auteur may be able to combine in himself several facets of filmmaking, firing the respective craftsmen—but he can never discharge the audience whose collaboration is required.

In the revised edition of my book "The Technique of Screen-

play Writing," just published, the prediction is ventured that interest in storytelling is sure to persist. Having started in ancient caves, where listeners gathered to hear the latest report of the Mammoth-hunter, the fascination is likely to be equally spellbinding when returning astronauts relate their explorations of a distant universe by means of thought-transference—for which a startling new form of copyright protection will have to be invented.

Each technical innovation—from the printing press to the film projector to the television screen—requires a different type of communication with the audience. And since technological progress will

speed ahead faster than the emotional and sensory responses of people, the gap will have to be bridged by expert adaptation to the human element.

But although the spinners of yarns may some day be called cassette-creators, pay-television dramatizers, or computerized story-relay technicians, they will have to tell—whether or not they were kissed by the muse.

Their task will be as arduous as today. It is easy to sympathize with the screenwriter who rushes to his producer, exclaiming enthusiastically:

"I've got an idea! It's a great idea, and if you don't like it... it's not exactly what I mean."

Hobby Or Business? It's Up To You!

How To Make It Tax Deductible

By STANLEY HAGENDORF

(Partner in law firm of Karow & Hagendorf, New York)

With the heavy impact of income taxes, it is becoming more important to attempt to convert personal expenses into tax deductible expenses. One area where this may be possible is in connection with expenses incurred by an individual in connection with his hobby.

Generally, hobby expenses, since they are personal in nature, are nondeductible. On the other hand all ordinary and necessary expenses incurred in a trade, business or profession are deductible in computing taxable income. Ordinary and necessary expenses consist of the usual and normal expenses which are incurred in operating a trade or a business. These expenses would not only include depreciation and related expenses but also part of the total rent payable if part of the premises are used in connection with business.

Business Defined

The key question of whether or not the expenses incurred in a hobby are deductible is whether the person conducting the hobby is operating a business or whether he is merely operating an activity for his own personal gratification. If he is operating a business, then all the necessary expenses in operating that business become tax deductions.

A trade or business has been defined as the engagement of an individual in a regular occupation or calling for the purpose of making a profit. An individual can be engaged in more than one trade or business. Accordingly, an individual can be engaged in the business of being an entertainer and at the same time be engaged in a second occupation which could include a hobby or leisure time activity. The fact that the hobby or leisure time activity is conducted as a sideline does not mean that the individual is not conducting a business with the expectation of profit.

The key to the deduction is whether or not the individual is conducting the activity with the intention of making a profit as opposed to conducting the activity for his own personal fun. Although intention is a matter of an individual's personal thoughts and feelings which the Government cannot ascertain, intention can be derived from the surrounding facts and circumstances in the conduct of the activity. An individual should therefore surround himself with overt signs in order to indicate that the activity is conducted for a profit as opposed to a hobby.

Before starting the activity the individual should make a preliminary examination of the area and the potential-for-profit. He should correspond with other individuals who are engaged in the field particularly as to the profit potential including methods of operation, location, sales possibilities and marketing potential. All correspond-

ence should be retained in the event the Government challenges the activity.

The individual should arrange for meeting with experts and keep records of all conversations particularly those conversations dealing with the profit potential.

The individual should be willing not only to invest time and money but also if necessary, be willing to employ qualified help in the conduct of the activity.

The activity should be conducted in the same manner as a normal business venture and he should be active in all aspects of the management which might include personal appearances at shows, exhibitions and conventions. Accurate business records should be kept separate from any other activity. If the services of an accountant is necessary in order to properly maintain records such persons should be employed. A separate checkbook and bank account should be established in order to support the separate bank records.

If necessary, the individual could advertise in trade journals particularly when important meetings may be taking place within the field.

A strong reason for an entertainer to conduct another activity in addition to his main livelihood is for the purpose of economic security. Many entertainers have a relatively short period of high productivity and high income. It is therefore reasonable for such a person to engage in another activity in order to supply economic security and continued income after his popularity has declined. Finally it may be noted that the fact that the activity is one in which the individual derives pleasure does not necessarily bar the expense of tax deductible items.

The tax laws dealing with deductions for hobbies was changed in 1969. The test of whether or not an expense is deductible depends upon whether or not the activity engaged in is for profit.

An individual is now presumed to be engaged in a profitable activity if his gross income from the activity exceeds his deductions from the activity for two or more taxable years in a period of five consecutive taxable years. This rule applies to all activities except the breeding, training, showing or raising of horses of any kind. With respect to these activities the five-year period is extended to seven years so that a profit must be shown in two years out of seven years. If an individual can meet this test of showing a profit—two out of five years—then there is a presumption that the activity is engaged in for profit and all expenses are deductible. This presumption however, can be rebutted by the Government but the Government would have the burden of proving that the activity is not engaged in for profit.

Pornography And Public Opinion

By DEREK HILL

(Founder and director of London's Cinema Club, critic Derek Hill gives house-room to films which might never be seen in the United Kingdom.—Ed)

London.

Shortly after Lord Longford's Pornograph Report appeared, the Evening Standard published the results of a survey made on its behalf by the Opinion Research Centre. The findings were awesomely contradictory. Some 83% agreed that "Adults should be allowed to do what they like, see what they like and read what they like, so long as it does not have any harmful effect on children." But 67% wanted the government to act on the sale of dirty books and 54% wanted legitimate theatre censorship (Lord Chamberlain System) brought back. An unspecified majority also wanted film censorship tightened.

However bizarre these figures they merely mirror the confusion of the government, opposition, local authorities, customs, post office and police. Any wistful notions that the Longford Report might clarify matters evaporated with its publication.

David Robinson, film critic of the Financial Times, suggested that "When in doubt Longford's 50 chums composed their Report in the manner of a Consequences game, each adding a new word to an unseen sentence on a folded strip of paper." Any cinema men turning to the Report for guidance found themselves confronted with a document that talks of the British Film Industry when it means the British Film Institute and with a table reporting that out of 11 films given an X certificate in January, 1971, no fewer than 12 had been cut.

Ridicule Provided

The contempt with which the Report was generally greeted was hardly modified by Lord Longford's television defense of his efforts. But for two reasons the report has had some effect, despite all the justifiable ridicule.

First, the sheer size and scope of the Report and the vast publicity it received led to a general assumption that it must be the result of an official, government-backed investigation. (It was actually privately sponsored.) This impression was reinforced when a few days after the Report appeared police seized issues of Men Only, a magazine rapidly multiplying its circulation by increasingly uninhibited pictures and copy. Despite protests that the timing was sheer coincidence, the raid and pending prosecution were widely interpreted as signs that the Longford Report had moral if not financial government support. So too was the government's choice of the House of Lords debate on the Report to announce special licensing provisions for cinema clubs.

Second, Longford's severest critics admitted he had two real causes for concern—that children deserved special protection and that offense could be caused to some of the public by front of house displays and other advertising material.

The British Board of Film Censors has carefully refused to comment on the Report, but distributors are convinced that censorship is becoming tougher as a direct result. Already the widening gap between the board and an increasing number of local authorities fearful of the board's "liberalism" had prompted sterner attitudes, and today there is almost certainly a higher proportion of features being cut before being granted "adults only" certificates than at any time in the board's history. Some distributors believe the present situation will ease as soon as Longford is forgotten, and are holding back the submission of their more challenging films.

Others, less hopeful, are finally settling for cuts in films that have been contended for some time. Vaughan Films have finally agreed to accept nearly four minutes out of Andy Warhol's "Trash" after battling for over a year.

evitably doomed attempt to placate industry, audience and licensing authorities, now has the unhappy task of bringing British attitudes towards violence to the censorship of Chinese films aimed at Chinese audiences who happen to live in London. The results have driven some of the thriving Chinese cinema showmen to operate on a club basis to avoid hassles over certificates (which are not required for shows barred to the public).

Exhibitors in many areas, including London, have been officially or unofficially advised by the local licensing authorities that their front of house displays will undoubtedly be taken into account when they apply for license renewals, and it has been suggested that short term licenses may be issued to exhibitors who councils feel inclined to put on probation. Hence the sudden rash of blacked-out nipples on displays throughout the West End, suggesting some alarmingly contagious disease.

But a recent one-man campaign by ex-member of Parliament Raymond Blackburn to remove photographs outside the Duchess Theatre where "The Dirtiest Show in Town" is playing led only to increased grosses from the publicity and still more frustration for the man who claims to be forcing more obscenity prosecutions single-handed than the entire London police force.

Indeed there are signs that the anti-porn crusaders who so celebrated the appearance of the Longford Report may have become lightheaded by the attention given to their pet subject. Mary Whitehouse, Secretary of the National Viewers and Listeners Association (another self-appointed set-up) continues to claim that she speaks for the vast majority while she attacks the most popular programme on television ("Till Death Do Us Part") and the most popular disk on radio (Chuck Berry's "Ting-a-Ling"). This bold contrariness, which must eventually boomerang, may be inspired by an effort to match Longford column inch for column inch. But it is Lord Longford who must finally accept the credit for surrounding the fog of pornography with his own private smokescreen.

SOCIETY OF CRITICS: LUIS BUNUEL TOPS

Herewith the 1972 winners selected by the National Society of Film Critics, with runners-up in each category also noted:

Best Film: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (20th). 2d, "The Godfather" (Par); 3d, "Cries and Whispers" (New World).

Best Director: Luis Bunuel for "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie"; 2d, Ingmar Bergman for "Cries and Whispers"; 3d, Francis Ford Coppola for "The Godfather."

Best Actress: Cicely Tyson for "Sounder" (20th). 2d, Harriet Anderson for "Cries and Whispers"; 3d, Bulle Ogier for "La Salamandre" (New Yorker).


Best Actor: Al Pacino for "The Godfather." 2d, Marlon Brando for "The Godfather"; 3d, Peter O'Toole for "The Ruling Class" (Avenb).

Best Supporting Actress: Jeanne Berkin for "The Heartbreak Kid" (20th). 2d, Ida Lupino for "Junior Bonner" (Cinerama) and Susan Tyrrell for "Fat City" (Col) in a tie.

Best Supporting Actor: A tie between Joel Grey for "Cabaret" (AA) and Eddie Albert for "The Heartbreak Kid." 2d, Robert Duval for "The Godfather"; 3d, Barry Foster for "Frenzy" (U).

Best Screenplay Writer: Ingmar Bergman for "Cries and Whispers." 2d, Luis Bunuel and Jean-Claude Carriere for "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie"; 3d, Alain Tanner and John Berger for "La Salamandre."

Best Cinematographer: Sven Nykvist for "Cries and Whispers." 2d, Vilmos Zsigmond for "Images" (Col); 3d, Gerdor Willis for "The Godfather" and "Up the Sandbox" (NGP).

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Bold Approach To Pix B.O.; And TV's Production Virility Yet To Be Tested

By FRANK YABLANS
(President, Paramount Pictures)

The incredible success of "The Godfather" this past year not only made motion picture history in terms of boxoffice receipts, it created tangible proof that filmmaking is not a dying art form. Of the many lessons that were evidenced by its b.o., "The Godfather" demonstrated that people would leave their livingrooms if you gave them a product that was not only rewarding, but provided that very essential "escape factor" that is such a vital ingredient in any leisure-time activity.

People will go out for the right kind of film, just as they will brave blizzards to sit in wet bleacher seats to cheer on their favorite footballers. If we in the film industry were prophets, each film we make would tap not only that primary market of established filmgoers, but also that vast secondary market that will go to see only particular films. Admittedly every film cannot be a "Godfather."

Audiences want to be entertained and that is a truth that stretches back to the very birth of motion pictures. People don't go to the theatres to be psychoanalyzed or affronted with the very basic and real problems they are attempting to escape in those few hours in darkened movie theatres. They don't mind seeing reality projected in celluloid, but that reality must be presented in terms of entertainment, not in terms of Freudian hypothesis.

"Love Story" proved that. The concept of two people falling in love and undergoing their own special pressures was certainly not a new vision. We nurtured our basic ingredients (two attractive young stars, a commercial screenplay) with a carefully-planned campaign. Then we had the bonus of a bestselling novel which Erich Segal adapted from his screenplay (a lot of bestsellers, one must remember, make very uncommon films), which contributed tremendously to our carefully-marketed release schedule.

But beyond all things, word-of-mouth continues to be the largest single factor in the success of a film. There is no greater selling point than to have an audience come out of a film saying they liked it.

Films are still basically a very young business, and despite all the roadblocks that have been set in their path, they have managed not only to survive, but to prosper despite what at times have been tremendous odds.

End Of Nepotism

The blackest period for motion pictures was the early 1950s. Studios had been one-man or one-family operations and when these men of power died or stepped down, their successors were unable to assimilate their duties with the same authority. The film industry was also caught off-guard by the electronic wizardry of television. People were not willing to pay money for something they could get at home for free.

It was obvious the film industry had to revitalize itself and that gave birth to new screen processes. Given these new technological achievements, films still had to grow. They had to deal with bolder topics (television could not because of U.S. licensing restrictions). They had to regain their strength or they would expire under the weight of being only carbon copies and not innovators.

The 1960s proved, fortunately to be the turning point of films. Studios began to be incorporated into business structures. Movie companies were faced with maintaining their artistic power while functioning under the framework of strict profit lines.

We must find the audience for each specific film through careful and special planning. When Paramount first decided to make a film from "The Godfather" we had only a 30-page outline. We fused all

our creative elements, pre-planning each phase of production and marketing, applying the skills of all our departments so that our film would grow to its full potential.

We are assuring ourselves of growth potential in a different area with the recent creation of The Directors Company with Peter Bogdanovich, Francis Ford Coppola and William Friedkin. By merging such forceful talents as these with a climate where their creative skills can be utilized to their highest degree. As The Directors Company grows, we plan to add more members to this distinguished trio allowing these men to develop projects about which they most enthusiastic and which also would have commercial strength on the film market. The Directors Company is an innovative concept in our industry and a potential of quality films.

Corporate Bottom-Line

When I first assumed the duties of President at Paramount its very future was on the line. We began with a realignment of executives to centralize our operation while keeping it at its professional and peak operation level so that various department heads could report to me directly. We wanted to place our various operations under one umbrella so we could work as a closely-knit unit stemming from the same centre. We have now created, I believe, a nucleus that works as a central force with independent functions.

Paramount is aware of the tremendous potential of television. There are still many controls in the medium which have in many ways discouraged the creative talent that we should be attracting to this basically new phenomenon of communication. We at Paramount are exploring a variety of avenues to bring tv to its highest level.

Television must become bolder in its themes. I don't mean that sex and violence should run rampant, but we live in an age with our specific problems and strengths, and television should

reflect that which is happening around us.

We deal with a Government franchise that has continued to be one of our large problem areas. Television is concerned with ratings, because high ratings brings top commercial dollars. In the process (unlike Britain, where the BBC operates autonomously) American television becomes controlled and creative explorations remain untapped.

Paramount is currently negotiating to purchase a number of novels which we plan to develop into tv segments as the BBC did so successfully with "The Forsyte Saga" and "Elizabeth the Queen." It would be a gigantic leap forward for television and by elevating the dramatic potential of video programs we hope to attract the creative talents who have so far resisted television.

We hope to attract important and talented directors, giving them the creative control that television does not currently allow its directors to assume. We have already found this to be a potentially effective tool in the film medium with the recent creation of The Directors Company.

We can attract the top creative talents only by giving them freedom of expression. And if we are going to elevate television, we must have those creative forces and those freedoms. Censorship in any form is anti-human. Censorship is an invasion of human right. I don't believe in it and I don't like it.

We are in an era of great change, and we must keep not only abreast of the changes happening in our society and our world, we must anticipate them. We are not prophets, any of us, but we must apply all of our energies, all of our creative expertise, to maintain filmmaking not only as an expression of our creative needs but as an industry that can maintain its leadership as the dominant entertainment medium of our times.

We have the potential in our hands.

Not Hard To Get Into China Now, But Best To Speak The Lingo: Steinle

Getting into the Republic of China is still not like running across the street for a pack of cigarettes, but bars against admitting U.S. and other newsmen seem to be easing, particularly now that China appears interested in selling goods to America.

That has been the experience of Paul Steinle, chief of the Group W Hong Kong bureau. Steinle said by phone from his headquarters city that he had sent "six or eight requests" to Chinese authorities to be allowed in. He was finally admitted along with correspondents for the Baltimore Sun and the Voice of America. He thinks it had more to do with the seven radio stations and five tv stations his reports are carried on than any particular desire for showing off China's insides.

Steinle, however, speaks no Chinese, and although most Chinese have taken crash courses in English in recent years, he said a knowledge of Mandarin Chinese should be a must for any reporters assigned to the country. Without the native language, he said that it is difficult to get a feel for the "tone and tenor" of the life of the people.

In his own case, Steinle said that although he was accompanied by an interpreter, he thought he would have had enough freedom to travel around by himself. With no knowledge of the language, however, and only five days (Nov. 12-17) in the country, he took no advantage of the freedom. He got the impression, though, that responses he received from those Chinese he spoke to through the translator were "honest."

He said he encountered no difficulty in sending the stuff he had on tape through to Hong Kong. He simply asked for phone time and was advised when it would be available. He had no reason to think that his calls were monitored. In any case, he said, he only sent "for the record stuff" via phone and saved his notes and other materials for use back at home base. He also said that though the Chinese counted his tapes when he entered, they paid no attention to them on leaving and didn't ask to hear them.

Steinle said he had not been in the U.S. when network correspondents returned from their trip with the President to Peking. But, he said, he was not surprised at the lack of information in reports he has read of their work. "After four years of not being given any news from Washington," he said, "they could hardly have expected a change."

Whitney Eyes Gals

A one-month "festival" of women filmmakers' work will be held beginning Feb. 15 at Manhattan's Whitney Museum of American Art.

In addition to three week-long groupings of short films having their preem at the Whitney, an eight-day retrospective of leading femme underground filmmakers will be held starting March 8. Among those repped will be Shirley Clarke, Storm De Hirsch, Gunvor Nelson, Yoko Ono, Joyce Wieland and the late Maya Deren.

More Of Everything For Canada; Includes 2 Successes In France

By JEAN-PIERRE TADROS

Montreal. Montreal became somewhat of a boomtown in 1972. Whereas *VARIETY* mentioned 15 productions in Canada during 1971, the figure for 1972 was close to 40 for Quebec alone. From January to November of 1972, 19 Quebec-made feature films have been released in the Province and several others will follow before the end of the year. But this is only one aspect of the boom.

Perhaps more important for the producers here is that two Quebec films have broken out into the international market and are doing exceedingly well in France.

"The Real Nature of Bernadette" by Gilles Carle, which was one of the official Canadian selections at the Cannes Festival this year, opened in Paris on Sept. 27. Playing first in four and then in five theatres in Paris, "Bernadette" rang up 46,322 admissions in its first four weeks. By Nov. 15, it was being shown in eight provincial cities, with more openings in the following weeks.

As for "Les Males" (The Males), an earlier film by Carle which opened 24 weeks ago, is still going strong. At the Cinema St. Andre des Arts, with a seating capacity of 180, the film is averaging 3,200 entries per week. Totalling the figures, in Paris alone 15,000 people a week are going to see films by Gilles Carle. Although "Dirty Money" by Denys Arcand was a critical success, it did not do well commercially despite its Cannes viewing at the Critics' Week.

Nevertheless, the enthusiasm over Carle has encouraged other distributors, and "Mon Uncle Antoine" will soon be released in France. What with many other high quality features available but not yet released, there are the makings of a new vogue in France for Quebec films.

Francophonics

These successes should open the way to distribution in the other French-track countries and eventually in Europe as a whole. Since the present situation is obviously inflationary, since many more films are being made than the Quebec market alone can absorb, the international market is essential to the well-being, in fact, to the continued existence of this presently flourishing industry.

As if to guarantee this international distribution, there has been a considerable movement towards co-productions and associations with French production companies. "Kamouraska," directed by Claude Jutra and co-produced by Les Productions Carle-Lamy in Montreal and Mag Bodard's Societe Pare Film in Paris, is the most talked about feature. For the first time, Jutra is working with a budget of \$750,000, and Ms. Bodard has made several trips to follow the shooting. Pleased with the rushes she has seen and enthusiastic about the film's possibilities, the promotional work is already underway in France and all should be well when the film is ready for release next spring.

'Sweet Is Vengeance'

Les Productions Mutuelles is another Quebec-based company which is involved presently in two co-productions with French companies. "Douce Est la Revanche" (Sweet is Vengeance) by Marc Simenon involves Kangourou Films from Paris and the Montreal companies Mutuelles and Cinevideo while "Maggie," which is shooting in Paris, involves Mutuelles with the French companies Franco-London Film International and Orpheus Productions. Mutuelles has also entered into distribution associations for certain French films, notably "Une Journee Bien Remplie" (A Well-filled Day) by Jean-Louis Trintignant and "L'Heritier" (The Inheritor) by Philippe Labro which are both productions by President Films.

The surge in filming here owes a great debt to the National Film Board which at one time or other has been the training ground and

the trampolines for almost all the filmmakers who are currently producing. The NFB has had a flexible structure and, despite the frequent frictions, has provided the filmmakers with a great deal of liberty and all the technical assistance needed to learn and to grow. It is much to its credit that it has prepared so many to confront the realities of private industry.

Fund and Erotica

Then too, there is the Canadian Film Development Corp. which, because of the monies which it has made available to private industry, has created so much opportunity to produce in the past years. From 1968 to 1972 nearly \$10,000,000 has been spent. Though at first this federal aid encouraged the production of strippers, for which the CFDC was greatly criticized, the public has wearied of this kind of film and better films are on the way.

The CFDC has made its presence felt too in the very structure of the industry. In the past few years, several production companies have been formed to make feature films: L'Association Cooperative de Productions Audio-Visuelles, Les Ateliers du Cinema Quebecois and Cinak Cie. Cinematographique. These are a new breed of company, made up of young filmmakers who are not necessarily aiming at a big commercial success with their films. These companies, in some instances, have received financial aid to help with their administrative organization as well as with the films they produce. Had the filming situation not evolved in the last few years, these young producer-directors would probably still be working at the Film Board which used to be the only place to work if one were young and wanted to learn and to produce.

The reasons of the Quebec breakthrough? This surge in film production has been felt principally in Quebec. Only now are the English Canadians beginning to follow suit. In speaking of this situation, Michael Spencer, the Director of the CFDC, made the following analysis. When money first became available, the Quebecois filmmaker already knew his public and set about to make films for the local population of Quebec.

These French-speaking people felt a deep need to see their lifestyle reflected on the screen, and to hear films which they could understand in their own language. It is from this regional basis that the filmmakers here worked, and the public responded enthusiastically.

One only has to remember "Red" (again by Carle) which ran 13 weeks in Montreal's largest cinema, only to close four days after its opening in Toronto. The English-Canadian filmmakers, on the other hand, started out to make big international films. Falling short of this goal and having no homegrown support among the English Canadians, these filmmakers fell into a sort of limbo out of which they are just now climbing. It is interesting to note that the only big English successes up to now are those which have the same sort of provincialism ("Goin' Down the Road," "The Rowdyman," "Wedding in White") which the Quebec films have always had. With several years head-start, the Quebec directors are doing well and are now beginning to make films which are interesting to the international population. The preeminence of the Quebec directors on the Canadian scene is reflected by the financial situation of the CFDC. Of the one million dollars which has come back to the CFDC from its many investments, almost 3/4 of the money has come from Quebec productions.

Stirling Silliphant, back in Hollywood from Africa scripting "Shaft In Africa" (MGM), says it is based on stories of still-active slave trading over there.

MGM 73

TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT

Maggie Smith, Alec McCowen and Lou Gossett star in a contemporary comedy based on Graham Greene's best selling novel. Directed by George Cukor, screenplay by Jay Presson Allen and Hugh Wheeler, produced by Robert Fryer and James Cresson.

THE GREAT WALTZ

A glorious and beautiful new musical based on the life of Johann Strauss, Jr., composer of the most sparkling and melodious music of all time. Produced, directed and written by Andrew L. Stone, starring Horst Bucholz, Mary Costa and Rossano Brazzi, with choreography by Onna White.

DEADLY HONEYMOON

Two attractive young people whose honeymoon becomes a nightmare of shattering terror. Directed by Elliot Silverstein, produced by Hugh Benson, and written by S. Lee Pogostin. Starring Dack Rambo, Rebecca Dianna Smith, John Beck and Pat Hingle.

THE STORY OF LOLLY MADONNA

Rod Steiger, Robert Ryan, Jeff Bridges and Scott Wilson star in this tense drama about the violent clash between two neighboring families. Directed by Richard C. Sarafian, produced by Rodney Carr-Smith, screenplay by Rodney Carr-Smith and Sue Grafton.

LUDWIG

Luchino Visconti's brilliant study of the moody, homosexual King Ludwig II of Bavaria, stars Helmut Berger in the title role, Silvana Mangano, Trevor Howard, and Romy Schneider as Empress Elizabeth. Original screenplay by Luchino Visconti and Enrico Medioli.

SLITHER

A suspense thriller spiced with comedy, starring James Caan, Peter Boyle, Sally Kellerman and Louise Lasser. Directed by Howard Zieff, produced by Jack Sher, Written by W. D. Richter.

SOYLENT GREEN

The producer, star and writer of "Skyjacked" are combining again to offer a suspenseful story of "Science-fact." Charlton Heston, Leigh Taylor-Young, Chuck Connors, Joseph Cotten and Edward G. Robinson star, with Walter Seltzer and Russell Thacher producing, Richard Fleischer directing and screenplay by Stanley R. Greenberg.

WICKED, WICKED

A tale of psychopathic murder filmed in DUO-VISION, an exciting new process showing simultaneous action on a double screen, heightening the suspense and terror. William T. Orr is executive producer, Richard L. Bare is writer-producer-director. Tiffany Bolling, Scott Brady, Madeline Sherwood and Arthur O'Connell star.

SHAFT IN AFRICA

Richard Roundtree stars in this third in the "SHAFT" series. Ethiopia is the location, and John Guillermin will direct from a screenplay by Stirling Silliphant.

PAT GARRETT & BILLY THE KID

Sam Peckinpah is directing this study of spectacular pursuit and climactic confrontation. James Coburn stars as Pat Garrett, with Kris Kristofferson playing Billy The Kid. Also starring are Richard Jaeckel and Jason Robards and introducing Bob Dylan. Gordon Carroll is producing, and the screenplay is by Rudy Wurlitzer.

THE MAN WHO LOVED CAT DANCING

Burt Reynolds stars in this love story set in the American west. Richard C. Sarafian will direct and Martin Poll and Eleanor Perry will produce from a screenplay by Ms. Perry, based on the critically acclaimed and best-selling novel by Marilyn Durham.

TRADER HORN

Rod Taylor will head the cast in this new version of one of the biggest motion picture successes of all time. Reza S. Badiyi will direct from a screenplay by Edward Harper, William Norton and Alan Sharp. Lewis J. Rachmil will produce.

THE PALERMO AFFAIR

A World War II adventure story dealing with the invasion of Sicily—and the part the Mafia played in the operation. Joe Landon will produce from his own screenplay.

WESTWORLD

A far-out adventure story of robots that malfunction and develop into gunfighters. Michael Crichton, who will direct from his screenplay, recently authored the highly successful novel, "The Andromeda Strain." Paul Lazarus, Jr. will produce.

WRONG SIDE OF THE SKY

Walter Seltzer will bring to the screen this action adventure story of two airline pilots involved in an international jewel heist. Walter Bernstein's screenplay is based on the novel by Gavin Lyall.

How New Stories Fast Get Around

By HARRY HERSHFIELD
(Cartoonist - Humorist - Speaker)

Kipling wrote: "I takes my fun where I finds it." And you can come across it in every corner of the globe. For today, salemen travel to every sphere and spread the "latest," to ingratiate themselves. And the newest gag is soon in the tongue of that nation. A few making the rounds:

Russia has women bosses in factories. An employee said to one: "Madame Troyanovsky, could I get off earlier, because I want to go to the opera tonight?" "I never want to hear the word 'madame' again, because we are all equal in this country. What opera are you going to see?" "Comrade Butterfly."

Picasso was robbed and the police asked the famed artist for a description of the burglar. Picasso cried: "You are talking to the great Picasso. I'll make you a drawing of him and you will catch him." He made a drawing of the crook and gave it to the police. In an hour they arrested a one-eyed chorus girl, the Eiffel Tower and a wheelbarrow.

A conscience-stricken citizen wrote the Internal Revenue Bureau: "I have not been able to sleep at night, because I cheated on last year's income tax. Enclosed find my check for \$500. If I find that I still can't sleep, I'll send you the balance."

Of things political. A fellow was invited to one of those backroom, beer-filled political meetings. He wasn't there an hour when his watch was stolen. He called over the leader and told him that somebody copped his watch. The leader said: "I'll do something about it," and left. In 15 minutes he returned and gave the man his watch back. "Thanks, but what did the crook say?" "Keep quiet—he doesn't know I got it!"

Elections in the "banana" countries, in South America: "My uncle run for Judge and he make it. Then he run for District Attorney and he make it. Then he run for Governor of Sonora County and he make it. Then he run for President and he make it. Then he run for the Border—but he don't make it."

A concern had 20 vicepresidents. They all met in a locked room and picked on one veepee. They asked him: "You know our beautiful stenographer Nellie?" "Yes." "Did you ever have an affair with her, or make a pass at her. Or give her presents or call her up after office hours?" "No, never!" "Then fine—you'll have to be the one to fire her."

In England, the usher who takes you to your seat, expects a tip. There is a murder mystery playing in one of the theatres. It is so well constructed that you can't tell to the very last second who committed the crime. The Scotsman in the lobby was waiting till it got dark, so he won't have to give the usher so much. When taken to his seat in the dark, he slipped the usher a penny. The usher put his flashlight on it, turned to the Scot and whispered: "The butler done it."

A fellow with a cardiac condition played the sweepstakes and won \$1,000,000. The only one who knew he won the money was his agent, who was afraid to tell him, because of his heart condition. The agent went to the winner's doctor and said: "Your patient won \$1,000,000 in the sweepstakes and I'm afraid to tell him on account of his heart. When examining him tomorrow, give him the news. And should anything happen to him, you're right there, the doctor to help him." The doctor examined him and then said: "By the way, you won \$1,000,000 in the sweepstakes." "I did, doctor—I'll give you half!" And with that, the doctor dropped dead.

A woman got on a quiz program. She was told to study the Bible, for that would be her category. On the night of the program, they asked her: "Now, Mrs. Blivitz, for \$64,000, tell us—Who Was The First Man?" "For a million dollars I wouldn't tell you!"

They justly claim that behind every successful man there's a woman. When the great comedienne, Fanny Brice, was first married to Billy Rose, every time he was introduced, they would say "He's Fanny Brice's husband" which upset his male ego. He had a big electric sign erected at 46th and Broadway, just flashing his name. He decided to sell himself. One night, standing in Times Square, two sailors were admiring the lights of the spot. Finally one said to the other: "Who's this Billy Rose?" "Fanny Brice's husband."

The president of a leading department store, asleep at home, was awakened at 3 a.m. by a phone call. He demanded, "Who's waking me at this hour of the morning?" "This is a customer and I bought a sofa in your store and I want to tell you how wonderful it is." "When did you buy that sofa?" "Four months ago." "You bought it four months ago and you call me at this hour to tell me?" "Yes, it just arrived."

"I hear your husband fell off his barge and was drowned and left you \$1,000,000. That's wonderful for a man who couldn't read or write." "Or swim, either."

Shocked to hear that his friend was a hood, his pal put it to him straight: "Are you a member of the mob?" "Yes." "Would you kill people for money?" "Yes." "Would you kill me for money?" "Listen, you're my friend—you I kill for nothing!"

A couple celebrating their golden wedding, at a big party. The wife rose and said: "Joe and me have been married for 50 years, in all that time I never once thought of divorce—murder Yes!"

President Nixon was actually advised by a comedian: "When President Kennedy went to Germany he cried to the people 'Today I am a Berliner.'" "When you go to China, for heavens sake, don't shout 'Today I am a Pekinese.'"

A dowager invited a man to be her escort at the opera. All during the performance of "La Boheme," she chattered and yacketed. When the performance finished, she said to her escort: "Would you like to take me to the opera next week?" "Yes, I'd love to hear you in 'Tannhauser.'"

A chap went into an awful dump of a restaurant, near the docks. After he sat down he recognized the waiter as an old school chum and asked him: "Is your name Sam Krellitch?" "Yes." "Well my name is Max Globber—I went to school with you." After a moment of handshaking, he said to the waiter: "But what are you doing being a waiter in such a stinking joint?" "I don't eat here—what's your excuse?"

The prizefighter would never fight if a certain man was the referee: "Because he's always stepping on my hands." The fighter was knocked down and the ref started to count. The fighter's manager yelled to his fighter: "Don't get up till eight" "What time is it now?"

The actor who was so conceited that nobody would work in a show with him anymore. So went back to his earlier trade, as an engraver and counterfeiter. He counterfeited the most wonderful \$5 bill but they caught him right away. He put his own picture on instead of Lincoln's.

The uncle died, and the first line of his will read: "Being of sound mind, I spent all the money."

COFFEE, BRANDY & CIGARS

By HERMAN G. WEINBERG

The sexlessness of the girls in that ugliest of female contraptions—pantyhose. Imagine Lola-Lola of "The Blue Angel" singing "Falling in Love Again" in pantyhose.

"I think this cult of ugliness," said George Cukor recently, "with everyone so unappetizing, is hideous. And to me all the 'eroticism' is a bore, as though you were watching someone sitting on a toilet. There are other things—there's hope, disappointment; all the rest of the human scale has been neglected. We are human, after all. What is it, then to be a human being?"

Apropos the to-do made by the critics about "Frenzy" being Alfred Hitchcock's first London-made film in a long time, and apropos also what he, himself, thinks of the picture, he said, "When those big doors of the studio close behind you, whether it's London or Hollywood, you don't care which coalmine you're in."

The one director, of the big ones still working, who hasn't felt it necessary to pander to the crowd, is Luis Bunuel. Hitchcock's own favorite. For all its sophistication, there isn't a second of explicit sex in "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," or gratuitous sex or violence. (Like Eisenstein said of Dovzhenko—"They make jokes about Pudovkin and me, but nobody jokes about Dovzhenko"—one could say of Bunuel: "They make jokes about Fellini and others but no one jokes about Bunuel.") He is a perfect illustration in films of the dictum that art is the disciplining of the mind for the highest moral and aesthetic purpose.

"The theatre," said Schiller, "is a moral institution."

"All movies are Westerns." (Sam Peckinpah).

"It is plain fare, but good," said Gerard Cacan, director of operations of the city-sponsored Pavillion Helene de Champlain in Montreal. "Everything that is used here is pure—butter, cream, no substitutes. The Mayor wants this place to be popular but not vulgar. Nothing is done for effect alone. There are no strolling musicians or flambe dishes. There is nothing of what we call 'cinema.'"

Every time T. E. Lawrence, the legendary Lawrence of Arabia, set off on a foray in the desert to do battle, he said he was "putting on a cinema show."

"Boxoffice wallahs" is what the late John Grierson, founder with Robert Flaherty of the documentary film, called film blockbusters. It depends upon whom you have in your audience. When Rudolph Serkin made his debut as a pianist there were only 20 people in the audience, but among them were Arthur Schnabel, Ferruccio Busoni and Albert Einstein.

All of which calls to mind what Penelope Gilliatt so aptly described as "the cow-lidded moviegoing taste."

Said Howard Hawks to an interviewer who asked him why he was not making any more films in Hollywood: "Because production over the past four years has consisted mostly of lousy, dirty, sick films."

They say that the screen is a mirror of the times, as a rationalization of what they've become. Like the Russian poet, Mayakovsky's epitaph: "The boat of love has crashed on the rocks of everyday life."

Peter Bogdanovich in his forthcoming book on Orson Welles tells of the shrieking cockatoo in "Citizen Kane." He asks, "Why was it there?"

"Wake 'em up," said Welles.

"Literally?" asked Peter.

"Yeah," answered Welles. "Getting late in the evening, you know—time to brighten up anybody who might be nodding off."

(Exactly what old "Papa" Haydn did in his Surprise Symphony (No. 94, in G). Some 15 seconds after it starts very softly there is a sudden crash in the orchestra that could wake the dead. "To wake 'em up," smiled the genial composer.)

We live in a civilization in which flipping a switch solves every problem except the problem of happiness.

"There's never a choice. When people think they have a choice they're mistaken." (Stefan Brecht)

So do we all assume our minor roles in life's Theatre of the Absurd.

'Strange Interlude' At The Awards

By MILT JOSEFSBERG

Hollywood. Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" is probably the most perplexing play ever produced. Each character had to memorize two sets of speeches for every line of dialog delivered. His first speech was part of the play—but his second speech was an aside to the audience, supposedly unheard by the other characters onstage. This audience aside spoke his true thoughts.

It was a demanding device which has hit audiences hard all over the world. There is probably no living person who has not, on occasion, said one thing while thinking another.

For instance, do you believe every word a performer says on an emotion charged "Awards" affair when he is presented with an Oscar or Emmy for being voted the best in his class by his peers? Let's look in on some future date when a certain type of Award-winning actor delivers his acceptance speech in "Strange Interlude" fashion.

There is a hush. The envelope is opened. The winning actor's name is announced. Cheers fill the auditorium, and some of these cheers, from those not competing with him in this category are sincere. The winner, seemingly stunned, stumbles towards the stage with an expression of shocked surprise which he has been practicing in front of a mirror for many months.

He seems dazed as he ascends the stairs to the stage wearing a "Who, me?" expression and he humbly accepts the award. Then, holding it with the religious reverence with which a Crusader would have grasped the Holy Grail, he stumbles over a sincere speech of thanks. He seems so shocked, and stutters over those words he has carefully rehearsed and memorized. The audience sympathizes with the poor flustered performer as he haltingly "ad libs" his carefully prepared statement. Here is his speech in the "Strange Interlude" manner. What our hero shyly says for public approval is in CAPITAL letters. His actual thoughts are in Lower Case.

GOSH . . . GOLLY . . . GEE . . . I CAN'T BELIEVE IT . . . I'M AT A LOSS FOR WORDS . . . I . . . I . . . DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY . . . BUT I DO KNOW THAT THIS AWARD ISN'T MINE ALONE.

(The hell it isn't).

I . . . I'M TOO OVERCOME BY EMOTION . . . ACTUALLY, SHOCKED . . . TO SPEAK . . . BUT SPEAK I MUST BECAUSE I HAVE TO MENTION MANY OF MY CO-WORKERS WHO REALLY DESERVE THIS AWARD.

(I'd like to tell those idiots what they really deserve.) FIRST I WANT TO THANK MY CO-STAR, DOLORES WOODBINE, WHO IS NOT ONLY A GREAT ACTRESS, BUT A LOVELY LADY. I HAVE NEVER WORKED WITH ANOTHER PERFORMER WHO WAS SO PLEASANT AND CONGENIAL ON THE SET.

(Well, that at least is the truth. She was pleasant and congenial. She should have been. She was always stoned. She kept telling us it was cough medicine she was drinking. And we might have believed it was medicine if she had the patience to drink it with a spoon instead of a shotglass. The mornings weren't so bad, but by three in the afternoon her breath could start the windmills on an old Dutch painting.)

And the Others

I ALSO WANT TO THANK MY DIRECTOR, AND VERY GOOD FRIEND, ELROY KASTEN. OH, I KNOW THERE WERE RUMORS THAT WE WERE HAVING SCREAMING ARGUMENTS ON THE SET. I ASSURE YOU THERE WERE NO SCREAMS NOR ARGUMENTS. WE WERE JUST TWO PROS, TRYING FOR PERFECTION, AND DISCUSSING DIFFERENT ARTISTIC APPROACHES. ELROY, BABY, YOU SHOULD REALLY GET THIS AWARD.

(Right over your stupid skull.)

AND OF COURSE THIS AWARD SHOULD BE SHARED BY THE UNSUNG HEROES OF OUR INDUSTRY. THE TITANS OF THE TYPEWRITERS: THE GENIUSES WHO WROTE THE SCRIPT. THE SCREENPLAY WAS WRITTEN BY MELVILLE NORMAN AND ALBERT SHERWOOD FROM A PLAY BY FREDDY JACOBS AND JERRY GARRY WHICH WAS ADAPTED FROM THE NOVEL BY SHELDON KANTER AND CANTOR ROSENBLAT, BASED ON A MAGAZINE ARTICLE BY HELEN CUREY GIRLY FROM AN IDEA BY BILLY SHAKESPEARE WITH ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE BY SNAG HEMINGWAY AND E. PHILLIPS SHAPIRO.

(Ten cockamamie writers and I had to ad lib all the solid scenes!)

AND I MUSTN'T FORGET TO MENTION MY PRODUCER . . . BUT LET'S FACE IT . . . WHAT CAN YOU SAY ABOUT A GUY LIKE PAUL DAVID RYLANDER? (Nothing, unless you want to get cut off the air.)

THERE ARE SO MANY, MANY OTHERS I MUST THANK . . . LIKE MY HAIRDRESSER, BRUCE KETCHAM.

(If I forgot him, he'd hit me over the head with his purse—the one that he has embroidered with the words that say, "I'm Bruce, Fly Me To Fire Island.")

MY MAKEUP MAN, HERMAN DERMAN.

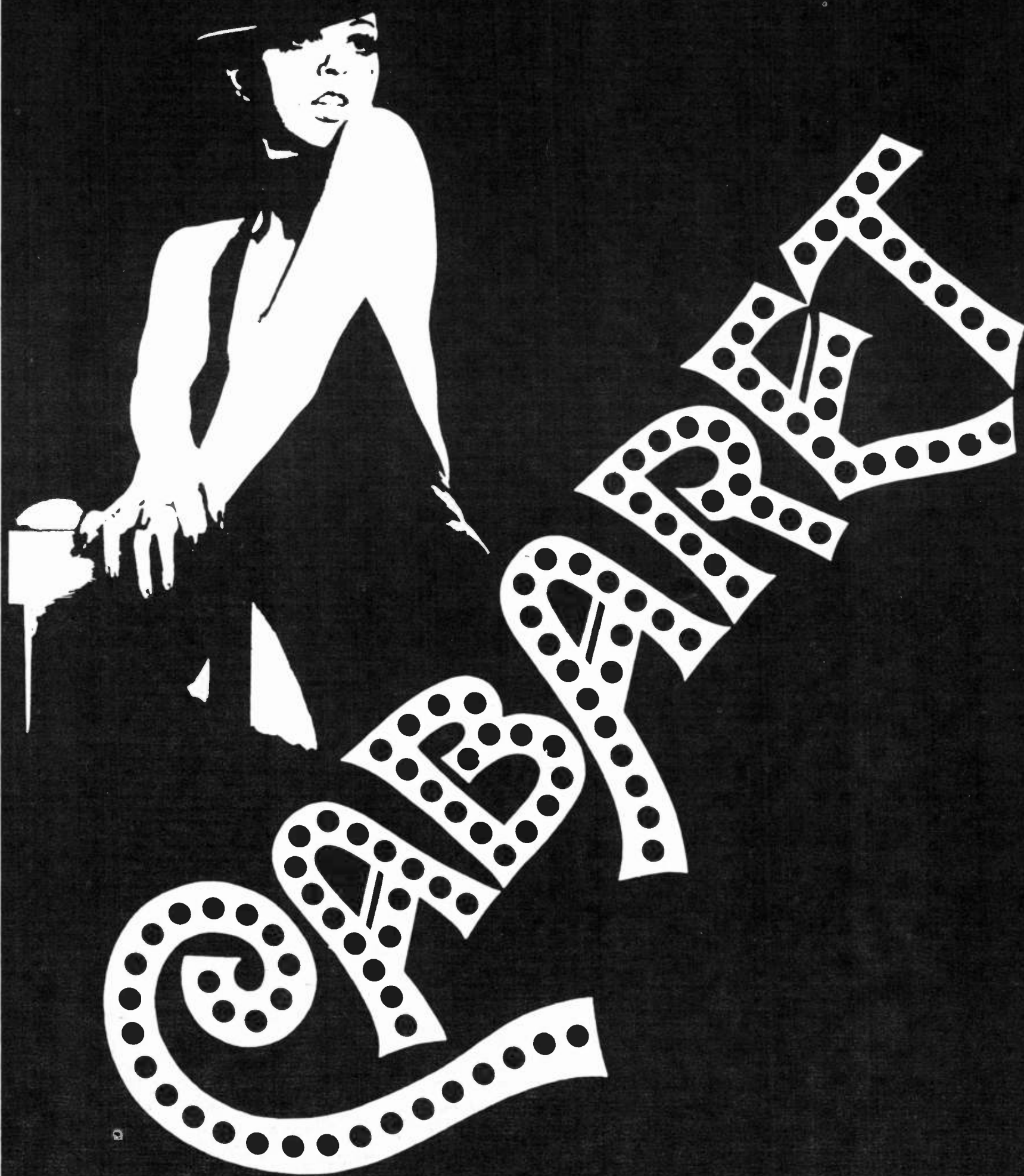
(Who will never work for me again. I paid \$5,000 for plastic surgery and this cretin makes my nose look like something Lon Chaney wore on his back as Quasimodo.)

AND, OF COURSE, MY CAMERAMAN, LARRY HINKLEY.

(Who set photography back 100 years. Every closeup showed wrinkles all over my face. Either this shnook is blind or his camera has a wrinkled lens.)

AH, IT'S A SHAME. THERE IS SO LITTLE TIME, AND SO MANY MORE TO THANK. ALL I CAN SAY IS THANKS, THANKS, THANKS TO EVERYBODY FOR EVERYTHING . . . AND ABOVE ALL, I MUST SAY THAT THIS AWARD TRULY BELONGS TO SOMEONE NEAR AND DEAR TO ME. SO, IN CLOSING, FOR HER UNDERSTANDING, AFFECTION, AND LOYALTY, I WANT TO THANK THE WOMAN I LOVE.

(There, that ought to keep those two broads happy. Come to think of it, it might make my wife happy too.)



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USEFUL & USELESS FILM BOOKS

By ROBERT J. LANDRY

The field of books on film is already cluttered and almost requires a master-guide. There is the contrast of works of superlative quality to many quite-useless volumes put together with very little original research, using a dragnet of previous, often dubious, material. The literature of films resembles the situation with prints—much was lost almost at the outset and the losses are difficult to repair in the long afterwards.

The current urgency to publish which characterizes film instructors and critics (often one and the same) has gained momentum only recently. One may cite the curious case of the late Robert Gessner. He was probably the first accredited "professor of cinema" in the U.S. (NYU, 1941) yet he wrote novels, poetry, non-fiction and much else and never bothered to publish on his subject, films, until "The Moving Image" (Dutton; \$8.95) which appeared on the stands two weeks after his death in 1968. Meanwhile, how many books has Parker Tyler brought out? Or name another prolific filmic scholar.

Era of 'Illustration'

Many film, and indeed non-film, volumes are nowadays not so much written as illustrated. The coffee-table books of large page-sizes and price supply the thumb-throughers with diversion, even going back to the best film ad copy of the great days of ballyhoo.

For sheer superior prose the year probably had few amusement trade tomes to compare to John Houseman's "Run-Through" (Simon & Schuster; \$9.95). He gave the world some insights into Orson Welles for which, one might pretend, the world was waiting. Toward the end of 1972 came Sir Rudolf Bing's ornamental brief in defense of 22 years of superintendency, "5,000 Nights At The Opera," duly noted by this publication a couple of issues back. Simultaneously appeared Joseph Wechsberg's "Opera" which had no cause to plead. Wechsberg's is a very beguiling, extended treatise on the amusement Dr. Johnson so long ago labelled "exotic and irrational."

The show biz book carrying the loftiest retail price of the year may have been the pictorial reconstruction by Herman G. Weinberg of the lost Erich von Stroheim film, "Greed." That history-in-stills was published by Arno at \$50. Average "high" for theatrical and film tomes go \$12 to \$15.

The growing tendency of books that need indexes to appear without them seems an indication of production cost savings in an inflated epoch.

Hooking 'Em Young

Present-day absorption among the young is not limited to college and high school levels of film buffery. It begins younger yet, in grammar school, and certainly Eastman Kodak takes the position that the younger they begin the better. There have been "boy directors" unreeling at actual supposedly senior film festivals in the past year or two. Anyway, at least one book to come under this writer's notice recently, Cecile Starr's "Discovering The Movies" (Van Nostrand, Reinhold; \$9.75), is a simplified history for young ages, with the further innovation that the book is sold in tie-up with several short films for classroom use.

There are intimations of a growing awareness among some text-preparers and publishers of the fact that show business itself has many as informational gap. Holt Rinehart & Winston's \$6.95 entry, "Guidebook to Film," was such a 1972 response. These are listings of sources of various kinds, fact banks, bibliographies. Put together by Ronald Gottesman and Harry Geduld, the volume had its merits but itself showed dependence upon existing sources, whereas the true need in the trade is to go behind and beyond existing sources and not repeat errors and omissions.

"The Movie Business" (Hastings; \$12.50) was co-edited by a Syracuse U. prof, A. William Bluehm, and

an United Artists exec, Jason E. Squire. It was one of the books which attempted to tell the neophyte how the business there is none like operates. How indeed! Helpful hints were elicited from Bank of America's A.H. Howe, Richard Lederer, Gordon Stulberg, David Picker, Stanley Durwood, Walter Reade Jr., Paul N. Lazarus, Fouad Said, Nat Fellman. Mike Mayer sounded off against the mockery of contractual obligation which gives exhibitors "re-negotiation" after the playdate, which is not the kind of news that used to slip into books about show biz.

Highly technical books on film crafts mingle with the popular stuff. Typical was the reprinting after many years of Vladimir Nilsen's "The Cinema As Graphic Art," translated by Stephen Garry (Hill & Wang paperback, \$2.95). This is concerned with "compositional structure" of scenes, the lens-eye view of things. Strictly for slide-rule and angle-shot types.

In a different sense of "technical" was a handbook of Donald Farber, a collection of standard employment contract forms in the various entertainment media, to wit, "Actors Guide" (Drama Book Specialists; \$3.50).

Porno Swans Own Tones

The ongoing struggle between "permissiveness" and the old "prudery" — using extreme terms in both instances — has spawned a truly vast body of books. No attempt will be here made to run an inventory of titles. A few mentions will give the scope. "Censorship Landmarks" of attorney Edward De Grazia is a vast, fat, expensive compilation produced by the Xerox method (R.R. Bowker). It is fascinating in its lore of famous cases and precedents, a veritable bedside reader for lawyers and sociologists.

A smaller volume, "Perspective On Pornography" edited by Douglas Hughes (St. Martin's; \$5.95), and Harold Hart's self-published "Censorship: For And Against" are both balancings of viewpoints and contain provocative essays. Openly against censorship is the compilation of college competition papers organized by William L. Hamlig. Issued at \$1.50 in paperback, "Obscenity: Censor Or Free Choice" renders insight respecting the terms of free choice advocacy on campus. A lot of scholarship (and considerable special pleading) is backed into these cash-winning briefs.

American students of the show business of yore were fed "Songs of The British Music Halls," compiled by Peter Davison (Oak, paperback, \$4.95). This is a glimpse of a world gone, of Sam Hall's gallows song, "Damn Their Eyes," of George Leybourne's "Champagne Charlie," a classic among sales promotion ditties. Here, too, is the material of Will Fyfe, Marie Lloyd, Dan Leno, George Formby, Vesta Victoria — everything but their personalities, without which it's sometimes hard going for present day comprehension.

Criticism of films, a slow-starter in the U.S., has erupted these last few years in a rash of books. Many of course, are no more than collections of magazine and newspaper discourses with little added. Renata Adler's file of her whole corpus while at the N.Y. Times was peculiarly interesting because it overcame the impressions that she was often dull. Only sometimes. Moreover, her introduction about the Times method of editing critics is a small gem that ought to be read aloud every Halloween in the city room as a refresher in fun and games at the expense of punditry.

It follows that all those who are undertaking full careers as film critics need to be published, rather like instructors who wish to become professors. Who can keep track of such innumerable works as Andrew Sarris' "Confessions Of A Critic" (\$3.95 as a Simon & Schuster paperback). The range of film criticism today has spurred ahead of the old practitioners like Lewis Jacobs, Siegfried Kracauer, Robert E. Sherwood, James Agee, though it remains arresting to no-

tice how certain critics of yesterday persist in the anthologies, partly because they were, in their day, a small group and no crowd, as today.

Old Hands

There has been recent revival of the claims of poet Vachel Lindsay to have been one of the earliest film critics, like in 1912. The just-published, fat and expensive (\$12) anthology called "American Film Criticism" (Liveright) restores the memory of many an ancient — like Frank E. Wood, (but no Louis Reid), Stark Young, Pare Lorentz, Frank S. Nugent, Gilbert Seldes, pre-legit Richard Watts Jr. (but no John S. Cohen Jr.) and even Lincoln Kirstein, the ballet king. Film critics all, in their day.

Stan Kauffmann and Bruce Hestel, who compiled this collection of early discoverers of cinema; dug extensively in two now-defunct trade papers, The Dramatic Mirror and the Moving Picture World (ignoring VARIETY which began reviewing films in 1907). Included, however, is Epes W. Sargent, an original staffer of this weekly with his photograph on the front cover of issue No. 1, Dec. 18, 1905. The pickup of the great "Chico" (his signature here) was from the Moving Picture World. Sargent was fundamentally a vaudeville critic but later became a pundit on film promotion. He had long been back with VARIETY prior to his death in 1939.

The present generation of VARIETY staffers was handsomely represented in 1972 by the Les Brown book "Television: The Business Behind The Box" (using a dollar-sign for the S) which Harcourt Brace published at \$9.95. This book went over 20,000 copies in sales, just dandy for such an "inside" volume. Another well-remembered and still-read volume of VARIETY origins is "Show Biz: 'Vaude To Video' (Henry Holt) by Editor Abel Green and the late actor-historian, Joe Laurie Jr. Further back still there was Bobbs-Merrill's "This Fascinating Radio Business" by Robert J. Landry.

It may be asked why this latter-day "boom" in books about films and other amusements? Partly it's because theatrical personalities are, with sports figures, the abiding hero figures, and because they have the buoyancy of hundreds of local gossip columnists, et cetera. As for film themselves, this remains the great 20th century medium of world exchange, and despite the inroads of television. It may be remarked in passing that show business is everybody else's second business. In these times the "society" news in dailies is frequently indistinguishable from theatrical chitchat.

Oscar's Foreign Trackers

Hollywood.

Foreign Language Film Award exec committee members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences have been named by Acad president Daniel Taradash.

They are: George Cukor, chairman, and Robert M. W. Vogel, co chairman; Gene Allen, Edgar Preston Ames, Louis Blaine, Peter Bogdanovich, Henry Bumstead, Marge Champion, Charles Clement, Ivan N. Dixon, Rudi A. Fehr, Nina Foch, Arthur G. Hiller, Phyllis Kirk, Richard H. Kline, Ernest Laszlo, Rouben Mamoulian, Frank McCarthy, Riccardo Montalban, Paulene Myers, Tony Navarro, Robert B. Radnitz, Walter Reisch, Rick Rosenberg, Harry Tytle and Miyoshi Umeki.

Full screening committee, which formation is completed, will consist of 175 members.

10 Essentials Of Public Relations

By EDWARD L. BERNAYS

Cambridge, Mass.

These are my main points:

1. The practice of public relations is a profession, an art applied to a science. The public interest, not pecuniary motivation, is the primary consideration in its practice. The profession has its literature, voluntary associations and educational curricula criteria of a profession.
2. Public relations concerns itself with the relations of a unit, an organization or individual with the publics on which it depends for its viability. Public relations advice covers adjustment to the public, information to the public and persuasion of the public to accept the service or product.
3. The communication and transportation revolution, more widespread literacy and an increasingly complex network of communications brought about greater participation by the public in the shaping of all institutions. It brought with it a need for this societal technician.
4. Effective public relations establishes a coincidence between the principal and the publics on which the principal depends, to the highest degree of adjustment.
5. Effective public relations is based on reality, not images, true or false. Deeds, action that serve the public interest are the basis of sound public relations.
6. The principal seeks public approval and support on the basis of the public interest. The public interest is the criterion by which a public relations professional accepts a client. He rejects the client who does not serve the public interest.
7. The public relations man first evaluates the adjustments and maladjustments between his client and his publics by a scientific public opinion research. He advises his client on the modifications of indicated attitudes and actions. He advises on information to the public to provide a basis for its understanding and support. He advises on methods of persuasion to gain public support.
8. Professional practice of public relations rests on the application of the social sciences to the problem at hand (psychology, sociology, social psychology, public opinion, communications study and semantics).
9. The public relations professional plays an important role in adjusting the various segments of the society to the future, to prevent "future shock."
10. The professional public relations man is remunerated on the principle of quantum merit, which sets the pattern in other professions.

The Prison Editor

By ROBERT E. GREEN

Bob Green has written on prisoners' show biz tastes and overall amusement perspective of inmates behind walls. He has also been a Prison Editor. Utah State Penitentiary was the scene of a Tom Gries-directed video version of Truman Capote's "The Glass House," actually located in a penitentiary. Author, who has written for national publications, is working on his prison memoirs.—Ed.

Draper, Utah.

Jack Barker was editor of the prison paper, an important title but with few benefits. The job included having to listen to stories that aroused inmate prejudices and to many who offered personal opinion or sniveled about editorial content. But in general the population didn't give a damn. The paper was impotent.

The News office was located in the prison library. There was a battered typewriter, an excellent dictionary, a padded swivel chair, and one straightback chair for either welcome or unwelcome visitors. One side of the office shelved a row of dusty encyclopedias flanked by outdated textbooks. Barker claimed they lent dignity to the office, and refused to have the books removed. One barred window through which he viewed his world looked out upon a squat building also secured by bars.

A half-typed sheet usually hung in his typewriter to discourage idlers who drifted in, bugging him to use the machine. He would explain that he was in the middle of an important piece of work, or quote the prison rule. Machines could not be used by unauthorized inmates.

"Some guys accept my refusal gracefully," he once said. "Others stink up the office by looking mean to signify they're tough. Few would care if I lost my job by letting them use the machine."

His words recalled the time a black dude insisted that everything in the institution was as much his as anyone else's. Not an uncommon argument. Barker asked if this included the typewriter and the dude nodded that it did. There was no argument. Instead, Barker loosened the catches that hold the typewriter platen in place. It's round, two inches in diameter, 12 inches in length and made of hard rubber. It can be a formidable defensive weapon.

Once I listened to Jack Barker explain to a guy why his 24-stanza poem was unacceptable for the News. But the guy dogmatically insisted that it should be printed on page one, boxed with a black border. There was a veiled threat of vengeance should Barker fail to comply, and this doomed the poet and his illiterate work. Barker repeated that the poem was too long for the News, and with any part left out the poem would suffer. It was a good out but the guy refused to take it.

Bulletin 'Circulation'

The Lark—thusly named because of his poem—left in a huff, flouting more temperament than creative ability. Willing to pay with cigarettes, he found someone to type his poem, and later boldly tacked copies on four bulletin boards throughout the prison. What's more, he whispered to others that Jack Barker wasn't too smart.

Posted on the bulletin boards the poem attracted readers. The poem rhymed, but the theme shifted for no apparent reason. One verse described yellow buttercups and blue daisies, followed by chattering machineguns and cracking pistols. And the spelling! It brutally raped the poem's intended message.

The poem did receive some acceptance. I saw men read it through and they told others. Men argued in small groups near the bulletin boards. They disagreed not over the merit of the poem, but over the spelling of two-syllable words. This led to betting and sent men to a dictionary for final arbitration.

The Lark's Lil' Larceny

The dude's real name was Leroy (Ace) Herkimer, but following the posting of his poem he became better known as The Lark. And the name stuck. Two weeks later he came to the News office while Barker was working and I was thumbing through a magazine. When he came in Barker failed to look up so I accepted his typed poem. "Here, read this," he said. "If it's okay give it to our distinguished editor."

After he left I read a couple of verses. It sounded pretty good but who was I to judge. So I said, "Hey, this thing reads pretty good. The Lark just left it. He's trying again to hit the News." I was joking.

(Continued on page 46)

HAIL CAESAR

...Godfather of Harlem!

...The Cat
with the
.45 caliber
Claws!

NATIONAL RELEASE
FEBRUARY 14



A Larco Production — An American International Release

FRED WILLIAMSON starring in "BLACK CAESAR"

co-starring MINNIE GENTRY • JULIUS W. HARRIS • D'URVILLE MARTIN
DON PEDRO COLLEY • GLORIA HENDRY • ART LUND • VAL AVERY • PHILLIP ROYE

Written, Produced and Directed by LARRY COHEN
[R] A LARRY COHEN Film • Color by DE LUXE™

Music composed and performed by JAMES BROWN
Sound Track Album available on Polydor Records

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ALL-TIME BOXOFFICE CHAMPS

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

Herewith, VARIETY again presents its compilation and update 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, and some downward, from earlier reports. Experience has informed this publication that the All-Time list is most carefully studied by readers and film historians who look in vain for films they believe ought surely to be included but are not. Therefore, these reminders are once again reiterated:

(a) A film, to qualify for inclusion here, must have paid \$4,000,000 or more in rentals to the distributor. (Not to be confused with theatre grosses).

(b) The "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 on the David Wark Griffith classic.

(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, sometimes equal, or slightly surpass, the domestic playoff and it has been suggested that world data should be given; however, such a changeover would blur comparisons with yester years.

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 all film companies to revise figures once they have passed their first flush of success (with the exception of successful 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 plus present distributor, if different (plus differing U.S. and Canadian distributors in case of some foreign-made films); year of release; and total rentals received to date.

The Godfather (F.F. Coppola; A. Ruddy; Par; 1972)	\$81,500,000
Gone With The Wind (V. Fleming; D. Selznick; MGM; 1939)	77,030,000
The Sound of Music (R. Wise; 20th; 1965)	72,000,000
Love Story (A. Hiller; H. Minsky; Par; 1970)	50,000,000
The Graduate (M. Nichols; L. Turman; Avemb; 1968)	48,300,000
Doctor Zhivago (D. Lean; C. Ponti; MGM; 1965)	47,950,000
Airport (G. Seaton; R. Hunter; Univ; 1970)	45,300,000
The Ten Commandments (C. B. DeMille; Par; 1956)	43,000,000
Ben-Hur (W. Wyler; S. Zimbalist; MGM; 1959)	40,750,000
My Fair Lady (G. Cukor; J. L. Warner; WB; 1964)	32,000,000
Mash (R. Altman; I. Preminger; 20th; 1970)	31,100,000
Mary Poppins (R. Stevenson; Disney; BV; 1964)	31,000,000
Butch Cassidy and Sundance Kid (G. R. Hill; J. Foreman; 20th; 1969)	29,300,000
Thunderball (T. Young; Eon; UA; 1965)	28,300,000
Patton (F. Schaffner; F. McCarthy; 20th; 1970)	28,100,000
The French Connection (W. Friedkin; P. D'Antoni/Schine-Moore; 20th; 1971)	27,500,000
2001: Space Odyssey (S. Kubrick; MGM; 1968)	26,895,000
Cleopatra (J. Mankiewicz; Wanger; 20th; 1963)	26,000,000
Funny Girl (W. Wyler; R. Stark; Col; 1968)	25,600,000
Guess Who's Coming To Dinner (S. Kramer; Columbia; 1968)	25,500,000
Fiddler On The Roof (N. Jewison; UA; 1971)	25,100,000
West Side Story (R. Wise/J. Robbins; Mirisch/7 Arts; UA; 1961)	25,000,000
How The West Was Won (J. Ford/H. Hathaway/G. Marshall; Smith-Cinerama; Cinerama, MGM; 1962)	24,269,000
Around World In 80 Days (M. Anderson; M. Todd; UA; 1956)	23,000,000
Swiss Family Robinson (K. Annakin; W. Disney; BV; 1960)	23,000,000
Goldfinger (G. Hamilton; Eon; UA; 1964)	22,800,000
Bonnie and Clyde (A. Penn; W. Beatty; Warners; 1967)	22,250,000
Love Bug (R. Stevenson; W. Walsh; BV; 1969)	21,000,000
Diamonds Are Forever (G. Hamilton; Eon; UA; 1971)	21,000,000
It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, World (S. Kramer; UA; 1963)	20,700,000
The Dirty Dozen (R. Aldrich; K. Hyman; MGM; 1967)	20,170,000
You Only Live Twice (L. Gilbert; Eon; UA; 1967)	20,000,000
Valley of the Dolls (M. Robson; D. Weisbart; 20th; 1967)	20,000,000
The Odd Couple (G. Saks; H. Koch; Paramount; 1968)	20,000,000
Midnight Cowboy (J. Schlesinger; J. Hellman; UA; 1969)	20,000,000
To Sir, With Love (J. Clavell; Columbia; 1967)	19,100,000
Bullitt (P. Yates; P. D'Antoni; WB; 1969)	19,000,000
Easy Rider (D. Hopper; Pando-Raybart; Col; 1969)	18,500,000
Summer of '42 (R. Mulligan; R. Roth; Warners; 1971)	18,500,000
Hawaii (G. R. Hill; Mirisch; UA; 1966)	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
What's Up Doc? (P. Bogdanovich; Warners; 1972)	17,000,000
Oliver (C. Reed; J. Woolf; Columbia; 1969)	16,800,000
Lawrence of Arabia (David Lean; Spiegel; Col; 1963)	16,700,000
Snow White (animated; Walt Disney; RKO/BV; 1937)	16,000,000
Thoroughly Modern Millie (G. R. Hill; R. Hunter; Univ; 1967)	16,000,000
Dirty Harry (Don Siegel; Warners; 1971)	16,000,000
The Carpetbaggers (E. Dmytryk; J. E. Levine; Par; 1964)	15,500,000
Hello, Dolly (G. Kelly; E. Lehman; 20th; 1970)	15,200,000
This Is Cinerama (Lowell Thomas; Cooper; Cinerama—1952)	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
Beverly Hills Cop (A. Polanski; W. Castle; Paramount; 1968)	15,000,000
Little Big Man (A. Penn; S. Millar/A. Penn; CCF-NGP; 1971)	15,000,000
Spartacus (S. Kubrick; Bryna-E. Lewis; Universal; 1960)	14,600,000
Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice (P. Mazursky; L. Tucker; Col; 1969)	14,600,000
Woodstock (M. Wadleigh; B. Maurice; Warners; 1970)	14,600,000
Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (M. Nichols; E. Lehman; Warners; 1966)	14,500,000
Romeo and Juliet (F. Zeffirelli; A. Havelock-Allan/J. Brabourne; Paramount; 1968)	14,500,000
Paint Your Wagon (J. Logan; A. J. Lerner; Par; 1969)	14,500,000
Tora Tora Tora (R. Fleischer; E. Williams; 20th; 1970)	14,500,000
Ryan's Daughter (D. Lean; A. Havelock-Allan; MGM; 1970)	14,385,000
True Grit (H. Hathaway; H. Wallis; Par; 1969)	14,250,000
The Greatest Show on Earth (C. B. DeMille; Par; 1952)	14,000,000
Giant (G. Stevens; Stevens-Cinsberg; WB; 1956)	14,000,000
101 Dalmatians (animated; W. Disney; BV; 1961)	14,000,000
Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines (K. Annakin; Margulies; 20th; 1965)	14,000,000

(Continued on page 32)

The Sand Pebbles (R. Wise; 20th; 1967)	13,500,000
Pinocchio (Animated; W. Disney; RKO-BV; 1940)	13,000,000
Guns of Navarone (J. L. Thompson; Foreman; Col; 1961)	13,000,000
The Jungle Book (W. Reitherman; W. Disney; BV; 1967)	13,000,000
Man For All Seasons (F. Zinnemann; Columbia; 1966)	12,750,000
The Last Picture Show (P. Bogdanovich; S. Friedman; Col; 1972)	12,750,000
Quo Vadis (M. LeRoy; S. Zimbalist; MGM; 1951)	12,500,000
Lady and the Tramp (animated; W. Disney; BV; 1955)	12,500,000
Seven Wonders of World (Lowell Thomas; Cinerama—1956)	12,500,000
Camelot (Joshua Logan; WB; 1957)	12,250,000
Catch 22 (M. Nichols; J. Calley; Par; 1970)	12,250,000
From Here To Eternity (Fred Zinnemann; Col—1953)	12,200,000
Irma La Douce (B. Wilder; 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
Carnal Knowledge (M. Nichols; Avemb; 1971)	12,000,000
A Clockwork Orange (S. Kubrick; Warners; 1971)	12,000,000
Cactus Flower (G. Saks; M. Frankovich; Col; 1969)	11,850,000
The Shaggy Dog (C. Barton; Disney; BV; 1959)	11,600,000
Yours, Mine and Ours (M. Shavelson; R. Blumofe; UA; 1968)	11,600,000
Samson and Delilah (C. B. DeMille; Par; 1949)	11,500,000
Peyton Place (M. Robson; J. Wald; 20th; 1957)	11,500,000
Owl and Pussycat (H. Ross; R. Stark; Col; 1971)	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
The Parent Trap (D. Swift; Disney; BV; 1961)	11,300,000
Song of the South (animated; W. Disney; BV; 1946)	11,250,000
In Search of the Castaways (R. Stevenson; W. Disney; BV; 1962)	11,250,000
Psycho (A. Hitchcock; Par/Univ; 1960)	11,200,000
Absent-Minded Professor (R. Stevenson; Disney; BV; 1961)	11,100,000
20,000 Leagues Under The Sea (R. Fleischer; W. Disney; BV; Dec. '54)	11,000,000
The Great Race (B. Edwards; WB; 1965)	11,000,000
In Heat of Night (N. Jewison; Mirisch; UA; 1967)	11,000,000
Cabaret (B. Fosse; C. Feuer; AA; 1972)	10,885,000
Peter Pan (animated; Disney; BV; 1953)	10,750,000
Sayonara (Joshua Logan; Goetz; WB—1958)	10,500,000
Goodbye Columbus (L. Pearce; S. R. Jaffe; Paramount; 1969)	10,500,000
Casino Royale (J. Huston, K. Hughes, V. Guest, R. Parrish, J. McGrath; C. Feldman/J. Bresler; Col; 1967)	10,200,000
The Aristocats (W. Reitherman; W. Hibler; BV; 1971)	10,100,000
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
From Russia With Love (T. Young; Eon; UA; 1964)	9,800,000
Cat On A Hot T'la Roof (R. Brooks; Avon; MGM; 1958)	9,750,000
Green Berets (J. Wayne/R. Kellogg; Batjac; Warners; 1968)	9,750,000
Billy Jack (T. Laughlin; D. Taylor; Warners; 1971)	9,725,000
Operation Petticoat (Blake Edwards; Granart; U—1960)	9,500,000
That Darn Cat (R. Stevenson; Disney; BV; 1965)	9,500,000
Joe (J. Avildsen; D. Gil; Cannon; 1970)	9,500,000
Cinderella (W. Jackson; Disney; RKO/BV; 1949)	9,350,000
Auntie Mame (M. DaCosta; J. Warner; Warners; 1958)	9,300,000
The Apartment (Billy Wilder; Mirisch; UA; 1960)	9,300,000
Cat Ballou (E. Silverstein; Hecht; Col; 1965)	9,300,000
Grand Prix (J. Frankenheimer; Douglas/Lewis; MGM; 1967)	9,257,000
Son of Flubber (R. Stevenson; W. Disney; BV; 1963)	9,100,000
The Lion In Winter (A. Harvey; M. Poll; Avemb; 1968)	9,053,000
Shame (G. Stevens; Par; 1953)	9,000,000
Barefoot In The Park (G. Saks; H. Wallis; Par; 1967)	9,000,000
On Her Majesty's Secret Service (P. Hunt; A. Broccoli-H. Saltzman; UA; 1969)	9,000,000
The Hospital (A. Hiller; H. Gottfried; UA; 1971)	9,000,000
Willard (D. Mann; M. Briskin; CRC; 1971)	8,950,000
Five Easy Pieces (B. Rafelson; R. Rafelson/R. Wechsler; Col; 1970)	8,900,000
Bambi (animated; Disney; RKO-BV; 1942)	8,800,000
The Professionals (R. Brooks; Col; 1968)	8,800,000
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 Fox (M. Rydell; Stross/MPI; Claridge (WB)—US; IFD, Can.; 1967)	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
I Am Curious (Yellow) (V. Sjoman; G. Lindgren; Grove; 1969)	8,500,000
The Reivers (M. Rydell; I. Ravetch; NGP; 1970)	8,500,000
Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex (W. Allen; J. Rollins/C. H. Jaffe; UA; 1972)	8,500,000
Beneath The Planet of the Apes (T. Post; A. Jacobs; 20th; 1970)	8,450,000
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
The Andromeda Strain (R. Wise; Universal; 1971)	8,341,000
Sleeping Beauty (animated; W. Disney; BV; 1959)	8,300,000
Some Like It Hot (B. Wilder; Mirisch-Ashton; UA; 1959)	8,300,000
Butterfield 8 (D. Mann; Berman; MGM; 1960)	8,250,000
Bedknobs and Broomsticks (R. Stevenson; B. Walsh; BV; 1972)	8,250,000
Old Yeller (R. Stevenson; Disney; BV; 1958)	8,200,000
Battle Cry (R. Walsh; J. Warner; Warners; 1955)	8,100,000
The Music Man (M. DaCosta; Warners; 1962)	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
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
The Boston Strangler (R. Fleischer; R. Fryer; 20th; 1968)	8,000,000
Lt. Robin Crusoe, USN (B. Paul; W. Disney; BV; 1966)	7,850,000
Wait Until Dark (T. Young; M. Ferrer; WB; 1967)	7,800,000

'Godfather': & Pack

(Continued from page 7)

year because of a reissue. No explanation was provided. Two Cinerama releases—Melvin Van Peebles' "Sweet Sweetback's Baadassess Song" and the imported "Fanny Hill" have been removed entirely as a company proxy indicated that the actual takes on both pictures are still below the \$4,000,000 minimum required for VARIETY listing.

'Super-Fly' Is In

The lower portions of the all-time listings (\$4,000,000 and below) includes several pioneers in the now-acknowledged "big" black market. If most of the black business was done by films with unpleasant subjects—narcotics addiction, super violence, etc. — they did provide debuts for some new and potentially exciting talent. "Super Fly" (\$4,000,000), directed by Gordon Parks Jr., outpaced his father's "Shaft's Big Score" (\$3,675,000) but was far below the senior's "Shaft" from the previous year.

Other strongly-attended black films included "Buck and the Preacher" (\$3,100,000), "Legend of Nigger Charley" (\$3,000,000), "Come Back Charleston Blue" (\$2,250,000), "Melinda" (\$1,560,000), "Blacula" (\$1,200,000), "Slaughter" (\$1,200,000) and "Cool Breeze" (\$1,055,000). The success of several of these has led to serials, already in production or planned.

Ironically, all these films, as a group, didn't get the critical applause of 20th's "Sounder," which belatedly showed signs of budding at the boxoffice but not in sufficient amounts to put it on the top champions list. The acquisition of awards (such as Cicely Tyson's from the National Board of Review) could give it the popular market impetus it deserves.

As Regards 'Violence'

Violence was, as always, popular in 1972 with money finding its way to such films as "Prime Cut" (\$4,100,000), "The Straw Dogs" (\$4,000,000), "Deliverance" (\$3,000,000), "Pocket Money" (\$2,900,000), "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight" (\$2,155,000), plus "Handle with Care," "The Mechanic" and others.

Comedy, when it was provided, ranged from the Thurburian mildness of "War Between Men and Women" to the zaniness of "Slaughterhouse-Five." Action, as opposed to violence, included "Kansas City Bomber," "Hot Rock," "Fuzz" and "Man in the Wilderness."

All in all, the major changes felt in the 1972 film picture were the lessening boxoffice impact of sex—due as much to over exposure as to censorship pressure although the latter is not to be ignored; the broader use of out-and-out violence, usually to no dramatic purpose; and the use of increasingly obscene language. Perhaps the exorcised child in the upcoming "The Exorcist" may put that usage (if the novel's text is followed closely) to its strongest test.

A fast look at the 1972 production charts indicates that the coming year's screens will be filled with the same type of product—the Mafia really gets a workout; a token handful of musicals will appear; and a real novelty, an Israeli-filmed western will test our credulity. There's a slight upsurge in production but, once again, the real business will be done by a handful of films. That's the nature of the American ticketbuyer.

MGM Re-do Of 'Horn'

A "new version" of MGM's 1930 "Trader Horn," will be filmed by the studio in early 1973. Lewis J. Rachmil will produce with Raza Badiyi directing the William Norton script. Rod Taylor reportedly will be topcast.

A previous remake of "Trader" was contemplated in 1971 with Carter DeHaven producing, and Badiyi directing from a script by Alan Sharp.

The original "Trader" was directed by William S. Van Dyke, and featured Harry Carey, Edwina Booth and Duncan Rinaldo.

**-from Rank
in '73**

**"CARRY
ON
ABROAD"**

**"NOTHING
BUT THE
NIGHT"**

**"THAT'S
YOUR
FUNERAL"**

**"GO FOR
A
TAKE"**

**"THE
BELSTONE
FOX"**

**"BLESS
THIS
HOUSE"**

**"FATHER
DEAR
FATHER"**

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ALL-TIME BOXOFFICE CHAMPS

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

(Continued from page 30)

Von Ryan's Express (M. Robson; 20th; 1965)	7,700,000	The War Wagon (B. Kennedy; Batjac; Univ; 1967)	6,000,000
Shenandoah (A. V. McLaglen; R. Arthur; Univ.; 1965)	7,750,000	El Dorado (H. Hawks; Par; 1967)	6,000,000
The Adventurers (L. Gilbert; Paramount; 1970)	7,750,000	The Good, The Bad and The Ugly (S. Leone; A. Grimaldi; UA; 1967)	6,000,000
Gigi (V. Minnelli; Freed; MGM; 1958)	7,740,000	In Cold Blood (R. Brooks; Col; 1966)	6,000,000
La Dolce Vita (F. Fellini; RIAMA/Pathé; Astor-Landau-AIP; 1961)	7,650,000	A Boy Named Charlie Brown (B. Melendez; L. Mendelson-B. Melendez; CCF-NGP; 1970)	6,000,000
Fantasia (animated; W. Disney; BV; 1940)	7,600,000	Getting Straight (R. Rush; Col; 1970)	6,000,000
Glenn Miller Story (Anthony Mann; Rosenberg; U—1954)	7,600,000	Chisum (A. V. McLaglen; A. J. Fenady; WB; 1970)	6,000,000
Georgy Girl (S. Narizzano; Goldston-Plaschkes; Col; 1966)	7,600,000	They Shoot Horses, Don't They? (S. Pollack; Winkler/Chartoff; CRC; 1969)	5,940,000
Trapeze (Carol Reed; Hecht-Hill-Lancaster; UA—1956)	7,500,000	Anne of the 1000 Days (C. Jarrott; H. Wallis; Universal; 1970)	5,900,000
Pillow Talk (Michael Gordon; Arwin-Hunter; U—1959)	7,500,000	Diary of a Mad Housewife (F. Perry; Universal; 1970)	5,900,000
World of Suzie Wong (Richard Quine; Stark; Par—1961)	7,500,000	The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes (R. Butler; B. Anderson; BV; 1970)	5,850,000
The V.I.P.'s (Anthony Asquith; de Gruenwald; MGM—1963)	7,500,000	How To Murder Your Wife (R. Quine; Murder; UA; 1965)	5,800,000
Chitty Chitty Bang Bang (K. Hughes; A. Broccoli; UA; 1968)	7,500,000	Three In The Attic (R. Wilson; AIP; 1969)	5,800,000
Big Jake (George Sherman; M. Wayne; CCF/NGP; 1971)	7,500,000	Rio Bravo (H. Hawks; WB; 1959)	5,750,000
Klute (A. Pakula; Warners; 1971)	7,500,000	The Nun's Story (F. Zinnemann; WB; 1959)	5,750,000
No Time For Sergeants (M. LeRoy; Warners; 1958)	7,400,000	Blue Skies (Stuart Heisler; Siegel; Par—1946)	5,700,000
Candy (C. Marquand; R. Haggiag; CRC; 1968)	7,370,000	Rear Window (Alfred Hitchcock; Par—1954)	5,700,000
The Silencers (P. Karlson; Allen; Col; 1966)	7,350,000	Ocean's 11 (L. Milestone; Warners; 1960)	5,650,000
How To Marry A Millionaire (Jean Negulesco; Johnson; 20th—1953)	7,300,000	Seven Brides For Seven Brothers (Stanley Donen; Cummings; MGM—1954)	5,600,000
Charly (R. Nelson; CRC; 1968)	7,260,000	Teahouse of August Moon (Daniel Mann; Cummings; MGM—1957)	5,600,000
The Out-Of-Towners (A. Hiller; P. Nathan; Par; 1970)	7,250,000	Valley of Decision (T. Garnett; Knopf; MGM; 1945)	5,560,000
To Kill A Mockingbird (Robert Mulligan; Pakula; U—1962)	7,200,000	For Love Of Ivy (D. Mann; E. J. Scherick; CRC; 1968)	5,560,000
Our Man Flint (D. Mann; David; 20th; 1966)	7,200,000	Divorce, American Style (B. Yorkin; Tandem; Col; 1967)	5,520,000
Cool Hand Luke (S. Rosenberg; G. Carroll; W7 Arts; 1967)	7,200,000	Big Parade (King Vidor; MGM—1925)	5,500,000
For Whom Bell Tolls (Sam Wood; Par—1943)	7,100,000	Mrs. Miniver (W. Wyler; S. Franklin; MGM; 1942)	5,500,000
David and Bathsheba (Henry King; Zanuck; 20th—1951)	7,100,000	Leave Her To Heaven (J. Stahl; Bacher; 20th; 1945)	5,500,000
Not As Stranger (Stanley Kramer; UA—1955)	7,100,000	Egg And I (Charles Erskine; Finkelhoffe; U—1947)	5,500,000
Oklahoma (Fred Zinnemann; Magna-Hornblow; Magna—1955)	7,100,000	Anatomy of a Murder (Otto Preminger; Carlyle; Col—1959)	5,500,000
Z (C. Costa-Gavras; Reggane/ONCIC; C5-U.S. only; 1969)	7,100,000	Please Don't Eat Daisies (Charles Walters; Pasternak; MGM—1960)	5,500,000
Where Eagles Dare (B. Hutton; Gershwin/Kastner; MGM; 1969)	7,090,000	Solomon and Sheba (King Vidor; Richmond; UA—1960)	5,500,000
Hatari (Howard Hawks; Par—1962)	7,000,000	The Great Escape (J. Sturges; Mirisch; UA; 1963)	5,500,000
Greatest Story Ever Told (G. Stevens; UA; 1965)	7,000,000	Thrill Of It All (Norman Jewison; Hunter-Melcher; U—1963)	5,500,000
The Sandpiper (V. Minnelli; Ransohoff; MGM; 1965)	7,000,000	Viva Las Vegas (George Sidney; Cummings; MGM—1964)	5,500,000
The Cowboys (M. Rydell; Warners; 1972)	7,000,000	Nevada Smith (H. Hathaway; J. E. Levine; Par; 1966)	5,500,000
The Stewardesses (A. Siliaphant; L. Sher; Sherpix; 1970)	6,878,450	Fantastic Voyage (R. Fleischer; David; 20th; 1966)	5,500,000
Beyond the Valley of the Dolls (R. Meyer; 20th; 1970)	6,800,000	Follow Me Boys (N. Tokar; W. Hibler; BV; 1966)	5,500,000
Shaft (G. Parks; J. Freeman; MGM; 1971)	6,790,000	Guide For the Married Man (G. Kelly; F. McCarthy; 20th; 1967)	5,500,000
Lovers and Other Strangers (C. Howard; D. Susskind; CRC; 1970)	6,750,000	Bandolero (A. V. McLaglen; R. L. Jacks; 20th; 1968)	5,500,000
Nicholas and Alexandra (F. J. Schaffner; S. Spiegel; Col; 1971)	6,750,000	Barbarella (R. Vadim; D. DeLaurentis; Paramount; 1968)	5,500,000
A Patch of Blue (G. Green; P. Berman; MGM; 1966)	6,716,000	Finian's Rainbow (F. F. Coppola; WB; 1969)	5,500,000
Shot In The Dark (B. Edwards; Mirisch; UA; 1964)	6,700,000	Cold Turkey (N. Lear; B. Yorkin; UA; 1971)	5,500,000
Hang 'Em High (T. Post; L. Freeman; UA; 1968)	6,600,000	Le Mans (L. Katzin; N. Reddick; CCF-NGP; 1971)	5,500,000
Winning (J. Goldstone; J. Foreman; Univ; 1969)	6,600,000	Escape From Planet of Apes (D. Taylor; A. P. Jacobs; 20th; 1971)	5,500,000
Going My Way (Leo McCarey; Par—1944)	6,500,000	Blackboard Jungle (R. Brooks; P. Berman; MGM; 1955)	5,350,000
Snows of Kilimanjaro (Henry King; Zanuck; 20th—1952)	6,500,000	On A Clear Day You Can See Forever (V. Minnelli; Lerner/Koch; Par; 1970)	5,350,000
Country Girl (George Seaton; Perlberg-Seaton; Par—1954)	6,500,000	Eddy Duchin Story (George Sidney; Wald; Col—1956)	5,300,000
High Society (Charles Walters; Siegel; MGM—1956)	6,500,000	The Cardinal (Otto Preminger; Col—1963)	5,275,000
Imitation of Life (Douglas Sirk; Hunter; U—1959)	6,500,000	Unconquered (C. B. DeMille; Par—1947)	5,250,000
Come September (Robert Mulligan; Arthur; U—1961)	6,500,000	The Yearling (Clarence Brown; Franklin; MGM—1947)	5,250,000
Wonderful World Brothers Grimm (George Pal-Henry Levin; Pal-Cinerama; MGM—1963)	6,500,000	The Wild Bunch (S. Peckinpah; P. Feldman; WB; 1969)	5,250,000
Torn Curtain (A. Hitchcock; Univ; 1966)	6,500,000	The Cheyenne Social Club (G. Kelly; Kelly/Barrett; NGP; 1970)	5,250,000
Hombre (M. Ritt; Ravetch; 20th; April 67)	6,500,000	Joe Kidd (J. Sturges; S. Beckerman; Univ; 1972)	5,250,000
The Detective (G. Douglas; A. Rosenberg; 20th; 1968)	6,500,000	Meet Me In St. Louis (Vincente Minnelli; Freed; MGM—1944)	5,200,000
A Man Called Horse (E. Silverstein; S. Howard; CCF-NGP; 1970)	6,500,000	Show Boat (George Sidney; Freed; MGM—1951)	5,200,000
The Boatniks (N. Tokar; R. Miller; BV; 1970)	6,500,000	Mogambo (John Ford; Zimbalist; MGM—1953)	5,200,000
The Wild Angels (R. Corman; AIP; 1966)	6,400,000	Magnificent Obsession (Douglas Sirk; Hunter; U—1954)	5,200,000
The Sterile Cuckoo (A. J. Pakula; Paramount; 1969)	6,400,000	Hole In The Head (Frank Capra; Sincap-Capra; UA—1959)	5,200,000
Suddenly Last Summer (Joseph Mankiewicz; Spiegel; Col—1960)	6,375,000	From The Terrace (Mark Robson; 20th—1960)	5,200,000
Murderers Row (H. Levin; I. Allen; Col; 1966)	6,350,000	Elmer Gantry (Richard Brooks; Smith; UA—1960)	5,200,000
North By Northwest (A. Hitchcock; MGM; 1959)	6,310,000	Darby O'Gill And The Little People (R. Stevenson; W. Disney; BV; 1959)	5,200,000
Picnic (Joshua Logan; Kohlmar; Col—1956)	6,300,000	Cotton Comes To Harlem (O. Davis; S. Goldwyn Jr.; UA; 1970)	5,200,000
Dr. No (T. Young; Eon; UA; 1962)	6,300,000	Play Misty For Me (C. Eastwood; R. Daley; Univ; 1971)	5,200,000
The Thomas Crown Affair (N. Jewison; UA; 1968)	6,300,000	Kelly's Heroes (B. G. Hutton; Katzka/Beckerman; MGM; 1970)	5,135,000
Frenzy (A. Hitchcock; Univ; 1972)	6,300,000	Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (Howard Hawks; Siegel; 20th—1953)	5,100,000
War and Peace (King Vidor; Ponti-DeLaurentis; Par—1956)	6,250,000	Battle of Bulge (K. Annakin; Sperling/Yordan/Cinerama; Warners; 1966)	5,100,000
Up The Down Staircase (R. Mulligan; A. Pakula; WB; 1967)	6,250,000	Support Your Local Sheriff (B. Kennedy; W. Bowers; UA; 1969)	5,100,000
Bye Bye Birdie (G. Sidney; Kohlmar-Sidney; Col; 1963)	6,200,000	The Outlaw (H. Hughes; RKO; 1946)	5,075,000
Charade (Stanley Donen; U—1963)	6,150,000	Battleground (W. Wellman; D. Schary; MGM; 1949)	5,060,000
Sergeant York (H. Hawks; Lasky/Wallis; Warners; 1941)	6,100,000	Forever Amber (Otto Preminger; Zanuck-Seaton; 20th—1947)	5,050,000
Welcome Stranger (E. Nugent; Siegel; Par; 1947)	6,100,000	King Solomon's Mines (C. Bennett; S. Zimbalist; MGM; 1950)	5,050,000
High and the Mighty (W. Wellman; Wayne/Fellows; Warners; 1954)	6,100,000	Friendly Persuasion (William Wyler; AA—1956)	5,050,000
A Star Is Born (G. Cukor; Transcona/Luft; Warners; 1954)	6,100,000	Song of Bernadette (Henry King; Perlberg; 20th—1943)	5,000,000
What A Way To Go! (J. L. Thompson; Jacobs; 20th; 1964)	6,100,000	Razor's Edge (Edmund Goulding; Zanuck; 20th—1947)	5,000,000
A Man and A Woman (C. Lelouch; AA; 1966)	6,100,000	Green Dolphin Street (Victor Saville; Wilson; MGM—1947)	5,000,000
Rachel, Rachel (P. Newman; WB; 1968)	6,100,000	Red Shoes (Michael Powell; Pressburger-Rank; EL—1948)	5,000,000
Alice's Restaurant (A. Penn; H. Elkins/J. Manduke; UA; 1969)	6,100,000	Jolson Sings Again (Henry Levin; Buchman; Col—1949)	5,000,000
Blow-Up (M. Antonioni; C. Ponti; Premier/MGM; 1967)	6,082,000	The Sands of Iwo Jima (Allen Dwan; Grainger; Rep; 1950)	5,000,000
Vikings (Richard Fleischer; Bryna-Bresler; UA—1958)	6,049,000	Moulin Rouge (John Huston; Romulus; UA—1953)	5,000,000
The Impossible Years (M. Gordon; L. Weingarten; MGM; 1968)	6,035,000	Three Coins in Fountain (Jean Negulesco; Siegel; 20th—1954)	5,000,000
Skyjacked (J. Guillermin; W. Seltzer; MGM; 1972)	6,001,000	There's No Business Like Show Business (Walter Lang; Zanuck-Siegel; 20th—1954)	5,000,000
Life With Father (Michael Curtiz; Buchner; WB—1947)	6,000,000	Vera Cruz (Robert Aldrich; HHL-James Hill; UA—1955)	5,000,000
Ivanhoe (Richard Thorpe; Berman; MGM—1952)	6,000,000	Bridges Toko-Ri (Mark Robson; Perlberg-Seaton; Par—1955)	5,000,000
Hans Christian Andersen (Charles Vidor; Goldwyn; RKO—1953)	6,000,000	East of Eden (Elia Kazan; WB—1955)	5,000,000
Strategic Air Command (Anthony Mann; Briskin; Par—1955)	6,000,000	A Man Called Peter (Henry Koster; Engel; 20th—1955)	5,000,000
Sea Chase (John Farrow; WB—1955)	6,000,000	Pete Kelly's Blues (Jack Webb; WB—1955)	5,000,000
Seven Year Itch (Billy Wilder; Feldman; 20th—1955)	6,000,000	The Tall Men (R. Walsh; Bacher-Hawks; 20th; 1955)	5,000,000
To Hell and Back (John Hibbs; Rosenberg; U—1955)	6,000,000	Anastasia (Anatole Litvak; Adler; 20th—1957)	5,000,000
I'll Cry Tomorrow (D. Mann; L. Weingarten; MGM; 1955)	6,000,000	Island In Sun (Robert Rossen; Zanuck; 20th—1957)	5,000,000
Raintree County (Edward Dmytryk; Lewis; MGM—1957)	6,000,000	Farewell To Arms (Charles Vidor; Selznick; 20th—1958)	5,000,000
Gypsy (M. LeRoy; Warners; 1962)	6,000,000	On The Beach (S. Kramer; UA; 1959)	5,000,000
Come Blow Your Horn (Bud Yorkin; Lear-Yorkin; Par—1963)	6,000,000	Journey To Center of Earth (Henry Levin; Brackett; 20th—1960)	5,000,000
Move Over, Darling (M. Gordon; Rosenberg-Melcher; 20th; 1963)	6,000,000	North To Alaska (Henry Hathaway; 20th—1960)	5,000,000
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 Gruenwald; MGM—1965)	6,000,000		
Help (R. Lester; W. Shenson; UA; 1965)	6,000,000		
Sons of Katie Elder (H. Hathaway; H. Wallis; Par; 1965)	6,000,000		
Harper (J. Smight; Gershwin-Kostner; WB; 1966)	6,000,000		
Ugly Dachshund (N. Tokar; Disney; BV; February '66)	6,000,000		

Continued on page 34)

'Brutality' Debate

(Continued from page 16)

Communism provided us with ready targets for our hostility, thus ensuring continued harmony within our own society.

Events of the early 1960s conspired to minimize our aggressive feelings toward the Soviets, however, and many Americans began to question the continuing need for many of our societal restrictions. Had the time come when, as Freud put it, "we may expect that . . . changes will be carried out in our civilization so that it becomes more satisfying to our needs?"

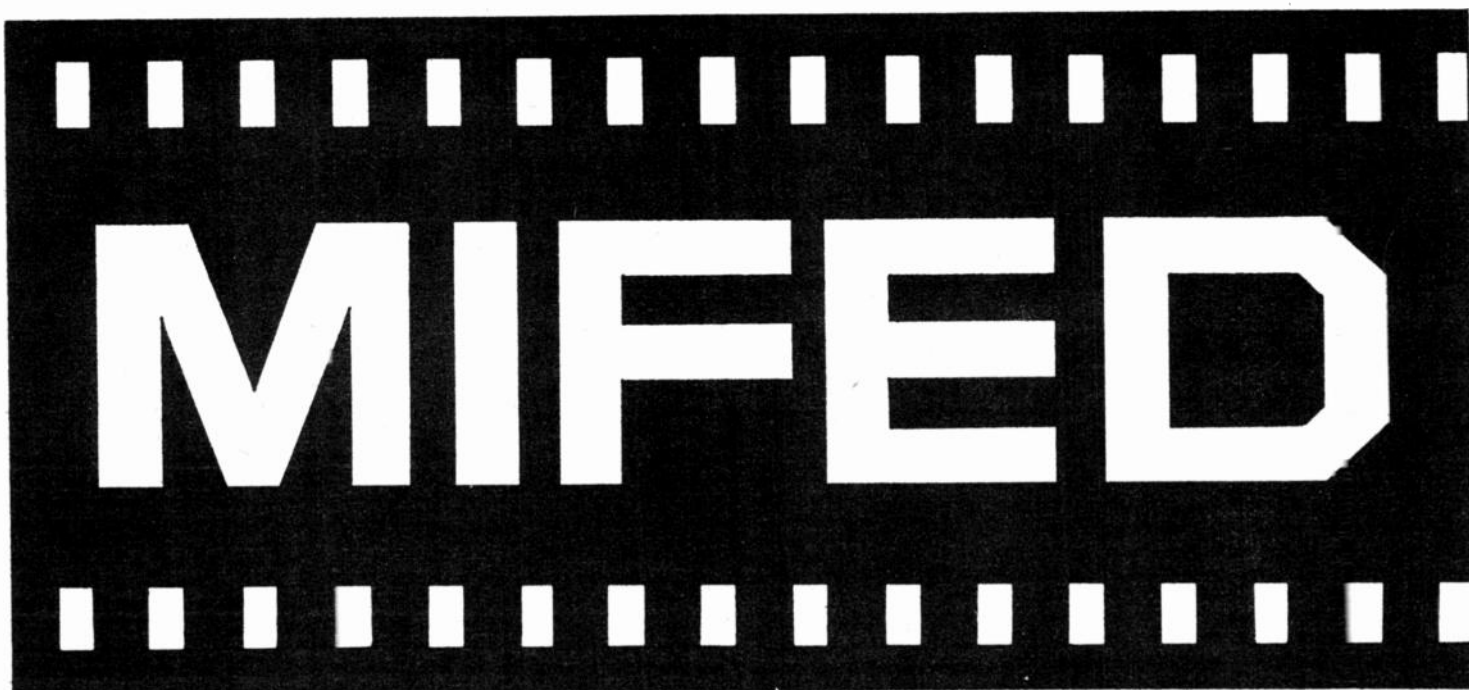
The answer for many was yes. The anti-Vietnam War movement, Black Power, the sexual revolution, Women's Liberation, Gay Liberation, campus revolt, youthful defiance of drug laws and rejection of material goals all became variant issues on the same burning need: the need to express oneself freely without obedience to the anachronistic restrictions of our civilization. An epidemic of disaffection with the behavioral guidelines spread over the U.S. in the 1960s and exploded in a reassertion of our instinctual aggression.

The resulting melee astonished and frightened us all, and our self-horror seems to have at least temporarily diverted some of this energy into other channels for effecting social change. Nonetheless, we have become reacquainted with our own violent nature, and this newly exercised impulse still needs an outlet. In this light the current spate of brutal motion pictures—like the Roman circuses, public executions, bullfights and wrestling matches of other cultures—can be seen as providing a vicarious outlet for venting this aggressive energy.

The interesting aspect of the most successful violent pictures, however, is that they also express in various forms the need and right of the individual to assert his personal nature, to impose his identity on the environment, to seek and gain his just rewards. "The Godfather" focuses on an Italo-American family whose members devoutly believe their adoptive country guarantees them the freedom to pursue their goals with the utmost physical vigor and moral abandon. "A Clockwork Orange" argues that free will, even the will to commit indiscriminate violence, is preferable to societal conditioning. "The French Connection" and "Dirty Harry" feature policemen who resent the restraints imposed on their messianic attempts at law enforcement. "Super Fly" permits its black hero to achieve the same material rewards formerly available only to whites.

Other films lacking this thematic thrust but equally studded with violence have not reached commensurate audiences. Despite such gory highlights as a severed head rolling in a courtyard, Polanski's "Macbeth" seemed an irrelevant tale of ambition gone amuck and was totally ignored by the young audiences for which it had been tailored. "El Topo," for all its castrations and flagellations, resank into the underground from which it had sprung once its narrative proved incomprehensible to all but the heavily stoned. And "Soldier Blue," sold as "the bloodiest movie ever made," proved an indifferent domestic grosser when its terminal slaughter of innocent Indians evoked more spectator empathy for the victims than for the perpetrators of the violence.

Yet if violence is not the "sure-fire" commercial magnet many producers assume it to be, the yearend success of "The Valachi Papers" proves that it remains an important audience lure. And we can probably expect a continuing explosion of such violence, on our screen if not our streets, until our society allows man greater freedom to express himself in all areas without the straitjacket of unnecessary taboos. "The Godfather's" Michael Corleone, after an initial attempt to adjust to society's rules, sacrifices his soul in order to gain control of his destiny and ownership of his body. At this point in our history, most Americans would probably love to make the same deal.



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ALL-TIME BOXOFFICE CHAMPS

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

(Continued from page 32)

Judgment at Nuremberg (Stanley Kramer; UA—1961)	5,000,000	Red River (Howard Hawks; UA—1948)	4,350,000
Flower Drum Song (Henry Koster; Hunter-Fields; U—1962)	5,000,000	The Man With the Golden Arm (O. Preminger; UA-AA; 1958)	4,350,000
Bon Voyage (James Nielson; Disney; BV—1962)	5,000,000	Man in Grey Flannel Suit (Nunnally Johnson; Zanuck; 20th—1956)	4,350,000
The Interns (David Swift; Cohn; Col—1962)	5,000,000	Marooned (J. Sturges; M. Frankovich; Col; 1969)	4,350,000
The Birds (Alfred Hitchcock; U—1963)	5,000,000	Lost Weekend (Billy Wilder; Brackett; Par—1946)	4,300,000
55 Days at Peking (Nicholas Ray; Bronston; AA—1963)	5,000,000	Sailor Beware (Hal Walker; Wallis; Par—1952)	4,300,000
Hud (Martin Ritt; Revetch; Par—1963)	5,000,000	The African Queen (J. Huston; Romulus; UA-Trans-Lux; 1951)	4,300,000
Under Yum-Yum Tree (David Swift; Brissson; Col—1963)	5,000,000	House of Wax (A. de Toth; B. Foy; WB; 1953)	4,300,000
Dr. Strangelove (S. Kubrick; Col; 1964)	5,000,000	Some Came Running (Vincente Minnelli; Siegel; MGM—1959)	4,300,000
Becket (Peter Glenville; Wallis; Par—1964)	5,000,000	G. I. Blues (Norman Taurog; Wallis; Par—1960)	4,300,000
Night of Iguana (John Huston; Stark-7 Arts; MGM—1964)	5,000,000	One-Eyed Jacks (Marlon Brando; Par—1961)	4,300,000
In Like Flint (G. Douglas; David; 20th; March 67)	5,000,000	Sergeants Three (J. Sturges; Small; UA; 1962)	4,300,000
Happiest Millionaire (N. Tokar; W. Anderson; BV; 1967)	5,000,000	Monkey's Uncle (R. Stevenson; Disney; BV; 1965)	4,300,000
Blackbeard's Ghost (R. Stevenson; W. Walsh; BV; 1968)	5,000,000	Myra Breckenridge (M. Sarne; R. Fryer; 20th; 1970)	4,300,000
The April Fools (S. Rosenberg; G. Carroll; CCF/NGP; 1969)	5,000,000	Adventure (V. Fleming; Zimbalist; MGM—1945)	4,250,000
What Do You Say To A Naked Lady? (A. Funt; UA; 1970)	5,000,000	Saratoga Trunk (Sam Wood; Wallis; WB—1946)	4,250,000
A New Leaf (E. May; Koch/Elkins; Par; 1971)	5,000,000	Demetrius and Gladiators (Delmer Daves; Ross; 20th—1954)	4,250,000
The Anderson Tapes (S. Lumet; R. M. Weitman; Col; 1971)	5,000,000	The Egyptian (Michael Curtiz; Zanuck; 20th—1954)	4,250,000
Play It Again, Sam (H. Ross; A. P. Jacobs; Par; 1972)	5,000,000	Living It Up (Norman Taurog; Jones; Par—1954)	4,250,000
Now You See Him, Now You Don't (R. Butler; R. Miller; BV; 1972)	5,000,000	Bus Stop (Joshua Logan; Adler; 20th—1956)	4,250,000
Spellbound (Alfred Hitchcock; Selznick; UA—1946)	4,975,000	Splendor in the Grass (Elia Kazan; WB; 1961)	4,250,000
Since You Went Away (John Cromwell; Selznick; UA—1944)	4,950,000	Sex And The Single Girl (R. Quine; WB; 1964)	4,250,000
Good Neighbor Sam (David Swift; Col—1964)	4,950,000	In Harm's Way (O. Preminger; Par—1965)	4,250,000
The Searchers (J. Ford; Whitney/Cooper; Warners; 1956)	4,900,000	Dear John (L. M. Lindgren; Sandrews; Sigma 3; 1966)	4,250,000
Million Dollar Duck (V. McEveety; B. Anderson; BV; 1971)	4,900,000	Five Card Stud (H. Hathaway; H. Wallis; Paramount; 1968)	4,250,000
Yankee Doodle Dandy (Michael Curtiz; Wallis-Cagney; WB—1942)	4,800,000	Rio Lobo (H. Hawks; CCF-NGP; 1970)	4,250,000
Notorious (Alfred Hitchcock; RKO—1946)	4,800,000	Vanishing Point (R. Sarafian; N. Spencer; 20th; 1971)	4,250,000
Streetcar Named Desire (E. Kazan; Feldman; Warners; 1951)	4,800,000	Hollywood Canteen (Delmer Daves; Gottlieb; WB—1944)	4,200,000
Moby Dick (J. Huston; Moulton-Huston; WB; 1956)	4,800,000	Three Musketeers (George Sidney; Berman; MGM—1948)	4,200,000
Pope (George Sidney; Col—1961)	4,800,000	On The Waterfront (Elia Kazan; Spiegel; Col—1954)	4,200,000
Two Mules For Sister Sara (D. Siegel; M. Rackin; Universal 1970)	4,800,000	Rose Tattoo (Daniel Mann; Wallis; Par—1955)	4,200,000
The Trip (R. Corman; AIP; 1967)	4,770,000	Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison (John Huston; Adler-Frenke; 20th—1957)	4,200,000
Salome (William Dieterle; Adler; Col—1953)	4,750,000	Can Can (Walter Lang; Cummings; 20th—1960)	4,200,000
Dragnet (J. Webb; Mark VII; Warners; 1954)	4,750,000	Parrish (Delmer Daves; WB—1961)	4,200,000
Spencer's Mountain (D. Daves; WB; 1963)	4,750,000	Breakfast at Tiffany's (Blake Edwards; Jurow-Sheppard; Par—1961)	4,200,000
Gunfight at OK Corral (John Sturges; Wallis; Par—1957)	4,700,000	Cincinnati Kid (N. Jewison; Ransohoff; MGM; 1965)	4,200,000
Pal Joey (George Sidney; Essex; Col—1957)	4,700,000	The Trouble With Angels (I. Lupino; Frye; Col; 1966)	4,200,000
Hercules (Pietro Francisci; Teti-Levine; WB—1959)	4,700,000	Carmen Baby (R. Metzger; Audubon; 1967)	4,200,000
A Summer Place (D. Daves; WB; 1959)	4,700,000	For A Few Dollars More (S. Leone; A. Gonzales; UA; 1967)	4,200,000
Blue Hawaii (Norman Taurog; Wallis; Par—1961)	4,700,000	John and Mary (P. Yates; B. Kadish; 20th; 1969)	4,200,000
The Ambushers (H. Levin; I. Allen; Col; 1968)	4,700,000	Star (R. Wise; S. Chaplin; 20th; 1969)	4,200,000
Annie Get Your Gun (George Sidney; Freed; MGM—1950)	4,650,000	Father of Bride (Vincente Minnelli; Berman; MGM—1950)	4,150,000
Ice Station Zebra (J. Sturges; M. Ransohoff; MGM; 1968)	4,625,000	Never A Dull Moment (J. Paris; R. Miller; BV; 1968)	4,150,000
Boom Town (J. Conway; S. Zimbalist; MGM; 1940)	4,600,000	Born Yesterday (George Cukor; Simon; Col—1951)	4,115,000
The Green Years (Victor Saville; Gordon; MGM—1946)	4,600,000	Margie (Henry King; Morosco; 20th—1946)	4,100,000
Rebel Without a Cause (N. Ray; Weisbart; Warners; 1955)	4,600,000	Mother Wore Tights (Walter Lang; Trotti; 20th—1947)	4,100,000
Babes In Toyland (James Donohue; Disney; RKO-BV—1961)	4,600,000	Johnny Belinda (Jean Negulesco; Wald; WB—1948)	4,100,000
The Love Machine (J. Haley Jr.; M. Frankovich; Col; 1971)	4,600,000	Joan of Arc (Victor Fleming; Wanger-Fleming; RKO—1949)	4,100,000
Fritz The Cat (R. Bakshi; S. Krantz; Cinemaster; 1972)	4,600,000	Snake Pit (Anatole Litvak; Bassler; 20th—1948)	4,100,000
Wild in the Streets (B. Shear; B. Topper; AIP; 1968)	4,550,000	I Was a Male Bride (Howard Hawks; 20th—1949)	4,100,000
The Glass Bottom Boat (F. Tashlin; M. Melcher; MGM; 1966)	4,537,000	Hondo (John Farrow; Wayne-Fellows; WB—1954)	4,100,000
Four Horsemen of Apocalypse (Rex Ingram; MGM—1921)	4,500,000	Love Me Or Leave Me (Charles Vidor; Pasternak; MGM—1965)	4,100,000
Random Harvest (Mervyn LeRoy; Franklin; MGM—1942)	4,500,000	Deep In My Heart (Stanley Donen; Edens; MGM—1955)	4,100,000
Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo (M. LeRoy; S. Zimbalist; MGM; 1944)	4,500,000	Bad Seed (Mervyn LeRoy; WB—1956)	4,100,000
Anchors Aweigh (George Sidney; Pasternak; MGM—1945)	4,500,000	Man Who Knew Too Much (Alfred Hitchcock; Par—1956)	4,100,000
Road To Utopia (Melvin Frank; Jones; Par—1945)	4,500,000	The Misfits (John Huston; Taylor; UA—1961)	4,100,000
Thrill of a Romance (Richard Thorpe; Pasternak; MGM—1945)	4,500,000	Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow (V. DeSica; C. Ponti; Avemb; 1964)	4,100,000
Easy To Wed (Eddie Buzzell; Cummings; MGM—1946)	4,500,000	Texas Across The River (M. Gordon; H. Keller; Univ; 1966)	4,100,000
Till The Clouds Roll By (Richard Whorf; Freed; MGM—1946)	4,500,000	Marriage Italian Style (V. DeSica; C. Ponti; Avemb; 1964)	4,100,000
Bachelor and Bobbysoxer (Irving Reis; Schary; RKO—1947)	4,500,000	Last Summer (F. Perry; A. Crown/S. Beckerman; AA; 1969)	4,100,000
Road To Rio (Norman Z. McLeod; Dare; Par—1948)	4,500,000	Prime Cut (M. Ritchie; J. Wizan; CCF/NGP; 1972)	4,100,000
Easter Parade (Charles Walters; Freed; MGM—1948)	4,500,000	A Guy Named Joe (V. Fleming; R. Riskin; MGM; 1944)	4,070,000
The Paleface (Norman Z. McLeod; Wallis; Par—1948)	4,500,000	The White Cliffs of Dover (C. Brown; S. Franklin; MGM; State Fair; Walter Lang; Perlberg; 20th—1945)	4,050,000
Great Caruso (Richard Thorpe; Lasky-Pasternak; MGM—1951)	4,500,000	National Velvet (C. Brown; P. Berman; MGM; 1945)	4,050,000
Knights of Roundtable (R. Thorpe; P. Berman; MGM; 1953)	4,500,000	Cass Timberlane (George Sidney; Hornblow; MGM—1948)	4,050,000
Desiree (Henry Koster; Blaustein; 20th—1954)	4,500,000	Homecoming (M. LeRoy; S. Franklin; MGM; 1948)	4,050,000
To Catch A Thief (Alfred Hitchcock; Par—1955)	4,500,000	Whatever Happened to Baby Jane? (R. Aldrich; Warners; 1962)	4,050,000
The Conqueror (Dick Powell; Hughes-Powell; RKO—1956)	4,500,000	Hurry Sundown (O. Preminger; Par; 1967)	4,050,000
Love Me Tender (Richard Webb; Weisbart; 20th—1956)	4,500,000	Ben-Hur (Fred Niblo; MGM—1926)	4,000,000
Pride and the Passion (Stanley Kramer; UA—1957)	4,500,000	Singing Fool (Lloyd Bacon; WB—1928)	4,000,000
Young Lions (Edward Dmytryk; Lichtman; 20th—1958)	4,500,000	San Francisco (W. S. Van Dyke; Emerson-Hyman; MGM; 1936)	4,000,000
Don't Go Near The Water (Charles Walters; Weingarten; MGM—1957)	4,500,000	The Wizard of Oz (V. Fleming; M. LeRoy; MGM; 1939)	4,000,000
Return To Peyton Place (Jose Ferrer; Wald; 20th—1961)	4,500,000	Dolly Sisters (Irving Cummings; Jessel; 20th—1945)	4,000,000
Fanny (Joshua Logan; WB—1961)	4,500,000	Ziegfeld Follies (Vincente Minnelli; Freed; MGM—1946)	4,000,000
Lolita (Stanley Kubrick; Seven Arts-Harris; MGM—1962)	4,500,000	Kid From Brooklyn (Norman Z. McLeod; Goldwyn; RKO—1946)	4,000,000
Diamond Head (Guy Green; Bresler; Col—1963)	4,500,000	Smoky (Louis King; Bassler; 20th—1946)	4,000,000
Sword In The Stone (W. Reitherman; Disney; BV; 1963)	4,500,000	Holiday In Mexico (George Sidney; Pasternak; MGM—1946)	4,000,000
McLintock (A. V. McLaglen; Wayne; UA; 1963)	4,500,000	Night and Day (Michael Curtiz; Schwartz; WB—1946)	4,000,000
Robin And The Seven Hoods (G. Douglas; F. Sinatra; WB; 1964)	4,500,000	The Postman Always Rings Twice (T. Garnett; Wilson; MGM; 1946)	4,000,000
Send Me No Flowers (Norman Jewison; Keller; U—1964)	4,500,000	Emperor Waltz (Billy Wilder; Brackett; Par—1948)	4,000,000
Prudence and the Pill (F. Cook; R. Kahn; 20th; 1968)	4,500,000	Reap the Wild Wind (C. B. DeMille; Par—1948)	4,000,000
With Six You Get Egg Roll (H. Morris; M. Melcher; CCF-NGP; 1968)	4,500,000	The Stratton Story (S. Wood; I. Cummings; MGM; 1949)	4,000,000
I, A Woman (M. Ahlberg; Novaris; Audubon; 1966)	4,500,000	An American in Paris (Vincente Minnelli; Freed; MGM—1951)	4,000,000
There's A Girl In My Soup (R. Boulting; M. Frankovich; J. Boulting; Col; 1971)	4,500,000	Jumping Jacks (Norman Taurog; Wallis; Par—1952)	4,000,000
Conquest of Planet of Apes (J. L. Thompson; A. P. Jacobs; 20th; 1972)	4,500,000	Moon Is Blue (Otto Preminger; Herbert; UA—1953)	4,000,000
Song of Norway (A. Stone; CRC; 1970)	4,450,000	Long, Long Trailer (Vincente Minnelli; Berman; MGM—1954)	4,000,000
Cheaper By The Dozen (Walter Lang; Trotti; 20th—1950)	4,425,000	Sabrina (Billy Wilder; Par—1954)	4,000,000
Two Years Before Mast (John Farrow; Miller; Par—1946)	4,400,000	Left Hand of God (Edward Dmytryk; Adler; 20th—1955)	4,000,000
Written On The Wind (Douglas Sirk; Zugsmith; U—1956)	4,400,000	Love Is Splendored Thing (Henry King; Adler; 20th—1955)	4,000,000
Inn of Sixth Happiness (Mark Robson; Adler; 20th—1959)	4,400,000	Seven Little Foys (Melville Shavelson; Rose; Par—1955)	4,000,000
Days of Wine and Roses (B. Edwards; M. Manulis; Warners; 1962)	4,400,000	Jailhouse Rock (Richard Thorpe; Berman; MGM—1957)	4,000,000
Zorba, The Greek (M. Cacoyannis; Int'l Classics; 1964)	4,400,000	Big Country (William Wyler; UA—1958)	4,000,000
Boy, Did I Get A Wrong Number (G. Marshall; E. Small; UA; 1966)	4,400,000	Horse Soldiers (John Ford; Mirisch-Mahin-Rackin; UA—1959)	4,000,000
How To Steal A Million (W. Wyler; Wyler-Kohlmar; 20th; 1968)	4,400,000	Don't Give Up The Ship (Norman Taurog; Wallis; Par—1959)	4,000,000
The Gnome-Mobile (R. Stevenson; J. Algar; BV; 1967)	4,400,000	Never On Sunday (Jules Dassin; Filmways; Lopert—1960)	4,000,000
Weekend at Waldorf (R. Leonard; A. Hornblow; MGM; 1945)	4,370,000	Mr. Hobbs Takes Vacation (Henry Koster; Wald; 20th—1962)	4,000,000
Stage Door Canteen (Frank Borzage; Lesser; UA—1943)	4,350,000	Summer Magic (James Neilson; Disney; BV—1963)	4,000,000
Harvey Girls (George Sidney; Freed; MGM—1946)	4,350,000	Misadventures Merlin Jones (Robert Stevenson; Disney; BV—1964)	4,000,000
Hucksters (Jack Conway; Hornblow; MGM—1947)	4,350,000		

(Continued on page 36)

WORLD FESTIVALS: IT'S VIVE CANNES, MAYBE 165 MORE

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

Paris. Film festivals have long since been an accepted part of the world film scene. New ones are annually noted. Each typically develops its own political and esthetic colors, ties, outlooks and methods. Festivals are an essential showcase for offbeat, difficult, underground, party-angled and private enthusiasm product. They are gatherings for buffs and critics. They also short-cut the redtape of big markets for little nations.

How many festivals are there in accurate count? It would be hard to know. Somewhere in the neighborhood of 165. Many are truly "tiny" and of purely regional interest. Some limit themselves to a given genre. Some give prizes, others profess to despise prizes. Certain festivals select only films previously shown at earlier events.

It is now well established that the film festival at Cannes, France, though not so old as Venice, is the dominant annual event—with more of everything—films, side-shows, buyers and sellers, deal-makers and journalists.

Although Cannes was closed down one year by politically partisan French directors who did the "solidarity" bit, it has mostly escaped the sabotage and left-right confrontations that have long harassed the Venice Film Festival.

New director Maurice Bessy, working in tandem with Robert Favre Le Bret, ex-director now president of the fest board, has a commercial outlook. He wants the important producing nations, especially the U.S., well repped, and like that.

Bessy made some mistakes in 1972, inviting too many ordinary films, somehow fearing to give his black tie evening audience more unusual fare. However this weakness is expected to be corrected in 1973.

Cannes buff adjuncts such as "Critic Week" and "Directors Fortnight," does provide outlets for demanding films. So Cannes has managed to mix commerce and art and also draws a mighty throng of scribes, tv reps alongside film people.

Despite the sometimes congested catch-as-catch-can attitude at Cannes, and its something-for-everyone attitude, the May rendezvous is surely a fine cross-section of world films. Most of the ballyhoo hokum is gone, with the starlets. Frivolity is subordinate to sheer serious marketing and reviewing.

Venice, founded by Benito Mussolini, granddaddy of fests (1932), fell on hard ways because of Rome.

Craft's political squabbles, doing away with prizes and the love of contention. But the last two years have been better. A slow regaining of prestige may be underway.

With prizes back, a possibility this year, and a modus vivendi between the various pic factions, it could make Venice a big timer again. As for Berlin, which started out as a sort of political prop in a difficult area, even with the Eastern Bloc coming in 1973, the outlook remains murky. However, Berlin does magnetize some films that just miss Cannes and its section for German films plus a "Critics Section" help focus attention. Alfred Bauer continues, though much bludgeoned in recent years.

San Sebastian in Spain entices Yanks through free licence release bait.

Locarno in Switzerland faltered in policy disputes, now has a new chief, Moritz De Hadeln, who was able to get a good roster of films in 1972 and kept the competition for directors first or second pix.

Iran, during its 2500 year dynasty celebrations, gave itself a First National Competitive Fest in Teheran but will change from spring to fall for its second year. Charthage in Tunis tries intermittently for an African-toned fest. Demise overtook Mar Del Plata in Argentina and the Rio de Janeiro fest in Brazil. However they may be reactivated. Late-to-festivals, the U.S.A. has New York, San Francisco, Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles. Not overlooking the one at Stratford, Ontario.

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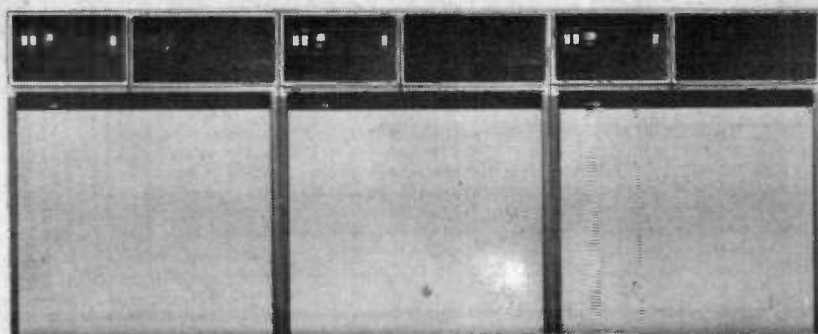
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Propaganda & Counter-Propaganda

Vienna. Within the frame of the recent Vienna Film Festival (12th year), there was a retrospective that was just about to steal the show of the main program. This was labeled "Propaganda and Counter-Propaganda in Films of 1933-1945." Credit the Austrian Film Museum headed by Peter Konlechner and Peter Kubelka.

A 120-page booklet was compiled of text, index, filmography, etc. Listed were 37 German, 26 British, 19 American, four Soviet items, plus one each from Italy, Austria and France.

So many of the notorious Nazi propaganda documentary films have been seen at universities, filmclub societies, festivals, etc., in those years such as "The Eternal Jew" (1940), made by Fritz Hippler, an especially infamous full-length vehicle (he's now the owner of a travel bureau in Berchtesgaden, Bavaria); the famous Leni Riefenstahl film, "Triumph of the Will" (1935), one of the best documentaries (as per international scribes) of all times; "Sieg in Westen" (Victory in the West), (1941), again Fritz Hippler; "Feuertaufe" (1940), made by Hans Bertram, with the music by Norbert Schultze, etc.

Incidentally, a still delicate fact about these pix is that a series of well known names are even active, such as, of course, Miss Riefenstahl, Alfred Weidenmann, maker of feature films, who was once tied up with "Soldiers of Tomorrow" (1941), wherein Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden and others were classified as morbid magnates, the vicious "The Soviet Paradise" (1943) and so on.

Democracies named in those years were speaking for themselves per Col. Frank Capra's "Why We Fight" series ("Prelude to War," "The Nazis Strike," "Divide & Conquer," "The Battle of Britain," "The Battle of Russia," "The Battle of China," "War Comes to America")—all those documentaries still proved very efficient and effective for their hard-hitting realism and matter of language and/or commentary. Kindred names were associated such as the late Walter Huston (commentary), Capt. Anthony Veiller, composer Dmitri Tiomkin, while also Anatole Litvak (first a Major, later up to Colonel) were associated with those "Why We Fight" enterprises.

Still strong proved the medium-sized docu, "Memphis Belle" (1944) which came on account of (Lt. Col.) William Wyler. "The Battle of Midway" (1942) was contributed by (Lt. Commander) John Ford in various positions (direction, camera, text). Narrators being Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell and Donald Crisp; the late Alfred Newman supplied the score. Came along with a little item called "Fellow Americans" (1942) directed by Garson Kanin, music by Oscar Levant, Lt. (now Brigadier-General) James Stewart the commentator; Maj. John Huston was along as both the director and narrator in "The Battle of San Pietro" (1944); "The Town" (1944) saw Josef von Sternberg directing, among other U.S. documentaries.

The various British documentaries seen via the Viennese "retro" were even more substantial—in all, 26 films. Humphrey Jennings was, of course, one of the top docu directors in those years, such as "The True Story of Lili Marlene" (1944) among others; and certainly not to be forgotten Paul Rotha, Basil Wright and Jiri Weiss, the latter made "The Rape of Czechoslovakia" on the advent of (1939) big war. The pre-war characteristics of these British pix had been a sober informational quality derived partly from the ideas of the esteemed late John Grierson; they contained little or, better, no social criticism and their values were mainly those of the middle class intellectuals who directed those pix. It took the Ministry of Information some time to determine its propaganda policy and at first there emerged

no consistent attitude to the aims and purpose of the war. This perhaps accounts for the milder tone of Britain's propaganda than its (German and American equivalents). Be it as may, one of the best shorty-short pix was "Lambeth Walk" (Germany Calling) of vintage 1941, a 120-second item directed, written and edited by Charles Ridley. A satirical ballet, with gestures and mimicry, made of the parading Nazis and their leaders, a funny sequence at its

best. Also noteworthy was "Yellow Caesar" (1941), a 30-minute short, a Mussolini persiflage, made by Alberto Cavalcanti, also an impressive pic.

There were, in addition, some four Soviet documentaries, such as "The Liberated France," an Italian docu (1938), an Austrian (1934) short, etc., but anyway, the Anglo-American Propaganda, or Counter-Propaganda films proved the best in this special category.

A National Rescue Mission For Film At The Library Of Congress In D.C.

By JOHN B. KUIPER

(Head, Motion Picture Section, The Library of Congress)

Washington. Photo historians relate that in the early days of photography a motion picture lab and a still photo lab were first called an "operating room" because the artist-photographer disappeared into the dark "to operate" on the image. The term was quickly dropped in favor of "darkroom" because of the unfortunate connotations it had for people who were sitting and waiting, I suppose, for their portraits. During the past three years it has often seemed to me that the term "operating room" ought to be re-introduced as a description of the motion picture laboratory set up at the Library of Congress.

Walk into this lab and you are immediately struck by the gleaming white walls and spotless special equipment—microscopes; shining metal rewinds; measuring gauges; turn-of-the-century antique printing machinery with polished metal parts; X-ray-like television tubes; and large, specially manufactured equipment to clean, time, print, polish and inspect the newly produced acetate base preservation copies that this sophisticated lab turns out at an increasing rate.

Indeed, the analogy between a medical emergency ward and this lab is apt because it is here that

much of our nation's film heritage is being rescued. Although it is a fascinating place for a film enthusiast, many people in the industry are unaware of the problems and special needs that caused the Library to create this model laboratory.

Most film people are willing to grant that the 80-year-old history of American Film contains many artistic masterpieces as well as examples of unique historical records of 20th Century events. Most are also willing to agree, I believe, that before a nation can have reliable knowledge about its film masterpieces the actual films must be reasonably accessible to scholars and whenever possible to a wider audience as well. But unfortunately there is a third bit of knowledge that usually escapes people who are fascinated by America's film heritage. It is the simple and frightening fact that the original celluloid and chemical images that constitute this heritage are rapidly destroying themselves. Our heritage is disappearing.

Many people can understand the need to preserve books because they are easy to inspect and their deterioration with time can be clearly seen, even felt. But relatively few people seem to realize

BIG RENTAL FILMS OF 1972

(Continued from page 7)

FEATURE	ORIGIN	RELEASE DATE	RENTALS TO DATE
The Candidate (M. Ritchie; W. Coblenz; WB; July, 72)			2,500,000
Snoopy Come Home (B. Melendez; L. Mendelson; CCF/NGP; June, 72)			2,500,000
Concert For Bangladesh (S. Swimmer; G. Harrison-A. B. Klein; 20th; Dec., 71)			2,500,000
Slaughterhouse-Five (G. R. Hill; P. Monash; Universal; March, 72)			2,400,000
Ben (P. Karlson; M. Briskin; CRC; June, 72)			2,300,000
Come Back Charleston Blue (M. Warren; S. Goldwyn Jr.; WB; July, 72)			2,250,000
Skin Game (P. Bogart; H. Keller; Warners; Oct., 71)			2,200,000
Red Sun (T. Young; R. Dorfmann; NGP; Jan., 72)			2,200,000
Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight (J. Goldstone; Chartoff/Winkler; MGM; Dec., 71)			2,155,000
The Abductors (D. Schain; R. T. Desiderio; Brenner; Jan., 72)			2,136,258
Biscuit Eater (V. McEveety; B. Anderson; BV; May, 72)			2,100,000
Dollars (R. Brooks; M. J. Frankovich; Col; Dec., 71)			2,000,000
Fistful of Dynamite (S. Leone; UA; June, 72)			2,000,000
Frogs (G. McCowan; Edwards/Thomas; AIP; March, 72)			1,900,000
Tales From The Crypt (F. Francis; Subotsky/Rosenberg; CRC; March, 72)			1,890,000
Junior Bonner (S. Peckinpah; J. Wizan; CRC; June, 72)			1,840,000
Such Good Friends (O. Preminger; Par; Feb., 72)			1,750,000
Last of Red Hot Lovers (G. Saks; H. W. Koch; Par; July, 72)			1,750,000
Where Does It Hurt? (R. Amateau; J. Shaftel; CRC; Aug., 72)			1,700,000
Napoleon and Samantha (V. McEveety; W. Hibler; BV; July, 72)			1,700,000
Easy Rider (reissue)			1,650,000
X Y And Zee (B. Hutton; A. Ladd Jr.; Col; Jan. 72)			1,635,000
Garden of Finzi-Continis (V. De Sica; A. Cohn; C5; Dec., 72)			1,590,000
Melinda (H. A. Robertson; P. Atkins; MGM; Aug., 72)			1,560,000
Hannie Caulder (B. Kennedy; P. Curtis; Par; July, 72)			1,500,000
The Mechanic (M. Winner; Chartoff/Winkler; UA; Oct., 72)			1,500,000
The Revengers (Daniel Mann; M. Rackin; CCF/NGP; June, 72)			1,500,000
Chato's Land (M. Winner; UA; May, 72)			1,500,000
Made For Each Other (R. B. Bean; R. Townshend; 20th; Dec., 71)			1,500,000
Silent Running (D. Trumbull; M. Gruskoff; Univ.; Feb., 72)			1,500,000
Let's Scare Jessica To Death (J. Hancock; C. Moss; Par; Sept., 71)			1,350,000
Klute (reissue)			1,500,000
Star-Spangled Girl (J. Paris; H. W. Koch; Par; Dec., 71)			1,300,000
Culpepper Cattle Company (D. Richards; P. A. Helmick; 20th; April, 72)			1,250,000
The Boyfriend (K. Russell; MGM; Dec., 71)			1,240,000
T. R. Baskin (H. Ross; P. Hyams; Par; Nov., 71)			1,225,000
They Call Me Trinity (E. B. Clucher; I. Zingarelli; Avemb; Oct., 71)			1,200,000
Bluebeard (E. Dmytryk; A. Salkind; CRC; Aug., 72)			1,200,000
Blacula (W. Crain; J. T. Naar; AIP; Aug., 72)			1,200,000
Slaughter (J. Starrett; M. Sachson; AIP; Aug., 72)			1,200,000
The Honkers (S. Ihnat; A. Gardner; UA; Feb., 72)			1,200,000
Harold and Maude (H. Ashby; C. Higgins; Par; Dec., 71)			1,100,000
Boxcar Bertha (M. Scorse; R. Corman; AIP; May, 72)			1,100,000
Hickey and Boggs (R. Culp; Fouad Said; UA; Aug., 72)			1,100,000
Cool Breeze (B. Pollack; G. Corman; MGM; April, 72)			1,055,000

All-Time B.O. Champs

(Continued from page 34)

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
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
A Fistful of Dollars (B. Robertson; Jolly; UA; 1964)	4,000,000
Hellfighters (A. McLaglen; R. Arthur; Univ; 1968)	4,000,000
The Arrangement (E. Kazan; Warners; 1969)	4,000,000
The Undefeated (A. V. McLaglen; R. L. Jacks; 20th; 1969)	4,000,000
Wild Country (R. Miller; R. Totten; BV; 1971)	4,000,000
Plaza Suite (A. Hiller; H. Koch; Par; 1971)	4,000,000
Evel Knievel (M. Chomsky; Solomon/Hamilton; Fanfare; 1971)	4,000,000
McCabe and Mrs. Miller (R. Altman; D. Foster/M. Brower; Warners; 1971)	4,000,000
The Omega Man (B. Sagal; W. Seltzer; Warners; 1971)	4,000,000
Straw Dogs (S. Peckinpah; D. Melnick; CRC; 1971)	4,000,000
War Between Men and Women (M. Shavelson; D. Arnold; CCF/NGP; 1972)	4,000,000
Super Fly (G. Parks Jr.; S. Shore; Warners; 1972)	4,000,000

that the moving picture, which by the way includes television, is one of the most fragile of all the arts we see and hear. I am not referring only to the older, or nitrate films which were manufactured during the first fifty-odd years of the industry. Unfortunately, this extreme fragility is also true today of all commercially produced color films and television tape recordings.

Another circumstance has conspired to intensify the destruction of America's film heritage. Almost 40 years of film production had gone by before librarians and archivists realized that motion pictures are not only entertainment but also serve as a recording of historical events, as education, as a social force, and as a valid form of art in their own right. Finally we have come to the conclusion that films have been neglected by the serious; are fragile; are deteriorating every minute; yet they are precious historical and artistic documents which deserve to be saved, studied, and distributed as widely as possible.

Until recently even the sheer quantity of American film production has worked against the development of an effective, national preservation policy for motion pictures. For example, the catalogs of films registered for copyright contain 137,486 films between the years 1894 and 1960. This is an enormous number when compared to the output of the other western countries and to be truthful about this statistic, it must be pointed out

that this figure is only part of the actual number of films of all types produced in the United States. It is likely that there have always been at least one-half as many non-registered films as registered films produced each year in this country. With such an enormous number of films produced in America, it is not hard to see why it has often appeared self-defeating to spend much money, effort, and care in preserving them. It has been easier, in most cases, to produce new films rather than to care for older ones, and indeed the industrial demands of exhibition, distribution, and production have tended to force the retirement of the old in favor of the new.

Because of the enormous output of American films, it has never been the goal of film archivists in this country to save every film produced. Some archivists even argue that the self-destruction of early films is healthy because it is a method of reducing what they call the "artifact pollution" of our society. As a practicing archivist, I must admit this argument has some attractive features. It enables me to feel less defeated by the constant disappearance of our film heritage. It reinforces my ego which leads me to feel certain that those films I have actually succeeded in preserving must be the most important ones. I have come to the conclusion, however, that both these feelings are dangerously misleading.

I believe that the only people who advance the argument that self-destruction is healthy are those who are unconvinced that the cinema is worthy of serious consideration. In reality, I have found out that a true film archivist, while admitting that it is impossible to preserve every American film, will always try to preserve as many films as possible under the circumstances in which he works. He realizes that the films he does succeed in preserving can only be representative of the best films of a given period and that his list of preserved films may actually not include some of the films most interesting to future historians. Consequently, the activities of film archivists at the Library of Congress are dedicated to four types of activities: a broad acquisitions program, a program to preserve motion pictures and related descriptive material, a program to provide cataloging and bibliographic services for films to libraries, scholars, and the motion picture world, and the running of a study center for the use of research-oriented users.

Ottawa's Hard-Tickets: 'Winston' & 'Great Waltz'

Ottawa, Dec. 28.

This 300,000-pop Canadian capital, now has two hardtickets: Columbia's "Young Winston" at 770-seat St. Laurent Odeon I, in a suburban shopping centre, and MGM's "The Great Waltz" at 807-seat downtown Nelson (Twine-Famous Players). Both opened Friday (22), both have matinees only on Sat., Sun. and holidays.

Neither, however, is asking the \$3.50 top United Artists "Fiddler on the Roof" got during its 37-weeks-and-two-days run, ended Nov. 30. Instead they ask \$2.50 and \$3 (Robert Wise's "Sound of Music" is the all-time champ here with 53 weeks at the Nelson.)

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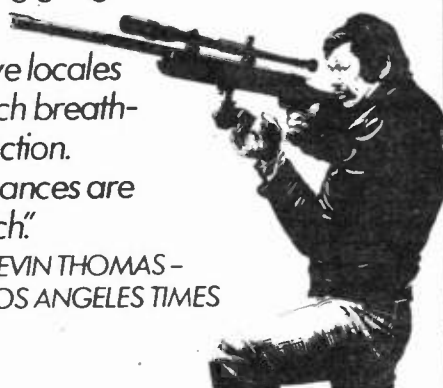
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Jack Palance

In a Michael Winner Film

"Chato's Land"

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Richard Basehart | James Whitmore | Simon Oakland
Produced and Directed by Michael Winner
Written by Gerald Wilson
Music Composed by Jerry Fielding
A Scimitar Films Production
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IN PRODUCTION IN
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DINO DE LAURENTIIS PRESENTS
CHARLES BRONSON

IN A MICHAEL WINNER FILM

"The Black Circle"

Catalyst On A Hot Tin Roof, Or Groucho Left His Marx On Everyone

By BILL MAJESKI

As a confirmed Marxist, Groucho, that is, I must confess to an addiction brought on by a lifelong regret for not having been around when he was loose in the theatre. It has turned me into an incurable Groucho-holic.

Just about everyone knows his wild antics onstage, his throwaway gems, and adlib comebacks: Chico: "The garbage man's outside." Groucho: "Tell him we don't want any."

When a magician called for a volunteer to inspect his mouth after a trick involving pins and string, the volunteer was—right—Groucho. Asked to look into the magician's mouth and explain what he saw, Marx peered and announced: "Pyorrhea."

Fortunately we have preserved forever on film many of the highly literate, fast-talking comedian's finest ripostes.

To tall, stately Margaret Dumont: "I hear they're going to tear you down and put up an office building where you're standing."

In an argument with a rival discussing the ever-present Miss Dumont: "We'll fight for her honor . . . which is something she never did."

A line that has become a prototype for a million other jokes is narration of an African hunting trip: "I'll never forget one morning when I got up early and shot an elephant in my pajamas. How that elephant got into my pajamas I'll never know."

While we have many moments of his celluloid frivolities available for permanent enjoyment, it somehow only heightens one's sorrow not to have witnessed Groucho's leer, lope and lusty line as he stalked the stage, cigar angled forward like a Pontiac curb feeler (there's a phrase he'd never let you get away with) looking for yet another target.

What he would do to some of the hyper-pretentious conceits of today's theatre or some of the peepshows for "mature adults" boggles the mind. "And believe me, your mind could use a good boggling now and then," he'd probably crack.

Classics of our modern theatre would be fair game for Groucho. He would be the conductor on "Streetcar Named Desire" and serve as a catalyst on a hot tin roof.

A La 'The Salesman'

Now he's salesman Willy Loman, slowly, wearily, dramatically dropping his valise on the floor:

"Yes, I'm a salesman. It's a hard lot, but I go through life with a smile on my face, a shine on my shoes, gravity on my vest and a picture of Priscilla Lane in my wallet. I drive a hard bargain. I used to drive a small Essex, but that was when I had a wilder Es-sex life, which nobody can deny. I fight the corruptors who destroy and maim . . . incidentally, ain't it a shame about maim?"

Groucho-holicism is permanent. There are remissions and exacerbations, but there's no cure. Got hooked on him about 20 years ago following a revival of Marx Bros. films on Broadway. Later I went to a play, an English family-type drama about a housewife who suddenly starts shoplifting.

Don't recall the name of the play, but I do remember the perturbed husband calling in a childhood friend, a psychiatrist, to analyze his wife and then testify in court that he was mentally upset so she wouldn't be sent to prison and destroy the family name. Enjoyed the play well enough, but for days, weeks, months and now, years after, I still see Groucho popping onto the proscenium of my mind in the role of the psychiatrist.

The other evening as I sat in the gathering darkness, alone in my livingroom.

SCENE: English drawingroom. Attractive wife of about 40, is seated on a sofa. Her distraught husband paces the floor. The door bursts open and Groucho races with gazelle-like grace across the stage.

HUSBAND: Doctor Leo Vurtz! It's been 25 years!

GROUCHO: (knocking away extended hand of greeting) Never mind that. Now leave the room. I want to be alone with your wife.

HUSBAND: Anything you say, doctor.

GROUCHO: I haven't said anything yet. But when I do you'll receive notice in the mail just like everyone else. Fair enough?

HUSBAND: Yes, doctor.

GROUCHO: That's all you can say, yes, doctor. Stop yessing me. You'll never get anywhere yessing me and I'll never get anywhere knowing you. Don't give me any of your guff. But I will take some of your gin if you don't mind.

HUSBAND: I don't mind, doctor.

GROUCHO: Of course you don't mind doctors. That's the trouble today—nobody minds doctors. Now leave, I want to check out this lovely looney.

(Husband leaves. Groucho bounds over to the sofa, grabs the wife and hugs her close).

Stream of Consciousness

GROUCHO: So they think you've slipped a gear in your think tank, eh? You must be crazy to marry a guy like that. In school no girl would take him for a husband. In fact they wouldn't even take him for a chocolate soda. But what does it matter as long as I've got you and you've got a psychological disturbance and a fat bank account. But enough of this folderol, Mrs. Therson. You don't mind if I call you Mrs. Therson do you?

WIFE: Why no.

GROUCHO: Then you are sick—sick of your husband. Why don't we run away together. We'll go to my hospital. I have an oxygen tent that sleeps two. Ah, but don't go putting ideas in my head, you bewitching vixen. Just what are you up to?

GROUCHO: You're not up to my last patient, I can tell you that.

WIFE: Doctor, I thought you were going to figure out why I stole a black nightgown.

GROUCHO: You stole a black nightgown? Did anyone see you steal it?

WIFE: The store detective.

GROUCHO: Then you DID steal it. You can't keep things from me. We're in this together . . . and unless it's a big nightgown it's going to be pretty crowded. I'm here to help you. Remember that. And if I don't help

you, I'll harm you. Remember that, too. And here's another thing, but what's the use, you'll just go back to your errant ways.

WIFE: (caught in the spell of his oratory) No I won't, doctor.

GROUCHO: You might as well, you're not having any fun around this dump. Sweetie, there's nothing wrong with you that a good three-day drunk wouldn't cure. And I'm about the best three-day drunk around. What say we meet at a roadhouse in Chelsea and I'll give you the key to my emotions. Or we can go to the zoo and watch the Pandas play.

WIFE: But my husband . . .

GROUCHO: You've outgrown your husband . . . to say nothing of your blouse. Ah, Mrs. Therson, I love you for what you are . . . if you are what I think you are. Well, that's it. Here's my bill—\$500.

WIFE: Five hundred!? Outrageous! You're positively corrupt.

GROUCHO: Well corrupt and see me some time.

WIFE: Five hundred! I never heard of such a thing.

GROUCHO: You must have. Everyone was singing it. Goes like this. (He hums a merry tune, grabs Mrs. Therson and waltzes her around just as her husband comes in.)

HUSBAND: What do you mean by dancing with my wife in the livingroom?

GROUCHO: Some spoilsport locked the bedroom.

HUSBAND: Tell me, doctor, is she sick? Is she a thief? Will the judge send her away?

GROUCHO: Look at you. Her body isn't even cold and you're starting to make plans. (To wife) Let me know when your body does get cold and I'll stop making plans.

HUSBAND: I want you to get her let off with a warning.

GROUCHO: I think she should be let off at my house, if you ask me. But you didn't ask me. You told me. And I don't take orders. Get yourself another skull-thumper. Oh, Hippocrates, where did I go wrong? (He stalks out angrily) Doorman! Call me a taxi dancer!

And he's gone, my mind a shambles in his wake. I'm ruined for the evening. I mix a martini as the images begin to fade. The door opens and my wife enters.

"You'll never guess who I saw at the supermarket."

"That's right," I said, my voice sharp, staccato-like, "I'll never guess. Starting right now."

She paused a moment. "What did you do while I was out?"

"Well, for one I watched a movie. For two I'll sing a song and for 10 I'll play the piano, do bird imitations and tend bar at your next picnic."

She nodded knowingly. "I see. Did Chico and Harpo get a chance to be in this one?"

She's very understanding. Right now she's looking through the yellow pages for a weekend sanitarium to care for myself and other Groucho-holics who number in the thousands.

It's the only way. Withdrawal is impossible. Once you're hooked, you're hooked for life.

The Broadway Musical In Hollywood Dialog

(Dialog From Memory)

By HARRY PURVIS

"Give the kid a break, Mac. Can't you see she's scared to death? I think I know what's wrong—it's the tempo—it's too fast. Suppose we try it again, Sally—only this time take it a little slower. . . . Here, try this. I just wrote it. It's called 'It's Sweeter When It's Slower, Sweetheart!'"

"Looks like Danny's kinda' fallen for the new kid. Lillian Lamont won't like that—and it's her dough that's backin' the show."

"The show's runnin' a little long. We'll have to cut out the 'Parisian Belle' number. Sorry, kid—it's a tough break."

"Don't cry, baby—there'll be other shows. Billingham's not the only producer in town."

"Forget about that two-bit pianoplayer, Sally. I'm throwing a little party up at my place tonight. Why don't you come along? There'll be a lot of important people there—people you should meet."

"Sorry, Roger, I appreciate your offer, but the only way I'll go to that party tonight is if I can earn my way. Do you still need help to serve the food?"

"Why didn't you tell me you could dance like that? Why, girlie, you're wasting your time waitin' on tables. You should be up there—on that stage."

"Do you know whose face you just slapped? That was Flo Ziegfeld, the biggest producer on Broadway today. That offer of his was on the level."

"No! No! No! You're in love with the guy—not tryin' to sell him peanuts! Now take it again, from the top—and this time I want you to make every man in the audience feel that you're singin' to him alone."

"You're on in five minutes, Miss Marlowe!"

"Snap out of it, kid—it's me—Danny. You're going to be a big hit tonight—and I'm going to be right there in the orchestra pit, rooting you on all the way. I bribed the pianist to let me take his place. Now go out there, baby, and show these Broadway slickers how it's really done."

"Oh, Danny, they liked me—They really liked me." "Liked you? Honey, they loved you—and so do I."

Assorted Humor

Bennett Cerf Was a Regular 'Variety' Contributor—Excerpts From His Posthumous Book

By BENNETT CERF

By permission of the publisher, Random House, (c) by the Estate of Bennett A. Cerf, from his posthumously published book, "Stories To Make You Feel Better."

Several times a year Ed Sullivan performs a worthy service indeed. He persuades a group of topflight Broadway stars to accompany him to Halloran General Hospital in Staten Island to entertain the sorely wounded war veterans there.

For one of these expeditions, Sullivan sought out the beloved veteran Jimmy Durante, who accepted the invitation but explained in advance that he had a very remunerative date to perform at a private party later that night and would, accordingly, be able to do only one number for the boys.

The number he chose, naturally, was his famous "Inka Dinka Doo," and at its conclusion the audience was so ecstatic that he grabbed the microphone back and did eight more complete routines.

When he finally staggered off the platform, exhausted, Sullivan cried, "You were just great, Jimmy, but didn't you see me signaling to you? What came into you? You'll never make your private party now!"

"Look at the front row of that audience," Durante told him, "and you'll see why I forgot all about that private engagement."

Ed Sullivan poked his head through the curtain and spotted two lieutenants in a first-row divan, applauding happily. The lieutenant on the right had lost his left arm; the one on the left his right arm. With no semblance of self-consciousness, they were clapping their two remaining hands together, and giving Jimmy Durante the most soul-satisfying round of applause he ever in his life had received.

It was at a small dinner party honoring Howard Lindsay's birthday that the guest of honor made a very brief speech of acknowledgment that brought a tear of sheer pleasure to the eyes of everyone in the room.

Beaming at the assembled guests, Lindsay said reflectively, "There are a number of people I know that I love but, unfortunately, do not respect. There are others I respect but do not love. But here in this room with me tonight are the people in this world that I both love and respect." Then he sat down.

Did everybody there feel better? You just bet they did!

Billy Wilder tells of the day he tried to persuade Sam Goldwyn to let him do a picture on the life of the great Russian ballet star Nijinsky. Said star unfortunately had come to a disastrous end, spending the last years of his existence in an insane asylum—convinced he was a horse.

"Now listen to me, Billy," argued Goldwyn, "if you think I'm going to invest \$3,000,000 in a picture about a man who thinks he's a horse, you're even crazier than he is."

"We can give the story a happy ending," urged Wilder. "We'll have him win the Kentucky Derby!"

A Purdue graduate returned home from his twenty-fifth class reunion in a very chastened mood. "My classmates," he told his wife sadly, "have all gotten so fat and bald they didn't recognize me."

The late Fred Allen claimed he found a New England seashore resort that was so dead the tide went out one day and refused to come back.

A Texas oil magnate, getting his first look at the Eiffel Tower, conceded, "Right purty. How many barrels a day does it produce?"

A seductive young siren from a nightclub chorus line suddenly added to her equipment a very big, very authentic, very expensive diamond ring.

"It is a beauty," she agreed with admiring cohorts. "But I'm afraid it carries the Slibovitz curse."

"That's one curse I never heard of," admitted the wardrobe mistress. "What is it?"

The siren eyed the ring sorrowfully and explained, "Slibovitz comes with it."

A well-known ham actor gave up Broadway and became a surgeon. One morning he removed an appendix so skillfully that several doctors watching him started to applaud. So he bowed gracefully and cut out the patient's gallbladder for an encore.

A circus clown boasted that his brother had developed a new act never attempted before. He had himself shot out of a cannon four times as big as any used by previous stunt men.

"How did he stand the shock?" the clown was asked. "That's hard to say," admitted the clown. "We never found him!"

A stranded Martian came upon two beautiful damsels in a nudist camp. He looked them over with obvious approval, then beseeched, "Take me to your tailor!"

Jack Benny swears that one evening when he was invited to play for the President, a guard stopped him outside the White House gate and asked, "Whatcha got in that case, Mr. Benny?"

Benny answered solemnly, "A machinegun." With equal solemnity, the guard nodded. "Enter, friend. I was afraid for a minute it was your violin!"



wish you a Merry Christmas
and
a happy New-Year

1972

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for 1973

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

Ballet Dancer, Yes, But Obstetrician? An Author's Credits Are Boundless

By AL MORGAN

There are a lot of things the Authors League doesn't tell you. It's not all Sabbath services on ocean front decks at Fire Island.

Or Swiss bank accounts and German folksingers.

It's also sitting in the "Green Room" at the Carson or Cavett Shows eight nights running and never getting on during the "author's

ghetto" (the last 10 minutes of the show — cheek by jowl with the "Sermonette") because the Transvestite Rock Group Leader or the Yugoslavian Hooker-cum-Duchess were funny enough.

It's also housing the drip of weekly bile when you don't get the lead, or front page, review in the N.Y. Times, the New Yorker, Time, Newsweek or (for God's sake) the Episcopal New Yorker.

And they don't warn you about those questionnaires the Publicity Department of your publisher send around for you to fill out, so they can make you sound interesting, exciting and guesstimate.

It has marvelous questions. Like . . .

In 50 words, please give the basic theme of your novel, the underlying philosophy inherent in its message, the number of carbon sheets you used and a detailed synopsis of the last quarter of the Lehigh-Lafayette game last year.

What is your basic philosophy of life? Why? Who said so?

These are easy.

It's the one where you have to list your previous occupations that make you envy a whole collection of former shortorder cooks, managers of massage parlors, deckhands and cranberry stuffers. I dutifully make out the list and realize how dull my life to date sounds on paper. As the scars on my wrists and the excessively high insurance premiums I pay testify, that isn't true.

I've just been too reticent and too modest. To hell with that from now on.

Let who will, run for Mayor of New York.

who will, be Poet Laureate of Mafia.

Each other member of the Authors League, which other eight-nardcover loser, can point to a . . . of occupations that include a gamut that lopes from writer to ballet dancer, novelist to center-

fielder, playwright to chorus boy, television producer to obstetrician?

Me, that's who!

Your 195-pounded, bearded VARIETY Anniversary issue blyliner, that's who! So help me, Clifford Irving! Would I lie to you?

You don't believe Centerfielder? You could look it up.

The 3-I League

In the late '40s when I was employed at CBS as a writer and producer for the old CBS Documentary Unit, I packed my tape-reporter and hit the circuit to do a show called "This Game of Baseball." Having covered a Dodger road trip, Little League ball in Canton, Ohio, sat on a porch with Cy Young while he complained that he didn't really win 511 games, he won 512 and that dirty lousy official scorer robbed him, I ended up in such garden spots as Peoria, Davenport, and Terre Haute, the natural habitat of the Three-I League, synonym for bush leagues . . . and glorious night wound up playing centerfield in an ill-lit, gopher-ridden outfield hard by the Milwaukee Road tracks. Not only that, but I got one for three, a clean single over the pebble mound in front of third base. You think Norman Mailer is a .300 hitter?

I must admit I'm not a committed obstetrician. It was a wartime experience. Fresh out of the hospital and the Infantry in the last days of the war in Europe I wound up as a combat correspondent attached to the 45th Division. I'd been tipped to live with and hang around the Regimental Med-

ics. Not, as you might suspect because that's where the good, heart-warming human interest stories were.

No. That is where the alcohol was.

And grateful civilians treated by a real honest to Benning doctor showed their gratitude by saying it with eggs and fresh vegetables. If you've been in combat long enough to have forgotten what a martini really tastes like, denatured medical alcohol, carefully cut with GI lemonpowder, can pass. I paid my keep, of course. There were probably more stories about this medical team than there had been about any medics since the Curies retired. And I held plasma bottles and at least twice played nurse during births. Once, when I temporarily deserted them to move up front with the assault infantry companies I was grabbed in a newly liberated German town by a frantic man. His wife was in labor and was there a doctor with our troops?

Nope. But I'd seen it done. That was good enough, and so was I.

Even now, there is floating around Europe somewhere a strapping, 28-year-old named Sgt. Morgan Fradenscheide.

Sans Equity Card

The chorus boy stint was a post-war occupation. Bill Leonard, Fred Freed and I were doing a series on OBS Radio called "The Other Feller's Shoes" where each of us took a job, rigged to the eyeballs like a Watergate Volunteer with mikes and taperecorders, with nobody knowing our real identities and then reported in a weeklong series what it was like to be, whatever it was we'd been. I got a doozie of an assignment, a chorus boy in "Miss Liberty." My preparation consisted of seeing the show once. Brooks had no more costumes from the show so I was wearing the blue and gold of "High Button Shoes" rather than "Miss Liberty's" red and black. I was also the only chorus boy onstage whistling the score. I didn't know it well enough to sing it. One of my conditions with Arthur Cantor who was press-agenting in those days, was that I get four house seats for each performance. I never had to guess where the seats were. As I entered, a vision in blue and gold, whistling, out of step with everyone else, four people fell into the aisle in the advance stages of hysteria. To this day Allyn Ann McLerie has the scars where I stepped on her instep every night.

It is, a kind of immortality.

The ballet dancer credit is a little more complex. In its infinite wisdom, the United States Army dumped a grabbag of unlikely crusaders, mainly writers, dancers actors and teachers in a camp that had recently been rejected as unfit for human habitation by the Air Force to be trained as Rangers. . . Killers!

You've heard of ballet master Vitale Fokine? My ballet master.

Also my rather unlikely partner in the daily two-hour session in the hot Texas sun known as "Kill With Your Bare Hands Combat." Fokine was, I suspect, in his late 30s, built like a melted bowling ball and about as ready for a Kill With Your Bare Hands Combat course as I was. Anyone dogging it on the course was deprived of the only thing that kept us sane, a pass that let us get out of the red clay and the Red Dirt Dachau for a couple of hours of a Saturday night. Not that we did much. We walked around the four square blocks surrounding the courthouse. We had a bad steak. And . . . since the town was justly famous as "The Rose Capitol of The World" we got our jollies by sending roses by airmail for 60c a dozen. God it was debauchery!

Price Was Right

I used to send a dozen to my mother. A dozen to Rita Hayworth. A dozen to Eleanor Roosevelt.

You can see why none of us wanted to lose a chance for a pass. If they didn't believe you were really trying to tear out eyes, knock out teeth, bust cartilage bones or bust noses . . . no pass! No roses that week for Eleanor. Fokine, who did God knows

what with his couple of hours of freedom, came to me and offered me a starring role.

"I'm going to choreograph murder for the two of us," he said. "Watching, they should cry. They should be worried of a premature casualty. They should give us our passes. Which song do you know that I know?"

We settled on "My Country 'Tis Of Thee . . ."

At night in the barracks we both sang it at the same pace, under our breaths and Fokine dreamed up our ballet of almost mayhem. It was marvelous. To this day I get tense when the Queen of England gets saluted, musically.

We were the two blood-thirstiest soldiers on the post and never missed a pass. We even gave an exhibition for some visiting generals. In honor of the occasion Fokine redirected us to the tune of "The Star Spangled Banner."

You know . . . now that I think of it . . .

Did I ever tell you about the time the brain surgeon in Boston bet me I couldn't. . . ?

SAGA OF 'CATHERINE VARIETY SHERIDAN'

By GLENDON ALLVINE

Bethlehem in Pennsylvania might provide a better setting but it was Pittsburgh, in the year 1927 that provided a haven for a homeless baby.

On Christmas Eve, in the basement of the Sheridan Square Theatre, manager John O. Hooley found a 5-week baby, with a package of diapers and a note pinned to them reading:

"Please take care of my baby. Her name is Catherine. I can no longer take care of her. I have eight others. My husband is out of work. She was born on Thanksgiving day. I have always heard of the goodness of show business and I pray that you will look out for her." (Signed) A Heart-Broken Mother."

Hooley took the baby to the office of owner John H. Harris who brought her home to his mother, Mrs. Harris Sr., who decided that the best place for the infant was the Rosalia Foundling Asylum. Meantime police and the Pittsburgh newspapers joined in a search for the baby.

Four days after the foundling was discovered the members of Pitt's Variety Club voted to adopt the baby and to provide for her upbringing and education. She was named Catherine Variety Sheridan, after the club and theatre of the same name. Toys and goodies arrived for Catherine in such volume they were lavished on the other orphans. When she was five years old Harris and John J. Maloney placed the child in the home of one of more than 300 applicants.

They kept in touch with the prosperous foster-parents and their final report was that she had graduated with honors from an eastern college, which I have imagined to be Vassar in my novel "The Love Trophy," soon to be published.

Catherine Variety Sheridan would be 45 years old now, and perhaps the mother of her own children.

Inflight Security

Inflight, which is generally concerned with providing entertainment for the air passenger, is now moving into an equally important field—passenger security. Inflight Motion Pictures, has signed a contract with Trans World Airlines to provide security of the carrier's La Guardia Airport (N.Y.) passenger terminal.

The deal calls for both passenger surveillance magnetometers and luggage X-ray equipment to be utilized. The X-ray equipment, called Saferay, will view carry-on luggage and parcels, but will not affect photographic film, recording tape, pharmaceuticals or other sensitive materials.

The Paradox In 'Peaceful' Israel: Production Rises As B.O. Falls

By JOSEPH LAPID

With 25 full length feature films produced or under production, the Israeli film industry had in 1972 its best year ever and contemplates more production in 1973. Strangely enough, the increase in output goes against the homeland's trend of diminishing audiences, though the initial impact of video here has slowed down and theatre-owners hope that during 1973 they'll turn the corner.

The 1972 increase in production was due to several factors: two consecutive years of more or less steady "peace" on the borders and of full security inside Israel; the improvement in production facilities, which include now two color laboratories, one large and several small studios, about 15 production and 25 service companies, one full fledged "Western Town" and full range of technical hardware; the activities of the Israeli Film Centre, headed by Zeev Birger and aided by a rather generous law of support to the film industry.

A great deal of effort has been expended in inducing foreign producers to work in Israel. Co-production agreements with West Germany, France, Sweden and Belgium have opened new channels of communication among establishment producers. With an Israeli pound 0.99 bonus given by the Government on every dollar invested by foreigners in film production in Israel, they receive a total of IL 5.1 for their dollar which is at least on parity with real prices, if not above that. The running rate for a walk-on is 10 dollars per diem and no Israeli star commands even 10,000 dollars for top billing in a film. Part of the initial expenses are covered by a low-rate loan extended by the Israeli Film Centre, to the extent of 35,000 dollars repayable from tax-rebates on the theatre tickets sold. You can make a quite decent colour feature in Israel for as little as \$150,000 dollars—an attractive proposition. The Government is also co-operative when it comes to usage of army, police, etc. and the climate is most of the year sunny. In co-productions the Israeli side doesn't usually invest money, but provides the facilities and technical services, with the foreigners bringing the capital, the top stars, the director and some top technicians. The scripts are usually a melange of Israeli background and foreign tastes—like in the case of several films dealing with the war against terrorism in the air and on the ground.

The Israel Motion Pictures Studio in Herzlia, under the management of Itzhak Kol and the Berkey Pathe Humphries Laboratories in Givatayim, under the management of Moshe Golan are the two big companies which cater to foreign producers, the first with a large studio as well as with a colour laboratory, the second with a high quality colour laboratory which could hardly survive on local productions only. The latter developed the shots of "Jesus Christ Superstar," the biggest production of the year in Israel. Other production companies active on an international scale included Israfilm, Roll Film, Willy Gafni Film and others. Most of their work was done in the field of documentaries and video productions, with Israfilm producing the full-length semi-documentary "Ben Gurion Remembers."

Menahem Golan, who owns Noah Films, continued to be the most active local producer, with one big international production, "Escape to the Sun" and three additional films. While Golan can be often faulted as director and scriptwriter, his contribution to the vitality of the Israeli film industry is undoubted and important. The second most active producer in 1972, Michael Shvili, seems, however, to be more of a bane to the industry than a blessing. He specializes in cheap, quicky productions, directed in murderously bad taste and aimed at the lowest possible denominator of the lesser educated

audiences. Most of his productions are financially very successful. As local productions receive a tax rebate proportionate to the number of tickets they sold, Shvili's products get a larger amount of Governmental subsidy than films with artistic aspirations, which often sell poorly and are therefore in dire need of support. This situation was under heavy fire in the press. If the Film Centre doesn't want to jeopardize the whole concept of film-subsidy, it will have to find a way to change the rules. One suggestion is that the tax-rebate from ticket sales should be pooled and then divided to the producers according to some sort of value rating other than pure commercial success.

The most encouraging phenomenon of the past year or two was the emergence of a number of small-scale sensitive productions, which were Israeli mainly in the sense that they were produced in Israel by Israelis, but had also a general appeal to humanity and were genuinely striving to achieve artistic standards on an internationally acceptable level. Most of these films—like "Neither by Day, Nor by Night," "Floch," "Take Two" and "But Where Is Daniel Vax"—were independent productions and had encountered distributing problems not only abroad but even in Israel. This was surprising as these were not experimental underground films, but rather straightforward stories simply told. In order not to discourage makers of such films, it was suggested that the Film Centre could subsidize a few theatres in the big cities which should specialize in the showing of locally made art films. This, however is still only a gleam in the eye of the producers.

More encouraging is a piece of legislation expected to be approved by the Knesseth in a short time. It will make it compulsory for theatre owners to show on a regular basis locally produced shorts before showing of the full length feature. (There are no double-features in Israeli theatres). Previously, theatres were obliged to show local news shorts, but the production of these ceased with the advance of video. The envisaged demand for shorts will keep many small producers and production companies busy, thereby providing the economic basis for bigger ventures.

The export of Israeli films as well as the influx of foreign currency for production services and facilities provided in Israel, totalled close to \$4,000,000 in 1972, nearly twice as much as in year 1971. There is a good chance that this sum will increase by about 50 per cent in 1973.

And these are the films made in Israel during the year 1972. The list was prepared by the government sponsored Israeli Film Centre for VARIETY:

ISRAELI FILMS

"ROSA I LOVE YOU"
Production Company: Noah Films Ltd.
Producer: Menahem Golan
Screenplay: Moshe Mizrahi
Director: Moshe Mizrahi
Cast: Michal Bat-Adam, Gabi Oterman, Yossef Shiloah, Avner Hiskiyahu, Leva Finkelstein.
"FLOCH"
Production Company: Aldan Films and Floch Ltd.
Producer: Alfred Plain and Chayyum Zeldis.
Screenplay: Hanoch Levin and Dan Wolman.
Director: Dan Wolman.
Cast: Abraham Chalfi, Ofra Diron, Israel Segal, Lola Jacobowich, Arnan Zafrir.
"TWO HEARTBEATS"
Production Company: Ha'etgar Film Production Co.
Producer: Israel Ringel and Yair Pradel-ski of Roll Film Ltd.
Screenplay: Moshe Hadar.
Director: Shmuel Imberman.
Cast: Yuda Barkan, Edit Astrok, Ilan Dar, Mona Silberstein, Peter Fry and Leah Koenig.
"BUT WHERE IS DANIEL VAX"
Production Company: Daniel Vax Ltd.
Producer: William L. Gross.
Screenplay: Avraham Heffner.
Director: Avraham Heffner.
Cast: Lior Yeyni, Esther Zevko, Michael Lipkin, Ammon Meskin, Yael Heffner, Lior Yeyni.
"NURIT"
Production Company: Arieh Film
Producer: George Obadiah.
Screenplay: George Obadiah, Ada Ben-Nahum.

(Continued on page 48)

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N-U-D-E—And Other 4-Letter Words

By RAY RUSSELL

Hollywood. A friend of mine is what is known as a "filmmaker." After a private screening of his latest picture, I told him I thought it was quite good—except for the nudity and four-letter words.

He was shocked. He had no idea I was anti-sex and pro-censorship. I assured him I wasn't—I love the former, hate the latter. By this time, he was hopelessly confused, so I searched for a useful parallel to clarify my position.

Remember those old movies (I said) usually starring Cagney or Bogart, where the leading man drops into a night club to visit a girl who happens to be a singer there? He wants to tell her that Rocky's gorillas have just bumped off her kid brother. But he—and we—have to wait while the girl (played by Joan Leslie or Ruby Keeler) does an entire song, complete with verse, two choruses, and maybe a few dance steps.

I always resented that kind of number inserted into an otherwise dramatic film. It made me restless and impatient, and I think it effected most people the same way. And yet I'm fond of music. What, then, did I have against the song?

It served no purpose. It wasn't indispensable to the exposition, to the establishing of character, to anything. The last two bars of the song would have done the job just as well and in much less time. It held up the action. The story just sat there, twiddling its thumbs, while a captive audience, consisting of you, me and Cagney (it may have been John Hodiak or John Garfield) was forced to listen to a musical selection. Under other circumstances, we would have enjoyed the song, but not there. It was out of place. It was an anomaly. It was an interruption. It was a distraction. It slackened the tension of the drama. It droye us into the lobby for a smoke or a Coke.

And it insulted our intelligence, because it too obviously was there for no better reason than to show off the actress' voice, a song-for-song's-sake, at the expense of the picture.

For "song," read "nudity." I have seldom, if ever, seen a nude body that was truly essential to the film. The nude female form is delightful—even more delightful than music—but the nudity can be suggested, just as the last two bars can suggest the entire song. It is always obvious that the nudity is there for no better reason than to show off the actress' body, skin-for-skin's-sake, at the expense of the picture.

'Integral' My Eye

And yet we are forever being apprised by actresses that they might consider going nude if it were "integral to the script." Nudity is almost never integral to the script. Like the song, it has very little business being there. It gets in the way. It's much more enjoyable somewhere else.

The same people who talk about "integral" nudity usually get around, sooner or later, "integral" profanity and obscenity in dialog. Weak writers, in the service of what they mistakenly call "realism," have taken to peppering their pallid dialog with four-letter words.

The argument—more simple-minded than simple—is that real people use such words in real life. Sure they do, and real people are sound asleep one-third of that real life, but for some odd reason these dedicated devotees of "realism" aren't rushing to film those eight hours of snoring. (Yes, I know about Andy Warhol, and I wish I didn't.)

The four-letter words are just as unjustified as the song or the nudity. Neil Simon put it very well in "The Last of the Red Hot Lovers." The character played in the screen version by Sally Kellerman flung down the word "Screw!" like a gauntlet. Alan Arkin casually responded with a common anal reference, adding, "I can do it, too. So what?"

There is a valuable reward for softpedalling four-letter words. That reward is good writing. By the use of discretion, taste and ingenuity (all of which are in short supply today) alternative modes of expression can be achieved that are not only just as good as coarse language, but much better, couched in excellent prose, and therefore more effective.

Anthony Burgess, an astute critic and fine novelist, has provided a perfect example of this. In a recent book review, his obvious aim was to say that the contents of the criticized volume were no better than horse manure—my polite alternative for a one-syllable-shorter term. Burgess was even more polite. He was exquisite. He called the book a "collection of droppings from the crupper of a jade which, somewhat feebly jet-propelled by its own windbreaks, considers that it's related to Pegasus."

Burgess accomplished much more by being oblique than he could have accomplished by employing the crude epithet. For he characterized the book not only as horse manure, but horse manure from a broken-down old nag afflicted with a bad case of flatulence as well as with paranoid delusions of literary grandeur. Would latrine lingo have served his purpose better? No, not nearly as well.

"Anthony Burgess!" sneered my friends, the filmmaker. "He's not so smart!" I asked him why he said that. Contemptuously, he replied, "Because, the way I heard it, he sold the screen rights to his 'Clockwork Orange' for a lousy \$500!"

It was then—when I heard the cash register clang in my friend's voice—that I realized what nudity and the four-letter word are all about. They're not "integral" to "realism" or to any other lofty ideal. Their purpose is to make a buck. An honest buck, some would call it, for the cynical panderers of The New Freedom are breaking no laws. They are true wolves in sheep's clothing: gangsters piously disguised as liberators. And my friend, by lowering his sights on a segment of the audience that naively equates bare flesh and graffiti dialog with the zenith of sophistication and chic, will make plenty of bucks with his picture. A hell (I mean heck) of a lot more than a lousy 500.

Liz Taylor as a Poor Widow

San Francisco.

Those who've been paid to work on a picture shouldn't bad-mouth it so long as their complaints can hurt boxoffice, Dalton Trumbo recently stated. "Later on if you want to howl, howl," he said.

And he did—about a couple of old films he worked on, in particular.

"When we wrote the screenplay, 'The Sandpiper' was a nice, taut little drama about a poor young woman, living on the beach with a four-year-old illegitimate kid, who becomes involved with a minister," Trumbo recalled. "The first shock I got was the arrival of Elizabeth Taylor, who checked in at 145-pounds and never looked hungry in her life. Next, instead of a beach shack, she has an \$85,000 bungalow.

"Then this originally bedraggled character is given 22 smashing costume changes. At that point I went to producer Marty Ransohoff and screamed that none of this was what the screenplay envisioned. And he said, 'Okay, we've got to do interiors in France for tax reasons and what we'll do is put a sewing machine in her living room and that will explain why she has so many clothes.'

"And, sure enough, if you remember the film, there was a sewing machine in the living room."

CURRENT COMEDY

By ROBERT ORBEN

Wish for 1973 is that the army of the unemployed be the U.S. Army.

That inbetween age—halfway between Playboy and Play Dead.

January is when you buy the \$45 worth of Christmas cards at half-price—you won't be able to locate next December.

X-rated movies are ideal for cold weather. At least you have a reason for coming out with your collar turned up.

Parcel Post has eight delivery zones. It also has an erogenous zone. You ask them why it takes five weeks to deliver a package and do they get excited!

The Academy Award ceremony is where the winners say they can't begin to name all the people who have made their success possible—and all the people who have made their success possible are sitting in the audience saying, "Try! Try!"

Talk about creative programming. Local theatre has coupled a Charlie Chaplin short with an X-rated movie. It gives you a choice of tramps.

Am worried about the economy; just got a check from the Government and it said: "Do not fold, bend, spindle, mutilate, or cash."

Haven't heard from my agent in so long am getting worried, either he died or I did.

Blaming TV for violence is like blaming beds for sex.

Always wanted to go up to Marcel Marceau and say, "Ve haf vays to make you talk!"

Never forget the start of our vacation. We got off the plane in Hawaii; a girl hung a lei on me and said, "Ring around the collar!" Then my wife hung one on her.

Just figured out why they show "The Godfather" with an intermission. Gives them a chance to reload!

Know why banks called them "personal loans?" I missed three payments and did they get personal!

With the Police Dept. hiring women, Do you realize how embarrassing that would be—a maternity gumbelt?

Then there's the Jazz musician who walked into the piano lounge on a 747, went up to the stewardess, pulled out a gun and said, "Hey, baby, get me two parachutes, \$500,000—and Ray Charles!"

People love to rub it in. Heard a hotel clerk say to Senator McGovern, "Yes, we do have your reservation. We're putting you into, you should pardon the expression, the Presidential Suite."

The One-Legged Treasurer

By HARRY GOLDEN

Charlotte, N.C.

For many years the candidates with the best chance to win public office in the South were the men who had lost an arm or a leg in the Civil War.

The young public-spirited lawyers who wanted a start in politics were up against it.

But around 1910 a lot of young fellows figured the war had been glorified long enough. I know of a particular campaign that took place over in Anson County, North Carolina. The three candidates for sheriff sat on the platform, each speaking in his turn to the constituents below.

The first speaker was an old fellow who had been an incumbent on and off since 1876. He told the crowd how he had lost his arm at Shiloh. His opponent, who also had filled the office on and off, described how he had lost his leg at Chancellorsville. Finally the young lawyer took the rostrum. He said, "I did not have the opportunity of fighting in the war. I am just a young lawyer and I have both arms and both legs, but I want to assure you citizens that I have the biggest rupture in Anson County."

Nevertheless the lost-limb tradition continued in Southern politics far beyond the time that the loss was associated with "wounds of battle." Finally it made no difference how you lost the leg or the arm, you had the best chance of winning public office—especially county treasurer. It was a matter of principle or prudence that a one-legged man or a one-armed man would make the most satisfactory treasurer. Perhaps the voters felt that a one-legged man could not run very fast or get very far, and the one-armed could dip only one hand into the till, which of course reduced the risk by one-half. At any rate dozens of counties in the South had one-legged or one-armed treasurers.

But this is not axiomatic of theatre boxoffice personnel.

DEDICATION

By JACK DOUGLAS

New Milford, Conn.

I have just finished writing my first serious book, "The Jewish-Japanese Sex & Cookbook and How to Raise Wolves," which may seem like a strange title for a book. And it is. Very strange.

Writing the serious book was tough enough—just as writing any book is tough. It doesn't write itself like the producers of tv programs say about funny sketches that are supposed to write themselves. I have sat in front of my typewriter for hours on end—waiting for it to make a move. It never did. And in the end, I had to write those funny sketches.

Now that the grueling effort of concocting a serious book has all been done and I've had my blood re-routed so it flows back down out of my Maytag brain and into the rest of my lovely body, I now face the matter of thinking of a dedication. This seemed, at first, like an easy task—what-the-hell—dedicate it to your wife, "without whose patience and understanding etc. etc." Hell, everybody does that! Even the bachelors—and the married authors who are married to clean-through witches who have no patience or understanding or anything—except if you don't write the durn book—there won't be no Heineken's in the frig.

But I want to be different.

I've thought of a number of dedications, which might work—never forgetting for a moment that a dedication, like the words chiseled in a tombstone, are there to stay. They don't recall books like they do Chevies to replace the writer's foul-up of a dedication. A dedication is one of the more final things in life. And should be perfect before it leaves the ship. Here are a few that I've come up with—maybe one of my faithless readers can come up with a suggestion as to what I've done right:

To my agent, who believed in me when everybody else did.

To Jill St. John—and John St. Jill—thank God I know the difference.

To the memory of Judy Garland, who never did find the pants to that tuxedo.

To 'Jesus Christ Superstar'—"you've come a long way from St. Louie."

To Jane Fonda—I may not agree with what she says but I'll fight to the death her right to take her clothes off.

To Diahann Carroll who was beautiful long before black was.

To Burt Reynolds who deserves to once have his name mentioned without any reference to that Cosmo picture.

To the north 40 of Totie Fields. To the Upper 38 of Raquel Welch.

I like all of these—somewhat. But maybe I've on the wrong track—maybe I should dedicate the book to part of its contents—like: "To Jewish-Japanese Sex—May the twain meet." That's not bad. Or "To a Cookbook—and the Wonderful World of Alka-Seltzer." Or "To the wolf—" (and that would be singular because that's about all that's left). I dunno. Whatever I do—whatever I write—God'll get me for it.

What's A Film Buff?

By LEONARD MALTIN

Teaneck, N.J.

Someone recently asked me to define the term "film buff." He explained, "I like movies, and I guess I'm a fan, but what's a buff?" I told him that the best definition is probably that a film buff is someone who will intentionally watch a bad movie.

At the conclusion of N.Y. Town Hall's series "When Films Were Fun" this past summer, the program director, Herb Graff, showed a film which he claimed to be unsung, undanced, unacted, undirected, and of course, unseen since it first escaped in 1929. It was called "Howdy Broadway," and it was someone's idea of a musical—certainly not mine. It was so inept in every respect that it provided, at least, a few laughs, but when it was over, Graff explained to what was left of the audience, "I just wanted you people to see what we film buffs have to go through before we get to the good stuff."

It's really just a matter of odds. In the 1930s, a prime period for most devotees, each major studio was producing upwards of 50 films a year, not to mention shorts, cartoons, trailers, and other sideline activities. Perhaps 10, or at best 20, of those annual totals have survived the years to be revived theatrically, or on television. No diehard film buff will ever be happy until he sees the remaining 30, for who knows what gems might be lurking within that mass of celluloid? Out of 30 films, made at a major studio with major talent involved, at least a few of them have got to be good. Sometimes it takes a lot of stamina to get to those goodies, however. If you've seen "Howdy Broadway," you know what I mean.

(Leonard Maltin, yesteryear boy editor-publisher of "Film Fan Monthly, has since written several books on film, the latest being "The Great Movie Shorts (Crown)"; and he has also grown a beard.—Ed.)

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God, Man & Showmanship

By REV. MALCOLM BOYD

(Once part of the Mary Pickford corporate setup in Hollywood before studying for the Episcopal priesthood, Mal Boyd has been a regular contributor to these annuals. He is a Yale fellow, campus lecturer, an Episcopal priest in the Diocese of New York, author of 13 books of which "The Lover" Word Pub.) is the latest.)

Ann Arbor, Mich.

The religious film, ranging from "Going My Way" to "Marceline," will apparently always be with us.



Rev. Malcolm Boyd

Yet R. W. B. Lewis of Yale has pointed out that there is a contemporary intellectual reluctance to allude to God in any definite way at all. He writes: "God is treated in the manner dramatized time and again by Graham Greene—as a married man's mistress, someone who must never be mentioned openly, is only thought about with a far corner of the mind, and is met briefly and on occasion in dark and hidden places, for illicit reasons. God, in short, is associated primarily with the sometimes titillating modern sense of sin and guilt."

Screen dramatizations of the life of Christ allude to God but manage to keep the idea of Deity away from modern life and locked safely in past ages. Indeed, we have grown accustomed to Jesus' face in a spate of Hollywood Biblical films. Upcoming are "Jesus Christ Superstar" and "Godspell."

Panoramic Or Personal?

Norman Jewison is the film producer of "Jesus Christ Superstar." One can only hope that this version will not become a star vehicle, and that expensive and instant locations will not serve as a substitute for the intimacy of human beings engaged in interaction on dusty Palestinian oads, inside simple dwellings and occasional palaces, and at Golgotha.

For "Godspell" I can foresee—different cinematic fate. If handled lovingly as well as expertly, it could render obsolete "The Wizard of Oz" by becoming a classic film for both children and childlike adults. But a heavy-handed pragmatist, with dollar signs instead of simple visions in his eyes, could make the production sink faster than an overloaded raft.

Jesus as a superstar seems a devastating irony. Most superstars are not executed as common criminals after being flogged half to death. However, Cecil B. DeMille indulged in a Garboesque sign of Christly superstardom when he made "King of Kings" in 1927 and ordered H. B. Warner (who portrayed Jesus) to wear a veil in his way to and from the dressing room, and to eat his meals alone.

Unsurpriced Ushers

R. Henderson Bland played Jesus in "From the Manger to the Cross," in 1912. He later noted in a memoir how crowds gave him superstar treatment precisely because of the part he played. "The crowds around my carriage were so dense that police were told to keep the people back," Bland wrote. "When I left the carriage I take my position in the scene as if I were a man with no word said. Women stepped forward and kissed my robe."

Upon release of the film, exhibitors were advised by ballyhoo-polligans to burn incense in their theatres. However, it was declared advisable that ushers be garbed in ecclesiastical surplices.

Of course, it is absolutely proper for Jesus to be portrayed on the stage and screen. Christian the-

ology teaches that Jesus does not dwell in holy ghettos separated from the joy and misery, the sordidness and beauty of human life. Jesus, it is believed by Christian theology, lived as a human being for 33 years on solid earth, and continues to dwell as brother and Lord at the central and intimate places of people's lives where he shares profound involvement in human politics, work, leisure, sexuality, life and death.

It is apparent that many people, including both theatre and film craftsmen, want to create Jesus in their own images. I cannot help but wonder if (or when?) Jesus as a woman will be offered to us next. If so, will the model be Candice Bergen or Barbra Streisand, Tricia Nixon Cox or Bella Abzug?

J.C. As 'Politician'? Can Jesus ever simply be himself? Activists want an activist Jesus. Several years ago, Pier Paolo Pasolini added pepper to the scriptural stew by giving us an angry cinematic Christ, played with restless vigor by Enrique Irazoqui in "The Gospel According to Saint Matthew." He overturned the moneychangers' tables, becoming a great overnight favorite cult figure with social activists, who hadn't noticed Jeffrey Hunter do that in the Sam Bronston "King of Kings." On the other hand, contemplatives want a pious figure of Christ locked inside the confines of a stained-glass window

or at least the measured lines of the 23d Psalm.

There is an even more important aspect of the implicit religious or theological nature of virtually all films: the image of man/woman contained in them. The Book of Genesis (1:26) speaks of human creation in this way: "Then God said 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.'" This does not mean that God looks like man or that man looks like God. It means that man/woman is created with a soul, a conscience, worth, dignity, beauty, significance, an innate sense of what is good in life, and a profound longing for fulfillment in love, creativity and peace rather than destruction in alienation, hate or despair.

Everybody human and alive is a co-creator with God in the continuing act of creation. This is at the heart of what life is all about. But there are particular people who create works of art, media presentations and films. The responsibility of such people is an especially complex and demanding one. For as they depict life situations and portray people on the screen, there is an essential image of God in the people whom they create. This image will, inevitably and always, be honored or dishonored, real or false, an instrument of life or a symbol of death.

It is our responsibility to affirm the primacy of reality and life.

'Well, Good Luck With It'

By ARTHUR SCHWARTZ

London.

If you love to get letters, just appear on British television and wait for the deluge. Santa Claus would be envious. A few weeks ago I was on the BBC with a program of my songs, and I'm still answering questions like:

"Enjoyed you and your music last night. Would you please send me an autographed photograph of Mark Spitz?"

Q. "As an American temporarily living in London, what do you specially like about the English? A. Their celebrated understatement. For example, an English couple I know are great friends of Princess Margaret who one day invited them to dinner. They asked: "Is it a big party?" "No", replied the Princess, "just you two, we two, and my sister."

Q. Do you find the English people are as courteous with events in America? A. Absolutely. I ordered a Christmas gift at a shop the other day and told the attendant I was taking it to a friend in America. He asked: "Oh, do they have Christmas out there?"

Q. Don't you find in recent years fewer differences between American and English pronunciation? A. Yes I do. "Tomato-tomahto" and "skedule-schedule" are about the only examples left. And one more, of course: Oscar Hammerstein's lyric of "Indian Love Call." The Americans sing the first line: "When I call to you 'oo-oo-oo, oo-oo-oo.'" But the British sing: "When I call to you 'double O, double O'."

Q. Do you find inflation as bad in England as in America? A. Just about. The famous actress, Dame Edith Evans, recently bought a melon in Fortnum & Mason, London's most expensive food shop. She gave the attendant a pound-note (about \$2.35). When he brought her the change, she waved him away with: "Keep it. I just trod upon a grape."

Q. You said on the air that the English can spot an American without hearing him speak a word. How? A. It's miraculous. A New York friend of mine moved to London and decided to look exactly like the classical English-

man. He did not step out of his flat until he was fitted with striped trousers, morning coat, a bowler hat, and carrying a rolled umbrella. When he picked up the London Times at the nearest newsstand, he gave the boy the proper coin, and silently started away. The newsboy tugged at his sleeve, looked up at him, and said: "I've got a brother in New York."

Q. So you are composing the score for a London musical based on Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby". Do you think it will be a hit? A. I hope so, because audiences seem to like hits better than flops. But the public is unpredictable. The impresario once put it this way: "If they don't want to come, nothing can stop them." Yes, Hurok, not Goldwyn.

Q. Is "Dancing In the Dark" your best-known song? A. I think so, but not to everyone. I recorded it at a studio recently along with some other songs of mine. The sound-engineer in the booth was about 18 years old. When the session was over, he asked: "Mr. Schwartz, did you write 'Dancing In the Dark'?" I told him I did. He extended his hand and said: "Well, good luck with it."

Sex Leer In Titles

The copy acceptance department at the N.Y. Times continues to be the most liberal with regard to advertising for sexpo attractions. Last week the Times accepted ads for "Airline Cockpit" at the Capri Theatre while the expectedly conservative N.Y. Daily News called the pic, "Airline Cabin."

The Times also ran "Sons and Lovers" as title for the gay porno attraction at the Park-Miller while the usually liberal N.Y. Post changed the moniker to "Sons and Rovers." Presumably the Post would have run the original title if it referred to the film version of the D. H. Lawrence novel. The Park-Miller doesn't use the always anti-homosexual News for advertising, so they were spared further title hassles.

Media Prober At Latest Porno Pic

By SAUL KUCHINSKY

The scene is a short line of over-35 movie patrons waiting patiently at the Erotica 69 Theatre. Showing there, on its second day, is "—," latest hard porno Frisco sex import; Sinsational Films, American distributor.

Waiting also for the show to break is a filming team comprised of a Young Lady Interviewer, her cameraman and soundrecording man. They are shooting a documentary of viewers leaving the movie.

Not many interviews have been recorded. Most patrons have embarrassedly refused comment and hurried off. A more-than-Middle-Aged Investor, head bowed in depression, steps from the lobby as the Young Lady Interviewer strikes hard for the umpteenth time.

Young Lady Interviewer: Were you shocked?

Middle-Aged Investor: Was I shocked? Yes, I was shocked. You buy at 16, the critics lambast the movie and it drops to 10. Who wouldn't be shocked?

Y.L.I.: 16? 10?

M.A.I.: Over-the-counter, over-the-counter. Why do you think a man my age goes to a movie like this, to enjoy himself? The Wall St. Journal said that Sinsational Films might be in trouble, so I came here to look over my investment.

Y.L.I. (enlightened now and smiling): And what will you do now that you've seen the film?

M.A.I. (his eyes rolling in despair): I'll buy more of what looks like low and it'll be high; it's the story of my life.

Y.L.I. (changing his direction, she thinks): Well, were you shocked?

M.A.I.: Not enough! When Rip Torn is in a movie, the cast, the director, the cameraman and the script girl are nude. Here it's the two of them, not counting the animals... (sharply) Management is responsible, and don't think I won't remind them at the annual meeting... (glumly) And not a single orgy!

Y.L.I.: Do you think nudity in films is here to stay?

M.A.I.: That's the problem. Nowadays if the lady doesn't drop her bra in the middle of a dialog, it's no movie. So every company in the country does the nudie bit and touts the investment crowd off the porno leader, Sinsational Films. We need the good old days, when one movie company stepped over the line, an investigation was held, the press editorialized, the D.A. went to court, an injunction let movie continue and the one company got the action.

Y.L.I.: What about the perversion, so-called?

M.A.I. (indignantly): So-called! The heroine is a dirty pervert and the hero is right behind her. (He fixes the Y.L.I. with a cold look) They show perversions in this film that Sigmund Freud thought were fantasies.

Did you ever before see an aardvark make it with a blonde? A Lesbian aardvark?

Did you ever see a hero score with a nymphomaniac porcupine? ... (aside) They wouldn't believe how many stand-ins will quit before such a job is done, or what kind of money the Screen Actors' Guild demands when one of their people does the work of a stunt man...

For perversion on land and sea they show the Shetland pony going over the cliff after the 32-foot giant tropical jellyfish sunning herself in the lagoon 150 feet below... (aside) Nobody would believe what a rental agency charges when you return a horse with water in its lungs and welts on the back that can't be counted...

For perversion in black-and-white they show the Tanzanian great ape and the Jersey milk cow, also the white rhino and the Ethiopian anteater.

For the ultimate in sexual athletes, they offer the cheetah and the ostrich in full flight, the vulture and the tree-hanging sloth in a single pass and, for a bonus, the incredible kangaroo and giraffe from a standing start.

No, my dear Lady, this is not

your ordinary condemned, X-rated movie deemed not suitable for singles or marrieds under 35. And you must prove your age!

Y.L.I.: Do you believe the sex was real or simulated?

M.A.I. (paling through his sickly grey): It was real, it was real. For God's sake, you'll kill me and wreck the movie industry. If people looked closely at what they bought, if they believed their own eyes, nobody would buy anything, and the banks would be stuffed even with their lousy 5%... (heavily) You'll ruin Madison Avenue... (fiercely) You'll destroy the whole economy.

Y.L.I.: How do you feel about viewers under-35 being barred, as a further measure to protect the innocent?

Bell & Howell Trade

M.A.I.: It's a scandal. If a 34-year-old is good enough to buy a Bell & Howell camera and make his own dirty home-movie, he's good enough to go to a professional dirty movie... (his eyes clouded) Where is Bell & Howell today? On the Big Board. Where is Sinsational? Over-the-counter... (heavily) And they call this land of equal opportunity.

Y.L.I.: The picture makes a statement about the New Left. What do you think of this?

M.A.I.: I think it's an abomination. The next thing you know they'll call it Communist propaganda. It's a plain filthy movie. Why can't people be decent?

Y.L.I.: Do you have any final comment?

M.A.I. (angry now with his tormentor): Let me ask you a question. What did you think of the movie?

Y.L.I. (exhausted by the fruitless day and unnerved by the man's obsessive commercial motivation, she waves camera and sound off): I thought it was a cinematic obscenity that panders to the depraved instincts of the cretin, his depressed wife, their debauched daughter and dope-crazed son. Hordes of these pathetic creatures will stand on each other's shoulders to see it, once word-of-mouth builds up, but the thin fine line of audience that is insightful, culture-oriented and discriminating will avoid it for the insufferable vulgarity it is.

M.A.I. (his eyes shining now with the confidence one receives when support comes from an unexpected source): I'll wait until it hits 30, I won't get out for a point less. You've saved my life, Young Lady Interviewer, you've actually saved my life.

GUILT REVERSALS IN PORNO ACTION SANS 'ADVERSARY'

Atlanta.

Fulton (Atlanta) County Solicitor General Hinson McAuliffe has adopted a "wait and see" attitude following a court ruling that could complicate his prosecution of local obscenity cases.

In overturning an obscenity conviction obtained against an Augusta Theatre manager, the Georgia Court of Appeal ruled that adversary hearings must be held before obscene materials can be confiscated by authorities.

A decision leading to the conviction of Joseph R. Good, owner of the Art Theatre, and his projectionist, Larry Raley, was reversed by the Appellate Court. They were arrested in March, 1971, by Augusta city police and their film, "Her, She and Him," (Audubon) was seized on the recommendation of a grand jury.

Good was sentenced to 12 months probation and fined \$500 on a charge of distribution of obscene material. The appeals court ruled, however, that his constitutional rights were violated when he was not given an adversary hearing before the film was seized.

McAuliffe said his office has foregone the hearing on the basis of a United States District Court ruling in 1971 that held such hearings are not required.

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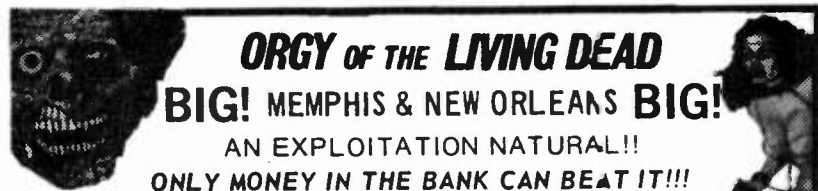
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After a recent screening of their new triple-terror bill, ORGY OF THE LIVING DEAD, the producers, Europix-International, Ltd., received report: that one moviegoer, as a direct result of viewing this avalanche of grisly horror, had gone insane and been placed in a mental institution. Concerned over this tragic event, the producer, has instituted an unprecedented protection program for future audiences:

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III. We regret to inform you, however, that you are not eligible, under the terms of this policy, if you suffer from a nervous condition or any psychiatric problem which can be activated by exposure to fear, shock and horror.

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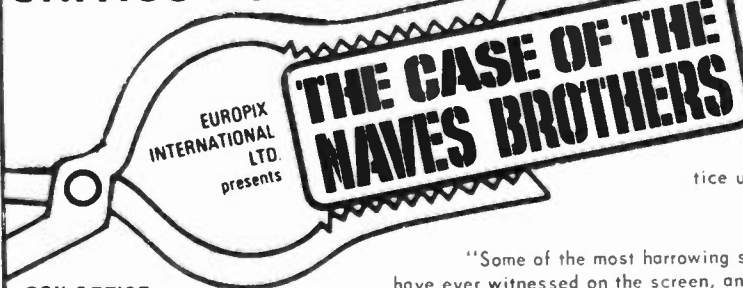
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EXTRA!! "REEFER MADNESS" SOARS TO VARIETY TOP 50 GROSSING FILMS (See Dec. 20th Issue)

NOSTALGIA, NO!

By CLAUDE BINYON

Hollywood. Apparently the editor has developed an aversion to nostalgia, even though it is proliferating currently like ragweed, because he has asked me to avoid it. This is a dirty shame because it leaves me hanging with a delightful assortment of untold anecdotes.



Claude Binyon

Now I will never have the opportunity, for instance, to tell you about an unforgettable incident concerning Paulette Goddard. She was costarring with Fred MacMurray in a picture titled "Suddenly It's Spring," which I was producing and had co-written. I visited the set and was startled to see the gorgeous Miss Goddard in a lowcut white gown for which America, in 1947, was not quite ready. Mitch Leisen was directing and I protested to him, "Mitch, she's supposed to be packing in this scene, and with her build the first time she bends over she'll fall out." "She won't fall out," said Leisen calmly. "Paulette, we're ready for rehearsal." Miss Goddard took her place in front of an open suitcase on a bed. She bent over. I gaped . . . Pure, forbidden nostalgia.

How I'd love to recount the time when MacMurray and I were hunting at a duck club near Bakersfield. We shivered in the damp cold of a winter dawn, squatting side by side in two oldrums buried in the ground. Abruptly two ducks flew into view, heading right toward us. Before I could get to my feet MacMurray was up and firing. Both ducks crumpled—a perfect double. "Did I hit anything?" asked MacMurray. "Are you crazy?" I said. MacMurray turned to me. "You won't believe this," he said. . . .

Another one I'd like to tell is Jack Oakie's successful routine of going on a two or three days binge while working on a picture without even being replaced. I know it worked because he accomplished it on two pictures with which I was associated. "Spencer Tracy taught me the trick," said Oakie, "and you gotta admit he's tops." "What's the trick?" I asked. "It's so easy you'd think every star in the business would be doing it," said Oakie. "You simply . . ." Nostalgia again.

The Unflappable Carole

Perhaps someday when nostalgia again is considered nostalgic I can tell you an incident concerning Carole Lombard. Miss Lombard had been signed for a picture by Universal. I was borrowed from Paramount to write the script, and my first meeting with the star was with director Walter Lang at Miss Lombard's home. She was still upstairs when we arrived. Soon she appeared at the head of the stairway, looking very beautiful and regal in a flowing white satin negligee, and trailed by a fat wheezing pekingese.

"Gentlemen," said Miss Lombard. As she started down the stairs the dog stepped on the back of her negligee causing it to slip from her shoulders to her feet. No more. After a startled moment Miss Lombard smiled brightly at us, bare but with complete poise, and said . . .

When and if the ban is lifted I'll be able to tell about

an experience with Bill Holden. I was writing the script of "Arizona" at the time, and happened to meet him at a shooting gallery in Palm Springs. He looked perfect for the male lead.

Later in Hollywood I spoke to the director, Wesley Ruggles, about him. Ruggles called Holden in for an interview and decided to make a test. He was impressed by the ability Holden displayed in the test but somewhat dubious about one point. "He's so young," said Ruggles. "Will an audience accept Jean Arthur and him as a romantic team?" "He'll have things going for him," I said. "Those pioneer clothes, a growth of beard. . . ." Finally signed him. Ten days before the picture started most of us were in Tucson getting ready—and Ruggles was worried. "Bill still looks so young," he said. "Don't worry," I said. "We have 10 days to put some age on him."

"How?"

"Leave it to me," I said confidently.

"Forget it," said Ruggles sharply.

But I didn't forget it. That night I explained our problem to Holden and took Bill on a tour of Tucson bars, keeping him up way past his bedtime. We repeated the routine for a week, while Ruggles was busy on the location set, and then I took him to Ruggles' hotel room to display what I had accomplished. Bill and I entered the room and Ruggles looked up from his script. He stared. "My God!" he exclaimed. . . .

I'd sure love to tell these . . . Some day, I hope, nostalgia will be in again. In **VARIETY**, I mean.

Just Don't

By HERBERT R. MAYES

(Longtime U.S. Editor & Publisher, Now Four Years Resident in London.)

London.

Don't expect to find in London anything resembling our cornedbeef, pastrami, dill pickles, rye bread, or any of the other goodies to be had in places like The Stage, Gaiety, or Madison Delicatessen. Don't expect to get Chinese food resembling what's available in places like The Gold Coin or Sun Luck East; over here it's terrible. Don't expect to get a decent icecream soda. It's hard to explain, but Fortnum & Mason manages to serve their icecream sodas warm.

Don't ask your host, if he takes you to a club like Boodle's, Burkes, or the White Elephant, to get you a membership; there are long lists of people waiting for years to get in.

Don't forget to bring along the permissible pound of your favorite pipe tobacco; here it's twice as expensive. Pipes, however, are half the American cost. Don't smoke a pipe in a firstclass restaurant before learning it's permitted; and at an even halfway formal lunch or dinner, don't smoke anything at all—not until after the Loyal Toast is proposed, which is just before coffee.

Don't just order a Scotch; say, "A double Scotch." Otherwise you won't be able to see it. And don't expect ice unless you specify it.

Don't ever get a manicure here. There isn't a proper manicurist in all of London.

Don't buy anything from the peddlers on Oxford Street;

chances are you'd be getting junk and otherwise gypped. Don't ever try to drive yourself unless you are long experienced with London traffic; or you'll be hospitalized in no time flat.

Don't sit next to anybody in a bus without first taking a good sniff; more locals than you'd believe are antipathetic to bathing and deodorants.

More Inexplicables

Don't expect to get fried or poached or boiled eggs in a restaurant if the man only mentions scrambled. Scrambled is what you'll have and there's no use arguing. And in many restaurants—God alone knows why—you won't be able to have tea if during that meal they only feel like serving coffee.

Don't come expecting to find bargains of any kind. There ain't none no more.

Don't assume your taxidriver is taking you for a joy ride. London is so largely a complex of one-way traffic that you'll find your trip in one direction may be twice as long as the trip back.

Don't call a medical or dental surgeon Doctor. Here it's a form of inverse snobbery—he's called Mister.

Don't believe that the Zebra crossings for pedestrians are absolutely safe. Motorists are supposed to stop the instant you step foot on a Zebra stripe, but some of them don't.

Don't jump a queue; only bad-mannered English do it. Don't raise your eyebrows when you hear otherwise well-educated Englishmen say "Between you and I." It's inexplicable usage, but common.

Don't be shocked to hear your British friend say his house was broken into last night. Burglary is the national pastime.

Coin Of The Realm

Don't confuse the seven-sided coin (50 New Pence) with the round coins (10 New Pence) that are the same size; the former is worth about \$1.20, the latter worth about 24c. Don't forget that some round two-shilling coins are still in circulation and that they have the same value as 10 New Pence. Don't forget that in conversation the English shorten Pence to P's. They'll say, for example, that the cost of something is 39 P's. Don't forget that a £ is still often called a quid; and that a bob is colloquial for a shilling.

Don't pay any attention to the last item; you'll get yourself screwed up regardless.

Don't forget that "The City" means only the one square mile embracing the financial and commercial centre that Greater London is big—more than 700 square miles big.

Don't ask personal questions of acquaintances, not even what line of business they're in; the British are reserved, still have much of their old passion for privacy (pronounced here with a short i).

Don't look askance when you see the Unionjack flying all night, or think the British are insulting their flag when they fail to salute it; they take patriotism for granted, don't regard their flag with the reverence we do ours. Don't be surprised that the national anthem isn't much played at the beginning or end of theatre and musical performances; that custom has gradually died out since the end of the war. But when the anthem is played, stand at attention and be quiet or you'll be considered a boor.

Don't knock New York or any other part of the United States; if you do, a few of the English will be pleased, some will be embarrassed, most will despise you. And most Americans in residence will hate your guts.

Britain's 'Taft-Hartley' Try

(Continued from page 9)

recognition in films and tv for the same purpose.

The effect of these "recognition" agreements was to create a "partial" closed shop. The Industrial Relations Act made them illegal but allowed "agency" shops to be formed under certain conditions, and "agency" shops, which allowed an individual opt out, were better than nothing for unions without shop floor bargaining strength.

The act also provided for a legal limitation of the damages that could be awarded against a registered union in the event of a dispute.

For a small union, operating in the film industry, where the cost of even a one day stoppage could be astronomical, this was of considerable importance.

In most other respects the act is irrelevant to the position of writers and other freelance workers in the entertainment industry.

In opting to register the membership were seeking to protect their arrangements inside the industry in the only way they could.

They were like a man who refuses to take off all his clothes simply because his trousers have shrunk.

From the Trade Union Congress point of view it is a provocative act designed principally to limit the powers of the giant unions and in an attempt to make them responsible for the discipline of their members.

We have been caught in the wash!

Happily the Federation of Unions within the entertainment industry have agreed to continue their work — suspended union alongside non-suspended union —

and there are some, still inside the TUC who deplore that lack of alternative to the suspensions.

Among them are some of our colleagues in this industry including the Electrical Trades Union.

Maybe they can help the rest to see the light!

Studio Libraries

(Continued from page 8)

B. DeMille's historical research at Paramount, part of which ended up at U.S.C. Library. The rest is no longer available.

Of the original libraries then, Disney (and its branch at WED Enterprises), Warner (now the Burbank Studio in association with Columbia), and Universal have at present the most active and fully staffed departments devoted to the film and television output of their respective studios. Activity continues full and unabated, there are from seventy to eighty telephone calls a day, and a continuous amount of research and reference information to be provided. The major difference is that the great portion of research is concerned with television — feature production has partly vanished either overseas or around the country. Preliminary research is always needed, but once on location, a shooting company is pretty much on its own. This again comprises the hazards faced by the entire industry of runaway production in the interests of both economy and authenticity. On several occasions they have been proven wrong on both counts, but the pendulum has yet to swing back to Hollywood, if it ever will.

In the meantime, the existing

libraries continue to provide the most accurate and speedy research of which they are capable and to weather whatever conditions may prevail. Like so many of the more or less permanent studio employees, researchers can only do their best, but they are powerless in the grip of the mercurial twists and turns of a film corporation. At Paramount, four costly failures ("On a Clear Day . . .", "Paint Your Wagon," "Molly Maguires," "Darling Lili") virtually wiped out the standing work force, including the library, when the studio decided to retrench. Since then, "Love Story" and "The Godfather" have made Paramount the most successful company in town, but its new producers must put up with the conditions that Howard Hawks described above. For this reason, we all cheer an "Airport" or "Frenzy" from Universal, or a "Shaft" from MGM, a "Deliverance" from Warner, anything from Disney. It means the company is still very much in business and doing well, and so, for the time being, is its library.

India To Aid W. Bengal In Cinema Construction

Calcutta.

At the suggestion of a study team, headed by R. C. Dutt, secretary of the Ministry of Information & Broadcasting, it is understood the Indian government will assist the West Bengal government financially to increase the number of cinemas in West Bengal which are only a little over 320 at the moment.

Indian government help would also cover construction of a color film processing laboratory in Calcutta, besides measures to expand, modernize and properly maintain existing studio facilities.

Claim Raw Stock Lack May Hit India Lensing

Madras.

A.L. Srinivasan, president of the All India Film Producers' Council, has warned that there would be serious shortage of raw stock beyond February, involving the fate of nearly 350 films under production in all languages in India, if the Indian government's failure to include import of black and white negative in the trade plan for 1973 is not rectified in time with the German Democratic Republic (East Germany).

It has been the practice of the Indian government to include film negative in its trade plan with East Germany every year.

'The Prison Editor'

(Continued from page 28)

ing but Barker took the poem. I made a trip to the can, and when I returned he was running something through the typewriter.

"What gives with Lark's poem?" I asked.

"It reads good, but then I don't know much about poetry. He could have copped it."

The next day Barker still had doubts, but late in the afternoon he set it up in type, so I said no more.

When the "Blue Bird" appeared in the News repercussions began. Some guy had the complete works of Kipling, and there it was, word for word. Only the title of the poem and its latest author had been changed.

Leroy (Ace) Herkimer languished in prison for several years, but when his readers learned who the real author was, Ace's literary career came to an abrupt end.

American Intl. Four: 'Coffy,' 'Slaughter II,' 'Cigars,' 'Heavy Traffic'

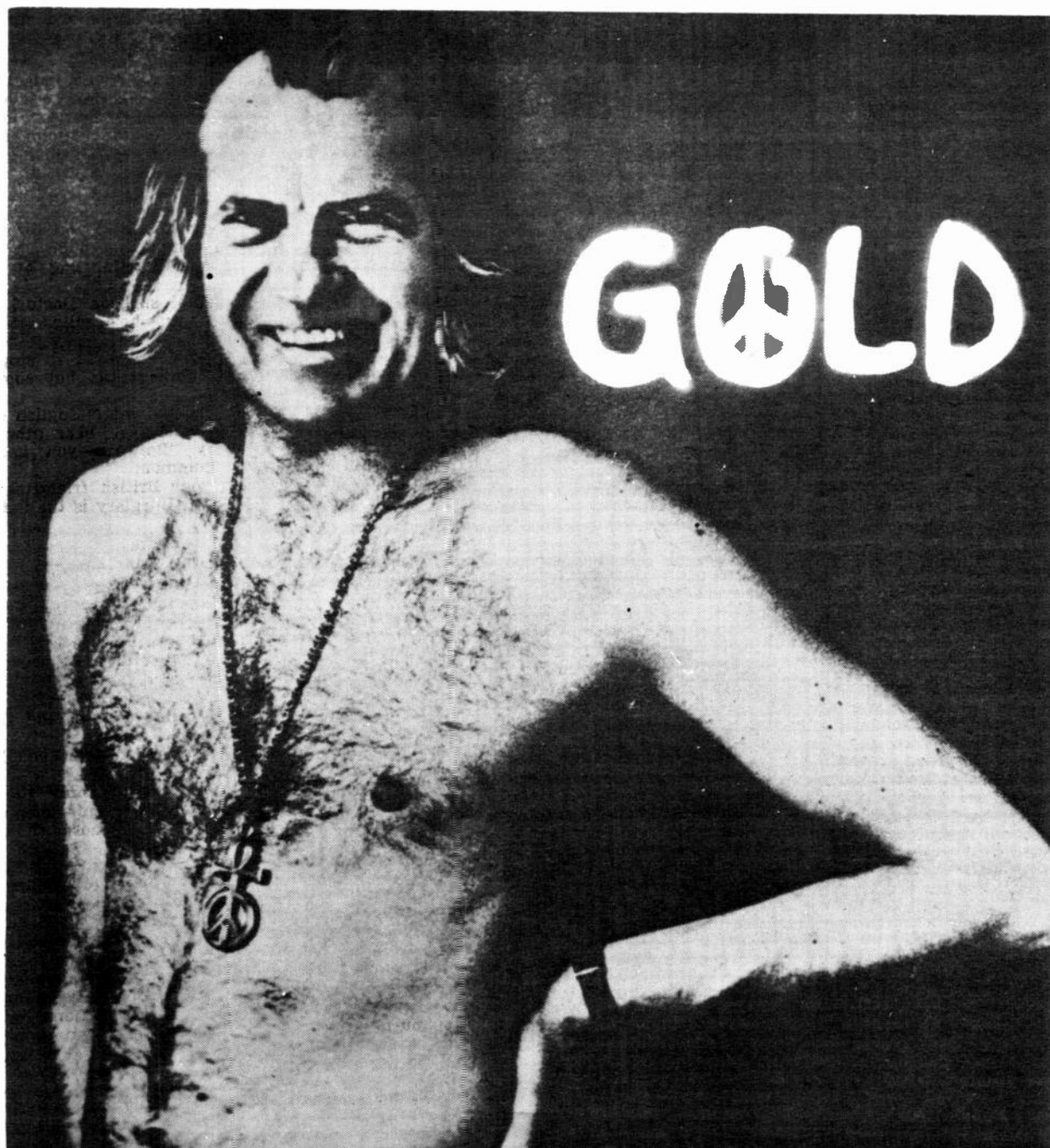
American International production vicepresident Lawrence A. Gordon will start a production program of four films within a four-week period, starting Jan. 8, all to be filmed in Hollywood area.

The four, to be released during the summer of 1973, include "Coffy," to be directed by Jack Hill from his own screenplay for producer Robert Papazian. Pam Grier, a former AIP switchboard operator, has the title role.

"Slaughter II," sequel to "Slaughter," will be produced by Monroe Saxon with black actor Jim Brown repeating his title role. The Charles Johnson screenplay starts shooting Jan. 15.

"Little Cigars," to be produced by Albert Band from a script by Louis Garfinkle and Frank Ray Perilli, begins Jan. 22. It's a crime actioner involving a group of midgets. William Marshall will also draw fresh blood in "Blacula II," sequel to the black vampire predecessor. Joseph T. Naar repeats as producer with Bob Kelljan directing with filming starting Feb. 5. This quartet is three-quarters aimed at the black market.

Summer releases will also include Ralph Bakshi's cartoon feature for adults "Heavy Traffic" and Warren Oates in "Dillinger." According to Gordon, 10 other screenplays are in the final writing stages for filming this summer and with as many as possible to go in Hollywood. And that is AIP's New Year's gift to the Hollywood crafts and unions.



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DECEMBER 14, 1972

Those postes of Hippy Dick promoting *Gold* provide the clue—the movie is a classical piece of satire, a direct descendant of all those Greek, Roman, French, Austrian and English parodies of State, Monarch and Church that have let repressed majorities blow off steam for twenty centuries. Caligula, Nero, George II, Napoleon, Queen Victoria and Mussolini all raged at the caricaturists of their day. Now it's King Richard's turn—again.

So much for its pedigree. What about *Gold* itself? The story—well, if the shifting patterns in a kaleidoscope tell a story, this one is about a gold strike in the unidentified American outback, but is more the account of a corrupt Lawman's attempt to dominate a community and stifle its natural instincts, with the help of a Mayor he buys to do his dirty work for him. The Mayor freaks out, Lawman murders him, lies about his death, and locks the people in a stockade. Meanwhile, a couple of Revolutionaries scrape together enough hardware to rescue their companions, and ride into battle in the best Don Quixote tradition, on a do-it-yourself juggernaut made from every scrap of metal and machinery they can lay hands on.

Unlike his thundering battle-wagon, which kills half of its two-man crew, the movie itself trundles along at a rickety, what-the-hell sort of pace. *Gold*, perhaps the first real commune picture, is free of all those ego-trips we got from the makers of *Easy Rider*. And it carries a far, far heavier punch than Mr. Hopper's. It has that rough-and-ready feel you got from the prehistoric Stones at the Crawdaddy; something of the rawness and attack of *Tyrannosaurus Rex* before the sex-change.

The music track hasn't been laid down as a cynical afterthought, with a few instant hits studded in like sultanas to lighten the mixture. MC5, David McWilliams and Barry St. John have written numbers for specific moments of the story in such a way that their lyrics become an integral part of the narrative, a counterpoint to the action.

Gold is a commentary on the issue of our time: the continuing story of Us against Them—whoever we are and whoever they are. It doesn't attempt to prophesy. The answers are blowing in the wind, but neither this movie nor any other has so far dealt with them. But as socio-political commentary goes, this one, for all its layseed and hillbilly humour, makes *Millhouse* look like a public-relations job.

Michael Joseph.

'Black' And 'Other Action' Rule Loop; Chi's Downtown Not For Varied Fare

By RON WISE

Chicago.

If one thing became absolutely clear during 1972, it was that type of feature films which make it in Chicago's Loop, for decades the principal first-run outlet for a wide variety of film fare, has dramatically changed. Christmas releases picked for those deluxers in '72 make the undeniable point. If a film is going to make money downtown, it must be either (1) tailored for the black community or (2) loaded with sufficient action and violence to attract the devotees of that genre.

The last 12 months have brought the situation into sharp focus, and the new policies are not only making a major impact on the exhibitors, but it looks as though it's going to increasingly affect the entire Loop economy.

The support the black community has given black-themed releases that have dominated the Woods, Oriental, Roosevelt, McVickers, and Loop theatres since late 1970 is well documented. The black audience's economic muscle has given exhibitor coffers one of the biggest lifts in years. Running neck and neck are the action-violence items which garner both black and white support. The third element, though lesser in terms of grosses, are the sexpo films, generally playing the smaller sites and rarely racking up really large takes.

Old Pretenses Fall

Yet, in spite of the obvious changes in booking policies during the past 24 months, the exhibitors, have tried to give the impression that the Loop still offers a broad variety of product. Since late '70, however, the something-for-everybody line has pretty much applied only to the Christmas choices, generally a token booking of traditional fare, such as a comedy or sophisticated drama.

By Christmas 1971 the theatre chains, which by and large control the Loop houses, had already begun to contradict their official line and began to move away from the annual family-fare holiday stance and go with the type of films that were making it during the year, mainly the action stuff and for that period ignoring obvious black-interest films.

The final Christmas holdout in 1971 was the ABC-Great States' Chicago, which ran Universal's "Sometimes A Great Notion" and the chain's State-Lake, which unspooled MGM's "Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight." But for the most part all other films being displayed were strictly action or X items, such as WB's "Dirty Harry" at the Loop, 20th's "French Connection" at the Roosevelt, UA's "Diamonds Are Forever" at the Woods, CRC's "Strawdogs" at the United Artists, an off-beat entry, "Brian's Song," (Col), which was a made-for-TV film and booked for the Todd, but quickly pulled when it failed to appeal to any seg of the audience, and the sexploitation pix at the smaller houses.

Apparently the theatre operators have finally decided that they haven't been kidding anybody. As a result most of this year's Loop holiday fare is dominated by films aimed directly at black audiences rather than using the ploy of white action pix which also draws black patrons.

Current Stuff

The Oriental is currently displaying MGM's "Hit Man" and the Roosevelt is looking for a long holiday run with Columbia's "Black Gunn." UA's "Across 110th Street" is the Woods' holiday entry, the Loop is going with Universal's "Trick Baby" and the Todd with "Sounder" (20th).

The Chicago Theatre, completely dropping its Xmas time family image has National General's "Getaway," an action film which in previous years would never have been booked at the ABC-Great State conservative flagship theatre during the holidays and the State-Lake is unreeing 20th's "Poseidon Adventure." Both films are ex-

pected to draw large black audiences.

Furthering emphasizing the change in the Loop's orientation are three films which during an earlier period would certainly have bowed as the big Christmas releases downtown but instead are opening elsewhere. Columbia's "1776," daydating three suburban sites, UA's "Man Of La Mancha," daydating the suburban Edens 2 and McClurg Court, which is north of the Loop in the North Michigan Ave. area, and Columbia's "Young Winston," teeing off at the UA Cinema 1 in Oakbrook, Illinois.

The new marquee look in the Loop is being reflected in other quarters, and therein lies a tale of merchant concern and considerable pressure being leveled at the exhibitors. The large State stores, as Marshall Field & Co., Carson, Pirie & Scott, and other retailers are worried that the Loop is going to be abandoned by many of its former customers, who they feel are reluctant to venture there, and are tending to point an accusing

finger at the Loop theatres as a major cause.

While publicly the merchants forecast a glowing future for the Loop, Marshall Field is currently constructing a huge new building on North Michigan Ave., and while the firm makes assurances that it has no intention of leaving the Loop, it does acknowledge that part of the new building will be a retail operation.

Other business affected by the new mood of the Loop are the restaurants. Fritzel's, for many years the principal downtown gathering spot for showbizites, politicians and well-heeled businessmen, went under recently when traffic dropped so sharply during the evenings that the posh eatery could no longer make a go of it.

There can no longer be any doubt that the Loop is in the midst of a major transition and it seems closely tied to the area's amusement fare. Eventually the 13 Loop theatres may alter the entire economic structure of what has been traditionally the heart of Chicago business.

Boom Of Films In Israel

(Continued from page 40)

Director: George Obadiah
Cast: Sassi Keshet, Yona Elian, Adi Kaplan, Jack Cohen and Tova Katzav.
"AZIT OF THE PARATROOPS"
Production Company: Liran Corp.
Producer: Shani-Dimant.
Screenplay: Boaz Davidson, Uzi Flitman, based on book by Mota Gur.
Director: Boaz Davidson.
Cast: Yossi Pollak, Mona Silberstein and Gideon Shemer.

"NAHTCHE AND THE GENERAL"
Production Company: Fishke Film Production Co., Ltd.
Producer: Michael Shvili.
Screenplay: Elie Tavor.
Director: George Obadiah.
Cast: Ya'acov Bodo, Tzipi Shavit, Gideon Singer, Gabi Amrani, Dubi Gal, Paul Smith.

"THE AMLASH ENCHANTED FOREST"
Production Company: Amlash Productions
Producer: Sam Dubiner.
Screenplay: Sam Dubiner.
Director: S. Soriano.
Cast: Animated film.

"TAKE TWO"
Production Company: Take-Two Productions Ltd.
Producer: Baruch Diner.
Screenplay: Baruch Diner.
Director: Baruch Diner.
Cast: Sherry Ren Smith, Ori Levy, Gadi Yagil, Yona Elian.
"TEL AVIV CALL GIRLS"
Production Company: Fishke Ltd., Tel Aviv.

Producer: Michael Shvili.
Screenplay: Hel, Shvili.
Director: Paul Smith.
Cast: Oshik Levi, Ninet Dinnar, Tami Spivack, Dudo Topaz.

"PEEPERS"
Production Company: Peepers Ltd., Israel Motion Picture Studios.
Producer: Itzhak Kol.
Screenplay: Uri Zohar.
Director: Uri Zohar.
Cast: Uri Zohar, Arik Einstein, Siia Eliyahu and Mona Silberstein.

"HEAVENLY GIFT"
Production Company: Gimel Daled Ltd.
Director: Gad Ben-Artzi.
Cast: Amos Tel-Shir, Edna Lev, Yossi Pollack and Gabi Amrani.

"SHALOM"
Production Company: Yaki Yosha Ltd.
Screenplay: Yaki Yosha.
Director: Yaki Yosha.
Cast: Mona Silberstein, Dorit Marfish, Yaki Yosha, Avraham Ben-Yossef and Ya'akov Badar.

"LIGHT OUT OF NOWHERE"
Production Company: Shabazi Ltd.
Producer: Jacob M. Aikow.
Screenplay: Nissim Dayan, Jacob M. Aikow.

Director: Nissim Dayan
Cast: Nissim Levi, Shlomo Basan, Abie Zaltsberg, Esther Eshed, Leon Etinger.

"SALAMONIKO"
Production Company: Salamoniko Ltd.
Producer: Rony Ya'acov
Screenplay: Eli Tavor.
Director: Alfred Steinhart.
Cast: Reuven Bar-Yotam, Gabi Amrani, Etti Grotas, Ronit Porat, Levana Finkelstein, Yehuda Fuchs.

"ONCE UPON A MURDER"
Production Company: Assi Dyan Productions Ltd.
Producer: Naphtali Alter.
Screenplay: Assaf Dayan, Naphtali Alter.
Director: Assaf Dayan.

Cast: Oded Kotler Edith Astrok Zeev Revah, Jack Cohen, Oshik Levi, Yossef Pollak, Efrat Lavi, Mona Silberstein, Yossef Shiloah.

"MY MOTHER, MY LOVE"
Production Company: Golan Films Ltd.
Producer: Menahem Golan.
Screenplay: Moshe Mizrahi.
Director: Moshe Mizrahi.

Cast: Gila Almagor, Yossef Shiloah, Michal Bat-Adam, Ester Grotas, Yuda Efroni, Yossi Pollak and Avner Hiskiyahu.

"THE BIG TELEPHONE ROBBERY"
Production Company: Noah Films.
Producer: Yoram Globus.
Screenplay: Moshe Hadar, Menahem Golan.

Cast: Gad Yagil, Bomba Zur, Shai K. Ophir, Elisheva Michaeli, Yuda Efroni, Gabi Amrani, Avner Hiskiyahu.

ISRAELI-FOREIGN CO-PRODUCTIONS

"DEATH OF A STRANGER"
Production Company: Delta Commerz, G.M.B.H., Berlin and Willy Gafni Film Production Co., Tel Aviv.
Producer: Gunter Rothe, Willy Gafni
Screenplay: Paul Hengge.
Cast: Hardy Kruger, Gile Almager, Jason Robards.

"ESCAPE TO THE SUN"
Production Company: Noah Films Ltd. In co-prod. with S and L Film, Berlin, and La Societe Comacico, Paris.
Screenplay: Menahem Golan, Joseph Gross.

Director: Menahem Golan.
Cast: Laurence Harvey, Lila Kadrova, Josephine Chaplin, Jack Hawkins, Clive Revill, John Ireland, Yuda Barkan, Gila Almagor, Yehuda Efroni.

"BEN-GURION REMEMBERS" (Semi-documentary)
Production Company: Isrefilm Ltd.
Producer: Zvi Spielman.
Screenplay: Michael Bar Zohar, Simon Hessler.
Director: Simon Hessler.
Cast: Documentary.

FOREIGN PRODUCTIONS

"JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR"
Production Company: Universal/Robert Stigwood
Producer: Norman Jewison, Associate Producer: Patrick Palmer.
Screenplay: Norman Jewison, Melvyn Bragg.

Director: Norman Jewison.
Cast: Ted Neeley, Carl Anderson, Yvonne Elliman, Barry Denne, Robert Bingham, Kurt Yaghjian, Joshua Mostel, Philip Toubus and Lawrence Marshall.

"BILLY TWO HATS"
Production Company: Renfrew Films Ltd. for United Artists.
Producer: Norman Jewison, Patrick Palmer.

Screenplay: Alan Sharp.
Director: Ted Kotcheff.
Cast: Gregory Peck, Desi Arnaz, Jr., Jack Warden, Sian Barbara Allen, David Huddleston, John Pearce and Zev Berlinsky.

"THE BOEING HOSTAGES"
Production Company: Programme International, Geneva.
Producer: Gilbert Block.
Director: Yehoshua Ben-Anat.

Cast: Oshik Levi, Tamar Spivak, Yossef Yagil, Rina Katz.

"SABRA COMMAND"
Production Company: Sabra Command Productions.
Producer: Buddy Ruskin.

Screenplay: Buddy Ruskin.
Cast: David Jensen and Tuvia Tavi.

"THE LIGHTHOUSE"
Production Company: Roli Films Ltd., Tel Aviv and Nene Thalia Film, GmbH, Vienna.

Director: Vojtech Jasný.
Cast: Hans Christian Blech.

"DREI IM MORGENLAND"
Production Company: C.J. Mura Cine and TV of Cologne.

Director: Armin Dahlen
"THE SECOND KILLING OF THE DOG"
Production Company: Berthelmann Filmproduktion of Berlin

Producer: Jacob Hamei.
Director: Peter Schulze-Rohr.
Cast: Helmut Lohner, Hilde Ziegler, Shimon Finkel, Paul Smith.

"THE GOING UP OF DAVID LEV"
Production Company: El Sol Productions, Los Angeles.

Producer: Mildred Freed Alberg.
Director: James F. Collier.

Screenplay: Ernst Kinoy, Ephraim Kishon
Cast: Chaim Topol, Claire Bloom, Melvyn Douglas.

'Milking' Oscar

Altura Films will book "Under Milk Wood" into L.A.'s Los Feliz Theatre for one week to qualify for Academy Award.

The Dylan Thomas pic. toplines Burton, Peter O'Toole and Elizabeth Taylor.

How To Go Broke On Bargains

By JOE HYAMS

They started when I was 13 years old and visited New York for the first time with my parents. A shabby character on the street tugged me into a doorway and offered me a bargain on a genuine ruby ring which he was wearing. He needed money, he said, and I could have the ring for only \$5. He settled for three, because that was all I had and he liked my looks.

My parents said nothing about my bargain but two days later the ruby shattered when it fell out of the setting and, dropped on the floor. I knew I had been had.

Since then, however, I've been a sucker for almost anything offered as a bargain. If I don't have one of everything that is sold on tv or in ads at reduced rates it's because I haven't tried.

When my wife (Elke Sommer) went to Hong Kong for locations for a film I was delighted to go along with her.

I had heard Hong Kong was the bargain paradise of the world because it is a duty free port. As our plane circled the city with its neon lights and thousands of tall buildings I felt like a housewife rushing to a "fire sale" at Macy's.

And if I went to Hong Kong with open arms the city was ready to greet me with palms up.

I had traveled light on the plane, determined to come back heavy. No sooner was my suitcase deposited in the Miramar Hotel than I was on the telephone. It was 10 p.m. Friday night but a tailor recommended by my garage mechanic at home was standing by the phone. "We're open all the time," he said. "We have 200 tailors on a 24-hour shift. You want a suit tomorrow night? I'll send a man up now for measurements. You can have your first fitting tomorrow morning, the second in the afternoon and the suit in time for dinner."

A man of action and speed, that tailor. A man after my own heart. Within 15 minutes there was a knock on the door and a small Indian in an ill-fitting suit announced he was there to take my measurements. He was accompanied by a knuckle-cracking colleague who suggested I have one shirt made as a trial for only \$3.50 with a choice of 20 monograms. And he could also measure my foot. "We're having a special on alligator shoes for \$40. They cost \$100 in the States."

By 11 p.m. I had been reduced to statistics by the suit, shirt and shoes man but the night was still young and my credit cards weighed heavy in my pocket. The lights of the stores visible from our hotel window were beckoning.

As we started out the door my wife pointed out a printed pamphlet left in all hotel rooms by the Tourist Association. "On no account accept the services of 'commission men' who may approach you with offers to help you buy cheap goods. You don't get any bargains from tourists."

In the hotel lobby a gentleman sidled up to me to ask if I wanted a bargain in a camera. Since my wife was at the desk I asked him where. He suggested a place just up the street.

There were at least two dozen camera stores in the space of one crowded block on Nathan St. but I followed the man into a store and pinched myself to be certain I was awake. I was in a bargain bonanza. There were taperecorders, cameras, hi-fi, watches of every make and description, electric shavers, gold pen and pencil sets, everything imaginable and though the prices were marked in Hong Kong dollars my conversion table indicated the prices were cheap. Best of all, credit cards were accepted.

Sharp Focus

Since it was almost midnight and closing time I pointed hastily to the camera I wanted. The smiling Chinese behind the desk did some rapid calculation on his abacus and, as he announced the price, pushed a credit card form across the table top. It cost \$125 less than the American price.

I scarcely slept that night waiting for the sun to rise and the stores to open. As I breakfasted

in the coffeshop, new camera slung over my shoulder, I met a fellow tourist from California carrying the same camera. We compared prices. He had paid \$62 less for the same camera in the hotel arcade camera shop.

"How did you find that place?" he asked me.

I told him about the tout in the lobby. "Did you haggle over the price?" he asked. I told him that, confronted with a bargain, I had paid the first price asked.

"Never do that," said the Californian. "You must always haggle and because you were brought there the proprietor had to pay a percentage to the tout."

Since the fellow was obviously experienced in the ways of Hong Kong shopping—he had been there two days already—I asked him about tailors. "I use Tailor Cheng, Cary Grant and Bill Holden's tailor," he said. "On the other hand Jerry Lewis and Bobby Darin's tailor is up the street next to Fred Astaire's. You can't buy a readymade suit or shirt in Hong Kong unless you're the size of a jockey."

First stop for me was the camera store, however, where after a few minutes of loud conversation the salesman stopped smiling, and glumly tore up my credit card forms.

Then I rushed to the tailor for a fitting pausing at windows only long enough to see so many pictures in store windows autographed by Hollywood stars I felt I was back on Hollywood Blvd. Julie Andrews, Shirley MacLaine, Sammy Davis Jr., Johnny Mathis, Bobby Darin and dozens of others were smiling out from weathered photos in stores they had once patronized.

My faith in my own tailor was somewhat shaken; he didn't have an autographed picture in the place. I asked him if he had worked for any celebrities. "We made clothes for Eddie Fisher, Liz Taylor, Natalie Wood and Dean Martin," he said. "Jack and Mary Benny got vicuna coats from us. You want to see nice samples vicuna—only \$175 a yard. We can make you a top coat by tomorrow."

Reassured by his contacts with the stars I breathed a sigh of relief. I had come to the right place.

The \$3.50 shirt made overnight fitted perfectly. I did some rapid calculation and figured I usually spend \$7 for a shirt therefore I was getting two tailor-made shirts for the price of one readymade. I ordered eight figuring I was getting four free.

The first fitting on the shoes was good. The salesman suggested that since a last had been made for me anyway, I ought to get another pair. More fast calculation on my part; ordinary shoes were a third the cost of one pair in America. So, I ordered two more pairs. And I ordered another suit.

My wife arrived but made it only as far as the first floor where she stopped to admire some fabrics. By the time she met me she had already ordered suits, hats, blouses and dresses to be copied from her own wardrobe. "An entire wardrobe for what one dress costs at home," she explained shamefacedly.

Once on the street again and homeward bound we stopped at every store along the way. Cashmere sweaters from England cost \$10, alligator handbags were \$60, Steve McQueen's shirtmaker, Ascot Chang, was having a special on tailor-made shirts for \$5.

How Can You Resist?

Jade was remarkably inexpensive though it's one item that is risky to buy overseas unless a certificate of origin stating it did not come from Red China is available.

A pure red 7 1/4 carat ruby from Cambodia cost \$2,500, a 28.19 carat blue star sapphire from Ceylon was \$4,000, and I noticed an Audemar-Piguet wristwatch for \$255, the same watch that sells for \$750 in New York. In examining the watch I found a small scratch on the back of the case and asked the store owner about it.

"A rich Texan bought the

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BEST WISHES



Irving Berlin

Mayhem and Morals: Issues Of 1972

(Continued from page 5)

on hotels, stores, theatres, restaurants. The hope that the projected \$100,000,000 Convention Center in 1976 (and perhaps luring the first politico convention since 1924 to Gotham) militantly spurred New York vested interests to protest against tv comics' jokes and barbs about Central Park muggings, safety-in-the-streets. Meantime the crime-score in New York, Brooklyn, South Bronx, etc. was a daily statistic. Fact that New York ranks 11th behind Detroit, Frisco, etc. in the FBI's Crime Index doesn't minimize the fact that the other cities lack the natural tourist attractions like New York, with its theatres, Rockefeller Center, the

United Nations, Empire State Bldg. and the like.

It's figured that by 1980-plus the Times Square midtown may be so radically redeveloped as to impart a Chromium & Steel White Way, a theatrical Big Apple, antiseptic and less garish than the Mazda Lane that symbolized the incandescent gaudiness and glitter of the now much-tarnished theatrical district. It's feared also that, despite the intent of new in-skyscraper theatres, the renovated future array of office buildings might parallel the austerity of 6th Ave., Park Ave. and kindred redeveloped arteries whose variegated offices and apartments, have been replaced by showcase corporate edifices.

Not-So-Fun City And The Edifice Complex

The Edifice Complex of Big Business also achieved a perhaps not anticipated austerity. They're great places to work in but nobody likes to linger there. Result is a quick exodus of its daytime corporate population to respective bedroom communities in the five boroughs and suburbia.

Anti-inflationary guidelines for wage stabilization didn't rest well with unions whose demands, via force of strike, seemed to accelerate. Even prisoners at Green Haven, N.Y. correctional facility formed a Prisoners' union to negotiate on wages, hours and work rules. Baseball players retarded the traditional opening game schedules until their negotiations were compromised. Ballplayers resented the feudal baronies of the clubowners and their free-wheeling trading habits of yore.

Porno, prosties and pimps plagued Not-So-Fun City in 1972 more than ever and it may be years before the so-called "cleanup" comes to pass.

The vested realty interests having finally tackled Times Square redevelopment, found unanticipated problems. Coping with peepshows and pornopix, along with the hookers and their pimps the winos, homos and a new sizable segment of homo hustlers plus vagrants and variegated hues of humanity who have streamed into the Broadway environs, they quickly found themselves slowed by existing regulations and, more specifically, lack of proper laws to achieve desired results.

The polyglot invasion of Broadway, as the word spread several years ago that it was the "most wide-open" in the U.S., brought the narcos along with the whores and that meant hotel heists, muggings, and the like.

Hotel heists and street assaults fueled the comics' wheezes and the news media further gave it national publicity.

Result has been major disaster for hotel conventions, paucity of Broadway theatre patronage (not helped by spotty legit offerings) tourism downbeat, ditto at shops, restaurants, garages, etc. Withal the threat of a ghost city as more and more cracks were heard—and not kiddingly—whether this Megalopolis can ever be "governed." The jury is still out.

'Hot Pad' Pornolords

Fact that some of the top realtors found themselves awkwardly spotlighted as being the basic landlords of peepshow and porno parlors, viz., the Rockefeller and Time-Life in one building; a major realtor as owner of many "hot pad" hotels; and even President Nixon's in-laws as unwitting and obviously innocent owners of West 42d St. sites leased (through a series of sublets, unbeknownst to them) to porno and peep impresarios, are samplings of the pyramided problems.

The \$10 room rent for the "Happy Half Hour" hot pad hotels, shoddy inns of unabashed flesh, pot and other peddling, is beau-

coup profit for the amoral sublessees, with implied beaucoup leverage for "protection" payoff.

Gay (?) White Way

If, as and when Times Square in the 1980s assumes a labyrinth of glass-and-steel changed facade the question persists wha' happens to the world renowned Gay White Way?

Mayor John V. Lindsay's and Police Commr. Patrick V. Murphy's cleanup" so far is more planning than reality.

The N.Y. Times, on West 43d St., off 8th Ave., in the heart of the Times Square scene, has been a perpetual watchdog, giving full coverage to all vagaries and manifestations, much to the distress of the realstate people, et al. who seem to think that sweeping these harassments, assaults and muggings into the gutter will cure the gutter clutter.

Fact is that porno bookshops and porno are often raided under the full glow of media-alerted cameras and reporters, but they're soon back at the old stand. The U.S. Supreme Court First Amendment ruling, until a newer precedent is established, has been a great protection of the pornographers. The N.Y. City Consumers Bureau under Bess Myerson, is seeking licensing muscle to control, regulate—and close massage parlors and the like. Radio City Music Hall finds 70% of its business done before 6 p.m., again because of the safety element. Late restaurant and theatre business suffers for the same reason.

The 7:30 curtain proved no panacea.

On another plateau the Music Hall's hassle with the AFM threatened permanent shutdown after 40 years until Hizzoner got into the act; that "the showplace of the nation" should not become a victim of a labor brouhaha. The Hall's difficulty in finding quality "family" film product is another problem and at one time there was talk of splitting the 6,200-seater into twin cinemas, one for the R-rated product, the other for G and GP, kill the Rockettes, symphony, etc. It's perhaps inevitable that, in time, that choice 6th Ave. and 50th St. site will become another Rockefeller Center skyscraper.

On the subject of behemoth buildings, the Empire State, jealous of being shurped as the "tallest" by the new World Trade Centre, wants to add 11 floors to maintain its franchise. Conversely, whether because of the Times Sq. deterioration, Allied Chemical (nee Times Bldg.) is abandoning its strategic Broadway and 42d St. location on the premise it "doesn't need that much space."

As result of the periodic "cleanups" the neighboring areas (Murray Hill, Chelsea, Lincoln Center, Yorkville, UN environs, Lexington Ave.) started squawking that the hookers were invading their regions.

Convention Centre In 1776

New York looks to its \$100,000,000 Convention Centre on the Hud-

son River and 47th-51st St. and the 1976 political conventions for renaissance. Peter Sharp's Broadway and 45th-46th St. frontage and sidestreet buildings are mentioned for a 2,000-room hotel costing \$75,000,000. The enterprising civic-minded Tisch freres (Laurence Alan and Preston Robert Tisch) leased five Americana properties for 30 years to American Airlines but are expanding their hotel (Canada, Hamburg, Rome, Monaco and elsewhere) properties, also their theatres albeit having sold off their California and Florida regional cinemas. Realtor Lewis Rudin chairs the Assn. for a Better New York and William G. Bardel is Mayor Lindsay's appointee as head of the Times Square Redevelopment Council. Tied in are a host of builders—the Minskoffs, Seymour Durst, Harold Helmsley, Harold Uris, et al.

But the New York scene continues to shift. If it's not porno, then it's homo and male go-go dancers have been added to lure the gay trade. Central Park's summer rock, symph, ethnic and other "happenings" were designed to cool it as summer youth employment budgetry was cut. The Hotel New Yorker on West 34th St., a show biz and band show landmark for 42 years, became a nursing home and hospital adjunct. The Yankees were deployed into staying in Gotham via a 30-year deal but the N.Y. Football Giants have Jersey on their horizons. Lindsay pitched to make 7th Ave. the "Fashion Capital of the World"—but that artery had to put in its own electronic policing monitors and beefed-up patrols to combat pilfering and street crimes. The graffiti de-

facers give Gotham an even uglier facade. Legit actors moved in unison to "cleanup Broadway"; the Knapp Commission hearings bespoke of police crime and corruption (although a vivid about-face by dedicated cops has been manifested of late); and the West Side Airlines Terminal on 42d St. and 10th Ave. closed down after 17 years for the same basic reasons that the N.Y. Times staffers and others have been complaining about in re the N.Y. Bus Terminal on 8th Ave. and 43d St.—the hustlers, thefts and assaults. Air travelers just didn't choose to risk departure from the West Side Terminal any longer.

Restaurant Folds

The restaurant closings, many of them national landmarks, attested both to inflation and safety-in-the-streets. Certain businesses moved their GHQ to Jersey, Westchester and Connecticut and others were unabashedly wooed into eschewing such moves in order to preserve the cohesion and vibrancy of the metropolis. None the less choice office building space goes begging. The N.Y. Daily News essayed a "What's Good About New York" series; department stores advertised, "New York, You Never Looked Better, We Love You, We'll Never Leave You!" (protesting too much?), but Broadstreet's and Weber and Heilbroner, two major retail chains, did an el foldo. Vox pops to the Times proclaimed "I am a frightened man," a professor got mugged and killed near the Columbia Univ. campus.

And New Yorkers, natives and visitors alike, were uniform in one statement: no city in the world has its vibrancy, throb, action and excitement, for all its shortcomings.

Administration Vs. The Media; And Those Wild, Wild Airwaves

The President versus the Media was more violent in its rhetoric although the free-wheeling talk-show vox popper-offers could often be accused, at the very least of good taste in their tirades against Nixon, Agnew, the Administration, their well-heeled friends, et al. With the same concern for First Amendment amenities the airwaves were frequently polluted with open racial and religious bias and indelicate Q & A's on sex mores, especially when a book was being plugolaed.

On a calmer level, of course, the networks had their say anent possible Administration news-management and/or threat, with the spectre of the Federal Communications Commission in background, viz, Clay Whitehead.

Nixon, Agnew & Co. in a large sense kept their cool. It was their critics who were more fiery.

The media made the Presidential election almost a show biz day-to-day discussion, punctuated by New York's Mayor John V. Lindsay's aborted entry into the White House sweepstakes. Senator Thomas Eagleton (and columnist Jack Anderson's wrong) made news. President Nixon was not backward in also utilizing the medium to woo friends and influence Hollywood. It ranged from strong show biz backing at the Convention conclaves to assurances against runaway film production. SAG followed up the San Clemente (western White House) cocktailery with a "save us" plea.

Recently "sprung" convicted labor leader James Hoffa ("a pitch for the labor vote?") got involved with a Red China film screening at the White House, alleged a pre-Peking "briefing" for the Nixon echelon.

Pingpong & Pepsi-Cola

The media spent millions to showcase the President's Peking and Moscow safaris. Pingpong diplomacy truly evolved into Chinese acrobats and Chinese ballet being booked in the U.S. The Rus-

sians traded vodka and Volga spirits for Pepsi-Cola.

It was a pendulum give-and-take throughout the year. The Administration complained about NBC's "staged" North Vietnam films as not being "in the national interest" (ditto to the N.Y. Times, Washington Post, et al. in re The Pentagon Papers). A frank "impeach Nixon" ad in the N.Y. Times stirred a rhubarb, including a brief work stoppage at the paper which Nixon endorsed. ABC and CBS were also charged with "staging" of news.

Just as Bobby Fischer-Boris Spassky boomed chess, and the initial pingpong publicity boomed the Parker Bros., which owns the official "Ping Pong" trade name, Mainland China's gift panda to the Washington Zoo boomed toy-makers with all variations of toy pandas, buttons, and the like.

An historic 19-hour pro-Democratic telethon via ABC, designed to "save the two-party system," indicated almost from the start that Senator McGovern lacked the telegenic charisma despite the all-star team supporting him.

'Youth' Had No Zing

The anticipated "youth" vote, first-time for the 18-year-olds, whom the diskeries (via nonpartisan recordings to "exercise your ballot") seemingly didn't tote up sufficiently pro-McGovern.

Former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark on Swedish radio with three POWs were as outspoken as was Canadian singer Carol Feraci, guesting with the Ray Conniff Singers at a White House dinner, when she criticized the host on Vietnam. In a sense it paralleled the Eartha Kitt scene at a Mrs. Nixon social event two years ago.

R. Peter Straus (WMCA Radio, New York, etc.) charged the FCC with a secret "blacklist" of 10,900 anti-Administration names. In Boston, Vietnam war protestors crashed WBZ-TV studios to answer a Nixon speech. Middle-roadsers gen-

uinely felt that Nixon was truly trying to wind down the war he inherited from Presidents Kennedy through Johnson.

The Irish & The Indians

Separate and apart from the sky-jacks, Munich, the Middle East and of course the Southeast Asian press, there was Belfast and the IRA. From the left Injun teepee belt came the sit-in at the D.C. hq of the Bureau for Indian Affairs—and its \$2,000,000 damage to the structure while the redman's heritage was formulating its demands.

Prison riots erupted but there was no Attica and the Southern State (Negro) Univ. had two fatal shootings but there no Kent Univ. showdown. Maybe it was all a matter of degree, but the fundamental was still there—V-for-Violence.

Archie Bunker and "Maude" cued open discussions about bigotry. Theatrical feature films "edited for television" were not as stringently excised of gamy lingo and sexy situations as of yore. The wild airwaves rode high with frankest "panel," phone-in and erotic book plugola discussions on sexuality.

They vied with discussions about drugs and women's lib. It got so that the FCC ruled that any station may blip out anything for self-protection on discussion shows. Periodically affiliates preempted shows of its own judgment, viz. the Alice Cooper rock ABC-TV music special. The NAB also became concerned with the wide-open sex thing and cautioned members on its license and licensing hazards. NBC took the initiative in dimming the indigo in the new season's Dean Martin pattern.

Untrammelled Film Dialog

While "Love Story" on tv got more audience waves on the boudoir scene than its brash dialog and "Patton," despite its titular player's profane lingo got less. The in-hotel future markets of films-to-room-service are stressing completely "uncut" versions.

Along with television's 1972 \$525,000,000 profit, the CATV fees upping to \$375,000,000 further dramatized cable-tv's growth. The industry envisions need for 50,000 more technicians and engineers in the burgeoning cablevision field the next three years.

As Hollywood films experienced an even greater "comeback" on the vidmedium, labor became concerned that tv reruns should be limited contractually, and with special regard to their own previous labor contributions.

TV bundles from Britain weren't helping special interests as Sir Lew Grade, Lord Bernstein, et al. with their ATV and Granada exports were spreading into all global markets, the U.S. included.

TViolence was in the vanguard with kid programs revamped, but cops-and-robbers are continuing unabated.

While the loss of \$152,000,000 cigaret advertising left a bad aftertaste to tv revenues in 1971, past year was bullish not only because of the Presidential race but generally. TvBA statistics did indicate a 6.1% dip to \$1.627-billion from \$1.733-billion, but color tv penetration in U.S. homes was up to 55% and homes with multi-sets comprised 41%.

Paley's Picks

CBS had two presidents within the same year, board chairman William S. Paley first picked 51-year-old ITT's Charles T. Ireland Jr. who succumbed to a heart attack after eight months in office. Again Paley went afeld to International Paper's exec veepee Arthur R. Taylor, 37. Dr. Frank Stanton, eager to "take it easier" (but apparently not yet), moved up to vicechairman of the board, next to Paley.

Leonard H. Goldenson also upped to board chairman of the American Broadcasting Companies with Elton H. Rule, 53, named president. He came from within the organization. The 66-year-old

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YVES MONTAND

SIMONE SIGNORET

Boxoffice Confronts Everything Else

(Continued from page 52)

Goldenson too weathered a heart setback a couple years back.

Tv Personalities

Of the new detective vidseries, Peter Falk and "Colombo" was an outstander. The "Save Dick Cavett" campaign compromised into a one-a-month stint, alternating with Jack Paar's comeback, also on ABC-TV; comedy and drama round out the alternate two weeks.

CBS sought to buck Johnny Carson's "Tonight" with movies while latter took occasion of a 10th anni banquet in his honor (from the Beverly Hills Hotel) to announce his surprise marriage that afternoon to Joanne Holland. The ex-Mrs. Joanne Carson meantime got active with her own taped syndicated talkshow. Carson originated increasingly from the Coast as did former late-hour rival Merv Griffin (CBS) who meantime was doing better on tape, alternating his syndications from Hollywood and Las Vegas originations where the pool of guest talent was in greater concentration.

Mike Douglas meantime went his merry way from his longtime Philadelphia base. And Jerry Lewis' umpteenth 20-hour telethon for Muscular Dystrophy again set a new record this time with \$9,200,754 pledged. Last year's \$8,124,387 pledges were 103% fulfilled because of supplementary checks. The Muscular Dystrophy's seven-year average that Lewis has been emceeing averages 97.3% fulfillment.

On the network news fronts NBC-TV was having its troubles and recruitment of former Cleveland Mayor Carl Stokes as co-anchor on the local 6 o'clock news won no auspicious ratings. Stokes was the first black mayor of a major American city, stepping down after two terms to enter broadcasting.

David Frost, for all his esoteric impact in England and America, found that U.S. ratings for his talkshow were shy high marks. Toward year's end he and black singer Diahann Carroll announced wedding plans for next Easter. Ed Sullivan, off the air after 23 years with a regular Sunday night vaudeo, is limiting himself to specials and other production activities.

The \$25-billion spent the last 11 years climaxed with Apollo 17. Capt. Eugene A. Cernan and Cmdr. Ronald L. Evans of the Navy, and Dr. Harrison L. Schmitt, a civilian will probably be the last to walk on the moon until the 21st century. . . . Marlene Dietrich at 68 (or 71), depending, glamorous grandma of four boys (oldest 24) doing her first CBS-TV special. . . . New Jersey racing N.Y. for full legalized gambling, casinos 'n' everything, a la Las Vegas. "The boys" already reported staking out upstate N.Y. acreage for resort-casino operations, when and if. . . . John A. Scali, ex-AP and ex-ABC-TV diplomatic newsmen in D.C., tapped by President Nixon as U.S. envoy to the UN, succeeding George Bush, now chairman of the Republican National Committee. . . . If it weren't so grim it would Keystone Kops comedy — that "loss" of 97 lbs. of heroin from Police Headquarters, held as "evidence" for more than a decade in connection with "The French Connection" caper, which became the click 20th-Fox pi of the same name and made Narco Det. Edward Egan a film personality. The heroin has a street value of between \$15-\$17,000,000. . . . Black September movement and Juan Peron's return to Argentina. . . . Life dies after 36 years. It'll cost parent Time Inc. \$7,000,000 for severances, refunds, etc.; trying meantime to place some 350 dismissed employees.

'The Godfather' Et Cetera

The picture business continues its chameleon shifts with the economic tides. If the "youth"-oriented pictures conk out, viz., after "Easy Rider" took off so sensationally, then it's "The Godfather" ("Valachi Papers" sequel, by way of Dino DeLaurentiis), and par-

alleling this are the blaxploitationers.

From the initial shoddy, short-budgeters the sizable black (and general) audiences have responded to "Super Fly", "Nigger Charley" and "Lady Sings The Blues", the latter notably projecting Diana Ross. "Sounder" is also commendable.

The sensitive news media's elision of "Nigger" from the title anent a legendary black figure, was in line with an editorial attitude in certain key cities not to accept advertising from R- and X-rated films, notably the latter. The sexploitationers took it in stride (the N.Y. Times okayed "Throat" but nixed ad copy on "Deep Throat"), but Stanley Kubrick got mileage that the ad censoring of "A Clockwork Orange" impinging on freedom of the press. The MPAA also got into the act, especially after Kubrick snipped out a few seconds from "Orange" and thus got into the R-ating.

None the less a total ban on X and R pix was edicted by the Chattanooga News-Free Press, Hammond (La.) Star, the X's were nixed by the Detroit News, Cleveland Plain Dealer, Cincinnati Enquirer, and Boston Herald-Traveler, while ads for X-rated pix were restricted by the Miami Herald, Miami News, San Diego Union, Houston Chronicle and Fort Worth-Star Telegram.

Other than Disney and an occasional "1776" (Jack L. Warner-Col), and UA's "Fiddler On The Roof," the R-rated pix do the b.o. volume. None the less 20th-Fox looks to its spring reissue of "Sound of Music" as vying with Par's "The Godfather" reissue in the Easter b.o. sweepstakes.

Life Mirrors Fiction

Whether by accident, design or osmosis, the b.o. smash of "The Godfather", now regarded sure of alltime No. 1 boxoffice championship (perhaps \$100,000,000), it paralleled some real-life Mafioso headlines. Somehow show biz "discovered" Joseph Gallo as a student (while in stir), and he became a "thing", somewhat akin to "radical chic" three years ago, but "Crazy Joe" wasn't long destined for reflected glory as he was rubbed out in a 6 a.m. Mulberry St. killing. Legalized bugging and other methods put the spotlight on several Mafia "families." Continued dope headaches (suffered by

the N.Y. Police Dept.) also keeps "French Connection" timely.

Consolidation of resources and facilities became effective. Columbia Pictures and Screen Gems moved into the Warner Bros. environs at Burbank. Twentieth-Fox had followed MGM to the Coast as its GHQ which already long since had MCA-Universal bulwarked in Universal City (including its adjunctive Sheraton-Universal Hotel); Buena Vista (Disney) likewise focused increasingly on the Coast, although its farflung Disneyland operation now includes the smash Orlando (Fla.) Disney World.

Conversely Warner Communications took over the old Esso Bldg. in Rockefeller Center for its diversified corporate operations, but its highly lucrative recording along with filming activities remained west.

Executive Shifts

Kirk Kerkorian bought in more MGM stock although spinning off certain music and recording holdings to refinance the company's projected leisure-time ventures, viz., the Grand Hotel & Casino in Las Vegas, cruise shipping, and the like.

Milton R. Rackmil became president emeritus of Universal, with sales chief H. H. (Hi) Martin moving up to prez and chief executive officer, all under Lew Wasserman, MCA president and chief e.o. of the parent MCA (Incidentally board chairman Jules C. Stein manifested a remarkable physical comeback after his hospitalization of two years ago, resuming his farflung social and other activities). MCA also named an exec v.p. (first time), Sidney J. Sheinberg.

United Artists added five senior vicepresidents under David V. Picker, as president and chief executive officer, with Arthur B. Krim and Robert S. Benjamin remaining co-board chairmen. Eric Pleskow upped to exec v.p.

More Indie Filmmaking

Independent filmmaking organizations proliferated. A couple were encouraged by the majors, such as Paramount, in order to insure a sequential product flow. One was the Peter Yates-Paul Monash setup; later came The Directors Co. (Peter Bogdanovich, Francis Ford Coppola and William Friedkin) with Par's Frank Yablans, Robert Evans and Peter Bart as 3-to-3 corporate directors of the pro-

jected 6-year, \$31,500,000 funding, all supplied by Par.

First Artists Productions (Barbra Streisand, Sidney Poitier, Paul Newman, Steve McQueen) added Dustin Hoffman to the indie filmmaking team.

Richard D. Zanuck-David Brown made a longterm indie deal with Universal, after a short stand at Warner Bros. (John Calley's tenure as production boss was uninterrupted, although meantime WB president Ted Ashley shifted to New York in the overall Warner Communications corporate echelon).

Incidentally, Darryl F. Zanuck's activity with 20th-Fox, the company in which he was so vitally involved during its growth and development diminished. He still talks "possibly" making an independent film or two, but it seems a foregone that it will not be via 20th-Fox whose destinies are now guided by board chairman Dennis C. Stanfill and new president Gordon Stulberg.

Par's Robert Evans, executive vicepresident of worldwide production, got his own new five-year pact, continuing his activities plus an opportunity to do five films, one-a-year independently for five years, with an eye to a capital gain. Under Evans' regime Par's "Love Story" and "Godfather" blockbusters emerged and gave Gulf & Western Industries' board chairman Charles G. Bluhdorn opportunity to salute the cash-flow from the concurrent boxoffice clicks for so vividly enhancing the conglomerate's economic stature.

In Hotel & Runaways

In-hotel, uncut and unedited, near-first-run film features, at \$3-a-head, via master antenna or cassette, loom as a more imminent boxoffice potential, although CATV is generally regarded as the ultimate pay-tv solution. The crafts and Guilds, already victimized by runaway production, already have formulated demands for tape and kindred "remote" electronic income.

President Nixon, while on the film biz balloteering trail, hosted a "name" Hollywood contingent and assured them on "runaway" protection as did Rep. Wilbur D. Mills, chairman of the powerful House Ways & Means Committee. While he opposes a protectionist foreign embargo, Rep. Mills told a blueribbon Hollywood gathering that he would "do all possible."

Even the tv commercials were doing a runaway and the Conference of N.Y. Film Unions threatened a one-day stoppage to "dramatize this to Madison Ave. and the American public."

There was more flak from the Baptists in the Bible Belt over the showing of WB's X-rated "The Damned" (Luchino Visconti) than when Par's "Love Story," Col's "Anderson Tapes" and 20th-Fox's "Patton" were screened later in the year. All were shown "edited for television" but "Anderson" had been more so. "Love Story" got more reaction because of the bedding-down scene between Ali McGraw and Ryan O'Neal than her gutter language (some of it blipped of course) and George C. Scott's barracks talk in "Patton" seemingly was accepted as authentically military.

Las Vegas, The Sturdy Gibraltar Of Nite Life

Hotels-airlines ties, in-hotel movies, conventions, arenas-auditoriums and that Gibraltar of all variety talent—Las Vegas—sum up the vaudeville scene. Vegas alone seemingly goes on apace. The rest is spotty to bad. The greatest city in the world, New York, has one nightclub of stature, the Copacabana; two hotels playing names and seminars (the Waldorf and St. Regis); two ex-"name" showcases, the Americana and Plaza which tried revue and package shows to ill results. And the Copa, for the first time in years, closed for the summer, had to incept a couvert,

up its "tourist package" deals because it, too, is fighting that ole debbil of all business, escalating costs—food to labor. That Gotham lost some landmark eateries adds to the woebegone tale.

As Las Vegas tourism boomed, so did its casino revenue; last official Carson City tally was \$417,700,000 across the green felt tables, up 12% (Nevada gets a percentage and sans skimming). (On the subject of skimming, Meyer Lansky, denied further asylum in Israel found himself a man without a country which would give him refuge. Reportedly he offered Haiti and other Latin lands \$1,000,000 for "instant citizenship," but he is now back facing trial on alleged Las Vegas gambling shenanigans.

As Vegas salaries for headliners pyramided, talents were pricing themselves out of other non-gambling markets, New York notably, leaving hoteliers, et al. to rely on convention trade and the like. But paucity of New York conventions in recent years has been the aftermath of the negative publicity on so-called Fun City.

The Beat Goes On

The new \$90,000,000 MGM Grand Hotel on the Las Vegas strip parallels the upcoming new \$64,000,000 Marc Antony Hotel (companion to Caesars Palace) on the site of the old Thunderbird. In short, the beat goes on and on in Las Vegas which is not wanting for convention biz, separate and apart from the gambling junkets, etc. Howard Hughes was a lesser note in the LV scene since he started hedgehopping from Nassau to Vancouver to Nicaragua, and just chased from there by that catastrophic earthquake.

Things are not all bullish in the Reno-Tahoe belt as witness the Teamsters Pension Fund reinheriting the \$23,000,000 King's Castle for a \$5,000,000 loan in that Lake Tahoe venture's bankruptcy proceeding after a shortlived career.

Arenas And Auditoriums

Large-capacity arenas and auditoriums do well with rock acts, tv-publicized and recording-famed talent. This has given hotels the idea of converting their large-capacity ballrooms into one-night locations.

Disney World's first-year smash at Orlando, Fla., topping its projected 10,000,000 visitors in less than a year, has Irvin Feld priming a \$50,000,000 Barnum City for 1975 in the same Florida environs. Irvin Feld of course is president of the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey Circus. And on a lesser scale, with a Holy Land motif, a \$5,000,000 Bible Park is primed for a 29-acre site near Disney World.

Sundry regional complexes of civic auditoriums and hotels are also being keyed to show biz. The Queen Elizabeth II planned a global floating exposition tour under Texas (what else?) auspices. Near-New York's Palisades Amusement Park, with its 650 acres, plans high-rise apartments, hotels and amusement facilities.

Music Biz Maneuvers, Offshore And Domestic

While Warners' music revenues topped film rentals and astronomically accounted for the expanded Warner Communications' huge profits, MGM spun off its overseas Big Three (Robbins, Feist and Miller, plus other music affiliates to EMI for \$10,000,000, and sold off its MGM/Verve and other labels to Polygram, subsid of the Holland-based Philips electronics cartel. Metro's funding of its film production activities and the super Grand Hotel in Las Vegas (with casino appurtenances, natch) figured in these spinoffs.

The diskery deal is for 10 years only but no financial terms were disclosed other than Mike Curb (of Metro) goes with the deal. Nor does it forend MGM from reengaging in new recording activities on its own. MGM is still negotiating. (Continued on page 54)

Blaxploitationers of 1972

"Blackenstein," "Blacula," "blackbusters" like "Come Back Charleston Blue" and "Shaft's Big Score" to "Slaughter," "The Legend of Nigger Charley" and "Super Fly" paved the way to beaucoup black ink at the b.o.

It also stirred considerable partisanship on what these films do to the "black image," why it doesn't escalate more black behind-the-camera employment in Hollywood and elsewhere, etc. Actually, the latter was not true because it did spur more employment for minorities. It also gave Harlem and other groups ideas of a "cut-in" on the b.o. action for production "permission" on their turf, and called for considerable diplomatic—and not a little economic—consideration to keep the cameras rolling in "authentic" ghetto locales.

The Cleveland Press, sensitive to porno ads, also excised "Nigger" from the Paramount picture, renamed in the ads as "The Legend of Black Charley."

In Hollywood, a Coalition Against Blaxploitation dickered with the Association of Motion Picture & Television Producers on the economics, employment, etc. The Southern California NAACP also supported the idea that the cash flow generated by black pix be deposited, in part, in minority banks to stimulate their economy. This was along with demands for expanded employment of minorities.

The National Catholic Office "C"-rated ("condemned") "Super Fly" for its blatant drug trafficking and overall "offense" to decent standards, albeit reflecting a small segment of the black community. The N.Y. Times editorialized that all-black like all-white movie casts must be judged on the same general standards.

The Black Artists Alliance of Hollywood was more concerned with the general depiction of their race in films and tv. Philly newscaster Trudy Haynes (KYW-TV), who is black, was targeted for acquiescing to help judge the all-white Miss America Beauty Pageant in Atlantic City. Jesse Jackson, president of black-oriented Operation Push, generally observed that "black pictures do the black image no good." The Hollywood branch of the NAACP went forward with its "Black Image" annual awards. *VARIETY* toted 51 black-slanted pix, and appraised them as being oriented from "menial to mean," most crime-weighted a la the Italians' negativism vis-a-vis Mafiosa plots.

Later, more meaningful films like "Sounder" and "Black Girl" came to the fore.

MILTON BERLE

Management:
DANIEL H. WELKES

The Sociology Of Show Biz

(Continued from page 50)

ting for spinoff of its domestic Big Three.

The other film majors, like 20th-Fox and Paramount, have music publishing recording expansion very much on their future agenda. MCA/Uni/Decca/Leeds Music, etc. of course are very much integrated into MCA-Universal TV and feature film production. Just resigned U president (now prez-emeritus) Milton R. Rackmil, co-founder of Decca Records, which begat U, which begat MCA, is very much the music-minded exec.

MGM still controls the Big Three Music on the domestic (U.S.-Canada) front and 20th-Fox has been mentioned in being interested although latter was originally a 32% owner in the Big Three until MGM bought it out in order to make itself more viable on other negotiations.

Rock continued its boxoffice

hold on personals (arenas and auditoriums notably), often with youthful "incidents" which has caused some municipal stadia to bar-out such attractions arbitrarily.

Mick Jagger's Rolling Stones \$4,000,000 U.S. tour mopup was the year's standout, with page 1 trimmings of The Beatles proportions.

Payola

Washington columnist Jack Anderson continued his accent on payola, stressing not only the greedy scrounging disk jockeys but with knowledge and acquiescence of major station moguls.

The Recording Industry Assn. of America reported another 5% jump in disk and tape sales in 1971 to a new high of \$1,744,000,000 sales volume.

The smash grosses of "Hair" and later "Jesus Christ Superstar" keyed some disastrous capital ven-

tures in other rock and neo-rock show ("Dude," \$800,000 loss; "Via Galactica," \$1,000,000 legit disaster). As offset, perhaps sparked anew by the durability of "No, No Nanette" revival ("Irene" is in the wings) it also keyed revivals of golden oldies (rock of ages 1950s and '60s), along with standards of the 1940s and 1930s, reprised in LP form, rechannelled for stereo, and a big supermarket and premium giveaway byproduct.

The music business and all other creators got a last minute reprieve with a two-year extension under the old 1909 Copyright Act and great expectations—finally—of a new statute that has been churning many years in the Washington lawmakers' mills.

Beatle Paul McCartney's "Give Ireland Back To The Irish," etched by The Beatles on the Apple label, was banned on the BBC for political reasons.

Yank paparazzi fotog Ronald E. Galells (who was ordered to keep his lensing distance from her private life), but at year's end the Italian Playmen (Roman road company of Playboy) published allegedly nude—strolling and sunbathing shots of Mrs. Onassis at her private Greek island retreat.

Sammy Davis Jr. and Liza ("Cabaret") Minnelli named Entertainers of the year in second annual Las Vegas awards. Former made his "points" with the Tropicana shifting there on participation partnership deal from The Sands, a la Buddy Hackett's Riviera and Dean Martin's Caesars Palace deals.

Kurt Weill and Noel Coward legit cavalcades (a Dietz & Schwartz try didn't come off too well). Late Cole Porter being signaled on his 80th birthday by Chappell with a 50-song de luxe folio. "Cole" was one publishing biog salute, another was "The Life That Late He Led" by George Ella. "Talkulah" (like in Bankhead) later got the same Abercrombie & Fitch kickeroffer as did "Cole".

Lord Rank's net estate was \$13,333,577; he died at 83.

A \$250,000,000 facelift (or destruction?) for Piccadilly Circus in London planned but stalled and Paris' famed Le Drugstore gutted in spectacular fire.

The BBC's 60th anni. to show measures effect of ECM as Lord Laurence Olivier heads the Jan. 3 Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, gala celebrating UK's entry into the European Common Market. Jazz pianist Romano Musso-lini 45-year-old son of Italy's fascist dictator, on U.S. tour.

Harry Richman biopic finally planned, something the 77-year-old singer hoped to see in his lifetime.

Goeran Gentele, named Sir Rudolf Bing's successor as the Met's impresario, killed in an auto accident while vacationing in Italy, 18 days after actually in job.

Rolling Stones' unique postcard, first-come mailorders for their Madison Square Garden concerts drew 1,000,000 responses. Mick Jagger & Co. grossed \$4,000,000 on their limited U.S. tour and Jagger got "taken up" by Gotham society in a manner recalling the "radical chic" bit of three years ago.

Elvis Presley's durability, from a Memphis upstart in 1956 to a 1972 superstar, evidenced by his SRO in Vegas and elsewhere.

"This Is The Army" 30th annual reunion at Sardi's; Irving Berlin, 84, couldn't make it but sent greetings.

Gordon Mills of London's MAM

(Management Agency & Music) claims \$5,000,000 in Las Vegas bookings for partners Tom Jones (Caesars Palace) and Engelbert Humperdinck (Riviera) sets a record.

Biographical and other authorizing high finance was highlighted by McGraw-Hill's \$700,000 Clifford Irving-Howard Hughes hoax royalty advance. The Fawcett advance to Mario Puzo for "The Godfather" helped escalate Richard Bach's smash seller, "Jonathan Livingston Seagull" (Macmillan) to a \$1,100,000 advance for the reprint by Avon Books. Gerold Frank's Harper & Row "Judy Garland" (Dell paperback), with the star's ex-husband Sid Luft "in" on the deal, has a \$450,000 advance.

W. C. Fields joined the Marx Bros., Laurel & Hardy, Abbott & Costello comedy cultists, thanks to the late late or early early vid-shows, same as happened with Bogie, Cagney, et al.

Mrs. DeWitt Wallace (Reader's Digest) \$5,000,000 endowment to the Juilliard School.

Ralph (Eros) Guinzberg paroled. Playwright Tennessee Williams made his acting debut in his off-Broadway play, "Small Craft Warnings" but Gore Vidal confessed himself a devout coward, refusing to risk life or limb by appearing in his political satire, "An Evening With Richard Nixon," as first intended.

Jane Fonda and an impressive show biz galaxy sparked a Democratic Fundraising telethon ("so that the two-party system may live") for Senator George McGovern (ignominiously landed, albeit not as bad as Alf Landon in 1924).

Ambassador to Great Britain Walter Annenberg (TV Guide, ex Morning Telegraph) whose Palm Springs estate includes a private golf course and a swimmingpool that juts into his livingroom, planned endowing an art museum in that Southern California retreat. His personal art contributions considerably embellished the American Embassy in London. Telegraph became a labor-relations casualty after 139 years. Down, too, went once prestigious Newark News after 88 years, after resuming publication when a long strike left the field wide open for the Newark Star-Ledger.

Norton Simon got rid of Saturday Review, Norman Cousins left it to start World, and the industrialist-art collector continuing corralling old masters, paying \$3,000,000 for a Raphael last month, the third largest figure in history for a painting. Abel.

HARD TIMES SQUARE

It is a paradox that of the three major dollar-volume segments of the entertainment business, Broadway legit is low man on the financial pole, and yet its vibrant survival figures top-run in the economic scheme if there will be a Gay White Way of the future.

Television's annual dollar volume is a staggering \$4,000,000,000, almost equally divided between networks and local video.

The film biz is only one-third thereof. It broke the billion-dollar barrier in 1970 when the U.S. gross hit \$1,100,000,000, with some \$18,000,000 tickets sold weekly (vis-a-vis a peak of 70,000,000 admissions in World War II).

Legit, which sells 67% as many tickets in the entire year as films sell in one week, i.e., 12,000,000 admissions per annum as against 18,000,000 weekly screen admissions, only clocked a peak \$105,100,000 dollar volume in 1970-1971.

Broadway b.o. has the edge over "the road." In 1969-1970, Broadway legit took in \$53,000,000; "the road" grossed \$48,000,000.

Legit upped the next year, i.e., the 1970-71 season to \$55,300,000 b.o. on Broadway and \$49,800,000 on "the road."

It dipped last season (1971-72) to \$52,300,000 on Broadway and \$49,700,000 "road" b.o.

The late Lee Shubert once clocked the traffic in and out of the defunct Hotel Astor (now it's called No. 1 Astor Plaza, a skyscraper office building) as having a floating population of 1,000,000-a-week. The inn "at the crossroads of the world" was a landmark meeting-greeting place. The Broadway Assn. variously has put Time Square's floating population at 1,000,000 a night on weekends—probably apocryphal.

Of the 12,000,000 legit theatre tickets sold, the available statistics would indicate that 5-6,000,000 thereof are Broadway admissions per annum, the rest "road." Not all of it could be called "Broadway" since the burgeoning off-Broadway legit has scattered theatregoers to other regions, usually in the East Village and Greenwich environs.

With these statistics on the record, it is notable that the show biz vitality of the greatest city in the world should stem from the least economic segment of the amusement industry—the legitimate theatre.

That Broadway should be the influence for inestimable economic values to hotels, department stores, restaurants, mass and class shopping, pubs, clubs, cabs and all the other concomitant tourism, is the basic reason why Times Square must be salvaged and revitalized into a semblance of the Gay White Way that made it as symbolic as the Statue of Liberty, the Eiffel and London Tower, the Ginza, the

Copacabana Beach or any other renowned landmark.

It may never be achieved, only controlled. It may even necessitate a restricted redlight district to contain the skinflcks, "body massage" parlors, "hot bed" hotels. At least that's being advocated as the lesser of the two evils although not likely to be achieved. None the less, right now Times Square is more like Slime Square.

Broadway legit has been giving itself a pep talk a la Mayor Lindsay. The new 1,840-seat Uris teed off with a beautiful theatre and an \$800,000-plus flop, "Via Galactica," composed by Galt MacDermot ("Hair," "Two Gentlemen From Verona") but also tunesmith of another 800G bomb, "Dude," at the restructured Broadway (audience in treetops, etc.) The other new playhouse, the Minskoff, within the confines of another skyscraper, 1 Astor Plaza, has "Irene" due next week (more "No, No Nanette" nostalgia).

The new Shubert management, realistic about keeping theatres operating, clicked with Neil Diamond in a 10-day one-man show. The Nederlanders, who are partnered with Georard Oestreicher in management of the Uris, likewise booked variety turns into their Palace Theatre but with less signal success.

Joseph Papp maintained pace; Hal Prince snagged the Broadway longrun championship with "Fiddler On The Roof," passing the 3,224 previous record of "Life With Father" in July; "That Championship Season," finally moved uptown, won the Critics Circle nod as "best" play over "Sticks and Stones." Latter, a Papp production, as was "Two Gentlemen From Verona." The Tony went to "Sticks" and "Verona."

The 7:30 versus the 8 p.m. curtain continued to fulminate and

the League of N.Y. Theatres, frustrated by the New York Restaurant Leagues failure to come up with some "promotion" money, didn't rush into the later curtain, en masse, leaving it to individual entrepreneurs. The eateries were having their own strike problems and more restaurant foldos are predicted.

Importance of the Broadway theatre to the overall New York economy continues to be stressed, citing what the West End means to London tourism, Joseph Papp, founder-producer of the N.Y. Shakespeare Festival, thinks the Government should fund the American theatre.

New Theatres

The (Percy) Uris and the Joseph E. Levine-Circle In The Square, both in the Uris Bldg., were the first new Broadway playhouses in 44 years; the Ethel Barrymore was the last one. The Shubert Theatre West premed in July in Century City with "Follies," an auspicious social but not b.o. event.

The theatre continued homages to its greats, viz., Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein 2d, Dorothy Fields, Howard Dietz. The Uris, under guidance of Earl Blackwell (since taken over by John Wharton), incepted a Theatre Hall of Fame. Several old legiters, viz., the Ritz, Ambassador and Cort, were being reclaimed for drama, at one time threatened with conversion into pornos.

"Las Vegas salaries" lured names back to Broadway, viz., Debbie Reynolds, Melina Mercouri (shortlived), Maureen Stapleton, George C. Scott, Colleen Dewhurst, Julie Christie, Nicol Williamson, Mike Nichols, et al., some for limited special stints at the Levine-Circle.

The Dow-Jones passed 1,000 but its reflex benefit to b.o., niteries and amusements in general was minimal.

The Personality Parade

Adolph Zukor's BevHills 100th birthday on Jan. 7.

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne were saluted as "national artists" at a Hollywood gala by the American National Theatre & Academy, coincidental with celebration of their golden marital anniversary.

Charles Chaplin, Mark Spitz, Bobby Fischer. Cannes "homage" for Groucho Marx were notable happenings.

Arthur Godfrey closed 27-year radio career.

Henry Kissinger's showbiz doll friends, Clifford Irving's hoax on McGraw Hill, and the unseen voice of Howard Hughes. RCA's two

David Sarnoff chairs endowed at Harvard and MIT.

Burt Reynolds made male centerfold history.

Duke of Windsor's passing revived "A King's Story" and recalls "The King and Chorus Girl" (Fernand Gravet as the king).

Ed Sullivan elected Abbot of Friars (succeeding the late Joe E. Lewis) and also named president of the renamed Damon Runyon-Walter Winchell Cancer Research Fund.

New Shubert Theatres empire troika: Gerald Schoenfeld, Bernard B. Jacobs, Irving Goldman, with Lawrence Shubert Lawrence Jr. upped to board chairman.

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis vs.

Olympics & Political Tensions

Mark Spitz's seven gold medals as American Olympics super-swimming champ, assured him a golden future, but the Munich massacre was an extension of Middle East tensions. Even in the astronomical spate of skyjacking extortions, a \$5,000,000 ransom later was paid to save a Lufthansa 747 plane and its passengers; additionally the Arab terrorists involved in the Munich massacre had to be traded off.

While the global TV coverage of the games is the peak telefilmization record of the 1972 event, the Germans themselves seemed dismayed by the emphasis given the Hitlerian 1936 Olympiad and its Leni Riefenstahl film record.

Chain reaction from bomb threats didn't bypass ocean liners (the Cunard's QE 2 and the Italian SS Leonardo da Vinci were subjected to false threats) but art museums, office buildings and other enterprises were targets of the Violent Year's madmen. The Montreal Museum of Art's loss of a \$1,000,000 Rembrandt was executed with "Topkapi" technique and museums and galleries the world over tightened security.

Envelope bombs found victims in Israeli diplomatic offices; Scot-

land Yard warned British industrialists of Jewish persuasion to screen their incoming mail, etc. The QE II, priming itself for a Passover-Easter cruise to the Holy Land to coincide with the 25th anni of Israel, was having second thoughts because of possible Arab assault. Israel's booming tourism experienced understandable setback because of safety caution.

Also surfacing was a spate of Hitler era propaganda films in Germany, intended for "historic" and "research" viewing, not theatrically or propaganda, although a couple of teledocumentaries and at least one film feature (Alec Guinness, notably), on the rise and fall of the Nazi dictator is also on the horizon.

The Martin Bormann expose, Juan Peron's Argentine "comeback" (it was under Peron's regime that many top Nazis found refuge in Argentina and Paraguay) also were fodder for the media.

As happened with the Pentagon Papers (for which the N.Y. Times incidentally, won a Pulitzer), "The Martin Bormann Story" and kindred fast-marketing paperbacks are now being rushed to publication. Paramount plans a Bormann pic. Abel.



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A DIVISION OF MARVIN JOSEPHSON ASSOCIATES INC

Wanted: 'A Touch of Class' For '73

By TEX McCRARY

(Like Johnny Appleseed, I'm trying to plant a fruitful word into the American Language. Through tv Noxema ("Take it off, take it all off!") and Alka Seltzer ("I can't believe I ate the whole thing!") planted whole sentences; the Kennedys planted and preempted an alien word, "charisma." I have a more modest goal—and domestic word, "Class." Unhappily, 1972 has not been a very good vintage year for that rare quality. . . .)

During the past 40 years, I have interviewed or covered more than 50,000 headlines in an endless big name hunt, and all of them ECU—that means, "Extreme Closeup."

Datelines have stretched from Houston to Havana and Hiroshima, by way of London, Rome, Paris, Berlin, Moscow and Shanghai. . . . Main Street and Pennsylvania Ave. . . . Broadway, Fifth, Park and 7th Ave. . . . and the place they all cross 5 days a week, Wall St.

And always I looked first and hardest and longest for one rare quality in that cavalcade of the past 40 years:

"Class"—a touch of 'Class—a magical quality, electric and catalytic, rare but not extinct. . . . all too rare in the last few years, as we approach our Bicentennial, and historians have begun to wonder if the 20th will deserve to be called "The American Century."

We won't make it, unless we learn that Class is more than the "pursuit of happiness"—it is the pursuit of excellence.

And I have also learned the switch on that ancient Chinese ratio of communication—"One picture is worth 10,000 words." In this Electronic Age of the Cauliflower Eye, from Mad. Ave. to Pennsylvania Ave., the right word creates a picture in a thousand million minds.

Consider that single sesame word. . . . "Class":

"Class" is a quality hard to find, difficult to define—but impossible to forget. It's a phosphorescent quality that glows and gleams sometimes, and sometimes flashes—but always it registers on all five senses, and on the encompassing sixth sense also:

You can taste it—and smell it—yes, and feel it—and hear it—and see it even in the dark—and always sense it, close, or at a distance. From any angle or silhouette.

Class is never mere cosmetics, facelift, name-change, or image. It is far more than chemistry or anatomy, flesh or bone—always it is character. Hard to inherit, or breed.

Class is more than sex, never limited by any narrow erogenous zone, and beyond charisma and macho.

Class can be male or female—more often male, but never neuter or neutral. More verb than adjective or noun. Class is a catalyst, kinetic, never passive—seminal, never synthetic.

Class is beyond beauty, and even beyond courage—more audacity than courage, but never reckless or careless, or selfish.

Class can be animal—a thoroughbred horse, tiger or a cheetah, but never monkey or mink, except as fur.

Class is more than strength or speed, race or place, size or age or time—more than wealth or possessions.

Class is more wisdom than education. Class is style, flair—but more than fashion or fad. Class is more than fame, more nickname than name—more created than inherited.

Hemingway defined "guts" as "grace under pressure."

Class creates its own pressures, aims and triggers them. From the hip, instinctive.

Class is more than aristocratic. But never snob. Class grows in defeat and grief—more than in joy and triumph.

In grief, no family has shown more of it than all the Kennedys. And the late Jackie Robinson—when he swallowed his grief three times hard, in the life and death

of his son. . . . and swallowed his anger a thousand times when he dared not lose his temper, because he was the first lonely black to break the color barrier in America's national sport.

Class is more often nostalgia than Now. 1972 is not a good vintage year.

Lincoln had it, in defeat and victory, alive and in memory. FDR had it—but not until he had polio. So did Harry Truman and Ike.

Truman, when he put that sign on his desk: "The buck stops here."

Ike, when he wrote that communicate which, thank God, he never had to release. . . . it was in his own handwriting in his pocket, in case the Second Front failed on D-Day:

"Our landings in the Cherbourg-Havre area have failed to gain a satisfactory foothold and I have withdrawn the troops. My decision to attack at this time and place was based on the best information available. The troops, the Air, and the Navy did all that bravery and devotion to duty could do. If any blame or fault attaches to the attempts, it is mine alone."

Class is a gambler. Good loser. Good winner—winner more often than loser.

In Politics

Class has roots, deep roots. Jack Kennedy of Cape Cod, said at a dinner for Nobel Prize winners in the White House: "There has not been such an assembly of intellect and genius in the White House. . . . since Thomas Jefferson dined alone." That was Class in Jack Kennedy—and in Thomas Jefferson.

Woodrow Wilson said, before he cracked under the strain of the Presidency: "Some men grow in the White House, others only swell. . . ."

In the White House as First Lady, Mrs. Roosevelt had it, and as widowed First Lady of the world—but she was an ugly duckling as a girl. Bess Truman had no chance to show it with Harry around the house—he had enough for two. Mamie had it, but hid it—because she was an Army wife, always the tail to the kite.

Jackie had it as wife and widow, lost it when she married Onassis. Ladybird had it finally, as LBJ began to fall apart. Pat Nixon had it in Peking and Moscow, and every time Dick lost. . . . and it will grow in her now as a winner, raised on defeats. Julie and David have it, together.

In Sports

Bobby Jones had it—in a wheelchair. Bobby Fischer, world champion, has it so far, only at the chessboard. It may grow in him now.

Joe DiMaggio had it even kicking clouds out of his spikes—or doing a tv commercial for the Bowery Savings Bank in New York—and especially when he ordered flowers placed on the grave of Marilyn Monroe. . . . "every day, forever. . . ."

Sugar Ray Robinson had it more than any fighter. Class is colorful, but has no color. Lena Horne and Dionne Warwick, Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington—glowing, glowing, burning bright. And Flip Wilson has blinding flashes of it.

In Show Biz

Mary Martin had it, from "Daddy" through "Peter Pan" and "Sound of Music," to retirement in Brazil.

John Wayne is getting there with age. Survival is an element of Class.

Gary Cooper had it always. And Bogart even with his famous first line, in white flannels: "Tennis, anyone!"

Jimmy Stewart first as a Colonel on combat in the 8th Air Force, then on screen. Clark Gable as a Major in that same Air Force, and always on screen—Ike was pleased to learn that he sounded like Gable. So was Gable.

Garbo, and Dietrich, and Sophia Loren, more since the baby—Audrey Hepburn and Katie, too. Julie Andrews on stage and on tv, and Ingrid Bergman, through

all her loves and roles. Gertie Lawrence, Bea Lillie and Helen Hayes, gushers of it; they were Theatre royalty, and they remind me of what Sir James Barrie wrote about Charm:

"Charm is sort of a bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; and if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have. . . ."

Class is a lot like that. Poets and painters have it more than politicians and preachers.

Jimmy Durante had it on his exit when he'd say—"Good night, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are" . . . and then walked into the darkness.

In tennis, Pancho Gonzales had it more than most; Chris Evert and Billy Jean King bring it out in each other—and it gleams in Goolagong. In tennis, now, the girls have it more than the guys. Nowhere else.

Roulette has it, but not craps. Chess, but not checkers.

LaGuardia had a lot of it. Even Jimmy Walker a bit of it.

Stevenson had it most in defeat when he quoted Lincoln: "I feel like a little boy who stubbed his toe and said, 'I'm too old to cry, and it hurts too much to laugh.'" Nixon should have used that line—in California.

Ben Franklin had it in Paris at 80.

In Music

Cole Porter and Bernstein and Burt Bacharach and Dick Rodgers—and Irving Berlin with two songs: "White Christmas" and "God Bless America" . . . the royalties go to the Boy and Girl Scouts. Lerner & Loewe had it together, once with "My Fair Lady."

Andrew and Jamie Wyeth, father and son, both have it—so very rare, in pairs.

David Selznick, and Walter and John Huston. And Charlie Chaplin, young and in old age—he muddled in the middle. Class is clarity.

Buchwald and Herblock have it in columns and cartoons; Bill Mauldin had it most in "Stars and Stripes."

In All Walks

In America, Class is very rare in the very rich. Wealth weakens over here. Especially inherited wealth. It helps to start hungry and stay lean.

At the Metropolitan Opera, where patrons try to buy Class by the box, there has been a unique succession of general managers, all with a touch of Class: Sir Rudolph Bing, for 20 years—then from Sweden, a glowing man, Goeran Gentele, killed in a car crash this summer, on the eve of his first season—and then suddenly, his understudy, Schuyler Chapin, in command of the 88th season of the venerable Met. I know Chapin has Class—he survived his first job with me.

Just thought of another—Spencer Tracy, especially when he's linked in memory with Katharine Hepburn.

Hemingway and Fitzgerald wrote books about Class—but they didn't have it. Class rejects champagne and suicide as an escape from pain or reality. Class is never a cop-out.

Winchell and Pegler worshiped Class—but from a safe distance.

As America has matured from cowboys to capsules in space, from Daniel Boone through Eagle Scouts to Astronauts, it has become harder and harder to find Class in our heroes. Matter of fact, we have begun to run out of heroes—we eat them too fast. They don't last.

Class lasts. Ed Murrow had it on tv. Nobody since, really.

Correction: At 65, Alistair Cooke, an American since 1941, has packed 500 years into 650 minutes of tv time, produced by NBC, called "America" and it is all-time Class.

In the whole of Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, there is no single nugget of description of Class; the dictionaries fumble the focus, too.

But in classroom or locker room, on tee or green, in bleacher seat or box, on a jet or subway, in a

ITALIAN FILMS IN PRODUCTION

AMERICAN PICTURE

PETE, PEARL AND THE POLE
(Piazza Pulita)
(Started Oct.—locations U.S.A. and interiors De Paolis Studios, Rome)
Producer: Tony Anthony
Director: Vance Lewis
Cast: Tony Anthony, Richard Conte, Adolfo Celli, Lionel Stander, Irene Papas, Lucretia Love
Distrib: PAC

ANGRY FILMS

SECRET DIARY OF A FEMALE PRISON
(Diario Segreto da un Carcere Femminile)
(Started Nov. 20 at De Paolis Studios, Rome)
Director: Rino Di Silvestro
Cast: Anita Strindberg, Eva Czemerys, Bedi Moratti, Olga Biserà, Jenny Tamburi
Distrib: Overseas Films Co.

ANVIL

THE LAST CHANCE
(Jan. start—locations Mexico border near Calif.)
Producer: Federico Aicardi
Director: Maurizio Lucidi
Cast: Franco Nero

AQUILA

ONE WAY TO BE A WOMAN
(Un Modo di Essere Donna)
(Dec. 18 start)
Producer: Danilo Marciani, Mario Di Nardo
Director: Pier Ludovico Pavoni
Cast: Marisa Berenson, Stefania Cassini, Fabrizio Moroni, Riccardo Salvino, Raymond Lovelock
Distrib: MGM

CAPITOLINA

THE CONSIGLIORI
(Il Consigliori)
(Filming Jan. San Francisco and Sicily)
Producer: Edmondo Amati
Director: Alberto De Martino
Distrib: Fida Cinematografica

CHIARA FILM

THE FOX OF SIRACUSA
(La Volpe di Siracusa)
(November start)
Producer: Oscar Brazzi
Director: Oscar Brazzi
Cast: Luigi Pistilli, Franco Franchi, Camille Keaton

CINE DOMUS 2000

THE GODMOTHER
(La Padrina)
(Started Nov. 20 in Rome, Palermo and Siracusa)
Producer: Otello Cecchi
Director: Walter Pisanì
Cast: Lydia Alfonsi, Anthony Steffen, Venantino Venantini, Orsola De Santis

CINENOVE

FACE OF DEATH
(Faccia di Morte)
(Dec. start in Rome)
Director: Giuseppe Bennati

CINEPRINTEMPS

THE SECRET
(Il Segreto)
(Dec. 12 start)
Director: Gianfranco Mingozzi
Cast: Mimsy Farmer, Giulio Brogi

CINITALIA

SWORD AND SHIELD
(Cappa e Spada)
(Dec. start location Rome; exteriors London and Paris)
Director: Jean Luc Lucas
Cast: Nick Jordan, Marisa Merlini, the Santonastato Brothers, Gianni Magni

CLAUDIA CINEMATOGRAFICA

ASSASSINATION OF MATTEOTTI
(Delitto Matteotti)
(Started Oct. 30 locations near and in Rome)
Producer: Gino Mordini
Director: Fiorenzo Vancini
Cast: Riccardo Cucciolla, Franco Nero, Vittorio De Sica, Mario Adorf, Gastone Moschin, Umberto Orsini
Distrib: Italoalgio

CLESI

MALICE
(Malizia)
(Nov. 27 in Sicily)
Producer: Silvio Clementelli
Director: Salvatore Samperi
Cast: Laura Antonelli, Turi Ferro, Tina Aumont, Pino Caruso
Distrib: Cineriz

DINO DE LAURENTIIS

WILD HORSES
(Started Oct. 9 Almeria)
Producer: Dino De Laurentiis
Director: John Sturges
Cast: Charles Bronson, Jill Ireland, Lino Ventura, Fausto Tozzi, Vincent Van Patten
Distrib: Paramount-U.S.A., Titanus-Italy

THE OTHER FACE OF THE GODFATHER
(L'Altra Faccia Del Padrino)
(Jan. start on location in N.Y., Chicago, Las Vegas)

bar or beauty salon, beach or bedroom, on the floor of Congress or the Oval Room of the White House, you can start a livelier argument and sustain it longer about "Class," than about sex or superstition or politics. Try it.

And just in case the fun begins to fizzle out of that game, just roll up your pants and your palazzos and sharpen your pencil and hone your wits and make up a "No-Class List"—lots of names in '72 for that billing

Producer: Dino De Laurentiis
Director: Aldo Grimaldi
Cast: Alighiero Noschese
Distrib: Columbia

THE AMAZONS
(Started Nov. 27 in Almeria)
Producer: Terence Young w/Dino De Laurentiis, Cineriz
Director: Terence Young
Cast: Romana Coluzzi, Daniela Giordano
Distrib: Cineriz

DOCUMENTO

MY BROTHER ANASTASIA
(Mio Fratello Anastasia)
(Nov. start in N.Y.C.)
Producer: Gianni Hecht Lucari
Director: Steno
Cast: Alberto Sordi, Richard Conte
Distrib: Columbia

EURO INT'L PRESIDENT FILMS, PARIS

ANYTHING GOES
(L'Erebe)
(Dec. 4 exteriors in Rome)
Producer: Jacques Strauss/Vincenzo La-bella
Director: Philippe Labro
Cast: Jean Paul Belmondo, Carla Gravina, Jean Rochefort, Charles Denner, Fosco Giachetti
Distrib: Euro Int'l

FILMES

PILLAR OF SHAME
(La Colonna Infame)
Producer: Giorgio Venturini
Director: Nelo Risi
Cast: Helmut Berger, Francesco Rabal, Pier Luigi Apra, Vittorio Caprioli, Anna Maria Guarnieri, Salvo Randone, Carmelo Bene
Distrib: Italoalgio

FLAMINIA FILM

THE GIRLS OF VIA CONDOTTI
(Starts Jan. 22 in Rome)
Producer: Coproduction Midega Film (Spain) w/Italy and France
Director: German Lorente
Cast: Frederick Stafford

INTERNATIONAL FILM CO.

FOUR LOCUSTS IN EVENING DRESS
(Jan. start in Amsterdam; interiors Rome)
Director: Sergio Pastore
Cast: Aurora Bautista
Distrib: MGM

ITALIAN INTERNATIONAL

JOURNEY THROUGH THE VORTEX
(Viaggio nella Vertigine)
(Jan. 8 start on location Yugoslavia and Italy)
Producer: Fulvio Lucisano
Director: Tony De Gregorio
Distrib: Italoalgio

JULIA

TWO TO LOVE ONE TO DIE
(Due per Amare Una per Morire)
(Jan. start)
Producer: Francesco Mazzei
Director: Francesco Mazzei

LIDO

AT YOUR ORDERS
(Servo Suo)
(Nov. start, locations Palermo, New York)
Producer: Co-prod with Herman Film
Director: Romano Scavolini
Cast: Chris Avram, Lea Lander, Paola Senatore, Francesca Sebastiani

LOTAR

THE NIGHT PORTER
(Il Portiere di Notte)
(Starts Jan. 8 location Vienna, Rome)
Producer: Robert G. Edwards
Director: Liliana Cavani
Cast: Dirk Bogarde, Charlotte Rampling, Helmut Griem
Distrib: Italoalgio

LOYOLA

LIBERA
(Libera amore mio)
(Starts Jan. 8 1973)
Producer: Roberto Loyola
Director: Mauro Bolognini
Cast: Claudia Cardinale, Bruno Cirino
Distrib: Italoalgio

THE WHITE MAFIA
(Bisturi La Mafia Bianca)
(Started Oct. 16 in Rome)
Producer: Roberto Loyola
Director: Luigi Zampa
Cast: Gabriele Ferzetti, Enrico Maria Salerno, Senta Berger
Distrib: PAC

LUIS FILM

ANDALUSIAN NIGHTS
(Nocti Andalus)
(Jan. start—interiors in Rome, location Spain, Morocco)
Producer: Luigi Mondello
Director: Luigi De Marchi
Distrib: Florida

MEDUSA

HOT-BLOODED PAOLO
(Paolo Il Caldo)
(Starting Nov. 27)
Director: Marco Vicario
Cast: Giancarlo Giannini, Ewa Aulin, Riccardo Cucciolla, Rossana Podesta, Lionel Stander
Distrib: Medusa

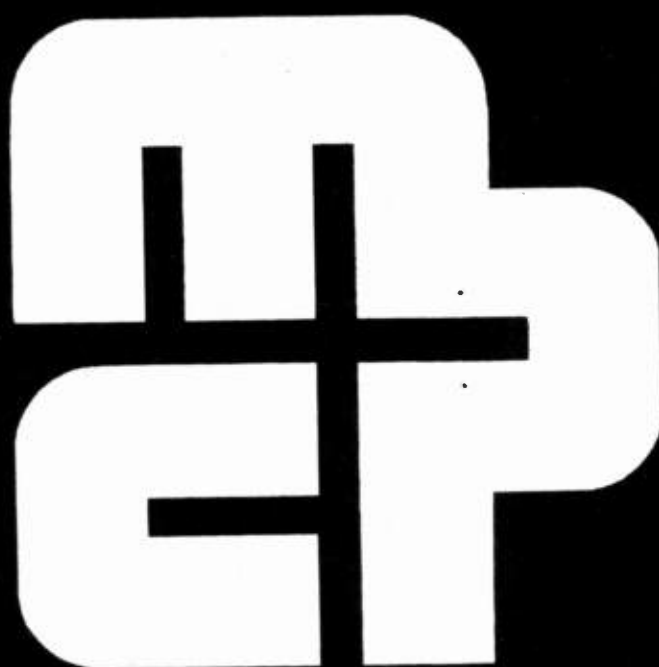
MEGA

REVOLVER
(Starts Dec. 27 on locations in Paris, Chiasso, Milan)
Producer: Ugo Santalucia
Director: Sergio Sollima
Cast: Oliver Reed, Fabio Testi, Paolo Bonolis, Johnny Hallyday, Agostina Belli
Distrib: Panta, MGM

MONDIAL T.E.F.I

THE EMIGRANT
(L'Emigrante)
(Started Nov. 27 in Barcelona, interiors Rome)

(Continued on page 62)



METROMEDIA PRODUCERS CORPORATION

A LIST OF WOMEN DIRECTORS

By RICHARD HENSHAW

From time to time in late years various compilers of filmographies have undertaken to catalog all the women directors of record. Not too many of these have been Americans. Exclusion (or non-inclusion, as may be) of women from this decisive role in filmmaking has gained new interest in 1972 because of the agitation from the "Women's Lib" movement. With the winter issue of the buff quarterly, *Film Comment*, came into existence by far the most extensive census of the gals to date. The extraordinary breadth of the research by Richard Henshaw will be evident herewith:

IRINA AKTASHEVA Bulgaria
1965 Monday Morning co-d; Hristo Piskov.

YVONNE ANDERSEN USA
Founded Yellow Ball workshop in 1954 and since has supervised hundreds of animated films made by children.

MARY ANDJAPARIDZE USSR
1960 Aniuta, also scripted.

SARAH ARLEDGE USA
1947 Introspection (short).

DOROTHY ARZNER USA (1900-1908-)

JACQUELINE AUDRY France (1908-)

RUTH ANN BALDWIN USA

MARIA BASAGLIA Italy
1954 Sua Altezza HA Detto.

JOY BATCHELOR Great Britain (1914-)

RADKA BATCHVAROVA Bulgaria
All animation.

MARGOT BENACERRAF Venezuela (1926-)

HALINA BIELINSKA Poland

ELISABETA BOSTAN Rumania (1931-)

MURIEL BOX Great Britain (1905-)

LADA BOYADGIEVA Bulgaria (1927-)

VALENTINA & ZENAJEDA BRUMBERG USSR (1899-)

JUDIT ELEK Hungary (1937-)

GRACE ELLIOTT USA
All shorts; all for Jesse Weil Productions

MARIE EPSTEIN France

KARIN FALCK Sweden (1932-)

1964 Drompjen.

MARY FIELD Great Britain
All first documentaries. (1896-)

SANDRA FRANCHINA Italy
1969 Morire Gratis.

YONA FRIEDMAN France
All animation.

KATJA GEORGI East Germany (1928-)

All animation.

ELINOR GLYN Great Britain (1864-1943)

ANNA GOBBI Italy

LANA GOGBERIDZE USSR

MILDRED GOLDSCHOLL USA

IVANKA GRUBCHEVA Bulgaria

ALICE GUY France (1873-)

LIVIA GYARMATHY Hungary

ASTRID HENNING-JENSEN Denmark (1914-)

ANNA-HOFFMAN-UDDGREN Sweden (1868-1947)

ANNELISE HOVMAND Denmark (1926-)

MARIE-LOUISE IRIBE France

JULIA CRAWFORD IVERS USA

WANDA JAKUBOWSKA Poland (1907-)

SYLVIE JALLUD France

WINFRIED JUNGE East Germany (1935-)

MARIA KANIEWSKA Poland

NELLY KAPLAN France (1934-)

ESTHER KRUMBACHOVA Czechoslovakia (1923-)

EVELYN LAMBERT Canada
All animation.

MONIQUE LEPEUVE France
All animation.

NAOMI LEVINE USA
All shorts.

HELEN LEVITT USA

JOAN LITTLEWOOD Great Britain (1914-)

BARBARA LODEN USA (1936-)

IDA LUPINO USA (1918-)

CLEO MADISON USA (1882-1964)

AIDA MANASAROVA USSR

CECILIA MANGINI Italy (1927-)

MARTA MARCZAKOWIE Poland

FRANCES MARION USA (1890-)

ELAINE MAY USA (1932-)

NINA MAYO France
Animation

LORENZA MAZETTI Italy

VERA MCCORD USA (1876-1949)

MARIE MENKEN USA (1909-1970)

All shorts.

MARTA MESZAAROS Hungary (1931-)

NINA MOISE USA

ZET MOLAS (nee Zdenka Smolova) Czechoslovakia

JANE MURFIN USA (1893-1955)

MUSIDORA (nee Jeanne Roques) France (1889-1957)

AIMEE NAVARRA Belgium

FRANCES NORDSTROM USA

ALICE O'FREDERICKS Great Britain (1900-)

RUTH ORKIN USA

RENEE ORO Argentina (1930)

RUTH BRYAN OWEN USA

IDA MAY PARK USA

CLAIRE PARKER USA

EWA PETELSKA Poland (1920-)

MAGDA PETKANOV Bulgaria

ROSARIO PI Spain

VERA PLIVOVA-SIMKOVA USSR

MIMI POLLAK Sweden (1903-)

IRINA POPOVSKAYA USSR

OLGA PREOBRAZHENSKAYA USSR (1885-)

HEDVIKA RAABEOVA Czechoslovakia 1919 Ada (short).

NATALYA RASHEVSKAYA USSR

MRS. WALLACE REID (Dorothy Davenport) USA (1895-)

LOTTE REINIGER Germany (1899-)

All animation.

LENI RIEFENSTAHL Germany (1902-)

MARGARETA ROSENCRANTZ Sweden (1901-)

BARBARA RUBIN USA (1945-)

All shorts.

BEVERLY C. RULE USA (1920-)

LEONTINE SAGAN Austria (1899-)

LARISSA SHEPITKO USSR

ESTHER SHUB USSR (1894-1959)
All documentaries.

DINAH SHUREY Great Britain

ANNA SOKOLOWSKA Poland

JULIA SOLNTESEN USSR (1901-)

SUSAN SONTAG USA (1933-)

RUTH STONEHOUSE USA (1894-1941)
All shorts.

VERA STROYEVA USSR (1903-)

KARIN SWANSTROM Sweden (1873-1942)

MARIANNE SZEMES Hungary (1924-)

MARGARET THOMPSON Great Britain

INGRID THULIN Sweden (1929-)

WENDY TOYE Great Britain (1917-)

NADINE TRINTIGNANT France (1934-)

MAY TULLY USA (c. 1885-1924)

HERMINA TYRLOVA Czechoslovakia (1900-)

OLGA ULITSKAYA USSR

WALENTYNA USZYCKA Poland

AGNES VADA France (1928-)

JUDIT VAS Hungary (1932-)

NICOLE VEDRES France (1911-1965)

MARGUERITE VIEL Czechoslovakia

THEA VON HARBOU Germany (188-1954)

MILDRED WEBB USA (1922)

LOIS WEBER USA (1882-1939)

LINA WERTMULLER (nee Arcangela Wertmuller von Elgg) Italy (1928-)

JOYCE WIELAND Canada

ELSIE JANE WILSON USA (1915)

MARGERY WILSON (nee Sara Barker Strayer) USA (1898-)

MAI ZETTERLING Sweden (1925-)

BINKA ZHELJAZKOVA Bulgaria (1923-)

Tortured Incubation Of A Hit: Or Billie Holiday Sings—At Last

By JAY WESTON

If all of the people who today claim to have been at Billie Holiday's famous Carnegie Hall concert actually attended, it would have needed the Astrodome. But I was there, and I vividly recall the electricity which was generated. Actually, she wasn't in very good voice that night, but it didn't matter to her fans. Even on an off-night, she was dynamite.

After the concert, I read her autobiography, "Lady Sings the Blues," with its oft-quoted opening: "Mom and pop were just a couple of kids when they got married. He was 18, she was 16, and I was three." And I recall saying to myself, "This would make one helluva movie, if anyone ever had the courage to film it."

I called my lawyer in New York and told him to check out the film rights to Billie Holiday's autobiography. It took 11 months to clear the legal entanglements. Joe Glaser, once agent for Billie, and now representing the estate, and the singer's second husband, Louis McKay, were enormously helpful. The lawyers, as lawyers do, took a painfully long time to search out old contracts, clarify details, draw up new agreements. At that time I had been out of action for over a year and had to hock, borrow and con the \$10,000 option payment needed to clinch the contract.

Then began a 21-month joust with CBS' film arm, Cinema Center Films. I was already involved with them in preparing the film version of a Broadway play I had coproduced, "Does A Tiger Wear A Necktie?" (and the story of why that was never filmed would make a movie in itself). They seemed enthusiastic about "Lady Sings the Blues" and we signed. The first choice was a talented black writer, Bill Gunn ("The Landlord"), but our top bid was \$50,000, and he had an offer to do a script for double the amount. Exit Bill Gunn. I met with a dozen other film writ-

ers, playwrights, novelists; none inspired me enough to involve them in my dream.

I began to put together my own package, and two things of consequence happened in October, 1970, to make "Lady Sings the Blues" a reality. I saw Diana Ross at the Empire Room of the Waldorf... and I viewed a film called "Little Fauss & Big Halsey."

When Cinema Center Films was informed of my decision to use Diana Ross, they were unable to make a definite decision. I knew this was the star and the director I wanted.

A phone call to Berry Gordy, the head of Motown Records, rapidly set the ball rolling. Motown was the black-owned recording company which had Diana Ross, and they decided to expand into the film and tv production arenas. It was a most fortuitous call. I made an appointment to meet with Gordy and Jim White, his production veep in Hollywood.

Gordy didn't build a huge, successful entertainment complex by chance; he proved to be the shrewdest student of human nature I've ever met, a man whose instincts are invariably correct. I talked for a few minutes, reviewing the history of the film to date, then Sidney Furie spoke on his vision of the film. Berry quietly listened. He looked around and said: "Let's cut a deal."

Motown joined director Furie and me in a joint venture, Motown-Weston-Furie Productions. They advanced the monies needed to keep Furie from taking another picture to have him start working on the new screenplay.

"Lady Sings the Blues" is set from 1939 to 1959. It carries Billie Holiday from her early days as a 'towel girl' in a Baltimore brothel to the height of her success. We've compressed into the film's time span several events which actually occurred later.

Safari To Afghanistan

A Natural Movie Set For Intrigue, Opium
And Art Smugglers

By MEYER LEVIN

All at once Afghanistan is in, and as Tereska has a way of dragging me to places before the mob gets there, we made it recently and ever since we have been goading each other to sit down and write that movie. We kept making up the movie every time we got stuck with a flat tire and had to wait while the driver took the whole thing apart and put a patch on the tube, as they still do that in Afghanistan. The last time, along some pothole dirt road, he gave up and said he had to buy a new tire, so we and the other couple sharing the ancient Russian vehicle had to pitch in the money for the tire, and while the driver hitched a ride on one of those trucks with beautifully painted side-panels of lions fighting tigers, that happen along even on deserted side-roads, we continued our game of making up the movie. (Tereska Torres is my novelist-wife).

The trouble is, there are too many exotic wild adventurous things to put in. Hasheesh smuggling, nomads murdering tourists who drive around by themselves in their caravans, hippies from good American families dying in opium dens in Kabul. And what about that crazy night when the road altogether faded out because of some flood-damage and we found ourselves in a maze of tire-tracks going off into piles of sand, and there at the moment of our despair stood a hitchhiker, a local Afghani with his little boy in his night-shirt. The boy had cramps, his father said he had fever, and was trying to get him to the nearest town, where there was a hospital. So we piled them into the Volga, and they knew the way.

Royal Vagabond, Natch!

Obviously, in the movie, this hitchhiking papa is going to be the King of Afghanistan fleeing a revolution, taking with him the crown prince, in his night-shirt. (We got them okay to the hospital, and even found a place to sleep, for ourselves.)

The revolution — should it be engineered from the Russian or Chinese side? Afghanistan is tucked right in there between them all, Iran, Pakistan too. Where we were sleeping was one of a chain of government hotels (ancient officers barracks is what they look like), with semi-workable bathrooms, and in the big dininghall of this place we got the next scene for our movie. As we were forbidden to enter because—we peeked—a conclave of Chinese was being held therein. Maybe we could have our fleeing, hitchhiking king hooked up with these Maoists? We already had a sub-plot with a member of the royal family, a princess she was called, who rode with us on the excursion-plane all the way from Paris. Why shouldn't a princess take advantage? Maybe she would use the return flight or maybe not, the whole deal was cheaper than one-way on a regular flight.

The princess, in our plot, was returning home for a clandestine rendezvous with her lover, a French art dealer who was now in Afghanistan collecting a rare form of native art, the painted panels off the trucks. On the side, of course, he was really an opium smuggler.

Was the princess in on it? The press carried rumors, hints, that the big deals went all the way up to the royal family. We could have a scene in a bazaar, where the two lovers meet, both of them disguised in those tent-like garments that the Afghani Moslem women must wear when they go out, with only a peephole around the eyes.

Also, in our movie, we had to do something with the national sport, but since one movie has already been made about these horsemen fighting over the carcass of a goat—the bouzkachi game—we could have to do something different

with it. Tereska thought we ought to introduce a women's lib motif. We could have an American girl learning to be a bouzkachi rider, she is disguised as a man, of course, and only after winning the big match does she reveal herself. No love affair there.

We had to work all the plots together for our climax, which naturally would involve a hijacking by the smugglers or the revolutionists or the revolutionary drug traffickers, financing the ideal state of the future with opium-money. In the hijacking scene, we would have the nice middle-aged Jewish widow from Atlantic City who, naturally, had found out about the New Frontiers excursion rate, and had bought herself one of those beautifully six-foot-long ancient rifles incised in silver, a bargain in Afghanistan, and there at the climax when the hijackers were trying to take over the drug shipment carried by the art dealer inside the hollow handles of a gross of decorative bouzkachi riding-crops, dear Jenny from Atlantic City would stand up with her silver-incised souvenir muzzle-loader and capture the criminals. All the hijackers, the drug smugglers, and the princess, who was really engaged in selling the beautiful Five Lake region to a consortium of American and Japanese tourist agencies, for Miami-style development.

Yes, but what about the little sick boy, the crown prince? Tereska (Mrs. Levin) wanted to know. Wasn't he being flown to a specialist in the Hadassah hospital in Jerusalem?

Good idea, I said. Jenny could have the plane diverted to the Lod airport. The kid probably had the same disease that nearly killed me, on that first night in Kabul, even though I had been carefully drinking only Coca Cola.

Wait! The other couple contributed, we had to get in the scene at the end of the world, beyond the Five Lakes, that rise each above the other, like a series of terraces, in the dawn, when each lake has a different color, and the Tourist Who Is Really A Tourist gets there with his camera, all alone in the vastness and purity, and what does he find waiting for him at the far edge of the furthest lake, but a nomad with a case of Coca-Cola.

How can he work it in? I wondered. But just then our driver got back, grinning happily, lugging a brand new tire, so we haven't finished the movie about Afghanistan.

Fine, Probation For Man Trailed Carrying Porno; Says Just Personal Kicks

Columbia, S.C.

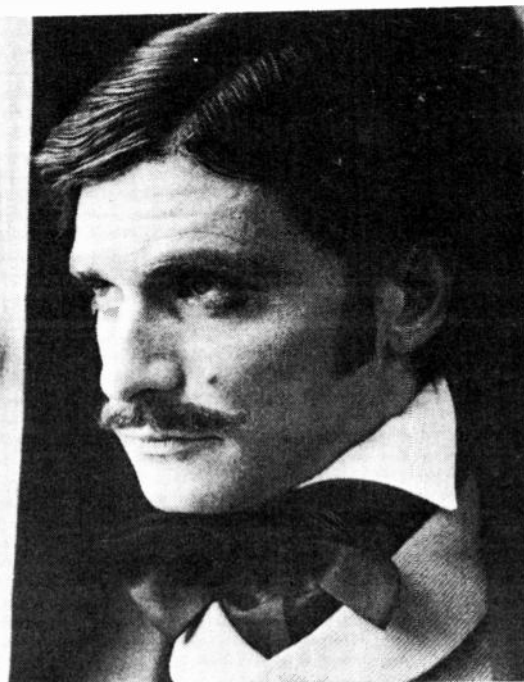
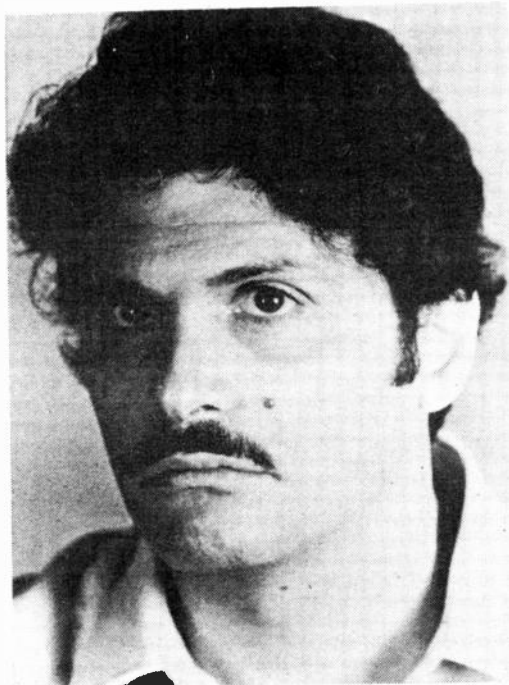
Billy Franklin Stevenson of Cincinnati, was fined \$500, plus a suspended 18-month prison term with three years probation when he recently was convicted here before Federal Judge Robert Martin on a Federal agent initiated charge of transporting obscene film in interstate commerce.

FBI agents said they tailed Stevenson's motor vehicle from Columbia to Richmond County, N.C., where they made the pinch and seized the prints.

Stevenson, appealing both the verdict and sentence, contended the arrest, search and seizure were unconstitutional, and cited that already the U.S. Supreme Court has agreed to hear a case involving legality of the obscene materials statute which bars interstate transportation of films classified by complaining authorities as obscene.

The defendant said he had the films for his own personal enjoyment and they were not destined for sale or public exhibition.

Tony Musante



represented by

PAOLO COSSA, Rome 86-96-85 and Los Angeles 657-3399

JOHN SEKURA & ASSOCIATES, New York 489-7460

JOHN REDWAY & ASSOCIATES, LTD., London 01-637-1612

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Film Production Pulse

(Including Films Shooting Outside the U.S.)

ALLIED ARTISTS

Starts, This Year 0
This Date, Last Year 1

AMER. FILM THEATRE

This Date, Last Year 2
This Date, Last Year 0

"LUTHER"

(Ely Landau Organization)
Ex. Prod.—Mort Abrahams
Dir.—Guy Green
Scr.—Edward Anhalt from John Osborne play
Stacy Keach, Hugh Griffith, Patrick Magee, Alan Badel, Judi Dench, Leonard Rossiter, Robert Stephens
(Started Nov. 6 in London)

AMERICAN INT'L

Starts, This Year 5
This Date, Last Year 5

"HEAVY TRAFFIC"

(Steve Krantz Prods.)
Prod.—Ralph Bakshi
Dir.—Ralph Bakshi
Scr.—Ralph Bakshi
Animated: Voices of Joe Kaufman, Beverly Hope Atkinson, Frank De Kova, Mary Dean Lauria, Terri Haven
(Started June 1)

ANGLO-EMI PRODS.

Starts, This Year 7
This Date, Last Year 1

"THAT'LL BE THE DAY"

(Goodtimes Enterprises-Anglo-EMI)
Prods.—David Puttnam, Sanford Lieberson
Ex. Prod.—Roy Baird
Dir.—Claude Whatham
Pub.—Brian Doyle
David Essex, Ringo Starr, Rosemary Leach, Evely Brothers, Keith Moon, Ron Wood, Billy Fury
(Started Oct. 23 in England on 7-week schedule)

"NIGHTMARE PARK"

(Assoc. London Films-Extonation Prods.)
Ex. Prod.—Beryl Vertue
Prod.—Clive Exton, Terry Nation
Dir.—Peter Sykes
Pub.—Doreen Landry
Ray Milland, Frankie Howerd, Kenneth Griffith, Hugh Burden, John Bennett, Elizabeth MacLennan, Rosalie Crutchley, Ruth Dunning
(Starts Nov. 6 at Pinewood, Eng., on 6-week sked)

BRUT PRODUCTIONS

Starts, This Year 5
This Date, Last Year 0

"HUGO THE HIPPO"

Prod.—Robert Halml
Dir.—William Feigenbaum
Animated—voices of Burl Ives, Paul Lynde
(Started Sept. 1 in Hungary)

"THE STORY OF JULIANE KOEPCKE"

(Brut-Protea Films)
Prod.—Paul Maslansky
Dir.—Giuseppe Scotese
Pub.—Carolyn Pfeiffer
Susan Penhaligon, Paul Muller
(Started Oct. 9 in Peru on 12-week sked)

CINERAMA CORP.

Starts, This Year 6
This Date, Last Year 4

"THE VAULT OF HORROR"

(Metromedia-Amicus Prod.)
Ex. Prod.—Charles W. Fries
Prods.—Milton Subotsky, Max J. Rosenberg
Dir.—Roy Ward Baker
Scr.—Milton Subotsky
Pub.—Lily Poyser
Tom Baker, Michael Craig, Glynis Johns, Edward Judd, Curt Jurgens, Daniel Massey, Terry-Thomas, Robin Nedwell, Geoffrey Davies
(Started Oct. 2 at Twickenham Studios, England)

"THE PYX"

(Host Productions Quebec Ltd.)
Ex. Prod.—Maxine Samuels
Prod.—Julian Roffman
Dir.—Harvey Hart
Scr.—Robert Schlitt
Karen Black, Christopher Plummer, Donald Pilon, Jean Louis Roux, Yvette Brind'Amour, Lee Broker, Francine Moran, Louise Rinfret, Jacques Godin, Gerry Parkes, Jean Louis Paris, Therese Morange
(Started Oct. 24 in Montreal)

COLUMBIA

Starts, This Year 15
This Date, Last Year 20

"FORTY CARATS"

(Frankovich Prod.)
Prod.—M. J. Frankovich
Dir.—Milton Katselas
Scr.—Leonard Gershe from Pierre Baullet-Jean Pierre Gredy play

Liv Ullmann, Gene Kelly, Edward Albert, Binnie Barnes, Deborah Raffin, Billy Green Bush, Nancy Walker, Sam Chew Jr., Don Porter, Rosemary Murphy, Natalie Schafer
(Started Oct. 10 in Greece, N.Y. and Coast)

"CARNIVAL"

(Rastar Productions)
Prod.—Jack Brodsky
Dir.—Gilbert Cates
Scr.—Stewart Stern
Joanne Woodward, Martin Balsam, Sylvia Sidney
(Started Oct. 22 in London, Belgium, N.Y.)

"THE LAST DETAIL"

(Acrobat Films)
Prod.—Gerald Ayres
Dir.—Hal Ashby
Scr.—Robert Towne from Darryl Ponicsan novel
Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, Randy Quaid
(Started Nov. 13 in Washington)

WALT DISNEY

Starts, This Year 7
This Date, Last Year 4

"A SON-IN-LAW FOR CHARLIE McREARY"

Prod.—Bill Anderson
Dir.—Vincent McEveety
Scr.—Joseph McEveety from story by Harlan Ward
Bob Crane, Barbara Rush, Nicholas Hammond, Kurt Russell, Joe Flynn, Kathleen Cody
(Started Oct. 9)

"THE LOVE BUG RIDES AGAIN"

Prod.—Scr.—Bill Walsh
Dir.—Robert Stevenson
Helen Hayes, Ken Berry, Keenan Wynn, John McIntire, Stefanie Powers, Huntz Hall, Edward Ashley, Alan Carney
(Started Nov. 6)

METRO

Starts This Year 16
This Date, Last Year 14

"PAT GARRETT AND BILLY THE KID"

Prod.—Gordon Carroll
Dir.—Sam Peckinpah
James Coburn, Kris Kristofferson, Katy Jurado, Jason Robards, John Beck, Slim Pickens, Bob Dylan
(Started Nov. 13 in Durango, Mexico)

NAT'L GEN'L PRODS.

Starts, This Year 3
This Date, Last Year 2

PARAMOUNT

Starts, This Year 14
This Date, Last Year 15

"WILD HORSES"

(Dino De Laurentiis Prods.)
Prod.—Dino De Laurentiis
Dir.—John Sturges
Scr.—Stephen Geller
Charles Bronson, Jill Ireland, Lino Ventura, Vincent Van Patten
(Started Oct. 9 in Spain)

"TALES THAT WITNESS MADNESS"

(World Film Services-Paramount)
Prod.—Norman Priggen
Dir.—Freddie Francis
Scr.—Jay Fairbanks
Pub.—Tony Tweeddale
Kim Novak, Georgia Brown, Joan Collins, Jack Hawkins, Donald Houston, Michael Jayston, Suzie Kendall, Peter McEnery, Donald Pleasence
(Started Oct. 30 at Shepperton, Eng., on 6-week schedule)

"HIT!"

Ex. Prod.—Gray Frederickson
Prod.—Harry Korshak
Dir.—Sidney J. Furie
Scr.—Alan Trustman
Billy Dee Williams, Richard Pryor, Paul Hampton
(Started Nov. 20)

"PHASE IV"

(Aired Prods.-Paramount)
Prod.—Paul Radin
Dir.—Saul Bass
Scr.—Mavo Simon
Pub.—Alan Arnold
Nigel Davenport, Michael Murphy, Lynne Frederick, Alan Gifford, Helen Horton, Robert Henderson
(Started Oct. 30 at Pinewood, Eng., on 6-week sked)

"CONVERSATION"

(The Directors Company)
Prods.—Francis Coppola, Fred Roos
Dir.—Scr.—Francis Coppola
Gene Hackman, Robert Duvall, John Cazale, Frederic Forrest, Cindy Williams, Timothy Carey, Michael Higgins, Elizabeth MacRae
(Started Nov. 26 in Frisco)

20th CENTURY-FOX

Starts, This Year 11
This Date, Last Year 12

"THE LAST AMERICAN HERO"

(Rojo Productions)
Ex. Prod.—Joe Wizan
Prods.—William Roberts, John Cutts
Dir.—Lamont Johnson
Scr.—William Roberts
Jeff Bridges, Ned Beatty, Gary Busey
(Started Oct. 16 in North Carolina)

"THE PAPER CHASE"

(Thompson-Paul Prod.)
Prods.—Robert Thompson, Rodrick Paul

Dir.—Scr.—James Bridges from John J. Osborne Jr. novel
Timothy Bottoms, Lindsay Wagner, Graham Beckel, James Naughton, Lenny Baker
(Started Oct. 18 in Cambridge and Toronto)

"LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE"

(Academy Pictures)
Ex. Prod.—James H. Nicholson
Prod.—Albert Fennell, Norman T. Herman
Dir.—John Hough
Scr.—Richard Matheson
Roddy McDowall, Pamela Franklin, Barbara Parkins, Clive Revill, Gayle Hunnicutt
(Started Oct. 23 in England)

UNITED ARTISTS

Starts, This Year 21
This Date, Last Year 14

"LIVE AND LET DIE"

(Eon Productions)
Prods.—Harry Saltzman, Albert Broccoli
Dir.—Guy Hamilton
Scr.—Tom Mankiewicz from Ian Fleming novel
Roger Moore, Yaphet Kotto, David Hedison, Gloria Hendry, Geoffrey Holder, Clifton James, Tommy Lane
(Started Oct. 9 in New Orleans; to Montego Bay)

UNIVERSAL

Starts, This Year 13
This Date, Last Year 10

"BREEZY"

(Universal-Malposo Prod.)
Prod.—Robert Daley
Dir.—Clint Eastwood
Scr.—Jo Helms
William Holden, Scott Holden, Kay Lenz, Dennis Oliveri, Jamie Smith, Jackson, Marj Dusay, Roger C. Carmel
(Started Nov. 6)

"SSSSSSSS"

(Zanuck/Brown-Serena Prod.)
Prod.—Dan Striepeke
Dir.—Bernie Kowalski
Scr.—Hal Dresner
Strother Martin, Dick Benedict, Heather Menzies, Kathleen King, Reb Brown, Richard B. Shull, Jack Ging, Tim O'Connor, Ted Grossman
(Started Nov. 13)

WARNER BROS.

Starts, This Year 14
This Date, Last Year 14

"THE EXORCIST"

(Hoya Productions)
Ex. Prod.—Noel Marshall
Prod.—William Peter Blatty
Dir.—William Friedkin
Scr.—Blatty from own novel
Unit Pub.—Howard Newman
Ellen Burstyn, Max Von Sydow, Linda Blair, Lee J. Cobb, William O'Malley, Kitty Winn, Jason Miller, Barton Heyman, Rudolf Schundler, Gina Petrushka
(Started Aug. 14 in Washington and N.Y.)

"RIATA"

(Sassafra Productions)
Prod.—Barry Kulick
Dir.—Scr.—Samuel Fuller
Richard Harris, Alfonso Arau, Juliette Mills, Bo Hopkins
(Started Oct. 1 in Spain)

"THE MACKINTOSH MAN"

(Newman-Foreman Prod.)
Prod.—John Foreman
Dir.—John Huston
Scr.—Walter Hill from Desmond Bagley novel, "The Freedom Trap."
Paul Newman, Dominique Sanda, Harry Andrews, Ian Bannen, Roland Culver, Percy Herbert, Jenny Runacre
(Started Oct. 12 at Pinewood Studios, London)

"SONO STATO IO"

(I Did It)
Prods.—Pio Angeletti, Adriano De Micheli
Dir.—Alberto Lattuada
Scr.—Lattuada, Ruggero Maccari
Giancarlo Giannini, Silvia Monti, Hiram Keller, Orazio Orlando, Giuseppe Maffioli, Nino Pavese, Patrizia Chiti, Barbara Herrera
(Started Oct. 12 in Milan)

"DRACULA IS DEAD AND WELL AND LIVING IN LONDON"

(Hammer Films-Warner Bros.)
Prod.—Roy Skeggs
Dir.—Alan Gibson
Pub.—Jean Garioch
Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing, William Franklin, Michael Coles, Joanna Lumley, Freddie Jones
(Started Nov. 13 in London)

"WEDNESDAY MORNING"

(Batjac Productions)
Prod.—Michael A. Wayne
Dir.—Andrew V. McLaglen
John Wayne, George Kennedy, Neville Brand, Gary Grimes, Marie Windsor, Jackie Coogan, Dan Vadis, Harry Carey Jr.
(Started Nov. 13 in Durango, Mexico)

INDEPENDENT

Starts, This Year 126
This Date, Last Year 82

"OLIVER TWIST"

(Filmation)
Prod.—Norman Prescott, Lou Scheimer
Dir.—Hal Sutherland
Animated version of Charles Dickens
(Started July 7)

"TREASURE ISLAND"

(Filmation)
Prod.—Norman Prescott, Lou Scheimer
Dir.—Hal Sutherland
Animated version of Robert L. Stevenson
(Started July 7)

"CYRANO DE BERGERAC"

(Filmation)
Prod.—Norman Prescott, Lou Scheimer
Dir.—Hal Sutherland

Anim. version of Rostand story
(Started July 7)

"ROBIN HOOD"

(Filmation)
Prod.—Norman Prescott, Lou Scheimer
Dir.—Hal Sutherland
Anim. version of story
(Started July 7)

"SCHEHERAZADE"

(Filmation)
Prod.—Norman Prescott, Lou Scheimer
Dir.—Hal Sutherland
Animated version of story
(Started July 7)

"KING ARTHUR"

(Filmation)
Prod.—Norman Prescott, Lou Scheimer
Dir.—Hal Sutherland
Animated version of story
(Started July 7)

"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"

(Filmation)
Prod.—Norman Prescott, Lou Scheimer
Dir.—Hal Sutherland
Animated version of Mark Twain story
(Started July 7)

"DON QUIXOTE"

(Filmation)
Prods.—Norm Prescott, Lou Scheimer
Dir.—Hal Sutherland
(Started July 7)

"BLACKENSTEIN"

(Frisco Co.)
Prod.—Frank R. Saletri
Dir.—William A. Levey
(Started Oct. 1)

"BLOODY JACK"

(Nevada International Pictures)
Prod.—Dir.—Ray Dennis Steckler
Ray Dennis Steckler, Richard Hill, Carolyn Brandt, Richard Rymland, Herb Robins, Will Long, John Gates
(Started Oct. 1 in Santa Fe)

"SUPERGIRL"

(Crown International/Supergirl Prods.)
Ex. Prod.—Marilyn J. Tenser
Prod.—John Burrows
Dir.—Ed Forsyth
Scr.—Gary Crutcher
Joyce Jilson, Louis Quinn, Tony Young, Thomas Reardon, Timothy Wayne Brown, Steve Drexel, Jack Wells, Ralph Campbell, James C. Jordan
(Started Oct. 3 in L.A., N.Y. and Miami)

"THE BORNEO EXPERIENCE"

(Vogue International Prods.)
Prod.—Norman A. White
Dir.—Fred Peterson
Fred Peterson, Herman Jesson, Anjnette Barde, Sherry Turman
(Started Oct. 16 in Borneo and Orient)

"COSMIC CIRCUS"

(Balaban & Quine)
Prod.—Judy Balaban
Dir.—Don Quine
Scr.—Stephen Geller, Don Quine, Judy Balaban Quine
Cast—animated
(Started Oct. 27 in London)

"APRICOT AND WHITE"

(Ackerman-Mannino Prods.)
Anthony Mannino, Richard Ackerman, Cassandra Wyllie, Terrence Duff, Chy Rusak, Kate Monahan, David Villa, Ted Flares
(Started Oct. 28 in Calif., Arizona)
"A WOMAN UNDER THE INFLUENCE"
Dir.—Scr.—John Cassavetes
Gena Rowlands, Peter Falk, John Cassavetes, Val Avery, Nick Dennis, Mario Gallo
(Started Nov. 1 in L.A.)

"NIGGER LOVER"

(Mardi Rustam Prods.)
Ex. Prod.—Mardi Rustam, Robert Brown
Prod.—Alvin L. Fast
Dir.—Greydon Clark
Scr.—Alvin L. Fast, Greydon Clark
Aldo Ray, Jock Mahoney, Greydon Clark, Tom Johnignarn, Jacqueline Cole
(Started Nov. 1)

"JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL"

(Hall Bartlett Prods.)
Prod.—Dir.—Hall Bartlett
Scr.—Richard Bach from own book
(Started Oct. 30 in Big Sur)

"GIRLS ARE FOR LOVING"

(Berio Productions)
Prod.—Ralph T. Desiderio
Dir.—Scr.—Don Schain
Cheri Caffaro, Timothy Brown, Jocelyn Peters, William Grannell, Fred Vinson, Scott Ellsworth, Bob Jefferson
(Started Nov. 6 in St. Thomas, D.C., N.Y.)

"TWEET'S LADIES OF PASADENA"

(Toodie-Lo Inc.)
Prod.—Doris Radinger-Carey
Dir.—Timothy William Carey
Timothy William Carey, Jenie Jackson, Charles Egan, Frank Buchanan, Gil Barreto, Lori Whiting, Betty Gold, Tony Rowe, Mickey Carson
(Started Nov. 7)

"THE PHOTOGRAPHER"

(Info-Media Prods.)
Prod.—Dir.—William Hillman
(Started Nov. 13 in L.A.)

"MOLLY, GID AND JOHNNY"

Prod.—Stephen Friedman
Dir.—Sidney Lumet
Scr.—Stephen Friedman from Larry McMurry's novel, "Leaving Cheyenne"
Anthony Perkins
(Started Nov. 14 in Austin)

"A DOLL'S HOUSE"

(World Film Services)
Prod.—Dir.—Joseph Losey
Scr.—David Mercer from Henrik Ibsen play
Pub.—Michael Maslansky
Jane Fonda, Edward Fox, Trevor Howard, Delphine Seyrig, David Warner, Anna Wylie
(Started Nov. 13 on location in Roros, Norway)

"REDNECK"

Prod.—Preston Collins
Prod.—Jack Myers
Dir.—Preston Collins
Rod Cameron, Stefan Gierasch, Carol Rydell, Marge Elliot
(Started Nov. 21 in Tupelo, Miss.)

"HOW TO SEDUCE A WOMAN"

(Forward Films)
Prod.—Dir.—Charles Martin
Scr.—Charles Martin
Janice Carroll, Angus Duncan, Marty Ingels, Alexandra Hay
(Started Nov. 27)

"BACKSTAGE BURLSK"

(Scorpio Productions)
Ex. Prod.—Stanley S. Lane
Prod.—Joe Martino
Dir.—James E. Myers
Sintana, Patti Wayne, Joey Tempo, Tommy Fletcher, Frank Darling, Ben Bartell, Tiny Toy
(Started Nov. 27 in N.Y.)

"THE HOBBIT"

(Tomorrow Entertainment)
Prod.—Arthur Rankin Jr.
Dir.—Jules Bass
Scr.—J. R. R. Tolkien
(Started Nov. 29)

"A DOLL'S HOUSE"

(Elkins Productions)
Prod.—Hillard Elkins
Dir.—Patrick Garland
Scr.—Christopher Hampton from Henrik Ibsen play
Pub.—Theo Cowan
Claire Bloom, Anthony Hopkins, Denholm Elliott, Anna Massey, Edith Evans
(Started Dec. 5 in Norway)

"SWEET JESUS, PREACHER MAN"

(Entertainment Pyramid)
Prod.—Daniel Cady
Dir.—Henning Schellerup
Scr.—John Cerullo, M. Stuart Madden
Roger E. Mosley
(Started Dec. 5)

"DERANGED"

(Sunburst Enterprises)
Prod.—G. B. Russell
Dir.—Phil Pine
Scr.—Mason Holt
Mason Holt, John Dennis, Phil Pine, Cal Crenshaw, Lisa Brunger, Blaine Russell, Jean Manson, Dave Griffiths
(Started Dec. 15)

"THE DEVIL AND LEROY BASSETT"

(Johnson-Pearson Productions)
Dir.—Scr.—Robert E. Pearson
(Started Dec. 15 in N. Mexico)

INTERNATIONAL

INDEPENDENT

Starts, This Year 72
This Date, Last Year 60

"ESCORT SERVICE"

(Monymusk Productions)
Ex. Prod.—Robert P. Woolger, Michael J. Parrish
Ital. Prod.—Leonardo Pescarolo
Ivan Rassimov, Stephanie Beacham, Patricia Hayes
(Started Sept. 11 in London)

"DIVORCE HIS, DIVORCE HERS"

(World Film Services-Gen. Continental Prods.)
(For tv in U.S.-U.K., theatrical elsewhere)
Prods.—Terence Baker, Gareth Wigan
Dir.—Waris Hussein
Pub.—Fred Hitt
Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Carrie Nye, Barry Foster
(Started Sept. 18 in Rome on five-week sked, now in Germany)

"THE YELLOW DOG"

(Terence Donovan Prods.)
Prod.—Dir.—Terence Donovan
Pub.—Edna Tromans
Jiro Tamiya, Robert Hardy, Carolyn Seymour
(Started Sept. 18 in London)

"ALIEN THUNDER"

(Alien Thunder Productions-Onyx Films)
Prod.—Marie-Jose Raymond
Dir.—Claude Fournier
Scr.—George Malko, W. O. Mitchell
Donald Sutherland, Kevin McCarthy, Chief Dan George
(Started Sept. 19 in Saskatchewan)

"THE WICKER MAN"

(British Lion)
Prod.—Peter Snell
Dir.—Robin Hardy
Scr.—Anthony Shaffer
Pub.—Frank Law
Edward Woodward, Diane Cilento, Britt Ekland, Ingrid Pitt, Christopher Lee
(Started Oct. 9 in Scotland, on 7-week sked)

"MOTHERS DAY"

(Taurus Films)
Prod.—Dir.—Darren McGavin
Scr.—Robert Clouse
Patricia Neal, Cloris Leachman, Bobby Darin, Simon Oakland, Kathie Browne, Tessa Dahl, Ron Howard, Simon Oakland, Joe Mascolo, Thayer David, Roy Applegate
(Started Oct. 12 in Nova Scotia)

"TAROT"

Prod.—Dir.—Jose Maria Forque
Scr.—Rafael Azcona, James M. Fox, Jose Maria Forque
Sue Lyon, Fernando Rey, Gloria Grahame, Christian Hay, Julian Ugarde, Mara Goyanes, Anne Libert, Frank Climent, Adriano Dominguez
(Started Oct. 16 in Madrid)

"THE HIRELING"

(World Film Services/Champion Prod.)
Prod.—Ben Arbel
Dir.—Alan Bridges
Scr.—Wolf Mankowitz from L. P. Hartley novel
Pub.—John Doran
Robert Shaw, Sarah Miles
(Started Nov. 27 for 6 weeks in Bath and nearby)

END ROTHSTEIN THEATRES

Yorkton.
Rokemay Theatres Ltd., of Edmonton, Alta., has taken over operation of the Tower and Crest drive-in theatres in Yorkton, ending 45 years of involvement in the theatre business in this city for Rothstein Theatres Ltd., of Winnipeg, former owners. Bill Johnston, who joined the Rothstein organization in 1938, will continue as manager of the Tower and Crest.
Rothstein came to Yorkton in 1927, when the firm purchased the Princess. It was rebuilt in 1946 and renamed the York. and it closed in 1945. The Roxy was built in 1929 and operated until 1963. The Crest opened in 1951 and the Tower in 1954.

Rokemay Theatres Ltd. now has 32 theatres, operating in Alberta and British Columbia, including the cities of Calgary, Edmonton

"1776"

A JACK L. WARNER PRODUCTION

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

1st Week	\$249,777
2nd Week	\$256,819
3rd Week	\$317,662
4th Week	\$295,074
5th Week	\$316,964
6th Week	\$307,725
7th Week	\$325,817

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wherever people live, shop or work.

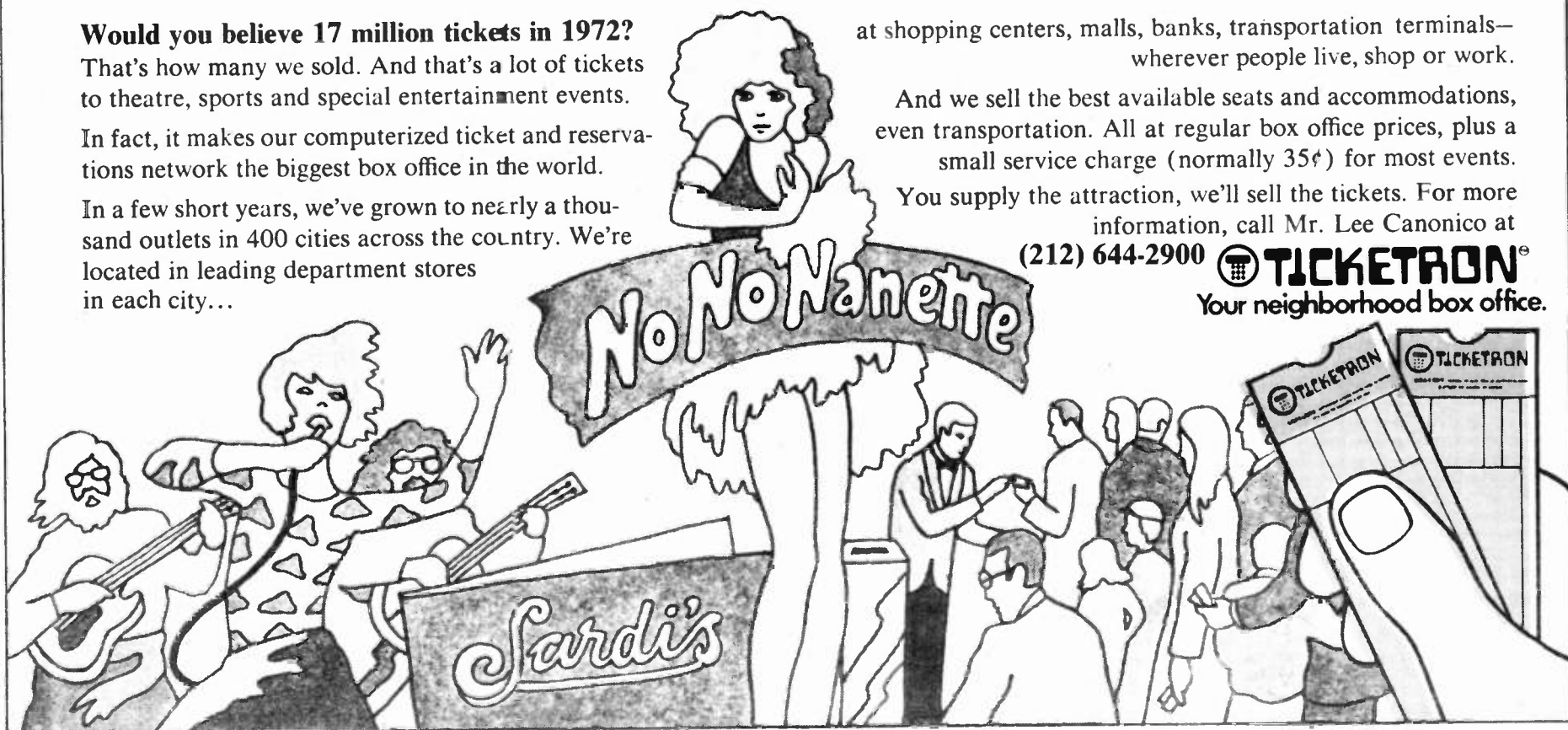
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'We Only Kill Each Other'

(Continued from page 9)

vision. That it can be overcome is demonstrated not only by such monster hits as "The Godfather," "Love Story," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," "Patton," "Airport," "Mash," and the Bond films but also by scores of less exalted attractions that have grossed into the seven figures. Exceptions, yes, but hits have always been exceptions and we contend there may be more of them to be had if we can stop "killing each other" with wasteful and hostile practices.

One "killing" practice is the abdication of morality in deadmaking on the part of a few. Today's too frequent and sometimes flip-pant repudiation of deals and contracts has created distrust among some creative people and company executives. Today, too often even a contract is no guarantee. The disavowal of agreements as a means of re-negotiation or relief is outrageous. The bulk of the industry abides by its agreements but the defecting few should be held up to industry censure.

Creative Power

Another "killing" practice is the downgrading of creative manpower. Sound business leadership is obviously essential but it should not presume to supersede purely creative functions such as writing, casting, directing or editing. Creative manpower needs the discipline of strictly enforced financial parameters but invasion of the creative sector by non-creative people leads surely to calamity and demoralization. Furthermore, there is no way and never has been that non-creative committee thinking or critiquing can improve upon the creative instincts of a single gifted individual or a tight-knit, small creative team.

This is not at all to suggest that the head of a company must yield his right and responsibility of final approval or rejection as this is obligatory if he is to fulfill his responsibility to his company. What we are referring to is creabiasis.

In "Memo," the collection of David O. Selznick's communications (must reading, we would think, for every industry leader and aspirant to leadership), DOS writes, "Great films are made in their every detail according to the vision of one man and through supporting that one man and not in buying part of what he has done."

Selznick's Credo

(By "vision of one man," Mr. Selznick did not, of course, mean that a film is the work of one man or to derogate the contributions of the director, cast, writer or basic author. He meant only to emphasize that usually there must be a decisive leader—be he producer, producer/director or production head—to blend effectively all the creative talents into a single product.) He knew better than most men that films are the synthesis of many talents.

What about the creative man's relationship to the business office in making creative decisions? DOS opposed reliance on a marketing, opinions rendered in advance as competition of a film. Again, from "Memo," in a letter to Spyros Skouras (then an exhibitor) chiding him for being apprehensive about the tragic ending of "A Star Is Born," Selznick commented, "I will be satisfied with the long line of pictures that do as well as 'Anna Karenina' in which Garbo threw herself under a railroad train, or 'A Tale of Two Cities,' in which Ronald Coleman had his head chopped off; and if anybody wants further examples, I'll sit down and list about 50 sensational successes with tragic endings. . . . Over a long period of years I have seen producers go broke who failed to follow their own convictions. . . ."

In all fairness, it must also be stated that companies have gone broke by following a producer's "convictions" but then backing a producer has always been an act of faith. We don't believe marketing skills can be ignored. They play a vital role in formulating distribution and advertising strategy. However, like Selznick,

we don't believe marketing has any place in the initial creative phases of production. We feel it places too great a burden on sales and marketing departments to ask them to share in the decision-making except in cases of film categories with special markets and well-established gross potentials.

Undercutting Authority

A serious "killing" practice, we believe, is the gradual undermining by some companies of the producer's authority—and not without help from the producers themselves. Today's average producer too often permits himself to be a veritable and spineless appendage of the director or the star. Some producers, out of ignorance of their craft or eagerness to close a deal, frequently surrender to star and director power and intimidation—sometimes to the detriment of their new masters. Producers must realize that their role in the film begins, not ends, with the making of the deal with the distributor.

Stars and directors are far from infallible in their choice of subject matter and the producer who suppresses his dissenting opinion may regret it bitterly. Of course, producers need to know their business. When they do, front office, directors and stars are usually willing to listen to them and respond to their idea. It might not be a bad idea for fellowships and internships to be set up for producers.

Selznick had firm ideas about the responsibility of the producer to the artistic elements of a film and the relationship of this to good business. Wrote Selznick, again to Skouras, "I have never gone after 'honors' instead of dollars," but I have understood the relationship between the two. . . . I have seen studio administration after administration go under because of the failure to realize that honors in the picture business are not only a satisfaction to the recipients and proper rewards for work well done but (a) worth millions in grosses, (b) incentive to better work, and (c) invaluable to a studio's morale and to its commercial—that is, dollars not honors—results on an overall basis. . . . Studio administration cannot be callous and cynical toward the ambitions of and the promises made to the creators without paying dearly for such a hard-shelled attitude."

Accentuating the positive, when studios are manned by experienced executives, sophisticated in the ways of picture-makers and able to select the right manpower, the results are more likely to be profitable and the inevitable storms more readily weathered.

How Else Do We 'Kill'

How else do we "kill each other?" Let us count the ways. We have spoken of the abdication by a few of morality and their disregard for the sanctity of contracts and agreements; the denigration of the creative executive, and the Decline and Fall of the Producer.

To these we would add the "killing" practice of imitation.

Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery but it is also the most costly and cowardly. It is an enemy of showmanship, a refuge for the untalented and fearful.

Think back. . . . major hits are almost always "originals" usually made over the dead bodies of "experts." They are triumphs of perseverance and conviction. He most likely of all movies to fail, we think, are the "safe" movies.

In counting up the defeats of our executive careers, our minds inevitably turn to those pre-sold projects which "could not fail." Fail some of them did—and big. More often, hits were compounded of elements which were fresh and surprising (even to us). Eliminating the occasional sequels which make it, the rule seems to be that a hit is generally better not followed by a derivative film—although there are exceptions even to that rule. However, more is usually lost in trying to imitate success than to originate it. It is better to have the courage of one's own new con-

victions than someone else's earlier ones.

These are but a few examples of how "We only kill each other." You, we are certain, can think of others. All are genuine enemies of the motion picture industry—more so, we submit, than the hobgoblins of television, etc. Only our inability to amaze and delight the public stands between us and beautiful lines at the boxoffice. It's a big "only" and technology alone cannot save us. . . . salvation lies in the free expression of that magical, intangible, inexplicable instinct called showmanship. . . . often inhibited if not stifled by our own inhumanity to each other.

Sez Valenti

(Continued from page 13)

with annual incomes of \$15,000 or more are frequent or occasional attendees. This represents an increase in 1972. Only 21% never go.

Sixty-three per cent of families with annual incomes of \$15,000 or more are frequent or occasional attendees. This represents an increase in 1972. Only 21% never go.

The women in 1972 have finally caught up with the men. It used to be that males attended more frequently than females. Now there are no marked differences in moviegoing by sex.

Ethnic Breakdowns

Ethnic breakdowns offer some noteworthy comparisons.

Of the white population 12-and-over, 88,900,000 million, 62%, are moviegoers, while 54,400,000, i.e., 38%, are not.

Among nonwhite 8,800,000, 49%, are moviegoers, while 9,200,000, or 51%, are not.

Whites account for 11.9 average yearly admissions per moviegoers, while for nonwhite the figure is 15.9. Nonwhites constitute 12% of total yearly admissions.

There has been a significant rise since 1971, from 37% to 43%, in the proportion of nonwhite frequent moviegoers. Among whites the proportion was about the same in 1971 and 1972.

Conclusions

What overall and instructive conclusions may be drawn from the surveys? I would include two as being of special importance.

First. Movie admission in the last four years, operating within a narrow range of change and concentration among the younger age groups, compel innovation searches for expanded and for new markets for motion pictures.

It seems to me that one of the more foresighted efforts in this area has been the development of facilities to show movies in hotel rooms. This taps an audience which we haven't been getting in the theatres. (The average age of hotel guests is 42 years.)

Hotel audiences are mainly in the older groups, from the mid-30s up. Consider these figures: 26% in the 30-39 age group report they never go to a movie theatre; for those 40-49, it is 42%; between 50-59, it is 58%; and for those over 60, it is 82%.

Hotels as Trailers

I am confident that large numbers of those who switch on movies in hotel rooms will be re-attracted to films as a whole and will begin to return to enjoy pictures on large screens in the comfort that only theatres can provide. Thus, in a substantial degree, I see hotel-room movies serving as trailers for the theatres, indeed rekindling a desire to see more films—in theatres as well as otherwise.

Second. The demographics of the American population are on our side. The fastest-growing segments of the population up to 1980 will be those in the late 20s and in the 30s. The 25-to-29s are anticipated to increase by 42%; the 30s, by 38%.

Match these percentages with our surveys, which report that persons in the 21-24 and 25-29 age groups contribute, in relation to percentage of the population, a disproportionately large percentage to the total theatre audience. Based on a total population of age 12-and-over, the combined 25-39 group represents 25% of admissions and 24% of population. For us this is a fortunate matching that offers opportunities for the growth of our business in the next eight-to-10 years.

Italian Films In Production

(Continued from page 56)

Producer: Mondial Te.Fi.
Director: Pasquale Festa Campanile
Cast: Adriano Celentano, Claudia Mori
Distrib: Titanus

SIX GUNS
(Pazzo Da Novanta)
(Jan. start—locations Sicily, Milan, Paris, Hamburg, Copenhagen)
Producer: Coproduction Mondial Te.Fi. Adelfilms, Paris
Director: Duccio Tessari
Cast: Alain Delon, Richard Conte
Distrib: Titanus

OCEANIA

SONS OF MAMMANTISSIMA
(I Figli di Mammantissima)
(Started Dec. 1)
Producer: Giulio Sbarigia
Director: Alfio Calabiano
Cast: Pino Colizzi, Ornella Muti

THE BORGIA
(Jan. start—locations Rome, London)
Producer: Coprod Giulio Sbarigia w/Gr. Britain
Director: Giovanni Tinto Brass

OIS

THE LETTUCE GARDEN
(Il Giardino delle Lattughe)
(Nov. start—locations Arezzo, Aostas estate "Borro")
Director: Helia Colombo
Cast: Margaret Rose-Keil, Franco Corbelli, Lina Zalewska, Gabriella Giorgelli, Elena Veronese, Robert Trowards

PEG

A GOOD PORTION OF PAULINE
(Buona Parte di Paulina)
(Nov. 27 start)
Producer: Lucio Giuliani, Tiziano Longo
Director: Nello Rossati
Cast: Antonia Santilli, Mario Carotenuto, Emilio Giordana, Vitorio Congia, Gigi Ballista

CARLO PONTI

DEATH IN ROME
(Started Nov. 13 at Dear Studios)
Producer: Carlo Ponti
Director: George Pan Cosmatos
Cast: Richard Burton, Marcello Mastroianni
Distrib: PAC, for Italy

GIORDANO BRUNO
(Starts Jan. 15 in Rome and Venice)
Producer: Carlo Ponti
Director: Giuliano Montaldo
Cast: Gian Maria Volonte

TECHNICALLY SWEET
(Jan. start)
Producer: Carlo Ponti
Director: Michelangelo Antonioni
Cast: Oliver Reed

PONY CINEMATOGRAFICA

THE FRUIT OF VIOLENCE
(Il Frutto della Violenza)
(Nov. start—locations near Rome)
Director: Mario Pinzauti
Cast: Dean Stratford, Gabriella Giorgelli, Ken Wood

PRINCEPS

THE MAGNATE
(Il Magnate)
(Started Nov. 6 in Rome)
Producer: Gianni Grimaldi w/Italian Int'l and Medusa
Director: Gianni Grimaldi
Cast: Lando Buzzanca, Rossana Schiaffino, Jean Pierre Cassel
Distrib: Euro Int'l

PROTEA FILMS

THE JULIANE KOEPECKE STORY
(Started Oct. 9, locations in Peru)
Producer: Paul Maslansky
Director: Giuseppe Scotece
Cast: Susanne Panhaligon, Paul Muller
Distrib: Brut

QUASARS

PROPERTY IS NOT THEFT
(La Proprieta non e Un Furto)
(Started Oct. 15 in Rome)
Producer: Franco Committeri
Director: Elio Petri
Cast: Ugo Tognazzi, Salvo Randone, Flavio Bucci, Daria Nicolodi
Distrib: Titanus

LA TOSCA
(Started Oct. 4 in Rome)
Producer: Franco Committeri
Director: Luigi Magni
Cast: Monica Vitti, Vittorio Gassman, Umberto Orsini, Luigi Proietti, Aldo Fabrizi
Distrib: Titanus

ROMA

THE BLACK HAND
(La Mano Nera)
(Jan. start)
Producer: Carlo Infascelli
Director: Antonio Racioppi
Distrib: Roma Film

TRITONE

CAME THE NIGHT OF ST. VALENTINE
(E Arrivo La Notte di San Valentine)
(Started Nov. 6 in N.Y.C.)
Producer: Salvatore Alabiso
Director: Enzo Barboni
Cast: Bud Spencer, Giuliano Gemma
Distrib: Cidif

VERONA-ARTHUR COHN

THE HOLIDAY
(La Vacanza)
(Starts Nov. 27 in Milan)
Producer: Arthur Cohn, Marina Cicogna
Director: Vittorio De Sica
Cast: Florinda Bolkan, Daniel Queneau, Renato Salvatori
Distrib: CIC

VIDES

RE: LUCKY LUCIANO
(A Proposito de Lucky Luciano)
(Started Dec. 11—locations Sicily, Naples and Genoa)
Producer: Franco Cristaldi
Director: Francesco Rosi
Cast: Gian Maria Volonte

THE INVADERS MAN

(Il Borgo)
(Dec. start)
Producer: Franco Cristaldi
Director: Federico Fellini
Cast: Marcello Mastroianni
Distrib: WB

WARNER BROS.

SUPERFLY IN AFRICA
(Jan. start—locations Rome and Senegal)
Producer: Sig Shore
Director: Gordon Parks Jr.
Cast: Ron O'Neal, Roscoe Lee Browne, Sheila Fraser, Robert Guillaume
Distrib: WB

Broke On Bargains

(Continued from page 48)

watch," he said. "He kept it three days and returned it because he found one he liked more. It's like new but you can have it for only \$200.

Although the man's face was unfamiliar, the sales pitch reminded me of the ruby ring of my youth. We left emptyhanded.

My American friend of the morning arrived to proudly show off a new shirt made to his own design. "I'm on my way to another fitting," he said as he rushed off after making a dinner date with us.

The other tourists in the coffee-shop left after hastily bolting their lunches. They all had appointments for fittings and were lamenting the fact they had no time for sightseeing.

That evening I went back for my suits, shirts and shoes and my wife had a first fitting on her dresses. My clothes were five minutes late in arriving. "We were rushed today," the salesman explained. "An American destroyer just came into town and 160 sailors came here at once to have suits made. Their liberty expires in 18 hours so we've been rather busy." Later, I found out some of the sailors had two suits made.

On the street in front of the hotel we met the American again. He had to cancel our dinner date. "I found a great place for shoes," he said. "Gene Kelly has his made there. I'm off for a fitting."

Two days later my wife pointed out that I had spent every minute in Hong Kong either shopping or being fitted. "You haven't seen a thing of Hong Kong or Kowloon," she said.

That afternoon we took a taxi to Repulse Bay. The fare was about \$1.20 including tip for the 30 minute drive. The beach, one of the most beautiful I have ever seen, was almost deserted. I asked a man who rented us a tent for the day for 15c where everyone was. "All tourists other side shopping," he said.

For the rest of the time we were in Hong Kong we went sightseeing because I was broke. Between my wife and I we had spent almost \$1,000—all on my credit cards.

The only saving grace was the fact that we were typical of most tourists to Hong Kong. The Tourist Assn. which has been making a study of tourism this year reports that 212,361 tourists visited Hong Kong during the first six months, the bulk of them from America. The average tourist spends from three to four days, most of it shopping, and spends an average of \$275 on merchandise.

When it was time to go home I needed to buy an extra bag to carry our new purchases. We were also 40 pounds overweight for the flight home at \$3.50 a pound. And, at our first stop in Hawaii we had to pay a customs duty of 30% on all our purchases.

In the peace and quiet of California I totalled up our expenses including the cost of luggage, overweight and customs. I had done it again: gone broke on bargains. Last night I dreamed of the man with the ruby ring.

Flip Wilson plans to make a feature film during his tv hiatus in '73. Among scripts he's considering is "Little Mary Sunshine" with Wilson playing "Mary" well as other roles.

*HOLIDAY GREETINGS to all my friends at
20th Century Fox and Madison Square Garden Center*



JACK SHAINDLIN

— Musical Direction —

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would like to thank

FRANK LAUNDER CLIFF OWEN SIDNEY GILLIAT

and all Members of the Production Unit

together with the Recording and Dubbing Crews at Barnes & Shepperton.

Chris Gunning, Marcus Dods and the Musicians.

Rank Laboratories and the Denham Labs' Technicians.

DERREN NESBITT PAT COOMBS RONNIE FRASER AND WILLIAM FRANKLYN

and all the Artists and Members of the Film Artistes' Association

for their splendid contributions to

"Ooh... YOU ARE AWFUL."

We hope that British Lion Films, The National Film Finance Consortium and ALL our Investors will soon be laughing all the
way to the Banque de Como.

Necrology Of 1972

LESTER ABELMAN
AMERICO ABOAF
ED ADAMSON
HERBERT ALLER
LALE ANDERSEN
TOD ANDREWS
DAVE APOLLAN
GENE ARNEEL
VICKY AUTIER
GENE AUSTIN
EMILIO AZCARRAGA SR.
VICTOR BABIN
ROSS S. BAGDASARIAN
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HOWARD BARLOW
MILTON BARON
BASIL J. BASIL
TED BATES
GLADYS BAXTER
PHIL BAXTER
JUDY BAYLEY
MAC BENOFF
SALLY BENSON
MAX BERGER
SAM BERGER
SAMUEL BERKE
EUGENE BERMAN
MAX BERMAN
HENRY A. BERNBACH
WILLIAM A. (BILL) BERNIS
DAN BLOCKER
FRITZ BLOCKI
BETTY BLYTHE
LYLE BOND
HELEN G. BONFILS
WILLIAM (HOPALONG) BOYD
BUDDY BRADLEY
THOMAS F. BRADY
HARRY BRANDT
PIERRE BRASSEUR
ELTON BRITT
GARY BRITT
ETHEL BRITTON
WALLACE BROCKWAY
FREDRIC BROWN
HARRY JOE BROWN
BRUCE CABOT
JAMES CANTWELL
GENE CARROLL
HARRISON CARROLL
JIMMY CARROLL
LEO G. CARROLL
JEAN CASADESUS
ALBERT R. CASTEL
GENE CAVALLERO SR.
LILY CAVELL
JOHN CHAPMAN
EUGENE CHARBONNEAU
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CRICKET E. KENDALL
AL KIKUME
HETTY KING
RAY KINNEY
KARL KAE KNECHT
PHIL KORNHEISER
MITCHELL KOWAL
PHIL KRAMER
VICKI LAINE
JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS
SIDNEY LANFIELD
WALTER LANG
JOI LANSING
LUBA LISA
ROSE La ROSE
MICHELE LAURIA
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RAYMOND W. SAXON
GIA SCALA
ERWIN SCHARF
ADRIAN SCOTT
N. MARSHALL SEEBURG
STAN SHAW
TED SHAWN
BENJAMIN SHERMAN
NOEL SHERMAN
WILLIAM SHERMAN
ALEXANDER SMALLENS
TOMMY SMALLS
BENJAMIN SMERLING
ANTRIM SHORT
FELICIA SOREL
RED SMILEY
BETTY SMITH
MABELLE SMITH
KENNETH SPARNON
LOU SPENCER
A. C. SPECTORSKY
HERMAN L. STAHL
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LONNY STARR
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GEORGE W. TRENDLE
T. TEXAS TYLER
EDGAR G. ULMER
CONRAD URBAN
DENNY VAUGHAN
DEL VAUGHN
STEPHEN YATES

OBITUARIES

REUBIN MITCHELL

Reubin Mitchell, 45, pianist, died Dec. 21 in Miami. Although succumbing to a heart attack, he had been in the hospital for extended periods since being struck with a kidney ailment. He had his own band, the Blue Continentals, at Aberdeen (Md.) Proving Grounds, until his military discharge, then appeared at the Rancher Lounge, Miami, as well as the Flamingo Hotel, Las Vegas, the Embers N.Y., on the Arthur Godfrey and Ed Sullivan shows and others. He received his musical training

both in straight and musical forms and "Mademoiselle."

Son of a theatre director, he wrote 18 plays including "Oh, Brother," produced on Broadway in 1945. His films were seen often on French television. "Tovarich" was also filmed.

Axel G. Jensen, 75, retired director of visual and acoustics research at the Bell Laboratories, died Dec. 11 in a hospital at Mountain View, Calif. He had been living in Sunnyvale, Calif. He joined

In Loving Memory of My Husband

ANDREW HERZ

(March 7, 1947-November 10, 1972)

Renee Somes Herz

in N.Y. and Boston after graduating public schools in Tampa.

Survived by wife, son and parents.

JOY RIBEIRO

Joy Ribeiro, 26, singer-dancer who was one of the six "Beautiful Downtown Burbank Beauties" on NBC-TV's "Rowan & Martin Laugh-In," died Dec. 19 in Los Angeles after an extended coma following minor surgery.

A native New Yorker, she attended Juilliard School and then went to Mexico City tv work where she was known as Lucilla. She migrated to Hollywood next where her credits include the "Soul" tv special and "Black Gunn," "Skyjacked" and "Lady Sings the Blues" features.

Survived by her husband, Manfred Bernhard, a comic book producer.

BENJAMIN ROMAN

Benjamin Roman, 87, founder and president of the Motion Picture Pioneers of Florida, died

In Memory of

EDWARD D. DOWLING

Dec. 21, 1967

Jadin Wong Dowling

Dec. 10 in Miami. The Miami Beach resident worked for motion picture companies in N.Y. during the silent era. He was a life member of Variety Club of N.Y. and member of the Motion Picture Pioneers of N.Y. and Miami.

Variety Club of Miami honored him with Great Guy Award for fund raising efforts in behalf of Variety Children's Hospital.

Survived by wife, two daughters, six grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren.

JACQUES DEVAL

Jacques Deval, 82, French playwright, died Dec. 19 in Paris. He was the author of "Tovarich" (done

DOROTHY ZIEGLER

ED ZIMMERMAN
BRUNO ZIRATO
HOPE WAINWRIGHT
JIMMY WALLINGTON
JOE WALTON
CHARLES WASHBURN
MARGARET WEBSTER
ROBERT WEDE
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EDMUND WILSON
MARIE WILSON
WALTER WINCHELL
CLARE WINDSOR
DEBBIE WINSTON
HELEN WINSTON
VAN WOLF
STEFAN WOLPE
ROBERT WOODWARD
GERTRUDE WORKMAN
FARNY R. WURLITZER

Mrs. Carmelo A. Lucel, (age unknown), a widowed professional violinist who recently played in Shaker Heights Little Symphony Orchestra, died Dec. 10 in Cleveland, O., her hometown. During her career, when she was known as Luisa R. Cafarelli, she played violin with her father and a sister, also musicians, in touring orchestras. Survivors include two sisters.

Paul Calvert Thomas, 74, Spartanburg, S.C. industrial executive, long time member, board of directors, Spartanburg Broadcasting Co., founding member of Spartanburg Symphony, trustee and former board chairman, Brevard (N.C.) Music Center, widely known patron of music and arts, died Nov. 25 in Spartanburg after brief illness.

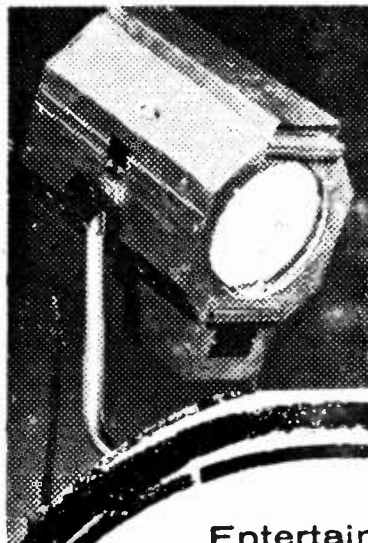
Ahmet Emin Yalman, 84, leading Turkish journalist and author, died Dec. 19 of a heart attack in Istanbul. He is survived by his wife and son, Tunc Yalman, former artistic director of the Milwaukee and one-time VARIETY correspondent in Istanbul, now a freelance director in N.Y.

Mrs. Fannie Shapiro, 86, mother of Robert Shapiro, manager of the Fox Wilshire Theatre, Beverly Hills, died Dec. 5 in New Rochelle, N.Y. She is also survived by another son, Barnett, and two grandsons, Marty, Hollywood agent, and Mike, director of marketing for GSF Productions, N.Y.

Rose Romoff Friedman, 76, mother of actor Woody Romoff and musicians Colin and Dick Romoff, died Nov. 29 in Far Rockaway, New York, after a long illness. Another son also survives.

John Wayne

CARL REINER



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INC.**
THEATRE DIVISION

I Am A Tape Recorder

TRAVAIL OF ELECTRONIC AUTHORIZING,
'CLEARANCES,' LEGALISTICS

By HAROLD FLENDER

If you're a writer and thinking of trading in your typewriter for a taperecorder, forget it! Using a taperecorder instead of a typewriter provides no easing of the traditional hard work a writer must put in to get a book out; it provides no shortcut to fame and fortune. Believe me. I found out the hard way.

Time was when I used to write books with a typewriter. These included my novels "Paris Blues" and "To Be," and my account of the saving of Denmark's Jews during World War II, "Rescue In Denmark." However, I have just finished my second book done not with a typewriter but a taperecorder. You could say that my two recent books, "We Were Hooked" and "The Kids Who Went to Israel," were tapewritten. Never again!

Oscar Lewis in "The Children of Sanchez" and "La Vida" and Studs Terkel in "Division Street" and "Hard Times," were among the first to employ this technique. It worked well for them. In Oscar Lewis' books readers got the stories straight from the mouths of the Mexicans ("The Children of Sanchez") and the Puerto Ricans ("La Vida"). The result was much more graphic and powerful than any explanations or interpretations by any author could be. Similarly Studs Terkel painted a vivid and pulsating picture of contemporary Chicago ("Division Street") and the depression years throughout the United States ("Hard Times") using only the words of interviewees.

The books of Lewis and Terkel had the ring of the real McCoy. They were hard-hitting, forthright honest, and more important as far as the publishers were concerned, they were bestsellers. Little wonder that they set off a rash of tapewritten books. Little wonder that when I decided to write a book for young readers emphasizing available methods of getting off drugs, I was urged by my publisher to make "We Were Hooked" a taperecorder book. "It's the latest trend," explained my editor, "and, anyway, it'll be more powerful getting the stories from the ex-addicts themselves." A writer friend, who herself had never written a book using a taperecorder, added, "What an easy way to write a book! You just record the stories, get them transcribed, do a little editing, and there's your book!"

Actually, before embarking on the first of my two taperecorded books, I had done a lot of taperecorded interviews for the Oral History Library of the American Jewish Committee. For years they have been working on a massive oral history of American Jewry, and for them I had put on tape interviews of Mitchell Parish, Irving Caesar, Neil Simon, Jerry Bock & Sheldon Harnick, Molly Picon, and Isaac Bashevis Singer. However, there was no transcribing, no editing of the interviews involved. Instead, I merely listened for hours as these celebrities spun out their life stories, and then I handed in the hours of tape I got from each one to the Oral History Library. It was enjoyable enough work. The people I met were always interesting, their life stories almost always fascinating (and, occasionally, incredibly honest); in a couple of instances friendships developed. I had also done a number of Works In Progress interviews for The Paris Review and The Intellectual Digest. These had required transcribing and editing, but they were short and not too difficult, and very prestigious.

With this background, and my free taperecorder from the Oral History Library, I accepted my publisher's suggestion to do my first taperecorded book, a collection of interviews with ex-junkies from New York to California.

Spending about a year on the book, I visited over two dozen drug treatment centers across the country, interviewing over 300 ex-addicts. It wasn't always easy. Not

everyone wants to have his story especially if it involves something as sordid as drug addiction, put down on tape. In New York I was physically evicted from one place. In Denver, an ex-junkie persuaded me he didn't want to be taped by pulling a gun on me and then, to make sure I got the message, firing it in my general direction. (He missed—I think.) On the whole my research for "We Were Hooked" was a rewarding experience, proving, I felt, the premise that led me to undertake the book in the first place—that it's difficult but not impossible to get off drugs and there are a variety of ways of doing it, or, as the junkies themselves put it: "Different strokes for different folks!"

But oh the hard work, anguish and frustration in working with a taperecorder. Let all would be tapewriter authors beware! In addition to occasional violent opposition from possible interviewees there are the technical difficulties. Ours is a noisy civilization. Overhead planes, Cole Porter's "roaring traffic's boom," even the steady hum of Henry Miller's "air-conditioned nightmare," can drown out a low-talking interviewee.

Then there's the machine that breaks down, the batteries that run out, the microphone that's not quite connected, the tape that gets twisted and jammed. As insurance you buy only the very best tape cassettes, the most expensive long-lasting batteries, and, in addition to the Oral History Library's free taperecorder, you buy a back-up model, even more portable and reliable, and, consequently, even more expensive. You keep two machines going at once and you suddenly find that you, who slunked Shop let alone Science Survey in highschool, are now suddenly a sound engineer.

Anyway, somehow or other, you do return with 300 taped interviews. Naturally, you don't have to get all of them transcribed, but to refresh your memory as to which ones are worth transcribing you should listen to them all. Say each interview were only an hour—and most are actually many times that—do you know what it would be like to have to listen to yourself on tape 12 hours a day for 24 days? That's how long it would take if you listened full time. Naturally, you cannot do that. You can only take yourself and the ex-junkie interviewees a few hours a day, so it takes you several months just for the selection of the material to be transcribed. Naturally you get much more material than necessary for the book transcribed. If you send this material out to a transcribing service, with the rates they charge you would be paying them much more than you've received from the publishers as an advance. If you decide to transcribe the material yourself, slow typist that you are, you will have your next year's work all cut out for you. Luckily, your publisher is understanding and agrees to pick up the transcription tab.

Along Comes Clifford Irving

The transcriptions come back—all seven truckloads. And you had only picked out a few dozen interviews to be transcribed, forgetting that some went on for seven or eight hours a piece. Now comes the editing—days, weeks, months of it. You wear out a gross of pencils X-ing out and correcting spelling. You blunt several pairs of scissors snipping and cutting for rearranging and reconstructing the material. You go through half-a-dozen bottles of rubber cement to paste passages in proper sequence. Then, of course, the whole thing has to be typed, edited, and retyped again.

The book is finally finished. Then the Clifford Irving-Howard Hughes hoax breaks. What has this to do with you? Well, suddenly all publishers are running scared especially publishers of taperecorded books. Your publisher tells you, "The material in 'We Were Hooked' is sensational, but how do we know it's real and not made

up the way Clifford Irving made up his book about Howard Hughes? After all, he, too, claimed he interviewed Hughes on tape!"

Luckily, you've kept all the interviews, all the tapes. You didn't have to, according to your contract with the publisher, but you just happened to. Lucky you. You give them to the publisher's lawyers. In addition to the tapes, they want to see all versions of the book, including the unedited transcriptions. You hire a Hertz truck to deliver it to them. They go over everything. For legal protection, they ask you to change all names and some places; in other words to hide identities. In addition, even with the name changes, you must backtrack all over the country and get signed releases from everyone in the book, and, if they are underage, signatures of their parents. You hire your own lawyer who disagrees with your publisher about the necessity for all this additional work. Your publisher is insistent. You've gone this far with the book, so you give in and agree to get the releases.

The book is finally finished and off to the printer. You are on the verge of a nervous breakdown. You have, to get away from it all. What's this? Another publisher is ready to send you to Israel to do a book on Israeli youth? And a good advance? You accept!

You meet the editor. She tells you: "We'd really like this book to be stories of the young Israelis themselves—straight from the horse's mouth, so to speak, we would like you to use a taperecorder..."

Promo Blueprint For 'Lost Horizon'; Re-Made As Tuner

Ross Hunter's musicalized version of "Lost Horizon," pegged by Columbia brass as one of company's major 1973 commercial prospects, is now being prepped for top-drawer launching next spring. Pic is set to preem on March 6 at the National Theatre in Los Angeles, after which the hoopla relocates in London for unspooling of the big-budgeter as next year's Royal Film Performance at the Odeon Theatre on March 26.

These two dates, with proceeds benefitting the Motion Picture & Television Relief Fund and the Cinema & Television Relief Fund, respectively, indicate the kind of major attention now being planned for the film. That such confidence can carry its own hazards was indicated, however, by the daring and ultimately boom-eranging showmanship recently engineered by producer Hunter.

Buoyed by the palpable anticipation for his latest effort, he decided to show the lengthy "trailer" prepared for the NATO convention to Manhattan mediamen. While the selected footage got solid mitting from the theatremen assembled in Miami, the same sequences were less enthusiastically received by the assembled Gothamites. Hunter and Col wisely canceled future homeoffice unspoolings.

Fortunately for both the distrib and producer, such apparently adverse critical reaction has never hurt Hunter's special brand of commercial cinema, as witness the \$45,300,000 domestic rentals earned by Universal's "Airport" despite mixed reviews. And the possibility could well exist that pic simply doesn't excerpt well and that the complete version will not encounter the same bemused reaction provoked by the out-of-context musical numbers.

"Lost Horizon" has a cast headed by Peter Finch, Liv Ullman, Sally Kellerman, George Kennedy, Michael York, Olivia Hussey, Bobby Van, James Shigeta, Charles Boyer and John Gielgud. Burt Bacharach and Hal David have written 11 songs for the updated version of Frank Capra's 1937 version of the James Hilton novel, which Charles Jarrott has directed from Larry Kramer's script.

'Farm Journal' Slam On Pix-1922

Albany, N.Y.

The following quotes from an article written in the "Farm Journal" of April 19 lead one to wonder, "Whither—if anywhere—do we goest?"

The introduction to the article titled, "The Menace of the Movies" by John B. Wallace, stated that this is "the first of three articles dealing with the corruption of our children by the evil forces that so largely control the moving-picture 'business'... We are profoundly convinced that great moral crisis confronts our people and we feel bound to do what we can to emphasize the peril and find a remedy. That the danger threatens our children on the farms perhaps a little less than the children of the villages and the cities seems to us immaterial. The moral level of rural life is not so high that we can afford to let it deteriorate further. (Reporter's note.!!)

"We are all aware that in every age youth has seemed to its elders impatient of restraint, headstrong, and reckless of social and moral standards. Biology suggests and history proves to us that sex problems are as old as the race, and are the chief occasion of the ceaseless conflict between the forces of evil and good. Accepting these as fact, we still believe that the advent of the movies, as at present conducted, constitutes the most insidious, reckless, sordid and dangerous assault on the health and morals of the race ever known in modern times, and we feel that the most united and desperate resistance must be made to its destroying course."

And that's only the editor's introduction.

Noting that "the motion-picture is without doubt the greatest force for the molding of public thought that has appeared since the printing press... its appeal is to the eye and therefore universal," the article itself gives to the film industry more blame than to "the dance craze, automobiles, and the sensational press" for a let-down in morality. It is to blame for "the race of young cynics we are raising today. These bored, blasé youths who sneer at the clergy as being hypocrites, who flout officers of the law as being tyrants, and laugh at their parents as being behind the times. These boys whose heroes are bank robbers, bootleggers and movie actors, girls who pattern their dress, morals, and philosophy of life after the stars of the screen and stage."

Stating that "only the blind are beyond its influence. Beside it the efforts of the press and pulpit seem puny," the author says that "even the men who fully realize its possibilities are at a loss for means to control it." "It is a dangerous force because it can so easily fall into the hands of irresponsible men." He charges that the men who control the industry "have clearly proved themselves to be unfit to be entrusted with such a power."

He quotes William A. Brady, president of the National Assn. of the Motion-Picture Industry as saying that the majority of films are unfit for children and they should be kept out of theatres except when special children's films are shown. But alas, mourns the author, this is not practical because in the suburbs and small towns the patronage of the young people provides a large share of the receipts.

Explaining this sordid influence, he writes "Through the undeniable artistry of many directors and actors there is a glamour thrown over action on the screens that cloaks despicable deeds. A thief is applauded for his cleverness, an adulterer is made an object of sympathy. Sentimentalism is worked to the limit—the same brand of sentimentalism that causes women to take flowers to cold-blooded murderers, and the same murderers to weep when a 'mother song' is sung."

"Unable to distinguish between sincere and praiseworthy sympathy for the unfortunate, and maudlin pity for the crook, youth gives them both the benefit of the doubt. Thus is bred revolt against law, contempt for its officers, and tole-

rance for the enemies of society. The screen, under its present control, takes advantage of the best qualities of youth, its generosity and humanity and turns them against the interests of social order."

And so the author finds the motion-picture at the bottom of nearly "90 per cent of our crimes" being committed by youths under 21. Into their young lives had come "this new force, the screen. Instead of making motion pictures showing the heroism, the devotion and sacrifice of those who are protecting society, the best talent of filmdom is utilized to make heroes out of crooks, devising excuses for false husbands and wives, and drawing sympathetic tears for women of the underworld. Fully 50 percent of the output of the studios exploit the lure of the life of pleasure, the life of those who contribute nothing useful to society, but fatten as parasites of the weaknesses of humankind."

The author remembers only one out of hundreds of films he had seen that makes a hero of an American police officer, "and then he was a reformed crook who turned on his gang." Instead, we made heroes of Canadian mounties and "the old-time sheriff of the plains who leaves a trail of gore." About policemen he continues:

"While the serious dramas have held the police officer up as a brute or a grafter, the comedies have made him the butt of ridicule, and since the advent of prohibition all officers have increased in disfavor. The motion-pictures have seized with avidity the opportunity thus afforded them..."

"... Police officers, judges and juvenile court authorities have protested in vain to the picture interests against this thinly disguised hostility to law. Producers have promised to reform, and some few have made feeble attempts to do so, but the great majority have continued their contemptuous flings."

"Writers, actors and directors spend their time developing the artistic side of motion-pictures, forgetting that their real power and appeal is as a moral force. Instead of placing on the pedestal the principles of sacrifice and service, they have prostituted their talent in too successful attempts to excuse sin and crime. Their sophistries have deceived no one of experience; but the wicked by-product of their business success is the injection of poison into the minds of our rising generation." End of article.

And what a cliff-hanger! Unfortunately, this reporter was able to purchase only the April issue of this half-century old "Farm Journal" and we are left wondering what "special dangers" John Wallace described in his next two features. But for those readers who toil in the TV medium, perhaps this will explain any feelings you may have had that "you have been here before." And for all of us, isn't this where we came in?

Theatre Also-Ran To Bakery, Swimming Pool

Vinton, Iowa.

Palace Theatre here at Vinton, Iowa, which closed last April, has been bought by Mr. and Mrs. Lee Schulze. Pair opened a bakery and coffee shop in the remodeled front of the theatre while a smaller theatre continues to operate. Schulze finds that people who come in for lunch or to buy bakery goods get hooked by poster advertising on the evening's film fare and return.

Although film attendance is up since the new "cookies and bread" policy started, Schulze says he is thinking of adding a new dimension... an indoor swimming pool. He said, "I have a brother-in-law who is a pool builder and what we have in mind is a pool where the 250 theatre seats are now and build a balcony above the coffee shop and make the balcony into the theatre."

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**SALUTE *VARIETY* ON THE OCCASION
OF ITS 67th ANNIVERSARY**

Marx Bros.

(Continued from page 5)

dential Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler confides to Walter Cronkite that the Chinese visitor went undefeated throughout the session, thanks to "the trickiest damned backhand serve I ever saw."

TUESDAY. In New York, the Chairman emerges from a negotiating session with Bantam Books concerning the forthcoming publication of a new American edition of the "Little Red Book" of his thoughts. At a brief doorway press conference, both the Chairman and Marc Jaffe, Bantam's editorial director, decline to discuss the project. Walter Cronkite speculates that announcement of a film-rights sale may be imminent. Mr. Jaffe says Mr. Mao is "a tough cookie who needs no agent."

WEDNESDAY. Chairman Mao makes a surprise guest appearance on the Dick Cavett show, sharing the spotlight with George Jessel and Bess Myerson Grant. Mr. Mao, having difficulty understanding the floor manager's instructions, accidentally walks on-stage during Mr. Cavett's monolog, but saves the show by neatly ad-libbing a one-liner about Con Edison and the phone company in Mandarin.

THURSDAY NOON. At a visit to a restaurant in New York's Chinatown, Mr. Mao puzzles for several minutes over the menu and finally asks the startled waiter, "What is this 'Column A' and 'Column B'?" Afterwards, in a private interview with Walter Cronkite, Mr. Mao explains that wan-ton soup is "the one with the krepplach at the bottom."

THURSDAY AFTERNOON. While Chairman Mao meets with a group of Wall St. leaders, his wife, accompanied by Mrs. Nixon and 271 reporters, tours New York schools, hospitals and laundries. Shortly after 5 p.m., she is briefly lost on the 7th Ave. IRT. Walter Cronkite finds her.

FRIDAY. On the West Coast, the Chairman stops at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. With tv crews filming the scene, he gleefully dips his left hand in wet cement on the sidewalk next to the handprints of the Marx Bros. and inscribes a short string of Chinese characters as well. Asked for a reading, a translator declines, blushing. Mr. Mao tells reporters, "I am proud to join this legion of American movie stars. I had not known Marx had any brothers."

SATURDAY. Back in Washington, Mr. Mao takes an early-morning swim in the Potomac River, praising it as "delightful, the equal of any waters I have known." Although urged by his Chinese guest to "come on in—the water is superlative," Mr. Nixon remains at river's edge, smiling broadly at the cameras and occasionally splashing Walter Cronkite with a handful of water.

SUNDAY. The Chairman is driven in the Presidential limousine to Dulles International Airport, where a special jet waits to take him home to the Chinese capital. The Communist leader downs a Dr. Pepper and eats a corned beef sandwich from a suburban delicatessen. Visibly delighted with his trip, he shakes hands all around and embraces Mr. Nixon before rushing to plane-side, nearly knocking over Leonid Brezhnev, who has just arrived from Moscow and is chatting with Henry Kissinger and Walter Cronkite.

"It was great," Mr. Mao calls out through his interpreter. "I haven't had corned beef like that since before the Cultural Revolution!"

SID LEVIN TO CINEMA ASSO.

Hollywood. Sid Levin has joined Cinema Associates Inc. as a fulltime associate of the indie feature and tv production unit, according to CAI heads Bob Abel and Pierre Adidge. Levin was previously associated with the company as production associate and supervising film editor but also freelanced.

Currently Levin is directing "Let The Good Times Roll" which CAI is producing as a co-venture with Metromedia Producers Corporation and Columbia Pictures.

Films Reviewed in VARIETY During 1972

TITLE	DIRECTOR	DISTRIBUTOR	REVIEW DATE
"The Cowboys"	Mark Rydell	Warner Bros.	Jan. 12
"Les Bidasses En Folie" (Rookies Run Amok)	Claude Zidi	CCFC	Jan. 12
"La Mortadella" (Lady Liberty) US	Mario Monicelli	United Artists	Jan. 12
"The Corpse Grinders"	Ted V. Mikel	Gemini Film	Jan. 12
"The Ra Expeditions"	Lennart Ehrenborg	Interwest Film	Jan. 12
"La Betia"			
(In Love, Every Pleasure Has Its Pain)	Gianfranco De Bosio	Titonus	Jan. 12
"Mr. Forbush And The Penguins"	Al Viola	British Lion	Jan. 12
"Pouce"			
(Thumbs Up)	Pierre Badel	CIC	Jan. 12
"The Gentle People And the Quiet Land"	Richard H. Bartlett	No distrib	Jan. 12
"There's Always Vanilla"	George Romero	Cambist Films	Jan. 12
"Hovedjaegerne"			
(The Headhunters)	Bent Christensen	A/S Constantin	Jan. 12
"La Vieille Fille"			
(The Old Maid)	Jean-Pierre Blanc	Valoria Films	Jan. 12
"Andy Warhol's Women"	Paul Morrissey	No distrib	Jan. 12
"Together"	Sean S. Cunningham	Hallmark Releas.	Jan. 12
"Continuavano a Chiamarlo Trinita" (Trinity Is Still My Name)			
"One On Top of the Other"	E. B. Clucher	Avco Embassy	Jan. 12
"Faustine et le Bel Ete"	Lucio Fulci	GGP Releasing	Jan. 19
(Faustine and the Beautiful Summer)			
"Quattro Mosche di Velluto Grigio" (Four Flies On Gray Velvet)	Nina Companeez	CIC	Jan. 19
"Trastevere"			
"Bello Onesto Emigrato Australia Sposerebbe Compaesana Illibata"	Dario Argento	Paramount	Jan. 19
(The Girl in Australia)	Fausto Tozzi	PEA	Jan. 19
"Cactus In The Snow"			
"Kovacs"	Luigi Zampa	Columbia	Jan. 19
"Sweet Toronto"	Martin Zwickback	General Film	Jan. 19
"The Hot Rock"	B. Ziggy Stone	No distrib	Jan. 19
"X Y & Zee"	D. A. Pennebaker	Pennebaker	Jan. 19
"To Find A Man"	Peter Yates	20th-Century-Fox	Jan. 26
"Angela Davis: Portrait of a Revolutionary"	Brian G. Hutton	Columbia	Jan. 26
"Le Viager"	Buzz Kulik	Columbia	Jan. 26
(The Annuity)	Yolande Du Luart	New Yorker	Jan. 26
"Squares"			
"What About Jane?"	Pierre Tcherina	United Artists	Jan. 26
"Ganga Zumba"	Patrick J. Murphy	Plateau Int'l	Jan. 26
"Katz & Karasso"	Tom Hanley, others	Cinmarin	Jan. 26
"The Broad Coalition"	Carlos Diegues	New Yorker	Jan. 26
"Les Rendez-Vous En Foret" (Meeting in the Forest)	Menachem Golan	Noah Films	Jan. 26
"Dealing: Or The Berkeley-To-Boston Forty-Brick Lost-Bag Blues"	Simon Nuchtern	No distrib	Jan. 26
"Snow Job"			
"The Cat Ate The Parakeet"	Paul Williams	Warner Bros.	Jan. 26
"The Visitors"	George Englund	Warner Bros.	Jan. 26
"The Abductors"	Phillip Pine	No distrib	Jan. 26
"American Wilderness"	Elia Kazan	United Artists	Feb. 2
"Tomorrow"	Don Schain	Joseph Brenner	Feb. 2
"Mio"	Arthur R. Dubs	No distrib	Feb. 2
"Pete Seeger . . . A Song And a Stone"	Joseph Anthony	No distrib	Feb. 2
"Das Goldene Ding"	Susumu Hani	Brunet-Hani	Feb. 2
(The Golden Thing)	Robert Elfstrom	Theatre Exchange	Feb. 2
"The Jerusalem File"			
"La Classe Operaia Va In Paradiso" (The Working Class Goes To Heaven)	Edgar Reitz	No distrib	Feb. 2
"The Hitchhikers"	John Flynn	MGM	Feb. 9
"Zoff"			
(The Hitch of It)	Elio Petri	Euro Int'l	Feb. 9
"Cabaret"	Ferd-Beverly Sebastians	Entertainment Ventures	Feb. 9
"Welcome Home, Soldier Boys"			
"Hollywood Babylon"	Eberhard Pieper	Gloria	Feb. 9
"Jelenido"	Bob Fosse	Allied Artists	Feb. 16
(Present Times)	Richard Compton	20th Century-Fox	Feb. 16
"Pocket Money"	Van Guilder	Aquarius	Feb. 16
"Franz"			
"Il Caso Mattei"	Peter Bacso	Hungarofilm	Feb. 16
(The Enrico Mattei Affair)	Stuart Rosenberg	National General	Feb. 16
"Doomsday Voyage"	Jacques Brel	CCFC	Feb. 16
"Brzezina"			
(Birth Forest)	Francesco Rosi	Cinema Int'l	Feb. 16
"Takt og tone i himmelsengen" (How To Behave in a Fourposter Bed)	John Vidette	Futurama Int'l	Feb. 16
"Unser Willi ist der Beste"	Andrzej Wajda	Polski Film	Feb. 16
"Our Willi Is The Best"			
"The Little Ark"	Sven Methling	Europea Film	Feb. 16
"Addio, Fratello Crudele" (Tis Pity She's A Whore)	Werner Jacobs	Constantin	Feb. 16
"Scarecrow In a Garden of Cucumbers"	James B. Clark	National General	Feb. 23
"Vietnam"			
"Eglantine"	Giuseppe Patroni Griffi	Euro Int'l	Feb. 23
"Sitting Target"	Robert J. Kaplan	Maron Films	Feb. 23
"I Want What I Want"	Kentaro Masua, others	Committee Prods.	Feb. 23
"Coup Pour Coup"	Jean-Claude Brialy	Consortium Pathe	Feb. 23
(Blow For Blow)	Douglas Hickox	MGM	Feb. 23
"Der Kapitain"	John Dexter	No distrib	March 1
(The Captain)			
"The Honkers"	Marin Karmitz	MK2	March 1
"Journey Through Rosebud"			
"Sexual Customs In Scandinavia"	Kurt Hoffmann	Constantin	March 1
"La Casa de las Palomas"	Steve Ihnat	United Artists	March 1
(The House of the Doves)	Tom Gries	Cinerama	March 1
"Mi Querida Senorita"	Sid Knighten	Sam Lake	March 1
(My Dearest Lady)			
"Il Etait Une Fois Un Flic"	Claudio Guerin-Hill	No distrib	March 1
(There Was Once a Cop)	Jaime de Arminan	No distrib	March 1
"Les Intrus"	Georges Lautner	Gaumont	March 1
(The Intruders)			
"Les Camisards"	Sergio Gobbi	Parafrance	March 1
(The French Calvinists)			
"What's Up, Doc?"	Rene Allio	Planfilm	March 1
"Luminous Procureess"	Peter Bogdanovich	Warner Bros.	March 8
"The Godfather"	Steven Arnold	New Line Cinema	March 8
"Antony and Cleopatra"	Francis Ford Coppola	Paramount	March 8
"Tales From The Crypt"	Charles Heston	Rank	March 8
"Silent Running"	Freddie Francis	Cinerama	March 8
"Embassy"	Douglas Trumbull	Universal	March 8
"Klara Lust"	Gordon Hessler	Hemdale Films	March 8
"Georgia, Georgia"	Kjell Grede	Sandrews	March 8
"Le Grand Sabordage"	Stig Bjorkman	Cinerama	March 8
(The Great Scuttling)			
	Alain Perisson	Dovidis-Marianne	March 8

(Continued on page 70)

Invention Of TV

(Continued from page 5)

"television hadn't been invented then!"

"On the contrary," the Englishman said, "it had been invented, but we were wise enough not to let the secret out."

We all looked at him in amazement.

"Lord Cashmere of Rutland invented television in the year 1775," he said. "You can look it up in the secret archives of the British Museum. He was actually trying to invent the radio; rather than sound, he got a picture on his box instead."

"What kind of a picture?" a skeptical guest asked.

"A picture of a Redcoat in Boston flogging a Colonial old man."

"It is hard to believe," someone said.

"Quite. In any case, Lord Cashmere knew he was onto something big, so he took the box to King George III and demonstrated it to the court, which at the time was meeting on the Television Moors in Wales."

"So that's where the name came from," someone said.

"It's all in the secret archives," the Englishman said. "The court was aghast at what they were seeing. There were large, burly Redcoats beating on the poor Colonials, kicking women and children, setting fire to their homes, and committing unbelievable atrocities in the villages."

"Lord Cashmere," the Archbishop of Canterbury said. "What in God's name have you wrought?"

"Lord Cashmere said, 'I'm not sure, but it's possible that this invention could change all of mankind. Just think, my noble friends, that with this box our people would bear witness to the great news events of our time. No longer would we be dependent on ships for our news. We could actually see our victories as they were happening. What a boost for the morale of the empire.'"

"A cheer rent the air over Television Moors. But then General Sir Roland Paley, the king's adviser on military affairs, spoke up: 'I do not wish to dash cold water on this box, but may I point out to you gentlemen that this invention could be the end of the empire? Do you believe our young people would remain silent after watching what we were doing in the Colonies, or, for that matter, anywhere else? The country would be split asunder. The strength of England is that her people have no idea of what we're up to abroad.'"

"King George III spoke up. 'Sir Roland is right. If we're to wage war in the Colonies, we don't want the people at home to know what we're doing."

"Besides, if we have to pull out, I want to do it without the whole world watching us. Lord Cashmere, you have done your country an ill deed by this damnable contraption. I order you at the pain of losing your head never to reveal your secret. We shall bury the box here on the moors, and Britannia will rule the waves.'"

The Englishman paused as we hung onto his every word.

"Then you kept the secret all these years," someone said.

"That's correct," the Englishman said. "Thirty years ago an American anthropologist, digging around the moors, discovered the box. He turned it over to RCA who, without thinking of the consequences, started to manufacture them on a large scale. I imagine you can date the difficulty of the United States as a world power from the day Lord Cashmere's box was made available to the world."

"What a great story," I said.

"Do you mind if I write it?"

"Go right ahead," the Englishman said. "It can't do Britain any harm anymore."

Groucho Marx will cooperate with Braverman Productions in the making of a 90-minute theatrical documentary, "Groucho," to be produced and directed by Charles Braverman. The film will include the concert Marx recently did at the Music Center, Los Angeles, with additional sequence to be added.



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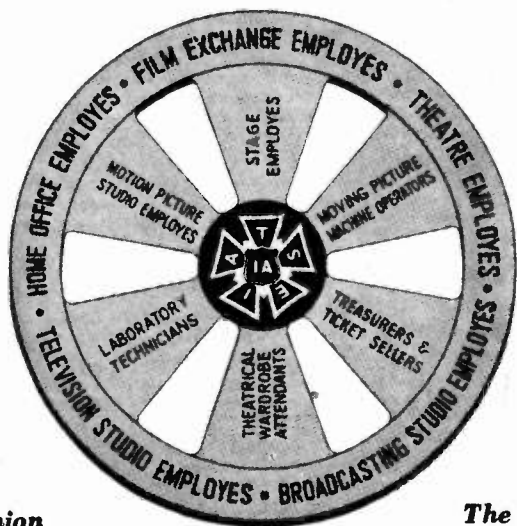
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"BLUEBEARD"	with RICHARD BURTON—RAQUEL WELCH—NATHALIE DELON Director: EDWARD DMYTRYK	(LIMITED TERRITORIES)
"I BOSS DELLA NUOVA MAFIA"	with TERRY SAVALAS—ANTONIO SABATO—PAOLA TEDESCO Director: ALBERTO DE MARTINO	(LIMITED TERRITORIES)
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\$17-Billion Biz

(Continued from page 5)

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Membership in the IAAM—an organization of professional managers of auditoriums, arenas, exhibit halls, stadiums, theatres and other publicly assembly facilities—has grown even faster than the construction of facilities. The association's membership during the past decade has increased 300%, reflecting not only the growth in the number of facilities but also a heightened awareness of professionalism in management and staffs to serve the diverse demands of the general public, and to achieve the highest use-value of these structures for optimum enjoyment by patrons.

The facilities are in themselves a significant medium having a pronounced effect and influence on the life style of people everywhere. It is in these buildings that people gather by the thousands to enjoy musical, theatrical and sport entertainment, enhance their business and professional education, broaden their cultural pursuits, and learn new ideas related to the sciences, products and services of our economy.

Looking to the future, public assembly facilities and professional management and services, will play an even more significant role in our way of life during the balance of the 1970s.

Indicative are several trends that lead me to this conclusion. The greater leisure time influence for many more people, our quality consciousness exemplified not only by improved individual standards but also Federal, state and local government involvement in environmental and consumerism reforms, and subsidization of cultural and educational affairs.

Sees 1930s and '40s Renaissance

The point can be argued, but there are many who believe the advent of rock 'n' roll in 1958 has completed its extreme swing from the traditional popular and classical music styles. Every indication points to a revival of musical tastes more in keeping with the '30s and '40s, that will again draw throngs into the public assembly facilities—for only in these properly accoutremented surroundings can the real sound of live music be properly projected and thoroughly enjoyed.

Use of public assembly facilities by conventions and tradeshows will continue to grow, as specialized market places for products, services and ideas. The jet age has shortened an individual's travel requirements to a relatively few hours at the most. Barometers of the trade show and convention industry point up the healthy growth in their activities, most of which are staged in our type of facilities.

Promising on the horizon for expanded use of public assembly facilities are Federal and local government plans to celebrate the U.S. bicentennial in 1976. Preliminary plans indicate many kinds of encouraging possibilities that can involve assembly facilities.

One needs only to look to Washington, D.C., to witness the growth of our profession in terms of new buildings. Scheduled for completion in time for the 200th anniversary is the newly announced Dwight D. Eisenhower Memorial Civic/Convention Center, to take its place with the recently completed John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts and the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Stadium. And this growth has been happening all over the country.

The '70s can be the beginning of a new era in live entertainment, the arts, expositions and fairs fostered by the most endowed and progressive nation in the history of civilization. Looking beyond into the 1980s, the heights of our achievement are boundless.

Films Reviewed in VARIETY During 1972

(Continued from page 68)

TITLE	DIRECTOR	DISTRIBUTOR	REVIEW DATE
"Man And Boy"	E. W. Swackhamer	Levitt-Pickman	March 15
"The Biscuit Eater"	Vincent McEveety	Buena Vista	March 15
"Lenin, din gavtyv" (Lenin, You Rascal, You)	Kirsten Stenbaek	Panorama	March 15
"Le Tueur" (The Killer)	Denys De La Patelliere	Prodis	March 15
"Rolande or Chronicle of a Passion"	Roland Verhavert	Cine-Vog	March 15
"Les Malheurs D' Alfred" (The Troubles of Alfred)	Pierre Richard	Gaumont	March 15
"Russia"	Theodore Holcomb	No distrib	March 15
"One Is A Lonely Number"	Mel Stuart	MGM	March 22
"St. Pauli Report"	Joreg Luedecke	Constantin	March 22
"Justine De Sade"			
(Sade's Justine)			
"Cool Breeze"	Claude Pierson	Pierson Prod.	March 22
"Hot Circuit"	Barry Pollack	MGM	March 22
"Rektor paa sengekanten" (Bedside Head)	Paul Glickler, Richard Lerner	Sherpix	March 22
"Slaughterhouse-Five"			
"Corky"	John Hilbard	Palladium	March 22
"Nybyggarna" (Unto A Good Land)	George Roy Hill	Universal	March 22
"Schulmaedchen—Report III" (School-Girl Report, Part III)	Leonard Horn	MGM	March 22
"Frogs"	Jan Troell	Svensk Filmindustri	March 22
"The Concert For Bangla Desh"	Ernst Hofbauer, Walter Boos	Constantin	March 22
"The Goalie's Anxiety at The Penalty Kick" (Die Angst des Tormanns beim Elfmeter)	George McCowan	American Int'l	March 29
"The Carey Treatment"	Saul Swimmer	20th Century-Fox	March 29
"Roma"	Wim Wenders	Filmverlag der Autoren	March 29
"(Fellini's Roma)" U.S.	Blake Edwards	MGM	March 29
"Rainbow Bridge"	Federico Fellini	United Artists	March 29
"Home Sweet Home"	Chuck Wein	Alcyone	March 29
"Fritz The Cat"	Liliane de Kermadec	Unite Trois	March 29
"La Mandarine" (Sweet Deception)	Ralph Bakshi	Cinematron	April 5
"Les Galets D'Etrata" (The Pebbles of Etrata)	Edouard Molinaro	Prodis	April 5
"L.A. Plays Itself"	Sergio Gobbi	CCFC	April 5
"The Culpepper Cattle Co."	Fred Halsted	Halsted	April 12
"Le Journal D'Un Suicide" (Diary of a Suicide)	Dick Richards	20th Century-Fox	April 12
"The Assassination of Trotsky"	Stanislav Stanojevic	Davis Film	April 12
"Das Unheil" (Havoc)	Joseph Losey	Cinerama	April 12
"The Great Northfield, Minnesota Raid"	Peter Fleischmann	Cinerama	April 12
"Blindman"	Philip Kaufman	Universal	April 12
"Der Haendler Der Vier Jahreszeiten" (The Peddler of Four Seasons)	Ferdinando Baldi	20th Century-Fox	April 12
"The Ruling Class"	Rainer Werner Fassbinder	Filmverlag der Autoren	April 12
"Appelkrieger" (The Apple War)	Peter Medak	United Artists	April 19
"Mimi Metallurgico Ferito Nell'Onore" (Mimi, The Metalworker)	Tage Danielsson	(Avemb in U.S.)	April 19
"Buck And The Preacher"	Lina Wertmuller	Svenska Ord	April 19
"The Morning After"	Sidney Poitler	Euro Int'l	April 19
"L'Homme Au Cerveau Greffe" (The Man With the Transplanted Brain)	Sidney Knight	Columbia	April 19
"L'Ingenu" (The Artless One)	Jacques Daniol-Valeroze	Mature Pictures	April 19
"Play It Again, Sam"	Norbert Carbonnaux	CIC	April 19
"The Loners"	Herbert Ross	CCFC	April 19
"Horror On Snape Island"	Sutton Roley	Paramount	April 19
"999—Aliza The Policeman" (The Policeman) U.S.	Jim O'Connolly	Fanfare	April 26
"L'Oeuf" (The Egg)	Menachem Golan	Fanfare	April 26
"Z.P.G."	Jean Herman	Cinema 5	April 26
"Primera Cronica" (First Chronicle)	Michael Campus	Columbia	April 26
"Louisa, A Word of Love"	Patricio Guzman	Paramount	April 26
"Rak" (Cancer)	Paul Collet, Pierre Drouot	Catholic Univ.	April 26
"Les Yeux Fermes" (The Eyes Closed)	Charles Belmont	Showking/Cine-Vog	April 26
"La Casa Sin Fronteras" (The House Without Boundaries)	Joel Santoni	Valoria Films	April 26
"The Final Comedown"	Pedro Olea	Delfilm	April 26
"Chut"	Oscar Williams	Ambolo P.C.	May 3
"Une Larme Dans L'Ocean" (A Tear in the Ocean)	Jean-Pierre Mocky	New World	May 3
"Die Moral der Ruth Holbfass" (The Morals of Ruth Holbfass)	Henri Glaeser	Parafrance	May 3
"Mendians Et Orgeuilles" (Beggars and Proud Ones)	Volker Schoendorff	Cocinor	May 3
"Les Portes De Feu" (The Gates of Fire)	Jacques Poitrenaud	CIC	May 3
"Das Geheimnis der Gruenen Stecknadel" (The Secret of the Green Pins)	Claude Bernard-Aubert	Isabelle Film	May 3
"Der Fall" (The Fall)	Massimo Dallamano	Alcifrance	May 3
"The Pied Piper"	Kurt Frueh	Constantin	May 3
"Skyjacked"	Jacques Demy	Europa Film	May 3
"Johnny Hamlet"	John Guillermin	Paramount	May 10
"The Trial of the Catonsville Nine"	Enzo G. Castellari	MGM	May 10
"Une Maudite Galette" (Darned Loot)	Gordon Davidson	Transvue Pictures	May 10
"Pilgrimage"	Denys Arcand	Cinema 5	May 10
"Prata Palomares"	Beni Montresor	CINAK	May 10
"Nous Ne Vieillirons Pas Ensemble" (We Will Not Grow Old Together)	Andre Faria	No distrib	May 10
"Jeremiah Johnson"	Maurice Pialat	Faria	May 10
"Images"	Sydney Pollack	Corona	May 10
"Les Arpenteurs" (The Surveyors)	Robert Altman	Warners	May 10
"Shura" (Demons)	Michel Soutter	Columbia	May 10
"Marjoe"	Toshio Matsumoto	Panmovies	May 10
"Land Des Schweigens Und Der Dunkelheit" (Land of Silence and Darkness)	Sarah Kernochan, Howard Smith	ATG	May 10
"Pedro So" (Just Peter)	Werner Herzog	Cinema 5	May 10
"Personals"	Alfredo Tropa	No distrib	May 10
"All About Alice"	Armand Weston,	Media Filmes	May 10
"The Grounstar Conspiracy"	Howard Winters	Distribpix	May 10
"Chaplinesque, My Life and Hard Times"	Ray Harrison	GGRC	May 10
"The Weekend Murders"	Lamont Johnson	Universal	May 10
	Harry Hurwitz	Xanadu Projects	May 10
	Michele Lupo	MGM	May 10

(Continued on page 72)

Under 30

(Continued from page 5)

with the Under 30 members of the International Radio & Television Society. As another move toward bridging the broadcast generation gap, some of the IRTS Student Associate members also took part.

While some of their industry seniors are alarmed at the prospect of a future shock wave from the undercurrents of public access questions, radio de-regulation, ACT proposals, counter-advertising, and the whole issue of freedom of information, the Under 30s are champing at the bit to tackle these topics, and they are also trying to prepare themselves somehow to turn all the possible minuses for this industry (that you and they, too, have grown to love) into some big "let's really accomplish something" pulses.

A survey of the IRTS Under 30s reveals a major concern for the continuing development of radio (AM as well as the youth-oriented FM); broadcast journalism, particularly the aspects of "fairness" protection of news sources, advocacy reporting, and the overriding issue of freedom of information; the continuing growth of CATV; and truth in advertising as it relates to the world of commercial production. Under 30 rap sessions with industry experts are now being planned for 1973 to deal with these issues. "The key to continuing the rapport between the Over 30s and the Under 30s is candor and frankness in the airing of views in a very informal atmosphere," says General Foods' director of broadcast programming Ridge Blackwell, an IRTS governor, and the guiding line behind the previous Under 30 rap sessions.

A Shared Concern

With all this rapping going on and the growth of the youth bloc in industry outfits like the IRTS to 10% of the active membership, you might be getting more and more interested in "where their heads are at." After all, a lot of you have said out aloud that you obviously view these Under 30s as the future of an industry you worked awfully hard at building, and you are pretty concerned with what they will end up doing with your creation.

In all candor, most of you should be pretty happy with the "vibes" which have been emanating from past Under 30 discussions. One thing the Under 30s by and large share with you is a regard and concern for broadcasting. They are not necessarily outright defenders of the system. However, most refuse to begin every discussion and creative thought they have with the premise that it all should be ripped out by the roots and the whole thing re-done the way they (or any pressure group for that matter) want. The Under 30s feel that change is and will continue to come to broadcasting. They feel that while it will be accomplished as an evolution, there will be some pretty exciting revolutions along the way.

Pass The Baton

Some of you may be surprised at this, but most of the Under 30s think it more effective in the long run to work for change within the system. Operating in this manner, at least they feel they have some idea of what is going on, who they can talk to, and perhaps can gain the attention (and even respect) of those who are currently making things happen. All they ask is that you at least listen to what they have to say. Most of it makes sense.

The Under 30s simply want to stay on top of things and have the opportunity to tune it to the "big picture." Whoever they may be, whichever company they may work for and wherever they are going, the Under 30s are most interested not only what's happening, but what is probably going to happen so that they can best prepare themselves for their individual roles in the future of the industry.

'De Lawd'

(Continued from page 6)

might be the nearest they would ever get to the real thing and they were properly respectful.

I was six years old when I met him and was constantly awed, humbled and even a little frightened whenever near him. He was a tall man with dark olive skin and silky white hair. His smile was gentle and ever kind but there was also a strange sadness there, that somehow seemed befitting.

He would walk from the No. 1 dressingroom at the Mansfield Theatre to the stage and other actors standing around would part like the waters to make a path for him. He was not a fellow-actor to them; he was de Lawd.

During the run of "The Green Pastures", my father, the late Ward Morehouse, rented a dressingroom on the second floor of the Mansfield to use an office. Why, I don't know, except that he was always stagestruck and remained so until he died. So, for six months I spent every Wednesday and Saturday Matinee with him at the theatre. Sometimes, out front and, when the house was full, backstage. There were other plays I saw during that same period but none has stayed in my mind like "The Green Pastures."

I remember the fish fry scene in which Mr. Harrison made his first appearance. It was a panic in Heaven and the stage was crowded with angels in white dresses with feathered wings and little black cherubs running all over the place. The trumpet blew and above the chattering of the angels, Gabriel shouted, "Gangway for de Lawd God Jehovah!" And just the way they did backstage, the angels parted and de Lawd strode forth.

His scene with Noah on the Ark is another memory: Noah has accepted the news of his assignment and its length of 40 days and nights and asks de Lawd if he might have a barrel of liquor on board. The request is granted but then Noah asks for a second barrel to balance the boat. There is a crash of thunder and lightning and Noah quickly agrees that one is plenty.

There was a night club scene in Babylon and the musicians played a song to introduce the King who

had just arrived at the club. It was called "Hail, The King Of Babylon." A few years ago, there was a television special of "The Green Pastures" and this scene was included. But the melody was different and I wanted to shout at the 12-inch screen, "But, that isn't the right tune! It went this way—"

My seventh birthday was spent at the Mansfield with the children

in the show helping me to eat a coconut cake. I'm sure no one would have bothered the Great One with such a trifle as a seventh birthday but, somehow, he knew and summoned me to his dressingroom. He sat there on a wooden chair that looked throne-like with him on it and he held a dove in his hands. It was one of the stuffed doves used in the show that

Noah sends out from the Ark and it had a bit of green felt in its beak. He placed it in my hands and said to care for it as this was the dove who had found the first leaf after the waters subsided.

Harrison died a few years later after a long run with the show. He never played another part. But, then he had never really played any part. He was de Lawd.

Diversified's Takeover

Detroit.

Mac Krim has leased his Krim Theatre in Highland Park to Diversified Theatrical Enterprises which will convert to a triplex.

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Cannes Film Fest

(Continued from page 5)

Many contracts are born and flourish each year at Cannes and innumerable productions and co-productions instigated and millions of dollars in buying and selling are negotiated.

Part of the festival since its creation, I never took the exact measure of its importance, nor of its worldwide resonance, though I did not overlook the power of this awaking dream that constitutes a film spectacle-for in the twilight

(Maurice Bessy, who took over as director of the Cannes Film Festival in 1972, was a film critic, journalist, author and script-writer beforehand—Ed.)

of a film theatre the image holds, vibrates, wakes and inscribes itself in one's very fibres.

At the rudder of this enterprise since last year, I am discovering the implications, its international importance and its stupifying magnetism.

For a year already I listen to the heartbeat of this Festival, a feverish one in which circulates the blood of men of all nations, of all races, of all creeds. It has always been said that cinema is a universal language and repeated so often that it is always topical. At Cannes, one discovers the professionals of the cinema, from whence they come, what they have in common, and I do not know what particularities that have them recognizable even at a distance. They constitute a caste, a tribe, sovereign, truculent, irresistible—truly the eyes and ears of the world. Their pilgrimage to the Festival henceforth is worthy of becoming a symbol of the happy city of Cannes which stands up to and welcomes this art that knows so well how to make life dance.

Sec'y Of Leisure

(Continued from page 5)

of Boredom. Here is where VARIETY might become the national leader. Only out of modesty I hesitate to suggest we call the new minister The Honorable Secretary on Variety.

Our mass media urge an anti-work ethic, and our people stupidly dream of the 4-day work week and the 30-hour work week. I fear that we will create a race of bums while our labor unions compete for ever earlier ages for retirement into "boredom."

Would love to be the first Secretary of Leisure in the Federal or a State Government. VARIETY can't all alone direct people to a fuller use of leisure hours. Those who retire and go to Florida with a shuffleboard stick, a TV set and park bench, as we now admit, die younger and often out of boredom. Women naturally have it tougher than men because all over the planet females outlive their mates by 6-8 years.

VARIETY helps by informing our population about certain leisure uses, primarily in visual, printed taped and audience formats. That isn't enough because Satan makes mischief for all idle hands. We must not only continue to develop "leisure" industries—far beyond painting, evening lectures, gin-rummy, bowling or bicycling, while our mass media must become the Town Criers as to new and even odd ways to spend some of those boring idle hours.

If I were Secretary of Variety or Leisure—call it what you will—I would promptly keep my staff from boredom by dividing the department into separate bureaus—arranged by sex, by age, by background and above all by a search for anything that will excite and consume our presently bored audience society, and our non-participatory populace. Nowhere else in the world is there such glaring proof that if workers have no hobby by the time of their retirement they are unlikely ever to get one. Maybe television is our corruptor into Boredom!

And don't forget that when George Washington was not busy cutting down cherry trees he was a theatre buff and had a healthy addiction betting on horses—at the racetrack—very different than the non-time consuming addiction of picking a lottery number.

Films Reviewed in VARIETY During 1972

(Continued from page 70)

TITLE	DIRECTOR	DISTRIBUTOR	REVIEW DATE
"Winter Soldier"	Team of directors	No distrib	May 10
"Avoir 20 Ans Dans Les Aures" (To Be 20 in the Aures)	Rene Vautier	Framo	May 10
"Quadroon"	Jack Weis	Presidio	May 10
"Cleopatra, Queen of Sex"	Isa Tomita	Xanadu Prods.	May 10
"The Eunuch"	Shin Sang Okk	Mercury	May 10
"The Black Belly of the Tarantula"	Paolo Cavara	MGM	May 10
"La Cravache"			
(The Whip)	Pierre Kalfon	Film Number One	May 10
"Preludio a Espana" (Prelude To Spain)			
"The War Between Men and Women"	Jesus Garcia de Duenas	Procinsa	May 10
"The Legend of Nigger Charley"	Melville Shavelson	National General	May 17
"The Possession of Joel Delaney"	Martin Goldman	Paramount	May 17
"Ani Obeu Otach Rosa" (I Love You Rosa)	Waris Hussein	Paramount	May 17
"Malpertuis"	Moshe Mizrahi	Noah Films	May 17
"Chinmoku" (A Silence)	Harry Kumel	United Artists	May 17
"Petrolejo Lampy" (Gas Lamps)	Masahiro Shinoda	Toho	May 17
"Weed"	Juraj Herz	Czech State Film	May 17
"Chato's Land"	Alex de Renzy	Sherpix	May 17
"A Day In The Death of Joe Egg"	Michael Winner	United Artists	May 17
"Dirty Little Billy"	Peter Medak	Columbia	May 17
"Tout Va Vient" (All Is Well)	Stan Dragoti	Columbia	May 17
"Hammersmith Is Out"	Jean-Luc Godard	Anouchka Film	May 17
	Peter Ustinov	Cinerama	May 17
"AWOL"	Herb Freed	Brody-Freed-Brandchild	May 17
"La Vrai Nature de Bernadette" (The True Nature of Bernadette)	Gilles Carle	Compagnie France	May 17
"L'Aventure C'Est L'Aventure" (Adventure Is Adventure)	Claude Lelouch	Cinerama	May 17
"Perla w Koronle" (Pearl In The Crown)	Kazimierz Kutz	Polski State Film	May 17
"Suburban Wives"	Derek Ford	Scotia Intl	May 17
"Savages"	James Ivory	Angelika Films	May 17
"La Guerre D'Algerie" (The Algerian War)	Yves Courriere, Philippe Monnier	CFDC	May 17
"Que Hacer?" (What's To Be Done?)	Saul Landau, Nina Serrano,		
"Fuzz"	Raul Ruiz	Lobo Films	May 17
"Malcolm X"	Richard A. Colla	United Artists	May 24
"The Other"	Marvin Worth	Warner Bros.	May 24
"Fat City"	Robert Mulligan	20th Century-Fox	May 24
"Solaris"	John Huston	Columbia	May 24
"Chere Louise"	Andrei Tarkovsky	Sovexport	May 24
"Meg Ker A Nep" (The People Still Ask)	Philippe De Broca	Warner-Columbia	May 24
"Stand Up And Be Counted"	Miklos Jancso	Hungarofilm	May 24
"Fillmore"	Jackie Cooper	Columbia	May 24
"The Newsreel Era—70 Years of Headlines"	Richard T. Heffron	20th Century-Fox	May 24
"Parades"	No credits	Private	May 24
"Liza"	Robert J. Siegel	Cinerama	May 24
"Blue Sextet"	Marco Ferreri	CFDC-Pathe	May 24
"Tout Le Monde Il Est Beau, Tout Le Monde, Il Est Gentil" (Everybody He Is Nice, Everybody, He is Beautiful)	David E. Durston	Unisphere	May 24
"Hail"	Jean Yanne	CFDC	May 24
"The Ragman's Daughter"	Fred Levinson	Hall Company	May 24
"Childhood II"	Harold Becker	Penelope Films	May 24
"All The Advantages"	Martin J. Spinelli	Posttape Prod.	May 24
"Bordellet—En glaedespigess erindringer" (The Bordello—Memoirs of a Pleasure Girl)	Christopher Mason	Mason Bruce Film	May 24
"Las Melancolicas" (Women of Doom)	Ole Ege	Con Amore	May 24
"Trotta"	Rafael Morano Alba	Procinor	May 24
"King, Queen, Knave"	Johannes Schaaf	Exportfilm	May 24
"Frenzy"	Jerzy Skolimowsky	Bischoff	May 24
"Boxcar Bertha"	Alfred Hitchcock	David Wolper	May 24
"Top of the Heap"	Martin Scorsese	Universal	May 31
"Fremde Stadt" (Strange City)	Christopher St. John	AIP	May 31
"Another Smith For Paradise"	Rudolf Thome	Fanfare	May 31
"A Fan's Notes"	Thomas Shandell	Carina	May 31
"Les Feux de la Chandeleur" (Hearth Fires)	Eric Till	Astral Comm.	May 31
"Last of the Red Hot Lovers"	Serge Korber	Warner Bros.	May 31
"Helle"	Gene Saks	SNC	May 31
"Paulina 1880"	Roger Vadim	Paramount	June 7
"The Revengers"	Jean-Louis Bertucelli	Cocinor	June 7
"Beware The Blob"	Daniel Mann	United Artists	June 7
"Gelobt Sei Was Hart Macht" (Praised Be What Hardens You)	Larry Hagman	National General	June 7
"The Rowdyman"	Rolf Thiele	Jack H. Harris	June 7
"Left-Handed"	Peter Carter	Cinerama	June 7
"Prime Cut"	Jack Deveau	Crowley Film	June 7
"Junior Bonner"	Michael Ritchie	Hand-in-Hand	June 7
"Conquest of The Planet of the Apes"	Sam Peckinpah	National General	June 14
"Every Little Crook and Nanny"	J. Lee Thompson	Cinerama	June 14
"What Became of Jack and Jill?"	Cy Howard	20th Century-Fox	June 14
"Haiti—Papa Doc Is Dead, Baby Doc Lives"	Bill Bain	Metro	June 14
"Ben"	Ib Makwarth	20th Century-Fox	June 14
"The Candidate"	Phil Karlson	Camilla Film	June 14
"Get To Know Your Rabbit"	Michael Ritchie	Cinerama	June 14
"Shaft's Big Score"	Brian De Palma	Warner Bros.	June 21
"Toys Are Not For Children"	Gordon Parks	Warner Bros.	June 21
"Bob & Daryl & Ted & Alex"	Stanley H. Brasloff	Metro	June 21
"Heat"	Sam Preston	Maron Films	June 21
"Duck, You Sucker" (Fistful of Dynamite) U.S.	Paul Morrissey	Franrow Films	June 21
"Portnoy's Complaint"	Sergio Leone	Levitt-Pickman	June 21
"Bilder aus einem fremden Land" (Pictures From A Strange Land)	Ernest Lehman	United Artists	June 21
"A Place Called Today"	Jochen Bauer	Warner Bros.	June 21
"Snoopy, Come Home"	Don Schain	Chronos-Film	June 21
"The Strange Vengeance of Rosalie"	Bill Melendez	Avco Embassy	June 21
"Black Rodeo"	Jack Starrett	National General	June 21
"La Polizia Ringrazia" (From The Police, With Thanks)	Jeff Kanew	20th Century-Fox	June 28
"Les Smattes" (The Wise Guys)	Stefano Vanzina	Cinerama	June 28
"The Wrath of God"	Jean-Claude Lebreque	PAC	June 28
"Private Collection"	Ralph Nelson	Faroun Films	June 28
	Keith Salvat	Metro	June 28
		Keisal-Bonza	June 28

(Continued on page 74)

Kilroy, Come Back

(Continued from page 5)

Sid Garry. The band is electrified and seldom gets beyond the second chorus because the generator breaks down.

No matter. The dancing couples rush to the bars to order American Cokes or Pepsis. Or they eat American icecream sundaes and banana splits at the cafe tables. Or they chew "Hollywood" gum with all the exaggerated mouthings that they have seen in American movies.

The gumchewers, frequently dressed in Levis, cowboy boots and sweatshirts marked "U.S. Army," tend to head for the carnie shooting galleries which are decorated with giant American dollar bills and American posters offering \$500 rewards for Lucky Luke, Jesse James, John Dillinger or Wallace Beery.

America is still a magic word to most French youth. And the America need not be U.S.A. 1973.

The young tune in French TV to see dubbed movies starring June Allyson, Van Heflin, Barbara Stanwyck or Fredric March. Their recent radio programs have featured old recordings by Bing Crosby, Gene Kelly, Glenn Miller and Judy Garland. A jazz festival is not worth the expense unless it includes an Ella Fitzgerald or an Earl Hines.

And the unhappiest towns in France are those which lost their American troops when General de Gaulle dispensed with NATO and asked them to leave. The complaint generally runs, "We had an exciting, galloping, prosperous town when the GIs were here. Everybody laughed a lot then. Nobody around here laughs any more."

Signs of The Times

In Orleans some time ago, French Communists scribbled on a wall near City Hall: "U.S. Go Home." Leftists who disapproved of the American action in Vietnam later added: "U.S.=S.S." Recently both statements were scratched out by an anonymous Frenchman who wrote beneath: "Kilroy Was Here." The next evening a gendarme happened on the scene just as a Frenchwoman finished scribbling, "Kilroy, Please Come Back." The gendarme pretended not to notice, made no complaint, and even saluted her as she passed.

And does the French dream of emigrating to the United States still exist among today's young? You bet your life it does.

A homesick American expatriate and his wife—all right, it's us, Iris et moi—recently converted a sufficient number of undervalued dollars into overvalued francs to buy a house in southern France. The two young Frenchmen who received the money as inheritance from their late father's estate immediately arranged air passage to the U.S.A.

Jean Paul, the elder, will apply for American citizenship and begin a teaching career at a midwestern university. Andre, the younger, will enter Cal Tech.

Their only problem: how to get French permission to convert the overvalued francs back into undervalued dollars.

Shoddy Germany

(Continued from page 12)

sign with comfy sink-in seats plenty of leg room, ashtrays—and a pleasant late-hour cafeteria which refuses to become a part of the city government combine and offers "home cooking" at reasonable prices. (Ambitious plans to show up to 70m films were thwarted by costs; house can show up to 35.)

Hoffmann remains a little vague about the cost—to the city—of the new film site. It's part of the \$7,000,000 Historic Museum complex, and the lounge seats were bought as part of an initial project to use for a conference room. The projectors are simply the old equipment moved in from the Theatre at the Turm, and the modern decor was part of the new construction anyhow. Hence he makes it seem almost as if the costs for the handsome cinema were written off along the line.

Apartheid's Spur

(Continued from page 6)

ed performances. Imported rock bands slipped as well.

Despite the fact that many other visitors with good brand names slipped badly, there were two exceptions. Liberace's return visit did very well indeed and so did Victor Borge. A show that looks like it could run a year is "Jacques Brel," produced here with four South African performers, by Toby Kushlick. Hit of the show is Jean Dell, daughter of Jimmy Stodel, Chairman of Kinekor. Ballerina Margot Fonteyn was another exception who only appeared in Johannesburg but did very well.

The stage in South Africa, as far as local production is concerned, has been building very well—opera, ballet and revue. This proves that the dramatists and overseas stars who have been boycotting South Africa on account of Apartheid policy of government, spurred splendid local effort.

Television is at last seriously on its way and is expected to be operating in 1975. English newspapers are scandalising the South African government's action in determining that only five manufacturing electronic companies be permitted to build tv sets and that several of the S.A. cabinet ministers are directors of the companies that have been chosen. The public view is one of unfairness, and appeals have been made to the Prime Minister to demand the resignations of the ministers concerned.

With the coming of tv the ruling cinema companies are demolishing their 1,500 and 2,000 seat houses and are erecting commercial blocks 35 stories high for office accommodation and shops and showrooms, replacing their large cinemas by including 800-seaters in the building. This of course, is good thinking because feature films will run longer and less films will be imported into the country, thus meaning less expense for film contracts, and certainly much less operating staff for the cinemas plus very much less house rental.

Theatre, in the Afrikaans language, is not making much headway and as far as film production in the Afrikaans language is con-

cerned, there is very little interest in comparison to English-language films.

Jesus Christ Superstar

South Africa received a right swing to the chin which knocked the country out for all editions of "Jesus Christ Superstar"—the stage, radio, television, paperbacks and albums. Not only did the Censor Board announce this, but Cabinet Minister of the Government, the Hon. Connie Mulder, followed up by saying literally, "over my dead body."

Pieter Toerien, impresario for the Stage Opera, protested loudly and vigorously and declared that his contract with the owners of the property was only sealed after he had discussed the importation with Jannie Kruger, chairman of the Censor Board, who assured him "no objection." His signature to the contract was accompanied by a cash amount in advance of \$15,000.

Bing Crosby after Sunday (10) pm's Yule show taping, "I don't think I'll ever retire. TV is too easy to do."

ROCHESTER'S TRIUMPH, BUT DUBIOUS ABOUT DOING THIRD FEST

Rochester, N.Y.

Gene DePrez, the official of Rochester Polytechnic Institute who fronted for the revived Rochester Film Festival this past fall, bespeaks the "pride" of the committee at breaking even financially. The original festival of 1970 had gone heavily into deficit, some estimates running to \$70,000 red.

DePrez supposes it unusual that an "international" festival can be, as was his, staged for "less than \$30,000." (This would be subject to a grading of the product and an evaluation of the impact.) In the 10-day fest at the down Regent Theatre some \$10,000 worth of tickets were sold. With a \$15,000 grant in aid from the N.Y. State Council On The Arts and help from Richard Wilson, son of the late Joseph C. Wilson of Xerox, the skip-year revival was home unencumbered, with a "but."

The "but" is that DePrez acknowledges that it probably could not be done here again. "Unreasonable and unfair demands were put upon the staff and volunteers." Nor could the fest pay in 1972 the costs of invited V.I.P.'s.

Who Is 'Somebody' In Hollywood?

By HERBERT G. LUFT

Hollywood.

At a televised "Oscar" of the past when Hollywood's Academy Awards, quite incongruously, were presented in Santa Monica, the traffic snarled up en route to the Civic Auditorium with the cars inching ahead at a snail's pace thereby giving the unruly teenagers more chance to scan arrivals of celebrities. A youngster looking into our automobile muttered, "Who are they?", and the older boy shrugged "They are nobody!"

The bleachers were still packed to the brim with noisy onlookers when we forged ahead after the show, with Federico Fellini and wife Giulietta Masina trailing behind us. Though the burly Italian only minutes earlier had received his "Oscar" for "8½", those ferreting out glamor also classified him "a nobody."

Who is somebody? At a recent champagne opening of an art exhibit, some firstnighters milled vigorously about a highly publicized dame whose screen credits were almost zero but who had been making up for it by heavily dating

foreign nobility.

At the Academy screening of "Limelight" last fall, there was hardly anyone the public could identify with the Chaplin picture made in Hollywood 22 years ago but never shown in town. Frantically searching for someone still alive the audience for the applause singled out Marjorie Bennett who had essayed the bit of the landlady. Karl Strauss, the cameraman of "Limelight," was with us. But who is he?

Much film fame is manufactured. I do not mean this derogatorily. Contrarily, Zsa Zsa was an instant celebrity when she arrived at the Coast.

Wherever I go, abroad I have been asked about a Hollywood party. I have never been to one. No one ever invited me; they seem not to trust me. The closest I ever came to an orgy was a poolside party given by American International at the Beverly Hills Hotel where, pre-rehearsed a fully-dressed Hungarian sexpot, since long forgotten, was pushed into the water for a quick dip.

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- ★ THE WIZARD OF OZ . . . and almost 200 more!



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Jimmy Durante caught sneaking away with his pet pachyderm and asking, "What elephant?" (*Billy Rose's Jumbo*)

Margaret O'Brien's cakewalk in her nightgown at a grown-up's evening party (*Meet Me in St. Louis*)

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Newsgal's 10 Days

(Continued from page 5)

singer and the network. I phoned my source, a CBS executive who had supplied me with considerable (and reliable) information in the past for verification of a conflict with respect to the Garland show.

"Oh, Marie, as late as yesterday afternoon, we were ready to call it quits with her contract," said the CBS executive.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I don't think Judy Garland wants to work," he answered. "We've tossed half a dozen ideas at her for that special. She's rejected every one of them without coming up with an idea of her own."

He allowed that "something is bothering her." Pursuing that line of questioning, I asked what was bothering her.

"I don't know," he said, "unless she thinks she's terribly fat."

Prior to writing the column, I phoned Judy Garland's husband and manager, Sid Luft. He denied problems with CBS and said the Garland show would go on as scheduled. The day after, following publication of my column, he phoned in a rage. His anger was directed not at me but CBS, and he then gave me the story he should have given the day before.

\$1,300,000 CBS Suit

Even though Sid Luft's defense of his wife resulted in a lengthier column than the original, a suit against CBS-TV was filed by attorneys for Miss Garland, asking more than \$1,300,000 for libel and breach of contract.

I was not sued nor was the Herald Tribune. I was, however, asked to give a deposition and then called to N.Y. Federal Court, where Judge Sylvester Ryan ordered me to name my source or go to jail.

The Herald Tribune lawyers appealed to the U.S. Appellate Court, and in an opinion handed down by Justice Potter Stewart (soon after he was appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court), it was noted that while it would represent a curtailment of press freedom to force a reporter to talk, the individual's right to fair trial was "a more precious freedom." We then appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court.

It refused to review my case, noting that Justice William Douglas was a dissenter. In other words, he felt the issue should have been granted a review.

And so back I went before Federal Judge Ryan, who ordered me to Hudson County Jail in Jersey City, N.J., for 10 days. I was warned that I could have been returned to jail "again and again" for periods up to 90 days. But public opinion was so much in my favor that Judy Garland's attorneys decided not to pursue the matter after I left jail.

Press Freedom Pime Issue

True, a story about Judy Garland, or any other entertainer, represents a weak argument for laws protecting news sources. But if a Federal law allows protection for informants of vital (to the public) information, so must it protect bearers of lesser information. In other words, a press freedom statute must be absolute, for it would be impossible to "draw the line" on issues for which reporters will not talk, as has been evidenced in recent times.

Within the last few months, so many reporters have faced jail for withholding news sources, a reporter who hasn't done time may become a rarity in future.

The current condition seems to have been encouraged by the Supreme Court's 5-4 (Earl) Caldwell decision that newsmen may be imprisoned for refusing to disclose confidential information to grand juries. Earl Caldwell, the N.Y. Times west coast correspondent, said he was called originally to testify on what he learned of the Black Panthers while covering them as a Times reporter.

Among the half dozen cases that have come to light on the press-freedom issue in recent months is the jailing of Peter Bridge, a reporter for the now-defunct Newark News. He refused to give a grand jury nonconfidential information he obtained during the

course of an investigation of a housing scandal in New Jersey.

Soon after the Bridge case, the U.S. Supreme Court permitted Los Angeles Times reporter William Farr to be jailed for refusing to disclose the confidential source of evidence he obtained during the Charles Manson-Sharon Tate murder trial while working for another newspaper.

The reporter declined to tell the Manson trial judge who gave him the evidence. He was held in contempt of court.

Sending reporters to jail is not an answer. And since the news profession is not likely to run out of reporters willing to go to jail to protect their sources of information, the controversy is destined to remain in a state of suspension . . . somewhere between the courts and never-never land!

One hundred years from now reporters may still be going to jail in the interests of anonymity for informants, though the actual protection of the sources is but a small aspect of the issue. Of far greater import is the question of the public's right to know, an issue that is so plain to those of us in the news profession we often wonder what's the matter with people out there, people outside the news profession who would incarcerate a reporter for bringing before the public information others would have him withhold.

Should we not know of corruption in the nation's Capital? Should we not know if local authorities are on the take?

'So You Won't Talk, Eh?'

I am amazed and horrified by the dedication of our courts to making the reporter "talk" in such instances rather than investigating the crimes brought to light by the reporter. It is almost as if the courts are advocating the ostrich life for all of us, an attitude that completely overlooks the fact that a degree of corruption in high places can be prevented when there is an openness about the privilege of reporting on evils in the news media.

The need is obvious. It calls for Federal legislation which would give newsmen protection against enforced disclosure to any court, legislature or administrative body of information or the source of information procured for publication or broadcast.

Some Congressional leaders have been pursuing such legislation, and as they say about their proposals, "We're interested in protecting the public, not the press . . . the public's right to know and the public's need to know . . . the public's right to know about scandals in Government and business . . . the public's right to information which will lead to the conviction of criminals . . . the public's right to hear news and opinions which may displease those in authority."

The argument that a Federal law protecting news sources would lead to wholesale lies just doesn't hold, for our libel laws would still remain intact with a news-source protection law. In other words, reporters would not be able to breach existing laws while pursuing the news.

Nor is the argument valid that the Constitution does not grant us freedom to gather the news. The First Amendment does bestow on us freedom to print and broadcast news. If it's possible to print the news without first gathering it, this would have to qualify as the neatest trick of the century.

No Action On Censorship

Edmonton, Alta.

The fall session of the Alberta legislature has prorogued, and no legislation to alter the province's system of film censorship was proposed.

A legislative committee report had recommended that the censorship board be replaced by a board that would classify motion pictures, leaving the ultimate test of obscenity up to the courts.

Any action the house might decide to take on the report will likely come at next spring's sitting.

Films Reviewed in VARIETY During 1972

(Continued from page 72)

TITLE	DIRECTOR	DISTRIBUTOR	REVIEW DATE
"To Kill In Silence" (Uccidere in Silenzio)	Giuseppe Rolando	Rofilm	June 28
"Shirley Thompson Versus The Aliens"	Jim Sharman	Kolossal Pictures	June 28
"Deep Throat"	Jerry Gerard	Aquarius	June 28
"The Rise And Fall of the World As Seen From A Sexual Position"	Arthur Meyer	Arthur Meyer	June 28
"The Wolves" (Shusho Iwai)	Hideo Gosha	Toho	June 28
"Sexual Liberty Now"	M. C. Von Hellen	Rainbow	June 28
"The Dupes"	Tewfik Saleh	Mohagerine-Morabet	June 28
"Leidenschaften" (Passions)	Rosa von Praunheim	Rosa von Praunheim	June 28
"Shinken Shobu" (Swords of Death)	Tomu Uchido	Toho	June 28
"Johnny Hallyday par Francois Reichenbach"	Francois Reichenbach	Films de la Pleiade	June 28
"Les Soleils de l'Île De Paques" (The Suns of Easter Island)	Pierre Kast	Films 13	June 28
"Butterflies Are Free"	Milton Katselas	Columbia	July 5
"Come Back Charleston Blue"	Mark Warren	Warner Bros.	July 5
"Now You See Him, Now You Don't"	Robert Butler	Buena Vista	July 5
"Living Free"	Jack Couffer	Columbia	July 5
"Night of the Lepus"	William F. Claxton	Metro	July 5
"Napoleon and Samantha"	Bernard McEveety	Buena Vista	July 12
"The Public Eye"	Carol Reed	Universal	July 12
"Joe Kidd"	John Sturges	Universal	July 12
"Little Mother"	Radley Metzger	Audubon	July 12
"Lukket Avd." (Closed Ward)	Arnljot Berg	Norsk Film	July 12
"Reshma Aur Shera"	Sunil Dutt	Ajantaa Arts	July 12
"Smekmanad" (Honeymoon)	Claes Lundberg	Swedish Film Inst.	July 12
"Die bitteren Traenen der Petra von Kant" (The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant)	Rainer W. Fassbinder	Filmverlag Motion Pictures Int.	July 12
"Neither By Day Nor By Night"	Steven H. Stern	New World	July 12
"The Big Bird Cage"	Jack Hill	Alfa Cine.	July 12
"Bronte" (Liberty)	Florestano Vancini	AIP	July 12
"F.T.A."	Francine Parker	Cinerama	July 12
"The Happiness Cage"	Bernard Girard	National General	July 12
"The Dead Are Alive" (L'Etrusco Uccidi Encore)	Armando Crispino	Parrot Prods.	July 12
"Crush Proof"	Francois De Menil	William Mishkin	July 12
"Fleshpot on 42d Street"	Andy Milligan	Other Cinema	July 12
"Dyn Amo"	Stephen Dwoskin	TMS	July 12
"Requiem fuer einen jungfraulichen Koenig" (Requiem For A Virginal King)	Hans J. Syberberg	Mulnik Films	July 12
"White Rat"	Steve Mullen	Isasi P.C.	July 12
"The Summertime Killer"	Antonio Isasi	New Yorker	July 12
"Late Spring" (Banshun)	Yasujiro Ozu	Cocinor	July 12
"Salut, Jerusalem" (Hello, Jerusalem)	Henry Chapier	Filmverlag	July 12
"Warnung vor einer heiligen Nutte" (Beware of a Saintly Whore)	Rainer W. Fassbinder	Julia	July 12
"Corpo D'Amore" (Body of Love)	Fabio Carpi	Artkino	July 12
"Jamilya"	Irina Poplavskaja	Actualities	July 12
"Un Cave" (A Loser)	Gilles Grangier	Yser Cinemat.	July 12
"Guernica"	Franco Bottari	Jerome Hill	July 12
"Film Portrait"	Jerome Hill	Filmscontacto	July 12
"Lejos De Los Arbores" (Far From The Trees)	Jacinto E. Grewe	Interfilm	July 12
"Senza Famiglia Nullatenenti Cercano Affetto"	Vittorio Gassman	Studio Missaghien	July 12
(Without Family)	Darius Mehrjui	Films Domirev	July 12
"Postschi" (The Postman)	Ousmane Sembene	CIC	July 12
"Emital" (The Gods)	Rachel Weinberg	Higashi Prods.	July 12
"Pic Et Pic Et Colegram"	Noriaki Tsuchimoto	MGM-EMI	July 12
(Beny Meeny Miney Moe)	Frank Simon	United Artists	July 12
"Minamata, The Victims of Their World"	Pier Paolo Pasolini	Sluizer Films	July 12
"Weekend of a Champion"	George Sluizer	Nordisk	July 12
"Canterbury Tales"	Henning Carlsen	Italnoleggio	July 12
"Joao"	Jocho Ferreri	Chronos-Film	July 12
"Man sku vaere noget ved musikken" (Oh, To Be On The Band Wagon)	Jochen Bauer	Societe Nouvelle	July 12
"L'Udienza" (The Audience)	Alain Levent	Chitranjali	July 12
"Olympia-Olympia"	Satyajit Ray	Warner Bros.	July 19
"Le Bar de la Fourche" (The Bar at the Crossing)	John Boorman	Cimexfilm	July 19
"Simbaddha" (Company Limited)	Alberto Issac	Paramount	July 19
"Deliverance"	Joseph Sargent	AIP	July 19
"Los Dias Del Amor" (Days of Love)	Robert Fuest	AIP	July 19
"The Man"	Lee Frost	Columbia	July 26
"Doctor Phibes Rises Again"	Richard Attenborough	Columbia	July 26
"The Thing With Two Heads"	Richard Fleischer	Aurora City	July 26
"Young Winston"	Lorees Yerby, Harry Hurwitz	United Artists	July 26
"The New Centurions"	George McCowan	No Distrib	July 26
"Richard"	Robert Downey	Barrandov	July 26
"The Magnificent Seven Ride"	Vladimir Cech	Michael Klinger	July 26
"Greasers Palace"	Alastair Reid	Paramount	July 26
"Svatba Bez Prstynku" (Wedding Without Rings)	Rafael Gil	Mafilm Studio	July 26
"Something To Hide"	Imre Gyongyossy	Shochiku	July 26
"La Duda" (The Doubt)	Koichi Saito	Fania Records	July 26
"Meztelen Vagy" (Legend About The Death And Resurrection of Two Young Men)	Leon J. Gast	Phase One	July 26
"Yakusoku"	Emilio P. Miraglia	Metro	Aug. 2
"The Rendezvous"	Jerrold Freedman	United Artists	Aug. 2
"Our Latin Thing"	Allen Funt	AIP	Aug. 2
"Nuestra Cosa"	William Crain	20th Century-Fox	Aug. 2
"The Night Evelyn Came Out The Grave" (La Notte Che Evelyn Usca Dalla Tomba)	Lee H. Katzin	Cinerama	Aug. 2
"Kansas City Bomber"	Roy Ward Baker	Warner Bros.	Aug. 2
"Money Talks"	Gordon Parks Jr.	AIP	Aug. 2
"Blacula"	Hall Bartlett	Globe Intl.	Aug. 2
"The Salzburg Connection"	Richard Martin	Metro-EMI	Aug. 2
"Asylum"	Waris Hussein	Jack H. Harris	Aug. 2
"Superfly"	Larry Cohen	Bocaccio Films	Aug. 2
"The Wild Pack"	Gonzalo Suarez		
"The Bengal Tiger"			
"Henry VIII And His Six Wives"			
"Bone"			
"Morbo" (Morbidity)			

(Continued on page 76)

Alaska Cools It

(Continued from page 5)

the Federal Government. Actually this largest city (pop. about 150,000) and Fairbanks to the north-east are within range of the COMSAT satellite station in Talkeetna about 120 miles north of here and some 230 miles south of Fairbanks. Hitch is that the tariff, on a daily basis, would be more than the revenues of the ABC, CBS and NBC affils here—and the CBS and NBC affils in Fairbanks—could afford. The local market in terms of commercials is, at present, approximately \$1,000,000 a year. So, when Walter Cronkite and/

or NFL weekend games are flashed across the country from New York or wherever the pigskin contests take place, the electronic wizardry ends at Seattle. From there northward the flow of national tv news is subject to the vagaries of weather and the airlines.

In fact, tv is not able to provide instant pictorial coverage of major news developments within Alaska, for only KIMO-TV here (which became a ABC affiliate within the last year) has a mobile color unit. The high cost factor of rolling it is a restraint that drives Carl A

Bracale, the energetic and enterprising president and general manager (and man-of-all-work within the span of those corporate titles), up the wall more often than not.

Fact that Alaska is five hours behind New York and two hours behind the west coast of the territorial U.S., makes it possible to get the networks' news feed the way most nights. It's not unusual however, to get today's hot network national and international pictorial news coverage a day late.

Thus there often is repetition of what the local newscasters read the night before without benefit of pictures, other than perhaps a photo of a w.k. personage out of the files.

Alaskans appear to take delayed news in stride. For the most part they apparently are philosophically resigned to being a sort of stepchild of Big Brother in Washington, and, in fact, the entire population of the "lower 48."

The feeling here is that Hawaii in the same time zone and some 2,660 air miles to the south in the Pacific, gets more service from the Federal Government than does this largest state in terms of territorial expanse—Texas had it before Alaska became the 49th state. However, there is no sense of rivalry as such for Alaskans like to hit the Islands, much as Europeans hie to Majorca or the Canary Islands, for a breather from the long Arctic winter period of short daylight and intense cold.

Football Frixample

Football addicts have a furious advantage—if they choose to indulge it. They can see the same game two or three times, depending upon the expanse of their pocketbooks and fanaticism. For instance, an Anchorage resident can fly to Seattle and see the top Sunday game of the week as it actually is being played. The next Sunday he can sit at home and see the same game broadcast in Anchorage and, if he really wants to put the coach or a player down, he can fly up to Fairbanks on the third weekend after the game was played and see it all over again. A paradise for some, perhaps.

Fact that the outcome of a game was reported a week earlier in Anchorage and two weeks before the picture was aired in Fairbanks doesn't appear to diminish interest in viewing the actual pictorial representation.

There is indeed a whole world of difference between Alaskans and the rest of the 49 states—Hawaii tv is closer to the accepted norm. For some strange reason there has been a small scale invasion in recent years of middle-aged, (and older) retired persons of the conservative "Orange County, California" stripe, according to a sampling of local opinion by this visiting Los Angeles-based reporter (an annual visitor for the past eight years, mentioned just as a matter of credentials).

Outwardly, there would appear to be a sameness in terms of entertainment, including topless and bottomless bars here and in Fairbanks, a city of some 50,000 within the shadow of the Arctic circle that, in many respects, is a present day microcosm of Sinclair Lewis' Main Street, U.S.A.

KFRB(Am) Fairbanks found out in a hurry how its dialers felt about airing frank talk about sex when it put the popular Bill Balance (in Los Angeles and elsewhere, at least) on the air. He lasted only one week in Fairbanks as the barrage of protest mounted. But "Peyton Place" grinds on.

This is not to say that Alaskans are less interested in sex than the rest of the U.S., but there is an obvious circumspection that is not reflected in California and the contiguous states, as far as the wavelengths are concerned. Alaska in mores and temperament, is another world—a world unto itself, as apparently network television considers it to be, having so far made no financial investment of any consequence, such as microwave, to form a news link, at least with the northern most link in the union.

Ken Hudgins, rancher-businessman in Houston area, who quit Hollywood a few years ago, will have a role in the Universal film "Sugarland Express." Also cast is Big John Hamilton of San Antonio who has appeared in a number of John Wayne films.

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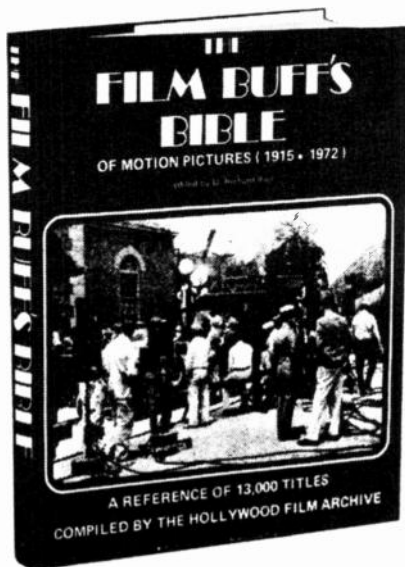
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Prelim Sift Of Oscar Possibles

Preliminary ballots for selection of achievements in six categories have been mailed by The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, officially opening the 45th Academy Award season.

The categories are Art Direction, Cinematography, Costume Design, Film Editing, Music and Sound. Members of branches representing those categories will select up to 10 productions for consideration from lists of films eligible in each category.

Music is an exception, divided into three areas—Best Original Dramatic Score, Best Scoring; Adaptation and Original Song score and Best Song, for which not more than 10 productions each will be selected. Productions selected will be screened for the various branches by the Academy before balloting is undertaken to select the nominations.

Most-Asked Questions

(Continued from page 6)

played detective Charlie Chan?

A. George Kuwa, Sojin, Warner Oland, Sidney Toler and Roland Winters on the screen; J. Carroll Nash on tv and Ross Martin in a tv pilot film.

Q. Who played Fu Manchu on the screen?

A. Boris Karloff, Christopher Lee, Warner Oland and Henry Brandon.

Q. What is the oldest movie on record?

A. Any photographic record of motion made before 1895 could be considered one of the "oldest" movies of all time, but "Fred Ott's Sneeze" (properly called "Edison Kinetoscopic Record of a Sneeze, Jan. 7, 1894") was the first to be copyrighted.

Q. What did the various movie cowboys call their horses?

A. Movie cowboys' horses had the following names: Rex Allen—Koko; Gene Autry—Champion; Bob Baker—Apache; Johnny Mack Brown—Rebel; Rod Cameron—Knight; Hopalong Cassidy—Topper; Bill Cody—Starlight; Buster Crabbe—Falcon; Eddie Dean—Copper; Hoot Gibson—Goldie; Monte Hale—Pardner; Tim Holt—Lightning; Jack Hoxie—Scout; Buck Jones—Silver; Lash LaRue—Rush; Allen Lane—Black Jack; The Lone Ranger—Silver (originally "Dusty" until Silvercup Bread became the radio sponsor); Tim McCoy—Baron (later Ace); Ken Maynard—Tarzan; Tom Mix—Tony; George O'Brien—Mike; Jack Perrin—Starlight (later Midnight); Duncan Renaldo—Diablo; Tex Ritter—White Flash; Roy Rogers—Trigger; Reb Russell—Rebel; Charles Starrett—Raider; Bob Steele—Brownie; "Tonto"—Scout; Tom Tyler—Ace (later Baron); John Wayne—Duke.

Q. Who played detective Philip Marlowe on the screen?

A. Dick Powell ("Murder My Sweet"), Robert Montgomery ("Lady in the Lake"), George Montgomery ("Brasher Doubloon"), Humphrey Bogart ("The Big Sleep") and James Garner ("Marlowe").

Q. What is said to be the most expensive feature film ever made?

A. Russia's "War and Peace" is said to have cost \$100,000,000, bankrolled by the government of course. Second place goes to Fox's "Cleopatra" at a cost of an estimated \$42,000,000.

Q. What actors have played Tarzan over the years?

A. Elmo Lincoln, Gene Polar, F. Dempsey Tabler, James H. Pierce, Frank Merrill, Johnny Weissmuller, Buster Crabbe, Herman Brix (later called Bruce Bennett), Glenn Morris, Lex Barker, Gordon Scott, Jock Mahoney, Mike Henry and Ron Ely.

Q. When did drive-in theatres begin?

A. The first drive-in was opened in parking lot behind a Camden, N.J. machine shop in 1934.

Q. What country has the most movie theatres?

A. The Soviet Union has 140,900 movie theatres, compared to approximately 19,000 in the United States and Canada.

Films Reviewed in VARIETY During 1972

(Continued from page 74)

TITLE	DIRECTOR	DISTRIBUTOR	REVIEW DATE
"Lautare" (The Lautars)	Emil Loteanu	Moldova Films	Aug. 2
"Uma Abelha Na Chuva" (Bee In The Rain)	Fernando Lopes	Media Filmes	Aug. 2
"Zabioce Czarna Owee" (Kill The Black Sheep)	Jerzy Passendorfer	Wektor Prod.	Aug. 2
"When The Legends Die"	Stuart Millar	20th Century-Fox	Aug. 9
"Strangers"	David Spelvin	Aquarius	Aug. 9
"Little Sisters"	Alex De Renzy	Sherpix	Aug. 9
"A La Guerre Comme A La Guerre" (War Is War)	Bernard Borderie	CIC	Aug. 9
"Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex"	Woody Allen	United Artists	Aug. 9
"Una Pelea Cubana Contra Los Demonios" (Cuban Fight Against Demons)	Tomas Gutierrez Alea	ICAIC	Aug. 9
"Ogheya Ala El Mamar" (Song of the Pass)	Ali Abdel Vhalek	OGEK	Aug. 9
"Morgiana"	Juraj Herz	Czech State Film	Aug. 9
"A Pozdravuji Vlastovsky" (And My Love To The Swallows)	Jaromil Jires	Czech State Film	Aug. 9
"Ukroschenie Ognia" (Banked Fires)	Daniel Chrabovicky	Sovexport	Aug. 16
"Holt Videk" (Dead Landscape)	Istvan Gaal	Hungarofilm	Aug. 16
"Poslizg" (A Slip-Up)	Jan Lomnicki	Film Polski	Aug. 16
"Gunki Hatameku Motoni" (Under the Flag of the Rising Sun)	Kinji Fukasaku	Toho	Aug. 16
"Kozijat Rog" (The Goat Horn)	Methodi Andonov	Bulgarfilm	Aug. 16
"Oaza" (Oasis)	Zbynek Brynych	Czech State Film	Aug. 16
"Lala"	Vicente Lluich	Universal	Aug. 16
"Irgok" (The Gambler)	Alexei Batzlov	Sovexport	Aug. 16
"Al Fahd" (The Leopard)	Nabil Maleh	Syria Films	Aug. 16
"Dost Dobri Chlaj" (Quite Good Chaps)	Josef Rezucha	Slovak State	Aug. 16
"Lalie Polne" (Field Lilies)	Elo Havetta	Slovak State	Aug. 16
"Sunder"	Martin Ritt	20th Century-Fox	Aug. 16
"Where Does It Hurt?"	Rod Amateau	Cinerama	Aug. 16
"Stigma"	David E. Durston	Cinerama	Aug. 16
"Forbidden Under The Censorship of the King"	Barry R. Kerr	Lamming Prods.	Aug. 16
"Melinda"	Hugh A. Robertson	Metro	Aug. 16
"Moartea Lui Ipu" (The Death of Ipu)	Sergiu Nicolaescu	Rumania Film	Aug. 16
"Devojka Sa Kosmaja" (Girl From The Mountains)	Dragovan Jovanovic	Yugoslavia Film	Aug. 16
"Angeles y Querubines" (Angels And Cherubs)	Raphael Corkidi	Cine Producciones	Aug. 16
"Keby Som Mal Puska" (If I Had A Gun)	Stefan Uher	Slovak State	Aug. 16
"Cesty Muzu" (The Roads of Men)	Ivo Toman	Cech State	Aug. 16
"Hongybol" (Ants' Nest)	Zoltan Fabri	(Hungarofilm)	Aug. 16
"Marja Pieni" (Poor Little Maria)	Eija-Elina Bergholm	Jorn Donner	Aug. 16
"Der Dritte" (The Third)	Egon Gunther	DEFA	Aug. 16
"The Interview"	Mrinal Sen	Sen Release	Aug. 16
"I Am A Dancer"	Pierre Jourdan	Anglo-EMI	Aug. 16
"Dynamite"	John and Lem Amero	Distribpix	Aug. 16
"First Time Round"	J. Brian	Kingsway	Aug. 16
"The Other Side of Joey"	Gordon Hall, Roger Marks	Jaguar Prods.	Aug. 16
"The Genesis Children"	Anthony Alkman	Lyric Films Int.	Aug. 16
"Habricha el Hashemesh" (Escape To the Sun)	Menahem Golan	Cinevision	Aug. 16
"Storia De Confine" (Frontier Story)	Bruno Soldini	Rama Films	Aug. 16
"Willi wird das Kind schon schaukein" (Willi Manages The Whole Thing)	Werner Jacobs	Constantin	Aug. 16
"Tieplo Tvoio Ruk" (The Warmth of Your Hands)	Shota & Nodar Managadze	Gruzia Film	Aug. 16
"Behind the Green Door"	Jim & Art Mitchell	Mitchell Bros.	Aug. 16
"Pope Joan"	Michael Anderson	Films	Aug. 16
"Slaughter"	Jack Starrett	Columbia	Aug. 23
"Das Raetsel des Silbrenen Halbmonds" (The Puzzle of the Silver Half-Moon)	Umberto Lenzi	AIP	Aug. 23
"Bluebeard"	Edward Dmytryk	Constantin	Aug. 23
"Rivals"	Krishna Shah	Cinerama	Aug. 23
"Count Your Bullets"	William A. Graham	Avco Embassy	Aug. 23
"L'Amour"	Andy Warhol	Brut	Aug. 23
"Bleak Moments"	Mike Leigh	Andy Warhol	Aug. 23
"Hickey And Boggs"	Robert Culp	Contemporary	Aug. 23
"Love, Swedish Style"	Maurice Smith	Films	Aug. 23
"L'Amour, L'Apres-Midi" (Chloe In the Afternoon)	Eric Rohmer	United Artists	Aug. 30
"Pulp"	Mike Hodges	Screencom	Aug. 30
"Le Droit D'Almer" (The Right To Love)	Eric Le Hung	Warner-Columbia	Aug. 30
"La Michetonneuse" (The Swinger)	Francis Leroy	United Artists	Aug. 30
"La Vallee" (The Valley)	Barbet Schroeder	Fox-Lira	Aug. 30
"La Familia Unida Esperando La Llegada de Hallelwyn" (The United Family Awaits The Visit of Hallelwyn)	Miguel Bejo	Les Films Fernand	Aug. 30
"Sharen Sviat (Izpit & Gola Savest)" (A Diverse World: The Test and Bare Conscience)	Georgi Dyulgerov	SNC	Aug. 30
"Es Ist Alte Geschichte" (It Is An Old Story)	Lothar Warneke	Bejo-Rosalba	Aug. 30
"Madarkak" (The Birds)	Geza Boszormenyi	Bulgar Film	Aug. 30
"Nevestka" (The Daughter-in-Law)	Khodzhaikul Narliev	DEFA	Aug. 30
"Welikatara" (Arid Land)	D. B. Nihalsingha	Hungarofilm	Aug. 30
"Zaraza" (The Epidemic)	Roman Zaluzki	Sovexport	Aug. 30
"Stella Da Falla"	Reto Andrea Savoldelli	Nihalsingha	Aug. 30
"La Maffia" (The Mafia)	Jacques Sandoz	Film Polski	Aug. 30
"The Harder They Come"	Leopoldo Torre-Nilsson	Der Von Menschen	Aug. 30
"Nathalie Granger"	Perry Henzell	Litoral	Aug. 30
"Slake Iz Zivota Udarnika" (Life of a Shock-Force Worker)	Bato Cengic	International Films	Sept. 6
	Gianni De Campo	Moulet et Cie	Sept. 6
		Studio Film	Sept. 6

(Continued on page 78).

Writers Lose Anew On Hyphenates

Hollywood. A motion by Writers Guild of America West seeking a new trial in its suit against Producers Guild of America has been denied in Los Angeles Superior Court.

Writers brought suit three years ago challenging PGA's right to exclusive recognition as bargaining agent for hyphenates—writer-producers—in their producer capacity.

In May, Judge Howard H. Schmitt ruled PGA is "a bona fide labor organization" and its contract with the Assn. of Motion Picture & TV Producers is "valid and enforceable collective bargaining agreement" under the California Labor Code.

WGA then filed a motion for a new trial, which has now been denied by Judge Schmitt. WGA has 30 days to file an appeal of the new order, if it chooses.

WGA claimed in its motion, among other things, newly-discovered evidence, and said the judge's original decision was not supported by sufficient evidence and that there were "errors of law."

PGA filed an opposing affidavit saying there had been no showing that the case had not been fully and fairly tried and that the decision was "fully justified by the evidence and the law."

Metro's Lot No. 2

(Continued from page 6)

duction. June Allyson, who starred in "The Stratton Story" with James Stewart on a street-set nearby, was trying to "liberate" the doorknob of her home in the picture for her own collection.

Lot No. 2—which once boasted well-manicured lawns on its many street sets, shining building exteriors, historic-looking Italian piazzas, town squares, railroad stations where dozens of star names down through the years either arrived or departed, bridges and gates, docks and waterfronts, all in the perfect repair required for the particular picture at hand—now resembles nothing so much as a war-ravaged area, deserted, unhappy and sad.

Gone is the aura. Beautiful ladies once rode in carriages—Greer Garson, Maureen O'Sullivan, Heather Angel in "Pride and Prejudice." Tophatted gentlemen strolled down avenues—Fred Astaire and Peter Lawford in "Easter Parade."

The square where "King" Robert Morley was beheaded in "Marie Antoinette," while a huge crowd numbering many hundreds of extras watched the execution was now a rubble; the Bastille set for "A Tale of Two Cities," where Ronald Colman played Sydney Carton, a shambles.

The bridge across which Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor wandered for "Waterloo Bridge" had disappeared, but nearby there was still a bit of the house created for Joan Crawford in "Where Ladies Meet" out of a mill with an old water-wheel which still retains a faded charm. Audiences were so enchanted with the thought of structures like mills becoming homes that the studio was flooded with questions about the set, and Cedric Gibbons, head of the art department, created blueprints and specifications which were printed up for mailing to thousands of persons.

Briefly spared was the hydrant on the street where William Powell and Myrna Loy walked in their "Thin Man" series with their dog, Asta, who collected all the news of the neighborhood with each stop.

One of the most recognizable doors was the opening scene of "The Philadelphia Story." Katharine Hepburn followed Gary Grant through that portal and started a fight by breaking his golf clubs. In a fury, Grant shoved her in the face right back through that door, which writers for years thereafter sought to capitalize on by writing action around that door. It was photographed hundreds of times, including a scene in "Camille" in which Lionel Barrymore told Greta Garbo to let his son (Robert Taylor) "go."

Rogers, Cowan & Brenner, Inc.

Patriotic Values Accrue To '1776'

Few "breaks" warm distribs' hearts as much as editorial mentions for their releases, and Columbia is currently getting more than its share of such unusual plugs for its current patriotic tuner, "1776." Editorials supporting the Jack L. Warner production have already broken in the San Francisco Examiner, Boston Herald Traveler and Los Angeles Herald Examiner, and such radio commen-

tators as ABC's Edward P. Morgan and WNEW's Edward Brown have also lent their support.

The musical was recently the focus of a N.Y.C. Bicentennial Corp. benefit to raise money for a planned celebration of the country's 200th anniversary four years hence, and it seems likely that other communities will likewise use the pic in their efforts to get nationwide festivities off the ground.

Not clear how many of the states with commissions looking ahead to 1976 (200 years of U.S.) have used the film to stir interest or raise funds, but it is believed there have been a couple of instances, and may be more.

"1776," as all in the trade know by now, has proved an unusually hefty grosser at New York's Radio City Music Hall, even by the elephantine standards normally used to gauge holiday attractions at the 6,200-seat house. In films' first six weeks at the Gotham site, b.o. gross totaled an outasight \$1,743,978, and even the most conservative industryites concede that Col will see well in excess of \$1,000,000 in rentals from this engagement alone.

Pic has not performed commensurately well in its three other domestic dates thus far, but Col hopes that Christmas bookings elsewhere will improve on the showings in Philadelphia, Boston and Washington.

LOEWS EAST'S SPLIT

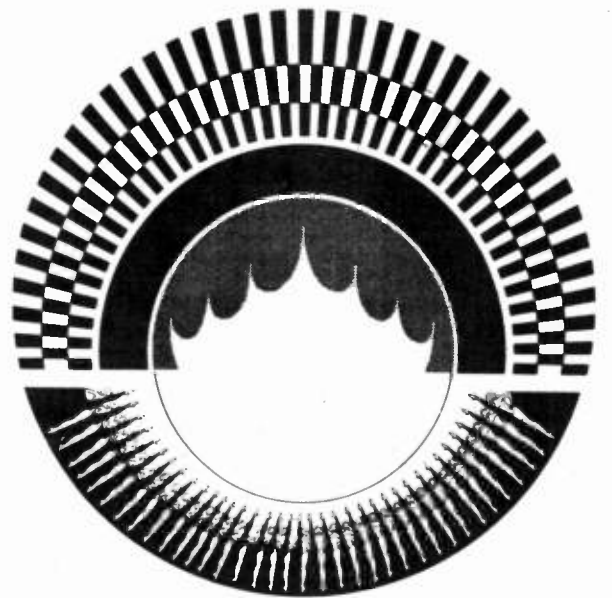
Two 750-Seaters Result—Both To Show '1776'

Cleveland

Loews East Theatre, the biggest (1,600 seats) house in the local Loews cluster, is going through reconstruction work that will give it two separate auditoriums, each with approximately 750 seats. Twinning process was made by installing a wall in the middle of the building, retaining the projection booth in same position but adding extra projectors.

Remodeling work will be completed in time for opening of "1776" (Col).

It will play both East One and East Two with starting times staggered about an hour apart in each house. This circuit also includes Loew's Stillwell (1,400 seats), Loew's West (1,400 seats) and Loew's Yorktown (1,250) which will maintain their current price scale of \$2-\$2.50.



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Double Bauble For Bibliophiles: London's British Museum & Foyle's

By HALSEY RAINES

The deadliest addiction, Ernie Kovacs once said to me, is book lust: to be mesmerized by one or a covey of bound pages loaded with little printed symbols that all else—time, work, meals, sleep or taking the wife out—become as nothing.

If this be so, either potential or confirmed addicts might find themselves most dangerously situated in London; for there, only a few pigeon holes apart, are two centres of infection second to none in such libido-menace. They are the British Museum and Foyle's bookshop, the world's largest.

Two more dissimilar places would be hard to find. The sombre, autocratic Museum, established a generation before the break-away of the American Colonies, houses not only one of the most exhaustive reference libraries in existence, but also priceless Egyptian, Greek and other art treasures. It is regarded as a Holy of Holies by migratory eggheads, or researchers look for what may be the only copy of a rare book or manuscript. It radiates an aura of proud dignity reminiscent of the House of Parliament. Everything is supremely well-ordered, with due traditions observed.

Foyle's, on the other hand, is a jumble of helter-skelter informality. It occupies twin premises of the World War I era on Charing Cross Road, and the ground floors at peak hours are likely to be as crowded and beehiveish as Charing Cross Station, down the street.

Many film actors, directors and producers from the U.S. as well as the local ones, have roamed the alcoves at Foyle's. Some are regular repeaters. The film and theatrical departments are hard to match. The background sound effects tend to be multilingual, for a proportion of the patronage is of that character, and language skills are a plus for the applicant for work. Employees are given relatively low wages in exchange for the privilege of being based in such a prestigious establishment.

At the British Museum rigid protocol prevails. Unobtrusive but hawk-eyed sentinels man the arched chambers. No book may ever be loaned, from the Museum's vast archives, but theoretically they are always available for reference. Except, of course, in such restricted areas as the erotica sector, where the passport to wider horizons must be proof of medical or juristic status, though a sufficiently gaunt-looking Ph.D. can gain acceptance. You should, in fact, enter the Museum armed with solid references and identification, even if you wish to sneak a look at something as non-toxic as an early edition of "Alice in Wonderland."

Alaska To Zanzibar

Scholars from Alaska to Zanzibar make their way to the famed building with all the devotion of a pilgrim to Mecca. A few years ago a rather wizened, patriarchal figure from Alexandria arrived at the Museum clutching a tightly bound parcel. Before he could get to the curator he staged a tenacious sit-in. Then, with trembling hands he produced a fragile papyrus book which he said was from the tomb of Ani (1400 B.C.) and had been a family inheritance from far back. When a Museum official came back with the real papyrus, obviously genuinely stunned at the deception of his ancestors, as well as seeing a possible six-figure equity vanish, the patriarch is said to have spent the night getting swished to the gills in Soho.

To meet the problem of the hordes of Museum visitors, and any risk of night marauding, the security is about on a par with the Bank of England. Once a boy with a concealed can of red paint and a brush was apprehended by an unseen Sherlock as he was about to daub the world-revered Rosetta Stone. Before he could be led off to the Tower of London or otherwise dealt with he whimpered that he knew a girl named Rosetta Stone and only wanted the thrill of showing his devotion

by writing "Jimmy Diggs loves Rosetta Stone." The frustrated suitor is said to have lost Miss Stone when she learned about it.

Whereas at the Museum you have to earn your right to sit at a guarded table and consult a book, at Foyle's it is preposterously simple to spend the day on a real literary joyride. One of the firm rules established by the brothers Foyle was that no shopper should ever be asked if he wished to buy anything. Penurious browsers, as well as purely miserly ones, profit by this rule. Book-peepers, many of them students, even bring sandwiches, and spend the day ingesting learning and liverwurst simultaneously. The first has sometimes received grateful letters from successful "Foyle alumni," expressing thanks for the free education they received while soft-footing around amid the cash customers.

The free and easy, sometimes chaotic atmosphere of Foyle's offers a favorable climate for those with lightfingered tendencies. While full statistics about shoplifting are unrevealed, it's estimated that about two dozen scoop-users are spotted weekly. Perhaps the most famous case is that of a clergyman whose briefcase dropped and spilled open as he was leaving the store, several brand-new books falling out. Investigation showed the the devout ransacker's entire library had been purloined from Foyle's; he had given them his entire trade. His taste was impeccable, with Shaw, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Proust and Shakespeare in full array, along with a fine collation of discourses on morals and ethics. After consultation, it was decided not to have the embarrassed cleric unfrocked or jailed but to achieve retribution by having the library sent to a church home and to agree that the charges would be dropped if the culprit wrote "Thou shalt not steal" 100,000 times.

Heisted 700 Tomes

Balancing the free-culture pastor is an anonymous penitent who sent a letter to Foyle's containing several luggage receipts; when checked through more than 700 books were found, all taken from Foyle's and all in excellent condition.

The store's average stock is upwards of 5,000,000 volumes. Its mailorder business, as well as its trade in used books, is immense. Great crates of second-hand volumes arrive at the store each morning, and an average of 38,000 daily book inquiries come in from all corners of the world, requiring a huge staff to follow up on responses. Sometimes requests are hard to fulfill, like a query about an obscure medical or technical work (in various languages from Chinese to Swahili) or a long forgotten novel. But the store tracks down most of the tough ones.

Foyle's is located at the edge of Soho, and police reports indicate that crimes have actually been suggested by books dealing with unconventional ways of homicide. Some clerks still working in the store remember the day when a man stumbled in from a Soho street with a knife in his back and with grim appropriateness collapsed and died in one of the mystery fiction sections.

During the last war Foyle's was a favored meeting spot for espionage agents, because it was believed a fairly safe rendezvous.

When an impecunious young poet was given back several hundred volumes of his work by his publisher, in lieu of royalties, and went to Foyle's, he was offered two shillings a book. "And if I autographed each one?" asked the poet hopefully. "Two and a half shillings" was the answer. A deal was concluded on the spot.

During the peak of Nazi bookburning frenzy William Foyle sent off a cable to Adolf Hitler: "Can offer good price for banned books. Do not burn them. Will you negotiate?"

In this instance Foyle's failed to achieve its goal. Mr. Hitler did not reply.

Films Reviewed in *VARIETY* During 1972

(Continued from page 76)

TITLE	DIRECTOR	DISTRIBUTOR	REVIEW DATE
"La Ragazza di Passaggio" (The Girl Passing Through)	Marguerite Duras	Italnoleggio	Sept. 6
"Take 2"	Baruch Diener	Dienar Film	Sept. 6
"Felix and Otilia"	Julian Mihu	Romania Film	Sept. 6
"Kocksgatan 48" (Foreigners)	Johan Bergenstrahle	Swedish Film	Sept. 6
"Mein Lieber Robinson" (My Dear Robinson)	Roland Graf	DEFA	Sept. 6
"Amiche: Andiamo Alla Festa" (Friends; Let's Go To The Party)	Giorgio Trentin	Langa Cinema	Sept. 6
"Szindbad"	Zoltan Huszarik	Hungarfilm	Sept. 6
"Tema di Marco" (Marco's Theme)	Massimo Antonelli	Lady Rome	Sept. 6
"La Congiura" (The Conspirators)	Joaquim Pedro de Andrade	RAI-TV	Sept. 6
"Les Deux Saisons de La Vie" (The Two Seasons of Life)	Samy Pavel	Productions de l'Aube	Sept. 6
"Calcutta 71"	Mrinal Sen	D. S. Pictures	Sept. 6
"Ti i J" (You and Me)	Larissa Shepitko	Sovexport	Sept. 6
"A Sori Sdesi Tihje" (That Dawn Should Be Peaceful)	Stanislav Rostotsky	Sovexport	Sept. 6
"Le Temps D'Une Chasse" (The Time of a Hunt)	Francis Mankiewicz	National Film	Sept. 6
"Natsu No Omoto" (Dear Summer Sister)	Nagisa Oshima	Shibata	Sept. 6
"Studenten Auf's Schafott" (Students On The Gallows)	Gustav Ehmck	Action 1	Sept. 6
"Heroina" (Heroina)	Raul de la Torre	Glori-Art	Sept. 6
"La Rosa Blanca" (The White Rose)	Roberto Gavaldon	Slasa Films	Sept. 6
"Triangulo" (Triangle)	Rafael Morena Alba	Talia Films	Sept. 6
"The Newcomers"	William Logan	Ander Prod.	Sept. 6
"Nachtschatten" (Nightshade)	Niklaus Schilling	BRO	Sept. 6
"Nocturno"	Hajo Gies	Bavaria Atelier	Sept. 6
"Yasashi Nipponjin" (Those Quiet Japanese)	Yoichi Higashi	Highashi Prods.	Sept. 6
"Samskara" (Funeral Rites)	Pattabhirama Reddy	Ramamanohara	Sept. 6
"The White-Haired Girl"	No credits	China Film	Sept. 6
"Absences Repetees" (Repeated Absences)	Guy Gilles	Gaumont	Sept. 6
"Agit" (Smugglers)	Yilmaz Guney	Akun Film	Sept. 6
"Un Doppio A Meta" (Double By Half)	Gianfranco Piccioli	Parva	Sept. 6
"Manson"	Laurence Merrick	L. Merrick	Sept. 13
"Il Maestro e Margherita" (The Master and Margherite)	Aleksander Petrovic	Euro Int'l	Sept. 13
"Made"	John Mackenzie	Anglo-EMI	Sept. 13
"Bas Ya Bahar" (Cruel Sea)	Khaled el Seddik	Falcon	Sept. 13
"Siddhartha"	Conrad Rooks	Lotus Film	Sept. 13
"Heute Nacht Oder Nie" (Tonight Or Never)	Daniel Schmid	British Film In.	Sept. 13
"My Childhood"	Bill Douglas	Paramount	Sept. 13
"A Separate Peace"	Larry Pearce	Romania Film	Sept. 13
"Puterea Si Adevarul" (The Power and the Truth)	Elda Tattoli	Ultra Film	Sept. 13
"Pianeta Venere" (Venus Planet)	Frank Perry	Universal	Sept. 13
"Play It As It Lays"	Oyvind Fahlstrom	Swedish Film In.	Sept. 13
"Du Gamia, Du Fria" (Provocation)	Masahiro Shinoda	Toho	Sept. 13
"Sapporo Winter Olympics"	Ken Russell	Metro	Sept. 13
"Savage Messiah"	Volker Schlöndorff	Hallelujah	Sept. 13
"Strohfeuer" (Summer Lighting)	Carmelo Bene	Italnoleggio	Sept. 13
"Salome"	Carlo Tuzi	RAI-TV	Sept. 13
"Tutte Le Domeniche Mattina" (Every Sunday Morning)	Frank Ernst	Short Film Comm.	Sept. 13
"Livet Er En Droem" (Life Is A Dream)	Sergio Capogna	Faser Film	Sept. 13
"Diario di un Italiano" (Diary of an Italian)	Charles Matton	Sun Child	Sept. 13
"L'Italian Des Roses" (The Italian of the Roses)	Paul Bogart	Warners	Sept. 20
"Cancel My Reservation"	Etienne Perier	Planfilm	Sept. 20
"Un Meurtre Est Un Meurtre" (A Murder Is A Murder)	Michel Audiard	CIC Films	Sept. 20
"Elle Cause Plus Elle Flingue" (She No Longer Talks, She Shoots)	Allen Baron	Harold Robbins	Sept. 20
"Outside In"	Peter Newbrook	Paragon	Sept. 20
"The Asphyx"	Lionel Rogosin	Impact Films	Sept. 20
"Black Fantasy"	Dan Wolman	Floch Co.	Sept. 20
"Floch"	Axel Corti	Nele Thalita	Sept. 20
"Der Verweigerung" (The Refusal)	Lester James Peries	Cyclone Theatres	Sept. 20
"Nidhanaya" (The Treasurer)	Rene Clement	20th-Fox	Sept. 20
"La Course Du Lievre A Travers Les Champs" (And Hope To Die) US	Robert Freeman	Entertainment V.	Sept. 20
"The Erotic Adventures of Zorro"	Bruce Clark	United Artists	Sept. 20
"Hammer"	Claus Oersted	Claus/Obel	Sept. 20
"Praesten i Vejlbj" (The Vicar of Vejlbj)	Edmond Freess	CFDC	Sept. 20
"Le Trefle a Cinq Feuilles" (The Five-Leaf Clover)	Satyadev Dubey	Film Niryal	Sept. 20
"Shantata Court Chaloo Ashey" (Silence The Court In Session)	Paul Bartel	Premier Prods.	Sept. 27
"Private Parts"	G. D. Spradlin	Regional	Sept. 27
"The Only Way Home"	Peter Weck	Constantin	Sept. 27
"Hauptsache Ferien" (Main Thing Holidays)	Luis Bunuel	20th-Fox	Sept. 27
"Le Charme Discret De La Bourgeoisie" (Les Columbes) (The Doves)	Jean-Claude Lord	Films Mutuels	Sept. 27
"Une Belle Fille Come Moi" (Such A Lovely Kid Like Me)	Francois Truffaut	Columbia	Sept. 27
"Bad Company"	Robert Benton	Paramount	Oct. 4
"Der Stoff Aus Dem Die Traume Sind" (The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of)	Alfred Vohrer	Constantin	Oct. 4
"Thumb Tripping"	Quentin Masters	Averb	Oct. 4
"Docteur Popoul"	Claude Chabrol	Les Films de la Boietie-CIC	Oct. 4
"Motorvej paasengekanten" (Bedside Highway)	John Hilbard	Palladium	Oct. 4
"Summer Soldiers"	Hiroshi Teshigahara	Teshigahara	Oct. 4
"Daughters of Satan"	Hollingsworth Morse	United Artists	Oct. 4
"Superbeast"	George Schenck	United Artists	Oct. 4

(Continued on page 80)

Confessions Of A Glory Boy

(Continued from page 5)

board meetings, writing stories about sewer bond issues or attending Lions Club luncheons. But when I finally became a foreign correspondent the glamor of the past had ended. The elite of journalism had passed on to the television correspondent abroad.

Take my friend McHenry Smith, for example—a fictitious name to protect the guilty. McHenry is six foot four, an Ivy League grad, young and goodlooking, brimming with charisma, and makes about \$50,000 a year, which is almost clear since he lives mainly on his expense account.

That is why I hate McHenry Smith.

One night in Karachi, McHenry told me, "The looks don't last forever. I'm putting the money away when some young correspondent back home is breathing down my neck. I'm not going to wait until I have to have my face lifted to take out the wrinkles, or dye my hair or wear a toupee to look young on camera."

"No sir, I'm investing my money, mostly in property along the Spanish coast. It will triple in a few years because it is becoming the vacation spot of Europe."

Conspiracy of Chambermaids

By his own count Mac has spent 300 days of last year in hotel rooms. Once when I met him in Cairo he told me, "You know, everywhere is getting to look like the Upper Sandusky Hilton, the same drapes, the same lampshades, and I swear the same maids who insist on waking you up on the rare morning you can sleep late. I think there's a worldwide Mafia of maids whose mission is to torment the guests."

Except for special occasions, Mac keeps away from hotel bars. "You printed media guys don't have to worry about bloodshot eyes in the morning. I do, ever since we've been shooting newsmag in color. Besides, the sauce ruins your looks and cuts down life expectancy as a tv correspondent. We don't have Hollywood cameramen shooting through defused lenses to wipe out the bags under your eyes. Back in New York somebody's going to say, 'Mac looks pretty tired, let's bring him back,' or 'I

think we need a younger man covering the bureau.'"

What then does Mac do with his 300 nights in his various hotel rooms around the world? "You won't believe this," he said once in Amman, "but I end up watching the 15th rerun of 'I Love Lucy'... on some tv station... you know the series where Lucy is expecting a baby. Most of the time I read. Right now I bring a book along about Wall Street and investing. You'd be surprised how much you can learn about finance. I even told my broker a few things after reading the books that he didn't know before."

"But Mac," I asked. "A young goodlooking guy like you, a glamorous tv correspondent... you must score like mad."

"Once in awhile I do," he admitted, "but I usually don't have the time nor the inclination to try the stewardesses or the local talent anymore. We usually have to get up early and take off to shoot a story somewhere."

Problems-In-Skirts

During the Indo-Pak War I saw Mac with a girlfriend in residence in Dacca. Noting that he was not happy with his companion, I asked why. "Taking a bird with you can be a bitch of a problem, excuse the pun. I've been out shooting for days and the bird is alone in the hotel room all day, or at the pool beating off the local wolves. When you get back she starts complaining, and so I tell her, 'I told you it would be like this, didn't I?' That's usually the last time I take her along."

"One time a friend of mine got an exclusive because he brought his girlfriend on an assignment. We had all taken some film of an uprising but the government had seized it all. He got his out by strapping the cans of film to her stomach with adhesive tape. She posed as a pregnant woman and the authorities let her out of the country."

Mac was married to a very pretty girl in London, and one day I asked him what ever happened to her. "She grew tired of me always being on the road. One day she gave me an ultimatum... 'either quit the job or I'll leave.' I told her I could always get another wife, but I couldn't get another \$50,000-a-year job. Which reminds me, I must make out this month's alimony check."

"Then I had a girl I liked but it didn't work out for the same reason—my traveling around the world all the time. One night I came back from a long trip and found one of our Arriflex cameras in my bed with a note attached, 'Here is your true love... go sleep with it.'"

Mac is proud of his apartment in a European capital. It overlooks the park and is furnished with all the things he has brought back from his travels abroad.

Rooting for An Author

"I paid plenty for this pad," Mac said sadly, "but I spend so little time in it. Once I had a servant take care of it, but while I was away he used to rent out the rooms by the hour, so I fired him. But the old customers still ring the doorbell late at night. I have a writer friend here while I'm away. He has been working on a book for three years. I hope he never finishes it because then he'll leave and I'll have to find somebody else to take care of the apartment."

I ran into Mac once in Africa. I forget the story, if there was any. He was feeling very down that night. "I want to go under analysis," he said, "but traveling makes it impossible. Maybe I'll take a leave of absence, but on the other hand, the company will find they can get along without me and I won't have a job when I come back."

"But you have everything going for you," I said. "Why do you want to see a shrink?"

"I don't feel I'm successful," he said sadly.

"Well, you could always look at your bank account," I replied.

Mac told me in New Delhi that he never fraternizes with his camera crew. "Some of the older correspondents use their cameraman as an alter-ego," he explained. "The cameraman goes along with

it because he likes being stationed in Rome, or Paris or London. It's get along or back to Vietnam. I never make the soundman a butt of cheap humor like others do. The soundman is usually a kid who wants to be a cameraman and he has to take a lot of pap from everyone."

"I keep my relations with the crew on a strictly business basis. Before we go out we sit down and talk about the story. I listen to their ideas and use some of them. But since the final responsibility of the product is mine, I have the last word."

Kubrick Complex

"Once I had a cameraman who thought he was Stanley Kubrick. He was always shooting subjects with a bare bulb behind them to get certain light effects. I pointed out that we were doing news coverage, not making 'Clockwork Orange' and I finally had to get rid of him. He's making a fortune now doing porn films shooting bare babes instead."

One night at the Caravelle Hotel in Saigon, when Mac had put away his official airline guide and sent off his films to Hong Kong for "birding" to New York—satellite to the States, to give the English translation—we sat around his room drinking coffee. Not just ordinary coffee, but a brand he had blended especially for himself. Mac always brought along his coffee and an electric coffeepot which would work on all currents including DC.

"The reason for this celebration," he told us, "is that after slugging around in the Highlands, getting shot at, suffering from insect bites, Viet belly, and everything going wrong including our equipment breaking down, the two weeks of hell paid off. Last night we got two and a half minutes on our national network news show."

"Only two and a half minutes after all that work?" I said.

"Listen man," Mac said somewhat annoyed. "Don't forget a picture tells a thousand words and with 24 frames a second, two and a half minutes of film is a hell of a lot of pictures and words."

Kim Novak's sudden splurge of activity is like a reprise of the old days at Columbia. She takes over in London for Rita Hayworth in "Tales That Witness Madness" in her M.O.W., "Third Girl From The Left," she's directed by former b.f. Dick Quine who also directed her in "Strangers When We Meet" and "Notorious Landlady."

Marianne Moore And The Duchess

By IRVING DRUTMAN

Many years ago, sitting in the office of a theatrical attorney, I was waiting to confer about a film on Albert Schweitzer which I had been hired to publicize. Soon the producer of the film, Jerome Hill, (who died last November) arrived and before becoming immersed in the quagmire of business discussion, began the meeting on a sunny note. Had either of us read Marianne Moore's love poem to the Dodgers which had appeared on the front page of the N.Y. Herald Tribune that morning? I said that I had and the attorney said that he hadn't but would like to see it. He buzzed for his secretary and asked her to send downstairs for a copy of the newspaper.

In the practice of his profession the attorney has met and become familiar with a great many celebrated people, accumulating as a consequence a vast amount of anecdotal material. This he details with such zest as to make one believe that his occupation serves merely a base from which to add to his collection of entertaining trivia. I was therefore only mildly puzzled when, after the secretary had left the room, the attorney chuckled and began, it seemed irreverently, "You know, not long after the Duke had married Wally Simpson and there was all that fuss with the royal family about her official status, someone asked if it was proper to address the Duchess as, 'Your Royal Highness.' The Duke thought for a bit before answering equivocally, 'Well, it's not really a title, you see; it's more of an appellation.'"

We smiled at this example of royal philological floundering and the attorney continued, "The Duke and Duchess went for the first time recently to see a play at the New York City Center [the Center was then attempting an annual drama season] and later were taken backstage, where the Duke asked one of the actresses to explain the enterprise to him. 'What we're trying to do,' she told him, 'is to establish a sort of Old Vic here.' 'Oh yes,' said the Duke, 'we have one of those in London, too.'"

We smiled again. The secretary returned with the Herald Tribune and put it in front of the attorney. He quickly scanned the front page

and, eyeing the poem, looked up accusingly at Hill as if he had been betrayed. "It's not about the Duchess!" he said. "It's about the Dodgers!" "That's what I said," said Hill.

About a week later I was lucky enough to see Marianne Moore at a party. I reminded her where we had met before and then plunged in with, "I have a story to tell you." "Yes?" "It concerns your Herald Tribune poem about the Duchess." I made sure to enunciate clearly. She looked up expectantly, her face composed for listening. I went through the scene I have just described and when I came to the denouement she grinned and said, "That's amusing."

That is all there is to my anecdote. Except that I marveled, and still do, that instead of correcting me irritably, as would most authors, she had refrained and waited patiently for me to come to the point.

Gang Argues To Upset Jim Mulvey's \$1,044,000 Award Vs. Sam Goldwyn

Hollywood, retired president of the Goldwyn Company, was awarded \$1,044,000 in antitrust damages in Federal District Court, Samuel Goldwyn's reps yesterday (18) battled in court for a judgment notwithstanding the verdict and a new trial.

Judge David W. Williams, who presided over original eight-day jury trial in November, took the motion under submission. Culmination of Mulvey's suit against Goldwyn marked the first time an individual holding a percentage claim to a motion picture property sold to tv was victorious.

"If there ever was a miscarriage of justice it was in this case," Martin Gang, Goldwyn's attorney, argued before Judge Williams.

Gang claimed there was no support for the verdict of the jury in the testimony. Mulvey's attorneys said the evidence which supports the jury's decision "was very substantial" and "overwhelming."

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French Oddments

(Continued from page 6)

studies revealed, not surprisingly, that children with unusual names often suffer from psychiatric unbalance.

In the view of Drs. Bagley and Evan-Wong, an unusual name makes a child unpopular and affects his self-image. Among the psychiatrically disordered children they studied were such surnames as Squelch, Stutter, Mucky, Fidget and Pansey.

Other English people bear with the hereditary stiff upper lip surnames that are unprintable except in the telephone directory. Those who for any reason want their names changed can do so simply and cheaply by deed-poll.

In France, the name-changing process is, of course, much more complicated and grave.

"The substitution of a name is a serious measure," writes Daniel Peppy of the French Conseil d'Etat in the definitive article on the subject, "Les Changements de Nom dans le Droit Français."

The changing of a name, the author points out, affects not only the name-changer but la France itself:

"It is to the public interest that certain family names not disappear and that people be unable to use a name to hide their true identity . . ."

For Examples

The basic name-changing law goes back to the Revolution and the final authority is the French Conseil d'Etat or Council of State. What Solomonian decisions these worthies must make! No one should bear a ridiculous name, the law states, but what is ridiculous?

The names Canard, Vache and Veau are ridiculous is the ruling but Boeuf, Taureau and Chevre are not. A man named Leopard cannot, so to speak, change his spots, but a man named Camel can get over that hump.

Mr. Hair (Le Poil) and Mr. (Pied) can't change their names, but Messrs. Tripe, Cheese and Cemetery can. Mr. Moche can change his name but Vilain can't, though both mean ugly.

There is one group of name-changers that the law positively encourages: Jews. The theory is that fewer Jewish names will avoid "a repetition of the events of the last war." Even non-Jews with such names as Meyer or Levis are encouraged to drop the burden of a Jewish-sounding name: "The Conseil d'Etat is ready to look favorably upon any request if they estimate, fear or suspect a Jewish consonance."

Recalling that under Napoleon Jews adopted names of towns (Caen, Lyon), the court prohibits any applicant, Gentile or Jew, from adopting such a name "to avoid a suggestion of Jewishness."

Noms de Byliners

Stage names or noms de plume? Grudgingly allowed, but only after the applicant has reached "une celebrity certaine."

The law understands that families of criminals may seek anonymity but insists that only relations of those who have committed especially foul crimes ("Les crimes crapuleux") be allowed to change. The son of a rapist or murderer can change his name, the son of a mere bankrobber cannot.

Testing its members' patience to its utter limit, the court further rules that the applicant's new name cannot be accepted if he is likely to want to change it again. No hints on how to detect such possible vacillation are given.

Other new names are rejected if they are connected with the applicant's business, if they imply a connection with a great family or if, by being barrelled or preceded by a "de," they suggest nonexistent aristocratic connections.

But in France exceptions are always more interesting than rules, and a book has been going around that is a compendium of exceptions to the name-changing laws. Called the "Dictionnaire de Vanites" it is a list of grand-sounding but for the most part recently acquired names that have an unjustified ring of nobility. Among the names listed are two familiar to followers of French politics: Couve de Murville (Gaullist Secretary of State) and present Finance Minister Giscard d'Estaing.

Films Reviewed in **VARIETY** During 1972

(Continued from page 78)

TITLE	DIRECTOR	DISTRIBUTOR	REVIEW DATE
"You'll Like My Mother"	Lamont Johnson	Universal	Oct. 11
"The Darwin Adventure"	Jack Couffer	20th Century-Fox	Oct. 11
"Aux Urnes, Citoyens"			
(To The Ballot Boxes, Citizens)	Edouard Bobrowski	CINDEP	Oct. 11
"Necromancy"	Bert I. Gordon	Cinerama	Oct. 11
"The Gentle People"	Richard H. Bartlett	Commercial Film	Oct. 11
"The King of Marvin Gardens"	Bob Rafelson	Columbia	Oct. 11
"A Sense of Loss"	Marcel Ophuls	Cinema 5	Oct. 11
"Threshold 9 Illusions"	Jay Lovins	Threshold Films	Oct. 11
"E Poi Lo Chiamarono Il Magnifico"			
(A Man From The East)	E. B. Clucher	United Artists	Oct. 11
"Le Rempart Des Beguines"			
(Rampart of Desire)	Guy Casaril	Paris Film	Oct. 11
"Inner Scar"			
(La Cicatrice Interieure)	Philippe Garrel	Philippe Garrel	Oct. 11
"Reminiscences of a Journey To Lithuania"	Jonas Mekas	Jonas Mekas	Oct. 11
"Going Home"	Adolfas Mekas	Adolfas Mekas	Oct. 11
"Lady Sings The Blues"	Sidney J. Furie	Paramount	Oct. 18
"Last Tango In Paris"			
(Ultimo Tango a Parigi)	Bernardo Bertolucci	United Artists	Oct. 18
"Olsen Bandens Store Kup"			
(The Olsen's Gang Big Score)	Erik Balling	Nordisk Film	Oct. 18
"Bijou"	Wakefield Poole	Poolmar	Oct. 18
"Ulzana's Raid"	Robert Aldrich	Universal	Oct. 18
"Sex Shop"	Claude Berri	United Artists	Oct. 18
"L'Attentat" (The Assassination)	Yves Boisset	CIC	Oct. 18
"Der schrei der Schwarzen Woelfe"			
(The Cry of the Black Wolves)	Harald Reinl	Constantin	Oct. 18
"Journey"	Paul Almond	Astral	Oct. 18
"Wedding In White"	William Fruet	Avemb	Oct. 18
"Lo Scopone Scientifico"			
(The Scientific Cardplayer)	Luigi Comencini	CIC	Oct. 18
"The Valachi Papers"	Terence Young	Columbia	Oct. 25
"Dracula A.D. 1972"	Alan Gibson	Warners	Oct. 25
"The Merry Wives of Tobias Rouke"	John Board	Astral	Oct. 25
"Familien Med De 100 Boern"			
(The Family With 100 Children)	Sven Metrling	Zepia-Aarhus	Oct. 25
"Der Gorilla von Soho"			
(The Soho Gorilla)	Alfred Vohrer	Rialto Film	Oct. 25
"Los Crimenes de Petiot"			
(The Crimes of Petiot)	Jose Luis Madrid	Cinefilms	Oct. 25
"Dracula Contra Frankenstein"			
(Dracula Vs. Frankenstein)	Jesus Franco	Fenix Films	Oct. 25
"Four Moods"	Bai Ching-zue	Yang Chiao	Oct. 25
"Panico en el Transiberiano"			
(Panic on the Trans-Siberian Train)	Eugenio Martin	Granada	Oct. 25
"To Be Free"	Ned Bosnick	Magarac	Oct. 25
"Baron Blood"	Mario Bava	AIP	Oct. 25
"The Adventures of Barry McKenzie"	Bruce Beresford	Longford	Oct. 25
"Ingmar Bergman"	Stig Bjorkman	Svensk Film	Oct. 25
"La Noche de Los Mil Gatos"			
(The Night of the Thousand Cats)	Rene Cardona Jr.	Avant Films	Oct. 25
"El Muerto Hace Las Maletas"			
(The Corpse Packs His Bags)	Jesus Franco	Films Fenix	Oct. 25
"The Great Waltz"	Andrew L. Stone	Metro	Nov. 1
"Who Fears The Devil"	John Newland	Two's Co.	Nov. 1
"Crescendo"	Alan Gibson	Warners	Nov. 1
"Treasure Island"	John Hough	National Gen.	Nov. 1
"The Mechanic"	Michael Winner	United Artists	Nov. 1
"Fist of Fury"	Lo Wei	Pagoda Films	Nov. 1
"La Vie Revee"			
(The Dreamed Life)	Mireille Dansereau	Faroun Film	Nov. 1
"Le Temps d'une Chasse"			
(The Time of the Hunt)	Francois Mankiewicz	National Film	Nov. 1
"L'Amoureuse"			
(The Lover)	Christon Mesnil	Progres Films	Nov. 1
"Le P'tit vient vite"			
(The Little One's Coming Fast)	Louis-Georges Carrier	Cine-Art Film	Nov. 1
"Les Fous du Stade"			
(Stadium Nuts)	Claude Zidi	CCFC	Nov. 1
"Trois Millions Sans Ascenseur"			
(Three Thousand Million Without An Elevator)	Roger Pigant	CFDC	Nov. 1
"Et Du Fil"			
(And The Son)	Raymond Garceau	France Film	Nov. 1
"Nu gaar den paa Dagmar"			
(Dagmar Is Where It's At)	Henning Oernbak	Klaus Pagh	Nov. 1
"1776"	Peter H. Hunt	Columbia	Nov. 8
"Elvis On Tour"	Pierre Adidge, Robert Abel	Metro	Nov. 8
"Black Girl"	Ossie Davis	Cinerama	Nov. 8
"Rage"	George C. Scott	Warners	Nov. 8
"First Position"	William Richert	Gerald E. Seltzer	Nov. 8
"Limbo"	Mark Robson	Universal	Nov. 8
"Trouble Man"	Ivan Dixon	20th Century-Fox	Nov. 8
"The Unholy Rollers"	Vernon Zimmerman	AIP	Nov. 15
"They Only Kill Their Masters"	James Goldstone	Metro	Nov. 15
"Quelque Part, Quelqu'un"			
(Somewhere, Someone)	Yannick Bellon	NEF	Nov. 15
"Here Comes Every Body"	John Whitmore	Artistic Lake	Nov. 15
"Un Filic" (A Cop)	Jean-Pierre Melville	Robert Dorfmann	Nov. 15
"Echoes—Pink Floyd"	D'Adrian Maben	RM Prods.	Nov. 15
"Alice's Adventures In Wonderland"	William Sterling	American Natl.	Nov. 15
"Cesar Et Rosalie"	Claude Sautet	Cinema 5	Nov. 15
"Lo Chiameremo Andrea"			
(We'll Call Him Andrea)	Vittorio De Sica	Cinema Intl.	Nov. 15
"Sbatti Il Mostro in Primo Pagina"			
(Slap The Monster On Page One)	Marco Bellocchio	Euro Intl.	Nov. 15
"Moonwalk One"	Theo Kamecke	Francis Thompson	Nov. 15
"La Vita, A Volte e Molto Dura, Vero"			
(Life Is Tough, Eh Providence?)	Giulio Petroni	Euro Intl.	Nov. 15
"Orguismeni Guenia"			
(Angry Youth)	Guerassimos Papadatos	GP	Nov. 15
"No Men . . . Alla"			
(Yes, But . . .)	Paul Tassios	Paul Tassios	Nov. 15
"Hippocrates"	Dimis Dadiras	James Paris	Nov. 15
"To Proxenio Tis Annas"			
(The Matchmaking of Anna)	Pantelis Voulgaris	Dinos Katsourides	Nov. 15
"Lycistrata" (Lysistrata)	Georges Zervoulacos	New Cinema	Nov. 15
"Boom"	Erricos Thalassinos	James Paris	Nov. 15
"Imeres Tou 36"			
(Days of 36)	Theodor Angelopoulos	Geo. Papalios	Nov. 15
"Thanassi Pare To Opio Sou"			
(Thanassi Get Your Gun)	Dinos Katsourides	DK	Nov. 15
"Diamantia Sto Gymno Sou Soma"			
(Diamonds On Your Naked Body)	Homer Eustratiades	Gregory Demetropoulos	Nov. 15
"Mister Brown"	Roger Andrieux	Roger Andrieux	Nov. 22
"The Folks At Red Wolf Inn"	Bud Townsend	Scopa III	Nov. 22

Continued on page 82)

What's A Good Show?

(Continued from page 6)

show; a series that sheds kindly light on animals is a good one to TV Guide's resident critic/punster; one that delves deeply into social issues gets the laurel from the New York Times man; the Broadway opening that wins approval from the reviewers is a good one to its backers.

Criteria vary from one extreme to the other and during my lifetime I have heard only one definition I consider truly descriptive.

Got a minute? The late Laslo Vadnay, a Hungarian pixie who wrote 15 three-act plays and 176 one-acters even before he left Europe to become a Hollywood screenwriter, was invited to address a writing class at a local university. At the end of his amusing and informative discourse, he allotted time to answer questions from the audience.

Almost immediately, an aspeyed young man who had sat in stoney silence throughout the lecture, rose to ask Vadnay the question.

An Hungarian Rhapsodizes

"I will tell you," Vadnay began without hesitation. "You are in New York City and you have tickets to the theatre. You and your wife rush to dress and bolt down a supper in a crowded restaurant so that you will be at the theatre on time. You come out of the restaurant with your stomach gurgling and it is raining. You cannot find a taxi. You dart along wet pavement, ducking umbrellas, toward the theatre district. You then unexpectedly find an empty taxi. The driver is headed in the wrong direction and he is angry when you tell him you want to go only the four short blocks to the theatre. Traffic is thick. You crawl to the playhouse and barely make the curtain time.

"There is a line at the cloakroom so you keep your wet overcoat, folded on your lap. You sit on the aisle and must get up three times to permit others who arrived later access to their seats. The lights are too dim to read your program. The seats are crowded close together and the theatre is suddenly very warm. The curtain goes up. There are complete strangers on the stage. They are talking about other strangers in whom you have no interest whatsoever. During the time they are on the stage, talking, you cannot do any of the following things: you cannot read, you cannot talk to your wife or your neighbor, you cannot have a drink, you cannot listen to a radio or watch a television set, you cannot play cards or smoke a cigar, you cannot make a sandwich or sort out your stamp collection and you cannot sing or dance.

The Second Spasm

"At length, the curtain comes down and you get up to go to the comfort room but it is full of others in more urgent need of comfort, so you have a paper cup of a sweet, yellow liquid unsuccessfully attempting to be orange-ade while other people blow smoke in your face and ladies with high heels step on your feet. The warning buzzer sounds and you rush to your seat where you again sit in darkness with your damp coat in your lap, which is also now damp itself and your wife is looking for her gloves under the seat and again you must watch the people on the stage and listen in silence because you can not do any of these following things: you cannot write postcards or draw a shopping list for tomorrow, you cannot hum or whistle, you cannot sail your boat, drive your motor car or play with your dog, you cannot snore or indulge in the really excellent belch the hurried supper now requests of you, you cannot make love or play a mandolin.

"After all of this, the curtain finally comes down. You and your wife get to your respective feet. You look at each other. 'I liked that,' you say to her. She agrees with you. She liked it, too.

"That, my friend, is a good show!"

Stanley Donen and recent bride Yvette Mimieux in Hollywood briefly to checkout special machinery to use in sequences of "The Little Prince" (Par) to roll Jan. 23 in London.

Hinterland Theatre

(Continued from page 6)

from which they had graduated—a repertory company of stylish dimensions and solid artistic stature. Moreover, Actor A was being paid for his efforts. Not overpaid by any means, but enough to get along on, and he was making a contented livelihood in the profession he loved. Actor B joined the company three days later.

There is an old Broadway saying that once you leave New York you don't go anywhere. That adage might be on its way to alteration.

In terms of boundary lines of the American theatre, it has long been true that it is bounded on the west by 8th Avenue, on the east by 5th, on the south by 40th St. and on the north by 57th St.

But recently, as the experiences of Actor A and Actor B attest, the American theatre has been growing elsewhere. In addition to Broadway, professional theatres are springing up in the very heart of the hinterland. There are, of course, the great organizations like the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in

Minneapolis, which often offer fare equal to Broadway at its best. But also, stretching across the nation, growing both in number and popularity are professional college and university theatres which are a far cut above the typical Little Theatre or drama club entities which usually present warmed-over Broadway hits as a recreational function for its members.

There are now 26 professionally-oriented university drama programs throughout the country at places like the Universities of Colorado, Denver, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Texas, Utah, Indiana, Wayne State, Harvard, Cornell and Florida State. Although most of these companies are not Equity, they are fully professional in that their staffs and acting personnel make their livelihood in the theatre. Thus "professionalism" takes on a wider extension of meaning, confirming what has long been known but rarely stated, that possession of an Equity card by no means makes one a professional actor. Not that these groups are anti-union in any way. What they offer the young actor is a pre-Equity opportunity to make their way in their chosen calling.

Binding all these groups together is the University Resident Theatre Association, an organization which sets up operating procedures for its membership. From U.R.T.A. comes documentation of something little-known about the American arts scene: namely, the largest proportion by far of theatre activity takes place in academic theatres, and one has only to see these groups in action to rejoice at their high professional tone.

U.R.T.A. has found a very practical way to give hundreds of young theatre talents an opportunity to audition with dignity and integrity for the over 400 paying jobs U.R.T.A. companies offer. They hold unified auditions all over the country out of which emerge hundreds of brilliant youngsters in the fields of acting, designing, technical direction, management and promotion to take good jobs in U.R.T.A. repertory, summer stock and touring companies.

The offshoot of all this, the heartening and artistically invigorating consequence for young theatre artists who might otherwise eat their hearts out scrambling for the tragically few Broadway jobs open each season, is that these people receive rewarding amounts of professional experience under very pleasant conditions. And in so doing, they build up audiences with a taste for quality theatre.

Broadway road companies used to visit the campuses. Now, in a very real way, Broadway itself is growing, quite vitally growing, on the campuses themselves.

Pros At Michigan

Readying to depart this coming June, after 12 years on the campus of the U. of Michigan, Robert C. Schnitzer compiled a list of professional talent that had participated in his time there. It hints the breadth of activity in college-subsidized legitimate, as per Prof. McCabe, above.

First off, U. of Michigan plays were staged by John Houseman, Eva Le Gallienne, Elias Rabb, Alan Schneider, Harvel Medlinsky, Allen Fletcher, Michael Kahn, Arthur Storch, David Wheeler, Marcella Cisney (Schnitzer).

Players employed in productions over the 12-year span included: Wesley Addy, Rene Auberjonois, Paul Ballantyne, John Becher, Brian Bedford, Jacqueline Brookes, Victor Buono, Catherine Burns, Barbara Cook, Clayton Corzette, Staats Cotsworth, Keene Curtis, Donald Davis, Ruby Dee, Richard Easton, Ruth Ford, Henderson Forsythe, Will Geer, Minnie Gentry.

Also William Glover, Tammy Grimes, Moses Gunn, Rosemary Harris, Hurd Hatfield, Helen Hayes, Katherine Helmond, Bette Henritze, Patrick Hines, Celeste Holm, Mart Hulswit, Canada Humphrey, Victor Kilian.

Also Eva Le Gallienne, Audra Lindley, Edith MeAbbey Lincoln, Nancy Marchand, Markey, Don McHenry, Anne Meacham, Edith Meiser, Donald Moffat, Michael O'Sullivan, George Pentecost, Barry Primus.

Also Cathleen Nesbitt, Christine Pickles, John Randolph, Eugenia Rawls, Wallace Rooney, Joanna Roos, Muriel Smith, Josef Sommer, Paul Sparer, Frances Sternhagen, James Stewart, Clarice Taylor, Sada Thompson, Christopher Walken, Nancy Walker, Sidney Walker, Jesse White, James Whitmore, Nancy Wickwire.

EGYPT'S AMBITION: 16M INTO VILLAGES

Beirut.

The Arab film industry has traditionally been synonymous with the Egyptian film industry, and the themes favored by Cairo producers have overwhelmingly been related to that country's folklore and taste. Other Arab countries, with the exception of Lebanon, produce few films. Hence they rely almost entirely on Egypt to supply their Arabic-language film requirements. They have become accustomed to both the somewhat "foreign" subject-matter and to the Egyptian dialect.

Themes in such films have limited appeal and although Egyptian films have found playdates in Greece, Ethiopia, Indonesia, Malaya, Somalia, Ghana, Nigeria, Iran, Brazil, Venezuela and Brooklyn, New York, they were made up mostly of nostalgic expatriates aching for a reminder of home.

It follows that the main market for Egyptian film remains Egypt itself. Egyptians have been avid moviegoers ever since the beginnings, crudely in 1896. Egypt, then ruled by the British, had 12 film theatres, by the end of World War I increased to 80. Mostly the fare was imported from France and Italy. In those early days the management provided a translator or "explicateur" who stood beside the screen and gave a blow-by-blow account of the action, booming out in Arabic a running commentary as the Italian or French titles appeared on the screen. Cairo's Olympia Cinema improved on the system by installing near the picture screen a smaller screen, on which was flashed an Arabic translation of the titles. In 1940, the Egyptian Government issued an order forbidding the projection of any foreign film not superimposed with Arabic translation of the dialogue; fast readers are thus now able to get the drift of the plot.

The considerable expansion of Egypt's own film industry over the years has been paralleled by a commensurate increase in the number of exhibition outlets in Egypt itself. The nation now has some 450 film houses, of which 85 are in Cairo and 55 in Alexandria.

A plan is underway to construct 4,000 additional houses, a large number of which will be for narrow gauge (16m) films in Egyptian villages.

Retirement Areas For Well-To-Do Grow Into Major Show Biz Market

By KAY CAMPBELL

San Pedro.

Show biz has a new source of revenue via adult retirement housing and agents are booking headliners underwritten by advertisers into the auditoriums, amphitheatres and clubhouses in these Southern California areas. They play to SRO audiences, resulting in sales for the products.

The "adult" housing boom has spread along the coast from San Diego to Santa Barbara and is a whole new ballgame. Fifteen years ago, retirement communities mushroomed as a hedge against inflation, old age medical bills and financial security for retirees. Admission was determined primarily by age—65. Do-it-yourself entertainment predominated—tennis, golf, bridge, swimming, et al.

A few years later, Medicare erased the spectre of health cost, retirement pay started younger and paid more, and suddenly Madison Ave. West became aware of "adult only" residential areas and the substantial income of the occupants. Whereas small units in one of the early projects at Seal Beach sold for \$11,000 with \$1,100 down payment, today's housing lies in a broad range up to \$250,000.

The name of the game is still security, but against marauders not financial problems. Last September, a savings & loan assn., sponsored Bob Crosby and his band at Leisure World, Seal Beach. Next day, a fresh group of investors opened accounts to the tune of \$900,000.

Eight years ago, Leisure World Laguna Hills was termed a "disaster." Now, 14,000 residents live in 8,500 manor homes with prices beginning at \$46,200. Total assets of community are \$216,000,000, and it boasts one of the world's largest cable tv systems, with over 200 miles of cable and 350 amplifier boosters. A \$30,000,000 shopping mall ranges just outside its walls. Rancho Bernardo, near San Diego, has a \$750,000 Community Center and prices have escalated from \$14,900 to \$61,590. A large group of ex-Hollywoodites live here.

Similarly, Lake San Marcos, adjacent to La Costa Country Club, began as a rustic retirement settlement on 1,500 acres rolling hills

with condominium housing priced at \$16,500. Today, 400 houses circle the 18-hole golf course with speculative prices inasmuch as none are for sale. Residents commute to Beverly Hills by private plane; they share a private airport with the luxurious \$350,000,000 span, whose members include Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Lucille Ball, Robert Young, Dean Martin and numerous other celebs.

Lomas Santa Fe overlooking Del Mar racetrack is one of the newest country club estates developments. Built on dumps and bean fields it is walled in by luxury high-rise condominiums. Land worth \$300 or less per acre five years ago is priceless with adult only residences valued at \$100,000 or more. Taxes have doubled every year for four years.

La Jolla, once a haven for retired Navy officers, is rimmed with high-rise apartments for well-heeled occupants; Coronado Cays, a former ranch for the Leo Carillo family, offers everything for wealthy retirees; Lawrence Welk's "Champagne Towers" typifies Santa Monica's new allure for the affluent. Some \$50,000,000 in shopping malls with plush restaurants, marinas, theatrical, travel and other ticket agencies are readily accessible.

"Senior citizen" is a dirty phrase. Adult is today's word, which refers to those over 45 with no children under 21.

There has been much ado over youth-oriented rock festivals, but every weekend sees a fest in these burgeoning communities sponsored by various products. Total attendance ranks well with Woodstock but the buying power of these adults soars far beyond that of teenagers.

Pedas Pair's Dupont, D.C.

Washington.

Ted and Jim Pedas, operators of Circle theatres here, have now acquired the Dupont theatre from K-B Theatres, the Marvin Goldman-topped chain that has been concentrating more and more on theatres away from downtown.

The new Pedas outlet will be renamed the Dupont Circle.

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Hedda And Louella

(Continued from page 6)

maker felicitously called, "the dream factory," came films that formed our values and sensibilities. With their 75,000,000 combined readership, Hedda and Louella reinforced those values and assumptions. It is, in fact, not too great a claim to make that one can deduce from their cornucopias of trivia, the major themes of succeeding decades. The facts, rumors, jokes, myths, and blind items that

Biographer George Eells, author of books on Cole Porter and Florenz Ziegfeld Jr., last year wrote "Hedda and Louella," a Putnam's bestseller. Hollywood-based author specializes in show biz personalities.

Hollywood columnists print serve as a kind of fever chart of our national consciousness. (Hedda Hopper died Feb. 1, 1966, in Hollywood, age 75. Lolly retired three months earlier when she entered the nursing home in Santa Monica where she died Dec. 9, 1972.)

But why exclude Sheila Graham, Sidney Skolsky, Harrison Carroll and Jimmie Fidler? Why only Hedda and Louella? Because in a sense their professional lives ran parallel to the story of the development of the first mechanized art. Louella, while certainly not the first person to write a motion picture review, was probably the first or one of the first, to recognize the tremendous curiosity aroused in audiences about the personal lives of early film players. Still all was not gossip. In the beginning, she concerned herself with films as an art form. Her concerns will surprise those familiar with only her later "dutch aunt" style.

Louella was, for example, a great admirer of D.W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation" and appeared in court as an expert witness for him and the film when Chicago censors attempted to suppress it. In those early days, she wrote after seeing the Morosco Company's "Peer Gynt," that the film offered "silent proof that nothing is impossible in 'movies' today . . . Poetical fancy has been thought to be lost in the movies, but "Peer Gynt" has proved that all pictures are not composed of the commoner sort of material. If we only might have some Grieg music, the "Peer Gynt Suite," we might have felt that movies had succeeded in their mission."

Louella and Grieg? Absolutely, for in the pre-1920's, Americans took Culture—even upstart films—more seriously than they would for many years. Louella did likewise, and when the mood of the country changed, Louella reflected that change in her columns.

Tell It Like It Ain't
In the early days, she wrote of the screen's first vamp, Theda Bara (Bara was "arab" spelled backward; Theda, an anagram of "death"), that it was being whispered that Miss Bara believed herself to be the reincarnation of Lucrezia Borgia and other feminine fiends and that the star always delved deeply into the occult when acting.

Louella wryly commented that this seemed an excellent angle to complement Miss Bara's "dark, weird beauty," but she left no doubt that she was not taken in by such obvious pressagent fold-out. This skepticism soon disappeared on the apparent—and accurate—assumption that fans preferred to have her tell it as it wasn't.

In the 1920s, Louella chronicled with unabashed delight the hedonistic excesses of the film stars. It was the era of speakeasies, flapper, and sensationalism and Louella concentrated on those aspects in the lives of Hollywood's elite. She developed her theory that a phrase or adjective applied to an entertainer often enough made him identifiable. Thus, Lillian Gish was "the lily-like Lillian," Mary Pickford, "the golden child," Jetta Goudal, "that temperamental cocktail," and the early Garbo, "the Scandinavian vamp."

Whether reporting on Tom Mix's home which was monogrammed in lights, or Sam Hardy's car which had his signature facsimiled on the

runningboard mats, or the rivalries of screen sirens Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri, Louella wrote in italics and exclamation points.

Great Escapist

Then with the advent of the Great Depression, Louella tried to ignore what was happening. 1932 was a year of traumatic changes in the industry. Jesse L. Lasky and B. P. Schulberg were thrown out of Paramount. David O. Selznick left Radio Pictures. Camera's ground to a halt, but Louella lauded "42nd Street" and urged stars to throw "Keep Smiling" parties which Louella thought would put money back into circulation and help reestablish full employment. She also subscribed to the theory that life was grim enough without portraying tragedy on the screen—and often complained about "light touches" being left out of serious films.

A silly woman? Many politicians prior to FDR's election were saying equally inane things. And as the crisis deepened Louella's gossip focused more keenly on the Common Man. The exception was less and less welcome, whether in personality or art.

Highbrow became a dirty word and Louella further cultivated the image of the dithering, absent-minded woman who explained her many errors (Howard Dietz once wrote of her that "doubtlessly she learned her futuristic grammar at Dixon High School . . . Louella can spell anything right but words, although she gets names wrong occasionally") by explaining, "I use the old bean." This seeming non-sequitor made sense: Louella preferred to rely upon her faulty memory rather than to bother looking up facts.

Building a Barracuda

By the late 1930s—1938 to be exact, Hearst's high-riding movie columnist had become so powerful that some of the moguls at major studios decided to create a rival to curb Louella's excesses. And, that rival proved to Hedda Hopper.

Hedda, the butcher's daughter from Altoona, Pa., was a failed actress and an unsuccessful actors' agent, real estate agent, jewelry promoter, politician and playwright among other things. She was in her 50's, down on her luck and it was assumed that gratitude for this crumb being thrown her way would make her easy to handle. She proved to be anything but—and Hollywood found it had created both a barracuda and a Frankenstein.

Yankee Doodle Hopper

Hedda's advent preceded World War II by only a few years and almost at once the items she ran took on a patriotic tinge. Her beliefs were rooted in a less complex era when it was commonly assumed that hard work, thrift and honesty were invariably rewarded; that right was might and vice versa. In seeking a vacuum-packed, unchanged America, she embraced isolationism. And at one point, she went so far as to claim that she detected an improvement in Hollywood films now that motion pictures were made with wholesome American tastes in mind rather than the jaded foreign market.

Louella's horizons were even smaller. On April 7, 1939, at a time

TITLE

"Les Caid's" (The Big Shots)
"The Stoolie"
"Snowball Express"
"Le Culte Vaudou au Dahomey" (The Voodoo Cult of Dahomey)
"Belated Flowers"
"Chveti Zapozdalie"
"Dead Pigeon On Beethoven Street"
"Lady Caroline Lamb"
"Le Professeur"
"The Professor"
"It Ain't Easy"
"Mirage"
"Night of the Flowers"
"Wechma" (Traces)
"Kun Taivas Putoaa"
"When The Heavens Fall"
"Man of La Mancha"
"Downpour"
"Travels With My Aunt"
"And Baby Makes Three"
"The Hoax"
"Together For Days"
"Child's Play"
"The Legend of Boggy Creek"
"Operacion Alfa"
"Operation Alfa"
"Adult Fun"
"Rosa Und Lin" (Rosa And Lin)
"The Other Side of the Underneath"
"75 Years of Cinema Museum"
"The Poseidon Adventure"
"Ben-Gurion Remembers"
"Sleuth"
"Pete 'n' Tillie"
"The Getaway"
"The Effects of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds"
"The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean"
"The Heartbreak Kid"
"Howzer"
"Pas Folle La Guepe"
"Not Dumb, The Bird"
"Up The Sandbox"
"Cries and Whispers"
"Viskningar och Rop"
"Two Heartbeats"
"Le Grand Depart"
"The Big Departure"
"Trop Jolies Pour Etre Honnetes"
"Too Pretty To Be Honest"
"Born To Boogie"
"Far From Dallas"
"Black Gunn"
"La Piu Bella Serata Della Mia Vita"
"The Most Wonderful Evening of My Life"
"Avanti"
"Le Grand Blond Avec Une Chaussure Noire"
"The Big Blonde Guy With A Black Shoe"
"Hit Man"
"Across 110th Street"
"Molly And Lawless John"
"Salamoniko"
"Beau Masque"
"Handsome Face"
"Le Petit Poucet"
"Tom Thumb"
"Les Charlots Font L'Espagne"
"Charlats Go To Spain"
"The Female Response"
"La Scoumoune"
"Killer Man"

when the Fascists were overrunning Albania, Louella ran a lead item: "The deadly dullness of the last week was lifted today when Darryl Zanuck admitted he had bought all rights to Maurice Maeterlinck's "The Bluebird" for Shirley Temple." But, following America's entry into the war, Louella's columns too were filled with references to her own and her daughter Harriette's work with Bundles for Blue Jackets, the American Red Cross, the Hollywood Canteen, the Buy a Bomber Fund and the American Women's Voluntary Service, as well as some cozy items

about the star's victory gardens and other war sacrifices.

In the early 1940s had a patriotic theme, the postwar years were marked by an anti-Communist fever that gripped Hollywood as it did the rest of the country. In those grim years, the conservative Hedda was inclined to equate the "Demmes," as she called the Democrats, with "Pinkos." She denounced Larry Parks, feuded with Charlie Chaplin, harried Helen Gahagan Douglas and sometimes found Ronald Reagan too far to the left. She said her grandmother always said there might be two sides to every question, but only one was right. To Hedda that was far right.

Louella tried her hand at political commentary also, but seemed unable to conceive that "this foreign ideology" wasn't as repugnant to everyone else as it was to her. Thus, she might begin by denouncing someone and end by exonerating them. At best—or worst—she was me-tooing Hedda.

This mood continued into the 1950s to be supplanted by an upheaval in the Puritanism that had held sway for so many years. The Kinsey Report repelled both Hedda and Louella, but regardless, it made the point that society's behavior and its rules were at variance.

Sex On The Rough

With the adoption of a more permissive attitude in the country, Hollywood's mind-your-morals girls were left behind. No longer was it possible for an actress' career to

be endangered—as Marilyn Monroe's was—simply because she had posed for a nude calendar picture. With the demise of the major studio star contracts and their morals clauses, public personalities might have babies out of wedlock with being banished from the screen for several years as Ingrid Bergman was.

How did Hedda and Louella respond to all of this? Louella simply retreated more and more deeply into her adopted Catholicism, saying her rosary and allowing her assistants to prepare the column.

Hedda tried counterattacking. She inveighed against sin, Democrats, pointed-toe shoes and Godlessness. She equated pornography with Communism. She urged Women's Clubs to boycott offensive films—but it was in vain. When "The Loved One" failed it was because it was unexciting. Not because the offended Hedda responded to a nervous publicity man's inquiry of what might be done with it by saying, "Burn it!"

Hedda and Louella would be anachronisms in a world where more films are made away from than in Hollywood. Their impact in this "anything goes" society would be considerably lessened. Yet, it cannot be denied that their lives and work evoke Hollywood's past in a way that few stars or studio moguls do. It is ironic and fitting that we grant this even, as we recall that at a conservative estimate 50% of the items they saw fit to print were ersatz or erroneous.

Films Reviewed in **VARIETY** During 1972

(Continued from page 80)

	DIRECTOR	DISTRIBUTOR	REVIEW DATE
	Robert Enrico John G. Avildsen Norman Tokar	Parafance Jama Buena Vista	Nov. 22 Nov. 22 Nov. 29
	Jean-Luc Magoner	Camera One	Nov. 22
	Abram Room Samuel Fuller Robert Bolt	Artkino Bavaria Atelier United Artists	Nov. 29 Nov. 29 Nov. 29
	Valerio Zurlini Maury Hurley Armando Robles Godoy Gian Vittorio Baldi Hamid Benani	Valerio Films Dandelion ARG No distrib Sigma 3	Nov. 29 Nov. 29 Nov. 29 Nov. 29 Nov. 29
	Risto Jarva Arthur Hiller Bahram Beyzale George Cukor David Ross Robert Anderson Michael Schultze Sidney Lumet Charles Piefce	Jarva United Artists No distrib Metro No distrib All-Scope Intl. Olas Corp. Paramount Halco	Nov. 29 Dec. 6 Dec. 6 Dec. 6 Dec. 6 Dec. 6 Dec. 6 Dec. 6 Dec. 6
	Enrique Urteaga James Scott Klaus Emmerich Jane Arden Eila Hershon, Roberto Guerra Ronald Neame Simon Hesera Joseph Mankiewicz Martin Ritt Sam Peckinpah	Chile Films Maya Bayerischer Jack Bond Hershon-Guerra 20th Century-Fox Israfilm 20th Century-Fox Universal National General	Dec. 6 Dec. 6 Dec. 6 Dec. 6 Dec. 13 Dec. 13 Dec. 13 Dec. 13 Dec. 13
	Paul Newman John Huston Elaine May Ken Laurence	20th Century-Fox National General 20th Century-Fox URI Prods.	Dec. 13 Dec. 13 Dec. 13 Dec. 13
	Jean Delannoy Irvin Kershner	Cocinor National General	Dec. 13 Dec. 20
	Ingmar Bergman Shmuel Imberman	New World Haletgar	Dec. 20 Dec. 20
	Martial Raysse	NEF	Dec. 20
	Richard Balducci Ringo Starr Philippe Toledano Robert Hartford-Davis	Cocinor Anglo-EMI J. P. Faure Columbia	Dec. 20 Dec. 20 Dec. 20 Dec. 27
	Ettore Scola Billy Wilder	Columbia United Artists	Dec. 27 Dec. 27
	Yves Robert George Armitage Barry Shear Gary Nelson Alfred Steinhardt	Gaumont MGM United Artists Producers Dist. Shapira CIC	Dec. 27 Dec. 27 Dec. 27 Dec. 27 Dec. 27 Dec. 27
	Bernard Paul	CIC	Dec. 27
	Michel Boisrond	CCFC	Dec. 27
	Jean Girault Tim Kincaid	Trans-American	Dec. 27
	Jose Giovanni	Fox-Lira	Dec. 27

Floyd Gibbons' 'Welcome'

The post-Ping Pong diplomacy and President Nixon's historic visits with Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai have sparked show biz tales.

Old China hands in the film biz recall when the late Mark Hanna was head of Paramount distribution in Shanghai and, as a personal friend of the late eyepatched Floyd Gibbons, welcomed him at a Wangpoo River restaurant on the late war correspondent's firsttime visit to Shanghai. Gibbons had the same staccato radio delivery as the late Walter Winchell (latter is said to have patterned his galling speed talk after Gibbons). Gibbons and the late Richard Harding Davis, another notable warfront journalist, were probably the "two top name" byliners of their era.

Hanna (who eventually gave up selling films and sold such literary names as Quentin Reynolds, John O'Hara, et al.) didn't know when one of those periodic internecine gunboat crossfires would burst forth. Nor did Gibbons.

However, Gibbons' ego, which was matched only by his journalistic prowess, was not fazed by the gunfire. "Ah," he exclaimed to Hanna, "they must have heard about me here also and they're giving me a rousing welcome, but I must say those giant Chinese firecrackers could hurt somebody, don't you think, Mark?" Hanna seized upon this not to disillusion Gibbons but told him to duck and take cover.

Revolution From Top Revitalizing Mex Pix Industry

By SAM ASKINAZY

Mexico City. There's a revolution going on in this country's film industry. Since taking office as the top man just over two years ago, National Film Bank director Rodolfo Echeverria has been working toward industry reconstruction and, in 1972, the pattern of this revamping started emerging.

Although film production dropped from 1971 when 75 pix were made at a total cost of about \$7,000,000 to 58 pix (26 at Churubusco Studios and 32 at America), total investment was approximately the same. Partially, this can be attributed to upped production costs. But mostly it's due to bigger investments per project aimed at more quality product.

The industry was and will be helped by \$10,000,000 thanks to stateside filming like two John Wayne—"Train Robbery" and "Wednesday Morning," "Slaughter," "The Jewel," "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid," "Dime Box," a brief location for "The Long Goodbye" and a Wolper documentary, "Cortes and Montezuma." In addition, Churubusco Studios partnered three co-productions—"Interval," "One Way" and "Once Upon A Scoundrel."

The latter gives an inkling as to what's in the wind. The hold the "old guard" had over the industry is being brushed aside. An erratic "production schedule" with individual filmmakers turning out product for the so-called "natural market" (Latin America) was changed when Echeverria appointed Alejandro Ortega Sanvicente as general manager of the government-owned Churubusco Studios.

Ortega tightened up procedures and set out to make Churubusco a no-loss operation. The oldtimers suddenly were called upon to pay office rent, telephone bills, back debts, etc.

With signs that production was going to drop significantly, Ortega brought the studio itself into the production business. Either on its own, or with a Mexican producer-partner, Churubusco started making pix—"but only until such time as the producers themselves get back into the business"—that would be aimed beyond the "natural markets."

This past year, for example, Churubusco produced seven pix on its own and six with Mexican co-producers. Plus, of course, its joint ventures with foreign filmmakers.

Churubusco's chief also started giving new directors a chance to bring new ideas into filmmaking. The latter action has set up a furor within the Directors Guild. Prez Rogelio Gonzales has criticized this new policy and refused to act on any of the applications for membership.

Echeverria, meanwhile, has launched a campaign to resurrect the industry on the international scene. He has traveled to the Far East, Russia, France, Italy and Spain with "Mexican Film Weeks" demonstrating the industry's most recent products and discussing joint ventures. He has reached tentative agreements with these nations for a better product exchange and verbal pacts for co-productions which will bring Mexican-hyphenated pix into new markets.

Aside from working on the government-to-government level, Echeverria has been urging local filmmakers to look beyond their national borders. "Don Quixote Rides Again" (with Spain) was the starter.

In the exhibition field, Operadora de Teatros, the official chain of hardtops, has launched a revamping and construction program which has added 26,000 new seats to theaters throughout the country. And more are planned for the coming year.

The National Film Bank director's pitch abroad resulted in 97 (Continued on page 88)

Yanks Switch From Britain To Italy: Simplistically, It's A Better Market

By HAROLD MYERS

Lucca (Italy). To paraphrase the old popular song: what a difference a decade makes.

Just about 10 years ago, production in British studios was entirely dominated by Hollywood, and VARIETY at that time front-paged a story by this reporter which illustrated the extent of this Yank influence on the British scene. U.S. financed films accounted for 84% of the total, and that implied that the overwhelming bulk of the Eady Fund, which had been designed to encourage the British producer, was finding its way into the coffers of the Hollywood majors. That was hardly what Harold Wilson had in mind when as President of the Board of Trade in the Labor postwar government he introduced the subsidy legislation.

A decade ago, the Hollywood majors were also financing or investing in European productions but on a far more modest level. There were, after all, powerful ad-

vantages in favor of a British concentration. There were no lingo problems, such as existed in Italy or France or Spain; there was a pool of acting talent widely regarded as second to none, highly skilled technicians and modern well-equipped studios. And to cap it all, the Eady fund was yielding up to 50% of the domestic gross a substantial bonus by any yardstick and not to be taken lightly.

Then, as we all know, came the crunch. Hollywood went into a crisis of its own. The great withdrawal began, leaving the studios unoccupied and the actors and technicians jobless. Inevitably in the circumstances, the Yank pull-out led to a British slump of confidence. Financing for British films, always an elusive commodity, became even more difficult to come by. And to aggravate the situation, total admissions continued to decline and erosion of the boxoffice gross was only offset by increases in ticket prices.

The Hollywood withdrawal also

hit the continental European studios, but as they had been less dependent on American finance the overall effect, though serious enough, was less shattering than it had been in the United Kingdom.

However, the whole point of this recall of a slice of ancient history is to ponder the strange fact that while little Yank production has found its way back to Britain (in the interim one major studio has shuttered and another is threatened), there has been a marked upsurge of American-financed production on the continent of Europe, notably in Italy where, despite intermittent crises "Hollywood on the Tiber" continues.

Strange? On the surface, yes because there is a language problem, dual lingo versions add to the budget, and dubbing is not always a satisfactory answer.

So why the switch from London to Rome? Agreed that costs have escalated in Britain, but that's a

disease of epidemic proportion that equally applies to the rest of Europe. Union problems? The British technicians have had a reputation for being tough, but their Italo counterparts are no slouches, either, when it comes to hard bargaining and instant rebellions.

So why? The obvious conclusion is that there must be a dollar-and-cents motivation, and all the available evidence supports that conclusion. While boxoffice attendances have been falling away all over Europe, Italian theatre biz has continued to perk; and whereas in Britain it's only the exceptional film that recoups its investment locally, in Italy it may be the exceptional film that doesn't. Enough reason for any producer (or banker) to set his sights in the direction of Rome.

Maybe, now that Britain as of this week is a member of the European Common Market, there will be a change in the European picture. Maybe.

Canterbury Tails & Foibles

By TOM ROWE

Rome. In gold mining terms "working the vein" means digging along a blissful streak of paydirt down in the bowels of the mother lode. "Mucking the stuff," or in this case, stuffing the muck into ore carts, means trundling it off to market, where it is sold. In movie terms, as invented in Italy, it's the same.

Nowhere is mother lode more exhaustively explored, mined, rooted out, grubbed up, milked, pumped clean and squeezed dry than in Hollywood-on-the-Tiber. And nowhere is the yield richer. It's astonishingly rich in view of the low quality of a lot of the ore. In any case, the crucial b.o. question is not is it good but is it from the mother lode?

The first big strike came with the macaroni myths of the early '60s, when Joe Levine parlayed a nowhere lasagna legend about Hercules into a six-cipher place on the charts and opened a sluice gate of steals from Homer that made Atalanta's sprint for the Golden Apple look like a claiming race.

The fabled age lasted for years until an unwary Samurai named Yojimbo hove over the Eastern horizon on his way to the Venice Film Festival as what he thought was the Japanese entry. That's as

far as he got before the nugget hunters got him. Before they were through, he had been scalped, skinned, mounted and recycled into a fistful of Westerns that launched the golden rush of osso buco eaters which are making hay even today as far away as Tokyo.

The ghost of Yojimbo, unrecognizable in his chaps-and-buckskins, still stalks the Via Veneto on dark nights, yelling about how he got rooked on the Lido, but nobody listens, and he can't be heard above the traffic anyway.

Rape, which has always held universal appeal for audiences both domestic and foreign, is one of the more invigorating elements of the current Roman klondike of noodle nudies, which have taken up where the cowhands took off or rather, vice versa. Nobody claims that poor Boccaccio was raped, or Chaucer either, and they are both too far gone to complain anyway, but a case can certainly be made for Pier Paolo Pasolini their updated extrapoloizer.

Barely had the news spread that Pasolini's "Decameron" was bigger than "Bonanza" before the Boccaccio bandwagon was sold SRO, and the belles of Rome have not stopped peeling since. Following hard upon came "Decameron" (Continued on page 96)

Sexplicity Falts In Germany; Producers Eye Literary 'Classics'

By JOHN KAFKA

Munich. Here in West Germany there is a "trend" (if the word is not excessive) toward filming of "classics" in literature. Both the established older directors and the more hope-propelled younger filmmakers are involved though it follows their respective screenplay and shooting angle approaches must be sharply opposed.

Roxy (Luggi) Waldleitner, having completed Alexander Pushkin's "Snow Storm," now reads E.T.A. Hoffman's operatic source tale, "The Devil's Elixirs" and will proceed from there to the Frank Wedekind play, "Lulu," and a novel by George Sand and Alfred de Musset.

Franz Seitz Films has Moliere's "Le Malade Imaginaire" (The Imaginary Invalid) in preparation, Artur Brauner (COC) is working on Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." Neue Muenchener's slate shows Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm" and Gerhart Hauptmann's thieves' comedy, "The Beaver Coat."

"The Magic Mountain," the Thomas Mann tuberculosis theme

novel, having long loomed in the past as an MGM project, is now to materialize as an Iduna film, directed by Peter Zadek. Bernhard Wicki will pilot (for Intertel) "The Prairie Wolf" by Hermann Hesse whose worldwide book renaissance may be of benefit for this undertaking. Hesse, Mann, and Hauptmann were the three Germans who received in this century the Nobel Prize for literature.

Mann is leading in numbers of screen adaptations. "Buddenbrooks," "Royal Highness," "Felix Krull," "Tonio Kroege," "The Blood of the Walsungs," directed by Harald Braun, Kurt Hoffmann, and Rolf Thiele, respectively, scored previously in German screens versions where also Hauptmann's "Rose Bernd," "The Rats," and "Dorothea Angermann" found appreciation.

Russian poet Ivan Turgenev lately made the cinematic grade when Maximilian Schell tapped the 1856 novel, "First Love," for a memorable picture. Schell recently acted in and produced Franz Kafka's difficult opus, "The Castle," which was helmed by Rudolf Noelte, and promoted the screen revival of Austrian epic author, Joseph Roth, with "Capuchine Tomb," directed by Johannes Schaaf, and, under the title of "Trota," one of the two best German films of late. The other, "The Wanting Weight," piloted by Bernhard Wicki, was also drawn from a Roth novel.

That much for the "Establishment" whose reasons for resorting to "great literature" are many-sided. They search for a valid alternative to the "sex reports," the pseudo-Westerns, the Edgar Wallace counterfeits, and the prep school film antics which still are going strong at domestic b.o.'s but might not last forever. Millions of book readers or theatre goers seem to promise a huge presold audience for films of literary value which, as some sort of authority, also insure respect from patrons.

If "youngfilmmers" have recently adapted, or are at present trying to adapt, more than 30 works that belong in the history of literature, it's done in a spirit quite contrary to the belief in authority. They dissect the classic substance and try to paste the pieces together with a "revolutionary" party slant. Sometimes they succeed, more often they wind up in utter confusion and boxoffice disaster.

Master dramatist Friedrich Schiller met twice with such abuse. (Continued on page 86)

Argentina: Everything Else So Inflated That Film And Legit Seats Seem 'Cheap'

By DOMINGO DI NUBILA

Buenos Aires. Argentina's galloping inflation (49.2% from January to September) had many adverse effects on film and legit costs during 1972 but paradoxically it helped to regain a lot of patrons lost in the last few years. Film attendance in Buenos Aires' first-runs climbed to 6,079,424 viewers in the 30 first weeks of the year, which was 581,902 (or 11%) more than the 5,497,222 registered in same period of 1971. It was also the best figure of the last quinquennium, since you have to go back to 1967 to find a better one: 6,335,881.

Although ticket prices were increased 45% (from 31c to 45c, plus taxes) during the first nine months of 1972, films seemed comparatively "cheap" to many people because food became much dearer (it takes nowadays 73% of an average worker's salary, according to estimates). True this leaves less entertainment money in people's pockets, but many chose to spend that money going to films rather than sitting

at a bar or cafeteria, where prices have sky-rocketed.

Other contributing factors in this return to theatres are: (1) traffic jams and prices at places abutting highways and freeways are discouraging; (2) television, on which locally produced shows are poorer than in previous years, and the supply of top features shorter, in both cases due to budgetary reasons.

Biggest grosser of 1972 was of course Paramount's "The Godfather," that may have doubled the all-time record set in 1971 by Paramount's prior "Love Story," but figures are not known because on Aug. 13, 1972, both exhibitors and distributors decided to keep them secret, a strange move since the box-office control being set up by the National Film Institute will make them public knowledge soon.

Until that date the biggest known grossers of 1972 in B.A.'s first-run were Fox's "The French Connection," \$118,998; UA's "Dia-

monds Are Forever," \$193,044; Locegu's "Melody," \$102,182; Par's "The Godfather," (first 3 1/2 weeks), \$86,976; Norma-Vigos Danish sex comedy "Bedroom Mazurka," \$86,791; Locegu's "Sacco and Vanzetti," \$84,203; Locegu's "Homo Eroticus," \$72,348; WB's "Summer of '42," \$72,106; Aries' "Argentinisima," a filmic LP featuring top tango and folklore performers against backgrounds lensed all over the country, \$66,548; Litoral's "La maffia," another native feature, \$62,348; MGM-Disney's "The Aristocats," \$60,223; UA's "Fiddler on the Roof," \$61,544; Filmespana's "The Garden of Finzi-Contini," \$60,035; Beta's "The Railway Children," \$54,261; Cine Internacional's "The Red Sun," \$49,089; Gloriar's Argentine picture "Heroine," \$47,778; Filmespana's "The Bird With the Crystal Feathers," \$46,539; and Locegu's "Confessione di un commissario," \$46,410. It has to be kept in mind that Argentine films are launched in 40-odd thea-

(Continued on page 96)

Filipino Video Lacks KO Punch For Film Exhibs

By AARON PINES

Manila.

Despite the proliferation of television all over the Philippines, the natives here remain avid theatrical film fans. This is the highlight of the preliminary findings about the cinema industry of the information bureau of the Multi-Media Organization. The survey has been conducted to establish a definitive profile of entertainment in the country.

A daily average of 1,000,000 persons prefer hours of mayhem, sex, music and drama in downtown theatres to television. This strong hold by the screen is mainly due to the fact that movies are still the cheapest form of recreation and entertainment to the average Filipino. With the regular admission of only two pesos for an orchestra seat and three pesos for the balcony, nobody is too low on the income scale to go.

Even so Filipino film trade proves defying to foreign-owned companies, Filipino (Tagalog dialect) producers and film importers who are faced with innumerable problems.

The floating rate (which puts the U.S. dollar at 6:45 pesos) is the number one culprit for showmen. They claim that it is biased. While foreign-owned companies are free to import motion pictures under the "no dollar import" basis, the local entrepreneurs are not given access to such privilege because of the restrictions on foreign remittances.

This complaint has merited the attention of no less than President Marcos himself. In his speech before the Independent Motion Picture Distributors & Importers Assn. of the Philippines recently, the President promised that this discrepancy in the implementation of the Central Bank circular would be looked into with "utmost consideration. I cannot tolerate the fact that while foreign-owned companies enjoy the benefits of free enterprise in this country, you, the Filipino businessmen, are hampered by restrictions," the President said.

Foreign film companies, on the other hand, rate as their major problem the delay in the shipment of release prints due to close booking of pictures. They complain that some bookings are susceptible to last-minute changes detrimental to their business.

Release Print Woe

Excessive taxes on both international and local amusements pose another problem to both sectors. This is compounded by heavy licensing on prints and high assessments on theatre prints.

Shifting our interest to the cultural aspect, what has the industry contributed to the life of the people?

On the whole, the motion picture industry has matured artistically. It is now of a higher level of creativity and improved techniques, and demands a more sophisticated audience. The change has been brought about by the proliferation of talents and ideas from all over the world. The morale of the people has also undergone profound changes as reflected in all mass communications media. The rapid expansion of the cultural scope of films has made the cinema industry a reflector of the realities in the world.

For want of a comprehensive report of the cinema industry, a survey of the exhibition business across the country was also undertaken.

The number of theatres in operation varies from year to year. The highest registered, 780, was in 1964. At present, an average of 600 has been reported operating. These figures represent a total accommodation of more than 424,000 seats.

The admission of more than 381 millions yearly yields some 221,000,000 pesos. Of this, about 24,000,000 millions are remitted abroad in the form of dollar royal-

RISKS OF FILMMAKING IN IRAN: UNPAID DEBTS SEND YOU TO JAIL

By HANK WERBA

Teheran.

Persian film producers have been turning out routine product for years—mainly for the home market and dribble exports to Turkey, Afghanistan and one or two countries in the Middle East. An era of quality Persian cinema is only three years old and still expanding. Film is the thing for young talent in Teheran although growth brings the typical pains.

In three years, the small native film industry plus minor government grants have made it possible for young repatriates and never-left-homes to win recognition at film festivals. Some of this normal recognition abroad has misidentified with "genius" images back in Iran.

"We deserve a little credit, too," most producers told this correspondent. "The directors get all the glory, while we remain anonymous or suspect. We put up all the money, take all the risks, meet all of the production requirements and often help the directors themselves. If any of these quality films fail commercially, we have to bear the full loss."

State Aid Slow

Quality filmmaking in Iran is creating substantial nationwide excitement but nothing has been done to date to draw up an outline for state film aid that could lighten producer risk with some form of production credit and production subsidy—two items long since incorporated in filmmaking activity throughout Europe.

The Empress of Iran, sponsor of both the big Film Festival and the older Festival of Films for Children and Young People, is aware of the problem. Rather than rely on traditional ministerial channels, the Empress is blocking out a cultural fund to include a film aid program for producers as well.

Until help arrives, all active producers almost without exception, are moving very cautiously. Even the most successful during the past year, Mehdi Missaghieh, is cutting back to two productions the next 12 months despite four winners on the marquee.

Case of Missaghieh

Missaghieh made his big killing with young Yank-educated filmmaker Darius Mehrjui whose "The Postman" was seen at both the Cannes and Venice Film Festivals. "Postman" is a big box office entry in Teheran at Missaghieh's Capri showcase and has been picked up for foreign release in several markets.

As a result, Mehrjui and the producer are getting together on a more ambitious project "Five" to roll this winter hopefully with either Omar Sharif, Marcello Mastroianni or an actor of similar

ties, the share of foreign film distributors.

The bulk of theatres are concentrated in Greater Manila. Their average seating capacity is at 1,460 seats. About 89% of these situations show CinemaScope films.

Provincial theatres are not as opulent as those in Greater Manila. They average at only 731 seats. Only 6% of them are air-conditioned. Upholstered seats are a rarity except in the balcony sections. About 14% have loge sections with the seating capacity of 88 seats.

The survey also uncovers that the theatre with the largest seating capacity is the Nation Cinerama with 2,939 seats.

The provincial theatre with the smallest orchestra seating capacity is the Paraiso in Baler, Quezon, with 200 seats while the Palace in Iloilo City has the largest orchestra seating capacity of 910 seats. The provincial theatre with the smallest balcony seating capacity is the Filipinas, established in 1956 in Cabiao, Nueva Ecija, the Rivoli, established in 1959 in San Pablo City has the largest balcony section with 504 seats.

The survey shows, too, that the "Pambansang Awit" (Philippine National Anthem) is a regular feature among provincial theatres

stature playing the male lead. A coproduction with France was considered, then rejected for fear that coproduction quotas might jeopardize goal of a national quality film.

Masoud Kimiai's "Balooch" (Nomad)—a modern drama of a primitive tribesman from Eastern Persia in a tangle with modern city life in Teheran, was another smash home market entry (though not in the same quality class of Kimiai's "Ghisar" or "Dash Akol," critics say). For Missaghieh, Kimiai is prepping "Earth"—a modern drama set in a poor village, with every intention of making it an international festival contestant. Another strong b.o. release is Motzvak Karemy's "Mohalel." Now entering distribution with everything going for it is Nasser Taghva's "Sadat the Kurd"—a slickly directed, socially pointed actioner about a Persian Gulf truck driver who indiscriminately murders fellow haulers after his wife is raped and killed by one. Taghva's first film "Aramesh," cooled by censors for more than three years, was finally cleared for release with good results. He is now prepping "The Curse" for a new film co-op.

Thinning his production slate from four last year to two ambitious projects with Mehrjui and Kimiai, Missaghieh is perhaps the lone example of a Persian producer who invested well and

wisely. Yet he, too, agreed that the general producer situation was one that required urgent help in the form of government protection.

His words were echoed by 29-year-old active film producer Ali Abbassi — Iran's first sponsor of young filmmaking talent. Abbassi completed two films—"Tangna" by Amir Nadery and "Black Hassan." Producer recently acquired a successful novel "Nangear" and Nadery takes it before cameras this month. In preparation is "Rajab Ringo"—a black humor comedy of a street waif who sells foreign film star photos and tries to emulate the celluloid heroes. Abbassi has Hassan Teherani, 23, tabbed to make his filming debut.

Prison Awaits Flops

Illustrating the hazards of film producership is Barbud Tohari. At 27 and with a background of studies in cinematography in London, Tohari has been in prison for the last month or more for debts accumulated in producing three pix—one of which, Bahram Beizai's "Ragbar" (Downpour) is an estimable first film from a promising Helmer. Film was picked to participate at the Australian Film Festival in Sydney along with "Postman," "Dash Akol" and another first film "Kafar."

Beizai, in his early thirties, directed "Ragbar" on a next to nothing budget over a period of two years. Film won the best young director prize and was also invited to the Carthage and Chicago Festivals. Despite the honors, Tohari could not pay off his debts and was tossed in the clink to await some generous move by the Ministry of Culture to liberate him. Beizai, a professor of theatre and acting at Teheran University, and a successful legit stager, is now prepping his second film "Stranger in the Fog."

Sooner or later, one or more of the ebullient young short film directors at the Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young People had to branch out into feature filmmaking. One among them, Farshid Mesghali—a successful animator—is ready to roll Iran's first animated feature based on old Persian fables and hopes to set it up as a coproduction with a European country.

Back from a seven year stretch in America, where he attended the senior dramatic workshop in Columbia U's School of Arts, 31-year-old Ferideoun Goleh is now filming his second feature "The Cage" for producer Mohaimed Shookraez. Goleh's first pic "Kafar" which he coproduced with his cast topper (Parviz Sayyad), will be seen at the Australian film festival in Sydney this year.

The Teheran film community, with all its growing pains, is particularly encouraged by the recent appointment of Yank distaffer Shelly Roitman by the Iranian Film Board in the Ministry of Culture to set up an office in Paris for sale of Persian pix in all markets. Secondary aspect of her activity will be to organize Iranian Film Weeks in key world cities and to assure participation of Persian films in more film festivals. On her own, Miss Roitman will also take under her wing the short film product of the Institute for the Intellectual Development's Film Center and is interested in adding NIRT film features now being produced in growing number to her foreign sales roster.

Talent from all the arts is congregating more than ever and with greater enthusiasm under the masthead of cinema and the contagion continues to spread daily, giving Iran a solid kernel on which to expand and thrive. It is now up to the Empress as an active patron of motion pictures activity in Iran, and the government to provide this hardcore of film activity with a long range program of state film aid to free the producer as a key participant from the daily fear of financial doom and the dismal prospect of a debtor's cell.

India's Films Go To 100 Countries

Madras.

India exports films to some 100 countries in the world, earning foreign exchange worth about \$6,500,000 every year. Most of the exports go to the Great Britain, while the other major countries which import Indian films are Bahrain, Ceylon, Dubai, Jordan, Singapore, Trinidad, Lebanon, Thailand, United States and Russia.

Exports of films are channeled through India's Motion Picture Export Corp., which was set up by the government in 1963, much against the declared views of the trade and industry. Industry feeling is that the IMPEC would not be in a position to either increase the volume of exports or obtain lucrative terms for Indian films being a Government creature.

Now that every developing country is imposing restrictions on imports of films in their efforts to foster the development of their own local film industry, it would become difficult for India to step up her exports, unless the IMPEC is in a position to tap sources hitherto left untouched.

Film Finance Corp.

The Government of India set up in 1960 a Film Finance Corp. to help the Indian film industry to produce quality films by providing capital to those progressive producers who were hampered by lack of funds and save them from the usurious demands from private financiers who take as much as 36% or even more by way of interest charges. They also take care to take out the interest before parting with the loan amount!

In the last decade, the Finance Corporation has advanced a total of some \$2,319,000 which helped the production of 70 feature and 18 documentary films. Only 13 documentary producers were able to repay the loan with interest charges, while 22 films flopped out completely, without earning a cent either for the Producer or the Corporation.

Though a limited number of films financed by the Corporation have earned some recognition as trend setters, it is doubtful whether the Corporation would be able to get back its loan from the remaining 48 feature film producers or the five documentary producers whom it had helped.

Belgium Keeps Its Film Cheer (New) Buoyant

By JOHN FLORQUIN

Brussels.

Until not so long ago, Belgium was in the strange position of being almost the only European country having no national feature film production. There was of course a generous output of documentaries and informational stuff but these were never seen by the natives: some were sent abroad, to film festivals mostly, and if one of them was awarded a prize the fact was casually mentioned in the local papers. But fiction films were few and far between. They very seldom could find the theatre operation ready to show them. And were ignored by the general public. In fact, anything with a Belgian label was supposed to be an occasion of indifference.

Yet the arts in this small, industrious and realistically-minded kingdom have always played a very important part. Some of the world's greatest painters were Flemish. Belgian writers, actors, architects have won big names for themselves not only here but abroad. And there is a very lively theatre, pretty good opera and provocative ballet in Belgium. Why then such an appalling lack of interest in the making of films?

First fact to consider of course is that Belgium, with its no-limit rule for the entry of foreign films, has always been in the rare position of importing American and French product, not to slight Italian and British films. Since 1944, Germany has lost its pre-war status as a supplier here but is now trying to reconquer this market through pornographic slanted fare aimed at our voyeur trade. A national film production therefore seemed superfluous. There was apparent no money to be made out of Belgian films. As to governmental subsidies, well, there were the documentaries and shorts to account for, n'est-ce pas?

No Inferiority Complex

Such was the situation for many years. But things have been changing these last four years. Partly because film festivals and awards gathered there have gradually helped to prove that Belgian films could attract foreign attention. Young film directors, once honored elsewhere, drew notice here. Governmental indifference was slowly but surely shattered and since that enormous leap over habit, prejudices and taboos, money has been made available to producers and directors whenever projects seemed promising and likely to recoup.

Subsidies were quite modest at the start. But today, with hopes rising since the financial—and quite unexpected—success of the Belgo-Dutch "Mira". Both Ministries of Culture, French and Flemish — (everything in this bi-lingual kingdom is in double, a little like Canada) have opened their purses.

It is estimated that for 1973, the Ministry of Belgian French Culture will vote a credit of \$600,000, its Flemish equivalent upping this by \$120,000. There will also be an additional "encouragement bonus" from the Ministry of Economic Affairs said to be in the vicinity of \$900,000.

This tends to support the impression that the Belgian film industry is now regarded as "above disdain."

A Shot in the Arm

"Mira", of course, shattered some of the prejudices. It was a Belgian film that did excellent business in Belgium. For the first time too there was a genuine public interest for a story deeply rooted into native soil. A romantic drama, perhaps, but sufficiently real to make people realize that it belonged to its folklore.

Many Belgian films have been made since, many more in process. In a single week, three went into production: a Belgo-Dutch "Feu Follet" (Will o' the Wisp), with Dora Van der Groen and Romain De Coninck; "Home Sweet Home," now finished under direction of

(Continued on page 86)

Aussie's New \$100-Mil Opera House Also Good For 'Commercial' B.O.

By HARRY M. MILLER

Sydney. I would be lacking in a certain amount of national pride if I didn't begin this annual opportunity for self-promotion with a mention of something I don't have money in—except as a taxpayer—and something with which I'm not even yet involved.

I am referring to the Sydney Opera House—a \$100,000,000 architectural modern wonder of the world which already has been 14 years under construction and which is due to be officially opened by Queen Elizabeth II in October of 1973.

This event is not exactly going to have them dancing up and down Broadway, but both in terms of broadening global knowledge about Australia and understanding the potentialities it holds for the entertainment industry make this significant.

The Opera House is a noncommercial project. It has been built by the New South Wales State Government and will be operated by them through a trust.

Its main users will be Australia's major performing arts companies—the Australian Opera, the Australian Ballet and the Sydney Symphony. They are expected to occupy the two main halls for most of the year, with one of the subsidized national drama companies getting priority in the booking of the smaller drama hall.

While none of this might appear to be of much interest or benefit to commercial theatrical managers, you have to look at the whole enterprise as to its capacity for increasing and invigorating Australian general public interest in the arts and entertainment to see its place on the broader horizon.

It is a magnificent building and a superb showcase, and we all anticipate that it will have a very beneficial influence on what is already a quite healthy climate in our industry's boxoffice.

Actually, all the halls and facilities at the Sydney Opera House will be available for commercial hiring both during and between the seasons it will be used by the noncommercial companies.

We have been consulted by the government as to what our requirements are likely to be, and some of our planning is being structured around use of the Opera House for international concert attractions.

At the moment, Miller Attractions slate runneth over with activities.

We have Richard Todd touring New Zealand in our production of "Sleuth," which is due soon to resume its tour of the Australian mainland.

An Australian drama called "The Removalists," by a young local playwright, David Williamson, is just concluding a long run under our banner at the Playbox in Sydney, and it's due soon at the Forum in the Lincoln Center New York.

Our production of "Hair," now in Adelaide, is seemingly endless run around metropolitan Australia; satirist Barry Humphries is on national tour of his one-man show "A Load of Old Stuff" after completion of his movie "The Adventures of Barry McKenzie;" and of course, our joint production with Robert Stigwood of "Jesus Christ Superstar" is still packing them in at Sydney's Capitol Theatre.

In April we plan to move "Superstar" to Melbourne to make room at the Capitol for our joint production with Harold Fielding of the musical "Gone With the Wind." We're already well into the pre-production stage with this one, which will be directed by Joe Layton.

The Joe Cocker tour of Australia and New Zealand, which we handled a couple of months ago, helped to define the very buoyant market for rock acts in this area, and we are in negotiation with

several other pop acts for tours in 1973.

It's also heartening to us that a very active outfit called the Producers & Directors Guild of Australia has just singled us out as the only major commercial management to make regular use of Australian directors.

And we don't only do that out of a sense of patriotism, either. They're good!

Unpredictable Legit Tastes In Melbourne

By RAYMOND STANLEY

Melbourne.

The best attractions and entertainers to be seen in Melbourne during the past year were not necessarily the winners at the box office. The most satisfying play for instance, Simon Gray's "Butley," presented by Harry M. Miller and toplining Peter Wyngarde in a superb performance, played to scanty audiences. So too did the wonderful Prospect Theatre Co. from Britain with outstanding productions of "King Lear" and "Love's Labour's Lost"; lack of promotional push from the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust which presented the company was partly to blame, plus too many other simultaneous distractions.

Impeccable Carol Channing in her own show—through force of circumstances of a too long engagement of four and a half weeks in an over-large theatre and at too high (for here) prices—failed to draw the big crowds. Entrepreneur Kenn Brodzak though deserves whatever glory adheres to giving Australians the opportunity to see a Broadway musical comedy star at her peak.

With Australian playwrighting on the upsurge the very best to be staged here also lacked audience support. These were James McNeill's duo of prison plays, "The Chocolate Frog" and "The Old Familiar Juice" and Ronald Harrison's "Father Dear, Come Over Here," all Melbourne Theatre Company productions. Will they reach or succeed overseas?

Despite a stunning opening performance, Tony Martin was unable to draw the cabaret crowd. But dusky English singer Cleo Laine, almost unknown Down Under, steadily built audiences in three concerts here and should obviously make it big next time over. If one had to nominate the most overall satisfying night's entertainment to be seen during the year, after many nods in Carol Channing's direction, one would mention Cleo Laine and husband John Dankworth.

Michael Edgley, on behalf of Williamson-Edgley Theatres, presented three well-regarded but not well-attended companies from overseas to wit, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, The Nederlands Dans Theater and the Ballet Folklorico de Mexico.

What were the year's successes at the box office? "Godspell," "Charlie Girl" starring Anna Neagle and with Derek Nimmo and Johnny Farnham (a carry-over from the previous year) and Sydney James in the English farce "The Mating Season," all presented by Aztec Services together with Williamson-Edgley Theatres. Most successful Australian play was "Jugglers Three" by David Williamson whose bawdy humor has a particular appeal to Aussie audiences.

Amongst the year's disappointments: Rod McKuen's Town Hall concert when it was impossible to hear him, the one-woman show "Here Are Women" of Siobhan McKenna who over-declared the announcements, a mis-directed dis-

(Continued on page 88)

Film School 'Truants'

Madrid.

For the first four weeks of the languishing Official Film School term no practical classes in films were given. After vainly protesting several times, and even offering the dean suggestions on how to improve the school, the students walked out of class in exasperation.

Where did they go? To a neighborhood cinema to see some films and perhaps learn something about the art.

INDIA'S OBLIGATORY NEWSREEL (1% B.O.); QUALITY IMPROVED

Madras.

A Films Division, set up by the Indian Government in 1948 to produce newsreels and documentaries from its (the government's) slant, produces an average of 150 newsreels and documentaries in a year. Under the Indian Cinematograph Act, every theatre is obliged to exhibit these films as part of the condition for a license to operate.

In the initial years, theatres had protested against the compulsion on which they had to pay hire charges at 1% of the box office takings. One exhibitor in the South challenged the competence of the Government to impose its own stuff. The Madras High Court, however, ruled in favour of the Indian Government, and that was that.

There was a time when the majority of the audience would hang around in the foyer of the theatre or outside till the Division's shorts were screened and entered the auditorium only when the main films started. This audience prejudice has more or less disappeared these days as the quality of the Division's short films has improved in content and theme.

India's Pix Industry Studies B.O. Impact Of Sexual Liberation; May Go So Far As Allow Kissing

By N. V. ESWAR

Madras. Ined temple walls so much noticed by western tourists.

Released from the puritan and the prudish inhibitions of yesteryear, the Indian film producer has now become a reveller and does not know where to end his tangle with female flesh. Bare skin and leer ooze from the new films to such an extent that a leading producer like A. L. Srinivasan had called for stricter censor controls and even denials of Certificates to such films.

The box office success of two Hindi language films, "Do Raha" and "Jaroorat," has supplied further erotic impetus. Some producers have portrayed intimate details in rape scenes and others are readying to follow them.

A Malayalam language film, "Punar Jenman (New Life)—Re-birth in the literal sense of the word—which would not ordinarily run for more than two weeks in a Tamil-speaking city like Madras, is still running in its 11th week as this is written. It deals with the tribulation of a young man in establishing man-woman relationship with the girl he has married. The first of the how-to-do-its; a la West Germany sex guide vogue of recent times. The chairman of the Central Board of Censors, D. Vyas, has expressed himself strongly against films peddling sex and "pandering" to the purient interest of the viewers. The Censors might therefore step in and stop the trend.

Something should be mentioned; Indian actresses tend to a very rapid fattening of their persons, often within two or three films. This conflicts with the new "exposure".

What happened to Germany could possibly happen in India too. Being experts in producing flops, "sex" may get nowhere among Indian flop makers. The lack of finesse in delicate scenes is a problem.

The Indian producer is not of course worried a bit at the moment. He has found a new formula and he has decided to use it to the hilt.

Hamburg's Sin Mile More Or Less 'Safe'; Pimps' War A Fret

By JACK KINDRED

Hamburg.

Legalized prostitution with strict controls follows a long Hamburg tradition stemming from the Hanseatic city's early days as a port. But only within the last decade has the sex-and-porno trade been concentrated in Sankt Pauli following a ban on prostitution in other districts and razing of the old "Ulrikusstrasse" in the downtown business district to make way for an office building.

According to police figures, about 2,000 registered harlots ply their trade in Sankt Pauli, whose main drag, the Reeperbahn, is known as the mile of sin.

Another 1,000 to 2,000 hookers are hustling in the area without being directly under police control, which includes periodic venereal infection inspections.

Besides street Maedchen who pose along certain designated streets, often girls exhibit themselves display window style in the closed-off Herbert Street. Others still parade in the patios of the "Eros Center" and "Palais d'Amour," which were built some four years ago at a cost of more than \$1,000,000 each.

Bonn recently passed special legislation enabling authorities to ban street walking during daylight hours, after an outcry from parents, whose children ran into the flaunting floozies in going to school.

An unknown contingent, many of them only part-timers or amateurs, cater to more affluent clientele in downtown posh cafes and niteries.

About 200 girls operate in shifts in the Herbert Street, paying about \$8 a day in rent, while an additional 140 "Mieze" work at the Eros Center and Palais d'Amour where daily rents go as high as \$15. The going rate in Herbert Street

begins at \$6 and \$10 at the more elaborate Eros Center and Palais d'Amour.

Though no figures on turnover are available, on good nights the district's sizzling strip shows, films, sex bookshops, beerhalls, discotheques, jazz and rock clubs, various "shows" penny arcades and eateries of all kinds attract more than 10,000 visitors on good nights.

A few moralists continue here to oppose legalized prostitution, but there is little public opinion support. Even the churches seem by and large to share the police view that prostitution cannot be stamped out and is therefore better controlled, even if imperfectly.

Some years ago, the Catholic authorities in the one-time swinging Sankt George district obtained a ban on street prosties after they were openly soliciting in the immediate neighborhood of the church.

Sankt Pauli is relatively "safe" for visitors though muggings and Mickey Finns are hazards of obscure dives on side streets.

Since the opening of the Eros Center and Palais d'Amour, police have been called in on nearly 500 cases ranging from free-for-alls to robber and murder.

Police concede that the number of actual crimes committed in the sex barracks, other than capital offenses, are considerably higher than the data, since many victims often do not report to police to avoid being identified.

But with a relatively "safe" district under the circumstances, law enforcement officials are more concerned about periodic outbreaks of gang war between rival pimp factions; also a growing drug and arms traffic in the port area.

Brothel Ban In Japan Fails Via 'Baths' & 'Inns'

By JIM HENRY

Tokyo.

Yedo, now called Tokyo, boasted possibly the largest prostitute population of any large settlement in the world, during some 400 years since the dawn of the Tokugawa era up to the Restoration of Meiji.

In addition to the swarming girls for hired pleasure at the Yoshiwara, there were four licensed quarters at Shinagawa, Shinjuku, Itabashi and Senju. There were also 61 unlicensed quarters in the old city.

On top of that there were girls working in the bathhouses, tea-serving girls, dancers, geisha, etc. There were no exact number as census was unknown in those days. However, it was surmised that in 1839 or thereabouts when the population of Yedo neared 1,000,000 there were more than 10,000 prostitutes in Yedo.

The first record of government control of prostitution is to be found in the law of 1193 of "Azuma Kagami." The gay quarters were first established in 1585. These districts in feudal Japan were actually created to control vice.

Today fierce competition for customers is in full swing again in the former Yoshiwara redlight (Continued on page 86)

Germany's New Cycle Of New & Old Literary Prestige For Its Features

By JOHN KAFKA

Munich. Current projects and recent product of the German film industry reflect a trend towards the "classics" in both vintage and contemporary literature, with "establishment" and "rebels" on the same pursuit, though their motives and approaches might be opposite. The "commercial cinema's" 1973 schedules register about a dozen pictures which are based on literary landmarks.

Roxy (Luggi Waldleitner), a trend-setter with Alexander Pushkin's "Snow Storm" now readies E.T.A. Hoffmann's (Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffman") as "The Devil's Elixirs." Thereafter he plans the Frank Wedekind play, "Lulu," and a novel by 19th Century woman writer George Sand.

Franz Seitz Films has Moliere's "Le Malade Imaginaire" ("The Hypochondriac") in preparation, Arthur Brauner (CCC) is working on Hendrik Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." Neue Muenchner's slate shows Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm" and Gerhart Hauptmann's under-world comedy, "The Beaver Coat."

"The Magic Mountain," the Thomas Mann novel, having long loomed in the past as an MGM possibility, is now to materialize as an Iduna film. Bernhard Wicki directs it for Intertel.

Heinrich Boell, the latest (1972) German Nobel laureate, supplied Herbert Vesely's picture, "The Bread of Early Years" potent epic material while his "A Clown's Views" is being film-processed by actor-director Maximilian Schell.

Schell also made a picture out of Ivan Turgenev's 1856 novel, "First Love," acted-in and produced Franz Kafka's difficult opus, "The Castle," (helmed by Rudolf Noelte), and promoted the screen revival of Austrian epic author, Joseph Roth, with latter's "Capuchine Tomb," directed by Johannes Schaaf, and, under the title of "Trotta," one of the two best German films in a long time. The other, "The Wanting Weight," piloted by Bernhard Wicki, was also drawn from a Roth novel.

Munich's Beta Combine wrapped up Gustave Flaubert's "Sentimental Education" (1870; readies a film version of the baroque Teutonic adventure novel, "Simplicissimus" by Johann Jakob Christopher Grimmelshausen (1669); and plans, significantly on suggestion and request of French coproducers to bring Goethe's monumental "Wahlverwandtschaften" ("Elective Affinities") to the cinema and tv screens.

The industry "establishment's" reasons for turning to "world's great literature" are various. They search for alternatives to the "sex reports" the (Karl May) pseudo-Westerns, the crude (Edgar Wallace) sleuth stories, the home-sweet-home corn, all still doing well at the domestic box offices but perhaps for not much longer. The classics also promise a pre-sold audience and perhaps some international market chances.

If "the rebel youth directors" have recently adapted, or are at present trying to adapt more than 30 works that belong in the history of literature, this is mostly done in a spirit quite contrary to the belief in authority. They dissect the classic substance and try to paste the pieces together with a revolutionary slant. Sometimes they succeed, more often they wind up in utter confusion.

Master dramatist Friedrich Schiller met twice with such abuse. Hans W. Geisendorfer processed "Don Carlos" to a Latin-American Western complete with sex and non-sensical violence. Veit Relin shifted "The Bride of Messina" into a never-never land inhabited by hysterical rockers which he passed off as contemporary Israel. Volker Schlöndorff's more true-to-the-letter screen adaptation of Heinrich von Kleist's "Michael Kohlhaas" lacked logic and inner strength while Hans W. Syberberg,

although estranging Kleist's "Betrouthal of San Domingo" from the original, still could deliver a pungent picture. Syberberg also did well by Tolstoy's "Does A Man Want Much Land."

Likewise George Moore, Yank counted in with German young-filmers, scored high with his faithful treatment of Georg Buchner's "Lenz." Edgar Reitz put E.T.A. Hoffmann's "Cardillac" to effective use, and re-created ancient-Greek Pindar's "Python" in "The Argonauts" rather appealingly by means of an all-children cast. Wim Wenders handled Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" with persuasiveness. Conversely, Eberhard Schroeeder's "Salome" managed to transform the Bible and Oscar Wilde into a nightmarish absurdity, and Michael Verhoeven rather detracted from, than added to, Strindberg's "Dance of Death" by injecting, as the first on the Teutonic film scene, rough sex.

Film Critics And Editors In Spain

Madrid.

Following is a list of major film reviewers and chroniclers operating in Spain this year. In addition to their work as critic, most are engaged in other film activities as well.

Alfonso Sanchez. Considered to be the dean of Spanish critics, Sanchez has a daily column in the Madrid evening daily "Informaciones" which is a catch-all for all kinds of social and film items. On Mondays he runs a special film column in the paper "Hoja de Lunes." He is a serious-minded and knowledgeable critic, who also worked with TVE for a while to introduce tube pix. Home address is: Dr. Cortezo, 13, Madrid 12.

Pascual Cebollada. One of the most influential Spanish film critics whose reviews and articles appear daily in the Madrid newspaper "Ya." Cebollada is also on Board of Censors and is head of Spanish Critics Circle. He works with TVE as well, though he no longer makes personal appearances. Home: Alberto Aguilera, 10, Madrid.

Miguel Rubio. Leading avant-garde "opposition" critic in close contact with all youth movements and intellectual trends. Writes daily column for Madrid's "Nuevo Diario" and popular youth-slanted weekly "Mundo Joven." Also does film scripting.

Antonio Martinez Tomas. Critic for leading Barcelona newspaper "La Vanguardia." Was formerly prez of Barcelona Press Assn., Generalísimo 327, Barcelona 9.

Guillermo Sanchez. Critic for second-most important Barcelona daily, the "Noticiero Universal." Correaga, 208, Barcelona 11.

Alvaro Santamarina. The most cine-oriented of the Spanish press agency correspondents. Writes for Europa Press.

Lorenzo Lopez Sancho. Newly-appointed critic for influential Madrid daily "ABC." Covers all pix premed in the capital.

Elisenda Nadal. Knowledgeable editor and critic for the Barcelona show biz weekly "Nuevos Fotogramas." Tallers 62-64, Barcelona, 1.

Ramon Pradera. Writes influential weekly tv program "Buenas Tardes" dedicated entirely to film news for First Channel Spanish Television, which is a "must" for all film buffs here. It's telecast at 8 p.m. on Fridays. Contact: TVE, Prado del Rey, Madrid.

Felix Martlalay. Critic for "El Alcazar," Madrid daily. Marques de Santillana, 4, Madrid 2.

Jose Luis Guarner. Dynamic critic and last year's organizer of the Benalmadena Film Festival. Guar-

ner has a weekly spread with reviews, news and articles in Barcelona mag "Nuevos Fotogramas." Diagonal 430, Barcelona 9.

Vicente Pineda. Has long in-depth articles and reviews in popular weekly film mag "Cine en 7 Dias." Pineda also runs his own distribberty called V.O. Films. Avda. Alfonso XIII, 75, Madrid.

Jose Pastor. Publishes daily column in newspaper "Ya," giving mini-news and items anent cine, discs, show biz personalities, etc. Usually covers film festivals and song contests in Spain for his paper. Sancho Davila, 32, Madrid, 2.

Hugo Ferrer. Covers the scene in Spain for the Buenos Aires mag "Radiolandia" and is correspondent for Argentinian tv. Victor Pradera, 58, Madrid 8.

Jesus Amilibia. Provides low-brow, splashy coverage for powerful Madrid labor-oriented daily "Pueblo."

Pedro Crespo. Critic for Madrid daily "Arriba."

Luis Gomez Mesa. Veteran film critic who now covers news for Radio Madrid. He's also author of several film books. Address: Ventura Rodriguez, 15, Madrid 8.

Javier Duran. Barcelona-based correspondent for "Cinemonde" (France), "Estudio" (Portugal), "Novelas Musicales" (Mexico), "Circuito II RTV" (Peru). Writes articles and miscellaneous news items. Calle Industria 212, Barcelona 13.

Jorge Fiestas. In addition to running the Madrid niterie "Oliver," Fiestas has a catch-all gossip and chat column covering the Madrid scene in Barcelona-based mag "Nuevos Fotogramas." Address: Almiranta, 8, Madrid 4.

Katrina Bayonas. Madrid stringer for London's "Today's Cinema." She also does publicity work. Madre de Dios, 27, Madrid 16.

Carlos Hugo Azarain. Madrid-based correspondent for numerous South American mags including "Fila 13," "Heraldo del Cine" and "Veronica" of Argentina. Also writes for "Cinelandia" (Mexico) and "Diez Minutos" (Madrid).

Sexplicity

(Continued from page 83)

Hans W. Geisendorfer processed "Don Carlos" to a Latin-American Western complete-with sex and non-sensical violence. Veit Relin shifted "The Bride of Messina" into a never land solely inhabited by hysterical rockers which he passed off as contemporary Israel. Volker Schlöndorff's more true-to-the-letter screen adaptation of Heinrich von Kleist's "Michael Kohlhaas" lacked logic and inner strength while Hans W. Syberberg, although estranging Kleist's "Betrouthal of San Domingo" from the original, still could deliver a pungent picture. Syberberg also did well by Tolstoy's "Does A Man Want Much Land?"

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Germany's living trio of "great men of letters" was ministered to so far only by junior cineastes. Gunter Grass is on record with only one picture, "Cat and Mouse," a disputed but impressive item done by Hans Jurgen Pohland. Heinrich Boell's "The Bread of Early Years," which Herbert Vesely piloted, deserves remembrance while his "Clown's Views" is now being readied by Maximilian Schell. Martin Walser's novel, "Gallist's Disease," rated a better, screen treatment than it got from youngfilmer Peter Fleischmann.

Lighter Side Of Israel

By JEANETTE KAMINS

Tel Aviv. Now, despite the fight for survival of an Israel surrounded by enemies, where dying is easier than getting rich, humor still manages to play a part in the heart and tradition of thea people.

Take, for instance, an evening in the live theatre. Three Yiddish stock companies are currently performing on alternate weekends in Tel Aviv, Haifa and Jerusalem. Their stars are Max Perlman, Mary Sarno and Adrian Storr. Billboards heralding their appearances are plastered on main streets in each city a week in advance. The approach displays laughter and comedy as a selling point. Even in today's Israel, or, on the other hand, especially in today's Israel, theatrical managers know that tourists and natives alike will buy laughter and fun at the boxoffice.

One Saturday night recently at the Auditorium on Balfour St. in Tel Aviv, I went to see Mary Sarno, the Lucille Ball of Israel, in "A Girl Needs Luck." ("A Maidel Daf Hoben Mazele"), 12 pounds in Israeli money (\$3) bought me an orchestra ticket to this hilarious (so advertised) musical comedy. Fair enough. Sitting in my choice centre seat, the audience, I noticed, were middleaged people for the most part. Not so surprising, I soon realized, since these were Jewish people who spoke and understood Yiddish. They had migrated from Eastern European countries, they still retained the love and habit of the Yiddish word. I, for one, was glad to see that the Yiddish theatre still flourished, even if only on weekends, and even if only in Israel, because I have always been a staunch supporter of Molly Picon and Jennie Goldstein and Maurice Schwartz.

The evening performance was scheduled for 9 a.m. At 9:35, after several minutes of impatient applause by the audience, the lights dimmed. Silence. The electric spark of total attention leapt from audience to stage. Throats cleared in anticipation as the magic of theatre was about to begin. But wait. People were coming down the aisle, looking for their seats. They talked, in whispers it's true, but still they talked.

"Shh-shh," echoed through the theatre.

"Shh yourself," came retorts. Magic waits for no one. The curtain rose. A telephone onstage rang and rang.

The latecomers rustled through and got into their seats. Once they sat down, making their presence official, they stood up to take off their coats. Such a commotion! Shades of Second Avenue!

An onlooker could contain herself no longer.

"Sha," she shouted, turning her head to glare angrily in the direction of the noisy latecomers.

Now the word 'sha' is like the word 'fire.' Nothing spreads more quickly.

"Sha!" others in the theatre cried energetically. Such a word is contagious. "Sha! Sha!" I joined in. There was such a tumult of shas and shushes from people shushing the shahers, the actors were outnumbered. They stood frozen in from the walls. Finally, tempers position as the shas ricocheted subsided. Temporarily.

"She got a tongue a mile long!" came a comment, loud and clear.

With one last sibilant 'sha' in unison, the theatre quieted and the actors were allowed to continue.

After every song and dance—in the Yiddish theatre of musical comedy, every performer has a big song-and-dance number—the audience applauded their approval. The actor stepped forward, beaming with delight and bowed and bowed. Cries of "More! More!" urged a reprise up on each performer's triumph until, finally, with a jubilant gesture of seeming immodesty, kisses were motioned as he begged off.

During intermission, the theatrelovers fortified themselves with halvah and orange drinks and returned for the second half of the show. Their mood was joyous as they settled into seats, some

having moved down nearer the stage into the empties, and, as the lights dimmed, last drops of orange drinks mingled with the rustle of candy wrappings. At 11:30, they crowded out of the theatre, pushing their way happily into the night. All was forgiven and forgotten. Until, I smiled, next time . . .

Going to a movie at the Ron Theatre in Jerusalem offered another unique experience. Saturday night there are two performances of the main feature, 7 and 9 p.m. You purchase a ticket for either showing; five Israeli pounds (\$1.25). "What's Up, Doc?" with Barbra Streisand and Hebrew and French subtitles. The 7 p.m. showing begins at 7:15. "A Jewish custom," an experienced American tourist told me. "Nothing is on time in Israel. Not the airplanes, not the buses. They go when they are ready."

True, true, I discovered. I, for one, am usually late. Sometimes I'm early, but On Time? Never.

So armed with popcorn and orange drink (I'm not crazy about orange drink, but I try to follow the customs of a country—that's the right way to be a tourist, no?) I am in the Ron Theatre, surrounded by teenagers and pregnant girls who look like teenagers because they are, waiting at 7:10 for the 7 o'clock showing of "What's Up, Doc?" The youth of Israel love American films. They buy tickets in advance and stand in line in eager anticipation.

Sports run a close second. Television takes third place. There's no daytime television, even if you can afford the luxury of a set. Programs from 6 to 8 p.m. are in Arabic. Then Hebrew, news and entertainment, sometimes an old movie in English. But most everywhere you go, Hebrew is spoken, except of course in hotels, the airport, some restaurants, tourist agencies and by tourist guides. It pays to know the important words in Hebrew, however. Yes (Ken) and No (Lo). Maybe (uLay). Thank you (toDa). Good (Tov). Please (bevakasha). Excuse me (slikha). Of course, if you want to know an answer, you better buy a dictionary. Or go with a friend who's studied Hebrew. Or make a friend in Israel who speaks your language.

So before the feature film goes on, advertisements appear on the screen. Buy this toothpaste. Shop in this store. Eat at this restaurant. Drink this beer. No English subtitles so be patient as the ads flash on and off, accompanied by an appealing voice giving the selling pitch. After 6 minutes (I counted), the feature began as I settled down with my popcorn to enjoy . . .

One of the best advertisements I saw read: Dr. So and So, Doctor of Women and Other Diseases. People ask me, "What's Israel like?" To me, Israel is not a state or a country. It's a frame of mind. Go and see for yourself. And when you meet a handsome, proud Israeli and he tells you, "I am a Sabra," and you ask, "What is a Sabra?" and he answers, "Like a cactus. Tough on the outside, but gentle and sweet inside"—Well, that's Israel! Shalom!

Belgium

(Continued from page 84)

Benoit Lamy with French actor-producer Jacques Perrin; Fons Rademakers' "Because of the Cats," with Alexandra Stewart, Bryan Marshall and Sebastian Graham-Jones.

Latter was another Belgo-Dutch product. Co-production is very much in vogue here and it is an excellent thing for Belgium to strengthen its new found confidence.

Better distribution is a need. This could perhaps eliminate future mishaps like Marcel Hanoun's "Winter" and Pierre Laroche's "It Rains In My House," which were never publicly shown, while "Never Alone Anymore," a distinguished effort by Jean Delire, headed straight to tv and was hardly ever seen in theatres.

South Korea Show Biz In Doldrums, Victim Of Economic, Political Woes

Seoul. Live theatre, even more the fabulous invalid in Korea than on Broadway, experienced a modest revival in '71-'72. Since the encroachment of radio, films and tv after World War II, legit shows have been few and far between. Not only do the actors and technicians, recruited from more lucrative fields, receive no pay; they often put up their own money, thus becoming self-sanctified angels. Under these conditions, the blend of enthusiastic idealism with amateurism is no surprise.

In fact the leading Korean troupe, the Experimental Theatre Group, which completed its 10th year with a record boxoffice "Hamlet" in September 1971, boasts of its amateurism. Their "Hamlet," though, impressed the Korea Times foreign reviewer and drew 10,000 spectators in a five-day run at the ramshackle old National Theatre, which is supposed to hold only 800 people. (The mathematical discrepancy is explained by SRO plus the fact that there were two shows a day—an unbelievable burden on the actors in a play that ran two hours and 45 minutes.)

More important, the Experimental Group, which represented Korea at a world drama festival in 1972, has launched a subscription series with season tickets sold in advance for an ambitious repertory of six plays this season. Though there is a heavy dependence on translations of foreign classics, the troupe is also trying to cultivate not only native Korean playwrights, but a modernized adaptation of the ancient stylized Korean classic acting style, as exemplified in folk pantomimes and ballad operas centuries old. For this purpose they want to establish their own drama school.

There are already four colleges which have departments of theatre arts, plus the academy of the Drama Center, a Rockefeller-funded theatre which has been in financial doldrums for the decade of its existence due to an over-ambitious program.

Despite difficulties, the Drama Center has never given up, and its production of "Luv" and Harold Pinter's "The Birthday Party" were considered successful. As always, there are no royalties to authors because of Korea's non-membership in the international copyright agreement.

Opera's Spotty B.O.

The perennial old Korean tale of "Spring Fragrance," likened to "Cinderella" or "Romeo and Juliet," was done again by the National Classical Opera Company in the ancient musical style that many modern ears, even among Koreans, find jarring. However, it drew a good house on the Chusok harvest holiday weekend.

Motion picture production was in the doldrums too, the only sign of a trend being a horror film cycle. One of these went to a European horror festival, as noted here a year or so ago. The most popular imported film was "Tora, Tora, Tora," since it gave Korean audiences, many of whose members speak Japanese, a chance to see and hear Japanese actors, even though films from Japan itself are not yet permitted to be shown due to old grudges. Someone tried to make it with "Tales of Beatrix Potter," but it flopped as being too exotic for the Korean trade, even moppets.

The half-dozen tv channels continued grinding out reruns of ancient U.S. series plus some desultory variety and game shows of their own, and lots of weepy soap opera a la Seoul. The government channel, KBS, vowed to eliminate commercialism, but it's hard to see who will foot the bill for improved programming if they do. Videotaping concerts, operas, time-filler. However, this has bad and sports events is a cheap, easy effects on live attendance, which is priced high by local standards.

In fact, unhealthy competition for the audience dollar is precipitating a crisis in the musical world. Public interest remains, but

economic retrenchment and too many events bring on a situation where even big names may draw far from a full house, at least in terms of paid admissions. This means substantial losses for the sponsors, usually newspaper and magazine empires, which can afford the loss but which are naturally wary of such a trend.

This dilemma seems to have hit promoters of pop events especially. Few, if any foreign entertainers did concert dates in Korea this year, as opposed to supperclub engagements at one or two big hotels. Official disapproval of hippie, rebel, drug-oriented and rock style shows would bar Korea for such groups anyway.

The only ones of this type to appear are the fairly mild shows licensed and brought in by the U.S. Army Special Services for GI club shows. Sometimes these performers try to moonlight in Korean jobs, but tax problems and immigration rules make this chancy.

There are legal ways to do it, but they're clogged by government red tape, so unless a local impresario takes an interest and clears the way, prospects are not promising.

The nitery scene in Seoul had a hypo last year when the trend-setting Chosun Hotel opened Korea's first discotheque, yclept "Tomorrow," complete with rock bands and psychedelic lighting. Imitations predictably sprang up around town; but after the spring national elections—when money was flowing freely—came an official austerity campaign, an unsuccessful government attempt to pacify potential demonstrations among activist college students against corruption in high places. (The students demonstrated anyway, and the government sent in riot troops to close the schools.)

The austerity campaign by civic and police authorities was widely regarded as a sideshow to distract public attention from the real issues of economic crisis and piratical profiteering. It took the form of cutting kids' long hair in public (though all male Koreans wore hippie-style topknots 80 years ago), banning body painting and any Mod clothing styles the fuzz found decadent, impounding pornography (in Korea that means nudity, sometimes including works of Goya and other masters), and closing down entertainment spots for minor or major infractions of operating rules.

Shutter Discotheques

Thus the Chosun's "Tomorrow" and other discotheques were busted several times a piece, and shuttered for periods up to several weeks as punishment for having minors on the premises, or staying open past the midnight curfew.

Worse was to come in November, 1972, when the government proclaimed martial law, suspended the Constitution, dissolved parliament, and called for a new constitution to be put to referendum (where it was sure to pass due to the government's firm grasp of grassroots political setups) which gave a Korean president virtual dictatorial powers and unlimited tenure. All this was said to be for the purpose of closing national ranks, eliminating waste, and putting the Republic in a better bargaining position in recently begun reunification talks with the Communist north.

One thing it did for sure though, was kill freedom of the press, and turn entertainment media into unsavory outright propaganda ballyhoo.

Madras Brownout

In view of the poor power supply situation, the Madras government has asked all cinemas in the state to limit the number of shows to two. Many have expressed the fear that the supply may not show any improvement until next June when the new monsoon season would set in.

Recently, however, there have been heavy rains in the state and this may ease the problem early in the new year.

Sour Notes Loom For Instant Filmmakers In South Africa's Industry

Johannesburg.

Looks like many instant filmmakers who jumped aboard the bandwagon will be hitting sour notes in South Africa.

Dazzled by the generous government subsidies offered to local product, especially liberal when the soundtrack is in Afrikaans, these newcomers to the industry have discounted the importance of experience and talent in the production of films. But whereas distributors were previously tolerant of them, blind patriotism no longer dulls the keen edge of commercial judgment. Much unsaleable footage will probably remain unsold.

The only chance of recouping expenses will be to offload these pix to the SABC for screening on tv once that medium goes into operation. Some think the State subsidy scheme was designed with special intent to provide indigenous films for television, especially as a more lavish handout is accorded Afrikaans pix. The tv service will be on a 50-50 language basis, and while English soundtrack pix can be imported, this is not so in the case of Afrikaans.

As tv screening fees will almost certainly fail to cover production costs, many ventures are liable to end up in the red.

Among the flood of mediocre and less than mediocre productions screened last year, a significant exception was "The Winners," directed by seasoned film man Emil Nol. This standout film, hailed by crix disenchanted with homegrown efforts, rated among the top b.o. earners of 1972.

"The Winners" broke all Johannesburg records for a South African pic when it was shown at the prestige Ster 700 Theatre.

Parisian Tactics At Openings

Paris.

Film showmanship here in Paris divides on the values and tactics best serving features coming fresh to market. One coterie favors big, even snobbish, launchings as most likely to overcome French tendencies to lethargy at the present time in the national ethos. Others endorse selective use of press and air media, follow-up display advertising as more likely to stir word-of-mouth.

There is a distinct trend here to quote celebrities outside the entertainment business to the subordination of critics. Paris has never been in short supply where film critics go; though they often are future film directors marking time while gathering capital.

Georges Cravenne specializes in big benefit shows. He had Edith Piaf in the Eiffel Tower singing for the opening of "The Longest Day" and the so-called first-nighters taking the subway directly to the nearest stop for the opening of "Cleopatra" (20th) and recently for UA's "Fiddler on the Roof" here for an Israeli benefit that had a who's who turnout.

Actor Alain Delon, turned producer, spent more money than usual for sending off his "Borsalino" (Par) and it apparently worked. Claude Lelouch also unwrapped the bankroll for his hit "The Hoodlum" (UA). He feels that top press ads help if a film kicks off well in early showings and at the opening night.

Another idea here is a barrage of pre-release screenings to get people in the trade talking and also sway the press. TV is considered a big asset also. Bertrand Tavernier and Pierre Rissient specialize in more offbeat films and their tactic is getting the director in to meet and talk with the press and get press people also to talk it over and perhaps start an attitude toward a film. However it also depends on the film and critical tastes.

Yank majors are also going in for more screenings before release. There are no regular press

screenings here and some see it when it comes out via press passes for theatres but a greater part ogle it during these pre-screenings, galas and other modes that publicists use.

Paris critics can have an importance for offbeat pix and even more commercial items that may not have the star and commercial ingredients for more general filmgoers. With spectators more selective, aisle-sitters get more important. But ad followup is also felt needed on the local scene.

The French specialized film magazines have had an impact on younger filmgoers who take films seriously and read about them as well as see them. Growing affluence makes them important in this way and such a highbrow monthly as Cahiers Du Cinema has helped make certain American directors well known here and as potent in attracting them as stars.

Recently the monthly Positif had a film week at a local arty where John Huston's "A Walk With Love and Death" (20th), a U.S. flop, got big attention. Top reviews had a local exhib asking 20th for distrib at his house where it opened to extraordinary reviews and good biz, if limited to a small seater. But without this it might have gotten a quick regular first-run payoff and disappeared.

The growing group of films made outside the industry here, or newcomers, prefer to try to get art house outings and count on critical discovery for best chances. Critics may have less importance for bigger budgeted commercial pix but can help one over the top or perhaps crimp it a bit if all are more or less of the same opinion.

Perhaps the critics do not have the strength of their American counterparts but they are important in forming name following and for offbeaters as well as seemingly remaining the ranks from where some new filmmakers still come as in the New Wave days. But so far none have showed the calibre of a Claude Chabrol, Francois Truffaut or Jean-Luc Godard, who started as critics.

Nice Fiestas To Visit, But Siestas Can Be Forever

By JULES ARCHER

It was our third night in Funchal, capital of the North Atlantic island of Madeira, and my wife and I had had our fill of dizzying rides up mountain peaks for spectacular views from miradours. Deciding to relax at a film, we chose one with Marcello Mastroianni in the role of Scipio Africanus. Our hotel clerk assured us that there were English subtitles. We found that he also replied "Yes" to everything else we asked him.

Did you ever spend two hours at an Italian film with Portuguese subtitles? Not wanting to appear Ugly Americans, my wife and I refrained from escaping by pushing out of our centre seats past two miles of knees on either side. We passed the time guessing what was going on. Our guesses invariably proved livelier than what took place on the screen.

The following night I located a theatre playing an American film we wanted to see. When we showed up we found that we would have to sit through a Spanish western with Portuguese subtitles. The film I had come to see had played that afternoon. It seems theatres in Funchal show three different films a day—one in the morning, another in the afternoon, a third in the evening, all advertised for the same day.

On our third attempt at filmgoing I located a French film with dubbed English as well as Portuguese subtitles. But first we were subjected to a short subject on a gay American hot spot—Las Vegas Nevada. The graininess of the film

explained the below-knee dresses and '32 Fords. Swingers, who were now either dead or grandparents, were shown sporting around a Las Vegas consisting only of two blocks adjacent to the railroad station. At that, the Las Vegas of 40 years ago seemed reasonably peppy to the Madeirans of 1972.

For the balance of our three weeks in Madeira and St. Miguel, largest island of the Azores, our movie choices consisted largely of third-rate foreign films and sixth-rate American westerns. By the end of our vacation, we were asking each other in despair, "Whad-deya wanna do tonight, Marty?"

Some Fun In Funchal

The best night's entertainment is a nighttime cruise on the bay of Funchal. With the city's dazzling lights raised behind it like a peacock's tail, folk dancers do their thing to lively Portuguese music on a swaying fantail. They smartly turn it into an audience participation gig by grabbing up the handful of passengers aboard the little craft.

As part of the dance, you weave around the boat in square dance style, and are chosen afterwards by a girl dancer as a smooching partner. She spreads her cloak, and you get on your knees with her for some cheek kissing French style, after which you get the use of the cloak and your choice of females aboard. There are worse ways to spend an evening.

A Dry Run

The best daytime entertainment is a nutty ride down the Monte on a sledge with steelrunners that clatter over a cobblestone road. You're held in check from flying off into the ocean by ropes held by two white-hatted chair handlers who run alongside. For kicks while you whiz down the steep mountain path, they whirl your sledge around in a complete circle. Sparks from the runners of my sledge set fire to my seat—a somewhat different variation of a hot-foot.

Well, it beats visiting 16th Century cathedrals.

Except when it features an excellent folk dance troupe, the Funchal Casino is a dismal bore, offering the usual night club singers on ego trips and a dull gambling den. So one night we decided to try some native entertainment by attending a fiesta at Machico. After an hour's bus ride, we joined thousands of Madeirans jamming the plazas of the town.

Half were crowded inside and out the doors of the local church for religious services. The other half were buying cotton candy from stalls, throwing darts at balloons, playing toy soccer games in penny arcades, and buying shishkabob to roast at adjacent beach fires. Huge crowds milled through this fantastic excitement, eager not to miss a moment of the fun. The high point of the evening came in trying to get aboard the jammed busses headed back to Funchal.

In San Miguel, the largest island of the Azores, time lies even heavier on your hands after you've tootled up all the mountains, roasted chestnuts in the hot springs of Furnas, and visited the tea and pineapple plantations, the sugar beet and cigaret factories. Most memorable evening was provided by the American Consulate, which arranged a visit to Clube Michalense for some excellent chess games with Portuguese aficionados.

Toying with dreams of retirement to an enchanted isle like Tenerife in the Canaries, or Tobago in the West Indies, are delightful for short stays. Deciding to spend three weeks in Madeira and the Azores to broaden our choice, the result didn't surprise us.

If man does not live by bread alone, neither does he live by natural beauty alone. Island paradises are great places to visit, but etc. Somehow balloon-dart fiestas and Italian films with Portuguese subtitles don't seem enough for the long pull.

Egypt Pulls Out Of Studios, Loans, Theatres; Strict New Regs To Curb Cheating (And Traveling) Showmen

Cairo.

The Egyptian Ministry of Culture has completed a reorganization of the film industry, which is designed to cut down recent financial losses, and to generate profit during 1973. It is planned to make 10 feature films in color.

Public loans to private companies will cease, as will repeated journeys of film showmen abroad, and the holding of two positions at the same time. Various film theatres in Cairo and Alexandria will be returned to their owners, as well some nationalized studios, and government rental or subsidy cancelled.

About the feature films: each one is to cost no more than 60,000 Egyptian pounds maximum. Each is to be made by a recognized director after the Cinema Organization has chosen (or approved) the subject, the script, and the actors within the budgetary limits. Abolition is the system of salaries paid to producers at 1,500 sterling pounds compensation per film.

All films approved but not yet begun have been called off.

Studio Misr is being unloaded by government. Its functions go to the tv and Studio Galal. This latter will be rented to private enterprise.

No further private loans are to be granted to filming. The Bank of Cairo will do this in future only against security.

Significantly the government is doing a lot of probing into films made, half-made, where shown, number of playdates and so on. There is a hint of skepticism about the auditing practices of certain film showmen and a firm desire to put an end to same.

Manipulation of screening time for Egyptian features in Egyptian situations will be closely checked. It is intended that two weeks be the minimum "run" and that each theatre must show native films not less than 12 weeks annually.

A new scale of fines hangs over the head of showmen who trifle with government regulations.

Revolution

Continued from page 83

sal for 54 Mex pix which will be eq in 67 countries.

Other showbiz fields, the big ne of the year was the federal govt's acquisition of indie channel 18. The government already has, by law, the right to 12.5% of airtime over Telesistema Mexicano's Channel 2, 4 and 5 and Television Independiente de Mexico's Channel 8.

For years, local programming has bowed to the culture north of the border and has carried or copied its cartoon shows, musicals, series of crimes and violence. In addition, privately-owned nets here probably carry more blarney than any other tv in the world. The viewer, for example, is bombarded—on the average—with three minutes of commercials after five minutes of programming.

Now, the government plans to change all this, both structurally and contentwise. It will produce its own shows, emphasizing culture, the arts, news and Mex themes which will eventually replace what it considers a form of "cultural colonialism." Authorities, for instance, insist that alcohol and tobacco ads be limited to late evening hours when the young fry are supposedly not in the audience.

Mexico, with a population of over 50,000,000, has 70 tv stations; 485 AM stations plus nine repeater stations on the same band; 44 FM stations, and nine short wave stations. Until now, broadcasting has been the only field where the government has veered from its usual pattern of mixed state-private ownership carried out in other industries. The action is attributed to the government's disappointment with the low quality of programming generally and the opportunity to take over indie Channel 13 which was on the verge of

bankruptcy after three years of operation.

The new operation under Antonio Menendez has started presenting controversial shows, Mexican folk, theatre, the arts and overall national topics. Although they still lack production techniques, the programs are creative and reveal much improvisation.

The government has also induced outstanding talent—writers, directors, actors, intellectuals, etc.—to contribute to uplift the level of the output. Commercials are now only placed at the beginning and end of each program.

Although it has only been in operation for about nine months, the government's Channel 13 is already revealing its potential as a serious rival in the tv field.

"Nanette" a Hit

In the legit field, Bob Lerner's lavish production in Spanish of "No, No, Nanette" was the year's big musical hit with the controversial "Children of Sanchez" demonstrating more lenient censorship attitudes toward dramatic shows in the capital.

Heavy Tour Sked Precedes Sydney Opera Inaugural

By CLAUDIO ALCORSO
(Chairman, Australian Opera)
Sydney.

Opening of the Sydney Opera House next September makes 1973 a significant year for The Australian Opera. Our plans are centered around this major cultural milestone in Sydney's history.

In the seven months before the opening the company will complete its tour of four Sydney capitals—Melbourne, Brisbane, Canberra and Adelaide—giving a total of 116 performances. The Melbourne season will open on March 8 with the company's newest production, Puccini's triple bill of "Il Tabarro," "Saor Angelica" and "Gianni Schicci." This is one of the productions to be presented during the opening season of the Sydney Opera House.

The recent new production of Franz Lehár's "Merry Widow," which has already played Melbourne and Sydney, will be included in the 1975 grand opera seasons in Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth.

From July, 1975, the company will be rehearsing at the Sydney Opera House in preparation for the opening. The repertoire will include six new productions and will be the most ambitious yet staged by the Australian Opera.

Opening production will be Prokofiev's "War and Peace," directed by Sam Wanamaker and designed by the company's resident designer, Tom Lingwood. This work has been specially chosen as one most suitable to an ensemble company like the Australian Opera. It will be prepared and conducted by Edward Downes.

This will be followed by the Puccini trilogy, directed by Moffatt Oxenbould and designed by Desmond Digby; Mozart's "The Magic Flute," directed by John Copley and designed by John Stoddart; Wagner's "Tannhausen," directed by Bernd Benthak, the company's resident producer, and designed by Ralph Koltai; Bizet's "Carmen," for which a director and designer has not yet been nominated. The sixth new production has yet to be announced.

Important roles to be sung by the company's leading principals during the opening season at the Opera House include tenor Donald Smith and baritone Raymond Myers. Myers and tenor Ronald Dowd, Both Australians, have returned to join the company for this important season.

Star On A Trolley Car

A Washington Post interviewer, Michael Kernan, began his piece last January during the "Poland Today" unveiling at the American Film Institute there by writing, "When Poland's top-ranking movie star takes the trolley to work—you heard me—he gets into arguments."

Reference was to Daniel Olbrychski, 27, who had popped into the U.S. capitol on a two-day "pass" from the production site of "Potak" (The Deluge), an historic-pic-in-the-making under director Jerzy Hoffman. Olbrychski appeared in some four of the 13 features packaged by Film Polski and the AFI, which thereafter played the Los Angeles County Art Museum, the Berkeley campus of the U. of California and in Chicago as an off-season special event under the auspices of Michael Kutza's Chicago Film Festival.

Olbrychski's description of the film fan species as it flourishes in Poland was colorful. He divides them between those who invite him for vodka and those who want to denounce his performance, and/or the story-line.

Chile Won't Pay, U.S. Won't Play

By HANS EHRMANN

Santiago.

This just ended 1972 was certainly an unusual year. U. S. companies ceased exporting feature films to Chile as of mid-year and at present only MGM has new films left for playoff. It may have been foresight or just a plain accident, but—with 13 features in hand—Metro will be able to supply its own cinema for well over a year. Other companies meanwhile exploit old material. Many items again went "first run," besides feeding neighborhood and provincial situations.

The U.S. majors' offices are still under government "intervention," one reason for this could well be an apprehension that, if left on their own, the companies might destroy prints of their earlier releases, intensifying shortage of product here. This is not as far-fetched as it might sound: former United Artists manager Pilger once stated that he would do just this (destroy prints) if there was danger of a government takeover.

In spite of occasional rumors of a settlement, no solution seems to be in sight in the impasse between the U.S. companies and the Chilean government.

The total number of new films opening in Chile during 1972 diminished by 40%, totalling around 180. Quality was, to use an understatement, uneven. But somehow, audiences were larger than ever. The explanation for this lies in exceptionally cheap admissions. At ten escudos, the cost of viewing a first run film in a downtown cinema is equivalent to the price of a pack of cigarettes or two morning papers.

The void created by U.S. fare was to a large extent filled by French and Italian films. Some of these, like Chabrol's "Souffle au Coeur," the Louis de Funes "Le gendarme se marie" or Nino Manfredi's "Per grazia ricevuta" were big hits, but the sleeper of the year was a Runme Shaw Hong Kong production called "The Chinese Boxer" which drew 1972's largest audiences.

There was also an increase of films from East European Socialist countries. Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia organized film weeks and sent delegations. Most of this screen material remained in the country for later playoff.

By international standards, the 1972 film fare was certainly poor and often, from a critic's point of view, almost a nightmare. But, excepting a few film buffs, this created no major stir and did not become an issue. On the other hand, when at one stage there was a danger of some popular tv series

After 24 Features For Film Polski, Actress Discovers 'Job-Hunting' In U.S.

being cut off, this caused much more ferment and dollars were soon provided for importing further episodes.

Chile Films, the state-owned distributor, imported approximately 25% of the films screened in 1972 and this percentage is liable to increase next year. Its fare has been balanced between French imports and those from Socialist countries, including several from Cuba.

Local production has been slower than expected. Only two Chilean features were premiered and neither of these made a mark at the wickets. But seven others are at present in finishing stages and some of these—after viewing rushed and workprints—are liable to be the best work produced up to now by local directors. This includes four films by Raul Ruiz, one by Sergio Castilla and Miguel Littin's "The Promised Land."

Three other films have recently started shooting. Two of these are historical superproductions (by local standards) and being produced by Chile Films. They are liable to become the most expensive films ever made in this country and there is some doubt whether pix of this type represent the most adequate policy at the present moment. But it is quite possible that such considerations may be outweighed by the fact that Chile Films is at last producing on its own on a large scale. The local production scene is definitely upbeat, and quality is constantly improving.

Yank-Style 'Salty' Popcorn A Boom Item In Italy

Rome.

"Popcorn was a dead item in Italian film theatres, until we started selling it hot right out of the machine with more salt added. Now it's on a par with icecream and soft drinks as a major staple in the cinema refreshment business," according to Sheldon Smerling, first Yank vendor and head of Italo banner Intereurope Cinematografica.

Smerling said first year of operations was difficult but ultimately profitable and he has plans to expand nationally beyond his Rome foothold in the Gianni Amati circuit. "Our activity is completely Italian," he said. "The only thing we imported was a prototype refreshment stand from the U.S.A. and had it reproduced locally—at about one-fourth of the state-side price. All product is Italian, though an item like popcorn is made to American specifications."

"The first stand opened in Aug. 1971 at the Quattro Fontane and in little more than a year we have installed 17. The Amati circuit has twice that many cinemas but some lobbies are just not built for the equipment we need."

Italy is one of the few countries where exhibitors still "get away with" a five minute interval midway during the film feature, he noted. While deploring the practice for esthetic reasons, he finds it makes all the difference in the world for popcorn sales.

The Intereurope chief is the son of Benjamin Smerling, a refreshment pioneer in America who started in business 50 years ago selling Tootsie Rolls and later formed ABC Vending Co. which merged not too long ago with the Ogden Corp. to become the largest concessionaire in the U.S.A., serving 3,000 cinemas.

The worst is now over. Intereurope (chiefly Smerling's aide from the start, Luigi Zacardi) has secured its barrel-full of ministerial, provincial and municipal permits; a personal roster of around 100 has been fully trained to provide a sanitary and glamorous operation and business is good.

In Poland, an actor doesn't need an agent or publicist—and there's not even a word comparable to the American "star." So Polish actress Elzbieta Czyzewska, who moved to America five years ago, said she's still having problems. Her remarks were made early in 1972 while in Los Angeles in connection with the "Poland Today" film package.

"In Poland, one is expected to be very casual in life," she said. "You don't have to make a front, and surround yourself with better cars and homes. You're one of the working people. Maybe you're admired occasionally, but it's more natural."

Miss Czyzewska graduated from the Warsaw School of Drama and performed with the National Repertory Theatre before appearing in 24 films and several television shows.

When she married the Yank journalist David Halberstam and moved to the United States, she was featured in the film, "Putney Swope," in the New Theatre Workshop in New York, and New York's Shakespeare in the Park. She appears in Paramount's yet-to-be-released "The First Circle," film version of the Alexander Solzhenitsyn movie, directed by Alexander Ford in West Germany.

The two "totally different systems" accounts for an enormous difference in salary between the Polish and American actor. She said the top salary she could possibly earn in Poland as an actress would be equivalent to an average industrial worker's salary.

"In Poland, you are not so much dependent on whether your film will make money—box office success does not prescribe your career later. There is security—since the government is doing the financing, you can be sure you can finish a film."

"In America, I spend 90% of my energy looking for work and, after you get it, you first have to think about what you're going to do with it. In Poland, the work looks for you somehow. You don't need an agent."

"The idea of talking about yourself in Poland is an understatement." Land.

Unpredictable

(Continued from page 85)

torted version of Shaw's Caesar and Cleopatra" at St. Martin's, cockney Harry H. Corbett as "The Last of the Red Hot Lovers," the M.T.C.'s productions of "The Cherry Orchard" and "An Ideal Husband" with overlavish sets and costumes and which discarded teamwork to become star vehicles for a miscast Google Withers and David Frost's one concert here.

Worthy of note in the also-ran department: "No, No, Nanette" with Australia's Jill Perryman stealing the show from Cyd Charisse and then later, but not so easily, from replacement Yvonne de Carlo; Honor Blackman and Michael Craig in the English farce "Move Over Mrs. Markham," stale after six months in Sydney; Barbara Jefford and husband John Turner delightful in their excerpts from the classics, "Labours of Love"; a fine all-round season from the Australian Opera with a glittering Aussie preem of "Der Rosenkavalier," followed later in the year by the company's "The Merry Widow," the St. Martin's only worthwhile production of the year, the English musical "Salad Days" staged by American Jeff Warren; Spanish gypsy guitarist Manitas De Plata; and Harry M. Miller's short-lived production here of New York's "Grease."

The year's theatrical bombshell came towards the end: the partnership splitting after only 15 months of Williamson-Edgley Theatres, reverting to the two companies of J. C. Williamson Theatres Ltd. and Edgley & Dawe Attractions. (Young managing director Michael Edgley had not made much of an impression on Broadway legit showmen.—Ed.)

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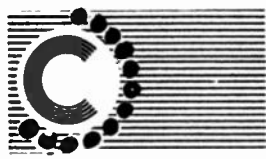
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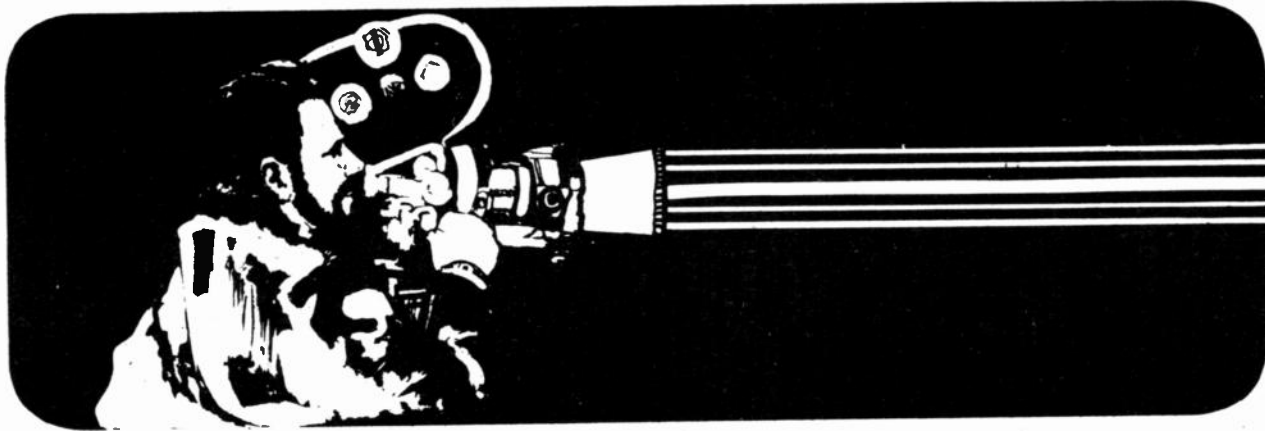
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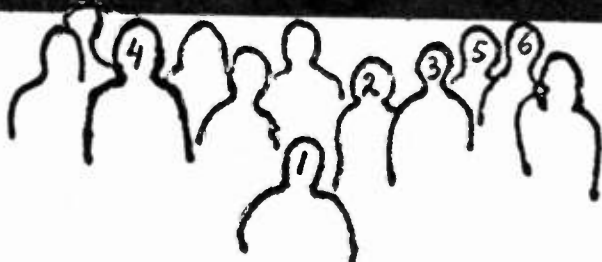
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You don't know any of these people. They are Dutch. Very Dutch. The man sitting in the middle (1) is the pater familias. His name is Cornelis Van Doorn, simply known as VD, owner of the big VD-conglomerate, manufacturers of the revolutionary STOP-B contraceptive. VD is a real Dutch bastard! You'll like him, because you'll understand him. He's got a lot of problems. To begin with, he married his wife (2) when she was his father's mistress and carried his father's child (3): That makes this child (3) not only his legitimate daughter, but also his half-sister. She's a big girl now, as you can see. VD also has an affair with her . . . There are other problems: VD wants to resign. He's had enough of it! But who will take over the company? There's a son (4) who is no good. He gambles! Another son (6) has just recently learned that his real father is VD. He seems most suitable as a successor, but hates the man. His fiancée (5) is really his half-sister, because VD is also her father. But she doesn't know that yet . . .

As you realize by now, VD is a genuine Dutch mixture of PEYTON PLACE, THE GODFATHER and CITIZEN KANE. (Some mixture, eh?)

It's in colour; running time 105 minutes.

Produced by PIM DE LA PARRA Jr. for SCORPIO FILMS. Directed by WIM VERSTAPPEN.
Screenplay by WIM VERSTAPPEN & CHARLES GORMLEY. Music by ANTOINE DUHAMEL.

(SCORPIO's next picture starts shooting January 23rd. It is called LIVING APART TOGETHER.)



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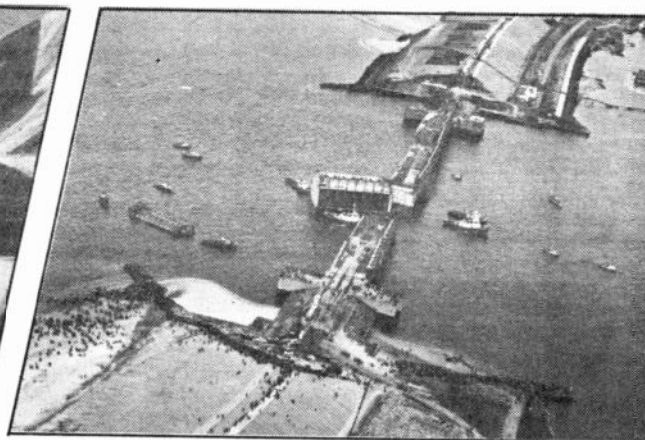
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Japan's Brothel Ban

(Continued from page 85)

district of Asakusa, Tokyo, where bathhouses have mushroomed. The prostitute trade is still flourishing in spite of a ban.

Despite warnings by police and health officials and their surprise inspections of the establishments, the situation shows no tangible improvement.

At the end of 1956 (a two-year period of grace until 1958) when the Yoshiwara "redlight district" disappeared, the district did not have a single bathhouse, but the following year three appeared. Since then there has been an average increase of four establishments a year. Today they have over 52 establishments in Yoshiwara.

Most of the establishments are ferro-concrete buildings with red and blue neon lights. Each employs more than 10 girls. Each establishment has rooms with peepholes but drinks and food are served in addition to excessive service, such as putting in order the clothes removed by customers. There are some bathhouses with rooms installed with a warning bell in case of surprise raids by police.

Some establishments are said to be keeping their customers at inns after they are closed at midnight for the convenience of the girl employees who like "overtime" work and fees.

The reason for the sudden mush-

rooming of bathhouses is believed that former brothels converted into inns immediately after the end of the war had management difficulties.

Among the operators of such houses, there were some who voluntarily approached health officials intending to have the latter connive in their "extra business" or show leniency toward their management.

License Issue Up

To advocate the revival of licensed prostitution used to be a social taboo in contemporary Japan. But in recent months, the subject is being discussed openly and with increasing frequency in media of mass communications.

Soichi Oya, one of Japan's most sought after commentators, analyzes the situation and cites four arguments advanced by the proponents of the revival.

First is the spread of venereal diseases. Gonorrhea, which took months and sometimes years to heal, can now generally be cured by miracle drugs. But syphilis, which has apparently developed resistance to the new drugs and requires long treatment, is said to be spreading at an alarming rate in Japan.

The situation provides a powerful weapon to the advocates of the revival of licensed prostitution and

compulsory physical examination for registered prostitutes.

Other favorite arguments are:

Since prostitution is practiced half openly anyway by call girls and many of the female employees of bars, cabarets and baths, the government, some argue, might just as well recognize the trade.

Complete abolition of the licensed prostitution system has driven many frustrated youths to violent forms of crime. It is not right to expose youths to floods of suggestive posters, movies and literature and then deny them outlets for their passion.

Licensed prostitution would protect virtuous women from untoward incidents.

HOW NIPPON BLIPS OUT IMPORTED NUDIE MAGS

Tokyo.

Covering strategic points of femininity in nude shots carried in imported men's magazines—and, in some cases, points of masculinity, too—in reluctant compliance with the customs fiat is a painful requirement for book importers in Tokyo.

But the task of going over the glossy pages for "corrective changes" under unblinking lights in bonded warehouses has spawned a curious crowd of moonlighting students and housewives who find both fun and money blotting out, with felt-tip markers, what are the magazines' high points for sales and, at least in present-day Japan, low points of morals.

Not all the blotters are students. Some are middle-aged housewives. Isao Goto of Modern Service says that, according to his "personal observation," the housewives, too, somehow enjoy the job. "You ought to know that some magazines carry a bunch of photos of male nudity these days," he says.

Canterbury Tales

(Continued from page 83)

I and II, "The Uncensored Decameron" (which got itself murdered by the censor), "The Black Decameron" (wouldn't you know?) "The Gayest Decameron" (wouldn't you also know?), "Decameron for Everybody" (anyone for Decameron?), "The Oriental Decameron of Sir Cassiodoro Cushingham" "Decameroticus," and everything but Decameroforchissakes (Decameron-the-Tiber).

At the heaviest point in the cycle the remakes were reaching the market ahead of the makes. The thumping good hauls therefrom have made Pasolini-watching the eighth art of Italy.

The poet turned filmmaker whose "Canterbury Tales" was understandably, awarded the Golden Bear of the Festival of Berlin, is indeed the bellwether which lends a sort of Priapic respectability to what otherwise might seem only a return to the fast buck quickies of yore. Being Bard of the Bawdy has its problems withal.

Pasolini is in trouble with Women's Lib (who isn't?) who complain that his women are depicted as mere objects. The girls, it appears, want to be shown as the subjects and they are very verbal about it. Even accusative.

Compared to rough-and-tumble hardcore servings, such as "Deep Throat," "School Girl," or "Adultery for Fun and Profit," the pasta pornos are not even all'denti, but in Church-bound Italy the concupiscence level of the local romps represents a long running start to perdition and the practitioners are definitely in the excommunications field.

Guardians of the public morals maintain that the vein is on the wane, however, and point with cold comfort to statistics showing that the eropex are no longer boffo in first-run and are only cleaning up in the neighborhood houses.

If the gold mine is in fact worked out, it will be news to the prospectors, who have enough Canterbury tails and other tit bits from Chaucer in the works to keep the Roman libido burning for months. Moreover with Pasolini still scouting locations for "1001 Nights," a compadre already announced that he will make "1,000 & Two Nights," and that his will come out first. Managgia!

Argentina's Inflated Scene

(Continued from page 83)

tres simultaneously, so only exceptionally do they rank among top grossers in first-run.

Mexicans Helpful

Argentina's production is at its usual pace, with a few more than the 30 pix needed to release every Thursday during the seven months of high season (March to September) here. Due to censorship such films mostly concentrate in escapism which when well made, or with top names, do biz. These are also increasingly selling in foreign latin lingo markets, mainly thru the Mexican outfit Pel-Mex, which helps to finance 10 Argentine pix, or near, every year.

As for the "underground film" movement, its product is still banned from local screens but finds a market in Europe's art houses and television. New works by young directors, some of them coming from "underground," are being financed by the Italian radio-tv network, RAI, within the framework of its aid to young foreign, mostly Latin American, filmmakers. No major international feature has been rolled lately in Argentina in spite of the advantages the country offers in economics, backgrounds, talent and technicians.

Legitimate theatre had another good year in 1972. Again the Malpo and El Nacional revues topped grosses, with a \$12-\$16,000 take weekly. "Applause," featuring vin-

tage star Libertad Lamarque, did an average of \$7,000 weekly, and Arthur Miller's "The Crucible," with Alfredo Alcón heading the cast, reached over \$6,000 weekly. "Hair" fared well, with \$4-\$5,000 weekly, in its second year. Main hit by a local playwright was "Lisandro," based on the life of late politician Lisandro de la Torre, who fought for democracy and against foreign meat packers. It was written by David Vinas, the title role was played by Pepe Soriano and financing was provided by film producer-directors Fernando Ayala and Hector Olivera (Aries), who this way started a new trend to test some subject on stage before adapting them to big screen. Pepe Soriano, by the way, won the best actor award this year at the Monte Carlo International TV Festival for his performance in Juan Carlos Gene's "Rito de Adviento" (Rite of Advent), undoubtedly the best Arg. teleplay of the year (it was produced by Telecenter for Channel 9.)

Nathan Podhorzer's United Film Enterprises, on behalf of Tigon Pictures Ltd., has sold U.S. distribution rights to the British import, "Zeta One," to Edward Montoro Enterprises of Atlanta. The space-spy comedy, directed by Michael Cort, topbills Dawn Addams and James Robertson Justice.



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Is White House Driving TV Into 'Runaway'?

The Words They Are A-Changin' In TV, & The Mail's Different Too

By **STUART SCHULBERG**
(Executive Producer, NBC-TV's 'Today')

If evil is in the eye of the beholder then the American beholder of 1972 — otherwise known as a television viewer — is becoming more broadminded by the hour, from a sign-on at 7 a.m. to signoff 18 hours later.

As one of the hymns of the youth culture puts it, "The times they are a-changin'." But it takes a tv producer to appreciate how suddenly and to what an extent. When I joined the "Today" show four (or was it 20?) years ago, the rules for language on the air were pretty much those that had prevailed since the days of crystal sets and iron morals. In fact, if Clark Gable had uttered his blasphemous line from "Gone With The Wind" on our program at 7:42 in the morning—"with the children right there in the kitchen"—I would have been answering the letters of outraged viewers for weeks.

I don't rally know when the turning point came, but I have a feeling that the year was 1968 and the place was Chicago. Middle-class youth, feeling bored and betrayed by the establishment (i.e., their parents), and moving with the new, irreverent beat of the Beatles, began purposely to shock us with words and expressions that used to be limited to truck drivers, U.S. Marines and alcoholic actresses. (And even the last three categories cleaned up their language when a microphone was thrust before them).

Joining white youth at the barricades of language were the blacks who no longer gave an excrement for the polite sensibilities of the American bourgeoisie. It was a devastating double assault on our ears, not to mention our minds, and gradually both white and black youth made the shocking commonplace and the unspeakable. As for us decent, liberal parents, we interrupted the worship of our children only long enough to buy another Dr. Spock paperback or strain to appreciate the lyrics of The Jefferson Airplane. Our parents would have washed their mouths out with soap; by the late 60's we—along with the kids—much preferred Beaujolais.

Now, before I start sounding like a talk show guest peddling pushcart sociology, let me give you a few quick id est — which is **VARIETY's** way of saying "frinstance."

Item—John Kenneth Galbraith comes on "Today" and in the course of telling a Harry Truman anecdote, says "son of a bitch." Not S.O.B.—son of a bitch. I wait for the switchboard to light up. Nothing happens except that a week later I get a sweet letter from a lady in Kansas wishing that Dr. Galbraith would have said "S.O.B." instead — because "the children were right there in the kitchen."

Item—Rex Reed, that retiring and reticent film critic, asked by an unsuspecting Hugh Downs to comment on some of the avant-garde films at a recent Cannes Film Festival, launches into a graphic description of a backstreet screening which featured a woman copulating with a stallion, including extreme close-ups of his organ entering her . . . Station Break. When we were mercifully off the air, I caught Rex just outside the control room and said, "As the former producer of "Today," I just want to thank you for dropping by this morning." He laughed—I cried. Result: One letter from a man in Maine wanting to know what theatre was playing the film.

Item — A middle-class, mid-American lady comes on the show to complain about "mind-altering" books used in her child's curriculum. In the course of criticizing one text (Richard Wright's "Native Son," she quotes—live—"Nigger,

I'm going to kick your ass." Afterward, I await the all-American dichotomy of blasts from CORE and the Southern Baptists. Result: Nothing except letters blessing the little lady for her stand against godless public schools and several others wanting to know where they can buy "Native Son."

Another Kind of Beef

Lest you start thinking about now that "Today" just doesn't generate much mail, pro or con anything, I should add that the show gets about 60,000 letters a year on all sides of every subject. But no longer about coarse words, rude expressions or any of the verbal symbols which we used to confuse with true thought or authentic ideas.

In fact, the only serious complaints we get on the show nowadays are always based on misunderstanding something said on the air. My favorite came one morning during a discussion of the aftermath of Vatican II. An NBC vice president called me in the control room and said, "I was taking a shower but I could swear I just heard Joe Garagiola call the Pope a son of a bitch." It took me a minute to collect myself but then I remembered Joe mentioning "the Pope and his Synod of Bishops." Since then that particular vice president doesn't catch "Today" with the water running.

Yes, the shower is turned off, but the language is turned on. The words they are a-changin'—faster than you can switch from 13 to 4, from '68 to '72, from Golly-gee to—

Administration's 'Big Stick' On Rerunits Could Cue Networks Into Buying New Shows Offshore, Where It's Cheaper—So Ballgame May Be Global

By **LES BROWN**

Left hanging, as the year 1972 ended, was just how big a part President Nixon and his Office of Telecommunications Policy intend to play in whipping the tv networks back into the old patterns of 39 firstruns and 13 repeats for their regular primetime series. It matters because if the White House really means to turn on the heat in the interest of promoting work in Hollywood, both Washington and the film colony had better brace for a backfire. The effect in fact may well be the greatest impetus yet to American involvement in international broadcasting and in television coproduction abroad.

White House Muscle

So far, although it's produced no tangible results, the application of Executive Muscle to get the tv network to kick the rerun habit has been popular in Hollywood, particularly with the craft unions, which started the war on tv repeats and enlisted Sen. Barry Goldwater's sprig, Rep. Barry Goldwater Jr. (R-Calif.), to run the ball in the capital. The unions are fairly convinced that the networks' cutback from 39 to 22 firstrun episodes is at the bottom of what ails Hollywood, a big reason for the film colony's current depressed state and work shortage. Thus, there's the anomaly of labor and a political conservative working together to roll back the clock. Fine, except that the unions, in their desperation, may be inviting worse troubles than now exist in Hollywood.

Let it first be said that there is no quarrel with the premise that more firstruns are preferable to more reruns, both for the viewers' sake and for the well-being of the commercial medium. Increasing the number or reruns inevitably cheapens the television product, and the cheapening only heightens the peril to the present system from the new forms of video that are coming on—cable, video cassettes, computer television and the rest.

But in a moral sense, the big

thing wrong with the campaign to order the networks back to a 39 firstrun formula by force of a karate chop from the White House is that the Executive Branch has no business dictating anything to television in this society. And in strictly a practical sense, the foolishness of the campaign is that it doesn't square at all with present-day economics, which is what makes the whole tv system tick.

The networks have gone increasingly to reruns not out of some perverse joy in short-changing the public, but strictly out of business necessity—because the price of programming keeps rising at a faster rate than their ability to increase profits. Their luck has been that great numbers of viewers will watch repeats of series they like in preference to firstrun programs that don't interest them, so they get away with it.

With the typical series now costing around \$100,000 per firstrun half hour and inflation still at work—while the advertiser is determined to hold the line of cost-per-thousand—an enforced return to a 39 firstrun-13 rerun pattern would cause grave financial problems on Broadcast Row, at a time when the broadcast corporations are striving with all their might to become the darlings of Wall Street again. And the main thing that has cooled the investors' ardor toward television stocks has been the steady upward spiral of program costs.

Global TV Speedup

If President Nixon and OTP's commander, Clay T. Whitehead, are successful, they will in all likelihood accelerate the inevitable—the internationalizing of American television—although that is surely not what they have in mind. For if the networks have to be firstrun 39 weeks of the year they will be driven to getting around the \$100,000-per-half-hour economics, and that would have to be through buying foreign product or lowering costs through multi-nation coproduction.

Consider: —That syndicators ran to Canada to make the prime-access economics work, and that Canada is now more involved in 7:30 p.m. programming than any single American supplier. Also that England has made a significant breakthrough here, with "UFO," "The Protectors," "Black Beauty," "The Adventurers," "Survival" and "Doctors In The House."

—That Italy's RAI-TV sold a dubbed mini-series to CBS last summer, "Leonardo da Vinci," and the U.S. web did very well with it for the money, \$300,000. RAI thought it made a killing, and CBS got five and a half hours of prestige primetime programming for the price of a single 90-minute show on the American standard. Even if CBS were to have sold the episodes at a rock bottom rate of, say, \$25,000 a minute, it came out with a mighty sweet profit.

It Pays To Import

—That public broadcasting continually answers poverty by importing European shows, with the interesting result that many do better here than some of the domestically-produced PTV shows; cases in point, Britain's "Coronation Street" and "Roads to Freedom" on New York's WNET. Also, that public tv's successes with "Forsyte Saga," "Elizabeth R" and "Last of the Mohicans"—all from England—have proved to U.S. broadcasters the virtue of mini-series.

—That two of the big American hits today, "All In The Family" and "Sanford and Son," are derived

(Continued on page 130)

1973: Year One For Pay-TV

By **BOB KNIGHT**

From all present indications, 1973 will be the year when pay-tv finally comes into its own.

In the current electronics era, one is automatically cautious about prophesying booms or even boomlets for new facets of show biz. For instance, two years ago the videocassette seemed on the verge of blossoming into a major new industry. Difficulties in keeping hardware manufacturing schedules from sliding, plus the early 1971 financial recession and other sundry problems, have so far thwarted the videocassette "explosion" in the U.S. (although there have been some steady gains in the European market).

Further inhibiting the drumbeating for pay-tv is the memory of the "Hartford experiment" of many years ago and the California referendum—both setbacks for the pay-tv idea. Nevertheless, the present activities on many pay-see fronts, in one form or another, look like the stirrings of a concept whose time has come—with most experts pinpointing mid-1973 as the time when it will all come to a head.

Hotel Pix A Start

In actual fact, a form of pay-tv is already an established and going business in the hotel-motel closed circuit movie systems which have proliferated worldwide during the past year. Starting with the Trans-World Communications "Tele/Theatre" installations at the Hyatt Regency House in Atlanta, the hotel room movie scheme has been snapped up by most of the hotel chains for application here and abroad, using systems that utilize master antenna dispersion, videocassette cartridge projection and (the latest) laser beam transmission—each method selected to fit the needs of the client, usually with strong selling points made by the additional services which

the individual system provides for the client.

By year's end, an ultimate end of sorts was established when a Sheraton motor inn in Anaheim, Calif., began providing the film fare free to hotel guests as an absorbed expensive that gets chalked up to registration incentive.

Whatever the future of hostelry closed-circuit movie viewing, it did establish that there was a climate for potential moviegoers to pay to see firstrun films, and it did establish the feasibility of the hardware that delivers movies for pay. The next obvious step was to include apartment complexes in the pay-movie systems, and at year's end this extension was being tried (or being prepared for trial) via test programs on CATV systems in various parts of the country.

All Systems 'Go'

For example, Trans-World Communications, which is a Columbia Pictures Industries subsid, has its CATV test program at work in Anaheim. TheatreVision, headed by Dore Schary, is running its first extensive market test on a Storer Broadcasting cable system in Sarasota, Fla. A Los Angeles firm, Home Theater Network, is setting up trial stations for transmission of microwaved program at Colorado Springs, Harrisburg, Pa. and Redondo Beach, Calif. Microband Corp. of America is skedded to begin Washington, D.C., operations in April which will offer seven hours of program service per day. The Telebeam Corp., which utilizes the laser beam transmission process, is skedded to begin operations the first week of January at the Americana Hotel in New York and has contracts for other Loews Hotels, plus a major apartment house complex in New York City.

This is just a partial list of pay-tv operators and their projects.

Each system has its own technical hardware and each is different from the other, suggesting that a period of natural selection will occur once the systems are all operational and potential buyers—mostly in the CATV field—are convinced that it behooves them to select the "best" system to get at the home viewers' loot.

Film Companies Involved

The timetable indicates that mid-summer will be the time when pay-tv will be far enough advanced so that the decision-making deliberations will have to begin. The ingredient which suggests that pay-tv will make it this time around is the preponderance of motion picture and broadcasting money that has been poured into CATV system acquisition during the past year as the trend in CATV became one of large cable operators gobbling up local systems at an ever dizzying pace.

Warner Communications is deeply invested in CATV as is Time-Life Broadcast. Paramount, or more specifically Gulf & Western, is getting hot with its Athena Communications. Columbia, with Trans-World, is very much in the forefront with its operational systems and 20th-Fox has set up an alliance with Optical Systems. The broadcasting groups in CATV operations have all been enlarging their holdings in cable or, like Storer, making overtures to get in on the ground floor of the CATV-pay-tv movie experimentation.

As all these industry participants are wise to the workings of film product and its vagaries, as well as extremely skilled in sniffing out new entertainment profit centers, it would seem that pay-tv (via cable, microwave, laser beam or whatever) is about to get a highly concentrated make-or-break thrust in calendar year 1973—with the odds favoring a "make" conclusion.

Lookback On Politics & Media '72

Cues Questions of Laws & Loopholes

By SIG MICKELSON

(Prof. of Journalism, Northwestern U.; Director, Politics-Media Project, Aspen Program on Communications & Society.)

Chicago.

No one will question that the form of the political campaign has been thoroughly shaken up by television. The two decades since the 1952 Eisenhower-Stevenson race have witnessed changes which, if not revolutionary, are at least clearly dramatic.

Curiously, however, no one individual or group has yet taken the time or trouble to put the whole process under a microscope with a view toward making recommendations toward creating a more harmonious and rewarding marriage between politics and media in future campaigns.

A number of advertising agencies, notably Foote, Cone and Belding, have fired some broadsides against the use of spot commercials during the campaign period. The National Citizens Committee on Broadcasting has also zeroed in on this target. The Fair Campaign Practices Committee has continued to keep a watchful eye on excesses in campaign tactics, and the Citizens Research Foundation again monitored expenditures. Common Cause has assumed a stance as the protector of citizen rights and monitor of First Amendment violations. The DuPont awards office, assisted by the League of Women Voters, assessed the media's performance.

The Aspen program on Communications and Society has decided that some organization should put it all together, examine the parts as they fit into the whole, determine where there are weaknesses in the structure, search out those cogs that are running smoothly and suggest repairs where they seem to be needed.

Accordingly, a politics/media project has been commissioned. The original mandate was broad. Watch as many aspects of media participation in the 1972 campaign and the campaigners' use of media as humanly possible, then decide where to zero in on manageable targets. It was realized that a number of other studies were being undertaken by other competent and prestigious groups, but in view of the scope of the problems there wasn't much fear of overlap, and even if there were, it was assumed that a two-pronged attack or a three-pronged one would be more effective than a single approach.

Where The Problems Lie

With the campaign now quickly receding into the past the focus on specific targets is becoming increasingly clear. The principal problems for the future seem to lie in the Federal Election Campaign act of 1971, in the Fairness Doctrine and Section 315 clauses in Federal Communications regulations, and in the imbalance between the incumbents and out-party candidates.

Political advertising will come in for its share of scrutiny, but the potential negative effects, if any, seem much less damaging than the abuses which can derive from inequities in campaign financing. First Amendment problems which can arise out of application of the Federal Election Campaign Act, and weaknesses in the act itself.

It didn't take campaign managers long to find loopholes in the act. Candidates for Federal offices for example are allowed only 6c per voter for media buys, but nothing is said about production costs which in television commercials can be astronomical. And nothing is said in the act about this year's newest campaign wrinkle, the use of computerized direct mail both for soliciting funds and selling ideas. Direct mail may not be nearly as effective as television in propagating ideas but sizeable funds which couldn't be put to use in the media were apparently diverted in that direction.

It is the intention of the Aspen project to find out how widespread the practice was and whether direct mail expenditures should be

regarded as a loophole to be plugged.

Campaign managers complained constantly that they were overburdened by bookkeeping requirements of the act and suffered loss of flexibility, since controls over media expenditures had to be centralized. Broadcast managers were equally concerned about the extra work burden and were also perplexed about interpretation of many provisions of the act. The FCC was bombarded with queries. There is some question whether provisions regarding full disclosure of sources of campaign funding may be effective, and conversely questions as to whether such disclosure may not violate the First Amendment to the Constitution.

Extra Work Burden

The question of the advantages naturally accruing to the incumbent and how they might be redressed will be a major concern but there's not much optimism that answers will come easily. Procedures in use in other democratic countries will be examined including Germany, which has just completed an election campaign, Japan, which has one coming up in December, and other western democracies in which free elections are held. Direct comparisons are difficult to make, however, because the political process in our Republican system differs so greatly from the procedures employed in parliamentary democracies.

It was hue and cry about tasteless commercials that first led the Aspen program to consider an examination of the media-politics process. But once research got underway, it became evident that political advertising is only one reasonably small facet of a large and complex structure. It also appears significant that there were not nearly as many obvious breaches of good taste and ethical standards in the use of spot commercials in the 1972 campaign as there were in 1970. In many respects the problems seem to have been largely self-corrective. Those guilty of the greatest excesses were normally losers, and their commercials may have played some part in their defeats. An intensive study of the 1972 campaign has been made, however, and an effort will be made to assess the ethical and qualitative standards displayed.

Timetable On Findings

It is expected that the whole project will last approximately a year. Preliminary reports will be filed in January and February. A conference of participants in the



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The Mel Blanc School of Commercials
9454 Wilshire Blvd. Suite 305
Beverly Hills, Calif. 90212
(213) 278-5535

project and assorted experts in the media-politics relationship will convene in mid-February to consider the preliminary evidence, suggest additional courses of action, and perhaps sharpen the focus even more. Semi-final findings and recommendations should be completed by mid-summer. These will be considered during a series of workshops during the month of August, and a final report should be ready in September, well in advance of the opening of the campaign of 1974.

Why is the project being undertaken? An enterprise that costs some \$140,000,000, as it is now estimated that the 1972 campaign will, seems important enough to generate some careful analysis. But it isn't only the money involved. Campaigns and television have now lived together for more than 20 years. Television's dramatic impact is not only evident in its own relationships with the campaign process but in shifts and modifications which have been occurring in the performance of the other media. If this were simply a quadrennial or biennial game with about as much consequence as a horse race or a football game we could leave it all to the politicians and the media managers to work out. Since the end product, however, is the election of candidates to govern our nation and its various political subdivisions, it is evident that the public has an enormous stake in the entire system.



BEN GRAUER

TV

NBC

RADIO

On Being Black, In B'casting

By JAMES VAUGHAN
(Promotion Director; WTVD)

Durham, N.C.

Any form of communications daring enough to openly address itself to problems of minorities, and/or the insensibilities shared by a large segment of this country's white population, wins credibility with me.

VARIETY has accomplished this. Undoubtedly, many Blacks striving to make contributions as broadcasters or communicators appreciate the attention given to the plight of these few Blacks. I am very appreciative.

Recently in Boston, I participated in the BPA 1972 convention (reported in VARIETY, Nov. 22). The article correctly mirrored much of my disappointment over the scarceness of Blacks. And hinted at other grievances shared by most Blacks in broadcasting. The article failed to mention however, another very real and poignant aspect of this struggle for change in broadcasting.

The other aspect centers on us—Blacks in broadcasting. With full knowledge of the acts and deeds capable of issuing from a society one step removed from the demonic institution of slavery having traces of scars carved on our consciousness by the savagery of bigotry, willful denial and oppression, Blacks share a burden of awareness and the responsibilities born of the knowledge.

We know well that this society—built with the unpaid toil and suffering of our slave ancestors—our home—cannot remain at length so long as prejudice, racism, and exploitation permeates the core. Nations are built of individuals. And individuals are creatures of intelligence, of mind—of God.

It is within each that the seeds

and promise of development are planted. Our Divine heritage is the free use of our minds to create or destroy; to ascend to, or to fall away from the greatest level of awareness there is, which is love.

Blacks are in a position to know that there is a tremendous void in the development of this country. And Blacks are offered a clear-cut route to leadership roles in filling this void. No creature is more powerful and more positive than one who has been oppressed but still can reach for love.

Mass media people accept the sacred role of image-shaping. We fire pellets of information into millions of minds daily. We echo definitions of life itself.

Much of the hope of this potentially magnificent country lies with people who can operate from the all-powerful base of love. People who can live in spirit of rightness and communicate the power and beauty of that spirit to be used and shared by others.

I may be a token nigger. I can live with that fact as long as I remember that I have an entree into the most powerful communications concept known to man. And, that the source of all power is love which has a seed planted within me.

I thank God that I am a Black man. I thank God that I am a broadcaster. And I thank God that I can love—live.

I could not have hoped for the potential of a more noble existence than to be a Black broadcaster based on the promise of hope and peace.

May the awakened flame of love within me touch other broadcasters and may we all gently nudge the minds of a country starving for the beauty of life.

News That Struts & Frets Its Weary Hour And Then Is Heard No More

By NORMAN MARK

(TV Critic, Chicago Daily News)

You ask the news director of the local radio or tv station: who have you sent to jail?

He looks bewildered.

So you press further: What have you investigated in depth in your community? How often have you followed up those investigations with editorials and additional programs until the problem was solved? Who have you sent to jail?

He will probably refer to a new antipollution special which carefully avoided mentioning the names of local industries which advertise a good deal on his station. Perhaps he plans to have an anti-drug program, which won't talk about American complicity in the sale of heroin from Asia's Golden Triangle.

But he probably cannot mention the names of anyone he sent to jail—certainly he can think of no one in that category who is white, rich or powerful.

Broadcast news is a joke to most hard-working, proud journalists. It is a poor player strutting and fretting for a half hour or so, and then heard no more. A dramatic reading, at best; a jumble of misleading facts, at worst.

No radio or tv reporter can start the day without reading newspapers. They earn their daily bread by taking the first few paragraphs of the stories on pages one and two and adding pictures to them. But newspapermen seldom have to watch radio or tv news because the broadcasters almost never discover something previously unknown to print reporters.

It isn't hard to learn why this is so. The problems start at the top.

Most newspaper editors at one time have actually written news stories. Most station managers (the ones who ultimately make the decisions about budgets, etc.) were former salesmen. While it is true that an editor is management and therefore a different animal from a reporter, the editor at least has

vague memories of what it was like to cover a story.

The station manager only has memories of how hard it was sell a client who was even slightly offended by something he heard or saw on the news.

Sojourners

Also, most people working for most radio and tv stations haven't been there very long. Broadcast executives often barely have time to buy a house and meet a few influential people before moving on to a new town. Meanwhile, the problems he hardly knew existed continue to fester in the town he left.

In radio and tv, time is always a problem—but so is space in newspapers. It should be possible to film several three- or five-minute segments on the same subject, present different sides of the problem for several days and, thus, change the minds of thousands.

Instead, those multi-part mini-documentaries, which could be radio and tv's most effective news reporting, often deal with grand, marshmallow problems, such as abortion, schools, taxes, mass transit, etc. They seldom talk about specifics. Vague generalities must result when trying to say something meaningful about air pollution in five three-minute segments.

Budget & Backbone

Budgets are almost always inadequate for broadcast news, especially for investigative reporting. It cost real money to hire three or four people, have them go off for a week or a month and come back with the news that our leading officials are embezzling money, profiting from shady stock deals giving choice jobs to relatives, etc. (Or, perhaps, that they aren't.)

Finally, there is the question of backbone. Yes, newspapers do give in to advertiser pressure and soften stories. But almost all newspapers worthy of the name have, at some time or other, stood up.

(Continued on page 118)

All-Time Top TV Events

(On Total Audience Basis; Series Excluded)

Program	Network	Date	Total Homes Reached (200)
1. Apollo XI (Lunar EVA)	CBS	July 20-21, 1969	39,100
* Robt. Kennedy's Death	NBC	June 6, 1968	S 38,020
* Election Night	NBC	Nov. 5-6, 1968	35,450
2. Apollo XI (Lunar EVA)	NBC	July 20-21, 1969	34,370
3. Super Bowl VI	CBS	Jan. 16, 1972	34,160
4. Academy Awards	ABC	April 7, 1970	32,700
5. Ben-Hur	CBS	Feb. 14, 1971	32,630
6. Bob Hope Christmas Show	NBC	Jan. 14, 1971	32,570
7. Bob Hope Christmas Show	NBC	Jan. 15, 1970	32,290
8. Cotton Bowl Ftb. (Notre Dame vs. Texas)	CBS	Jan. 1, 1971	31,490
9. World Series No. 4 Game	NBC	Oct. 13, 1971	31,480
10. Academy Awards	NBC	April 15, 1971	31,250
* Robt. Kennedy Funeral	NBC	June 8, 1968	S 31,020
11. Super Bowl Game	CBS	Jan. 11, 1970	30,830
12. Super Bowl Game	NBC	Jan. 17, 1971	30,470
13. John Wayne Special	NBC	Nov. 29, 1970	30,290
14. World Series No. 7 Game	NBC	Oct. 17, 1971	29,990
15. Academy Awards	ABC	April 10, 1967	29,590
* Pope Paul VI Visit	NBC	Oct. 4, 1965	S 29,480
16. Cotton Bowl Game	CBS	Jan. 1, 1970	29,430
* Election Night	NBC	Nov. 3, 1964	29,350
17. American Conf. Championship	NBC	Jan. 2, 1972	29,190
18. Miss America	NBC	Sept. 12, 1970	28,610
World Series (Sunday)	NBC	Oct. 6, 1968	28,610
20. Rose Bowl	NBC	Jan. 1, 1972	28,500
21. Bridge On The River Kwai	ABC	Sept. 25, 1966	28,490
22. Bob Hope Christmas Show	NBC	Jan. 16, 1969	28,440
23. Miss America	NBC	Sept. 11, 1971	28,320
24. Rose Bowl Game	NBC	Jan. 1, 1970	27,900
25. Nat'l Conf. Championship	CBS	Jan. 3, 1971	27,890

*denotes a special order survey from Nielsen

List is for events through Jan. 16, 1972 and does not include '72 programs such as "West Side Story," the Academy Awards, Summer Olympics and World Series games.

Source: National Nielsen

S-Sustaining

TV Being Shaped By Ad Pressures For Young Femme Demographics

By MORRY ROTH

Chicago. The advertiser yen for young female tv viewers and radio listeners has reached epidemic proportions, and there may be in this mania longrange implications for both the economics and programming content of broadcasting. In Chicago, as elsewhere, stations report that as high as 80% of the availability requests are for women in the 18-49 age group—a group that constitutes about 24% of the viewing population.

This femme buying trend hit its stride about five years ago and was based on several studies which showed that the age group had the most disposable income and that the women made the buying decisions. Subsequent research has tended to confirm this, but some of the more sophisticated time-buyers are beginning to wonder if a certain amount of advertising overkill might be setting in with the young women. On the other side of the coin, it is increasingly likely that more than 75% of the viewers may have the wrong advertising message directed at them, or perhaps none at all.

For the stations with the desired demographic group, the returns are immediate and substantial: For each dollar that a station can get for a "total adults" buy, it will get \$1.50 for the same number of young women. On the same basis men 18-49 are worth about \$1.30. This rule of thumb is harder to apply to other age categories, but children, teens and over-50 are pretty much in a descending scale with the latter sold at a wide discount.

Demographics In \$

Here's how the overwhelming feminine ad mystique translates into dollars in Chicago: Although WMAQ-TV (36 share) leads WLS-TV (32 share) in the benchmark 10 p.m. local news, the latter ABC o&o had an effective selling rate in the fourth quarter of \$1,850 for a 30-second spot while the NBC station can charge only \$1,700 for the same spot. WBBM-TV (CBS), with a 21 share received \$700.

The difference in dollars is much more closely related to the femme demographics than they are to gross rating points. WLS-TV delivers 287,000 women 18-49. WMAQ-TV has 269,000 and WBBM-TV pulls 189,000. This

translates into the fact that WLS-TV gets \$57 per share point in the late local news, WMAQ gets \$47 and WBBM-TV gets \$33.

The 10 p.m. news is only the tip of the WLS-TV young femme demographic windfall. While the 9 a.m. to midnight daylong figures show the three network-owned stations fairly closely bunched they vary widely in young-femme content. WLS-TV and WMAQ-TV both have a 10 quarter-hour average rating, but the former carries an average of 129,000 females in the favored demographics while WMAQ-TV averages out at 107,000. WBBM-TV, while averaging a 9 rating, comes up with an impressive quarter-hour average of 108,000 women 18-49.

Premium Dollars

The most important economic facet of these preferred demographics is not just that they take a bigger piece of the dollar but that they amount to premium dollars—dollars earned by a station with approximately the same size staff at its competitors. The balance-sheet differences can be enormous. Putting together estimates from several sources, it is likely that WLS-TV will gross about 27% of the total Windy City tv revenues in 1972, but will take about 45% of the total profit. WMAQ-TV, with 25% of the gross revenue should also net about 25%, and WBBM-TV is expected to gross about 18% of the market but may net only 10%.

The impact on programming has only been lightly felt to date, and there are obviously pitfalls for those who try to take the straight path to a narrow demographic target. Among the highest collectors of young femmes are certain game shows—"Let's Make A Deal" and "Hollywood Squares," for instance—but although the game shows are extremely profitable when they work, there are any number that have failed to deliver. Soap operas and women's talk shows would seem to be ideal young-femme carriers, but they are shown to skew heavily towards the 50-and-up group. WBBM-TV's relatively good showing in the desired group is to a great extent in primetime and demonstrates CBS's wisdom in axing "Beverly Hillsbillies," "Green Acres," Red Skelton and Jackie Gleason.

However, if the advertising

pressure on this relatively narrow segment of the total audience continues, there are undoubtedly going to be programming changes to meet it. That format that makes the best compromise in gross rating points and young women is drama, and explains why that format has burgeoned in prime-time.

Somewhere, someone is trying to figure out a show that will draw young women the way pro football pulls young men, a show that may well turn off every other age and sex segment but that will pull a "pure" audience of women 18-49 that will be large enough to overtake the collective demographic audiences of the other networks. If and when it happens, there are bound to be endless imitations. ("Look, chief, if Burt Reynolds in the buff can sell all of those Cosmopolitans . . .")

Timing In Sitcoms Important; Try To Leave 'Em Hungry

By DON CARLE GILLETTE

Hollywood.

In all that has been written and said about the current phenomenon of tv, "All In The Family," there are some unique and important aspects that seem to have been either taken for granted or overlooked. It is quite common for tv's merits and worthy accomplishments to be taken for granted while even the most inconsequential slips and shortcomings are magnified.

The first under-appreciated aspect of this already fabulous program has to do with the dramaturgy involved in the creation of the show. If "dramaturgy" strikes you as a rather pretentious word to apply to the concoction of entertainment designed to be broadcast to the populace without viewing or "admission" charge, think again. "All In The Family" is no ad lib and loose spouting of invectives in behalf of intolerance for the mere sake of laughs. It is a painstaking artistic creation which, in its own way, puts across a point favoring tolerance—and doing so in palatable style.

The play being the thing, and public acceptance being the best indicator of the satisfaction given by the show, try clocking the number of laughs belted out by "Family" during its running time of less than 27 minutes and compare the tally with the laughs in the average Broadway legit comedy running about three times as long. You may be—as this one-time Broadway drama critic was—immensely surprised.

You don't have to count the laughs of the live studio audience at the taping of the show. Just assemble half a dozen or more of your own family, neighbors and friends around your tv set and keep count of their spontaneous laughs. This reporter did it on three occasions, and the results were a revelation.

Check the laughs in plays by comedy kingpin Neil Simon, and again you are quite likely to find that "All In The Family" and its two stablemates generally score that way.

To produce these compact comedy gems for airing on a fixed schedule of a new show every week of the normal season calls for intensive writing and extensive re-writing, shaping and polishing. It is not uncommon for 10 to 12 months to elapse from the birth of a story idea until it is broadcast, according to Norman Lear, executive producer of "Family" and co-partner with Bud Yorkin in ownership of Tandem Productions. John Rich is producer of the show and occasionally does some directing, with Bob LeHendro as regular director.

The main writing team for "Family" consists of Mickey Ross and Bernie West. Some individual scripts also come from the type-writer of Don Nicholl. Many story ideas are acquired from freelance writers as well. Scripts undergo six to eight or more rewrites. It

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Changing Audience Is Changing TV: Rise In Anthology And A Decline In 'Habit' Series Squares With Census Data

By MARVIN ANTONOWSKY
(Vice President, Research Services, ABC-TV)

Recently the Census Bureau reported that within a single generation an educational revolution has taken place in the U.S. In 1972 a greater proportion of adults have been to high school than had been to elementary school in 1940. Half of all adult Americans now have finished high school and spent some time in college, with the median education level nationally now 12.2 years. Back in radio days and the early years of tv, critics and some within the industry believed that programming to succeed must be aimed at a 12 year old mentality. Today the average American has had over 12 years of schooling and anyone who continues to operate on this assumption is going to be headed for failure.

Consider what has been happening in tv this season.

Only three non-anthology type weekly series have consistently made Nielsen's Top Ten this season—"Marcus Welby, M.D." and the contemporary comedies, "All In The Family" and "Sanford & Son." Furthermore, the individual shows which have drawn high viewing levels dealt with topics ranging from homosexuality to abortion. Nor have the walls fallen in on tv or its advertisers as the result of frank language left unbleeped in movies like "Love Story" and "Patton." Perhaps the most significant indication of how the American public and tv have changed was the incredible response of viewers to the Olympics this year where they completely abandoned their normal viewing habits to set an all time audience mark for a tv event. And Nielsen data revealed that by far the largest amount of viewing to the Olympics was done by the younger, better educated, higher income audience.

Selective Behavior

To be sure viewer selectivity to date has been largely confined to primetime. But that pattern is changing too. In latenight tv the CBS movies have proven successful, and ABC's latenight specials to date have posted a 42% audience increase over regular programming levels. These audience returns go along with recent research which indicates that over 75% of the latenight audience behaves selectively and is not committed to any particular program at that hour.

Now habit viewing is even being assaulted in its last bastions—daytime viewing. Two ABC Monday-Friday specials in recent months—"Honeymoon Suite" and "This Child Is Mine"—have led their time periods, and this encouraging audience response is fueling the development of a continuing series of daytime specials which could lead to further expansion of daytime tv's horizons.

Nor are the kids being left out of tv's movement toward selectivity. On Saturday mornings they now are being offered made-for-tv movies, and ABC is programming weekday after-school specials which, rather surprisingly, have drawn as many adult as child viewers. On all fronts, the old frameworks of tv and the old shibboleths are breaking down, as this ever-changing and still growing medium responds to the dramatic changes in audience maturity pointed up by the new Census Bureau statistics on education.

Xerox Into 'Super Bowl'

Xerox has made its first purchase of time in a major tv sports event with two 90-second spots in this year's National Football League Super Bowl, Jan. 14 on NBC-TV.

The spots will be located just before game kickoff and just before the second half start. One of the spots will be filled with a football-themed commercial used by the company in its "Allstair Cooke's America" series.

New Way To Work In TV— Out Of The Biz

By DENNIS J. OPPENHEIM
(Supervisor, Audio-Visual Training, N.Y. Life Insurance Co.)

Until recently, individuals trained in the skills of the electronic mass media seldom looked outside the field of commercial broadcasting for employment. Indeed, until recently, there really wasn't any other place to go. If he felt stymied in his creative endeavors by having to cater to commercial interruptions, or disillusioned by other business aspects of the profession, a writer, producer or director could withdraw to the comparative safety of public broadcasting.

But such a decision was often taken with mixed feelings of blessing and reluctance; for even if the ego could be satisfied with the end result of the software generated, it had to suffer the pangs of lesser recognition, because everyone knows that nobody watches Public TV. And, of course, as those in the trade can attest, it doesn't pay very well to start with.

Fortunately, in the last few years, those who felt boxed-in by such limited choices can see a widening market for their talents, with the advent of UHF channels, the coming of cable and pay tv and such developments as the video cassette. All of these, and other advancements, augur well for those who wish to select a career in the electronic mass media profession.

And yet another door is opening—the field of internal business and industrial electronic communications, a field potentially very inviting to those who feel unfulfilled or trapped in the "wasteland" of crass, commercial broadcasting.

Many companies, of all sizes, at both the national and local level, have invested millions of dollars in the construction of "in-house" media centers and production facilities. And everywhere they exist, broadcast trained personnel are valued for their skills and know-how. Retail merchandising chains, insurance companies, chemical companies, Wall Street firms and banks, airlines and advertising agencies are only a few of the many kinds of corporations which have already installed such communication facilities. Among the leaders in this development are IBM, J. C. Penney Corp., Eastern Air Lines, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith, and Prudential Life Insurance. Their media centers rival many fully-equipped broadcast production houses in terms of software capacity and quality. And, on a smaller scale, such production centers exist all across the States.

How They Function

What kinds of software are generated? What kinds of opportunities exist for broadcast-trained professionals? The needs and requirements are just as varied as the kinds of businesses in which these centers have taken hold. At this point, their growth has been so steadily upward that there are even two associations made up of tv production aspects alone.

Ken Winslow, director of communications for one of them, The International Industrial Television Assn., (formerly the National Industrial Television Assn.) has drawn up a model outlining at least six basic areas where Audio-Visual specialists make significant contributions to the welfare of their companies:

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Supreme Court Decision On Paid Editorials May Usher In New Era In B'casting, Whichever Way It Goes

By LARRY MICHIE

Washington.

One of several explosive issues that the U.S. Supreme Court will rule on after it comes back into session Jan. 8 is the question of whether broadcasters can legally impose a flat ban on commercials that present one viewpoint on a controversial subject.

The case is likely to be the most important broadcast ruling by the court since its 1969 Red Lion ruling, which upheld the FCC's fairness doctrine by stating that the First Amendment protects the right of listeners to hear all sides of an issue over the public airwaves.

The specific case involves an attempt by Business Executives Move for Peace in Vietnam to buy commercial time on all-news WTOP radio in the Nation's Capital. The station refused, citing its policy of not accepting spots to push a controversial view (as opposed to equally controversial commercials for political candidates).

The FCC upheld WTOP, but the U.S. Court of Appeals for D.C. overturned the commission, saying that reasonable paid access is essential. The U.S. Solicitor General argued the FCC's case before the high bench, and the FCC viewpoint generally was also argued by WTOP, CBS and ABC. BEM was joined in its position by the Democratic National Committee, which generally has been unsuccessful in its many attempts to force reply time to Presidential air appearances.

Meaning of Delay

The Supreme Court heard the arguments in mid-October; its ways are inscrutable, but it might well be surmised that the delay between argument and the issuance of a decision means that there are deep divisions on the court. Various concurring and dissenting opinions could be in the works, and the nine Justices could still be involved in trying to sway votes.

The broadcaster point of view is that a right-to-access ruling would mean that those who could afford to buy time would dominate on-air issues, and they noted that commissioner Nicholas Johnson in his dissent to the original FCC ruling said that a decision against broadcasters would mean the practical abolition of the fairness doctrine in favor of a first-come, first-served system.

Asked Chief Justice Warren Burger: "If this obligation were imposed on broadcasters, wouldn't this mean the FCC would have the responsibility of limiting advertising time and hours?" Responded Solicitor General Erwin Griswold: "Yes, as the court of appeals clearly recognized, the limited number of frequencies available resulting in an inbridgeable right to access, would necessarily place upon the FCC the responsibility of establishing a means of determining who, what time, and how these editorial advertisers are to be selected."

First Amendment Angle

The Chief Justice asked DNC chief counsel Joseph A. Califano Jr. "Is it your position that, after broadcasting an editorial advertisement, the station would be required to broadcast answers within, say, five minutes?" Califano replied: "If someone wants to answer."

BEM attorney Thomas Asher, on the other hand, argued that his client was refused commercial time solely because the views to be presented were controversial. The First Amendment protects political speech, and it is that very speech that WTOP refused to air, he said.

Commented Asher: "The broadcasters paraded forth administrative horrors, such as the idea that the wealthy will buy all the time. But this is not so, as evidenced by the variety of political advertisements in newspapers. In addition, the rich are not monolithic. It has also been advanced that the fairness doctrine will be destroyed. There is no basis for this either, since numerous stations already

carry editorial advertisements and still comply with fairness doctrine requirements. It will not impose an undue burden on the broadcasters, since we are only talking of controversial issues of public importance which, in all probability, would have been already dealt with in the broadcasters' news times."

Whatever the court's decision, it should come shortly after the start of the new year—and conceivably it could usher in a new era.

More TV Use In Senate Urged By Print Newsmen

Washington.

Congress should encourage greatly expanded television coverage of the hearings, a veteran newspaper reporter has suggested in a memorandum to Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield (D-Mont.).

Since the Senate has decided to build a new complex of hearing rooms, John Finney of the N.Y. Times told Mansfield, it should consider designing the facilities specifically for television and radio coverage. One of the reasons the White House seems to dominate the Government at the expense of the Legislative Branch, Finney suggested, is that "the President has an immense advantage in his ready access to television and thus to the people." Properly designed hearing rooms could gain the Senate greater air time and "help restore the balance of power in the age of television," he said.

Television coverage of Senate hearings is now allowed, of course, but the cameras, cables and lights are not permanent, and each telecast is a major project. Legislators are often irritated at the concomitant fuss and bother, though they tend to love to see themselves on the nightly news shows.

Finney, who is leaving his Capitol Hill beat to cover the Pentagon as part of the new assignments in the reorganized Times Washington bureau, noted that many Congressional hearings stir no network interest—but he also pointed out that the coming era



EARL WRIGHTSON AND LOIS HUNT

of cable television will make far more extensive coverage possible.

"Cable tv is going to have a multitude of channels at its disposal which it is going to have to fill up in some way," the memo states. "No longer will there be the problem of a limited number of channels in competition with prime commercial time." He suggested that "there is a good possibility that cable television will be more inclined than commercial television in the past to turn to Congressional hearings for coverage. In this case Congress has a chance to be prepared for once for a technological development, and in the process enhance its power and prestige."

'SPORTSMAN'S' CAUTIOUS

Wary of Showing Scenes of Killing and Carcasses

Des Moines.

It became apparent while ABC was in Iowa filming an "American Sportsman" program on pheasant hunting recently, with Bing Crosby, Phil Harris and widely known Iowa sportsmen, that television producers and sponsors are extremely sensitive to public reaction to the killing of wildlife.

The ABC crew tried for three days to film the program but was trapped by dark and extremely cold weather and finally was forced to cancel the particular episode planned. The crew adhered to a policy of showing as little killing of pheasants as possible and of avoiding scenes such as a dog retrieving a bleeding, wounded bird.

One Iowa sportsman on the "farm lot" said the film crews selected backgrounds for scenes very carefully, since if crowds gather to watch the celebrities it means parked cars, and the scene is ruined even if the cars are in the background a half mile away.

An Eyewitness Report Of All The News That's Fit To Giggle Over

By CARROLL CARROLL

Hollywood.

1972 will be recorded in the annals of broadcast journalism as the year of the "happy news." This phenomenon was born of a strong feeling in the numbers-oriented guts of o&o execs who felt that unless something was done to make local newscasts less depressing, people would just stop watching. No watchers, no sponsors. Result, a nation suffering from severe headaches because people couldn't hear what to take to clear-up their "stuffy head all day" or their sinus congestion or because of their normal olfactory reaction to an acute lack of kitty litter in homes full of felines.

The prime mover in this surge toward "happy news" was WABC-TV New York, which shook-up its Eyewitness News group by introducing them to one another and suggesting that they interact to each others personalities where any was noticeable. They were, apparently, urged to assume a palsy-walsy attitude, to smile even though bad news was breaking and to "ad lib" their own little editorial goodies and articles to surprise and break-up their colleagues.

"Ad lib" is quoted because a knowledgeable listener could easily get the impression that those spontaneous bon mots that came clunking across the tonsils of the newscasters were about as spontaneous as a glacier. As anchor-men became gagmen, weathermen became clowns and newscasting took on the general chitter-chatter of a slumber party at a girls finishing school, the attentive viewership got the idea that the newswriters who assembled the copy and the jokewriters who punched it up had very little skill at fitting their work to the personalities and abilities of the performers. Note the word "performers."

'Getting To Know You . . .

In Los Angeles, Joseph Benti, co-anchorman with John Schubeck of KABC-TV's "happy news," asked to be relieved of his duties because, he told reporters, "I'm not a performer . . . but a journalist." This, however, was just one journalist's reaction and, apparently, not that of an uncritical audience that seems to find the "let a smile be your umbrella" attitude toward the stormy current events just what their troubled minds desired.

The numbers on the "happy news" shows made the local straight competition scurry to get "intimate" with its clientele until, at this writing, the people who watch newscasts now know almost as much about the personal lives of the guys who read them the disasters as soap opera aficionados know about the calamitous existence of those they watch fighting a day-to-day battle with the winds of adversity.

The inside chit-chat about what's going on in the newsroom (totally obscure to the viewer and something that would seem to turn off the average seeker after truth) has become a rating lever. Human curiosity about what really happened off-camera, who gave who a hotfoot, keeps people listening day after day in the hope of eventually getting clued in on the unseen shenanigans that make a newscast such fun.

Thus, the puzzling everyday news is getting presented in a sort of everyday puzzle that makes following the peace negotiations, the severe illness of a great statesman, the maneuverings of the police in their assault on crime, a little more of a "game" and a little less of a drag. (Goodson & Todman may at this moment be prepping a game show called "Whose News Is Good News?") There could be no other reason why the informal news format caught on and became the only way local newscasts could get anyone to pay any attention to them.

Who could resist the coverage of news that's enlivened by little in-

side tidbits about the problems of the members of the team who got the story? For example: "Last night crack members of this city's elite vice squad staged the biggest raid ever on a long established establishment run by the famous Mme. Maddam. Fourteen girls and two men were taken into custody and booked . . . and I'd sure like to be able to tell you what happened to our Jack Daniels who covered the story for us. Jack?" There's prudence and titillation there for all.

Jack, of course, comes on blushing and giggling and gives as straight an account as possible of what happened (but not to him) as the viewers are shown the tricksters being hustled into a police van, being tenderly paddy-wacked the while, by solicitous officers, who know that bail will have been arranged for the girls by the time they arrive at the station house.

The "human interest story" has always been good for a little heart tug and has for years been the savior of every kind of journalism on those days when nothing much happened. So each "happy news" team has a few "ethnics" to cover these human interest stories (each to his own group) and, incidentally, corral the attention of their own set. This works to the extent that the "happy news" team finds a more charismatic ethnic than their competition. So far it hasn't happened but there are those who honestly believe that before long some station will add Myron Cohen to its "happy news" to cover the world of entertainment and tell what's going on in the delicatessens of our great cities.

Loving 'Em By Degrees

The weather forecasters, naturally, have a cinch. Nobody really takes them seriously anyway and it's no problem at all for the nation's youth and their pill-popping parents to relate to a man who's constantly babbling about highs and lows. Commuters are learning to wind-down at the millibars and relate to troughs, jet streams, and precip. And there are so many references to different kinds of fronts that the spot sales boys are trying to get the weather section sponsored by Living Bras.

However, oddly enough, even carbon copies of Howard Cosell haven't been able to do much to enliven the sportscasts. Just as it's suggested that the weathermen are all dopes who never get anything right, so it goes without contradiction that although they talk about them at great length, the sportscasters don't know a wishbone formation from a sacrifice fly. This is to make the viewer empathize with them.

Xeroxing The Sports

The truth is that very little that's different ever happens in sports; nevertheless, day after day, these guys are forced to report this to you. What it all comes down to is a bunch of scores, interesting, as stock market quotations, only in a parochial way. Highlights of "the big game" are of little interest because the concerned parties have already seen the game. The rest don't care. Essentially the news of sports, again, dwindles down to a list of scores. How to hold the viewers' attention through these has long been a problem.

Nothing can be duller than what Pulse Normal did to Phyon U. But if these facts could be woven into the general news, the nation might not doze off while the scores are read and not wake up until roused by the thundering silence following the conclusion of sermonette. What, for instance, is to keep them awake by the word that: New York pummels Miami, 138 to 98; Pittsburgh triumphs over Buffalo, 4 to 2; Chicago squeezes Detroit, 36 to 28. You can take it from there for as long as you can stand it.

Nobody ever wins or loses. Somebody is trounced or downed, somebody prevails or succumbs.

(Continued on page 124)



JACKSON BECK

ACTOR-ANNOUNCER-NARRATOR

Best wishes on your 67th Anniversary. Sparkling brighter than ever. 212 PLaza 2-7676

London TV Critics Pick 'Bests'

London.

Second annual awards handed out this week by the London television critics included:

Best play—"Another Sunday and Sweet F. A." (Jack Rosenthal, Granada TV).

Best adaptation—"Country Matters" (Granada).

Best series—"The Organization" (Philip Mackie, Yorkshire TV).

Best documentary—"Horizon series" ("Hospital 1922," BBC-TV).

Best comedy series—"Monty Python's Flying Circus" (BBC-TV).

Best children's series—shared by "Blue Peter" and "Vision On" (both BBC).

Best musical show—Andre Previn and London Symphony (BBC).

Booby prize—"Virgin Fellas," Aussie-made sitcom (BB).

TV's Super-Second, Where Every Frame Counts: Blurb As A Form

By LOU BRADLEY
(President, Agency Services Corp.)

It's become cliché for the film actor, on completing his first commercial, to comment with some surprise on just how much more taxing commercial-making is than, say, feature films.

Perfectly true. Into the minute—or more likely today, the 28-29 seconds of the thirty—is compressed more thought, more expense, I'll even risk saying more creativity, than in any comparable time period in the performing arts. And this must be, given the nature of television and the costs of television time.

Second for second, the commercial represents the most important sheer time in the arts. This may be obvious.

Not so obvious, perhaps, is that this condition has created what amounts to a new form, compressed, constrained and pressured as it is. Calling it a mini-drama, or a mini-anything, is to put it down. If anything, it represents the maximum, or super-second. But terminology aside, it exists as a thing of its own.

The commercial as a form necessarily has a beginning, a middle, an end. Not for any classic reason, but because there's a demanding problem/solution challenge facing the commercial-maker. And it must be cleared up in those 28 seconds—in such tough terms as having to make a situation clear, and a need emphatic, in perhaps all of seven seconds from the first frame, in the case of a thirty.

Traditional dramatic establishing devices are out. Time-honored exposition is out—no maids, friends, neighbors endlessly discussing the principals who will enter later. The closest thing to traditional exposition is a fast series of cuts from one set of gossiping neighbors to another, repeating one basic observation: "Sally's got X" . . . "Joe uses Y."

Traditional time-passage indicators are out. No leaves falling from calendars (or from trees), no speeded-up clock hands. Just an optical, and the visual confirmation of the promise of the opening: the baked cake, the polished floor, the purring motor.

Traditional space-passage devices are out. There isn't much earth-spanning called for anyway in the convention of the commercial, and when a broader statement is called for, it's handled in the people terms pioneered by the medium. (There's no suggestion of the world that's going to get that Coke, but a tremendously concentrated effect of people handled in stunning television terms).

In exchange for leisure mechanics, television commercials have taken over a vocabulary of their own, and in the process educated a wide audience to the quick cut, the quick dissolve and technical innovations like the zoom that came along at exactly the right time. These devices carry over into theatre films, but few theatre films show the compression that the commercial must.

Even the use of helpful music is pressured. The commercial's debt is more to radio commercial music than the leisurely film score, but for television there's a faster establishing, a later start, in effect—the lyric takes the case much further along the line of argument, much faster into that problem/solution.

Casting has to work in short-

hand, too. What can establish faster than a familiar face in a familiar situation? And this applies to a celebrity-actor or a familiar type. Tired, tried and condemned though it is, "slice of wife" as it might more properly be called, communicates to the viewer fast, fast. A recognizable situation in which your problem can be a recognizable one—with novel-solution or a novel-one-with-still-more-novel-solution, the necessary ties are established without waste seconds.

(I don't quite hold with the current casting of uglies in commercials, in what seems to be a combination of attention-grabbing and shaking off any disbelief that might cling to model-types. Viewer association with the new breed seems questionable to me).

Now The Combined 30

But the clock keeps running, and now we're faced with the combined-product thirty. Thus far we've managed it strategically by shooting a lady in her bath and selling combinations of toilet products. Tactically, it's something else, with the loss of video or audio for 10 seconds possibly meaning loss of one product.

Which is the corollary of the super-second.

With every second hypoed by the faster pace, loss of a second is that much more damaging. Not only is production so much more demanding, but production checking as well. In that great commercials crap game, the dice are being thrown faster and the breath is coming harder. It's the price for all that artistic compression.

Can Public Broadcasting Survive?

By DOUGLASS CATER

(Douglass Cater directs the Aspen Program on Communications and Society. As President Johnson's assistant, he worked on the shaping and passage of the Public Broadcasting Act of 1967.)

During the NAEB convention in Las Vegas last November, educational station managers listened in stoic silence to a recital of program cancellations for this season necessitated by a \$2,000,000 slash in Public Broadcasting's budget. Simultaneously, they read news accounts that White House aides were scoffing at the notion that Public Broadcasting would get substantially more Federal revenues now that it is under the "new management" of Thomas Curtis and Henry Loomis. One thing seemed perfectly clear: the prospects for Public Broadcasting are going to get worse before they get better.

There is irony in the Administration's attitude toward Public Broadcasting. On the one hand, the President's spokesman have appealed for greater diversity in programming and more allegiance to the "bedrock of localism." But they have failed to accept the consequences that diversity and localism will cost more not less for a system already showing fatal symptoms of malnutrition. Every serious financial study, including Wilbur Schramm and Lyle Nelson, of Stanford, reaches the same ballpark estimate of costs

for a balanced program budget, at least two and a half times the amount currently being spent.

Chicken & Egg Dilemma

How to get there from here? This is a chicken-and-egg question of baffling proportions. Changing the system to provide more local autonomy cannot be achieved so long as the starvation diet offers no room for new initiatives. The problem of building greater constituency support is difficult to resolve without sufficient money and lead time to produce programs that will attract a constituency.

An easy escape would be to declare bankruptcy for Public Broadcasting and confess that in the United States we have neither money nor wit enough to develop non-commercial uses for our most potent medium of communication. Television would be consigned exclusively to the dictates of the advertiser's marketplace, and the eventual possibility of pay tv via the cable.

Or we can choose the harder course of making the system survive. This will take an act of faith that the nation needs and can afford an alternative to commercial broadcasting. It must be based on three starting premises:

1. A great public endeavor, whether sending a man to the moon or building Public Broadcasting, requires a critical mass of money and talent.
2. An endeavor of such sen-

Public B'casting: Boon Or Boondoggie?

By REP. TORBERT A. MacDONALD

(Chairman, House Subcommittee On Communications and Power)

Washington.

One of the many priorities that will be facing our sub-committee when the 93d Congress convenes this month is the truly vexing problem of the future of public broadcasting. Others include license renewal, satellites, cable tv pay-cable, sports blackouts, AT&T rate hikes and others, and on the power side we have the critical energy crisis that faces the country and how to deal with it.

But Public Broadcasting continues to command our attention each session, and this year will be no exception.

The main question, on which a large number of other questions hang, is whether non-commercial educational tv and radio broadcasting can function in the U.S. in a beneficial way.

In 1967, when Congress passed the Public Broadcasting Act our intent was clear: there should be a structure that would support local public broadcasting stations enabling them to present tv and radio programs that would give the American public a viewing and listening alternative to the commercial stations. The institution set up to provide that structure was the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. One bedrock source for the legislation was the Carnegie Commission Report on Educational Television in 1967.

With that blueprint in front of them and funding from the U.S. Treasury and other sources to give them a start, a group of able professionals, headed by John Macy went to work. In a relatively short period of time, they had something to show for their efforts. In the place of a number of struggling, isolated educational tv stations, some healthy and barely breathing, they created an operating network which produced some outstanding educational cultural and public affairs programming. Far from overshadowing their own efforts, these programs brought audience to their stations, increased their local support, and literally gave them a new lease on life.

Fate Of A Bill

Early in 1972, they came before our subcommittee to support my bill for so-called long-range funding. We all knew that this bill was not true long-range funding; the master plan that had been promised to the Congress by the Nixon Administration, and the Johnson

Administration before that, had never been forthcoming. Yet, my bill proposed a five-year plan with sufficient amount of Federal monies to enable the public broadcasting system—the Corporation its producers and the stations together—to make some sensible plans and to execute them in a businesslike way.

This bill, the Public Broadcasting Act of 1972, went through a series of modifications and compromises in the subcommittee emerging as a 4-year authorization at a substantially higher level of funding than the Corporation was operating on during 1971. Both the House and the Senate passed the bill, only to see it vetoed by President Nixon. A substitute bill, providing for only one year's funding at \$45,000,000 dollars instead of \$65,000,000, was then passed and included in the HEW Budget request; that, too was vetoed, so as of today, public broadcasting is operating under a continuing resolution which extends only until the end of February. Presumably it will get the \$45,000,000 by then, and at least one year's operation is assured.

CPB's New Leader

Now come the subsidiary question, which taken together will answer that central question of whether public broadcasting can indeed survive.

Question 1: What course will the new leadership of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting steer?

Answer: According to Henry Loomis, the new president, it will take upon itself more responsibility for programming. Yet the law is quite specific that instead of giving CPB authority to produce programs, it permits it "to contract with or make grants to program production entities, individuals, and selected non-commercial educational broadcast stations for production . . ." That wording was inserted in order that no grounds would exist for suspicion that CPB would become a mouthpiece for the Administration—any Administration.

Yet Mr. Loomis, perhaps because of his background in the U.S. Information Agency and its radio arm, the Voice of America seems to be heading toward the type of centralization of control that might make good administrative sense for a government agency, but cannot work for the Corporation for Public Broadcast-

ing within the law. The flap that surfaced in November when the public broadcasting stations rebelled against canceling all their primetime programming for Apollo 17 provided a pretty good road-map of the dangers inherent in hasty action by the CPB. Out of what they now call a "misunderstanding," CPB contacted stations directly to make the program offering, bypassing the Public Broadcasting Service which by law provides the communications channel with the stations.

The nature of that programming was questionable at best. After the commercial networks had opted for selective rather than touch-down to lift-off coverage of lunar vehicle activities, NASA turned to public television to get its propaganda across. They have a perfect right to make the pitch but public television has no more obligation to become a willing partner in selling NASA than it has to carry Defense Department propaganda, HEW handouts or the self-serving declarations of any of the other governmental agencies.

If Mr. Loomis has any plans to use public broadcasting as a government propaganda conduit, the Congress ought to know about those plans in order to stop them forthwith. Perhaps Loomis can make a convincing case under the fairness doctrine, but it will have to be mighty convincing to get anywhere. The Congress has long been wary of the dangers inherent in such a course of action.

The Means Vs. The End

Question 2: Should there be public affairs programming on public television?

Answer: Certainly. The legislative history of the original Public Broadcasting leaves no doubt that the Congress intended public broadcasting to deal with current issues, under the rules of the FCC.

Question 3: Will the American public support public broadcasting?

Answer: Yes, in my opinion, but only if it offers first-class programs for which there is a public demand. The demand doesn't have to be a mass-audience judgment, but it does have to demonstrate that a reasonable number of viewers out there like it. Although programming is obviously the reason-for-being of public broadcasting, it sometimes appears as though the superstructure and the infrastructure built to produce that programming has become so topheavy that we are in grave danger of mistaking the means for the end. To weave through the maze of CPB, PBS, NPACT, NET, NAEB, and the multitudinous boards of directors is like taking a train through the marshaling yards of a major railhead. It is to be hoped that Mr. Loomis, a Government trained administrator, can straighten out this messy situation.

Question 4: Does the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy have the right to tell the Corporation for Public Broadcasting what kind of programs it should produce?

Answer: Obviously and clearly no.

Question: Does the Nixon Administration really want public broadcasting to survive?

Answer: Who knows?

CBS Wins SOON Round

Los Angeles.

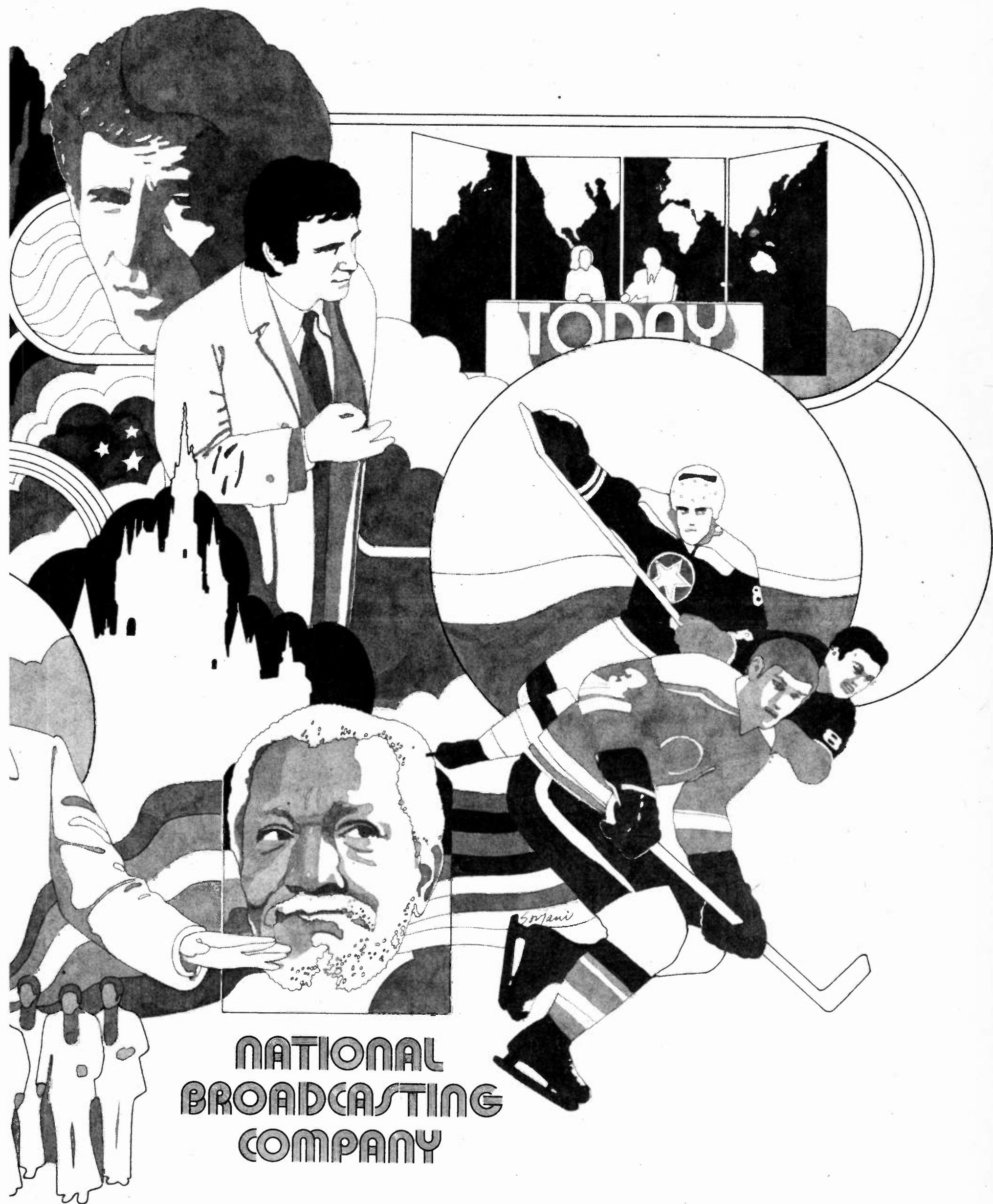
L.A.'s City Planning Commission rejected by 3-1 an appeal from a neighborhood group to nix the sale by CBS of 18.9 acres of Studio Center land to a real-estate development firm.

Nabe group, coalescing as an org named Soon (Stop Overbuilding Our Neighborhood) had objected on the grounds that building of condominium units on land would constitute an environmental hazard and overbuilding.

Commission pointed out it was private property, asked the opponents how they would like someone telling them what to do with their land. Opponents can still appeal the case to L.A. City Council.

VARIETY IS WHAT
WE'RE ALL ABOUT!





Everyone's Grabbing That License For 4-Letter Lingo Except Coy Press

By HARRY HARRIS

Philadelphia.

There's more than one kind of inflation going on these days and nights. Not only dollars and cents. Nouns and verbs.

Anything already goes on stage, big screen, disks, books, many magazines and virtually all avant-garde and "underground" periodicals, but family-oriented broadcasting and newspapers have been holding the four-letter fort.

True, there has been occasional breaching in the past, mostly via public tv documentaries and some of the less inhibited radio talk-shows, but what was a trickle seems to be building up into an increasingly "fresh" freshet.

Remember, I'm talking about vocabulary, not the greater frankness in the selection of subject matter for discussions, dramas and even sitcoms and an occasional flash of intimate flesh.

However, the greater license for lingo could well be the opening wedge for sweeping away all—or almost all—restrictions. Verily, first came the Word.

The nation's most popular series, "All in the Family," may have pioneered in a direction it hadn't exploited. It may have paved the way to "dirty words" by introducing into livingrooms far dirtier ones—racial and religious expletives.

Nowadays it seems incredible that only a few years ago there was front-page fuss and dire doom-saying because Clark Gable, as Rhett Butler in "Gone With the Wind," told off Vivien Leigh, as Scarlett O'Hara, with a curt "I don't give a d—," and Otto Preminger in "The Moon Is Blue" dared to use "v—" other than as a prefix for "Mary."

Now "damn," "hell," "son-of-a-bitch," "bastard," "virgin" and others of their dictionary-sanctioned ilk are entertainment staples. What's more, such words are being retained (with the occasional divorce of a "God" from a "damn") when movies like "Patton" are transferred to tv.

Gone Is #\$\$\$&!

Gone is the day when #\$\$\$&!! and—were pinchhitters for profanity and obscenity, when even such prestigious wordsmiths as Hemingway and Mailer had to deliberately falsify "natural" dialog with a coy "obscenity" or a sound-alike. Now a common—in more ways than one—12-letter ghetto accusation of incest is audible in documentaries, a World War II hero fills livingrooms with "friggin's," and a televised "Love Story" leaves little doubt as to what excised noun followed "bull." In some televised movies—like The Rolling Stones' "Gimme Shelter"—even more explicit sexual and excretory terms have been retained.

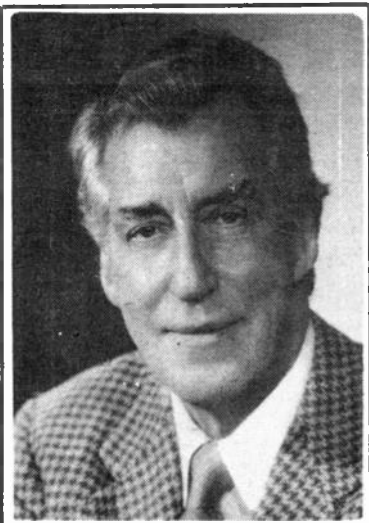
But there are borrowed vocabulary "sins." Television has also been originating a few of its own. Primetime series are beginning charily to have fictional characters talk about "sexual intercourse" and "erections." Females confess they're "turned on," which somehow is acceptable when yesterday's "getting hot" isn't.

PBS' recent "VD Blues" spoke casually of "clap" and "syph." Talkshows have considered fellatio, cunnilingus and the erotic potential of vibrators.

Apparently there's no longer the elaborate pretense that such talk burns ladies' ears, though a male CBS executive reportedly almost freaked out when he heard a character in "Love Is a Many Splendored Thing" say, without displaying dice, "Crap!"

In one of ABC's late, late auditions for shows to share Dick Cavett's time slot, "Bedtime Story," in a single quarter hour lumped "boobs," "knockers," "knocked-up" and a reference to a teenagers' horizontal playground as "Cherry Hill."

Presumably, however, that isn't what Elton H. Rule, president of the American Broadcasting Companies Inc. meant when he told the Hollywood Radio & Television Society last November that tele-



JIM CAMPBELL
ACTOR—ANNOUNCER
NARRATOR

Billy's Registry, (212) PL 2-7676

vision and radio "must speak the language of the '70s."

Let's face it, times have changed when Macy's advertises "50 great hard-cover classics" for schoolbound youngsters and nestled alphabetically between "Adventures of Huck Finn" and "Wuthering Heights" are "Lady Chatterley's Lover" and "Memoirs of Fanny Hill," the former with THE four-letter word just included—reluctantly—in the Oxford English Dictionary; the latter chronicling, albeit in most genteel terms, all kinds of boudoir hanky-panky.

If the networks today would hardly censor an innocuous Jack Paar reference to a "W.C." as NBC did in 1960, they're still capable of incredible coyness, as when CBS arbitrarily altered history and the subject of a trial in "The Life of Leonardo da Vinci" from homosexuality to heresy.

Double entendres abound on the variety hours hosted by Dean Martin, Carol Burnett and Bill Cosby. "Mash" slyly refers to "when the whole thing hits the fan" and a "completely edible Lt. Dish."

A Certain Shyness

Newspapers display a similar shyness about terminology considered obscene, erotic or scatological.

The N.Y. Daily News' Bob Sylvester writes of the Wgasa Bus Line, a miniature railroad in San Diego, and reveals the source of its "African" name—an acronym for "Who Gives a Shuck Anyway?"

Even VARIETY, in a front page story about "The VD Blues," shied away from use of "clap," though it used rougher language else-

where. In general, the policy of an increasing number of publications seems to be that virtually anything's OK as long as it's within a nonstaffer's quotes.

Thus, when Presidential candidate George McGovern whispered into a Battle Creek heckler's ear, newspapers from coast to coast forthrightly published his cooed comment: "Kiss my ass!"

But when a Pennsylvania state trooper was pinched by Philadelphia policemen for literally, pinching a waitress, the Philadelphia Daily News' Jim O'Brien observed, local reporters were forced to rely on such synonyms as "buttocks," "fanny" and "rear end."

At least, O'Brien noted, they weren't forced to fall back on "derriere," as they were once compelled to use "sexually assaulted" for "raped" and "expecting" for "pregnant."

"We can all take heart," O'Brien opined, "that the news media are becoming more verbally liberal with each passing day. And it is good to learn that District Attorney Arlen Specter, embroiled in the big political controversy over the trooper's arrest, has promised to 'get to the bottom of the whole business.'"

The Bold British

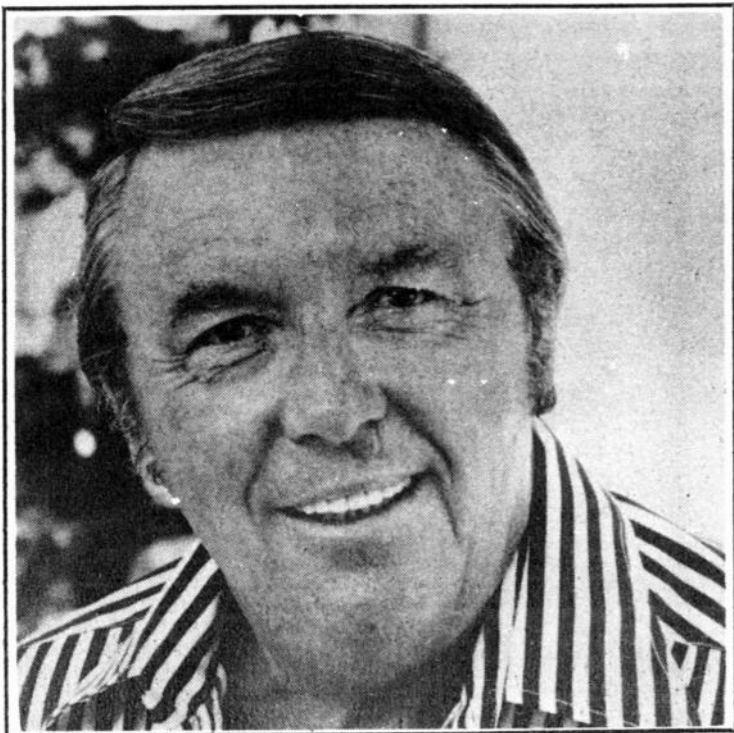
However, U.S. broadcasters and newspapermen still have a long way to go before they echo everyday language as do their British parallels.

Alf Garnett's spouse in "Till Death Us Do Part," for instance, shocks U.S. tv critics when she tells that foul-mouthed favorite to "piss off." The creator of the "Father of All in the Family" series, Johnny Speight, makes no apology for using "the language of the street—of the schoolroom, of the footballground. . . . Life today would make a saint swear, and 'Till Death Us Do Part,' remember, reflects modern life—it didn't invent it."

Even the most respectable London papers use phraseology that would hoist U.S. eyebrows. So The Times quotes comedian Marty Feldman as calling a judge "an old foot." "Beyond the Fringe" alumni Peter Cook and Dudley Moore report a hassle in Australia because in a live telecast they used "piss" and "bum," the latter the British equivalent of "ass."

And in the Sunday Mirror Peter Finch, who costars with Glenda Jackson in a film about Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, commiserates with her because she was required to display "a low cleavage—which was essential to fashion at the time—and her poor tits are being mangled like crushed oranges!"

Moral: Compared to the British variety, U.S. newspaper and broadcast candor are still quite limited. We "tell it like it is" only within limits varying set by different arbitrary arbiters. Like the VARIETY editor who did or didn't (did—Ed.) alter or delete words, phrases and paragraphs in this light tap (rather than bellicose blow), for freedom.



ED HERLIHY
The Voice Of Kraft

Era Of Archie, Maude & Sanford Put B'cast Codes In Eye Of A Hurricane

By STOCKTON HELFFRICH
(Director, Code Authority, NAB)

Funny thing happened on the way to the forum; somebody laughed. Funny thing happened at one inquisition we attended; the judges gave equal time to the condemned.

Which is to say Kafka's prophecies are continuously confirmed. In the current babble, the noise is the message. Minutiae take up hours; what used to be ours (punning is funning) is everybody's. Devils quote scripture. Reformers need reforming. The Establishment, so help us, sounds like a still, small voice of calm in the wilderness.

Forget it if you think Codes—or lack of them—are not part of the action. Broadway's was unwritten: whatever the traffic would and the vice squads had to, bear. Hollywood's has gone from onetime don'ts to current ways to do.

Broadcasting's codes, program-wise, are not fortresses to hide behind anymore and, plug-wise, they grind out implementative guidelines a sharp gasp behind indefatigable ad agencies' ingenious creations.

CBS' Archie Bunker and Maude, like NBC's Flip and the Sanfords, pere et fils, have toppled the shibboleths of right and left alike. ABC reflects all three networks' new gamut from "Patton's" SOB's to Hal Holbrook's rendition of a proper Dad with what heretofore was dubbed an improper deviation. Give or take a little, program candor looks like it's here to stay.

The broadcast code approaches to programming point towards a succinct exhortation to responsibility in script and production handling, as compared with the erstwhile preachment of dogmas almost daily challenged by the now changed times and practice.

The Nitty Gritty

So what's noteworthy? Mostly the taken-for-granted, day-in, day-out nitty gritty screening of claims and documentation at the customary broadcast copy clearance check points. Also, in respect to advertising, the isolating out of manifest audience needs, objectively, you'll pardon the word.

Enough of this demand on the codes to insulate the audience from the realities of free enterprise. The role of the codes boils down to the articulation of orderly change in labored response to "the public interest."

Why labored? Better right than sorry. Broadcasters and their advertising clients are anything but monolithic. Nor, any more, are their assorted critics. From them too the noise risks becoming the message. With oversimplified resolutions for complex issues, it tends to drown out by the sheer din of it the unabashed clicking of dials registered what the audience selects. Seems like the folks out there don't want saviors in lieu of their customary choice to pick and choose as they like. The chief fault of saviors is that they are self-appointed (do they forget that Jesus allegedly wasn't?) and that their egos betray their condescension towards common man/woman.

All the answers broadcasters do not have. They do listen to the clicking of dials. After all, the dialing choices reflect the extent of broadcast credibility in programming and in advertising. Watch the broadcast codes for still another barometer of how far change is really going on.

ABC Education Segs

Hollywood. "Multiplication Rock," new series of three-minute informational programs for children, premieres Jan. 6 on ABC-TV, reports Michael D. Eisner, ABC Entertainment program development and children's programs v.p.

Films, to be telecast during the last three minutes of regularly skedded children's programs, were created and are produced by Scholastic Rock Inc., division of McCaffrey and McCall Inc.



JOE FRANKLIN
WOR
WOR-TV

Edith Efron's New One, With CBS In The Title

By DAVE KAUFMAN

An exercise in sheer tedium. "How CBS Tried to Kill a Book" (Nash; \$6.95) goes steadily downhill after the title. It's recommended for insomniacs.

Edith Efron of TV Guide has written this as a sequel to her stated reason for this book is the allegation that CBS News president Richard Salant instigated a study of "TNT" which was slanted, and then sent this study to the nation's press to insure she would have bad reviews, or as she puts it, to kill the book. She is particularly upset because Salant's study discloses the fact that her first book was funded by a conservative foundation endowed by the late Alfred Kohlberg, head of the old China lobby and an associate of the late Sen. Joseph McCarthy. Salant's dossier told of the conservative link, and "TNT" reviewers seized on it, she relates earnestly.

One of the reviews she quotes as having taken the info in Salant's "dossier" is that which appeared in DAILY VARIETY Oct. 1, 1971, written by this reviewer. Inasmuch as Miss Efron has made a charge without substance anent influencing of reviewers, the record should be set straight. According to her, Salant launched his campaign to "kill" her book Oct. 11, 1971. The review in this publication was (1) written before that date, (2) the Salant study hasn't been received to this date by the reviewer, and (3) the background on financing of her book was unearthed by the reviewer—with no help from CBS or anyone else.

Consequently, it makes one wonder about the accuracy of the rest of her broadside charges. Much of the dull book is a rehash of her first one; much of it is a reply to Salant; all of it deals in one way or another with her contention the networks had biased and racist not to mention anti-Nixon leanings in the 1968 Presidential campaign.

That election seems eons ago since the nation has now seen another Presidential election come and go, although Miss Efron does not seem aware of it. Unwittingly, she does no service to the very politicians she seeks so ably to defend. Thus, writing about the 1968 campaign, at one point she quotes CBS' Eric Sevareid as stating Nixon that day promised 15,000,000 more jobs in the next four years. It's now almost five years later, and unemployment has gone up, not down, something she seems curiously unaware of.

She seems to be one who sees a "left-wing" conspiracy everywhere, CBS being the principal conspirator. To say her opinions are open to question would be the year's understatement. If Salant is to be faulted, and she should be, it is for bothering to turn out his "study" which thereby encouraged another outpouring from Miss Efron.

It's reported on the jacket she is planning another book, on the 1972 campaign. Miss Efron would be wise to quit while she's behind.

"WGN? During the day, that's what keeps me company. Radio.
Television... I don't know what I'd do without WGN."

WGN is Chicago



WGN Continental Broadcasting Company

The Union's And TV's Future

(CBS Strike Puts It In Focus)

By FRANK BEERMANN

According to CBS vicechairman Frank Stanton, the company is a signatory party to more than 150 union contracts. In a company as diversified as CBS is these days, not all, nor most, of them affect broadcasting divisions. But it those broadcast contracts which represent a "new frontier" in broadcast operations for CBS and other broadcasters.

A settlement has been promised in the strike which for two months had seen tv cameramen, editors and radio technicians and other members of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers manning picket lines at the CBS tv and radio networks and at local operations in seven cities. In the absence of IBEW members, CBS management personnel had manned the complicated—but simple to operate—equipment.

The strike points up an advantage broadcast managements have in major labor disputes that most other industries lack. Technology has given broadcast employers equipment so easy to handle that relatively untrained people may keep stations and networks productive and on the air, with little noticeable effect on what the public sees. (Maintenance and repair of the equipment is another matter, however). Further, with all manner of feature films and repeat product to draw from, networks and stations have the means for staying on the air even when program production cannot proceed. What broadcasting has over other industries is that it can weather strikes without a shutdown of operations. By contrast, when newspapers or railroads are hit, the service stops.

While strikes are nothing new on the broadcasting scene, the one at CBS seems to be a special case—looking far to the future of broadcasting itself—and very probably affecting other union contracts with all networks and stations.

Both sides had agreed that money was not an obstacle to settlement. The wage-price freeze had pretty well kept union demands at a level which the company finds palatable, although the union has done some grumbling about its inability to really bargain in this area. And in fact it may be a serious deterrent to the union's ability to trade off certain objectives sought by the company in exchange for larger pay packets now.

New Gadgets

What the company wanted was more freedom in the area of new and upcoming electronic gadgets. In the area of electronic graphics, CBS has demanded that anyone on its staff (with or without "artistic" ability) may employ its "creative" potentials for non-standard titling—as in weather graphics, etc. CBS also wants the freedom to program and feed computer instructions for broadcast operations. Any other road, the network says, "seriously inhibits automation" and increases cost. The union has already gone along with such a scheme in CBS-FM stations, and was willing to continue that arrangement, but now to extend it to tv or AM.

The company also sought the right to use taped program material in its executive offices without assigning a technician to the playback equipment. CBS also wanted the right to install recorders in those offices (without IBEW manning it) to tape "off-the-air" material for legal use and to judge program content. It had agreed it will not use such material for editing.

The Editing System

There is one other area which loomed large in CBS-IBEW negotiations. That is jurisdiction over the RAVE computer editing system. Developed by a partnership between CBS and Memorex, the machine allows storage of program material and instant recall for purposes of editing. The actual editing is a simple matter of marking with a pencil for the producer or director and then through a series of computer-fed decisions get-

ting a finished program without need of time-consuming physical tape cutting. The system can also be used to edit feature films with a film-tape process.

One man who is familiar with the system (dubbed CMX by the partnership) says it could cut film editing down by one-third. For feature film makers, this could mean a faster move from shooting to theatre and quicker recovery of (usually borrowed) money and considerable savings of interest rates.

The same source noted that similar savings are in store if the creative people involved in program production for film and tape use in tv. He reminded that tv programs which once cost \$60,000 an hour to produce, now run to \$200,000. Such cost factors, he said, as well as government pressures to cut down on reruns, practically force networks to find cheaper ways to produce while maintaining technical quality.

Newspaper Analogy

While the CMX system is a contractual hassle peculiar to CBS at present (as half proprietors of the machines which sell for about \$250,000 the basic unit and about \$400,000 to outfit completely), the company's right to freer use of the machine in the future may very well determine the ability of other companies in broadcasting, and outside, to buy them and save on production costs.

Analogies have been drawn between the present predicament of CBS (and eventually the other networks) and newspapers. Some of the latter have forced sophisticated new automated typesetting systems and high speed presses down the throats of local unions. In New York, the papers have taken a number of strikes without being able to achieve the right to automate and cut down on mechanical help. The N.Y. Times is now saying that its profitability may disappear within five years if it is unable to use the technology which is now at hand.

Broadcasters seem to be in a similar position, except that CBS appears to have taken the equipment bit in its mouth and is running hell-bent for what it seems to regard as its future survival. Broadcasting is still a highly profitable business at most levels, but the industry fear is that it may not continue that way.

And while other companies are with the IBEW, although they are no doubt looking at CBS' dealings saying nothing about it for publication, at least two locals of a rival union have indicated they recognize the kind of struggle which is involved.

Shortly before the holiday, one NABET local, New York 11, voted a payroll deduction of 1% from each member's weekly pay for the benefit of IBEW's Local 1212, also New York. Local 11 represents NBC workers. ABC's NABET local 16 contributed holiday turkeys to local 1212. The motive was clearly expressed by Local 11 president Arthur Kent. "I told the members," he said "and I told NBC, that the contract IBEW signs with CBS will surely affect our negotiations in March. And I don't intend to let any aspect of my future contract be signed away without my

having something to say about it." The payroll deduction vote indicated that his NABET constituency agreed with him.

Metromedia Precedent

A major problem of network dealings with unions is their size and relative prosperity, compared to individual station owners and even group operators. Three Metromedia stations for instance, in New York, Washington and Los Angeles, have won rights to assign operation of certain taping and playback equipment (for non-broadcast use and in non-broadcast areas) to anyone the company chooses. These concessions came after long strikes. For instances, if a station exec wanted to play a tape brought to the outlet for a possible buy, the exec was formerly obliged to set a taping appointment and have a technician on hand to play it. Now he simply tells a secretary or mailroom boy to play it for his appraisal—the equipment is that simple.

But a network has an image and owns stations of huge profitability with which they are loath to tamper. Now, Electronic push has apparently come to electronic shove, and both the unions and the companies seem to have come to the realization that a life and death struggle is going on.

CUTBACK ON SHOW BIZ COVERAGE BY CBC-AM VS. CANADIAN UPTREND

Toronto.

For many years, the CBC radio network led the way in coverage and reviewing of entertainment on both a national and local Toronto level. It initiated regular weekly film criticism with freelancer Gerald Pratley in 1948, and it encouraged comment from critics and show biz commentators.

Its lead has been followed only in the last two years by private radio stations across the country and curiously enough, now CBC Radio is cutting back to trail the pack.

Its Toronto show biz coverage has been dealt a near death blow by a recent edict prohibiting such matters from being discussed on a new morning show being launched in January, and its national coverage will be affected because "Focus," the web's nationally syndicated commentary service, is being trimmed next April.

A show biz discussion program "This Is Robert Fulford," has been shoved into a dark time slot, past midnight on Saturdays, and there is no talk of the AM network adding any program of this kind. Pratley's show, dead for a year, is not about to be replaced.

It would appear that in Toronto at least the only theatre commentary heard on CBC Radio will be that by Urjo Kareda, drama critic of the Toronto Star, who is heard on its afternoon drivetime show hosted by Bruce Smith.

CBC operates Canada's only national radio network, and ironically, at a time when professional entertainment is multiplying in the country's urban centres, CBC is pulling back on its coverage criticism and commentaries.

'Sanford's' Black Point Of View

During its first season on the NBC-TV network, starting in January, 1972, every "Sanford & Son" script but one was adaptation of a previous segment in its British progenitor "Steptoe & Son."

This current season, producer Aaron Ruben has been developing stories for the series from its own sources, specifically from the black point of view. One of the black writers hired by Ruben was 23-year-old Ilunga Adell from Memphis who astounded Ruben on their first meeting by assuring him that he could pen the black viewpoint "because he had never spoken with a white person until he was 18 years old."

Two of Adell's scripts have already been telecast and he has just finished a third, "A Guest in the Yard." Adell, after attending the U. of Massachusetts, had gone to New York where he had a one-act play produced in Joseph Papp's "Black Visions" series. He has also had his poems read on PBS' "Soul" series and appeared on the public tv web's "On Being Black" and "VD Blues" broadcasts. Currently he wants to return to his roots in Memphis, feeling that he can write best from that vantage point.

Six Years Of Super Bowl

		Avg. Audience	AA-Homes (000)	Total Audience	TA-Homes (000)	Total People (000)
Super Bowl VI (1972)	CBS	44.2	27,450	55	34,160	74,120
Super Bowl V (1971)	NBC	39.9	23,980	50.7	30,470	64,290
Super Bowl IV (1970)	CBS	39.4	23,050	52.7	30,830	65,050
Super Bowl III (1969)	NBC	36.0	20,520	47.1	26,850	54,510
Super Bowl II (1968)	CBS	36.8	20,810	48.3	27,050	39,120
Super Bowl I (1967)	CBS	23.0	12,630	33.9	18,610	27,080
Los Angeles	NBC	17.8	9,770	27.2	14,930	23,260

Source: NTI 1967-1972

What Do We Do For An Encore?

SOME DARING IDEAS FOR THE NEXT CONTROVERSIAL TV SEASON

By RAY RUSSELL

Hollywood.

Used to be, one of the biggest problems to producers faced (next to Nielsen) was censorship. But all that has changed. In recent seasons, taboos have toppled and icons have oclasted in a veritable monsoon of frankness that started as a little breath of fresh air. The big problem in Television land now is: Where do we go from here? The networks, like Alexander the Great, are weeping because there seem to be no more controversial worlds to conquer. By way of alleviating this regrettable state of affairs, I would like to make a few suggestions, presented in the form of a dialog taking place in an imaginary conference room. The presiding presence is a man whom all three networks have entrusted to represent them—well, we did say it was imaginary—and let's call him Mr. Bigg. In the room are the hottest writers in the tv business, and to preserve the time-honored anonymity which producers have traditionally thrust upon writers, we'll just call them One, Two and Three. A secretary, Miss Souffler, is ready with pad and pencil.

Mr. Bigg: I don't have to tell you boys how serious the situation is. Unless we find some new sacred cows to milk, next year's tv season is going to be 52 weeks of reruns.

One: Remember the old "Kraft Theatre" of the '50s? I've been thinking of a '70s update called "Kraft-Ebing Theatre." The first drama could be a study of necrophilia . . .

Mr. Bigg: I like it, but what I'm really concerned about is punching up the existing shows. For instance, what can we do about "All in the Family?"

Two (groaning): Nothing! We've already done impotence, menopause, homosexuality, diarrhea . . .

One: How about we do an episode where Archie suddenly feels physically inferior. You know, deprived.

Three: I don't get it. One: He just happens to get a look at his son-in-law, The Meathead, stepping out of the shower . . .

Three: Now I get it. Mr. Bigg: That's the ticket! Are you taking notes on all this, Miss Souffler?

Miss Souffler: Yes, sir!

Mr. Bigg: Carry on, men. Two: I'm just spitballing here, but on "Columbo," Peter Falk could be a lot more sloppy and messy.

Three: He's a walking wastebasket already.

Two: I know, but we could do a segment where he really goes all out. While investigating the death of a rich widow's husband, he gets sick on that cheap cigar and throws up into her geranium.

Mr. Bigg: We're on the right track! Keep it up!

One: For "Gunsmoke," maybe Marshall Dillon becomes Marsha Dillon, after a quick trip to Denmark.

Mr. Bigg: Miss Kitty might not like that.

One: She'd love it. After all, she's just one of the boys.

Mr. Bigg: Boys, what about "Mash"? That's a real stumper. How can we outdo the outspokenness of the original movie?

One: Here's a thought. At the

request of Chaplain Shapiro, those lovable cutups, Hawkeye and Trapper John, perform an on-camera operation on a Jewish G.I.

Two: Hey, great! But it turns out they've operated on the wrong guy, Sergeant O'Herlihy.

Mr. Bigg: I love it!

One: Anyone for incest? "The Partridge Family" offers possibilities, or maybe "The Brady Bunch."

Two: Very valid. Incest gives you a lot of different ways to go—mother-son, father-daughter, brother-sister . . .

Three: Would it be too shocking to reveal that "The Odd Couple" are a pair of "bomboys"?

Mr. Bigg: Not too shocking. Too obvious. Everybody suspects that already.

One: I think we're neglecting the detective shows. Why can't Mannix marry his black secretary, Peggy? Miscegenation—a tv first!

Two: Married heroes are a drag. He should just romance her.

One: Whatever.

Three: You know, handicapped detectives have been fairly successful. Ironside is in a wheelchair, Cannon is fat, Longstreet was blind, Banacek is Polish . . . what if we do one with a quadruple amputee?

Mr. Bigg: Casting problems again.

Three: In "Room 222," could the principal get caught in the act of child-molesting?

Two: What if Marcus Welby is discovered to be making a fortune on abortions? Owen Marshall defends him, and he bribes the jury.

Mr. Bigg: Abortion is last season stuff. I'm tired of it.

Three: Listen, For "Maude," how's this? Maude has a surprise visit from an old bulldyke schoolmate . . .

Mr. Bigg: Gentlemen, I think we're getting into a rut with sex. There are other controversial areas of life, you know.

One: Name one.

Mr. Bigg: Well . . . (long pause)

Two: I've got one. What if, in one seg of "The FBI," one of the cars wasn't a Ford?

One: That's too controversial.

Mr. Bigg: I agree.

Mr. Bigg: Boys, this has been a very creative session, but I think we're all getting a little stale. What say we break for lunch?

Miss Souffler: Mr. Bigg?

Mr. Bigg: Yes, my dear?

Miss Souffler: I know it's none of my business, but what if one of the major networks broadcast that English series, "The Forsyte Saga?"

One: Jesus, honey, where have you been? That's already gone through its third or fourth rerun.

Mr. Bigg: But only on the egg-head channels. Who watches them? The girl may have something. Go ahead, Miss Souffler, speak right up.

Miss Souffler: Well, these days, on a big network, it would be very controversial.

Two: "The Forsyte Saga?" What the hell's controversial about that? Miss Souffler: Silly! It's not in color.

The stunned silence of profound respect. All four men nod their heads sagely. Mr. Bigg paternally pats her knee.



THE SIGN OF GOOD TELEVISION

Peace In The Cable Industry?

By LOUIS NIZER

The battle royal between copyright owners and cable operators seems to be closer to a satisfactory solution for all concerned than it has been for the last 12 years. The issues of this battle have by now been well-defined. Basically, they involve a sharp conflict of economics and the philosophy.

From the economic point of view, motion picture producers seek the right to collect royalties from cable systems when they use copyrighted films in competition with the industry's paying customers, the broadcasters. The motion picture companies take that position not only for their own benefit but also for the talents and crafts who help to create the films used on television and who, in the absence of separate copyrights in their names, must look to the producers for their compensation.

The philosophical contest goes much deeper. Reduced to its simplest terms, it involves a conflict between the CATV technocrats on the one side who consider the moving of electronic signals from any place in the U.S. to any other place of our country as a goal and a desirable end in itself, and copyright owners on the other side who seek recognition of the basic right secured by the Constitution of the United States to authors and creators of literary and artistic works to enjoy the fruits of their creations.

Hope In Compromise

The reason for my optimism regarding a solution of this conflict during the coming year is that towards the end of 1971, cable operators, broadcasters, and copyright owners agreed upon a "compromise" for the settlement of their controversies, sponsored by the Office of Telecommunications Policy of the White House and approved by the Federal Communications Commission.

In February of 1972, the FCC, stating that the Compromise will "markedly serve the public interest," promptly implemented it by issuing a comprehensive "Cable Television Report & Order" opening the major television markets to the importation of a great number of distant signals by CATV systems, subject only to a limited duty imposed on them not to duplicate by their importations those programs which are under contract to local television stations.

In the Compromise, the parties agreed to support separate copyright legislation and to seek its early passage. Chairman Burch of the FCC and Sen. John McClellan, chairman of the Copyright Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, have exchanged letters expressing the expectation that the Compromise agreed upon by the industries would facilitate appropriate legislative revisions of the Copyright Act. It is expected that Congress will resume active consideration of such legislation as soon as it convenes in January of 1973.

The Schedule of Fees

As to the amount of copyright fees to be paid by cable operators under the statutory compulsory license envisaged by the Compromise, the parties have met in a great number of negotiating sessions during 1972 without being able to agree on a fee schedule. The Compromise provided in this respect that if the parties should be unable to agree on such a schedule, the legislation would simply provide for compulsory arbitration. Since all parties to the Compromise are pledged to support legislation implementing all of its provisions, it is hoped that the coming year 1973, will finally see the legislation passed either with an agreed schedule of fees or with an arbitration clause.

In opening up the highly profitable major markets to CATV operations, chairman Burch stated, "One of the gut issues of the cable controversy [is] that cable remains an uneasy outsider with respect to the programming market" and that "only when it is brought within that market, when its right to the use of its basic product is se-

cure and regularized, only then will its future be unclouded." I sincerely hope that Congressional action in 1973 will remove this remaining cloud from CATV's future, but of course with just compensation to those who created the programs.

Pay-Cable Rules

There is one area, however, where the use by cable of copyrighted films is not beclouded by any copyright uncertainty—the pay-cable market. Here, the clouds are of a different nature, namely, restrictions imposed by the FCC on the use by pay-cable of the most suitable and desirable programs. By prohibiting the use by pay-cable of all series type program producers and the cable tions, of all feature films which are older than two years or younger than 10 years since their general release, the rules may well prevent the coming into existence of a viable pay-cable industry. The program producers and the cable industry have filed petitions for reconsideration of these restrictive rules, and the FCC has reopened the proceedings and is now considering comments submitted to it by the interested parties.

It is the position of the motion picture industry that the program restrictions imposed on pay-cable are irreconcilable with one of the fundamental tenets of our social and economic systems, i.e., freedom of choice for the consumer. This principle postulates that the individual shall be permitted to determine for himself within the framework of a free market society, the nature and type of goods that he desires to consume and the manner in which he seeks to acquire and enjoy them.

Shall Government Decide?

Moreover, in our consumer-oriented society, the government neither prescribes nor proscribes any particular channel of distribution. It does not tell automobile manufacturers to what type of customers their cars may be sold; nor does it order manufacturers to sell through wholesalers, retailers, or directly to consumers; nor does the government prescribe that people buy groceries from supermarket chains only rather than from their favorite local grocery shops. Similarly, the government does not command authors and publishers to sell books in hardcover or softcover, when or where they may serialize their books in magazines or newspapers, or the number of years after such serial-

ization when they may sell their books in hard covers.

The primary issue then regarding pay-cable is the question as to whether a government agency shall determine for the individual viewer the manner in which he must watch and pay for his entertainment by motion picture features and series.

The rigid taboo imposed on pay-cable against features which are more than two years old is bound to be detrimental to the public as well as to all segments of the television industry. Thus, the public is being impeded in its rights to see films in the manner in which they were meant by their producers to be seen—uncut and uninterrupted by commercials in their dramatic flow. At the same time, the producer is deprived by this rule of the opportunity to recapture that part of his audience which has deserted the theatres in the last two decades. Nor will theatres benefit from the restrictions, since the two-year rule will necessarily force early pay-cable exhibition, thereby curtailing the time period during which the motion pictures will be available for exclusive theatrical distribution.

Finally, according to statistics submitted to the FCC, television stations and networks now show theatrical features which on the average are considerably older than two years, in addition to which they also show features specially produced for television. Consequently, television stations will not be harmed but can only benefit from a lifting of the two-year restriction and from broadening of the economic basis for the production of more high quality motion pictures.

There is no danger of any shortage of product to satisfy the demands of conventional television because, fortunately, the nature of motion picture production is such that the industry's unused capacity and idle manpower could quickly respond to an increased demand for product from television. All that will be needed is to remove the shackles from the industry's new customers. In other words, the motion picture companies are urging an economy of abundance for both consumption and production instead of the now existing artificially imposed scarcity. They hope that 1973 will bring a new prosperity to all elements in the entertainment industry, theatres, tv stations and the cable industry.

The State Of TV-To-Be In South Africa As 1972 Ended

By ARNOLD HANSON

Capetown.

Since the government announced on April 27, 1971 that television would be introduced in South Africa within four years, there had been discussions, arguments and investigations as to the best and most up-to-date systems. The long-awaited news was finally made known in the fall by the Minister of National Education, Sen. J.P. van der Spuy. A tv service will be started in January 1976.

The announcement met with mixed feelings in the Republic as the (Publication Board (censors) will certainly ban programs which they consider unsuitable for non-whites, so the whites will suffer. This differentiation is okay in segregated areas when films can be banned or cut for non-white distribution, but all viewers see the same show on tv and they cannot be compelled to use different channels, with the result that programming will be limited.

The country will be linked with other centres of the world by means of satellites, and a ground reception station is planned by the Post Office to provide live tv links with the rest of the world. There will be one channel only, with equal treatment of the two official

language, English and Afrikaans, and there will be no sponsorships or commercial programs.

Only five firms have been given permission to make sets in the Republic, and any other manufacturer or distributor will be prevented from manufacturing or importing receivers. Secret meetings have been held with these five firms and senior members of the government's Dept. of Industries to discuss "ground rules," but the "outsiders" are not taking the decision lying down and open war is predicted, as they consider the tv market should be open to all firms.

The five "chosen" firms are Electra Television Appliances (Pty) Ltd. & Partners, Fuchs Electronics (Pty) Ltd. & Partner, Barlows Manufacturing Co. Ltd., South African Philips (Pty) Ltd., and Television & Electrical Distributors (Pty) Ltd. Production is expected to start in 1974. Those omitted include Pilot Radio, Teltron (Pty) Ltd., Supersonic (Africa) (Pty) Ltd., and two Japanese firms, Hitachi and Sony, but legislation may yet alter the government's decision.

The Government has not given
(Continued from page 132)

Hallmark's Card For 1973

Hallmark Cards has already committed itself for four projects for the NBC-TV "Hallmark Hall of Fame" specials skein of 1973 and beyond. Two of the specials will be produced by David Susskind—Clifford Odets' "The Country Girl" and a musical version of O. Henry's "The Gift of the Magi." Bob Banner Associates will supply "Lisa Bright and Dark," adapted from the novel by John Nuefeld, with production planned for location shooting in Kansas City, Hallmark's home base. And Foote, Cone & Belding Productions, in association with Charles M. Schulz Creative Development Corp., will make "The Borrowers" from the books of Mary Norton.

The disclosure of Hallmark projects before all production and casting details have been completed is unique for the firm, but was done in conjunction with Hallmark prez Donald J. Hall's disclosure that his firm had earmarked \$60,000,000 to continue the prestige tv drama series for the next decade, more than the \$50,000,000 Hallmark had spent during its first 20 years of sponsoring "Hall of Fame" telecasts.

THE FUNNIEST ONE

By H. ALLEN SMITH

Just about a year ago I became eligible for Medicare and word of my plight spread swiftly across the country. Suddenly I found myself being called upon to play the role of sage, pundit, and m a h a t m a, wiser than old Solomon. Solomon Siegel, that is. People began writing to me and even phoning me long distancewise to ask my opinion on a variety of subjects, such as:



H. Allen Smith

What was Charles Evans Hughes really like?

Can you remember what you were doing at the exact moment you heard that the Titanic had gone down?

Is it true that you were a ghost-writer for Robert W. Service and that you are the actual author of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew"?

After a while these questionings began to turn on show business. What was it like to be flying-wedged out of Reisenweber's restaurant? When Anna Held took that milk bath was Flo Ziegfeld in the room? Did Joe Penner ever really have a duck? Was John Bunny the father of Jack Benny?

Eventually I grew tired of playing the Wise Man of Kokernot Mountain and quit answering the phone. Then along came a guy named Eggerts who had a radio show in Arizona or California. This Eggerts had read somewhere that I had been a licensed American humorist for 30-odd years and he wanted to tape an interview. I consented and the first question he asked was, why are there no new humorists? I said there were a lot of new humorists and he said well, where are they? I gave him what has become the standard response to that question: They have all gone straight into TV.

"Do you watch TV?" Eggerts wanted to know.

"All the time."

"Well, then, name me the one single performer you consider to be the funniest in television."

I started off with Jackie Gleason, having in mind that long superb series of half-hour "Honeymooners." I said that Mr. Gleason's performances as Ralph Kramden, in the years when he had both Art Carney and Audrey Meadows with him, were the funniest stuff I had ever looked at on the tube.

This Eggerts guy quickly reminded me that The Great One is distressingly inactive these days and wouldn't qualify, but even as Eggerts was talking I was changing my mind. Don Knotts. When he was Deputy Fife under Sheriff Andy Griffith. I used to fall down dead when that Knotts got going, he was far and away the funniest . . . but hold it.

Wait, Still Others!

Sid Caesar suddenly poked his head into the picture—the Sid Caesar of the period when Imogene Coca and Carl Reiner and Howard Morris romped at his side. Stupendous! Oh, if only those four could only come back and . . .

Heavens to Maudie! I've completely overlooked the funniest man ever to slap shoeleather. Jonathan Winters. I had just decided

to erect a triumphal arch for Mr. Winters, and set a chaplet of roses over his brow, when along came Woody Allen. What a comic! An intellectual like me! Woody Allen would get the nod without quibble and people ought to . . .

Jack E. Leonard! Maybe I'd better explain that I am by nature a mordantly negative person. I'd really be happier if this Eggerts guy had asked me to designate the performers I consider to be the absolute worst in television. Knocking people can be very invigorating. I could reel off the names of a dozen or more such nudniks, people who should have been sent to prison at age two. I love the comedy of insult, of monumental anger, of cyclonic rage, and I indulge in it myself from time to time. That's why I always howled over Ralph Kramden and his boiling, seething fury at the world and all its inhabitants; and the studied insults of both Jack E. Leonard and Don Rickles.

The Sultans of Insult

Now I was in a real quandary trying to decide between Leonard and Rickles, and suddenly out of left field came a savior—Bob Newhart. How could I possibly have overlooked him! That Walter Raleigh thing about tobacco and cigarettes is possibly the greatest single comedy routine I've seen or heard in my entire life, and I had no hesitation . . . my mind was made up . . . but hold! Here comes the guy with the glasses. These precious years have enfeebled my mind . . . Phil Silvers as Sergeant Bilko! Unexcelled, anywhere, anytime, now and forever amen.

Eggerts speaking: Please, Mr. Smith, can't you get yourself in some sort of order? Can't you settle on just one person?

So I get a sudden head twitch, and Flip Wilson enters at stage right, followed by Carroll O'Connor and then Redd Foxx, and I have a feeling of groping my way through great billowing clouds of mist and then . . .

Stupid, stupid, stupid! How could I possibly have missed the obvious one? The golden one! Please forget all the others.

Ladies and gentlemen, the funniest living human being, in television or out, in this country or any country, just has to be . . . Carol Burnett.

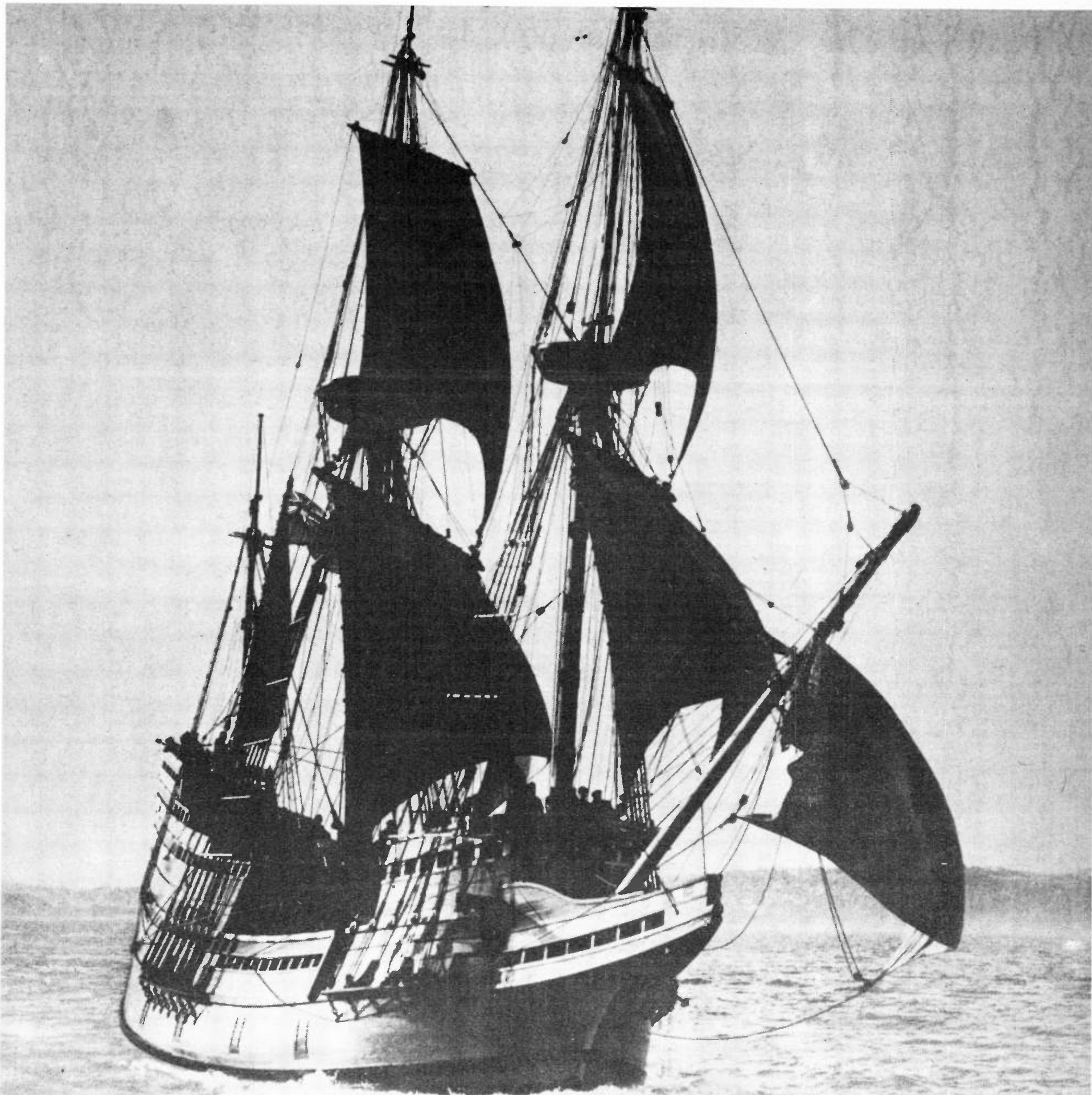
WGBH-TV Boston Gets Grant For Arts Series

Washington.

The National Endowment for the Arts has awarded a matching grant of \$64,064 to public television station WGBH-TV in Boston as part of the endowment's Public Media Program.

The grant is to develop a 60-minute program on "Arts, Access, Media"—an outgrowth of the show that the station worked up for the endowment's art/media program recently showing the interaction between the arts and developing technology. The show then was billed as the first live public light-music performance of the Paik-Abe Video Synthesizer.

The show presumably will expand on the presentation, which was produced by Fred Barzyk and featured Ron Hays. The pilot effort was done on a \$15,000 endowment grant.



We liked "America" from the very beginning.

We liked "America" from the time it was a mere gleam in Alistair Cooke's eye. We liked it well enough, in fact, to co-produce the series with BBC-TV.

And now that it's on the air, as "America—A Personal History" by Alistair Cooke, sponsored by Xerox, the critics, happily, share our enthusiasm:

"Alistair Cooke's 13-part series on the history of the United States is the first commercial TV series in a long time that deserves to be called distinguished."—Clarence Peterson, *Chicago Tribune*

"'America—A Personal History' by and with Alistair Cooke is the most beautifully photographed, articulately narrated, ingeniously arranged in-depth portrait of

America yet devised for television..."—Dwight Newton, *S.F. Examiner*

"...in the view of this prejudiced witness it is the greatest television contribution to truth since...the 'instant replay'."—James Reston, *The New York Times*

"...the series is the first, and perhaps the finest, gift to the nation for its 200th birthday."—Harry F. Waters, *Newsweek*

Watch the next chapter of "America" at 10 pm Tuesday, January 9, on WNBC-TV, Channel 4. It's called "Gone West." Discover "America" for yourself every other Tuesday.

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Outlook For The Electronic Soapbox

By JOHN REILLY

(Co-Director, Global Village)

The best part of public access is the idea itself—a revolutionary concept for American electronic media, that the people have a right to get on the air. Traditionally the media, both here and almost anywhere else in the world, seem to belong to the guy who has physical control of the studio and transmitter. A fantastic target of the generals almost anywhere where they seize power. If you control the broadcast media, you control the minds of the people, or so goes the popular wisdom.

A truly unrestricted access to mass media does not really exist today, but we do have the special channels set aside on the cable systems, called the public access channels. They are the closest we've come in America to an electronic soap box-giving a citizen the right to voice his or her views on almost anything, anytime. We're not really talking about the unrestricted use of electronic media, but rather the right of the minority, the disenfranchised, the little guy, to use the electronic media available today.

I've often wondered if we really accepted the concept that the airwaves belong to the people, as the Communications Act of 1934 states. In theory the tv and radio stations are licensed for three years with no guarantee of renewal, but in practice it is a revolving door with the FCC doing the formulating of the rubber stamping of applicants passing through.

Almost no tv stations are owned by black Americans and only a few radio stations. Less than one and one-half hours a week of national television time is donated to black audiences.

By the accepted definition of broad-casting we exclude major segments of our social fabric from participating in access to radio and tv. Even in local markets the ever-present real or imagined pressures of the advertiser prevent "controversy" in programming.

Both nationally and locally the pressures of the clock will exclude those who get by the "controversy" restrictions. It is the accepted wisdom that the largest possible audience is best. Even public television falls victim to the same pressures of the rating game.

Keeping The Lines Open

Broadcast and cable systems in this country don't exist solely for the benefit of the sponsor or station owner. We've had Spiro Agnew remind us of that fact. By the very nature of a democratic society we must keep open the means of communications and make them as widely available to all the people and all the viewpoints as humanly possible. If we fail to assure as wide an access to all media, we hasten the movement away from an open and free society and towards one reflecting the interest of the few, be it the government or large corporations.

It is unreasonable to expect any drastic change in the structure of radio and tv in America. We have defined our mass media by our national goals, a logical if somewhat narrow approach for the goals often change whereas the need to protect the constitutional rights of people remains rather constant. The system reflects rather accurately the market economy, with priorities given to earning a profit.

Public television has never really succeeded in America because at best it has been an afterthought, supported by the few wealthy foundations or now an overly sensitive Congress. There is no real constituency for Public TV, as there was none for it when it was called Educational TV.

Commercial television is simply too commercial, and public television lacks a real public.

The idea of setting aside channels on all major cable systems for public use is revolutionary in that at least in theory we have opened up a major means of communication to anyone who wants to get a message across. The current rules of the FCC covering cable incorporate the public access channel concept into the mix of in-

centives and restrictions designed to regulate the growth of the cable industry.

The rules governing public access are just a few paragraphs of a much larger document but with great significance. For the first time our government has officially recognized that the people really have a right to access of electronic media. The public access channels are open to the public on a first come, first served basis with no censorship, well almost none. Cable owners are still liable for what is said over those public access channels, they could censor material where they feel it may be libelous for them.

The New York Test

The real test of public access has been in New York City. For the past 18 months the franchise agreements the city granted to Teleprompter and Sterling Manhattan Cable Television has mandated two public access channels per system.

Does it work?

As a producer of material for public access since its inception, I feel it is only partially successful. The fact that it exists has influenced the FCC in its formulation of rules on cable development and will certainly help determine whether other cities will encourage and support public access channels.

Also as a result of the discussions of public access a few commercial radio and tv stations have experimented with public access timeslots. The main restrictions have been very limited air time and infrequent use of media. Surely the success or failure of public access in New York will greatly affect its growth in the other top 100 markets.

To develop a public access system costs money, though not much compared to a hour of network primetime. The New York State Council on the Arts has given over \$200,000 in the past two years to groups working with public access in New York State. The Markle Foundation has supported one group at New York U., the Alternate Media Center, with \$275,000. The three major groups producing material for public access; Alternate Media Center, Open Channel and Global Village, all have been funded by private and public foundations and the state and federal arts councils. Few other sources of funds exist at present.

Teleprompter has given more support to public access than has Sterling (a company partially owned by Time, Inc., ready to purge unprofitable divisions). Teleprompter has opened an access center on 125th Street in Harlem, where users of the access channels can go and have a simple program produced for 1-inch tape free of charge. Teleprompter also publicizes a monthly listing of public access programs and sends it to its 50,000 subscribers. Sterling has no studio available nor a listing for subscribers. But it did lend \$10,000 in equipment to an access center located near New York U.

Approximately 70 hours per week are cablecast over each system and can be viewed by any of the 100,000 cable subscribers, providing they have a converter that has channel C and channel D, know about public access and can find out when to tune in.

A Matter of Support

What's wrong? Presently everything is pretaped, nothing is live, partially because of the liability question and partly because it is easier to handle tape. The source of funds to support programming is very limited and reflects the same general trend of foundation support of public television. It's largely at the whim of a few foundations and as such has almost no real community financial support base.

Public Access programs in New York City have almost no real community feedback. They are put out over the entire system (approximately half the area of Manhattan) to 50,000 homes or less than 15% of the television households in the area.

What is lacking is programming by residents of Harlem, being

cablecast to Harlem on any meaningful basis and needed by that community. This stage is planned for 1974. Herb Dordick, director of the City Office of Telecommunications and a real supporter of public access, feels the subdividing of the present systems into 10 head-ends will set the stage for viable community support. Says Dordick: "to make it work it has to have a community base... I also feel that local cablecasting has to have a sound economic base."

It's the basic question of financial support that may make or break the concept of public access. If that support is not directly related to the local grassroots community it will have the same general irrelevance that afflicts public tv today. If the local community wants its own channel and supports it, as it would a community newspaper, the electronic soap box has a chance of surviving, thriving and demonstrating the viability of community control as a democratic process.

It becomes increasingly clear that if public access is to serve a useful function, both to the community and the system owner, it must be needed by the local community. In the case of New York City, that means subdividing to better serve geographic areas of the city, perhaps even developing local advertising support, comparable to local community newspapers. As the community wants to use the public access channels, it will see to it that the programs are of better quality (it ranges now from crude to very exciting) and meets real local needs. Global Village has worked with Community Planning Districts to help focus on local issues that are not covered adequately by other media.

Public Access which is perhaps the most exciting innovation in electronic media in recent years can survive and prosper if it can develop a constituency.

U.S. Army In Takeover Of All Video Facilities From Air Force In Reich

Stuttgart.

In a major changeover here, the U.S. Army will take control of all the television facilities now run by the U.S. Air Force in Germany. Thus AFN, the American Forces Network, will be operating both radio and television by the time it marks its 30th birthday in Germany next July 4.

Change is based on the Dept. of Defense policy that the major user should control the service, and since the Army considerably outnumbers the Air Force in Germany, it will have control.

U.S. military started tv off European mainland in 1954 with an Air Force station in the Azores, and then set up a station in Ramstein three years later, serving Air Force bases at Rhein-Main (near Frankfurt), Sembach, Bitburg, Hahn, Spangdahlem and Wiesbaden, with the 8th Infantry Division headquarters at Bad Kreuznach bringing in the Army viewers for service in December, 1970.

Service expanded this year to other Air Force and Army customers in Germany so that current number of viewers of the American programming is around 73,000 and about 30 other areas now moving into the service.

Major troop areas like Frankfurt, Stuttgart, Karlsruhe are included in the planning, with complete television coverage for all these areas slated by next July.

The American Forces TV maintains studios in Berlin and Ramstein, which will now be taken over by the Army. It's expected that the Army and Air Force will continue to staff the operation.

Current programming includes some locally originated news and sports shows plus top Stateside telecasts such as "Bonanza," "Beverly Hillsbillies," "Disney World," Kitty Wells, "Laugh-In," Carol Burnett, Dick Cavett, David Frost, "Mod Squad," Burl Ives, "Marcus Welby," and a large supply of old movies.

Global Prices For Films On TV

U.S. television exporters anticipate a total foreign gross of between \$85,000,000 to \$90,000,000 for 1972, reflecting a market characterized by relative stability. The total estimate includes sales of public affairs shows, cartoons, etc., as well as series and feature film product, but the major part of the total is for vidfilm product. One-hour series generally bring twice the half-hour price.

	Price Range Half Hour Episode	Price Range Feature Film
CANADA		
CBC	\$2,500-\$4,000	\$8,500-\$12,000
CBC (French Net)	2,000- 3,500	4,500- 5,500
CTV Network	1,500- 2,000	5,000- 10,000
LATIN AMERICA & CARIBBEAN		
Argentina	500- 800	1,600- 3,500
Bermuda	25- 40	90- 150
Brazil	1,400- 2,000	4,500- 7,500
Chile	65- 70	350- 400
Colombia	190- 200	700- 1,000
Costa Rica	35- 45	170- 180
Dominican Republic	50- 60	225- 250
Ecuador	40- 70	150- 200
El Salvador	35- 40	150- 175
Guatemala	50- 55	175- 200
Haiti	20- 25	75- 100
Honduras	25- 30	75- 125
Jamaica	30- 35	90- 100
Mexico	700- 850	800- 1,400
Netherlands Antilles	25- 30	90- 100
Nicaragua	25- 35	150- 200
Panama	45- 55	150- 175
Peru	115- 130	700- 800
Puerto Rico	500- 600	2,000- 3,500
Trinidad & Tobago	30- 35	60- 100
Uruguay	75- 85	350- 550
Venezuela	500- 600	2,000- 3,500
WESTERN EUROPE		
Austria	375- 400	1,400- 1,800
Belgium	400- 600	1,200- 2,000
Denmark	200- 250	1,000- 1,200
Finland	250- 350	1,000- 1,200
France	2,000- 2,200	5,000- 6,500
West Germany	2,000- 3,000 (undubbed)	11,000- 14,000 (dubbed)
Gibraltar	26- 35	75- 125
Greece	110- 140	300- 400
Ireland	70- 75	275- 300
Italy	600- 900	5,000- 6,000
Luxembourg	160- 200	175- 225
Malta	28	no sales
Monaco	130	130- 175
Netherlands	550- 575	1,850
Norway	150- 175	300- 450
Portugal	150- 200	500
Spain	330	2,000- 2,200
Sweden	400- 500	1,400- 1,600
Switzerland	150- 210	900- 1,500
United Kingdom	3,500- 4,200	12,000- 30,000
EASTERN EUROPE		
Bulgaria	45- 100	no sales
Czechoslovakia	150- 250	1,000- 1,500
East Germany	350- 400	1,500- 1,800
Hungary	100- 160	400- 600
Poland	150- 200	400- 600
Rumania	150- 200	200- 300
USSR	*120- 300	*6,000- 8,000
Yugoslavia	75- 90	200- 450
NEAR EAST AND SOUTH ASIA		
Cyprus	30- 35	100- 150
India	no sales	no sales
Iran	100- 110	350- 500
Iraq	100- 125	200- 250
Israel	75- 200	***500
Kuwait	60- 90	250- 350
Lebanon	50- 60	200- 250
Saudi Arabia	60- 70	250- 350
Syria	50- 70	90- 120
UAR-Egypt	150- 170	400- 800
AFRICA		
Algeria	90- 100	no sales
Kenya	25- 30	no sales
Nigeria	35- 40	80- 110
Rhodesia	no sales	no sales
Uganda	25- 30	no sales
Zambia	50	100
FAR EAST		
Australia	**	12,000- 30,000
Hong Kong	60- 75	200- 400
Japan	3,000- 3,500	10,000- 20,000
South Korea	50- 80	250- 350
Singapore	50- 60	175- 200
Malaysia	50- 60	175- 200
New Zealand	297	700- 900
Philippines	150- 250	500- 900
Ryukyu Islands (Okinawa)	50- 60	100- 125
Taiwan (Formosa)	50- 60	150- 250
Thailand	100- 175	500- 800

WESTERN EUROPE

Austria	375- 400	1,400- 1,800
Belgium	400- 600	1,200- 2,000
Denmark	200- 250	1,000- 1,200
Finland	250- 350	1,000- 1,200
France	2,000- 2,200	5,000- 6,500
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Portugal	150- 200	500
Spain	330	2,000- 2,200
Sweden	400- 500	1,400- 1,600
Switzerland	150- 210	900- 1,500
United Kingdom	3,500- 4,200	12,000- 30,000

EASTERN EUROPE

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Poland	150- 200	400- 600
Rumania	150- 200	200- 300
USSR	*120- 300	*6,000- 8,000
Yugoslavia	75- 90	200- 450

NEAR EAST AND SOUTH ASIA

Cyprus	30- 35	100- 150
India	no sales	no sales
Iran	100- 110	350- 500
Iraq	100- 125	200- 250
Israel	75- 200	***500
Kuwait	60- 90	250- 350
Lebanon	50- 60	200- 250
Saudi Arabia	60- 70	250- 350
Syria	50- 70	90- 120
UAR-Egypt	150- 170	400- 800

AFRICA

Algeria	90- 100	no sales
Kenya	25- 30	no sales
Nigeria	35- 40	80- 110
Rhodesia	no sales	no sales
Uganda	25- 30	no sales
Zambia	50	100

FAR EAST

Australia	**	12,000- 30,000
Hong Kong	60- 75	200- 400
Japan	3,000- 3,500	10,000- 20,000
South Korea	50- 80	250- 350
Singapore	50- 60	175- 200
Malaysia	50- 60	175- 200
New Zealand	297	700- 900
Philippines	150- 250	500- 900
Ryukyu Islands (Okinawa)	50- 60	100- 125
Taiwan (Formosa)	50- 60	150- 250
Thailand	100- 175	500- 800

*USSR: Dollar sales very rare and prices unsettled; still seeking barter deals.

**Australia: Telefilm sales in Australia are made under various arrangements: rights for the four capital cities (Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and Adelaide), rights for all Australia, original telecasts only, originals with one-half repeats guaranteed at 50% of the price, multiple runs and various types of rerun deals.

One run in the four capital cities with one-half repeats guaranteed at 50%—\$5,000 per hour. The Australian Broadcasting Commission buys rights for all of Australia. The ABC pays 20% more than the above price. All-Australia rights are thus \$6,000 per hour (also with 50% repeats guaranteed). Those prices are for primetime. Prices for daytime range from \$800 to \$1,600 per hour in the four capital cities only. The Australian Broadcasting Commission pays 20% more. Potential revenue for the commercial country stations (in markets outside the capital cities) is anywhere from \$850 to \$1,300 per hour ***Israel: Few American sales of features so far.

Six games no other news team in America would dare play.



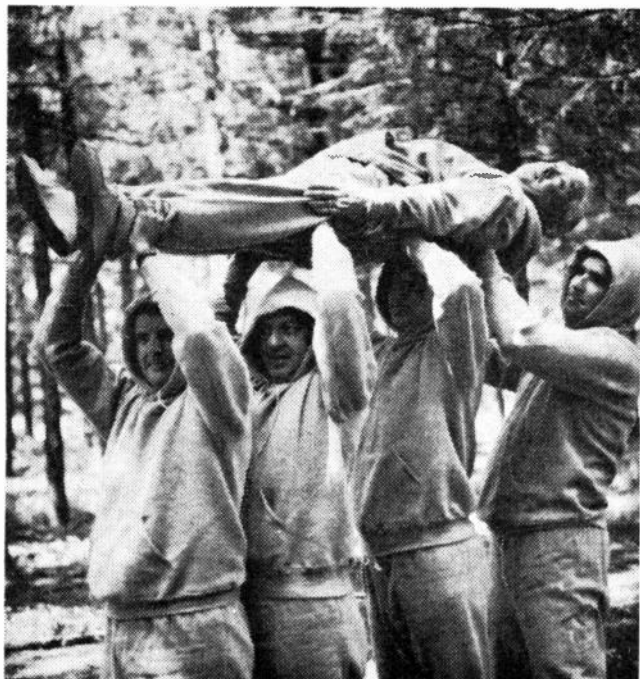
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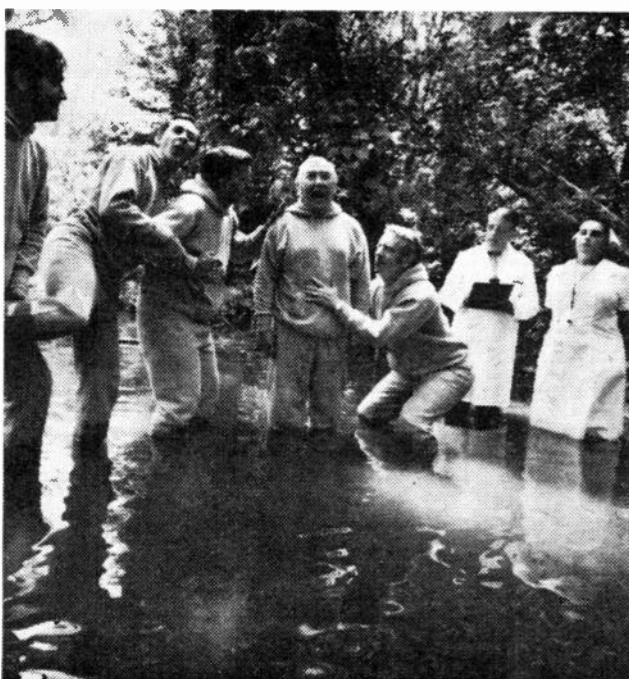
Cooperation.



Enthusiasm.



Support for each other.



A sense of humor.



The ability to work out differences.

To learn what they really think of each other, we enrolled Flynn, Daly, Frink, Coleman and Drury in an encounter group at the famed Klopffmann Institute for Sensitivity Training.

There they played six authentic encounter group games designed to measure the group's true feelings toward one another.

Dr. Klopffmann himself reports the findings:



"This group exhibits absolutely no hostilities, frustrations, jealousies or deep-seated emotional conflicts. What fun are they?"



**Eyewitness News
5, 6 and 10**

A USIS Officer's Adventures In The Congo, Laos, & Australia

By DAN SCHERR

(Branch Public Affairs Officer, USIS)

Perth, Australia.

This *VARIETY* subscriber had never been south of Philadelphia when on April Fool's Day 1966 he was sworn in as a foreign service officer with the United States Information Agency. Since then I've traveled over 120,000 miles through the Congo where a mob burned my car, to Laos where the North Vietnamese army was rocketing the airport a mile from my house, and to Australia where I became homesick for New York when a near blackout hit the city of Perth.

After seven months of intensive training in Washington which included four months of French-language training, I went off to Kinshasa (formerly Leopoldville) in the Democratic Republic of the (formerly Belgian) Congo now known as Zaire. In November 1966 I became a public affairs trainee. I was to learn the USIS business from the ground up. (Overseas, USIA is called the U.S. Information Service—USIS. It flows more trippingly off the tongue in our modern world of acronyms like NATO, ARVN and WINS.)

I participated in all aspects of the USIS Congo operation: giving away publications, preparing budgets, arranging film showings, providing articles and photos to newspapers, preparing radio and tv programming, overseeing libraries, coordinating Vice Presidential visits, encouraging exchanges of persons between our two countries and sundry other things. In June 1967 I spent a month in Bukavu, in Kivu province—the Switzerland of the Eastern Congo—learning how a one-man USIS provincial operation works. That experience came in handy later on.

In July, a few days after I left the Kivu, white mercenaries, who had been hired by the Congolese government to put down the Communist-led Simba rebellion of 1964, mutinied against the central government. They took Bukavu, and in the subsequent fighting the USIS office there was seriously damaged. When things settled down in Bukavu, in January of 1968, I returned to assess the toll, which amounted to thousands of dollars in damaged and missing movie projectors, generators, tape-recorders, films, books and office equipment.

State of Emergency

Repercussions of the mercenary rebellion quickly crossed the thousand miles of savannah that separated Bukavu from Kinshasa. The Congolese government declared a state of emergency. The situation became tense. Dusk-to-dawn curfews were put into effect. Many American wives and children were evacuated to safe-haven spots in Europe. After a while the Congolese government radio accused the Belgian government—of fomenting the mercenary uprising.

At this time, August 1967, I was putting in a three-month stint at the Embassy's political section. The American Embassy in Kinshasa was located around the corner from my apartment. I lived in a 14th floor flat in a building that also housed the Belgian Embassy. From my apartment I could see our Embassy, the mighty Congo River and a good part of the city of 1,000,000.

I didn't have a parking space in the building garage, so I usually parked my shiny new red VW outside the Belgian Embassy's offices. On the morning of Aug. 14, I left the car in its spot and walked to work. When I got to the Embassy, everyone wondered how I could make it over so safely since a large demonstration was planned for that morning outside the Belgian Embassy. Having left for work a little earlier than usual that day, I didn't realize that quiet streets were so unusual for that time of morning.

A few minutes later, a mob of Africans attacked a few Europeans who were driving a jeep outside our Embassy. Some stray rocks broke the window in the

Ambassador's office. Then smoke began to rise from the Belgian Embassy building. Rioters had broken into the Embassy and began burning papers and furniture. Then they began burning cars. I called a friend who, from his vantage point, could see the scene in front of the Belgian Embassy.

"Herm, can you see my car?"
"No."

Marines At The Ready

I didn't know if that meant he was at a bad angle, if the crowds obstructed his view or if the car was destroyed. But I wasn't going to go out to check.

After being prevented from wending their way up to the apartments (including my own) above, part of the mob left the Belgian Embassy to make trouble in adjoining buildings. In one of those adjoining buildings an American couple had locked them-

selves in their apartment, fearing the worst. Our Embassy called the Kinshasa police to bring the couple out of the building and around the corner to refuge at the Embassy. Even as the police took the couple from their building, the mob followed all the way to the glass doors of the Embassy. U.S. Marine security guards, which are stationed at all American Embassies, were poised for an attack with tear-gas grenades at the ready.

But there was no attack. Just as the couple got into the building, Congolese President Joseph Mobutu drove up in his big shiny car and dispersed the crowd. After an hour of presidential cruising around town, Kinshasa became calm and I was ready to inspect the damage. My shiny red beetle had been overturned and was nothing more than a charred bronze hulk. (A year later, in New York, I held a memorial service for the car with delicatessen from Schmucka Bernstein's on Essex St.)

After my stint in Africa, in July 1969 I was assigned to Luang Prabang, the royal capital of Laos, as branch public affairs officer. I became the sole USIS representative in the northwestern prov-

inces of Laos. In addition to telling America's story to the people there, USIS had been helping the Laos Information Service in its job of telling Prime Minister Prince Souvanna Phouma's coalition government's story to people in the remotest villages. The remotest villages were not always the safest. Light short-takeoff-and-landing (STOL) planes and helicopters were used by USIS, U.S. Agency for International Development (USAID) and their Laos counterparts to get to these settlements. The amazing Pilatus Porter and Helio Courier aircraft could take off and land on 500 feet of cleared land, often at as much as a 30-degree angle. Quite a difference from the Jumbo Jets at JFK. And we rarely worried about stack-ups over O'Hare.

In 1969, USIS, after having trained a score of writers, photographers, projectionists, cameramen, radio announcers, librarians, technicians, and mechanics, found it no longer necessary to support the Laos government's information program. We were shifting our resources into Lao-American Assns. These are binational centres designed to bring our two peoples together through cultural bonds. Binational centres, among

other things, teach English, present film programs and dances, house libraries, and hold lectures, seminars and exhibits. All of these things give local citizens and Americans opportunities for mutual understanding.

50,000 Enemy Troops

One of the most formidable barriers to our mutual understanding in Laos is the presence of over 50,000 North Vietnamese troops there. On March 20, 1971, they came within a mile of Luang Prabang airport. Over 30 Soviet-made rockets exploded near the tarmac, destroying a couple of airplanes.

North Vietnamese troops had always been close to Luang Prabang, usually as close as 20 miles. But it was always questioned if they would attack the ancient royal capital where the King of Laos, Savang Vattana, lived. The North Vietnamese army's Laos allies, the indigenous Pathet Lao, had always professed respect for the King, who has generally attempted in his public position to be above politics.

But when the rockets' red glare burst outside the sleepy royal capital, we all wondered if this was the time the North Vietnamese were going to contravene Pathet Lao policy.

As late as 7 a.m. on the morning of the 21st, rockets continued to hit the airport area. The state of emergency that had been in effect nationwide since January was tightened in Luang Prabang. Another dusk-to-dawn curfew for me. By dusk, all American dependents and many Thai, Filipino, French and Swiss women and children were evacuated from Luang Prabang to the administrative capital of Vientiane, 125 miles down the Mekong River to the south. We settled down for a long evening.

As a security precaution, the 30 Americans and British remaining in town all gathered around Citizens Band radios. Two Americans, three Britons and I gathered around the one in my house.

A Fireworks Show

A little after midnight, after I had put on my pajamas and headed for bed, the sky lit up. A North Vietnamese rocket hit a small ammunition dump near the airport. We gasped at the sight. Fear vanished for a while as we thrilled to the Fourth of July show that came three and one half months early. Six more rockets came in that night. Several Royal Lao soldiers and innocent civilians lost their lives as a result of the North Vietnamese pyrotechnics.

After the first rocket attack, the Lao army had set up a 155mm cannon behind my house to aim at the enemy threat two miles away. After the initial rocket attack on the 20th, which scared me, and the first retaliatory 155mm blows that scared me just as much, I was soon able to distinguish between the enemy's fiery incoming rockets and the Lao army's concussive outgoing cannon-fire. Fortunately, after the night of the 21st, it was only the outgoings that kept me awake. There were no more incoming rockets.

By my fifth anniversary with USIA, April Fool's Day, the North Vietnamese still had not been pushed back. Things had settled somewhat on the 10th as wives and children returned. By the 16th, all the Ministers and Ambassadors (American, Red Chinese, North and South Vietnamese included) from Vientiane could gather at the palace with the royal family for a buffet and ballet performance celebrating the Lao New Year. The North Vietnamese troops had finally retreated beyond rocket range and this new year there was certainly something to celebrate.

Perth Down To Earth

In Australia the USIS program is more conventional than in the Congo or Laos. Here in Perth, among other things, we've got a small reference library, we give away thousands of publications, I do radio and tv spots as well as prepare press releases, arrange exchanges and set up exhibits. And I don't have to worry about materials suffering in translation. Well, not too much. (I've got

(Continued on page 132)

International Broadcasting – War As Usual

By PAUL BARTLETT

(Radio Consultant)

The Administration's thrust to change the war in Indochina from hot to cold does not appear to be affecting the strident U.S. propaganda battle over the international airwaves, where the order of the day is "war as usual."

Despite America's love affairs with China and Russia arranged by the peripatetic Henry Kissinger, Radio Free Europe continues to castigate Eastern zone governments, Radio Liberty still blasts its anti-Soviet line, the Berlin Station of USIA in the American Sector (RIAS) still mutters at the wall, and the million-watt Voice of America operation in Munich carries on its jamming of the Radio Moscow home service—all of which seems to be at odds with the Nixon policies.

One hope on the horizon for a more constructive American use of the international broadcast bands is the possibility that the FCC will be increasingly inclined to lift the freeze on private international shortwave stations and permit private commercial stations to break the 95% monopoly now enjoyed by government-sponsored broadcasts. Another stems from the overwhelming strength shown by President Nixon and Chancellor Brandt in the last elections.

The FCC proposals for new "International Broadcast Rules" issued in mid-1972 resulted in a surprising number of comments showing a revival of interest in the international broadcast services by private entities.

RFE & Radio Free Liberty

So far, Radio Free Europe has successfully resisted all but window dressing changes despite Senate and House hearings aimed in part toward shutting them down. The mid-year budget crises spawned a spate of propaganda stories in the national press, most of them containing more prose than truth or understanding of the problem.

Revelations by Senator Case and Representative Reid that both outfits were funded by the CIA rather than "dimes from school children" has led Congress to subsidize them openly from the public till rather than from a pocket sewn into the lining. Current operations are now said to be "under the State Department," but the fact seems to be that the same faces are picking up their checks at another pay window.

A Presidential committee headed by Dr. Milton Eisenhower has now been appointed to study alternate ways to finance the RFE-Liberty operations. Unfortunately, the commission does not appear to have been directed toward the more important question of whether or not these cold-war remnants really fit into the more innovative Nixon foreign policy which has emerged.

Chances are that Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty will be consolidated and may even be combined with the VOA, though such a merger would make little sense unless VOA is also removed from the USIA.

Munich-Berlin

The Munich million-watt VOA station on long-wave still splatters interference to Radio Moscow from Estonia to Odessa with shocking disregard for the U.S. image thus tarnished. When last monitored by this observer this huge station, which could do so much for American interests in central Europe, was broadcasting an unimpressive account of the U.S. elections circa 1840 and then switched to Russian, hopefully for more up to date information.

Whether the game of musical chairs now underway in upper echelons of the Administration will bring a second semester change in all this or whether the USIA headline throwback to Dulles-days will continue is unclear.

What is certain is that major changes will have to be made in the moribund RIAS Berlin operation now outdated by Willy Brandt's newly endorsed "Ostpolitik" with its friendly "Drange nach Ost." A Berlin public official told this reporter that

the Soviets have insisted that propaganda broadcasts from West Berlin be stopped as part of the Berlin settlement. So far there is no evidence of U.S. determination to stake out an advance broadcasting base likely to survive foreseeable changes in the divided city.

AFNetwork

American military broadcasting efforts in Europe, though only tangentially related to outright propaganda emissions, also remains rooted in the past and overdue for weeding, pruning or even plowing under.

Despite all reform efforts by upper level professionals, American Forces Network remains outdated and largely unchangeable, primarily because top military brass refuse to let management rock the boat.

Present plans call for the expenditure of some \$40,000,000 to build a military tv network throughout Germany, and this in spite of management recommendations to the contrary and the new diplomatic talks aimed at reducing forces in the area. All this to be added to the 30 broadcast stations now run by the military to serve some 500,000 American troops and their dependents.

Another snafu irksome to knowledgeable toppers in this country is the situation where apparently unremovable program executives married to Europeans and who have seldom been Stateside in 20 years, call the shots in programming to today's kids.

Private Shortwave

The recent FCC proposals for new International Broadcast Rules and the possibility for lifting the freeze on new international licenses which was imposed in the 1950s in response to VOA urging, gives hope for meaningful improvements in American International broadcasts.

Pity is, in our opinion, that most of the "private" interest in overseas broadcasting is now coming from religious groups anxious to "spread the gospel" by passing the collection plate over the air. Whether or not it will be in the public and national interest, to encourage such solicitations by granting numerous "religious licenses" is a question the FCC will have to decide.

Nixon-Brandt

It is entirely possible that the strength of President Nixon and Chancellor Brandt in their respective elections could prove decisive in changing all U.S. broadcasting in Europe.

The American public certainly seems to have been enchanted with the President's less militant foreign policy and summitry, while the Germans have said "ja" to Brandt's similar recognition of the need for international accommodation.

If either or both of these leaders took it upon themselves to bring RFE, Liberty and USIA into true conformity with their announced policies, sweeping changes would result.

Brandt's newly strengthened position at home, his traditional anti-Nazi, pro-American stance, coupled with his more pragmatic "Ostpolitik" approach to the East, certainly put him in a position to influence U.S. broadcasting in West Germany, which continues at the sufferance of his government.

At the same time, a certain ambivalence of German governments toward RFE and Liberty operations on German soil is understandable, it being easier for the Germans to have nasty things said to the Eastern Zones "by the Americans" than to have to say them themselves.

If either Brandt or Nixon took it upon himself to force the overdue changes in all United States broadcasting in Germany, he would win a vote of thanks from the American taxpayer.

However this may be, there are many reasons and many imaginative means for stopping the broadcasting war over the international airwaves. Unfortunately, at this writing, even an optimist must conclude that the present situation offers more opportunity than promise.



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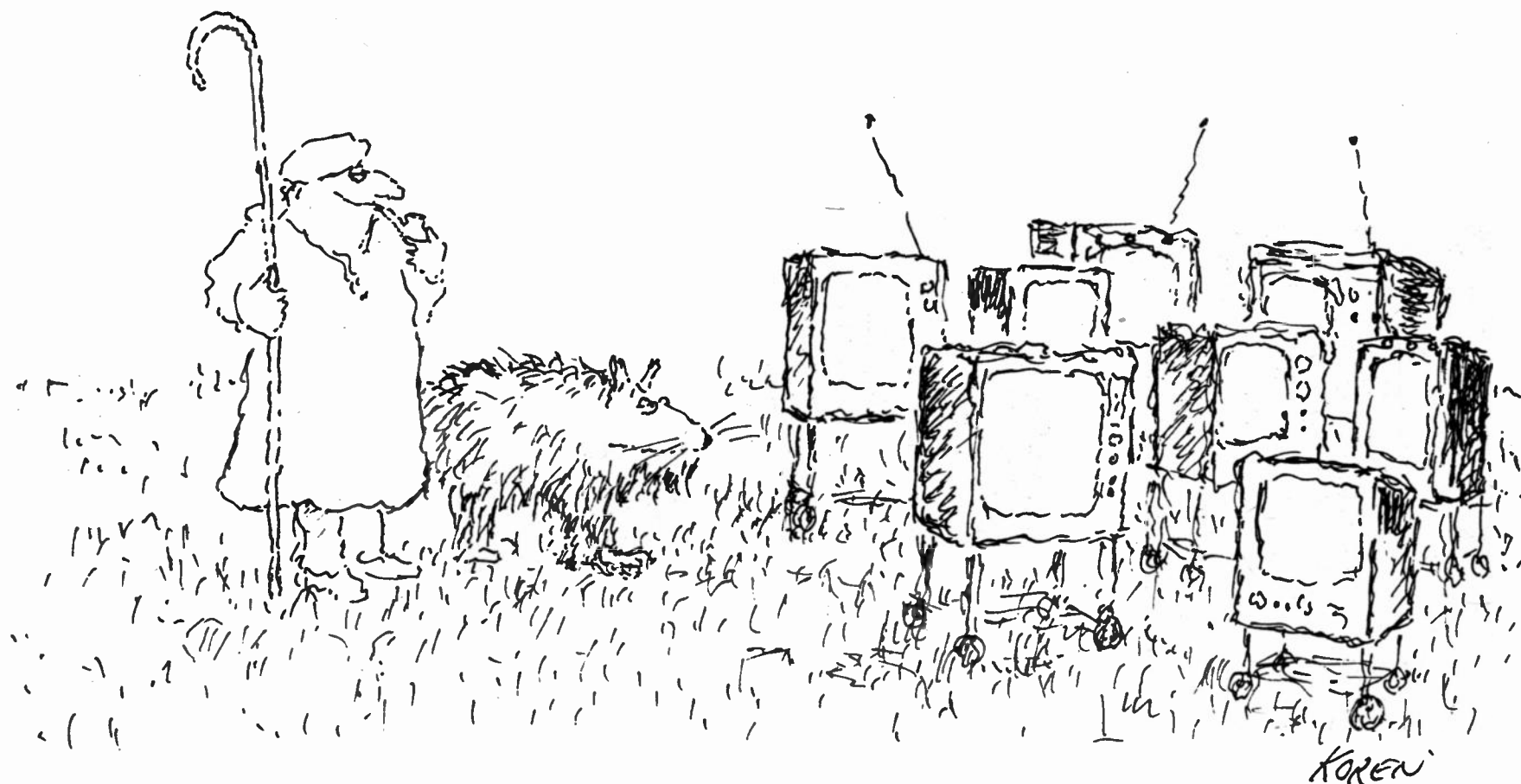
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Egyptian TV Spreads Its Wings

Cairo.

The Egyptian Television, which started in Cairo 12 years ago, now has two channels working regularly and a third which works occasionally. These channels cover almost every part of the country.

The first channel has 68 hours of transmission per week, operating mainly from 5 to 11 p.m. In addition there is an educational program transmitted daily in the morning for two hours. On Fridays, this channel works from 11 in the morning until midnight.

The second channel has 42 hours of transmission from 5 to 11 p.m. every day.

The Egyptian Television depends mainly on its own production and the production of the Egyptian

Cinema Organization. Nevertheless, the programs include about 15% of imported items.

The Egyptian Television has a traditional market in the Arab countries. It supplies 14 stations in the Arab world in Libya, Syria, Kuwait, Jordan, Iraq, the Emirates of the Gulf, Saudi Arabia, Sudan, Tunis, Algeria and Maghreb. The volume of the material exported is 2,000 hours per year, mainly dramas, series and features. The Egyptian dialect is the most popular to the spectators in almost all the countries of the region.

As for Europe and America, the Egyptian Television was considered only as an "importer" up to the end of 1971.

In April 1972, the Economic

Sector of the Egyptian Broadcasting and Television Federation participated in MIP-TV in Cannes for the first time as an "exporter." In October 1972, the Federation also participated in MIFED, Milan, to offer its programs in the international market. The results were: six new markets for the Egyptian TV in Greece, Italy, Belgium, Luxembourg, Norway, Iceland and Iran.

The exported films are mainly documentaries, such as "Tut-Ankh, Amon," the "Arab Horses" and "a Wedding in the Sahara," and also feature films such as "Birds from the North." It is expected that within 1973, the Egyptian Federation would export color films to cope with the color requirements of other countries.

Cincinnati—Sam Topp has joined the WCKY Radio news staff on general assignment. He comes from WJMO Cleveland, where he had been news director.

WABC Slots Burrud's 'World' In Prime-Access

WABC-TV New York is adding Bill Burrud's "Animal World" to its prime access roster Thursday (Jan. 4) at 7:30 p.m., a move that will switch "Adventures of Black Beauty" to Saturday at 7:30 on Jan. 6. The Saturday early season p.a. entry, "The Explorers," had previously been axed in mid-December.

The ABC-TV o&o will also unveil a Sunday evening fringe-time children's series titled "Come Along," which will air in the 6:30 p.m. slot beginning Jan. 21. The half-hour 13-week series stars actor Joe Earley in recreations of famous personalities (one of which, on Teddy Roosevelt, having already aired on the station as a prime access time special). "Come" is a production of the station.

TASK FORCE BIDS CBC CUT PAPERWORK FOR RISE IN THESPISAZZ

Toronto.

A Canadian Broadcasting Corp. task force called in to investigate the drama department has agreed with outgoing chief Fletcher Markle that the post is too deluged with paperwork for anyone in it to be effective.

The high-powered group has recommended that much of the paperwork be given to another executive in the department to let the department head be freer to see writers and decide on forthcoming series and specials.

The task force, suggested by Markle who has asked to become an executive producer rather than remain head of the department, included himself, web executive Hugh Gauntlet, York Univ., prof. Mavor Moore who held the post temporarily 20 years ago, and director Eric Till.

The quartet also recommended that "someone like (directors) Till, Harvey Hart, Daryl Duke or Ron Weyman (the only web staff man named on the list)" be selected to replace Markle. The recommendation specifies that the successor be "someone who is here and who is committed to drama production in Canada."

The report was handing in a month ago and so far it has not been made public and there has been no action taken. But things move slowly at CBC.

News That Struts

(Continued from page 98)

ran the story and gotten the indictments.

Strange things happen to the truth in broadcastland. The facts must go before a covey of lawyers, the producers and news directors add a few qualifying words or phrases, the station manager insists that a spokesman for the other side be seen or heard, and finally the entire project is either put off for a few months or broadcast early Sunday morning to the smallest audience possible.

When questioned about investigative reporting, broadcasting often recites this litany: There isn't time in a half-hour tv newscast to give anything other than headlines. For more depth, we refer you to the all-news radio stations.

The all-news stations say that the average listener spends 15, maybe 20 minutes listening to the station. What with sports, weather and commercials, all they have time to do is to add a second or third paragraph to the three-minute radio reports.

Virtually all broadcasters agree that, to be fully informed, a person must read newspapers, magazines, etc. Their newscasts simply cannot (and will not) provide the depth of a good print story.

But we do not hear that on the air. A newscaster never says, "Man bites dog today. For full details read page seven of the Daily Super Chronicle."

We get weather forecasters who are a laugh a minute, sportscasters who support the home team no matter how clumsy they are, and a mass of broadcast newsmen who react to discoveries of their newspaper brethren rather than unearthing a few scandals for themselves.

If the jails had to depend on broadcasters for finding inmates, the prisons would be out of business in a few weeks.

News is supposed to be the broadcasters' proudest moment. How rare it is.

Cleveland—James DeSorrento has been elected to the Ohio Cable Television Assn.'s board of directors. He is regional manager of Viacom CATV systems in the Cleveland area.

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In A Persian TV Market After 2,500 Years Of History

By HANK WERBA

Teheran. National Iranian Radio & Television (NIRT) continues to act as a strategic buffer reconciling the country's dramatic industrial growth with ancient social structures and traditions undergoing the stress of change. Still in its infancy, the Persian teleweb is fulfilling its intermediary role largely because of its autonomous structure and technocrat management divorced from the time-consuming maze of ministerial bureaucracy according to NIRT deputy director general Kambiz Mahmoudi.

In the upper reaches of the new tv skyscraper, situated about halfway between the high-rise Hotel Hilton and Hotel Sheraton, Mahmoudi outlined NIRT's immediate activity nationally and internationally.

NIRT is still Iran's front-runner in a concerted effort to make the capital city of Teheran and the country itself an East-West link in culture and communications. In this drive, NIRT hosted the annual

General Assembly of the Asian Broadcasting Union last Oct. 9-15. The meeting was attended by 22 active ABU countries and 32 associate members for a total of 124 participating delegates. Mahmoudi considered this General Assembly one of the biggest staged to date in Asian TV.

As a warmup to the General Assembly, Iran hosted a Sept. 25-30 meeting of ABU directors of programs for young people with reps from 21 Asian countries and execs from UNESCO, the Prix Jeunesse and the Munich Award attending from Europe. The U.S. and Canada were also represented.

Prior to the General Assembly NIRT also sponsored separate five-day meetings of the ABU Engineering corporations were repped at Shiraz. Thirty-five broadcasting corporations were repped at the Programming Committee meeting and 28 for the Engineering Committee sessions.

The General Assembly of ABU authorized NIRT to organize an

annual festival of 8m and 16m films in Shiraz starting next September as a permanent Asian television event. In the broader field of East-West culture, NIRT will invite reps from ABU member nations to spend a week at Iran's Annual Arts Festival of Music, Ballet and Legit held at Shiraz and Persepolis.

Under ABU guidance, NIRT is setting up a cultural centre in Isfahan for theatre, dance, cinema and artisan crafts, with particular emphasis on the traditional music of the Asian world. The Isfahan site, entering construction early in 1973, will serve as a cultural coordination center for ABU.

Isfahan figures prominently in an ambitious NIRT project, now in the study phase, as the site of an Intl. Television Festival. Preparing a test blueprint for teleweb approval is Hagir Daryoush, film director and film professor at NIRT's Institute for Television and Cinematography. Daryoush sees the 8-16m festival as a working conclave of young people learning to express themselves with hand cameras. The Intl. TV Festival, on the other hand, will be splashy and ceremonial along the lines of Teheran's Intl. Film Festival, which debuted last spring. When the tv test guidelines are completed NIRT will submit the project for

approval by the European and Asian Broadcasting Unions and solicit cooperation from the American tv industry.

An Eye On Rurals

Still on the global front, Mahmoudi said, Teheran was designated by the Asian Broadcasting Union as a coordinating centre for communication research, with particular emphasis on rural audiences. "The problem is a big one," the deputy director general said. "Rural audiences are verbally, not visually, oriented. This is a common characteristic of most Asian countries and the coordinating centre will attempt to develop special, non-sophisticated programs of a particular tempo, continuity and length—designed to help the rurals adapt to the swiftly changing tube image while retaining sense and significance of the program. It's largely an Oriental problem not existing in the West."

A more decisive step in fortifying NIRT's ambition to help Iran become an East-West gateway is the construction of a second earth station linking teleweb to the Indian satellite servicing ABU nations. With this development, Iran becomes the only ABU member country hooked into both satellites.

NIRT's strategic position in (Continued on page 122)

3d French Web's 'Eve' Debut With Regional Slants

On Sunday night at 7 p.m. the third web of the state tv setup, ORTF, kicks off. It will be a sort of preview night and, Sunday being New Year's Eve, the web will wind up with a pic that starts at midnight to end transmissions at about 1:30 a.m.

Emphasis is to be regional as part of a governmental decentralization policy to have other parts of France, in addition to Paris, involved in cultural and entertainment pursuits. In fact, it will emanate from Lille whose tv group, bolstered by ORTF money, has been beefed up and which already has 37 hours in the can with 100 due in '73.

It will only cover the Paris, Lille, Nancy and Strasbourg regions but will spread to the whole country in a couple of years with other regional tv centres also contributing. Actually, it is felt the Paris influence will still be strong.

Of the over \$5,000,000 needed, about \$2,000,000 has already been poured into technical and program facilities for this third web, which will carry no ads yet. Function is to provide more cultural shows, youth programs and, of course, local outlooks and insights from the various parts of France. It remains to be seen if it will rev-up tv or just ape the current two webs, which are still felt a bit bland overall.

First evening will bow with a talk by ORTF chief Arthur Conte, followed by a kiddie program on rollerskating. Then a drama seg with a scene based on an event from reality lensed by third-chain reps; a drama, "The Swan," at 10 p.m., a news roundup then a selection from various foreign variety shows ending with French pic "The House" by Gerard Brach with Michel Simon.

It will at first have about four or five hours a day and be augmented later. Sets geared for the existing two webs will be able to pick up the new one without much trouble.

ABC Intl. TV In Buy Of 'Plaza Sesamo' For Latins

ABC International Television, on behalf of its associated stations in Central America, has bought the Spanish-language production of "Sesame Street."

"Plaza Sesamo" will start with 130 one-hour segments on the Central American Television Network stations in Panama, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Honduras, Guatemala and Nicaragua. The show is produced in Mexico City in association with the Children's Television Workshop, producers of "Sesame Street," and utilizes local production in conjunction with the format, artwork, characters and other elements of the U.S. original.



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ABC AM RADIO STATIONS

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Why Do They Stifle Themselves?

By LEO PILLOT

Has the entertainment industry turned into a "no show" business? "No show," in the sense that practically no creativity is being shown in helping to pre-sell and/or sustain product for the "boxoffice," i.e., either the cashier's till or tv viewership.

In the tv area, what sharply comes into focus as a noteworthy example of "no show" is the brilliantly staged musical production, "The Julie Andrews Show," with outstanding entertainment and superior production quality every week. Yet this effort in pure home enjoyment is faltering in the ratings.

Press junkets and p.a. tours, no matter how valuable, are insufficient to pre-sell superior shows,

or even inferior ones. If there is "merchandise" to sell, no matter its quality, professional showman will not permit it to languish on the shelf. It calls for knowhow and follow-through, and not Ivy League facades and veep stripes.

The same capsule appraisal basically applies to the motion picture industry, where today the producer, distributor and exhibitor can't see eye-to-eye in helping to effectively promote the product which they all need to exist. When a captive audience does not view a trailer for the next attraction, because the exhibitor does not get it free from the distributor, all parties suffer. This same applies to the sales accessories which once were considered vital selling am-

munition, particularly in neighborhood movie theatres. Is this stupidity, stubbornness or the absence of creative talent in the field of distribution and exhibition? Why the elimination and/or reduction of the mutually beneficial field men? Both apparently believe in the motto: "Save a Buck and Trust To Luck."

Why do they stifle themselves? For economic reasons or because they are being staffed with "promising" youth lacking the necessary expertise which can only come from proven experience? The show industries are missing a bit in not trying to attain the maximal promotional push with a clear and professional eye towards springboarding all showmanship angles to achieve box-office success.

Boston—Joseph H. Carney has joined WKBG-TV as producer-director. He previously had been with WHDH-TV here for the past 14 years in the same capacity.

In A Persian TV Market

(Continued from page 120)

satellite communications, according to Mahmoudi, will be seen in proper focus at the 1974 Asian Olympics in Teheran. The games will mark the first full-scale appearance of mainland China. This was made possible at the recent ABU meeting where Formosa vacated its seat in favor of Red China.

With Teheran hosting the Asian Olympics in its 100,000-seat stadium, NIRT will provide world coverage in color via both satellites with its own technicians and facilities without reliance on foreign aid. It was only in 1971 that French ORTF handled the world beam for the 2,500th Anniversary celebration at Persepolis.

Nationally, Mahmoudi said, NIRT has practically completed ex-

pansion of its second channel to 60% of the 19 NIRT radio-tv centres around the country and emphasis in 1973 will be mainly on staff and personnel training as well as improved quality of programs.

The teleweb's Institute for Television and Cinematography will be drastically expanded and linked with higher educational institutions in Teheran (like the new Harvard School of Business for technical and management training). "We will invite tv specialists to lecture at our school and intend to send our people abroad for special courses."

This year, NIRT is gearing for a third channel, fully devoted to education. This project, in cooperation with the Ministry of Education and the Ministry of Science and Higher Education, will handle programs for elementary schools, high schools and universities. Channel 3 will be operational 12 hours a day, from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Some programs are to be transmitted directly to classrooms others designed for homeviewing. Plans include extensive use of closed circuits for management and professional courses unrelated to university degrees—to mobilize professionals (teachers, nurses etc.) for nationwide closed circuit refresher courses, thus eliminating the cost and time involved in organized seminars.

The new NIRT skyscraper, inaugurated early last year, is already too small as a national hq. Mahmoud said.

In '73, the teleweb will break ground on adjacent terrain for a new building with four times existing capacity. In the same area, quickly becoming a Television City, NIRT is planning construction of a model 500-seat arena for cinema and legit, an artificial lake and elaborate landscaping.

Upon completion in 1976, the current tower building will be used exclusively for production (now housing four modern, ground level studios) with management and administration shifting to their new quarters in the sprawling NIRT Centre.

NEW SPORT FOR TV: SKI-MOBILE RACING

WSAU-TV Wausau, Wis., is planning telecasts covering the relatively new sport of ski-mobile racing.

Four primetime specials, featuring six races valued at \$55,000 for contestants will be aired beginning Sunday, Jan. 6. The races will be covered by WSAU remote crews with special ice-proof equipment designed to offset below zero weather.

As an indication of the interest in ski-mobile activity, WSAU sales manager Jim Grey says there are now 19 ski-mobile makers advertising on the station with sales for Wausau alone at well over 25,000 units.

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In the Monday-Friday 7:00-11:00 PM time period, the number of 18-49 viewers reached per

quarter hour in the summary schedule syndicated programs segment by WOR-TV is 73,000 more than Independent Station X and 141,000 more than Station Y.

That's superior reach. And that's what makes WOR-TV the buy for every advertiser who wants to reach the big 18-49 buyers.

Measure. Compare. Evaluate.

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*Nielsen Station Index (NSI) audience estimates October 26-November 22, 1972. New York, subject to qualifications described in said report.



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2
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341 hours Channel 2 a month
341 hours Channel 4 a month
519 hours Channel 5 a month

130 hours of news programs a month (three channels)
154 hours of educational programs a month (channel 5)
1,100 hours of foreign programs sent to different stations a month
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50 repiters of channel 2
3,728 hours a month of programs in provinces on 17 channels

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Monday thru Friday

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LOGY ENDEAVORS, Inc.
Production**An Eyewitness Report**

(Continued from page 100)

This colorful language is merely a feeble effort to make the recital of flat numbers (that only a few people are involved in anyway) less dreary.

The Mixture As Never Before

If this be criticism, so be it, but let it be constructive criticism. If "happy news" wants a way to deal with dull scores successfully, why not try integrating them with the news like this:

New York City — where Mayor John Lindsay says he'll make Broadway into a shopping mall from Riverdale to Herald Square—today scored 138 points against 98 for Miami—where two scuba divers, a soft pretzel merchant and a manufacturer of copper bracelets were arrested for counterfeiting tickets for the next Ali-Frazier fight on a when-as-and-if basis.

In spite of the fact that public transportation is at a standstill, due to a strike of the workers who turn on the power for the vacuum cleaners used occasionally to tidy-up the buses, Pittsburgh managed to score four points against Buffalo where, as usual, nothing happened.

In Chicago, where the trial of the Delancy 14 has been postponed indefinitely to allow the defendants to make an extended lecture tour, the home team piled up 36 points against only 28 scored by Detroit, where Henry Ford 2d just announced that he has abandoned his plan to manufacture high-priced sports cars in the Republic of Chad.

See how great that would work? Nobody would have any idea what was happening. This would leave them nothing to worry about. Neuroticism would wane and the good old carefree days that everybody longs for would return.

TONY CHARMOLI

Director - Choreographer

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A New Way To Work In TV

(Continued from page 99)

Briefings, communication to the field force, reports, etc.

Skills Training: Company how-to procedures, sales training, entry-level employee training, orientations, etc.

Product Information: Customer/employee information, advertising, etc.

Instructional Communications: Non-vocational, non-verbal, sensitivity training, concept communications, etc.

Reality Communications: Monitoring performance, surveillance, data collection, research, etc.

Entertainment: Company affairs, motivational, etc.

From the breakdown, it can be seen that most of these are internal matters; with the communication end products of more particular interest to the employees and the company as an entity than to the public or the company's customers.

That the skills of talented broadcast-oriented personnel are welcome is borne out by the fact that, in many cases, employees not otherwise experienced or knowledgeable in communications theory or practices are being sent off to training courses outside the company confines to learn how to operate the equipment and to pro-

duce the software. Frequently, the company projectionist (if there is one) is lifted out of his relative obscurity and promoted into the hitherto non-existent position of "Corporate Communications Specialist" by virtue of the fact that he:

a) Knows how to turn a projector on and off.

b) Knows how to thread a film.

c) Knows where to find the projector if anyone ever needs it.

Occasionally, he may even know how to change a burnt-out bulb.

The welcome mat is also out because some companies play their own version of Keeping Up With the Joneses—i.e., they install the facility first because their competition already has one, and only afterwards comes the realization that there is no one on the premises who knows what to do with it.

Challenges & Rewards

So, to the blunted, once-enthusiastic mass-media recruit, now more frustrated than impressed by any notions of huckster broadcasting being "glamorous" or "romantic," we hold out the challenge to make your contribution in your own unique way. That you can add a unique dimension is one

of the many satisfactions that await any such trained specialist who seeks out a career as a Corporate Communications Specialist. There are opportunities at many levels for both personal and professional growth and advancement.

As for the challenges, first there is the diverse nature of the assignments themselves. The company may be dealing in only one product or service. However there is such a wide range of subject matter to be treated, as outlined in the six categories above, that any "in-house" media specialist is continually faced with expanding his abilities, not only in sight & sound techniques, but in conceptual knowledge of the content area itself. The nature of the assignments varies so much that the communicator is required to adopt different media approaches to resolve them. He is challenged differently each time. He is constantly exposed to new creative opportunities and forced up disparate communication avenues, in each case. For example, he may be working in some capacity on a training assignment requiring one particular AV technique such as audio cassette, while a simultaneous assignment about the introduction of a new company policy will demand a completely different approach, such as tv and accompanying printed materials.

Further, because crews and staff are usually smaller than a comparably-sized or equipped broad-

cast production facility, a media specialist is able to do more kinds of jobs, overlapping into both the hardware and software areas. Thus, he finds he is able to combine and apply more readily all of the skills for which he was trained in broadcasting school, rather than to concentrate on a single function, which often happens in a commercial broadcasting operation.

In short, where he proves himself capable and willing, he finds himself evolving into a multi-media communicator, and he can carry out both creative and operational responsibilities.

Business and industry have widespread needs for communication, both for internal use and external dissemination. Each new technological advance only adds to the storehouse of audio-visual formats and techniques from which to pick, and with each new step forward, the demand for more and better qualified media experts becomes more obvious, particularly as business and industry have opted increasingly for the picture with sound package to carry out the communications functions.

TEST TV RECORDINGS FOR CRIMINAL TRIALS

Columbus, O.

A pilot project to test use of a video recording system in trials, rather than have a court stenographer record the proceedings, will be inaugurated for all criminal trials in Franklin County Courthouse, Columbus, to start in about three months. Ohio Supreme Court Chief Justice C. William O'Neill has asked court officials here to initiate the test.

Judge Craig Wright, one of the jurists in the county, said, "If it doesn't accomplish anything else, it'll keep the judges awake." However, the purpose is to reduce the time elapsing from conviction to appeal, according to Justice O'Neill.

Instead of taking an average of about four months under the present system, the time may be cut to about 90 days. O'Neill told court officials that a television camera and recorders instead of a court reporter would require some "radical changes" as well as co-operation of the judges, prosecutors and lawyers.

"This must be done without interfering with the dignity of the court," he said. O'Neill said a small camera, about the size of a small taperecorder, set up on a tripod, could record an entire trial. If there were an appeal in the case, lawyers could proceed with it immediately, without waiting for the court reporter to transcribe the testimony. O'Neill said attorneys could view the tape in the clerk's office, or have copies made if they wished.

"Television has great prospects for the law," the judge said. He personally planned to apply for Federal funds to finance the project for a year. He said that a television tape record of trials was being used in a Municipal Court in Steubenville, O., and has proven satisfactory. Justice O'Neill would not discuss the cost of the pilot project, but said the camera used in Steubenville was being leased for about \$85 a month.

HUGE TV AND CINEMA COMPLEX TO RISE IN BAGHDAD 5-YR. PLAN

Baghdad.

The first television and cinema complex will be constructed in Baghdad, with 4,000,000 Iraqi dinars (\$11,000,000) allocated from the appropriation for a five-year plan. The huge complex will include studios for producing black & white and color tv, a unit for theatrical films, a Baghdad Broadcasting Station, Public Administration Building for the State Organization for Broadcast, TV & Cinema, and a main control room to distribute general tv and special programs via a microwave network covering Iraq. Provisions will also be made for stores and garages to meet the requirements of the complex.

The government states that the tv centre in Baghdad will be capable of providing all technical, administrative and general services along the lines followed in advanced countries. There would be three separate tv programs fed simultaneously to three different channels on a daily average of from six to 10 hours for each program. Provisions will be made to convert one of these three programs to colored tv broadcast in future. The production and broadcasting spread includes a large studios, a stage and a vast area to produce drama and big musicals. Included also are nine small studios for panels, small-scale activities and for putting on complete series. Also halls, auditoriums, video tape units, etc.

PREM DATE FOR 'ESCAPE'

NBC-TV has firmed up a starting date for its "Escape" second season entry.

The Jack Webb half-hour skein prems Feb. 13 at 10 p.m.



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In Re VIDCA For 1973

Paris. Looking ahead to next fall, Bernard Chevy is formulating his program for the 1973 VIDCA—the video cassette and video disk market—which will be held in Cannes from Sept. 28 through to Oct. 3. The date represents quite a break from tradition, as the first VIDCA ran concurrently with MIP-TV, while the second was sandwiched between MIP and

MIDEM held in January each year.

According to advance info, it is expected that 1,500 participants representing 900 companies from 35 countries will take part in the third VIDCA, which will again feature latest in hardware, but special emphasis will be put on software, and product is expected from several countries.

Aside from analyzing market trends and such related subjects as cable television, the 1973

VIDCA conference will look ahead to the following three years and endeavor to project future developments, particularly in the fields of production and distribution.

In a personal letter to participants, Chevy says it's his intention to enlarge the scope of VIDCA so that it will be an instrument of decision for everyone: investors, industrialists, producers, sellers and buyers.

U-TV SIGNS RUDOLPH

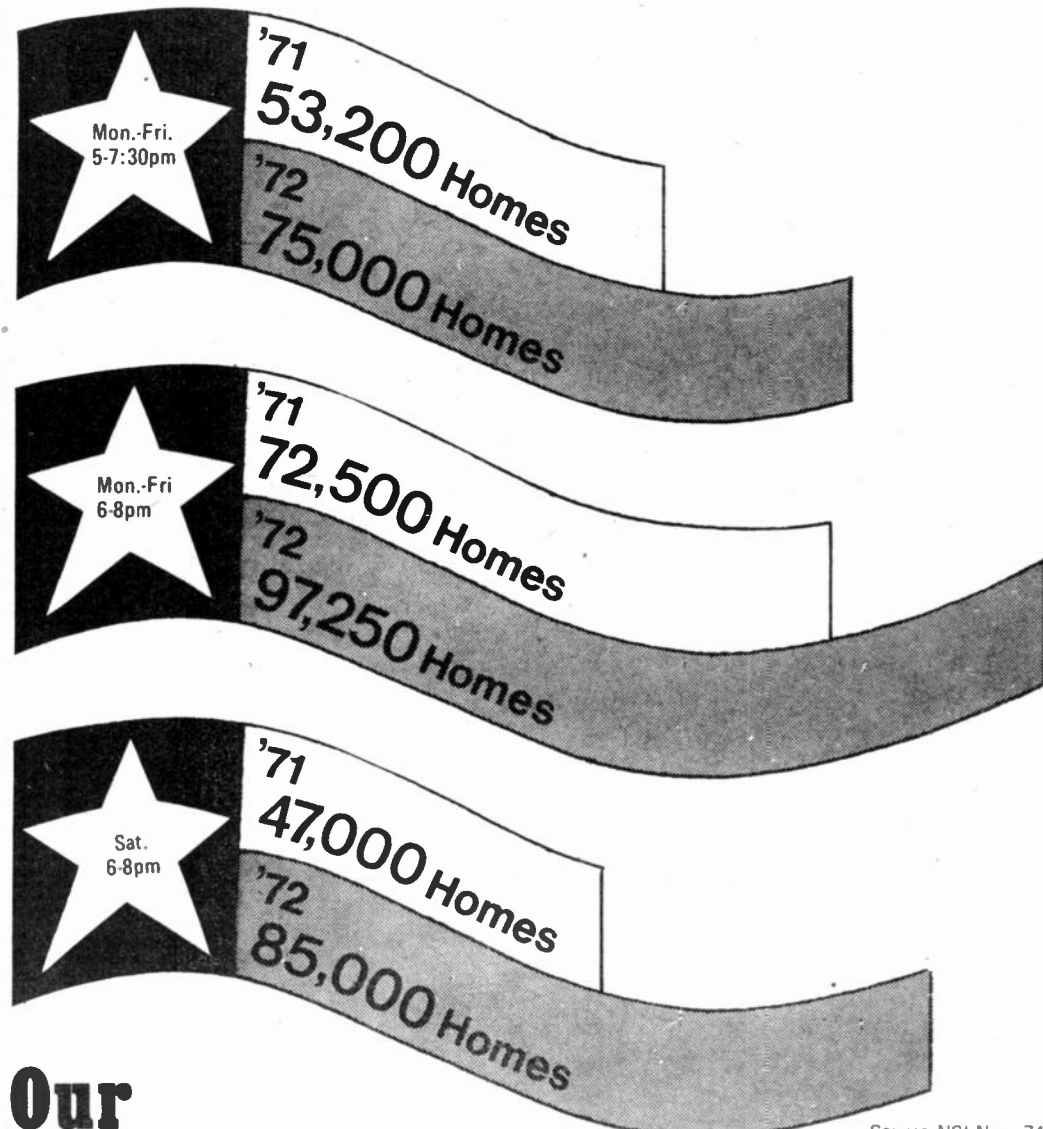
Universal TV has signed Louis Rudolph to produce made-for-TV features.

He is former director of development for National General TV and exec producer of Valjon Productions' "Police Surgeon."

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Fill In Bleeps, You Got A Show

By HENRY PELHAM BURN

The vicepresident in charge of network programming glowered at me across his desk. "OK," he grunted. "Let's have it, Hank."

I had come in to outline a proposed new comedy series for next season's primetime television.

"Well, there's this family . . . " I began.

"Family?" rasped the veep. "Dirty word, Hank. Obsolete. How about this Sex Experimental Group?"

"There's this Group Sex Experiment." I went on, "living in a split level in Scarsdale."

"Make that a loft in SoHo," he growled.

"The mother . . ."

"The what?"

"The mother."

"Listen, Hank. Watch your language. Try, 'surrogate wife'."

"The surrogate wife is a middle-aged divorcee on her fourth husband."

"No husbands, Hank. And do me a favor. Change that to 'aging polygamist on the pill'."

"The-er-man is in insurance, with a golf handicap of four."

"Let's simplify that. Make him a black transvestite with V.D."

"Their daughter . . ."

"Whose daughter?"

"The surrogate wife had one—before she went surrogate. She is 27, divorced, and has a child."

"Change that to 27, unmarried, and very pregnant. That'll give us a natural childbirth right off the bat. And we can save by not casting a father. Then around the 12th episode we'll go with an abortion."

"In one of the first episodes they hire a black maid."

"We already got a black. How about if they harbor a yellow pusher? That'll be good for a narc squad raid the second week."

"The neighbor is a very conservative medical doctor who stands for all the old values."

"The villain, eh? Suppose we make him a Polish psychiatrist with a sex clinic, who falls for all his young patients? There's three or four episodes right there."

"He has a granddaughter staying with him."

"She can be the nympho."

"She's only six years old."

"I don't give a damn how old she is. There has to be a nympho. We're talking about 1973, Hank."

"I was going to suggest some far-out themes myself. Like menopause, impotence, homosexuality, wife-swapping . . ."

"Passe! Listen, Hank. There's only one way to grab those lecherous Nielsen-er-forgive the word—families. Shock it to 'em! Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha," I mumbled feebly.

"See what I'm getting at, Hank?"

"Well . . ."

"Fill in the bleeps and you got yourself a show."

"Like . . ."

"Like you name it. Like artificial insemination, like incest, like masturbation. . ."

"Like wow!"

"Hank, baby. I want you to know you just outlined a winning story line. A surefire concept. Needless to say, I'm buying. How soon can you get me a script?"

Gist Quitting Academia To Return To Pix, TV Biz

Edmonton, Alta.

Robert Gist, former film and tv director in Hollywood, plans to resign his post as producer-director with the radio and television department at the Univ. of Alberta.

Dr. Willard Allen, associate academic vice-president, said Gist has indicated by letter that he intends to leave some time in December or early January. Dr. Allen said he understands Gist plans to work in New York and also wants to be involved in films in England. He said the planned resignation involves no difficulty on either the part of the university or Gist.

Gist, joined the university in the fall of 1971 to undertake projects in educational television and to spend some time writing.

He has directed such tv programs as "Dr. Kildare," "The Defenders," "Route 66," "The Eleventh Hour" and "The Richard Boone Show." His movie credits include "The Naked and the Dead," "American Dream," "Operation Petticoat" and "Blueprint for Robbery."

Gist also acted in a number of Broadway shows and recently played the role of a gunslinger in the television western series "Nichols," starring James Garner.

Adolph Joins Rhodes

Al Adolph has been appointed special projects manager of Rhodes Productions Inc., according to Jack E. Rhodes, president. Adolph was formerly with Warner Bros. Television.

Adolph will be in charge of distribution of "Three Passports To Adventure," "Wonders Of The World," "High And Wild" and "Sea World" among others.

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Best Wishes**JUDSON LAIRE**

"LOVE IS A MANY
SPLENDORED THING"—
CBS-TV

Driving TV To 'Runaway'?

(Continued from page 97)

from BBC hits and have triggered a run on British sitcom formats, proving not so much the bankruptcy of Yankee ingenuity as the fact that not all good ideas for light tv entertainment are native to the U.S., by any means.

—That the tv networks, since they can no longer be involved in program ownership by order of the FCC (and Justice Department), don't have to worry anymore about who owns the foreign rights to any show they may select from suppliers, since it won't be them; and

this ought to conduce to coproduction deals and the straight booking of European-made programs.

—And finally that European production quality has at last caught up with ours, and even at times surpasses ours. One has only to compare "Black Beauty" (via London Weekend-Talbot TV) with our own "Lassie" to realize it, although there's plenty more documentation in such shows as BBC's "Roads To Freedom" or "Six Wives of Henry VIII," or in the RAI-TV shows from Italy that had been in month-long exhibition at New York's Mu-

seum of Modern Art during December.

The RAI of Sunshine

As to the RAI festival in the U.S., the second thing that impresses — after mere production quality — is that real artists are working in the medium there (as few do here), both Italian and French. Represented were Roberto Rossellini, Michelangelo Antonioni and Jean Renoir, among others. If not immediately, some day that is bound to matter. We do shallow and repetitive shows at \$100,000 per half hour, they do classier and more durable shows for less. Artists like Rossellini work in the medium because they are given their head; no \$70,000 a year program veepee, skilled in the ways of drawing a crowd, tells them to sex up the plot or re-do the opening to make it more a grabber. Or adds a laughtrack.

They used to say over here that foreign television "didn't look like television." Well now it does, and the only barrier that remains to a fullscale invasion is the language barrier. In mid-America, the British accent still sounds snooty, even spoken by the lower classes, but through exposure even that is giving way; and companies such as ATV have cleverly cast Americans in the lead roles of their series and featured more neutral-speaking support. With other languages, dubbing is becoming more skillful, and when the price is right and the program quite special, dubbing is going to matter less and less to the networks. Not artistic conviction but sheer economics is going to spur foreign television on the Yankee airwaves.

'Don't Stop The World'

Whether the President unwittingly pushes the networks into it or not, television seems destined to become a world medium eventually, and there is every reason why it should. Obviously, no country has a monopoly on creativity, and the competition from abroad should be healthy stimulation to American practitioners in the medium. Further, as cable tv may be expected to threaten the existing system with "narrow-casting" (i.e., more localized or neighborhood service), commercial television may have to answer with broader broadcasting.

Program exchange and coproduction are old practices for European television systems, and through Eurovision (and Intervention in the east) the continent has frequently been hooked up for special events and news. The Common Market will surely have television implications on the U.S., and the communications satellites are going to shrink the world in any case.

Lastly, it should not be forgotten that the big and unexpected television hit of the summer of 1972 was the Olympic coverage from Munich on ABC, and while the focus on tv here was the USA participation, it was a global event in every sense of the word, played out in the universal language of athletics. When a Russian youngster blew it, he or she cried with disappointment just like any kid from Nebraska or Kansas.

World politics tragically broke into the script when Arab terrorists killed some Israeli participants, and it was not just Americans who were witnesses to the whole terrible real-life drama but most of the world. That was a baptismal of sorts. After that, it is simply unthinkable to maintain an isolationist attitude about television.

Timing In Sitcoms Important

(Continued from page 99)

is not, in any sense, an assembly-line operation, but painstaking creativity—real dramaturgy.

Many tv series also are under the timetable pressure of having to turn out a new show every week but their problems are much easier to handle. In drama—mystery, suspense, horror—it is not fatal if you don't produce a minor climax of some kind every minute or two or three. The plot can be padded to fill time by withholding developments or introducing new matter, thereby keeping the audience in suspense—as soap operas do, if you don't mind a rock-bottom example. In short, it is not so difficult to cook up dramatic twists, diversions and surprises to sustain interest in a dramatic show.

But a comedy cannot linger long between laughs—or it is sunk. And creating spontaneous laughter, the kind that explodes frequently from the midriff, is one of most difficult jobs in the playwrighting field. Especially when the format of the show, in contrast to freewheeling slap-

stick, has a serious sociological basis, with controversial significance, stimulating to viewers in the upper intelligence brackets.

It used to be said of Lowell Sherman that he had the most expressive hands of any actor on stage or screen. He could do more with his fingers than the average actor could do with his entire body. So with Carroll O'Connor's Archie Bunker—deadpan, raised eyebrow or blank. His sitcom timing is the timing of Bob Hope, Jack Benny, George Burns and other top standup comedians. That goes also for the other members of "Family"—Jean Stapleton, Rob Reiner and Sally Struthers.

The other two series from the Tandem stable, "Sanford and Son" (Redd Foxx and Demond Wilson) and "Maude," with Beatrice Arthur dominating, also are offbeat creations.

Perhaps 90 minutes of such rapidfire laughter would be too much of a good thing. Better to keep it short and sweet—and leave 'em hungry.

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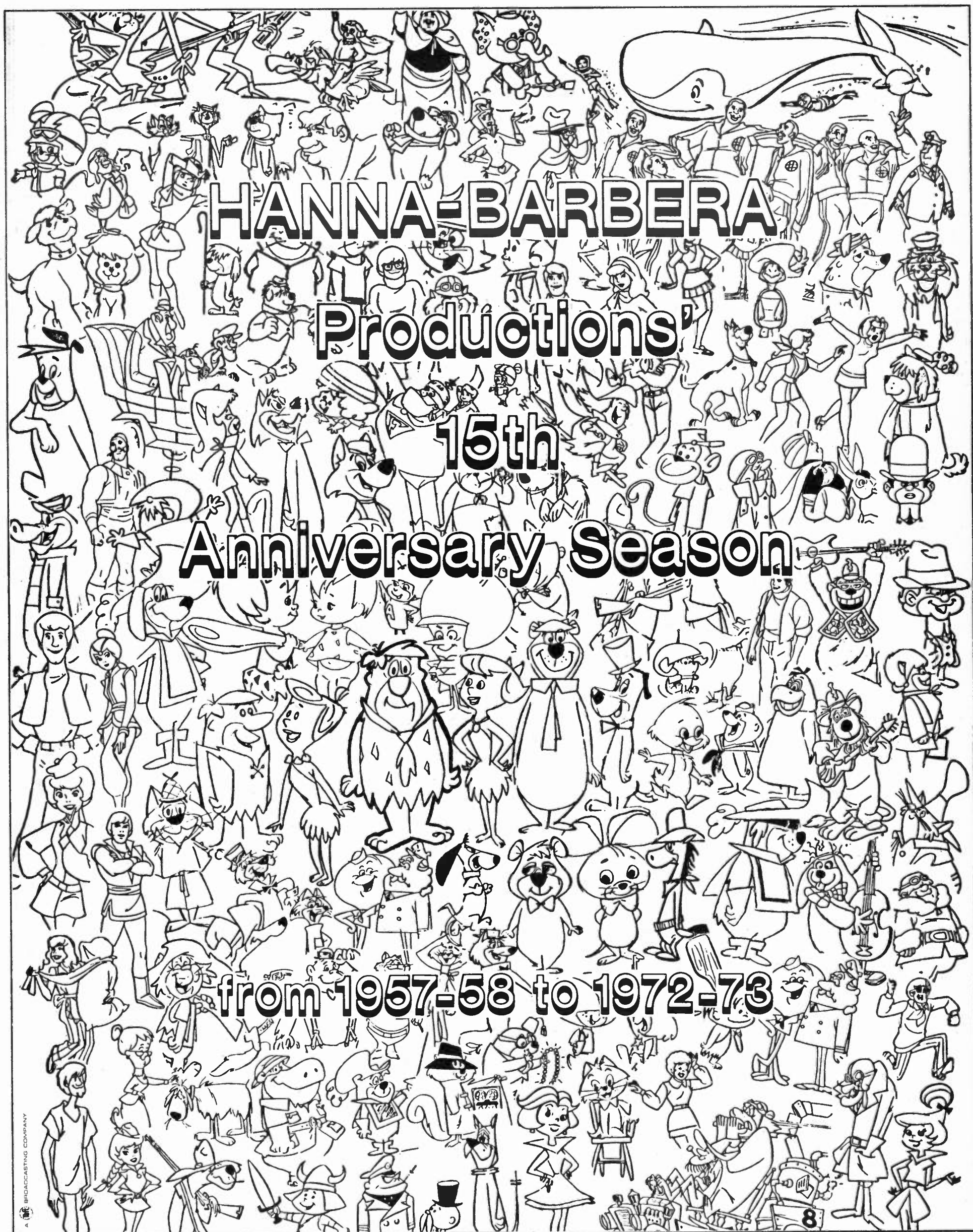
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A USIS Officer's Adventures

(Continued from page 112)

to look up that *VARIETY* anniversary number of a few years ago which had some excerpts from that valuable dictionary of the Australian language, "Let's Stalk-Strine," to get me through some of the tougher idioms.)

Perth has the distinction of being the U.S. Foreign Service post farthest away from Washington. It's farther away than Kinshasa, Bukavu, Vientiane, Luang Prabang and all the other points I have represented as tacks on the wall map in my study.

The current faraway map tack is a city of 600,000. It is located

in a state the size of India. Probably a good deal of those 500,000,000 in India could fit very comfortably in Western Australia, were it not for the forests of the south, the iron mountains of the north and the desert and goldfields of the east.

Almost Like Home

Perth is not far from Gotham in spirit. Since I've been here we've seen Charles Aznavour, Dizzy Gillespie, Elton John, Cilla Black, the triumphant return of local boy, Rolf Harris, and "Man Of La Mancha." The new Peter Cook-Dudley Moore show opened here before it went Up Over.

Perth's picked up a few of New

York's nasty traits, too. On Sept. 24, 1971, the electric workers went out on strike. This cut our local version of Con Edison's plants down to less than half-power. John Glenn would not recognize the lights of Perth, which were turned on for his Mercury space flight, if he orbited at that time. Candles sold at a premium. Aussies exercised by walking up and down skyscraper stairs. Tv and radio stations turned to newly purchased emergency power equipment. The government was ready to call a state of emergency if power dipped below a certain level. But this USIS officer who had seen riots in the Congo and rocket attacks in Laos, sailed through this latest state of emergency. I had seen worse. I walked home to Brooklyn from my job at WPIX-TV when the great blackout hit New York in November 1965.

South Africa TV-To-Be

(Continued from page 108)

any definite reason, or one that is acceptable to all parties, as to why it picked the five firms it did. But its report states that it is essential to "rationalize" the industry due to the size of the local market, on a basis which would ensure reasonable stability in the industry and maximum economy to the manufacturers of sets. So the cabinet decided to limit the number of manufacturers to five.

Those chosen are not the oldest and most experienced firms in radio and tv work, but it may take a lot of explaining as to why eight cabinet ministers in the government, who hold shares or directorships in at least two of the five firms, took an active part in the decisions and choice.

The "no ads" rule has caused great dissatisfaction among the advertising agencies, as some have spent large sums of money in preparation for commercial tv. But now the government's report suggests that South African video would be operated on the Swedish system, whereby newspapers and other media would give 5% of their advertising revenue to tv in return for a ban on homescreen. The Grocers Manufacturers Assn., the Assn. of Accredited Practitioners in Advertising, and the Institute of Marketing Managers have made representations to the Minister of Education & Finance requesting commercial tv, but the Newspaper Press Union opposes them as there will be a loss of revenue to the local papers.

The government estimates that 150,000 people will own sets by the beginning of 1976, but everything is so fluid and there are so many arguments, that the majority of S. Africans most likely will "wait and see" before investing money in sets. In order to keep the skyline clear of a forest of antennas, the S.A. Bureau of Standards envisages communal ones for apartment houses and big buildings and single ones for private dwellings, so that viewers can be assured of satisfactory reception.

Financing The Project

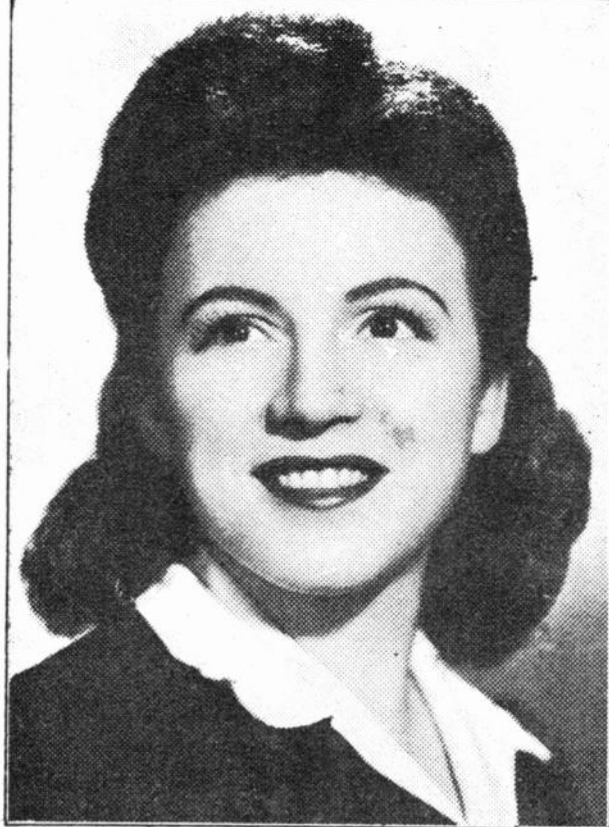
Johannesburg.

Without commercials to pull in revenue, South Africa's tv project

is faced with the problem of how it can be fully financed. Costs for the first five years are estimated at \$260,000,000. Licenses will offset much of that, but there will still be a shortfall, probably in the neighborhood of \$8,500,000 a year.

Speculations as to how this defeat will be collected include the possibility of a tax on newspaper advertising or a state subsidy.

Sioux City—Jolene Stevens has been upped to assistant news director of WCAU-TV. She had been a news staffer for seven years.



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Danger For 'Style Piracy'

By STANLEY ROTHENBERG

(N. Y. law partner (Albert) Heit & Rothenberg.)

With regard to the performance of a literary, dramatic or musical work, be it a live public performance or a performance embodied in a phonograph record (or tape, cassette, etc.), it is not a violation of the copyright law for a performer to slavishly imitate another performer's performance. Until Feb. 15, 1972, it was not even a violation of the copyright law for a record manufacturer to reproduce, and for retailers to sell, copies (in the non-copyright sense of the word "copy") of hit phonograph records (and tapes, cassettes, etc.)—not recordings of Joe Doakes imitating Elvis Presley, but the same Elvis Presley performance reproduced without authorization by a competing record manufacturer.

Effective Feb. 15, 1972, Presley's newly recorded performances (that is, fixed, published and copyrighted on or after such date and before Jan. 1, 1975) will be protected, under the copyright law, against such piracy.

This is a new form of copyright, but a very limited one. Its aim is to provide protection against unauthorized duplication (also called unauthorized reproduction) of sound recordings, usually called record piracy, and distribution thereof. The copying, or style imitation, will, however, continue to be free from the sanctions of the copyright law.

A recent case challenged the constitutionality of this new form of statutory copyright on the grounds that recordings are not "writings," or the results of creativity, and therefore do not come within the copyright power conferred on Congress by the Constitution.

The Court rejected the notion that the term "writings" is to be construed literally and within the narrow confines of 18th century technology, and recognized the creativity of the record producer. The challenger also argued that the statute was unconstitutional because it did not subject these new copyrights to a compulsory recording license whereas the copyrights in his musical compositions are so subject. The Court easily pointed out the distinction between a new rendition of the same composition and the same rendition of the same performance of the same composition.

Although the copyrights in sound recordings secured within the aforementioned period (Feb. 15, 1972 through Dec. 31, 1974) will be entitled to a full term of copyright (28 years from the date of first publication) and will be eligible for the extension for an additional 28 years in accordance with the renewal provisions of the Copyright Act, such copyrights are not available to sound recordings fixed prior to Feb. 15, 1972, or to sound recordings fixed subsequent to Dec. 31, 1974. The new law is not intended to apply retroactively or be construed as affecting in any way rights with respect to sound recordings fixed before Feb. 15, 1972.

The pending bill for a general revision of the copyright law would establish a similar limited copyright in sound recordings. The seriousness of the present record piracy situation led to the acceptance of this provision being extracted for the aforementioned separate enactment, notwithstanding expressed opposition by the House Judiciary Committee against revising the copyright law on a piecemeal basis.

Toward this end, the Dec. 31, 1974 deadline was imposed. This coincides with the recent extension of copyrights now in their second term (as same may have been extended by such prior statutory extensions) that would otherwise expire on or after Dec. 31, 1972 and before Dec. 31, 1974, which will now continue in force through Dec. 31, 1974. The objective is to enable such copyrights to benefit

from the general revision's proposed increase in the length of the copyright term.

Note, however, if the general revision effort should fall by the end of 1974, the extended copyrights will expire and join the public domain, but the limited copyrights in sound recordings will continue to endure for the balance of the existing 28-year term of copyright and be eligible for renewal for an additional 28-year term, even though no 1975-and-after sound recordings will be entitled to such copyright benefits.

Prior to this new Federal legislation, several states had acted—for example penal statutes were enacted in New York and California—prohibiting unauthorized dubbing of phonograph records. Although these state statutes would more than likely give way to Federal preemption in the case of recordings fixed and copyrighted after Feb. 15, 1972, there will undoubtedly be a rash of litigation which will require a determination of the effect of the Federal statute on the application of the state

statutes to recordings fixed: (1) before Feb. 15, 1972, (2) after Feb. 15, 1972, but not copyrighted because of failure to comply with the new copyright notice provision, and (3) after Dec. 31, 1974, when copyright may not be available due to failure to enact the pending general revision bill or an "extension" of the new limited sound recording copyright law.

Moreover, I anticipate that some state will get around to enacting a penal statute aimed at discouraging "style piracy," the copycat, which will yield still further litigation.

One can suppose that there might be a permissible basis, constitutionally, for requiring disclaimer labeling ("notwithstanding the similarity of style, this rendition is not by Nancy Sinatra") in specified situations (and at the request of the artist after first giving him adequate notice), for a limited period of time, on records, and on radio and television commercials especially, as inconvenient and unsightly as it may seem. However, as Kipling said, that's another story.

Reno-Tahoe Dates Safe For Acts, Even If Experience Shatters 'Em

By FOSTER CHURCH

Reno. Policies to insure stars against Reno haven't yet been offered, but Lloyds of London might consider the possibility.

Ann-Margret fell off a prop and nearly killed herself, Jim Nabors broke his ankle jiggerbugging onstage, Mitzl Gaynor came down on the wrong foot and shredded tendons, Patti Page bowed out with acute laryngitis and Sonny & Cher cancelled for three days when the distaff half took ill.

Emergency replacements, usually flown in by desperate entertainment directors at a few hours notice, included Roger Miller, Bobby Darin, Eddie Fisher and Johnny Carson.

Premiering in Reno-Tahoe suddenly became de rigueur in '72. The unflattering designation of Reno-Tahoe as the Newark of the cafe circuit has some truth—how much easier to flop before an appreciative Northern Nevada audience than before claquees of Los Angeles onlookers in Las Vegas.

Has baited breath been more audible than when Carroll O'Connor stepped out on his first nightclub stage at Harrah's Reno? O'Connor fortunately commanded the stage from the first moment and suppressed whistling echoed throughout the room as anxious executives exhaled constrained lungs. Ann-Margret unveiled her lavish new show at cutrate prices in the off season in the High Sierra Theatre of the Sahara Tahoe and drew nationwide publicity only when she fell a week later. And Isaac Hayes made his nightclub debut in the same room in November.

Kate Smith stepped into a pink glow at the Nugget, her first extended cafe stand and crowds who flocked to see her marvelled at the form and voice preserved intact since the '30s.

Despite the emergence of a few new acts though a distinct sense of déjà vu seemed to hover over the Reno-Tahoe scene. Niteries stuck to established name stars. Sammy Davis played Harrah's Tahoe three times, Nabors, Wayne Newton, Totie Fields and Bill Cosby played the area twice and most headliners had a long series of Reno-Tahoe engagements on their records. The Sahara Tahoe's lineup of superstars added name brilliance and Tom Jones, Engelbert Humperdinck, The Carpenters and Andy Williams all went through the motions. The fabulous success of these performers promised similar lavishness next year

and Johnny Cash has already been announced as '73's topline.

Cabaret Performers

Lounge habitués found that most excitement in Reno-Tahoe was generated by cabaret performers. Leland Stanford Scott III, singing, acting, playing trumpet and piano and tossing out accurate vocal xeroxes demonstrated greatest solo promise. Millie Ericson came out of retirement and showed an unfaltering command of the torch song and a young rock singer named Greg Gaeten lent a distinctive note to Matt Gregory's Harrah's club revues.

Harolds Club's down-at-the-heels Silver Dollar Room took chances monthly on new acts and their experiments paid off handsomely, for the room and the entertainers. Marcia, the Van Gees, Miller East, M and Hari all orbited to Harolds Club experience. Other rising young acts to play Reno-Tahoe were the comely Zella Lehr, Mickey, Larry & the Exciters, the Stampeders, Alan Dryman, the Buffalo County Show with a remarkable vocal impressionist named Bud Mosley, and the rock-jazz singer, Jimmy Cicero.

Miscellaneous unpleasanties to befall the nightclub set included a kidnapping charge against bellicose hotelier Nate Jacobson (Kings Castle), an ill fated attempt to revive '50s living room comedy ("Mary, Mary") on the acreage of the Sahara Tahoe stage, and Eric Burdon leaving the stage of a local cabaret in a huff when his new group refused to behave.

Family Halo Slips

Reno's "family" halo slipped noticeably when formerly prim Harrah's Club decided to titillate with a nude revue. Producer Matt Gregory repeated the phrase "good taste" like a litany and (depending on the point of view) produced two "tasteful" shows "The Feminine Touch" and "Fancy That." "I use nudity as costuming," said Gregory.

And Northern Nevada brothel operator Joe Conforte approached respectability of a sort by opening a Virginia City nightclub, The Cabin in the Sky, which he vowed to keep strictly on the up and up.

Perhaps the sure sign of area prosperity occurred during a meeting at Harrah's of 3,000 stockholders. A queue of people lined up to secure Bill Harrah's autograph and that of Harrah's president, M.F. Sheppard: the in-keepers themselves have become superstars.

Acrostic Bouquet To Rudolf Friml

(This tribute was written by Irving Caesar on occasion of ASCAP's 90th birthday party party for Rudolf Friml at the Shubert Theatre on Broadway Dec. 14, 1969. Friml died at 92 Nov. 12, 1972 in Los Angeles).

Remembrances glow this night, narrowing time;
Unrivalled fingers, as though in his prime,
Descend on the keys. Now his melodies float
Over the audience, bird-like each note
Linked to Otto's* and Oscar's** sweet verses, and sung
Far and wide the world over by old and by young!

Forever the master yet slave to his art,
Revealed in his music the beat of his heart,
Intended by muses a genius to be,
Mark well how at ninety, piano and he
Live each for the other, forever unfree!

* Otto Harbach
** Oscar Hammerstein 2d

Irving Caesar

Final Days Of 'Lady Day'

By LEONARD FEATHER

This excerpt is from Leonard G. Feather's book "From Satchmo To Miles," (c) 1972 by Leonard Feather, printed with permission of Stein & Day, publishers. (Paramount Pictures recently released "Lady Sings The Blues," starring Diana Ross as the late blues singer Billie Holiday).

In September of 1958 Billie Holiday agreed to make guest appearances at two history-of-jazz concerts I was staging. Several of her old friends took part: Mal Waldron, her pianist; Georgie Auld, a friend from the (Artie) Shaw band days; and Buck Clayton, whose delicate, sensitive trumpet had been so important to Billie when she sang with (Count) Basie.

One of the shows, at a theatre in Wallingford, Conn., was recorded. Billie sang "I Wishd On The Moon," the first tune she had recorded during the first Teddy Wilson smallband session inaugurating the classic series of Wilson-Holiday collaborations; she followed it with "Lover Man." The record confirms that her voice had regained its old timbre and assurance. But backstage over a drink before the show, she told my wife: "I'm so goddamn lonely. Since Louis (McKay) and I broke up I got nobody—nothing." Her misery was the inevitable result of an impossible situation: Billie's basic urge simply to love and be loved, so long frustrated, by now had become hopelessly mired in a desperation that made her impossible to live with, hard to reason with, and pathetically easy to sympathize with.

A few months later she astonished us by refusing a drink and asking instead for a cup of tea. "The doctor says I have cirrhosis of the liver and I can't drink." Needless to say, the doctor's warning was soon ignored.

In mid-March, when I called at her small, ground-floor apartment on West 87th St. to escort her to the funeral of Lester Young, her close friend in the Basie days, I saw her slip a small bottle of gin into her purse. After the services she talked dejectedly, drawing an ominous parallel between herself and Lester. "I'll be the next one to go."

Our next meeting was a few weeks later, on her birthday. Billie had decided: "I ain't celebrated my birthday in 15 years and this time I'm going to throw me a party." Among the well-wishers were Ed Lewis and Jo Jones of the old Basie band, Annie Ross, Elaine Lorillard, the (William) Duftys, and Tony Scott. The party lasted all night winding up at Birdland, and Lady never stopped toasting herself; bottles were emptied with alarming speed. Many of us wondered whether there would be any more birthdays to celebrate. She had already become skinny rather than slender. Those of us who watched her follow the Prez pattern begged her, vainly, to stop. Thinner and paler with each passing day, she continued to argue that she had cut down on her drinking and was taking care of herself.

Soon after the birthday party there was an incident typical of her stubbornness, pride, and confusion. She awoke me at 2 a.m. and in a passionately angry tone of voice insisted that I come to her apartment immediately. I rushed over and found her sitting at a

table nursing a bottle. It seemed that she had been told I was spreading a rumor that she had been drunk all through her engagement the previous week in Boston. "What's all this going on? I don't want people putting my business in the street. I made every show and you can ask anybody."

I didn't have to ask; I knew what a successful week it had been, and that was the only story I had been spreading. Within a half hour Billie's rage had shifted to the person who had indicted me.

It was agonizing to observe how uncertain she felt that anybody really cared for her, how intensely anxious that nobody derogate her. Worse, she knew that now only disparaging talk could help her at the boxoffice. "They're not coming to hear me," she said, "they're coming to see me fall off the damn bandstand."

Not long afterward, on May 25, Billie was to appear in a benefit concert at the Phoenix Theatre for which Steve Allen and I were the emcees. I looked into her dressingroom to say hello, and saw her seated at the makeup table coughing, spittle running unchecked down her chin. Looking at her, I was on the verge of tears and she knew it.

"What's the matter, Leonard? You seen a ghost or something?"

Indeed I had; a ghost so emaciated, so weak and sick, that it was impossible for me to hide my feelings. She had lost at least 20 pounds in the few weeks since I had seen her.

Steve Allen helped Billie to her feet, walking her a short distance to a microphone, which had been deliberately placed at the near corner of the stage. She managed to get through "Tain't Nobody's Business If I Do," the song of defiance that had become a staple of her repertoire in these fading days; she sang one other tune. It was the last time she was ever to sing.

The next morning I called Joe Glaser and Allan Morrison, then the New York editor of Ebony, with the suggestion that the three of us as a delegation might be able to break down her long resistance to hospitalization. As we sat in her apartment Glaser did most of the talking, guaranteeing all her hospital expenses and begging her to call off an opening scheduled for Montreal the next week. "Give me another week," she said. "The doctor said these shots he's giving me will do it." We left in a mood of frustration and despair.

Billie never got to Montreal. Five days after we saw her she collapsed, and the inevitable hospitalization followed. Then came the obscenely gruesome headlines in the sensation-hungry press: Billie, part of a society in which addiction was still a crime rather than a sickness, was arrested on her deathbed. Police were posted outside her hospital room. She lingered, rallied long enough to give us hope, then on July 17 it was over.

To the end Billie was uncertain about who her true friends were and who was trying to make money out of her. Notwithstanding possible selfish interests, many people close to her felt sincere love, regard, and pity for her right up to the end, but Billie was unable to accept any of the love offered her during those last days.

DISKS HEAD FOR \$2-BIL LEVEL

An In-Depth Interview with Georgie Guitar Who Tells It Like It Is

By AL STILLMAN

Georgie, how do you spend most of your time?
Sitting On the Dock of the Bay.
Do you enjoy that?
No, but it beats working as a Wichita Lineman.
What is your immediate goal?
I've Got To Be Me and have it My Way.
How do you hope to achieve this?
By making The Impossible Dream come true.
Is the hat you're wearing a bit large on you?
Possibly, but I prefer one that falls Gently On My Mind.
Otherwise?
Otherwise I'd be Goin' Out Of My Head.
Tell me, Georgie Boy, do you have ever wonder what it's all about?
Frequently.
Whom do you turn to when confronted with such a dilemma?
To Alfie.
And what does Alfie say?
He says: "Who Will Answer?"
Do you have a practical panacea for the world malaise?
What The World Needs Now Is Love.
In a physical sense?
Is there any other?
Can you prophesy when the millenium will arrive?
In The Year 2525.
The say a man is judged by the company he keeps. Does that apply to you?
I hope not, some of my best friends are Gypsies, Tramps and Thieves.
When you meet a girl for the first time, what do you say for openers?
I say: "Baby, I Love You."
Hasn't that been done?
Yes, but it usually works.
Suppose it doesn't?
Then I tell her: "Don't Take Your Love To Town or You might wind up being a Honky Tonk Woman."
What endearment, if any, do you use when addressing your wife?
I use "Honey."
Does she like it?
No, Not Much.
Is it true there's Another Woman In Your Life?
Just Mrs. Robinson.
Does Honey know about her?
She will By The Time I Get To Phoenix.
Will she D-I-V-O-R-C-E you?
She'll be Almost Persuaded.
If she makes you get down to the Nitty Gritty and Skip Rope, do you have an Ace In The Hole?
There's always A Boy Named Sue.
What would you say if she became belligerent?
I'd ask her to Give Peace A Chance and Listen To Both Sides Now.
Do you ever find her to demanding?
Always.
What do you tell her?
I tell her I Didn't Promise Her A Rose Garden and to Let It Be.
Does she acknowledge your genius?
On the contrary, she says I don't know enough to Come In Out Of The Rain.
Has she any justification for such a charge?
Naturally, Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head (They Keep Falling.)

Rock-Pop Music Criticism: An Ego Trip For Deep Thinkers

By DAVID DACHS

(Author of "Anything Goes," "The World of Popular Music" and "American Pop.")

Countless rock journalists, rock commentators, rock reviewers have surfaced since it all began 20 years ago. They cover the new pop/rock/bubblegum soul in a new swinging style. You can read them in a variety of underground (actually highly aboveground) newspapers and magazines that appear on good paper as well as barely recycled newsprint. Here are a few fragments of the new rock literati.

Richard Graychrist of the Village Cherce, the Pop Proust. He's an active practitioner of the new me-me-me style of music journalism. The most battered key on his typewriter is the capital "I": "I'm a Mallomar-freak (the Nabisco label). I can't leave them alone. Those twin-packs of chocolate-covered mini-eclairs with the marshmallow centers and the graham cracker crusts keep me alive. (If they can put out Mallomars, can capitalism be that bad?) Midway through my second pack, I wandered over to the phono with the 2,000-watt amplifier, a gift from my Aunt Fanny, a chick who owns her own auto-wash. I was about to play a cut from the Asylum Three when I heard a knock on the door. "I padded over to the door in

my L.L. Bean body shirt and leather boots and peered through my 2-inch peephole, consisting of the polished heel of a quart-size Dr. Pepper bottle. But nobody was there.

"So I went back to the record player and put on Asylum's new album. It was great. Not the album. But the 2,000-watt sound gave me a high, honest."

Harry Shortstuff, dope editor of Whipped Cream: "As you know, this magazine has prided itself on its painstaking coverage of the rock festivals. In the course of it, our editors and reporters have been stoned and busted in dozens of towns. Now we're going a step further. Since there has been so many bummers, we're going to review the dope scene at the fests. In recent months, we've covered the following and this is what we found:

Cajun Festival — A bummer. More cheap run-down grass than you find at Central Park after a concert.

The Baja Festival—Cries of sellers of joints, hashish, cocaine were louder than the bands. But the stuff was r-u-g-g-e-d.

The New England Cultural Festival—Outasite stuff sold right off a mobile drugstore, a blue Volks-

(Continued on page 146)

MUST K.O. PIRACY BUILD NEW STARS

By HERM SCHOENFELD

The pop music business, now entering into its post-Beatle phase, is not slowing down where it counts, i.e., in the sales figures. On the contrary, the recording industry is projecting its revenues upwards and onwards and will soon be hitting a \$2,000,000,000 annual disk-tape gross. This two-billion-dollar giant is now a major show biz component, ranking ahead of the film industry in total dollar turnover and only just behind the take of the radio-tv broadcasters.

But while the surface view of the music biz looks rosy, lurking beneath are knotty problems that may seriously impair future growth and health of the industry. On the creative level, the diskers are faced with the continuously urgent need to develop successive generations of superstars. On the distribution level, the music industry has to keep warring against the pirates who are cutting deeply into sales of the existing superstars.

With the advent of tape cartridges and cassettes, the pirates have been able to use the available technology for easy and cheap counterfeiting. Estimates of the drain from legitimate manufacturers into the pockets of the racketeers is over \$200,000,000 annually.

The future of the disk biz, however, hinges on its talent and so the search goes on for new blockbuster names in the youth-dominated market. Of the early contemporary giants, the Beatles have dispersed beyond recall and Bob Dylan has lapsed into fitful inactivity, which some have called semi-retirement (plus turning cowboy actor in an upcoming film—Ed.)

More Top Names

Other top acts of the middle 1960s, such as Dave Clark Five, The Animals, The Lovin' Spoonful, Herman's Hermits, Dion & The Belmonts, The Monkees, The Mamas & The Papas, et al. and another spectacular seller in a middle-of-the-road groove, Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass, have all vanished from the scene. Another big gap was left by the successive deaths of such young superstars as Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix and Jim Morrison in the last couple of years.

Some of the early leaders of the rock movement are still around, now somewhat ageing veterans in an arena once designed only for youthful prodigies. Elvis Presley, a top performer for nearly 20 years, is now the "grand old man" of rock. Also still going strongly are such combos as The Rolling Stones, The Who, The Beach Boys, The Grateful Dead, The Moody Blues and The Jefferson Airplane, all veterans of the middle 1960s when contemporary pop music assumed the shape and sound that it has retained to this day.

Although the spectacular surge of creativity that marked the '60s may have ebbed recently, the pop music biz nonetheless manages to keep renewing its talent resources. The crop of new headliners includes names and combos in the widest gamut of styles, from freak rock, typified by Alice Cooper, through such cleffer-balladeers as Carole King, Neil Diamond, Joni Mitchell, Carly Simon, Elton John, James Taylor, Cat Stevens and Melanie, to middle-of-the-road performers like Tom Jones, Engelbert Humperdinck and Gilbert O'Sullivan.

Among the newer names riding the crest in the last couple of years are Jethro Tull, Led Zepelin, Santana, Three Dog Night, Seals & Crofts, Grand Funk RR, David Bowie, The Osmonds, Chicago, Blood, Sweat & Tears, Procul Harum, David Cassidy, John Den-

(Continued on page 144)

Harry Richman, A Great Stylist, Also Frankly Demanded Payola

By ABEL GREEN

A Broadway saga when pioneer radio listeners wrote complaining letters "who was that guy Al Jolson doing an imitation of Harry Richman," was recalled by the recent death of the latter. The one-time \$5,000-a-week (and up) Richman, who died of cancer in a Burbank nursing home in obscurity and near-broke, led "A Hell of a Life," as he called his autobiography (written with the late Richard Gehman).

A former silk salesman, who started playing for throw-money in his native Cincinnati, Jolson recognized future greatness when he happened to catch Richman singing in an Atlantic City dump. Jolie, "the king" until his end, mentored Richman in song phrasing. Latter's natural lisp approximated Jolson's then resonant "mammy"-style vocalizing.

Richman, an unabashed payola (pay me) song-plug in the pioneer days of radio was among the first to go on radio as pianist for Mae West. He drew immediate audience attention. It was in the depth of the Depression, hence glued the stay-at-homes. Eventually of course the medium lured all show biz.

In the 1920s and 1930s Atlantic City vied with Asbury Park as the showfolks' favorite watering holes always from their Long Island retreats such as Freeport, Douglaston, Lawrence and, Great Neck. The Jersey spa was a "liberal" town where the "action" was good floating crap games, dames, etc). The Apollo on the Boardwalk was a key break-in-theatre for pre-Broadway "Follies," "Vanities," "Greenwich Village Follies," "Almanac," etc.

NTG's Enterprise

Show-minded Nils Thor Granlund, the lanky Swede who was Marcus Loew's publicist for the Loew enterprises, not only made theatre tie-ins for MGM (and other producers) pictures playing the Loew circuit in New York, but was not blind to the future horizons of the then newfangled thing called radio.

Loew's-MGM had its own 5,000-watt atop Loew's State Theatre Bldg. (at one time it had been called WGBS, for Gimbel Bros.).

NTG (as Granlund, or "Granny" was better known) ran a wire into this speak to pick up the Mae West-Richman fol-de-rol. (It may be ungallant to note that VARIETY first "New Act-ed" Miss West in 1911 so she was unquestionably the star. "Piano players" in that vaudeville era either were (1) "gofers" (worry about the orchestrations, battle with the pit band on arrangements, gets his star to do what then was the current pop song before somebody else on the bill does it, worry about the railroad transportation, baggage); or (2) they were the l'amour interest. If in the latter class, the headliner usually was the one who got pushed around by her accompanist.

Richman, with his unique "lisp-ing" enunciation and resonant voice, soon got Gotham listeners' attention. This was of course before his trademarked semi-strut, body at an angle, avec cane and top hat or strawhat, was more widely seen onstage, later filmusical. It may be apocryphal that Maurice Chevalier got the straw boater idea from Richman).

Payola

It was an era, too, of outright payola. From the opening acrobatic act, which plugged "Japanese Sandman," "Dardanella" or some other "instrumental" while making with the hand-to-hand gymnastics, through the rest of the bill, there was little that the then powerful VMPPA (Vaudeville Managers Protective Assn.) and the MPPA Music Publishers Protective Assn.) could do to kayo

payola. The music men wanted to curb payola as much as the vaude tycoons, who felt their audiences were being imposed upon by over-plugged this or that current pop song.

Richman made no bones about charging a flat fee per plug, even though it was over a local Loew's station. He also knew his way around a song lyric and did, in fact, coauthor several tunes (he was a longtime member of ASCAP), but he was also part and parcel of that "cut-in" parade (bandleaders and singers) whose "collaboration" for a one-third royalty (usually), with the two real words-and-music writers probably consisted of dotting the i's and crossing the t's.

Jolson was too busy starring in his own revues (usually under Shubert auspices; they even named a theatre for him on 7th Ave. and 59th St.) but when he saw the potentials of radio he tried it. Eventually of course the public liked him beaucoup in network hookups, but it was curious that when Jolie first essayed radio around New York, and the masses heard him after they had been exposed previously to Richman, they wrote in complaining, "Who is that guy Jolson doing an imitation of Richman?", not knowing that Jolie was the one who tutored Richman in his own image.

H'wood Gold

In that era too, as "the movies learned to talk" and the "Hollywood gold rush" brought many variety people to the Coast for stints in filmusicals. Thus surfaced still another manifestation of the "copy act." The broader canvas of the revusical brought many vaudeville comedy routines and stage "bits" into wider exposure than the vaudevillian who may actually have created the scene. Bert Wheeler (& Bobby) Woolsey, Joe E. Brown, et al. figured in such contraptions as to who-did-it-first?

For a time, in the heyday of vaudeville, there was a loosely knit but potent vigilante system of policing and "protecting" material. VARIETY itself created a "Protected Material Dept." just for such purposes; the comedy bit, the "business," even the manuscript was registered by the acts with VARIETY in sealed packets, never seen by this paper or anybody else. VARIETY would issue a dated receipt. If, in future, one act contested another, and oftentimes sued another, the VARIETY-stamped and dated receipt at least established a common-law precedent from which the contesting acts could take whatever proceedings they chose. With the retrogrossing boxoffice appeal of vaudeville, as the movies took hold, this department was abandoned, acts were told to pick up their "protected material" scripts, etc.

Backstage Vigilantes

The vigilante system that really worked best was furthered by the stage crew and managers. An errant act, for example, coming into the Hippodrome, Cleveland, or the Majestic, Chicago, with "lifted" material, which a headliner may have done the week or month before, was flatly told, "Frank Fay (or Burns & Allen, or whoever) did this first when they played here." If the act persisted, a lightweight sandbag could drop perilously close to the larcenous comedian, and pretty soon he got the message.

The Richman-Jolson thing was different of course. Jolie was generous in trying to help Richman make himself into his own image. But meantime that electronic wonder of communications, the Radio, had come along and the public not knowing "who's-on-first?" jumped to conclusions for a short time.



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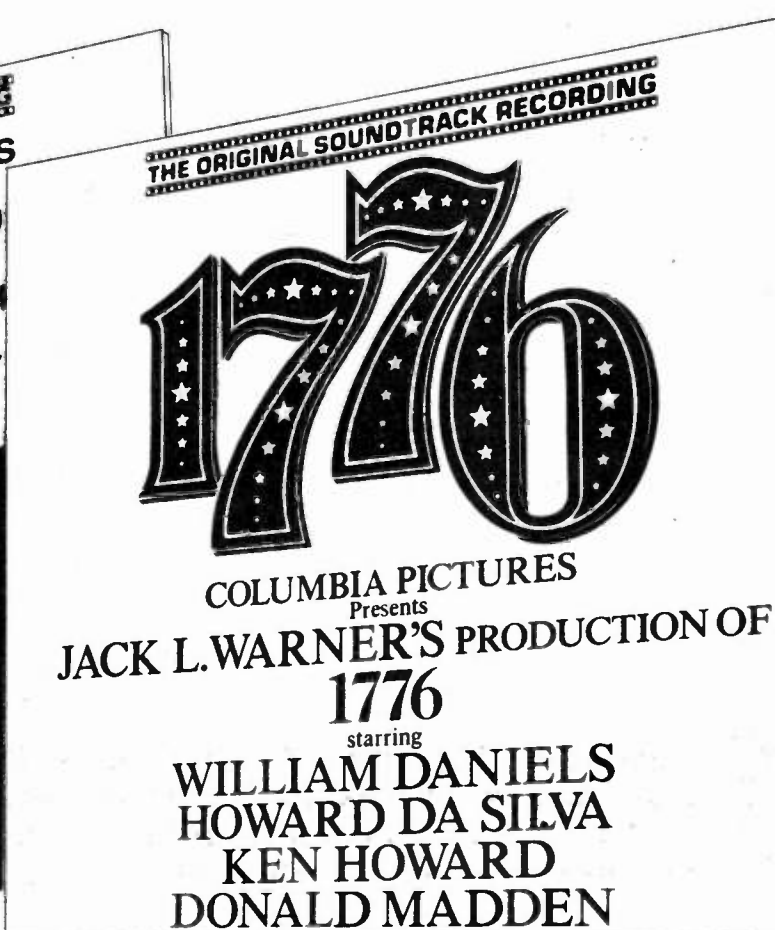


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Somewhere along the line, word got out that ASCAP was the Phi Beta Kappa of the music industry. And the only way to become a member was to be elected for outstanding achievement.

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So if you're thinking of joining a performing rights organization, or have already joined one and are sorry it wasn't ASCAP, get in touch with Dave Combs in New York at (212) 595-3050. Or Herb Gottlieb in Los Angeles at (213) 466-7681. Or Ed Shea in Nashville at (615) 244-3936.

If the line's busy, hang up and call again.

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Obviously it wasn't a single ad that convinced Carole King, Alex Harvey, Rod Stewart and David Blue to join ASCAP.

Or for that matter, Smokey Robinson, Bonnie Raitt, Marvin Gaye and Roberta Flack.

Or Clifton Davis, Jackson Brown and America.

Or Toni Stern, Gladys Knight and Chi Coltrane.

Or Randy Newman, John Fogerty and Doug Clifford.

Or Tom Jans, Mimi Farina and Randy McNeill.

Or almost the entire publishing arm of Motown (97 writers), which some people say was the biggest move of talent in the history of the industry.

But the ad made an important point.

A lot of people who thought they couldn't join ASCAP suddenly discovered they could. And did the first chance they got.

They also discovered that at ASCAP they had a voice in the decisions that affected them. Because ASCAP is run by its own members.

And that makes a difference.

Coast Unions Launch Probe Into Disk Exploitation Of Young Talent

By HOWARD LUCRAFT

Hollywood. The exploitation of young music artists under royalty contracts with record companies is the subject of an in-depth investigation just commenced by a joint symposium of Hollywood unions and guilds. Keith Williams, prexy of Local 47, AFMusicians, initiated joint meetings with the American Federation of Television & Radio Artists, American Guild of Variety Artists, American Guild of Authors & Composers, Composers & Lyricists Guild and Screen Actors Guild plus the California Department of Labor which deals with booking agents.

Discussions are centering on the varied contracts signed by inexperienced union members whereby some are charged (against royalties) with hours of studio time, engineers, tape, editing, mastering, art work, album jackets—even advertising and promotion.

Williams informed: "At our inter-union meetings we are pooling our legal resources. We are reviewing our various union contracts that are applicable. We have many laws on the books that could stop the exploitation of the

younger, inexperienced artists. These laws are not being enforced. There are many contracts that our people sign that they are really not allowed to sign without our permission.

There is a very old musicians union contract for royalty deals with record companies. It runs just three and a half pages. It's not used now by any record company. Record contracts now run 15 to 20 pages. "I advise our people today to hire a competent lawyer to negotiate a record contract," Williams said.

Attorney Jay Cooper (a member of Local 47) advised: "These additional charges by record companies came about with the advent of rock music and the interminable time these rock players spend in the studio. Musicians and singers formerly had three three-hour sessions for an album. Rock groups spend hundreds of hours for one lp. That's why the record companies had to start charging for time in their studios.

"It's practically standard now also to charge a jacket allowance. Packaging allowances vary from 10% of wholesale to as high as 90c a record. On tapes it has been up to \$1.20. Some companies get 25% of the retail price. Record compa-

nies today are doing really well. An album will cost \$30,000 to \$40,000. Then if it doesn't go immediately they'll forget it.

"With artists contracts today the thing to watch is not so much what is said but what is not said—and the way things are said. On most of the contracts we handle we negotiate point by point to arrive at something fair for the artists. Generally we get a revision of 80 to 90% of the items as set out by the record company."

Ed Yelin, a former Capitol Records a & r producer (now a personal manager) stated: "At the time I was with Capitol they didn't charge for jackets, advertising, etc. Now some records companies try to sneak in these things in a very cunning way, not only do they charge the artists for advertising and promotion but they get all the publishing (of original songs). At one time record companies didn't win too often with the artists. Now they win a lot. Many of these young groups are incredibly naive."

Back at Local 47 Williams insisted that unions have "the right and the responsibility" to protect their inexperienced members against exploitation by record companies. "No artist should be forced to sign away any of his creative rights. They should never be tied to long contracts.

(On Jan. 8, Max Herman, now vice president, becomes president of Local 47. He has stated, however, that he shares exactly the same views as Williams on the matter and will be continuing the joint action mentioned above.—Ed.)

\$2-Billion Disk Biz Due

(Continued from page 135)

ver, Ten Years After, The Allman Bros. and Yes.

Black artists continue to provide a consistent string of bestsellers. Although some have complained that black artists tend to get second-class treatment, the charge is not proven by the sales charts.

The Motown-Tamla labels, owned by Berry Gordy Jr., a Negro, have been one of the most successful operations in the industry. Currently, the Gordy labels are riding with such names as The Jackson Five, The Temptations, Diana Ross, Marvin Gaye and The Supremes.

Another black-owned diskery, Stax-Volt in Memphis, has clicked with Isaac Hayes while Hi Records, another Memphis label, has a potent seller in Al Green. Atlantic Records has had a flock of top-flight Negro artists, such as Aretha Franklin, Roberta Flack and Donny Hathaway while James Brown works on the Polydor label, Ike & Tina Turner for United Artists, Sly & The Family Stone for Columbia, Nina Simone for RCA, Jerry Butler for Mercury and Curtis Mayfield for his own label, Curtom, via Buddah Records.

The disk industry's battle against the pirates was given a tremendous impetus early last year with passage of a special amendment to the Copyright Act that now gives Federal protection to disks and tapes manufactured after Feb. 15,

1972. The amendment makes the pirates liable to heavy damages and criminal prosecution, with penalties ranging up to five years in prison.

The overhanging threat of a fed crackdown, however, does not seem to have deterred the counterfeiters. Virtually every week, the Harry Fox Agency which collects mechanical royalties for publishers, and the Recording Industry Assn. of America, have been involved in filing civil suits or sparking arrests in piracy cases across the nation.

In some cases, Abeles & Clark, for the Fox Agency, and Jules Yarnell, for the RIAA, have helped uncover largescale counterfeiting plants equipped with the latest duplicating and packaging machinery. Industry leaders now realize that no single law will ever be sufficient to stop the pirates and are prepared to wage an unremitting national policing action of their own.

While the disk industry succeeded in getting a copyright bill through Congress, a general revision of the 1909 Copyright Act has been stalled for years in Senate and House Committees. The light at the end of the tunnel is finally visible and it's expected that the much-needed overhaul of the antiquated law will take place during the two-year term of this Congress.

Major terms of the general revision include extension of the copyright term from the present 56 years to life plus 50 years, which is more in line with the European convention. The jukebox exemption will be removed with a proposed licensing rate of about \$10 per box. That is expected to provide about \$5,000,000 annually in new performing fees to be split among the American Society of Composers, Authors & Publishers, Broadcast Music Inc. and SESAC.

The statutory mechanical license rate is slated to go up from the prevailing 2c per song to about 3c. Although the publishers and writers have urged Congress to eliminate the compulsory licensing feature of the 1909 law, the general revision would leave this provision intact.

On the horizon, the music industry is viewing the slowly emerging videocassette industry as a new possible source of income. This will depend on the nature of the programming but at this point nobody is putting up coin for entertainment programming in a videocassette format.

The latest practical technological advance in the disk industry has been in the direction of four-channel, or quadraphonic, disks. The quad disks came into the market early last year in a cloud of conflicting claims between two incompatible systems, Columbia's and RCA's, the same protagonists in the postwar "battle of the speeds."

The hope that quad disks would stimulate sales in the same way as the LP and the stereo disk has thus far not been fulfilled. The quad disks require relatively heavy investments in new playback equipment and, except for a handful of audiophiles, there has been no discernible rush by the public to the quad sound.

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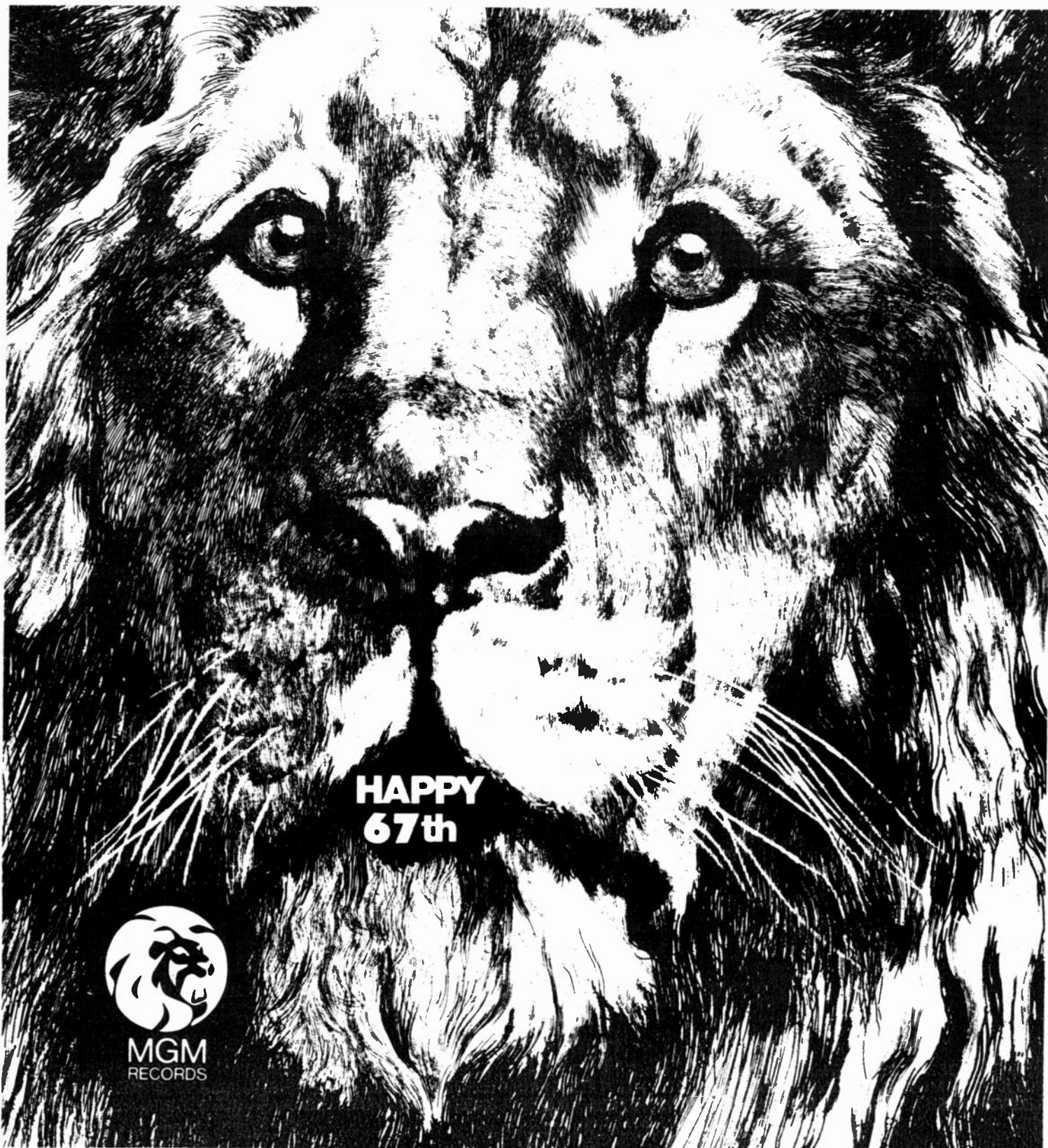
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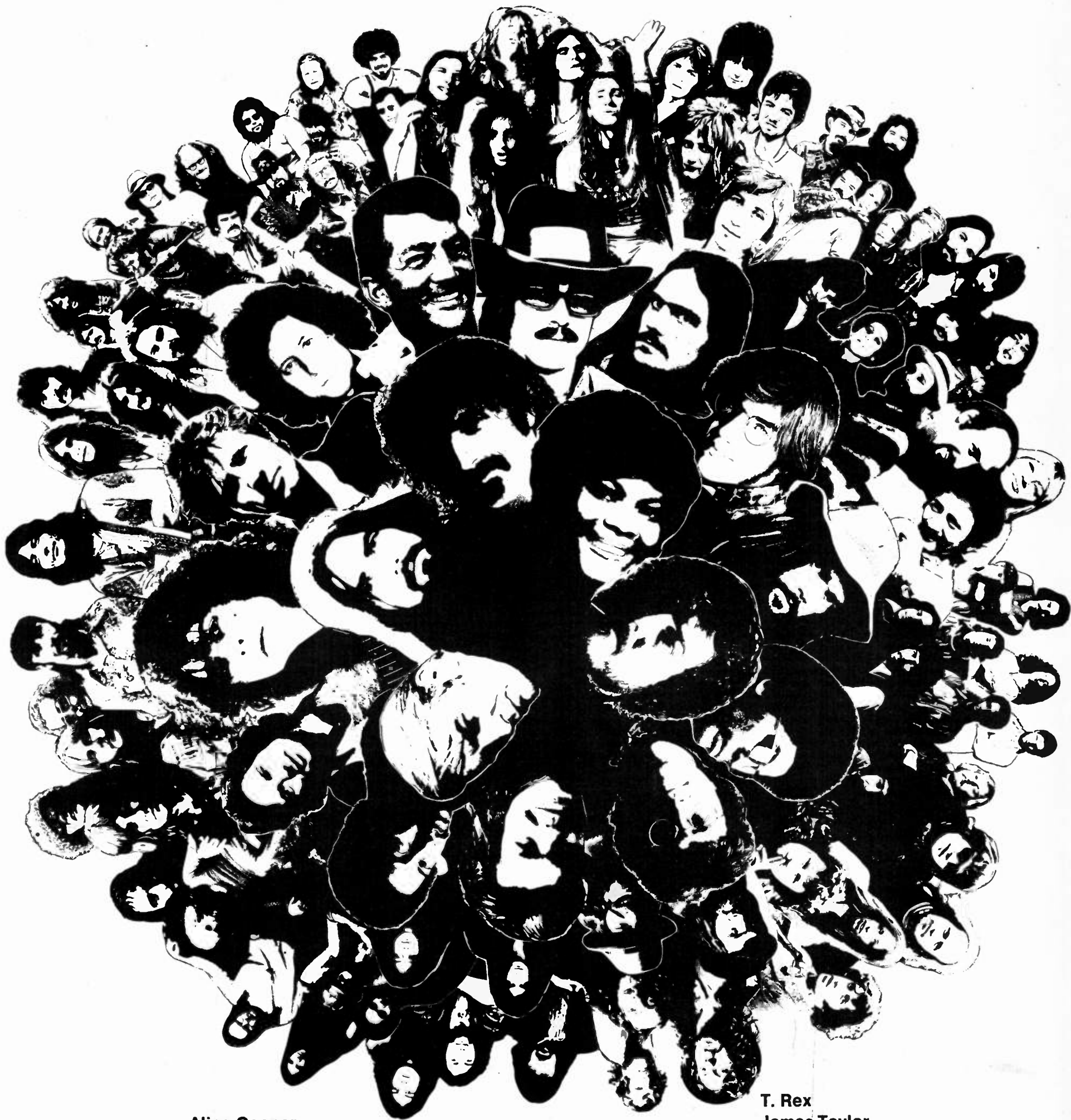
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SCHWARTZOPHRENIA

Composer Arthur Schwartz That Is—A Chapter From
A Lyricist's Upcoming Autobiog

By HOWARD DIETZ

I have been asked several times how it was decided whether we should bill ourselves Dietz & Schwartz, or Schwartz & Dietz. I explained that it depended on which of us was nearest the printer.

If it weren't for the persistent melodies that entered his ear without knocking, Arthur Schwartz might have climbed to some dizzy legal height, even to Attorney-General. The composer of "Dancing in the Dark," "You and the Night and the Music," "Something To Remember You By," "I See Your Face Before Me," "If There is Someone Lovelier Than You," "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plans," "I Love Louisa," "Alone Together," "That's Entertainment"

and many others, was a junior partner in a law firm, but those melodies kept interrupting. Rude little rhythms would bother his head and on his desk would be notations on sheets of music paper that lived secretly in a drawer.

For most of these songs I furnished the lyrics. After about 500 lyrics you get to know the composer. If you can stand it that long you must like him.

Our association began in 1929 when Tom Weatherly, who produced "The Little Show" with Dwight Deere Wiman thought we ought to team up. Schwartz knew all about me, that I worked for MGM and only wrote lyrics as a sideline. Did I remember a fan letter he had written me five years earlier after I had a flop show "Dear Sir"? In the letter he had suggested collaboration, but I had noticed the legal stationery and said I wanted a composer not a lawyer. Also I had said that as he was a beginner like me, we both ought to go after collaborators with a name.

Studied Law

Arthur's father insisted that he study law, and Arthur did as he was told. He zipped through public school and Boys High. At 16 he received a scholarship from N.Y.U. and \$100 a year from the N.Y. State Board of Regents. He got his A.B. and M.A. He taught English at the High School of Commerce while he was taking his law course at N.Y.U.

Arthur's first client was the father of Lorenz Hart of Rodgers & Hart fame. Pere Hart would start a new business every few months and had to have a new lawyer for each project because he never paid the old ones. But Arthur was more than repaid by his acquaintance with young Larry. It led to the first song for which he was ever paid. Larry wrote a lyric called "I Know My Girl By Her Perfume" and they sold the song outright for \$75 to a vaudeville act called Besser & Amy.

The first number we completed was a burlesque of the movie theme songs that were cluttering the air waves at the moment and making the air difficult to breathe. It was "Hammacher Schlemmer I Love You," and got over well in the "Little Show." The hardware

company liked it too, and that Christmas they sent us a box of tools tied with a Christmas ribbon and a merry card reading "Dietz & Schwartz, we love you . . ."

I inducted him into two assignments, the Second Little Show and "Three's a Crowd." We got along well. He sympathized with my desire to write revues. They involved short spurts and no plot construction.

It was easier for someone who was doing it as a hobby. Sometimes I would suggest a title and even a rhythm with a melody. But more often he would write a tune first. We weren't touchy about criticism. I would say "the tune stinks," he would say "the lyric is lousy." We aimed to please each other. We figured that if we succeeded there were a lot of people like us. Schwartz was a great judge of lyrics, an editorial mind, an ear for the fitness of sound.

'Hostilities'

We took quarters in a hotel — that is to say hotels. To suggest where our scores were written would sound like a guide to the hostilities of Manhattan. "Hostilities" would be more like it, because the complaints poured in from paying neighbors who were wrestling with a slumber while we wrestled with our highly perishable wares.

Working into the night, the sound of the piano, however muted, endlessly repeating the same strain, penetrated the walls and was a "first" variety show of its type on the visual air.

We worked on borrowed time waiting for the manager to knock at the door. We became wandering minstrels moving from room to room, hotel to hotel. The Warwick, the St. Moritz, the Essex House. "They don't like what I'm playing," said Arthur sadly. "That must be it," I replied. "They never complain about the lyrics."

Arthur was given the job of writing the score for "The Band Wagon." Max Gordon was the producer and he was worried about it. Although he was fortified with the presence of George S. Kaufman as co-author and director, he was not yet confident of Schwartz's ability to deliver a complete score. The show involved an investment of \$160,000 which would be much more in today's market. As Arthur played "I Love Louisa," "New Sun in the Sky" and "Dancing in the Dark," a relaxed smile appeared on Gordon's face and he said: "It's a pleasure to go broke with you boys."

But it wasn't all music and flowers for Arthur. Despite "Band Wagon," "Flying Colors" and a show in England "Nice Goings On," the insecurity of living from show to show had an effect on a young man of orderly habits and none of the eccentricities that go with talent.

He could not rely on me as my film job came first. There followed an unproductive period during which he debated a possible remembrance of his law practice. I tried to help Arthur but the show angels had had their wings clipped in the depression. Between February, 1933 and June, 1934, he could not get started on any project. He gave himself until September, deciding, if nothing developed by then, to return to the torts and the trials.

Something developed. It was a chance meeting with orchestra leader Don Voorhees, that saved the legal profession from the return of the prodigal. Voorhees had made a 99 and 44/100% pure contract with Proctor & Gamble to help create a radio program for Ivory Soap. A script had been written by Courtney Riley Cooper and it was to be a musical comedy in serial form entitled "The Gibson Family."

A musical Diogenes, Voorhees had been training his lantern on every composer capable of writing an original score that would unwind for 39 weeks.

It finally lighted on Schwartz, who was ready for anything. "The price is right," said Voorhees. "But you'll have to write at least three songs a week. Won't that take a lot out of you?" Schwartz agreed. "Yes," he said, "it will take a lot out of me, but it will also take a lot out of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms."

We wrote 94 songs in the next 39 weeks. It seems to me, in that period, I never came out of the shower without a new lyric. And Arthur always had a tune for it.

Rock-Pop Music 'Criticism'?

(Continued from page 135)

wagen bus. With it you picked up radar control from Boston."

Jonathan Meltzer of the Cambridge Square Papers: "Shakespeare, Ibsen, Shaw, Miller, Williams. They're all bourgeois hangups. Obsolete. The real new theatre is here in pop. Not theatre in two or three acts with story characters, conflict, suspense or development. Not theatre like Broadway musical comedy shock by Rodgers & Hammerstein. Stephen Sondheim and Lenny Bernstein. Those are all relics of a structured past. Dinosaur-land."

"The new theatre is Mick Flicka leaping around the stage with his ice-blue eye-shadow. And the concerts of Alice Blue Gown, the British group with the multi-colored hair-dyes. (Incidentally their programs credit Mr. Jean on shampoo.) Alice himself was fantastic with his shimmering two-foot orange Afro. And then there's the Primal Scream — something out of 'Clockwork Orange.' The height of their act is when three of the guys keep playing while the other two gang-rape two ushers in the aisles. That's the new Group Theatre. Are you listening, Harold Clurman?"

Stuart Stingray of the Rolling Pebble: "Scour the old record bins, fans, and your own disk collections for golden oldies. They're getting more valuable everyday. Golden Oldie fans did you hear—Chuck Berry's 'Roll Over Beethoven' is now an archive item worth \$100? . . . Have you got any of the Cookie albums? If you remember your rock history, one of the key singers was Little Eva, who was a babysitter for Carole King and Gerry Goffin when they were married and living in Teaneck, N.J. The Cookies lp's are worth almost as much as the recipe for Sara Lee cheesecake. And there's a nice call for early disks of Jerry Lee Lewis, when he played the melody-line with his feet on the piano."

Deep Stuff

John Spengler of Rock 'N' Pop likes to begin his reviews with quotations that reflect his profundity. Recently he started a review of a new LP this way:

"If you believed more in life, you would devote yourself less to the moment. But you have insufficient capacity for waiting—or even for laziness. Everywhere resound the voices of those who preach death; and the earth is full of those to whom death must be preached. Or 'eternal life': it is all the same to me—provided they pass away quickly!"—Nietzsche. (Thus Spoke Zarathustra.)

It was about a new LP by The Partridge Family. Ellen Double-Knit also enjoys

the cultural namedropping game in the World Disc Magazine for which she writes: "David Louis' rampant schizoid brilliance is along the lines of Vincent Van Gogh, William Burroughs, Don Rickles, Ken Russell, Jackson Pollock and Ludwig van Beethoven. Men whose conscious states criss-cross the border between genius and madness. Super-perception followed by complete freakouts. You'll find it all in David Louis' new LP. 'The Rise and Fall of Little Orphan Annie.'"

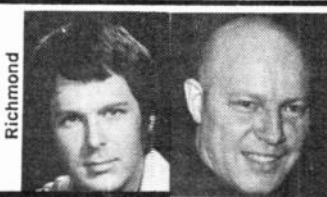
Harvey Mendelson, pop review for Implosion, a gifted observer of pop pointillism, details are his bag: "Nice touches here on Intensive Care's new LP, 'Cardiogram.' Perfect rock exclamation. They almost know just at what time and with what volume and what tone to deliver an 'oh yeah' or 'oh' or 'ooh' or whelp or sigh."

"They make their own additions and amendments to the trade interjections, too, as with the substitute for 'one more time' in 'Sufragette Mama'—Note also the magnetized swishy-brat two syllable repetitions that serve as the matrix of 'Sufragette Mama'—'Hey Man' and 'Come On.' Neo-classic!"

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WHICH WAY OUT FOR CAFE BIZ?

Who Sez Nitery Biz Is Dead?

Pitt's Downtown Area Swinging

By Lenny Litman

Pittsburgh. At the end of World War II, Pittsburgh's night clubs began growing with the city. The Mellon family had joined the political leadership headed by Mayor David Lawrence and the Smoky City of vaudeville jokes disappeared with new smoke control laws and construction of the city's Gateway Center.

The Gateway Center is a cluster of huge office buildings in the heart of the Golden Triangle. Pittsburgh is the country's fourth-ranking headquarters and most of their offices are within the few square miles that make the city's downtown.

The night clubs soon disappeared by the time the '50s were over. Rooms like the Copa, Carousel, New Arena, Monte Carlo, Mercur's Music Bar, the Hollywood Show Bar, Carnival, Midway all were playing names.

The next big blow was the 10% city amusement tax. Rising rents, tougher unions and demands by performers soon put them all out of business.

The city continued to grow and night clubs were flourishing out in the suburbs. The Twin Coaches opened in 1950 with names and is still operating very much in the black with seasonal attractions and names during the banquet season.

Holiday House

A few years later, the Holiday House opened and is now one of the nation's phenomena with a big attractive room, excellent and reasonable meals, low prices and names 52 weeks a year.

While the Holiday House flourished under John Bertera, his old Vogue Terrace went through two sets of owners and finally burned down in the first week of its existence as a dinner-theatre. Bill Green's became a shopping centre and the Ankara made a gag come true—the room was turned into a garage.

The hotels tried to carry the load but the Hilton folded its entertainment room a year after it was opened. The William Penn (then the Penn Sheraton) opened its Riverboat room in 1960 and closed it in 1967.

As downtown went dead, a small village area in the city called Shadyside picked up the slack. Small cocktail lounges sprung up and the first live entertainment was heard at the Encore. Downtown had a few bars going with a piano for entertainment but late in the '60s, the big money came into the city and nightlife here had a rebirth. The Pewter Mug first came into an area now known as Market Square and was built by two advertising men, Pat Foy and John Millar with Walt Harper, a prominent local musician.

Maury Wills, the Pirate shortstop, and a partner group headed by Burrell Cohen, general manager of Three Rivers Stadium, opened the Stolen Base and the rush was on. Prior to Market Square being named, the main drag was Graeme St. and here was the first lounge in the city, Mercur's Music Bar.

More Clubs

Harper followed with Walt Harper's Attic; another adman, Bud Stevenson opened Buddies and the Press Box with partners. The Cheshire Cat came next along with Gallagher's Pub, Upstairs & Downstairs, Encore II and the Top Shelf.

The old Midway name was turned on the site of an established restaurant. The Copa has been turned into a rock room and is now known as the Staircase.

The Stouffer Company, a division of Litton Industries, was also watching the city's new growth. They have 14 Grogshops in the country and three of them are in downtown Pittsburgh. They also operate the Top of the Triangle, on top of the 62-story U.S.

Steel Bldg. which was opened in 1970.

Every month or so, a new entertainment room opens in the mounting number of new motels being built around the city. One of them, the Harmar House is playing names and has had Louis Prima, Johnnie Ray, Pat Cooper and has a steady policy of working groups and names in two rooms.

All of the Holiday Inns, the Sheraton Motor Inns and the Quality Courts have groups, both local and travelling. The Holiday House, which also has a big motel continues to thrive as the main room in town and is planning on a new addition to the complex. Bertera has now taken over personal charge of this project and Bert Sokol is now the managing director and buying all the talent.

Jackie Heller, who owned the Carousel during the peak years and is now entertainment director on the cruise ship, Sea Venture, was in town during the National League playoff games and was amazed at the new downtown and especially all the action in the night clubs.

Heller made the rounds and his feeling was that the new owners (Continued on page 164)

THINKING OUT LOUD

By HY GARDNER

(Publishers-Hall Syndicate)

Miami Beach.

Aviation pioneer Dick Merrill (77) who flew the first plane to double-cross the Atlantic (with Harry Richman as his co-pilot) got off a grim observation when he heard Harry recently died at the age of 77. Said the flyer: "The runways are getting shorter every year."

The smut in so many books, magazines and movies carries so many 4- and 5-letter words it's no longer satisfying to swear when your top is about to blow.

Teeners bug me when they smugly give the mistaken impression that they invented sex. (If it hadn't been discovered earlier they wouldn't be here!).

The once reliable telegram has become the most unreliable medium of communication. Even the pony express was faster, cheaper and more certain of delivery, even when attacked by injuns. Could never dig why, when you phone in a telegram you're asked if it's okay to deliver it by telephone. And if you ask for immediate delivery you're told, "We'll see if we've got a messenger going in that direction."

Unless they want to make football or basketball a career, young men who plan to go to college ought to (also or instead of) go to a trade school. So they wouldn't feel sheepish by being unemployed after they got their sheepskins. (When was the last time you heard of a plumber, an electrician, a radio and TV repairman, a painter or a carpenter etc. out of work???)

Don't think there's anything more ludicrous in our judicial system than an AA judge sentencing a first-time thrill-seeking young marijuana experimenter to time in a hoosegow.

Hate loudmouths, loud music, loud clothes. Also people with a chip on their tongues. Think miniskirts are an improvement over mini-minds.

After seeing what happens to cars parked in public garages and lots. Ralph Nader should campaign that all those "cowboys" who park cars should be forced to have a driving license.

Surest way to know "the season" has started in Miami Beach: electricians filling in the missing letters on neon hotel and restaurant signs.

TALENT SQUEEZE GETTING WORSE

By JOE COHEN

The talent industry has come to the conclusion that the niteries need help and vast amounts of it. The cafes, without the aid of hotel rooms or casinos to cover deficits, seem to be in trouble all over the country. Talent agents concede that unless there is a drastic change in conditions, the cafes may be fighting a losing war.

The agencies are more concerned than ever at this time that the cafes, unless helped, may go the way of vaudeville. They point out the fact that many indie cafes are in trouble. The Michigan Palace, Detroit, for example, which started out with major hopes of becoming an entertainment focal point in that area, has been undergoing difficulties. Caesar's Monticello, Framingham, Mass., has reached a point of major decision. New York's famed Copacabana prospers only when it has powerhouse attractions, and the agencies are unable to deliver many of them.

However, the Latin Casino, Cherry Hill, N. J. which serves a huge area encompassing several states, with bus parties coming as far south as Baltimore, and as far north as the Trenton, with the Philadelphia-Camden area as the major area of support, seems to be holding its own mainly because of its capacity and ability to pay huge salaries.

Competition

Many forms of competition have developed to oppose nightclubs. The theatre-in-the-round, such as those operated by Music Fair Inc. the Oakdale Music Theatre, Wallingford, Conn., and others are in that category. For one price, a customer is able to see two top cafe attractions at a reasonable price with no food or liquor tabs. For \$20 or less they can see some of the top names in the business. These houses are generally located near enough to the cities to draw off some trade from cafes and also to make it worthwhile for suburbanites to stock to entertainment in their own area.

The tents can gross more than \$100,000 weekly to a show while inner city niteries find it difficult to pay \$25,000 or so weekly for names. Even then, they still do not come up with a guaranteed draw. The Monticello, for example, recently paid a top name \$27,500 and the returns were disappointing. The Copa paid in the neighborhood of \$20,000 this season, only to find that they could have done as well with a couple of names taken out of the telephone directory.

The blockbusters stick to Las Vegas, others favor Westbury and arenas instead.

The stars that got their start in night clubs no longer care, according to the agents who cite their busy status in other fields and tax problems as reasons for eschewing cafes.

Present policies, they feel are shortsighted, but there is little they can do. They regard niteries as a developing ground for that talent that can make it in the tents and in other fields, and without cafes as a testing ground other fields will suffer tremendously. Tents, they say will soon find themselves in the same predicament as the niteries.

No Simple Solution

The agencies conclude that there is no simple solution. Just how to reverse the inflationary spiral that has made cafe-going virtually prohibitive is hard to fathom. They note that most cafe audiences are in the over-40 class. Attempts to get younger regulars are difficult to come by, since many can't afford the prices.

There doesn't seem to be a format that can lower prices and get (Continued on page 164)

H'wood Observer Notes 1st Anni Of Florida's Whammo Walt Disney World

By BOB THOMAS

Orlando, Fla.

Is Disney World the Ultimate Showmanship?

From the gaudy extravaganzas of the Roman Empire to the glamorous excesses of Hollywood before its decline and fall, nothing has been seen to match the size, scope and showmanly wonders of this pleasure park in mid-Florida.

A first visit to Walt Disney World is a staggering experience, especially for one who watched Disneyland evolve from the mind of the late wizard, Walt Disney. I recall following him as he prowled the corridors of his Burbank studio, dropping in offices to oversee blueprints and demonstrate working models of the attractions.

"The Peter Pan ride will fly you over the rooftops of London," he rhapsodized. "Then you come to the Pirates' Island and a cannonball will go whizzing past your ear."

On one occasion we drove south on the Santa Ana Freeway to a plot in Anaheim where bulldozers were transforming an orange grove into a vast parking lot. A jeep took us along the dry bed of what would become the jungle ride.

"Now right here a great big hippo will ride out of the water and come charging at the boat with his jaws open," Disney remarked. (No doubt about it, he liked to scare people, because, as he pointed out, "people like to be scared.")

Disneyland, of course, became one of the great success stories of entertainment history. I once asked Walt if he had any disappointments about Disneyland.

"Yes," he said with a scowl, "I'm sorry we didn't have enough money to buy up the surrounding territory. Then we could have controlled it, and we wouldn't have that mess that is there now."

Neon Jungle

The "mess" was the neon jungle of motels and hamburger stands that quickly affixed to the periphery of Disneyland. The glitter and the clutter offended his artistic sense. But there was no way he could forestall the incursion. So few had faith in his dream for Disneyland that he had to borrow on his own life insurance to get the park ready for the opening.

That lapse was not repeated in Florida.

By clever use of five different companies, the Disney forces were able to buy up 27,000 acres of Florida swamps, lakes, rivers and fields before the incipient land boom could begin. That is the crucial difference between Disneyland and Walt Disney World: land. And that is what most impresses the first-time visitor to the Florida project.

A Californian is overwhelmed by the flatness of the land—and the green. From the Top of the World restaurant at the peak of the fantastic Contemporary Resort Hotel, you can see nothing to interrupt the flat, wooded horizon—except four brand-new high-rise hotels many miles distant.

That's the way Walt Disney wanted it: no intrusions to clash with the world of fantasy that he wanted to create for visitors.

Never Lived To See It

He didn't live to see that World. But everywhere his touch can be seen. The eye-filling vistas. The courtesy of the personnel (the Disney breed have all the attributes of the Boy Scout Creed). The cleanliness everywhere.

That was a fixation with Disney—cleanliness. He wanted his parks to be far removed from the cruddy atmosphere of carnivals. Everything is freshly painted. Trash watchers almost stab a candy wrapper before it hits the ground. He had one law from the begin-

ning: no gum would be sold on the premises.

Walt Disney World abounds in water, which makes it different from the arid Anaheim of Orange County. The lakes surrounding the Florida Theme Park were drained and cleaned of layers of primordial sludge. Underneath was pure-white sand, and it was thrown onto the periphery of the lakes to create lovely beaches.

That was the major surprise about Walt Disney World: it is a superb resort that could be enjoyed without even visiting the Magic Kingdom, as the theme park is called.

But of course the Magic Kingdom is the magnet that has drawn the millions to this onetime swamp (10,712,991 in the first year of operation).

Deja Vu With A Difference

For one who is familiar with every square foot of Disneyland, there is a strange feeling of deja vu. The entrance to the park is much the same, but tricks are played on the eyes. Main Street in Disneyland was built at 5/8th scale, to give a kind of recollected view of oldtime America. In Walt (Continued on page 170)

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

By ART MOGER

Boston.

As president of the Tub Thumpers of America, whose prime aim is to "roast" celebrities I learned that "a good press agent should be heard and not seen."

Witness the time I tried to make mincemeat out of Hon. John F. Volpe, Secretary of Transportation, then Governor of Massachusetts. I greeted him with "Chi mangia bene, campà cent anni." He nodded his head in acquiescence and whispered to me: "Where did you learn to speak such good Italian?" I quickly replied: "I saw this on a can of Il Progresso spaghetti!" This softened him up for the rest of the evening.

When William F. Buckley, Jr. was our guest, we warned our roastmasters not to use any profanity, in deference to our honoree. However, the ultra-conservative became liberal with a four-letter word which not only caught our members unaware but proved that he was one of us. Incidentally, it was the only dirty word heard throughout.

Maestro Arthur Fiedler of Boston Pops Orchestra fame announced: "I have never had so much fun with my clothes on!" Whereupon a member was wheeled in playing an ocarina, through his left nostril, much to Fiedler's amazement.

Joe Levine was the target of our verbal abuses and brought Henny Youngman to his moral support. Speaking of "little Joe and his movie millions," Youngman announced: "The only guy I know who made a mint is the fellow who invented Life Savers." The silence lulled Levine back to sleep.

The Tub Thumpers of America originally comprised members of the fourth estate and communications media. However its popularity was so great that associate members were admitted for an initiation fee. This caused its demise, since there were more non-fourth estate members and those whose affiliations were in the field of chicken plucking, retailing and numbers rackets. However, while it was at its height, luminaries such as F. Lee Bailey, were praised for his ingenuity by "reducing a (Continued on page 166)

Publicly-Owned Arenas See Risks In Promoting Own Shows But It's Still Fastest Way For Facility To Pay Off

The question of whether publicly owned arenas and auditoriums should go in for their own promotion continues to be a major item of discussion among and state owned buildings.

There is an increasing tendency for managers to press for the right to promote various events without the aid of outside promoters. There is also the fear among many managers and supervisors that a losing promotion or two would mean the end of their career in that building.

The difference, it's pointed out, is whether the real owners of the facility, the taxpayers, would elect to take a chance on getting a rental and a profit by underwriting some of the concerts that are booked into their halls.

There are some who argue that when a promoter comes in, arrangements with the auditorium call for a guarantee rental and a percentage of the gross when figures reach certain points. In a way it is a participation. To go beyond that, they say, would be shooting craps with the taxpayers' money. To get an attraction of reputation into a building means that win, lose, or draw, the facility would be responsible not only for the performers' guarantees, but also for the expenses of promotion such as advertising, help for the evening, printing of tickets, and other items that go into a single date.

Not too many governing bodies would want to take that chance. However, it's only when they see outside promoters raking in goodly sums of cash with what has been regarded as a surefire lure, that a city council, or board of directors of a building, wonder why they didn't take a flier into the promotion. After all, they provide the facility that made the presentation possible and without the building, no profit would have been made.

Key Question

The question of whether managers should go into promotion is likely to become even more paramount in auditorium and arena circles. The basic situation in many buildings is the fact that the overhead of many facilities is so high that they cannot make ends meet merely on rentals even if the facility was rented every night. Even when the arena is the home ground of hockey and basketball teams, and they get annual visits from the touring shows such as "Disney on Parade," the various ices, and perhaps the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, there is still a mass of red ink at the end of the year. The major culprit in this area is generally the interest on the bonds to pay for the structure.

Then why do various municipalities or counties go in for arena and auditorium construction? There is the general desire to bring business into a particular community. They may have little hope for national conventions in many communities, but there are statewide confabs, various exhibitors with regional meets, and also the community itself may need a civic centre as the scene of local functions. The taxpayer is called upon to subsidize the additional income for the businessmen of the area through the tax rats.

As a result, many auditorium and arena heads are seeking to convince the town fathers that they ought to go into show biz in a bigger way. The municipality, they argue, automatically went into the entertainment field when it built the facility, and the promotion of events seems to be the next step. A few successful promotions could at least pay the interest charges, and possibly pay for the operation as well.

Some feel that promotion by a governmental body would be infringing on private enterprise. Besides, promoters may also go broke. Nobody wants to see a city, state or county do that.

Sagebrush-Off

By EDNA AMADON TONEY

Katonah, N.Y.

Can a girl from a small mining town (or even a large manufacturing city) jump off Golden Gate Bridge into San Francisco Bay wearing strapless pumps and still have them on her feet after she's rescued? (It happened one night on the Late Late show).

* * *

Wish broadcasters would get together on pronouncing the name of a certain legendary literary figure. Some call him "Donkey Hutty," others, "Donkey Shut." Back where Ah hail from (Bar-X Ranch, Grand Konkhorse) this here feller was known, if he was known at all, as "Don Quicks Oat."

* * *

If flute players are flautists, are lute players lautists and mute players mautists?

* * *

Pub Service spot, aired on a New York City station, against shooting eagles, didn't strike me as a critical urban problem. You rarely see them birds flying over Times Square or Madison Ave. or even Mulberry St. any more. And when you do, how often is your rifle at the ready?

* * *

Wish news headline writers would occasionally resort to simple, declarative sentences instead of all those numbing negatives like "Ramsay Blooper Refutes Recently Retracted Resignation Renunciation."

Macon's Mayor Ends '72 With No New Disks & A Mixed Drink Tiff

Macon, Ga.

Macon's gospel singing mayor, Ronie Thompson, ends the year with no new recordings (his last, a ballad about Lieut. William L. Calley in the spring of 1971, never reached the Top 40) but with a series of upsets. He can claim he was never in a rut.

To cover a few highlights, Thompson made an unsuccessful race for Congress, was hospitalized for depression a la Sen. Tom Eagleton, bounced back to order enforcement of Sunday blue laws and for about a week dried out local bars.

Thompson's order to enforce the state blue laws against Sunday business resulted in arrest of several food store managers and clerks but never reached film houses, service stations and radio-TV stations and newspapers which he threatened. The mayor called a halt to await the outcome of pending court cases.

Powers Elephant's Baseball Uniform Saved For History

By PAUL MYERS

(Curator, Theatre Collection
New York Public Library)

Some vital information about the year's Theatre Collection "First."

An additional box of material about Bert Lahr elicits our first Certificate of Sportsmanship, an Award of the Sailfish Conservation Club of the Palm Beaches. This gold-starred and beribboned document reports that Bert Lahr, New York, N.Y., has successfully tagged and released alive a sailfish ... length, estimated 8 feet; weight (Continued on page 162)

The Spiel Circuit

A Blue Suit, Shaving Kit And Round-Trip Ticket— Laffing-It-Up For The Biddies

By PETER LIND HAYES

Las Vegas.

"A blue suit, shaving kit and a round trip ticket," Oh for the life of a lecturer.

Since Mary (Healy) and I are semi-retired and living the life of Ma and Pa Kettle in Las Vegas, the land of silk and money, I decided to become a lecturer and keep my "Ham" in.

The late Bennett Cerf bridged me into the Keedick agency and they have kept me on the run about twice a month. Would you believe it's fun? It is. The little ol' ladies with the blue hair and white sneakers make for a wonderful audience and as Woody Allen once said, "Take the money and run!"

Regardless of where the lecture is, the entire operation takes about 24 hours. First of all, you park your car and gingerly walk onto the plane with carry-on luggage. He who travels light, travels fast: in other words, no waiting around at your destination.

Airport Frisking

The one problem a clown runs into occasionally, is the heavy frisking that takes place at the check-in counter. Trying to explain the contents of my shaving kit is an occasional problem. The shaving kit also doubles as my prop case and the inspector usually goes slack-jawed when I try to explain a pair of Oriental glasses, a fake moustache, a set of false teeth and a blank pistol I use for shooting little ol' ladies who ask embarrassing questions.

So far I have only two pistols. They always promise to return my "theatrical property," but so far no word. What the hell can they be doing with my pop gun?

In the past six weeks I have been in Minneapolis, St. Louis, Los Angeles, Seattle and Farmington, Mich. The dates are more available

to me now than a year or so ago. During that era, the women's clubs, universities, and Chambers of Commerce were mainly interested in blacks and politicians. At one point I even considered "blackening up" to get a job. Apparently the politicians and the blacks were a little too "Heavy" for the groups, who wanted a "simple little luncheon" with no overpowering statements to discourage their digestion.

My introductory remarks have constantly received applause, maybe it's a trend of the times, I take a Churchill pause and then say, "I am here for nonsense, and if you're looking for a message, perhaps you should call Western Union, I have written my epitaph and on my tombstone it will say, For Amusement Only!"

From there I go on to a great deal of namedropping, which the ladies enjoy and also receive a sort of vicarious thrill. They seem to love to hear obscure stories about the great and near-great, and of course I have plenty of those.

The lecture circuit is alien to me since I am an oldtime vaudevillian and supperclub entertainer. I grew used to the fact that I was going to have to spend a week or two in a certain town, settle for cardboard food and do five shows a day. In the case of supper clubs, Mary and I would constantly be booked in predominantly Catholic towns during Lent. The booker assuming, naturally, that if Hayes & Healy couldn't get the Christians out, nobody could.

Well those days are gone, just give me a blue suit, my shaving kit and a round trip ticket and I'll be home next morning in time to tee off. After all golf is my business and lecturing is a charming hobby.

Argentine Taste In Cafes

Buenos Aires.

Cafe-concerts mushroomed during 1972 after the impact attained the year before by Cipe Lincovsky at El Gallo Cojo (The Lame Cock) and Edda Diaz at La Gallina Embarazada (The Pregnant Hen). The impresarios of both houses have opened a third, El Pollito Erotico (The Erotic Little Chicken), and many others have followed suit: some 18 cafe-concerts were active at the height of the season.

Edda Diaz was still the main attraction in its second year at La Gallina. People like these rather intimate locales where they can have a drink (or more) while seeing a good performer in a display of his (or her) talent.

Circus Flight Thrills In Moon Age; But Clowns Seen Obsolete Species

By DAVID LEWIS HAMMARSTROM

Oakland, Calif.

The circus, an eternal delight, renews itself with and for every age. Today's flower children are getting high on its ethereal wonders: cloud swing breakaways and teeterboard thrusts, polevaulting leaps and swinging headstands. A new generation is discovering with gaping approval the primitive, miraculous powers of the human body in natural, poetic orbit. The daring young man on the flying trapeze retains appeal in astro-nautic times.

There's still something special about a man flying through space without a space suit on—without the promptings of a central computer. After all those carefully plotted, tediously drawn out super-scientific takeoffs, the clean, swift ascent of the Flying Gaonas to the "celestial reaches" within the Greatest Show on Earth—as ringmaster Harold Ronk announces them, "the first family of the air!"—is breathtakingly to the point of immediacy.

Yes, to the point. The circus has always been up front. Its skyway acrobats travel to their own cues. They're free agents up there and nothing will keep them airborne but their own ingenuity; no battery of voices from down below in Texas sending them the latest information on air pressures, landing positions—let alone the odds for survival!

Tito Gaona took it on his own as he swooped down towards earth on a silver bar, then shot back upwards at a sudden, acute angle, spinning three times around like a shooting star and soaring into the hands of the catcher on a perilously thin shaft of luck. Fast, honest, absolute. True ethereal wizards have a way of making three spin-arounds look more like a major dive between two constellations.

Mid-Air Maniacs

Vincent and Rojas Rodriguez are a pair of mid-air maniacs who gallivant across the high wire like astral vagabonds, nonchalantly adrift on the edge of gravity. They float unattached from one show to another. (They were most recently spotted on the Rudy Bros. Circus.) Hold on—their sudden bursts of energy will turn your pulse rate into an emergency signal. They accelerate to a frantic pace, skipping rope at illegal angles, bounding over each other with cruel nerve, scampering back to their tiny platform of security in a frenzy that would scare the living cool out of the most blasé.

You might call them space heroes. The tragic mishaps of the Wallenda family have elevated them over the years into a celebrated shrine all of their own, and Karl Wallenda's recent appearance on the Dick Cavett show following his fall in Detroit sounded more like a dialog on the hazards of a lunar space walk than a vignette on circus life.

Meanwhile, back on earth there's this problem called, "Where have all the clowns gone?" Pity the poor earthbound jester—he can't fly! A good kick around the moon might inflate his sagging ego, knock some kinks back into his funnybone, set him up for a fresh pratfall or three. Few of the nation's practicing mummies are up to anything these days worth laughing about.

P. T. Barnum said that clowns are the pegs upon which to hang a circus. He is being proven wrong. Showmen weren't hanging much

hope on their funnymen in 1972. The old veterans were passing away and new veterans aren't easy to find. Some circuses have given up even trying: Carson & Barnes, a rapidly mushrooming under canvas enterprise, was the only show on the road with five rings, the only show with three flying trapeze acts presented side by side and with 21 elephants (count 'em—the largest single pachyderm conclave assembled this season); it was also one of the shows on the road without a single clown!

You just can't judge a circus anymore by the number of bulls or buffoons it boasts. Big John A. Strong, with one humble ring, had five clowns—led by "Eddie Spaghetti" and "Mr. Meatball"—working as hard as ever for traditional laughs, while over on the much larger, more prominent Polack Bros. Circus, owner Louis Stern was content to relegate his four fading joes to one brief appearance during each performance at their San Francisco engagement!

Irvin Feld's highly touted Clown College is striving madly to fill the void. Its long term effects are yet to be felt convincingly. Feld has opened the door to a host of energetic, promising young men, though at the same time he's escorted to an early retirement some top old regime Ringling funsters who were by no means at the end of their prime. You can't replace an inspired wacky army overnight, and Feld's new apprentices have yet to master the art of group mayhem. Individually many of them shine, but together, well ... their big production gags fizzle as often as they crackle. To be sure, they've scored some success on the Red unit, where alongside a master like Lou Jacobs they're evidently learning how to simplify their intent and unify their attack.

American joeys are at their best en masse, a fact you can appreciate at the Clyde Beatty-Cole Bros. Circus. Its Clown Alley is perhaps the most credible one on the road. Ken Dodd produces there with the irreverent assistance of 10 not so young merry backsliders. Together they've developed a charming ensemble spirit that approaches true animation: There's a whimsical tilt to their thrust, an aura of elegant nonsense about them. They come at you sideways, off-axis—victorious dropouts and overgrown babies, mad hatters without hats and safecrackers in high heels. Their cockeyed unity is devastating; you can feel your heart unwinding backwards and all your well-founded scruples fluttering away, disheveled. Correct Yankee buffoonery raises us to a state of happy confusion.

Cry, Clown, Cry

It's a weeping shame these excellent Beatty-Cole jesters are reduced to the ranks of coloring book merchants and peddlers of other assorted gimmicks as the show wears on (and it does without them). Cry, clown, cry. The things they make you sell!

While we wait for the newer clowns to get it together, we may have to rely on the more serious performer for comic relief. Luckily there are a fair number of centre-ring stars around with a penchant for the put-on. Take, for example, the initials "P.N." They spell out the names of two endearingly facetious gentlemen, both headliners with Ringling Bros. and (Continued on page 162)

BIG NOTHING SO FAR FOR 1976 HURRAH

—NO-TALENT, NO-IMAGINATION STILL MARKS BICENTENNIAL
—AUTHORIZE STATE FUNDS, THEN DON'T PAY THEM THE MONEY
—SHOWMEN VOLUNTEER, THEN FAIL TO RECEIVE INVITATIONS

By ALFRED STERN

(The author has written articles for these Anniversary Editions over many years. He has been involved in celebration showmanship projects in the States, Canada, Japan and Europe. His forecast of the "un-promise" of the N.Y. World's Fair of Robert Moses and of the "dynamism" of Mayor Jean Drapeau's Expo 67 in Montreal stand as fulfilled prophecy.—Ed.)

In less than a year, on Dec. 16, 1973, the 200th anniversary of the Boston Tea Party will overture the U.S. Bicentennial era. The Presidentially appointed American Revolution Bicentennial Commission established seven years ago (winning the Revolution took the same length of time!) has no plans for the occasion.

Nor has it seen fit to endorse or cooperate with Thomas J. Lipton Inc.'s proposal to sponsor and stage an effective commemoration—Massachusetts was after all the single state carried by McGovern. But this is symptomatic of the ham-fisted political motivations and bureaucratic chaos continuing to dominate the Bicentennial, now with more than 80 employees footed by the taxpayers.

The Commission has been increasingly criticized by Congress and the press for partisan preoccupation in glorifying the incumbent regime and a lack of creative ideas. To date the first charge is irrefutable, the second somewhat naive as it's hardly realistic to expect imaginative programming from a Federal Commission devoid of professional expertise and talent.

Writing in 1776 on future commemoration of our Independence John Adams said "I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the Great Anniversary Festival. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore."

Alas, his spirit has totally eluded this Commission which has activated nothing 'til now beyond a campaign to "merchandise commemorative medallions. The predictably dismal record and prognosis speak for themselves: The Centennial Commission's prime concept for 50 Bicentennial Parks and Exhibits Centers, one per state, disclosed in February, 1972, has been subject to feasibility studies after, instead of before, the scheme was proclaimed and now realization appears extremely unlikely. The Commission's own non-supportive lethargy doubtlessly contributed to Colorado voters turning down essential bond support for the 1976 Winter Olympics and Iowa citizens

likewise nixing a proposed 1976 International Agriculture & Foods Expo.

Other U.S. communities, most possibly like Lake Placid, N.Y., may yet salvage the Winter Olympics, but time is running out. In contrast Montreal's ebullient Mayor Jean Drapeau has long since confirmed the stellar 1976 Summer Olympiad, a coup for Canada and another strikeout for the U.S. Bicentennial.

Two years ago Senate Minority leader Hugh Scott (Pennsylvania) assured Federal approval and support for Philly's proposed Expo 76. The press proclaimed "Great Scott, it's Philadelphia." It isn't. The plans were inept, the pricetag excessive and the Commission, albeit with justification, negative.

But if all had worked together on a rational program the results might well have been otherwise as witness the successful partnership of the Canadian Province of Quebec & City of Montreal governments in achieving Expo 67 to spotlight the Centennial of Canadian Federation or the similar cooperation between the Japanese government and Osaka Prefecture resulting in recordbreaking and profitable Expo 70, both in nations vastly less populous and wealthy than the U.S.

With a Bicentennial Expo and the 50 state parks down the drain any significant programming must be dependent on individual states and communities. To stimulate such essential planning the ARBC for more than three years has pledged \$45,000 to 50 state Bicentennial Commissions & \$30,000 for each U.S. Commonwealth & Territory. To date about 50% of the grants have been distributed to state Commissions, in themselves slow moving political bureaucracies mistakenly awaiting dynamic leadership and support from Washington.

Last April this writer together with Robert O'Brien, Reader's Digest Senior Editor, were retained by the Centennial Commission to assist in developing a comprehensive report on fine and performing arts, commissioned works and national competitions designed to permanently enrich our culture. The report has never been issued or acted upon. Indeed after repeated requests we've yet to receive a copy. A laudable Congressional proposal for 50 (one per state), Bicentennial films, a hypo for an ailing Hollywood, has received no support or action by the Commission.

More than a year and a half ago Jo Mielziner, Ralph Alswang and Edward F. Kook, all accomplished professionals, submitted a stimulating, practical proposal for a catalytic traveling Bicentennial arena spectacle conceived to galvanize states and local participation. They asked

only for the opportunity to present the concept to the ARBC's performing arts panel, promised by Hugh A. Hall, the Commission's present Acting Executive Director. They're still awaiting an invitation, but then Mielziner designed the White House performing art facilities when JFK was in residence.

Jack LeVant, the ARBC's third successive Executive Director, resigned under pressure. In accepting his resignation for once the Commission moved with alacrity. LeVant, an industrial associate of ARBC Chairman David J. Mahoney (its third), a major Republican Party contributor and top Norton Simon Inc. exec., was a classic case of Governmental miscasting. His slot has yet to be refilled and it's wistfully hoped that a new selection will be predicated on professional ability instead of political patronage, obviously a fallacious criteria for such a specialized assignment.

Not only does the ARBC's lackluster performance confirm that the Government is unlikely to produce anything of genuine impact, but more critical, their boondoggling is discouraging if not eliminating states, municipal, international, industrial and institutional participation. It's increasingly apparent that whatever worthwhile projects our 200th anniversary will generate must originate via the infinitely greater capabilities of nongovernmental organizations. Here too the ARBC has been woefully derelict in stimulating or even communicating with the private sector, an especially appalling neglect what with Chairman Mahoney's industrial conglomerate and advertising background. To date this lack of fundamental enterprise has caused such bellwether organizations as the National Assn. of Manufacturers, American Bankers Assn., Motion Picture Assn. of America and National Cable Television Assn., all with much to gain through effective programming, to delay or decline considering participation.

On the brighter side, despite even minimal ARBC encouragement others, notably the American Bar Assn., American Medical Assn., Institute of Life Insurance and National Shooting Sport Foundation have authorized or approved planning studies designed to advance their own institutional interests and those of the most important national commemoration of our lifetimes. Perhaps the ARBC's predilection for politics and aggrandizement of the present Administration best explains its sorry sloth. At least one element is reminiscent of our struggle for independence, the Commission's costly dictatorial indifference reconfirms the validity of the Revolutionary slogan, "Taxation without Representation!"

The U.S. deserves far better.

The Circus 'Invented' Family Entertainment

By IRVIN FELD

(President & Producer, Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows)

A great deal is being written and discussed these days about family entertainment. Over the past few years many areas of show business have gone about as far as you can go into the twilight zone of "X" rated material. Now it seems the pendulum is in the other direction. "Family entertainment" is a popular phrase once again.

To those of us involved with Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, we're hardly comelately in this area: The Greatest Show on Earth has been America's leading source of family entertainment for 103 years. In those 10 decades we have learned many lessons.

When P.T. Barnum and James A. Bailey combined over 100 years ago, theatrical performances of all types were suspect. Cfergy exhorted congregations to stay clear of anything "theatrical", even acrobatic. It was the era of "honky tonks" and blue after-pieces in the "varieties."

Barnum & Bailey and, later, the Ringling Bros., changed all that with John Robinson, Hogenbeck-Wallace, Sells-Flato et al. These pioneer showmen understood that their circuses would never be accepted by the American public until prospective patrons understood that their shows had educational value and incidentally, provided good entertainment. Circus men combed the world for unique attractions. Animals — elephants, tigers, giraffes, for instance—that every child a identify today were introduced to America by the circus.

It soon became obvious to even the most skeptical that the circus

was unique. The circus also understood that it had secured a special place in the entertainment world. (Of course Tony Paster pioneered clean vaudeville in 1881).

Discuss for a moment the very large difference between an entertainment spectacle designed only for children and one that is planned and produced for the group that we like to call "children of all ages."

To provide thrills, splendor and excitement to every person, ages 6 and 96, we carefully plan our show with every age group in mind.

In every city, we are pleased to note busload after busload of what the press calls "senior citizens." Teenagers and young adults also seem to regard the circus as very "in."

The wonderland of the very young is exactly the kind of world we strive to create for each and every member of our audience. For a few enchanted hours, fantasy, splendor and incredible feats of daring blend "Children of All Ages" together in that unique time-machine that is Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus.

That's what "family entertainment" is all about.

Busch Gardens A Flop

Houston.

The \$11,000,000, 34-acre Busch Gardens, an amusement park, will shut down most of its wild animal displays next year because of low attendance and high costs. The park, owned by Anheuser-Busch, Inc., opened in May 1971.

Attendance the first year fell far short of the expected 300,000.

Race Ruling Cancels Harris' So. Africa Tour

Capetown.

Capetown impresario Ronnie Quibell has cancelled the proposed tour of Australian entertainer Rolf Harris because the government has refused permission for him to perform before non-white audiences.

Quibell applied for permission for Harris to appear at non-white theatres in addition to white houses. But he was advised that the show was for whites only without stating reasons, so Quibell has cancelled the tour.

Vienna Niteries In Deep B.O. Slide; Blame It On TV

By ERNIE REED

Vienna.

Local night life is going through a most difficult period. Patrons just seem to prefer to remain at home and watch tv. Some clubs like the Casanova, which in its final years was importing unit shows from Eastern Europe to cut down on expenses have folded while other spots are fighting to keep alive.

Nightly on Vienna's fashionable downtown thoroughfare of Kaerntnerstrasse, considered the Fifth Avenue of this capital, attractive chicks distribute pamphlets and cards: "24 beautiful girls are waiting in the club for your amusement" or "win yourself a beautiful girl along with a free bottle of champagne at our Casino Club lottery sweepstakes held every evening at midnight." Still another ad urges you to bring your entire

(Continued on page 166)

Inflexibility Choked Music Halls, British Variety Lives Anew In Clubs

By DES O'CONNOR

(Author chalked up a bit of a show biz marathon mark when he played his 1,000th performance Dec. 5 at London's Palladium.—Ed.)

London.

First thing I learned when a pro almost 20 years ago was that simple old showbiz adage: Never rewrite a hit. Taken literally, of course, that's nonsense for it was the sheer inflexibility of old time British vaudeville that killed the music halls. But the underlying message still holds good. What's fundamentally successful can remain so even it is dressed up rather differently.

Nowhere is this more obvious than in Music Hall—or vaudeville—itself. For in many ways live showbusiness in Britain has come full circle and what started in the public houses of London and the taverns of major provincial cities, is now booming once again in the clubs and pubs up and down the country.

The settings are different—plushier, roomier, purpose-built. The acoustics, sound systems, technical gadgetry, etc. are far in advance of the days of creaking boards and loudhailers. But basically, live entertainment itself has remained the same.

Today it's no surprise to find anything between 1,000 and 1,500 patrons laughing (or crying) into their beer, in those sumptuous parlors of the North, to the same line of patter that caused their great-grandfathers to spill Guinness down their dickies. Mums and daughters still swoon at a lusty larynx and a well-turned thigh still bulges male eyeballs wall-to-wall.

Why the swing back to live entertainment? That's a tough one to answer. I'm not sure that it ever really submerged, though the fact of a resurgence assumes it must have at least subsided considerably. I tend to think television has a lot to do with it.

As a medium, tv would sell yesterday's newspapers to the British. They love it. Tele ogling is the national pastime. I'm told—and I'm sure it's true—that a recent poll has shown that an Englishman's main holiday pursuit is watching television. And woe betide the boarding house without a color set!

Impact of 'Telly'

But television also creates desires. And heroes. Sated with the slick, smooth, romantic imagery of tv entertainment, the British public seem to have developed a need for in-the-flesh reality. The live performance therefore becomes the counterbalance of the tele performance. And the medium that allegedly contributed so much to death of out-of-home entertainment is now seen to be creating it, if only in an oblique way.

Personally, I feel I was extremely lucky coming into the business when vaudeville was very much a vital part of entertainment tradition in Britain. I served my apprenticeship in the halls and I believe there could have been the decline and fall of vaudeville would be swift because Music Hall suffered that traditional British malady, a bitter distrust of change. Stage entertainment simply faded

(Continued on page 170)

HURRICANE OF '72 PROVED NO TWO SEASONS THE SAME FOR CIRCUSES

By TONY CONWAY

Falls Church, Va. One year in the circus business is like any other year in the circus business; that sounds like the old cliché, "If you've seen one circus, you've seen 'em all" and it is just as untrue, too. From the tiny outfit moving on four or five show-owned trucks to a unit of "The Greatest Show On Earth" moving on its own 30-car circus train, it is totally different from one year to the next. Nor is the reason for this constant change hard to find. Acts and staffers come and go, weather and economic conditions change, and none of us are exactly the same every day in our lives.

In the fall of 1971, much was being made of the new Buffalo Bill show being put out by Montie Montana Jr., and the new arena show, *Clowning Around*, being prepared by the Lashinsky Bros. who have the highly successful touring company, "The Wonderful World of Horses." In both cases, the costs preparatory to opening became excessive and neither show survived to go on the road. In addition, the "sets" for "Clowning Around" were bulky and hard to handle and required many men to handle both in the buildings and in making moves between dates. Following bankruptcy proceedings, the Buffalo Bill title was purchased at auction by Montie Montana Jr.

Circuses as such had a much better time of it; only one show had personnel and booking problems that caused it to close early. Circus Bartok, operated by Doc Bartok who had the Bardex Medicine Show, managed to stay out 16 weeks before calling it quits. There has been no word since as to plans for the future. Not that things were all that easy. Winds of near-tornado strength hit Hoxie Bros. early in the season while the show was playing one of its many hospital dates. Perhaps 20 of the mental-patient audience suffered minor injuries as did John Herriott, Hoxie's ringmaster-announcer and animal trainer.

Caught By Hurricane

Hoxie was caught in the floods in Pennsylvania caused by Hurricane Agnes and lost a baby elephant and five days worth of dates. Other shows were affected by heavy winds, not, however, those of Agnes. Rudy Bros., making an unusual cross-continent tour for a California-based show, suffered damage to their big top and seating at Chicago. The canvas and grandstands were furnished on a rental basis by a company based in Florida owned by former circus people including Harold Marnes the wirewalker who appeared for so many years at New York's Roxy Theatre at the Christmas season and a member of the Beers-Barnes circus family. Carson & Barnes one of the Hugo (Oklahoma) shows, had a blowdown at La Salle, Illinois, in mid July, following by just about a month the blowdown of the L. N. Fleckles-M&M "Circus International" big top.

Not one but two blowdowns were the fate of the Clyde Beatty-Cole Bros. Circus. From all indications, neither was a major event. Beatty-Cole's smaller sister, Sell & Gray, was caught in the flooding following Agnes and lost a number of dates as well as the Cadillac belonging to show manager Wilson Storey who is also the booker for the three Acme Circus Corp. shows, Beatty-Cole, King Bros., and Sells & Gray.

Vive Wallenda

The fantastic Karl Wallenda continues to make headlines with his wire walking stunts across the nation's baseball parks. He also has his Wallenda Circus and they lost a date in West Virginia because of the bad weather. It was that engagement that was being played as a makeup date when Richard Guzman, husband of Carla Wallenda, Karl's younger daughter, was electrocuted when trying to assist Karl's solo performance.

Otto Griebeling, whose interpretation of the tramp clown made

him the finest clown in the business in the eyes of many professionals, died during Ringling-Barnum's traditional Madison Square Garden date. He had undergone a laryngectomy several years ago. Later in the year George Hanneford, Sr., younger brother of the well-remembered Poodles and an equally fine bareback performer, died in Allentown, Pa., while visiting the family riding act which was appearing at the Great Allentown Fair. On a happier note, Sarah and Danny Chapman, a featured aerialist and an outstanding clown with Ringling-Barnum, had a baby boy whom they named Ives. In celebration of his arrival, they sent out announcements showing a photograph of the proud mamma and napa in full ring costume and the baby, properly attired in baby clothes, including baby bonnet wearing a full duplicate of his father's clown makeup.

Hoxie got one of the finest publicity breaks possible when a full-length feature on the show appeared in the March 1972 issue of National Geographic Magazine. Beatty-Cole performers and equipment—with some good views of the show name—were featured in a TV commercial for a nationally-known breakfast food. Of course performers from Ringling-Barnum made the big TV talk and game shows: one such visit was that of girl clown Maudie Flippen, niece of comedian J. C. Flippen, to the Mike Douglas Show where she "refereed" a prize fight between Mike and Milton Berle.

Ringling's famous veterinarian Dr. J. Y. Henderson married Annelise Lobato, former member of skating acts, back in June. His former colleague, Dr. W. Y. Higgins appeared in newspaper and TV news stories across the country concerning Frazier, the octogenarian leonine lover. Doc Higgins is on the staff of Lion Country Safari, Laguna Beach, California. Also participating in a commercial open-style zoo operation are members of the Stephenson

Family, famous these past many years for their dog act and riding act on Ringling-Barnum. Their joint venture with H. Ross Perot the multi-millionaire financier will be located near Bowie, Maryland.

Re Irvin Feld

Early in the calendar year Irvin Feld made plans for Barnum City and the Ringling Bros-Barnum & Bailey Circus World, a theme park to be constructed outside Orlando Florida. Located at the intersections of two interstate highways the huge complex will be divided into a number of major entertainment areas with a complex of buildings, arenas, amphitheatres, parks, and beautifully-landscaped grounds. Later, Feld announced the appointment of G. P. "Chappie" Fox, then Director, Circus World Museum, Baraboo, Wisconsin, as Director of Circus Town, Circus Research and Special Events for the new facility.

Over the decades, circuses have seemed to prosper during times of recession, particularly when skilled general agents such as Floyd King routed the shows around areas where unemployment was the rule. With the increasing diversity of amusement forms, the circus has held its own but no longer is the major component of the entertainment world that it once was. Skilled promoter like Mearl N. Johnson and equally talented general agents like Joe McMahon mean the difference between success and failure to the shows they represent. Nor should anyone overlook the skills of a modern master of promotion, Irvin Feld; this was his principal area of interest before acquiring Ringling-Barnum. Of course, yesterday is not like tomorrow. Similarly last year and next year must be different. Whatever the future may hold, Irvin Feld, Frank McClosky, Hoxie Tucker and the other owners and managers of circuses across the United States will cope and the circus industry will remain strong and healthy in the foreseeable future.

The Gentle Art of Ribbing

By EARL WILSON

(Digested from a chapter of the syndicated columnist's book, "The Show Business Nobody Knows" (Cowles - Regnery). Copyright 1971, Earl Wilson.)

There are pessimists today who state that laughter has disappeared from the land. They do not hear any vaudeville jokes from the Palace Theater—or any night club jokes from the Latin Quarter because it is now a porno movie house—and they believe that fun has fled. The truth is that laughter has merely changed addresses. It has moved to television.

Twenty years ago you might have heard Bob Hope say from some theatre stage, "I made a killing today in the market—I shot my broker."

You could have heard Henny Youngman say, "I had a very big day in the market—I sold two chickens."

Today the same comedians tell the same jokes on TV, and they are paid considerably more. Laughter is a much bigger business now than ever before.

There was a kind of nonsense and foolishness in the early days that I don't see now.

On the radio Fred Allen was whining his complaints against NBC vicepresidents.

"An NBC vicepresident is a gentleman who doesn't know what his duties are and by the time he finds out, he is no longer there," Fred said. He also declared that every vicepresident was given a molehill when he came to work at 9 a.m. and was required to make a mountain out of it by 5 p.m.

Grown men used up their energy and their intelligence in those

couple of decades to "rib" people—to embarrass them by insulting them until they exploded into a rage.

Clark Gable was once the victim of professional ribber Vince Barnett, who inherited his talent in that field from his father Luke Barnett.

Vince Barnett, who was the master of several accents, also was able to carry off the pretense that he didn't understand English. His technique was bluntness. Seemingly a meek little man, he would be sent, for example, into the executive offices of a television company by a friend of an executive who wanted to play a joke on him. There he would pose as the irate owner of a used set that had broken down.

The executive would try to be nice to the angry customer, who would gradually drive him crazy.

"Vy," he would scream, going into his German accent, "you sold me a lousy zet and I spend \$200 feex it. Now I vant my \$200 and the price of the zet, \$300, and cab fare and damages. I eefen took it apart myself and poot back together and can't feex it."

"All right," the executive said patiently, "we'll take care of you."

"Oh, ho—you're going to take care of me! Going to slug me. Going to beat me opp!" Shaking a finger under the executive's nose, he yelled, "You Nazi!" The executive, a Jewish gentleman, took off his glasses in exasperation.

"Oh, ho, you tage de glasses off! Vant to fight a poor old man. Now I call opp the district attorney on you, you storm trooper!"

Barnett didn't consider the rib a success unless he got the victim (Continued on page 166)

Healthy 'Sick' Humor

Show Biz & Hippocratic Hipsters Gag It Up For Syndicated Columnist

By RUTH N. ANDERSON
(National Features Syndicate)

Chicago. Covering the medical and socio-psychiatric scene can be a grim affair unless it is tempered with comic relief. After all, who falls to the floor laughing when probing into cancer, heart disease, alcoholism, insanity, migraine headaches?

For this reason, my weekly medical column "VIP Medical Grapevine," is deliberately spiked with gags, many from entertainers; others from physicians, medical students, the lay reader, samplings of healthy "sick" jokes:

Henny Youngman: Doctor—"My dear Mrs. Gluck, your check came back." Patient—"Yes, doctor. So did my arthritis."

Doctor (to a very sick patient)—"Don't worry. You're going to live to be 60." Patient—"I am 60." Doctor—"Well, what did I tell you?"

Johnny Carson: Doctor, (to a beautiful patient)—"Please take your clothes off, all of them." Patient (bashfully)—"Could you first turn off all the lights?" Doctor obliges and gets the room in total darkness.

Patient—"Where shall I put my clothes?" Doctor—"Right on top of mine."

Sam Levenson: Patient (phoning doctor)—"My wife has a terrific pain in her right side. I think it's her appendix." Doctor—"You're kidding! I took your wife's appendix out three years ago." Patient—"Would you believe it? I'm remarried."

From the Med Students' Corn Book: Tom, the pre-med student, already fancied himself a medical expert. So, when one of his teachers came down with an illness whose diagnosis baffled veteran MDs, the teacher called on Tom. "Do you eat much fish?" Tom asked. "No," the doctor prof answered. "I never touch the stuff." "Aha!" Tom said triumphantly. "Mercury deficiency!"

Then there was the intern who wrote this sign for the hospital cafeteria: "Please do not throw your cigaret butts on the floor. Too many roaches are dying of cancer."

Dr. John S. Long—Obstetricians are talking about that fantastic baby boy who was laughing and giggling minutes after he was delivered. Doctors also noticed he had unusual muscle control; he held his left fist tightly clenched. When they opened it up, they found The Pill.

Morey Amsterdam: "I know a fellow who was able, for 25 years to treat his own illness simply by reading the how-to medical articles in the Reader's Digest. The poor guy died last week from a typographical error."

Lee Tully: "Pollution is so bad that when I put air in my tires two of them died. I also refuse to eat canned vegetables because when I eat fresh vegetables at least I know what I'm getting—DDT."

James E. Wootton: "There's a new restaurant in Cleveland called Inn Digestion. They serve free anti-acid pills."

Dr. John Bellows, ophthalmologist—"I asked a patient who owed me \$500 to please pay the overdue bill at once and he confessed he couldn't pay. 'Well, why did you come to me, a big specialist? Will you at least pay me half?'"

The man said he couldn't afford that either. Again I demanded, why come to me, a big specialist. "When it comes to my health," he said, "money is no object."

Octogenarian reader: "The 85-year-old farmer explained to his doctor what he does for recreation. 'I go into town for dances. 'Goodness,' said the doctor. 'I did not think you could dance.' The elderly man replied: 'I can't dance a lick myself, but I sure like to hang onto the ones who can.'"

From Marge Holland: "Before going into the hospital to visit her husband, wife asked the family

doctor how she could make her husband more comfortable. "Just don't worry him," the doctor said. Inside, Jane told her mate: "The doctor said not to worry you, so don't ask me about what happened to your car."

Research Scientist: "What did one guinea pig say to the other while chewing the fat in the la?" "It's a family tradition. What do you mean, you don't want a career in research?"

Stanley Myron Handelman: "I was lying in the street moaning and groaning from an attack of asthma when the driver of a library truck stuck his head out of the window and said, 'Ssh, sshh!'"

Dr. Joseph Charles Elia: "When a draftee showed up at his induction center saying he suffered from hernia he was classified ME instead of the expected 4F."

"What does ME mean?" he asked. "That's Mid East duty," the examiner replied. "Anyone who has worn a truss upside down for 10 years should be riding a camel."

From the Alcoholics' Corn Book: A drunk struck a match that didn't work and he threw it away. He struck a second and the same thing happened. The third one lit up but he blew it out and said: "That's a good one. I've got to save it."

From the Medical Corn Dictionary: A new definition for environmental pollution: Domain Poisoning.

Mal Lawrence: "A fellow in Vegas tried to hit me up for \$100. He said he was starving and had a wife and son. I asked him for assurance that he wouldn't spend the money gambling. 'Certainly not!' he said. 'Gambling money I've got.'"

Joseph Welch, president of a driving School: "I saw a policeman apprehending a driver who had gone up on the sidewalk, hit two lampposts and a fire hydrant. 'Okay, let's see your license,' the officer demanded. The dazed driver answered: 'You mean with that kind of driving I can get a license?'"

Talent & Revues Losing To Rock In Present Paris

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

Paris. Night life here has changed since the more varied days of the 1950s and 1960s. It reduces to the places mainly for tourists and the current "in" joints for the Parisians.

Back 20 years ago talented newcomers got their starts in revue-type and offbeat Left and, even Right, Bank boites. Instead the implantation of (1) rock dancing and (2) night-to-dawn discotheque changed all that close attention to talent.

The two spots with the international ring-zing are still the Lido and the Crazy Horse Saloon. The former keeps up its expert staging and well selected acts for a rousing big production revue-type show that results in capacity every night. Smart patrons eat first to pin down good tables and it is deemed worth the \$20 or so cost (by those who pay.)

Horse Crazy Saloon retains its inimitably inventive peel, more stylish than erotic and seems to divert both men and women, equally.

A new cabaret upped to this class is the Alcazar on the Left Bank where Jean-Marie Riviere has concocted a long, kitschy but entertaining show that twits the preceding two but with enough showmanship.

(Continued on page 170)

TONY BENNETT

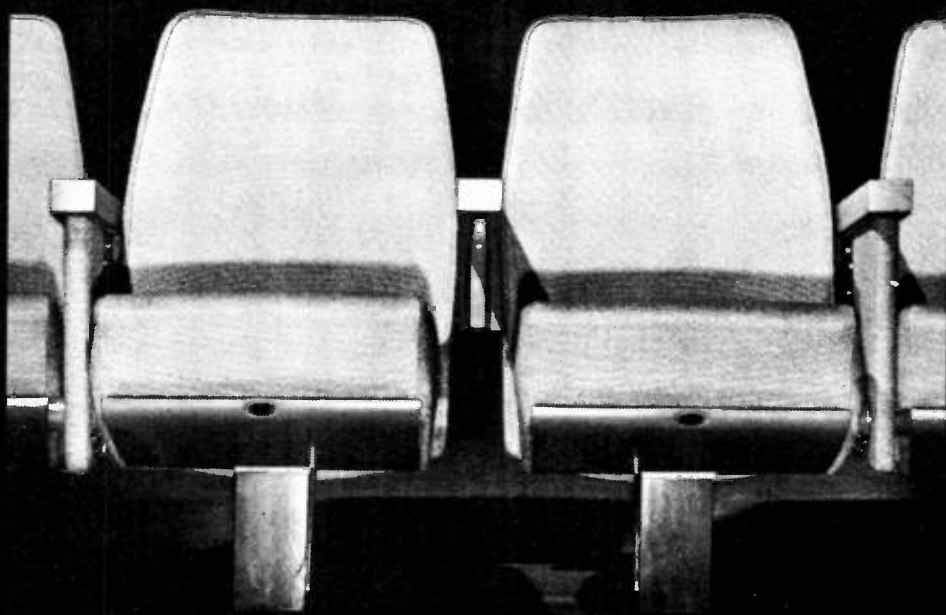


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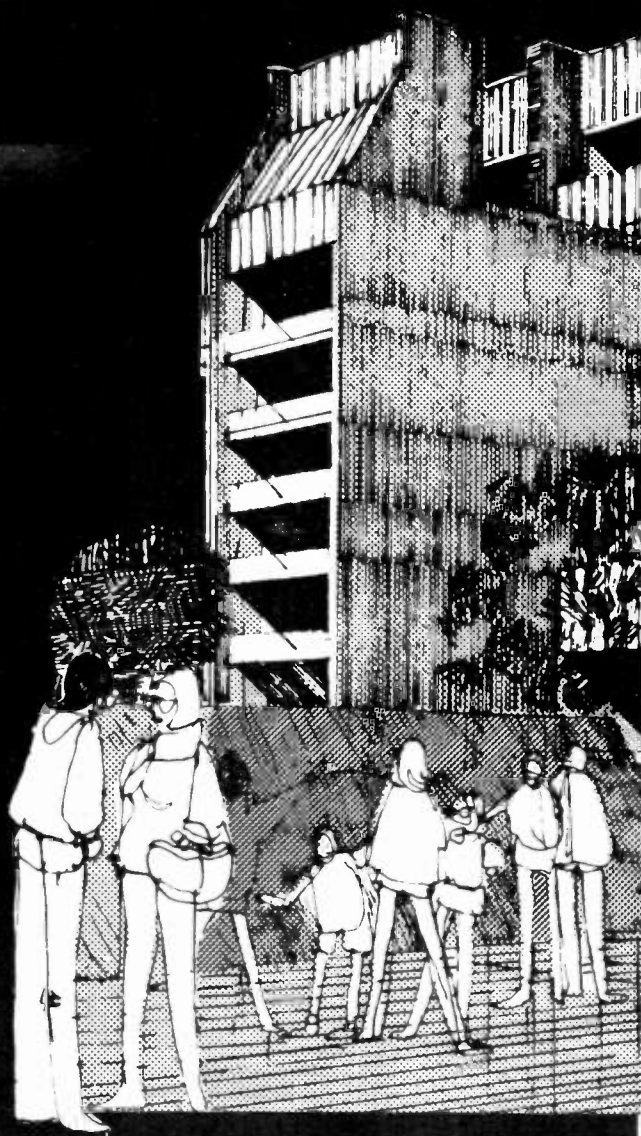
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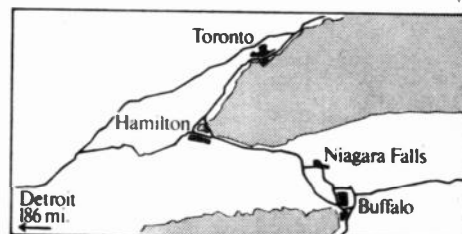
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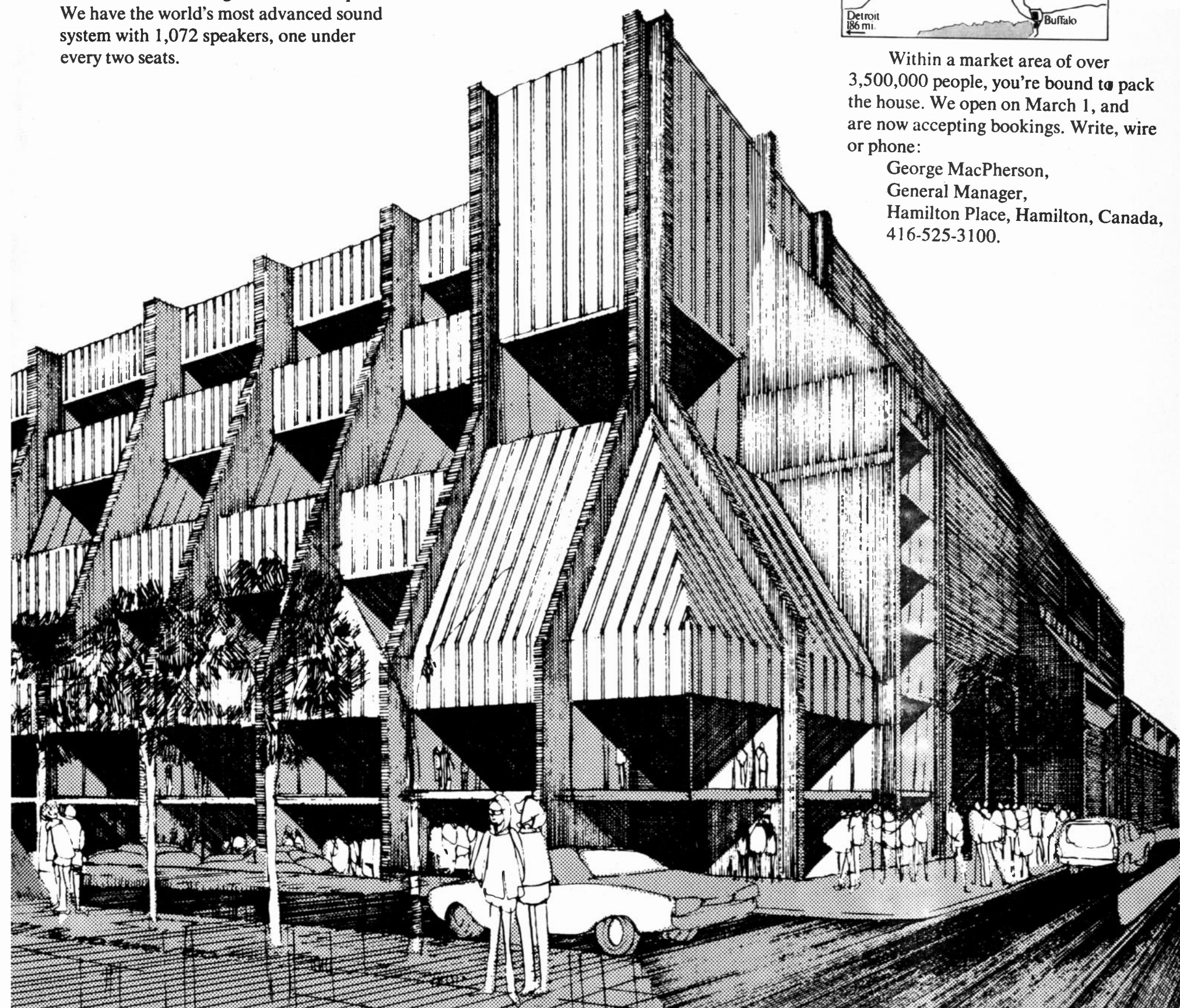
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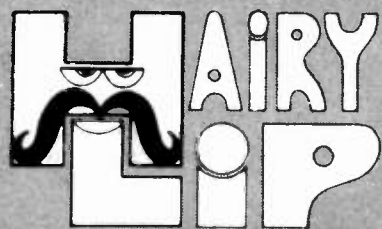


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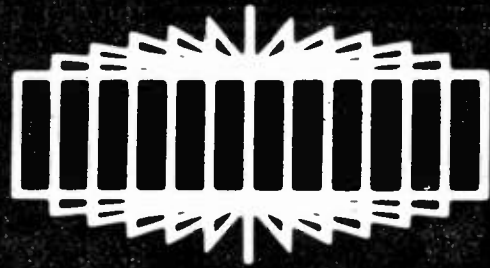
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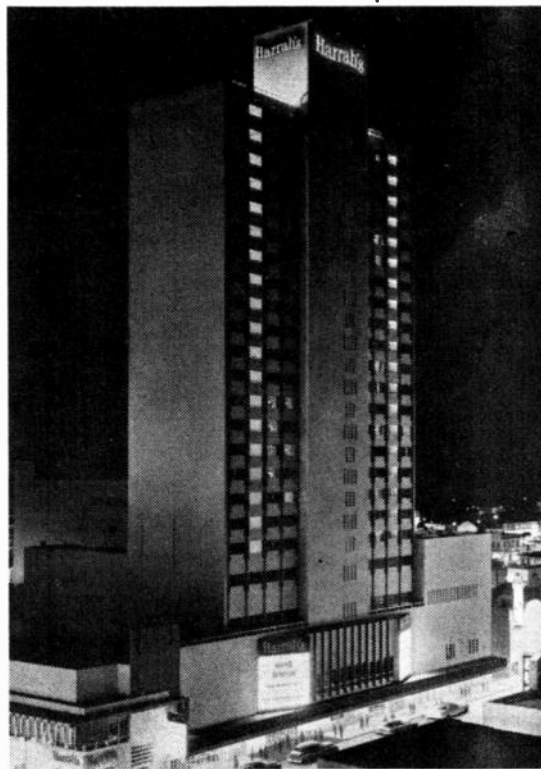
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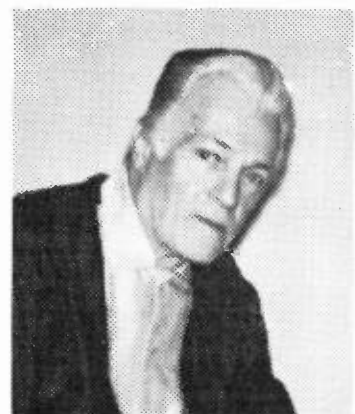


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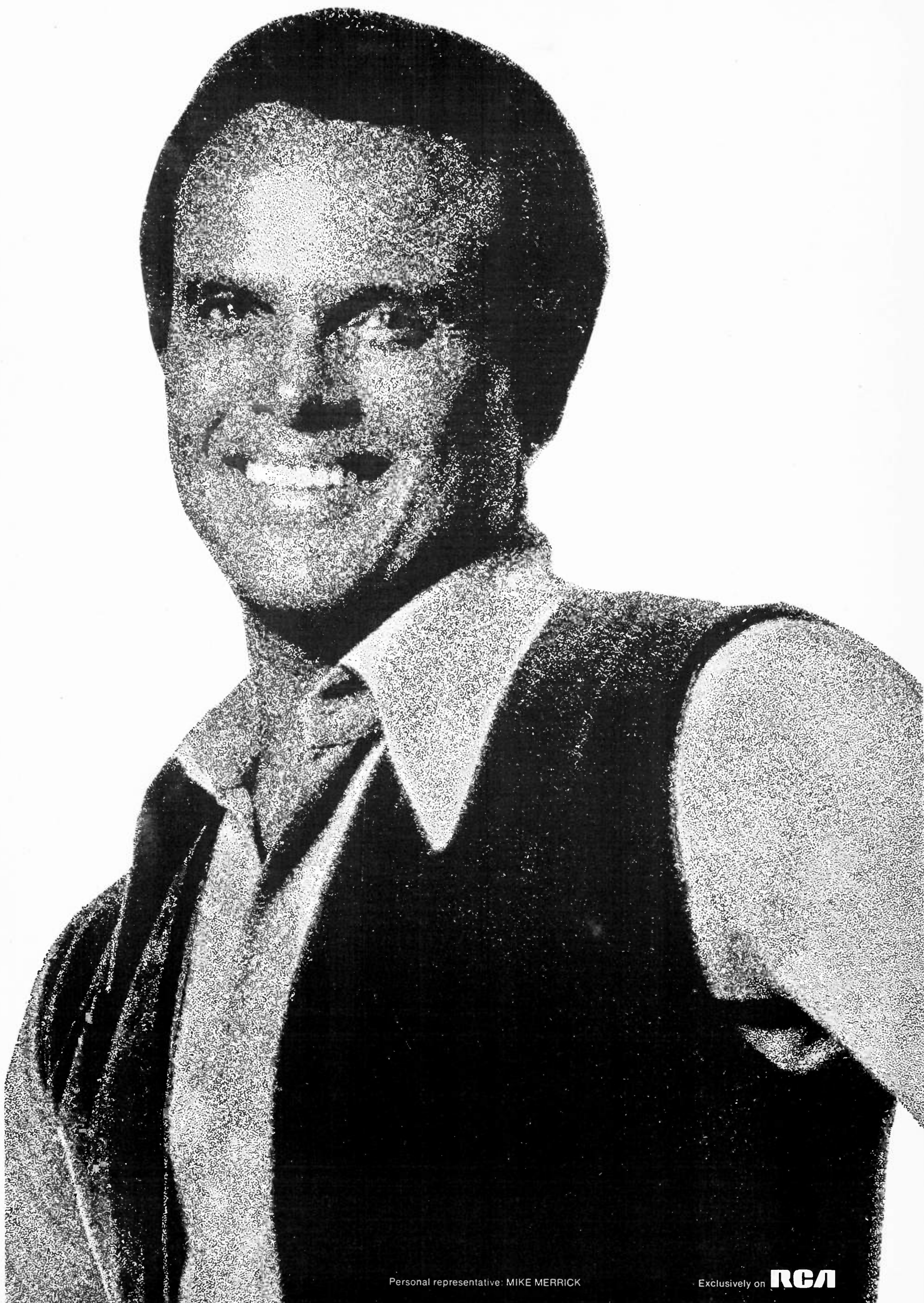
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LAS VEGAS/NEVADA

The Night They Switched Chips At The Thunderbird Hotel In Vegas

By BILL WILLARD

Las Vegas. The biggest trick and/or treat occurred in Vegas on Oct. 31 when Caesars World Inc. took over Del E. Webb's Thunderbird Hotel. At the witching hour of midnight, bosses from both hotels grabbed the T-bird chips and replaced them with others from Caesars Palace in a rare moment when casino action was stopped for the change-over. It didn't hang up the slot-machine grabbers, however. Nothing can stop these indefatigable players from their disjointed rounds. Moving inexorably, the bosses then changed dropboxes under the crap tables, taking out the (hopefully) full boxes and replacing them with empties. Soon, even the slot rows were invaded and the same process repeated as grumpy little old ladies clutched their dixie cups and watched money go out and new boxes come in. How it works is this—what's in the drop goes to Del Webb and what's

in the hopper stays in the machine as potential jackpot fodder. These coins in the fountain belong to Caesars Palace now, just like all the slotmachines.

At that same midnight hour, the casino cage became hyperactivated. Every piece of change, bill, chip was accounted for, then taken to a secret midway office away from the casino for the final countdown. The old gag, "One for you, two for me," couldn't be remembered at this time. Perish such a thought. It was too serious a moment and besides, too many people were watching.

The count finished, Webb claimed the cash, but had to forego his huge pile of friendly chips. What happened to them? They were bagged, hustled outside to a waiting corn-cob crusher and—zip nothing left but a small pile of pink dust. Perhaps someone with a sense of history, an oldtimer who remembered the 'Bird when it was

built back in '48, scooped up the dust, put it in a vase and scattered the powder over the desert from a helicopter in final rites. Resurrexit in spades!

Fate Of The Chips

One quarter of a century the hotel stood its ground, pushed further down in the skyline by the surrounding skyscrapers. One day it, too will suffer the fate of the chips. Perhaps not in a corn-cob crusher, but a vanishing job just as efficient. Then, according to plan, the imposing Marc Antony will supplant old Indian lore on the site, and where the neon design of the Thunderbird beckoned once upon a time atop a three-story tower, the new structure will be three-score-and-three with 2,000 rooms filling in 35 acres of land from the Strip to Paradise Road.

There is another sad refrain from that trick and/or treat night of 1972. It seems that the old 'Bird was going along with pasted feathers of another specie, possibly a parakeet, along with googaws unlike the natural silver and turquoise in order to attract the touristy tourist type. Somewhat garish for the old 'Bird, but there it was inside the casino, plastic

pennants of all colors with tinselled borders, signs and banners on the walls hanging from the ceiling proclaiming bigger and better jackpots, giveaways, and cash! cash! CASH! BONUS! CASH BONUS!

One of the new bosses surveying the takeover from inside the pit looked around disdainfully at all the googaws flapping their messages to all the suckers. When asked what the new owners were going to do to the Bird until the new hotel was built, he sniffed, "Caesars World believes steps can be taken to increase the attractiveness of the Thunderbird and we'll do everything possible to promote it—but that tinsel plastic has got to go."

And a little old witch looking suspiciously like a black Thunderbird flew through the casino at that point with a derisive caw.

Buddah To Distrib Brut

Buddah Records will distribute the new Brut label of Brut Productions, a Faberge subsid.

Among initial releases will be the soundtrack of "Book of Numbers," a Brut film about the numbers racket in the black community.

Powers Elephants

(Continued from page 148)

estimated 75 lbs., and is dated 17 April, 1960.

Another gift was large amount of material about Enid Markey, recalled in "Happy Birthday" and "The Silver Whistle." How many realize that she was the Jane in the first "Tarzan" feature with Elmo Lincoln in 1918? Included in this material was a set of Miss Markey's dental X-rays, unfortunately undated, but another Theatre Collection "first."

A collection of material about the late Victor Moore whose name alone conjures up so many delightful stage and film characterizations. In this archive, we found a handsome collection of the 1920s and 1930s comic strips in which photographs of stage personalities were used rather than drawings. The strip usually consisted of three segments with the actors depicted relating a snappy witicism.

Next remarkable addition to theatre research was actually received some time ago but it had been deposited in our uncatalogued backlog. It came to light this year and can, therefore, be listed in the annual accounting. This was a baseball suit for an elephant—one of the famed Powers Elephants. A group of these pachyderms played a baseball game as part of their vaudeville act, one of the sporting elephants regalia has been preserved for posterity. While on the subject of our "national pastime" it may be of interest that a collection of material about Ned Wayburn included a scrapbook of clippings and pictures of the 1917 baseball competition of teams made up of the casts of the then Broadway shows.

The year's catch has also included some music cue sheets to accompany silent movies, a 1969 Russian postage stamp struck in honor of the Soviet film industry, two pairs of the special glasses which were devised for viewing three-dimensional movies, a piece of canvas from the Ringling Bros. 1923 circus tent. What 1973 holds in store is impossible to fathom.

Circus Fights

(Continued from page 148)

Barnum & Bailey; Plo Nock and Pablo Noel.

Nock is a Swiss wirewalker who, at times, is so amusingly off-balance you forget he is treading a delicate line between two worlds.

Noel is a Spanish liontrainer who pops his head, with zip and zest, in and out of the grizzly mouths of his charges, throwing his arms outward in a sly display of self-satiric bravado. But his best bit is when he chases his lions out of the steel arena back into a row of cagewagons and momentarily finds himself locked into the last one! He shakes his angry fists against the bars with a kind of melodramatic defiance in which no beast would ever indulge.

What both Nock and Noel have brought to the circus, more than a set of chilling circumstances, is a sense of humor. Audiences may not always sigh in accord to the threat of danger ahead; but they'll never fail to spot a good laugh behind.

Did we say the circus has something for every age? Maybe we should add, every age has something for the circus.

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Can You Tell Me The Score, Please?

By HAROLD ROSENTHAL

(Dir. of Information, American Football Conference)

In the flurry of publicity and promotion attendant on the new free sports information service in New York via phone, Sports Phone, (commercials carry the freight) the old story about Dempsey-Tunney surfaced. That's the one where someone calls a newspaper's sports department to settle a bet, and asks who won the "long count" fight in Chicago? "Dempsey," he's told. "Wait a minute," is the response, "tell it to my friend."

When the friend comes on he's made to repeat the question (for clarity, of course). "Tunney," he's told. And with a warm feeling of having taken care of the entertainment needs of two of God's children for what's left of the night, our hero hangs up.

When I first went to work for the N.Y. Herald Trib, it wasn't Dempsey-Tunney, long count. It was Dempsey-Firpo, and in what round did Dempsey knock him out? The hero was usually some late, late copyreader finishing up a graveyard stint. I suppose I've

told the story myself a few times down through the years.

Down through these same years, I was involved with quite a few phone pécadillos. I was the youth who answered the shrilling instrument when a Westchester broker, Morris Neuberger, made his first call with the score of that day's football victory by the nonexistent Plainfield Teachers. Plainfield Teachers got through two-thirds of its schedule before some fellow-Wall Streeters exposed it together with those folkheroes the marvelously-named Harry (Hurry-Up) Hoblitzel, coach; Jerry Croyden, pressagent, and John Chung, the Chinese-American fullback who consumed a bowl of rice (wild of course) between halves. This was before the real-life days of Carleton (Cookie) Gilchrist, who rushed 1,000 yards in his first year for the Buffalo Bills and showered between halves.

Phones are always an occupational hazard in any communications work area. You gotta have them or they can't phone you around deadline time to let you

know (a) your house is on fire, (b) your kid got picked up for marijuana by some law enforcement guy just coming off a three-martini lunch, or (c) your wife had run off with an aging cornerback, and had taken your collection of bobbing-head dolls, all 26, with them.

So when that phone rings, you answer. And better have a quick one ready if you want to shake some unwelcome caller fast. I pride myself on one of my recent exchanges working on a Sunday night at the NFL headquarters this past season. Unlike most of the players and coaches, the league office has a listed number and anyone can look it up. So if you're upset by something you saw, either live or on TV, what do you do? Right.

Publicity Takes The Rap

Now normally there's a girl on the switchboard but over the weekend everything is plugged into the publicity department so that the various club p.r. men calling in won't get turnaway busy signal. So anyone calling gets you-know-who, eagerly answering in the hope it's one of his p.r. men who is only a couple of hours overdue.

I think my finest hour came the evening following the first Giants-Redskins game. It was played in New York, and the Giants lost pos-

session at a vital time after they, and their adherents, had thought the ball had been blown dead. No, ruled the official, Washington had it, and the Redskins went from there. There were beer cans thrown at the arbiters on the way out, etc., and emotions carried right over onto the telephone, the logical way to complain.

When the first one rang, I said, "I'm sorry, there's no one here, you'll have to call back at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning." The next one wasn't to be put off so easily. "Who are you?" was the sharp question.

Now I'd been suffering from a personality identification problem for a long time, going all the way back to the late '30s and early '40s when Yale squareheads, fresh out, would show up at the Trib and be pushed into attractive jobs, while I continued to labor behind the elephants on a piece-work basis. My youth was spent as a sort of journalistic janitor.

"I'm the janitor," I heard myself tell the irate fan.

"The janitor? What the hell's a janitor doing here on a Sunday night?"

I had him. "It's singularly imperative," I intoned, "that manifold pressures in the fluxing ducts be maintained at proper pressure so that the output demand be met properly at the start of tomorrow's

work day. We face a peculiar thermodynamic problem in that if the pressure is permitted to drop the BTO requirements increase in geometrical progression rather than mathematical."

A gasp, a curse, then silence. Five minutes later there was another call. "I wanna talk to someone about that crappy officiating."

"I'm sorry," I answered, "This is the superintendent of maintenance. There's no one here to help you until tomorrow morning."

That customer hung up meekly. Merely by giving myself a better title I had eliminated five minutes worth of irritating conversation. It should be a lesson to everyone, from poleclimbers to politicians.

Cafe Biz

(Continued from page 147)

fresh and exciting talents that will draw. An agent can't suggest that an act lower its salary so that the cafe industry can exist. Yet that is the basis of all difficulties.

Nitery operators have had to eliminate the chorus. Menu prices are considerable. Also there are too many hands held out for pour-boire, adding to the evening's expense.

Anachronism

Some feel that nightclubs have come to be anachronism in this era. Yet many feel that it would be a tragedy if they were allowed to die by economic attrition. It is still a peg to attract convention business, tourists, and the package parties and for the air of gaiety in the city itself.

Many feel that gambling is our way out of this dilemma, just as it has been for the Caribe area. New York and New Jersey are still mulling the problem. Both now permit lotteries and, in the case of New York, legalized horse parlors.

However, the industry sees this is a long way off and the cafes could die before that happens. What they feel is needed is greater imagination, more open minds on the new trends in entertainment, and wooing new audiences at prices they can afford.

Who Sez

(Continued from page 147)

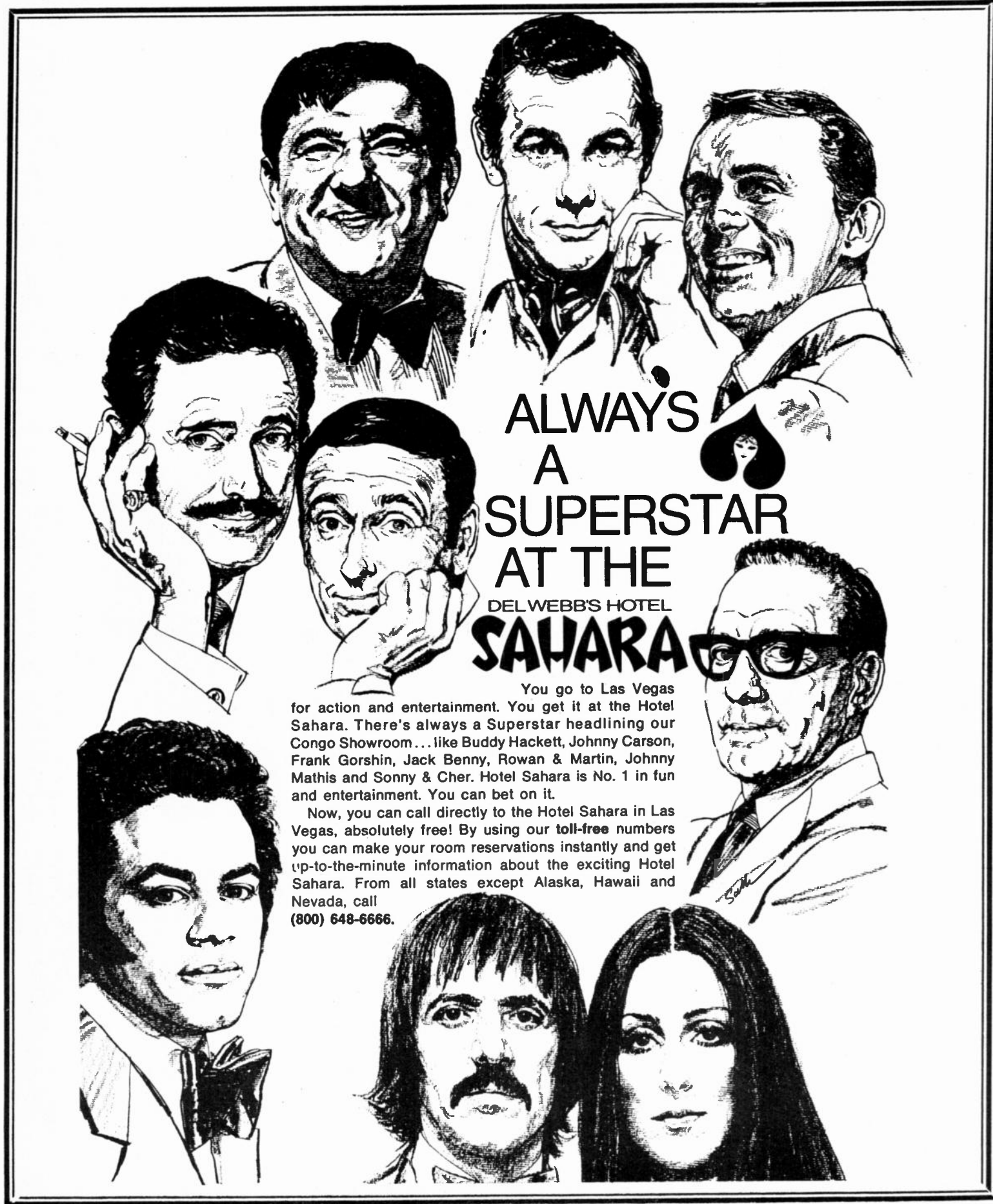
are of a different breed. Everyone gets a royal welcome and the only money they spend is on their food and drinks with an average tip. There are no headwaiters or captains and the only waiters in the city are in the hotels.

Pittsburgh is different than other cities. People walk around downtown every hour of the day and night. New buildings like the Civic Arena and Heinz Hall have attracted new clubs and new businesses. They are fighting now over the location of a new Convention Center but one will go up and another batch of clubs, restaurants and shops will be built around it.

However, the Holiday House is the only room that will continue to have a steady lineup of names. Out there, there is no tax, no labor problems and ample parking. Pittsburgh bonifaces have learned to live with the tax, rent and parking problems but outside of a few spot bookings there will never be anything close to the old frantic buying of names.

"Actually," as one club owner said, "there aren't that many around and very few of them mean a thing anymore."

He pointed out that the record names that used to fill clubs are now selling out in the Civic Arena, Heinz Hall and the Mosque and they have jumped over the clubs.



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HOW TO BEAT THE HOUSE AT A CHINESE SMORGASBORD TABLE

By ADE KAHN

Lefty was a gambler's gambler. He'd spent a lifetime figuring out how to get the best of people and schemes. He stayed up so many hours figuring out how to beat the roulette wheels at Las Vegas he ended up with black and red circles under his eyes.

He'd taken more people over the hurdles than a horse at a steeplechase.

While he was always broke, he has mastered so many of the games in a gambling casino that whenever he entered even the onearmed bandits turned thumbsdown on him.

But of late he was most depressed. Even though he had a tremendous appetite each time he plunked down \$5.95 plus tip at his favorite chowmeinery, he felt they'd gotten the best of him. He had an insatiable hunger to beat the house at a Chinese smorgasbord table.

He figured with pen and paper what he'd eaten but the house always seemed to end up ahead. He'd thought of asking them to pack the rest of what was on his plate

in a dragon-bag for him to take along but that wasn't it. He'd leave the restaurant and an hour later he'd start fretting again just how he could have beaten the house.

In his mind, all his schemes were tried and found wonton.

The waiters always watched if he came in with someone. If his companion had just a Chinese dinner and he had something from the smorgasbord table, he couldn't slip a barbecued shrimp from the smorgasbord onto his friend's plate without being charged for two smorgasbord dinners.

Lefty realized this had become the problem of his life and he'd better start using his noodle if life was to remain his cup of oolong.

He started putting two and two together and suddenly was struck by the right combination from Column A and Column B.

On Sunday, late afternoon, he and his brother motored to the restaurant's parking lot. Lefty told his brother to remain in the car while he entered the restaurant

through the kitchen to eat. Once inside he downed the pork, egg fu yung, fried rice, war shu op and sweet and sour ribs to his heart's content. He traveled around the smorgasbord table more times than starlet have been chased round producers' desks.

Five alka seltzers later he exited through the kitchen after telling the waiter he wanted to get something from his car and told his brother to walk in and take over. Lefty was never happier in his life that his brother was his exact twin. The pair kept the binge going several hours and when check-time came, Lefty was at the table ready to pay.

The waiter put the check down, total \$11.90 plus tax.

Lefty was aghast. So was his stomach from all he'd eaten.

"But, 'he said,' why a charge for two smorgasbords? I'm alone."

"Number one son," the manager told him, "you make one mistake. Is ancient legend how all Chinamen look alike to white man. So is true, too, how all white men look alike to Chinaman. Except, dear boy, in case of twins. To Chinaman, white twin look completely different."

Lefty, the gambler, paid the check.

He was still Lo mein on the totem pole.

Vienna Niteries B.O. Slide

(Continued from page 149)

family at a cutrate tariff for striptease entertainment.

The Moulin Rouge, Maxim and the Renz Bar are still operating and keep open until six in the morning. None of the hostesses or performers are allowed to leave until that time. Some have lowered their cover charges to \$2 and \$3 but all three spots have upped their French champagne prices to \$40 a bottle.

Hostesses swarm all over these clubs. They lose no time in making contact with visitors. None are more bold or aggressive than the ones working the Renz Bar, located in the industrial district. In Vienna, the girls are allowed to solicit drinks. They invariably turn down offers of wine, cognac or whiskey, claiming that their stomachs can stand only the most expensively priced French champagne.

When a hostess asks for a cigar, no matter which brand the customer pulls out, it is never the desired brand so within a short time, another hostess comes around with a tray full of tins of

200 that are usually taken by the girl, and naturally paid for by the customer.

Strip is the chief entertainment attraction of the local programs which also feature numerous acrobatic acts and magicians. During intermission, orchestras play dance music. Most clubs put on two and one half hour programs nightly.

All local clubs have "separees." (This is where they really separate the customers from their money). These are darkly-lit private rooms, usually upstairs. The curtains are discreetly drawn by the waiter so that the couples can have privacy. A patron must buy at least one bottle of champagne to be eligible for entrance into a "separee." Besides soliciting drinks, the hostesses and entertainers are permitted to solicit their own side-busineses.

When business was thriving, the night clubs refused to cooperate with group tours because they were not spenders, and took up too much valuable space. People on these tours currently pay about \$16 each, which entitles them to a full-course dinner at one of the more modestly priced Vienna restaurant, and also to see a floorshow at one of the clubs. Because of the hard times, most night spots here are now accepting the tour groups.

Famous Last Words

(Continued from page 147)

client's charge of mugging to 'walking too closely behind.'

Bailey turned the tables on the TT members by having the room "bugged" and its entire proceedings were heard by scores of non-members, including his wife and friends who were safely ensconced in an adjoining hotel room.

Columnist Art Buchwald was compared to the Biblical character, Samson, with this introduction: "Buchwald is greater than Samson. Samson brought down the house with two columns. Art does it with one!" Buchwald concluded his acceptance by saying: "I leave you all with two words. One is a verb and the other is a pronoun!" (We all got the message.)

Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., former Senator from Massachusetts (who was defeated by John F. Kennedy in his bid for reelection), Ambassador, and member of the United Nations, got his comeuppance when he was presented to the group with: "Major Bowes described Ambassador Lodge with this accolade, when he said: 'Mr. Lodge is a real amateur!'"

Succeeding me in this important post, as President, was Dr. Waldo L. Fielding, the club's obstetrician." (The post was as important as being dance director at Forest Lawn). Dr. Fielding was constantly referred to as: "Dr. Goldfinger."

The superb parodies and brilliant writings of Al Sherman attracted luminaries from politics and show business. Gov. Francis A. Sargent (who sounds like a commercial for Pepperidge Farms products) was roasted twice. This was a "must," since no one understood what he said the first time. The only woman allowed to attend a TT meeting was lovely singer Aliza Kashi, who asked me: "Are you married?" To which I answered: "Not necessarily!"

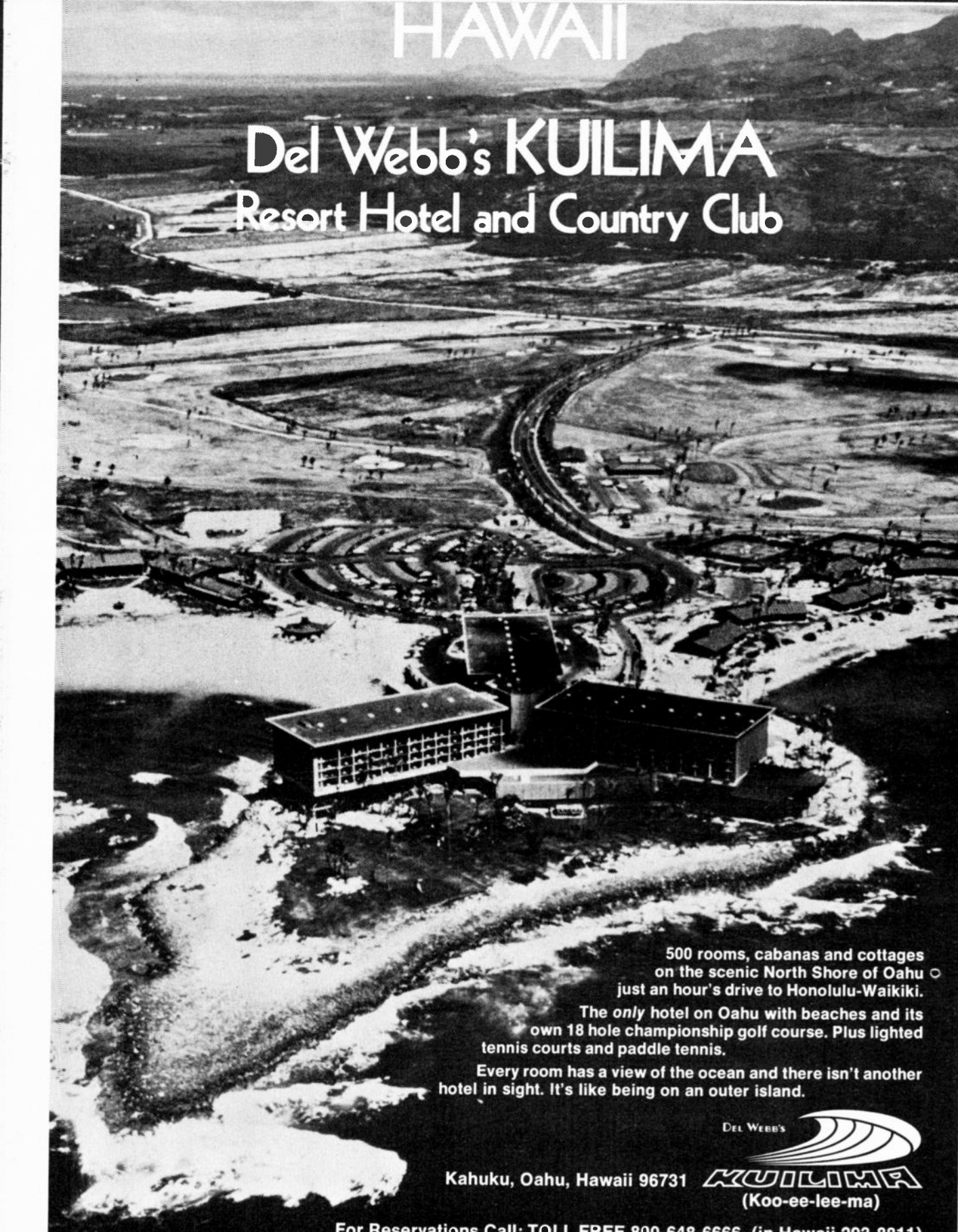
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Gentle Art Of Ribbing

(Continued from page 150)

to take a swing at him. He had learned how to duck. Vince Barnett usually posed as a distinguished foreign visitor. He was "Dr. Vojak, the German producer," at a Hollywood party given by Joan Crawford, and Clark Gable was the target. Barnett had found that Americans would usually put up with a lot of abuse from a foreigner because they felt there was a linguistic misunderstanding

—but eventually they would blow up.

Gable had been in a little group that was talking. He walked away. Barnett saw his opening.

"Oh, de Great Gable yalk away ven I am talking," he sneered. "I am not acawstom to such discourteous pigs."

"I beg your pardon," said Gable politely.

No Apologies, Please!

"I don't accept no apawlogy. De Great Gable believes his publicity. How rude can a man be?"

"My good man . . ." said Gable.

"I am not your good man! De Great Gable thinks he can do anything because he really believes he is de Great Gable vot he reads in de phony newspapers vot he pays to get publicity."

"Listen," snapped Gable, now at the breaking point. "say 'the Great Gable' one more time, and I'll slap you!"

"So ho, the Great Gable is also a pugilist?" sneered Barnett, getting ready for the punch.

At that Gable blew his fuse and swung. Barnett ducked, and Gable hit Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Joan Crawford's husband, who had been standing in the group enjoying Gable's discomfort.

Occasionally the father and son worked together. Their victim was once the celebrated divorce lawyer Jerry Geisler. It had been arranged that Luke Barnett would sit next to Geisler at a dinner where he was guest of honor and would trick him into an argument about law.

Speaking with brogue, he said "Oh, I know the lah, I know the lah. I know the lah!"

"I know a little law myself," Geisler said, trying to confine it to a quiet discussion.

"A little is right," Barnett retorted. "You must be still studying."

"I am an honorary member of the bar association," Geisler declared testily.

"Oh—a politician?" snorted Barnett.

Geisler was boiling and ready to hit the elder Barnett, but when he didn't, Vince Barnett emerged from nearby and smashed his father—at least it sounded as if he did—and the father crashed loudly to the floor.

Picking himself up, he pretended that it was Geisler who hit him and began yelling, "You murderer, you!"

Geisler's friends at the main table, who had arranged for the ribbing, leaped up to lay hands upon "the murderer"—but decided to introduce him instead to the two professional ribbers.

More Time For Fun

Looking back on it, one feels that we must have had a lot of time on our hands to go to so much effort for a joke. When General Nathan Twining was the new head of the U.S. Air Force in 1953, he was the brunt of a joke at a garden party given in Washington by Elaine Shepard Hartman.

Wearing epaulets and boots, Vince Barnett was there as "General Emanon of Cambodia"—at that time, of course, Cambodia was a country most Americans hadn't even heard of.

General Twining attempted to be patient and courteous to the visiting general, but it was difficult be-

cause "General Emanon" was rude, insulting, impertinent, and impossible.

The Air Force was smarting under some economy cuts at the time, and the general from Cambodia harped on this delicate point.

"Why did you come to the United States?" General Twining asked General Emanon.

"To buy some airplanes so we can be equal in air power with

you," the Cambodian general relied in an assortment of dialects. "We're almost equal to you now! We have two planes and one battleship."

When Twining learned that General Emanon was a ribber and that Emanon spelled backwards is no name, he said. "To think that I saw that fellow at another party a few months ago and didn't recognize him tonight."

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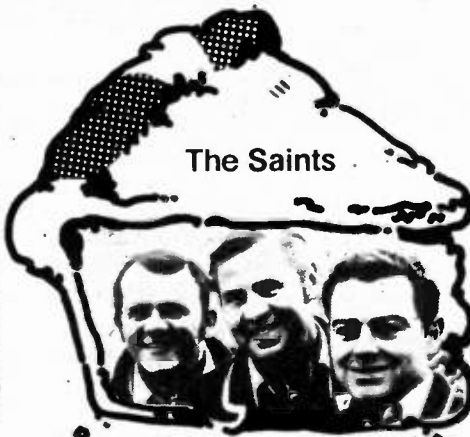
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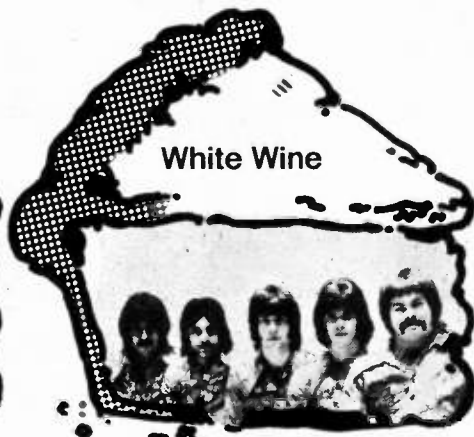
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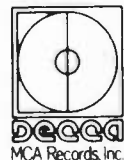
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Inflexibility Choked Music Hall

(Continued from page 149)

to keep pace with changing times. Let me re-trace some of the history.

"Variety" in Britain (Vaudeville to Yanks) had followed the same routine throughout the London and Provincial Music Halls for dozens and dozens of years. By the mid-fifties, people were getting bored with the predictability of it all. They wanted something new and exciting.

But in those golden days of variety where the numbered boards introduced each act on the bill, theatres thrived. In London alone, there were well over a dozen presenting continuous vaudeville shows week after week. In the provinces there were over seventy! The Moss Empires Company owned more than thirty Music Halls throughout Britain... and variety was certainly 'King.' It was possible for an artist to be booked for a thirty week provincial theatre tour. Agents would book their acts for up to three years in advance (nowadays most of them wouldn't dream of booking artistes for more than a few weeks in advance) and some established acts could work for over three years without changing their material, simply because there were so many theatres open. Indeed, one famous Music Hall comedian worked the London theatres for four years with the same act!

Changing Routine

I don't claim any particular gift for foresight but I always tried to ring the changes by altering my routines from time to time. I never used the same material at a theatre I'd previously visited only a short time before. I did it basically because I was trying to find the right kind of blend for my act. In the end, though, it proved a blessing, for when television started to dominate our lives and its popularity spread throughout the country, an artist was only as good as his last broadcast. Material soon dated.

Broadcasting, and to a certain extent burlesque which was creeping into the Music Hall scene,

wrung down the final curtain on vaudeville. Television in particular! But in doing so, it helped create a new form of entertainment, and a new form of entertainer—the superstar of the coming era.

Artists were 'made' by tv and their popularity touched every corner of the nation, often instantly. It seemed they and they alone, could make an audience leave the fireside comfort to watch the star perform live. And this new breed of stars could sustain a bill almost entirely on their own, which was something unheard of in entertainment: even in vaudeville, the bill consisted of two or three headline stars to attract public interest.

Television also helped to create the rising breed of recording artists launched on to the public through hit-parade success.

With theatres closing all round our heads (and it seems here's nothing harder to stop than the trend towards real-estate) management's got together to present the new pop stars on one-nighter package tours, only this time with fewer theatres to provide the stages, shows were presented at provincial cinemas.

There were still the occasional variety seasons running at a limited number of theatres throughout the country, but nothing like the amount of a few years previously. Live shows weren't a regular fixture.

Vaudeville found its outlets through pantomime during the Christmas season and through summer shows at the various seaside towns.

Summer seasons were and still are basically embellished variety shows in which artists appear as a company in sketches and production numbers. They ran for a continuous 12, 16, sometimes even 20 weeks, during the holiday period. They differ only slightly from the original variety shows that worked the music halls week after week. But because they are resident at one theatre for such a long time managements will in-

vest large sums of money into the production. The bills remain the same as the old vaudeville line-ups, plus of course, colorful scenery and a dazzling chorus of girls. Summer season provides a vital income to variety artistes.

Yet because summer shows were not a constant fixture throughout the rest of the year, people looked for other forms of entertainment to occupy their time, much nearer to their homes. This gave birth to the present-day British Provincial nightspots. They grew out of the local working men's clubs, which were glorified drinking bars with the occasional cabaret entertainment thrown in for good measure.

Clubs started on a very small scale. They were places where the working man could relax in the evening with a drink and a snack to enjoy himself. But they soon became big business.

When a club in a certain area became popular and demand increased, the management would open another one nearby within the same locality. When the new one thrived, another would spring up... and another. It grew like wildfire! The clubs opened up a whole new circuit of venues for the vaudeville stars to explore and as the club expanded, it attracted bigger and bigger stars.

Soon commercial interests, realising they were on the threshold of a brand new form of entertainment outlet and a successful one at that, stepped in to open up clubs on a much grander scale. Commerciality was the essential ingredient, sumptuous decor and a capacity to seat between 800 and 1500 people.

These were ideal places for people to spend their new found leisure time, providing a relaxed atmosphere where they could eat, drink and be merry and be entertained. They also provided great scope for near-vaudeville-type shows to cater for the general public's needs. And whereby in the past the Music Hall entertainment was provided on a two-hour basis with two shows an evening, these new theatre-restaurants provided a continuous evening's entertainment. It was a revelation.

Theatre-restaurants revitalized the whole concept of entertainment in Britain. Instead of balanc-

ing an act in rigid routine with specialities to break the continuity, the cabaret shows were relaxed and evenly paced. Instead of providing three star attractions who were allocated twenty minute spots each and a whole host of supporting artists, the new cabaret shows provided a big headlining super-star as the highlight of the evening, who entertained for an hour or more. It was a perfect formula.

Today, there are now under a dozen variety theatres still open in this country and even they are not presenting continuous vaudeville shows week after week. Nevertheless, I still feel that there is a place in Britain for the goodies that came out of Music Hall. Now almost more than ever with the increase in people's leisure time.

Throughout the declining years of vaudeville in Britain, however, one-theatre alone remained the bastion of variety despite the rise of television and theatre clubs and nightspots. The London Palladium! And it still is to this day!

The London Palladium changed with the times and weathered the storms with amazing ease by catering to the needs of its public. Today, that theatre has grown in stature and must be ranked the world's greatest.

The Palladium is modern and bang up-to-date in every respect... yet somehow its marvellously nostalgic. The history of the London Palladium is the history of British vaudeville... and as long as this theatre remains open, variety is alive and well and living in London.

Disney World

(Continued from page 147)

Disney World, Main Street is full-scale.

Down the street a castle beckons the visitors to the hub where he can be led to the various realms—Tomorrowland, Fantasyland, Frontierland, Adventureland, etc. The Florida design is different; it's Cinderella's castle, not Sleeping Beauty's.

And where is the Matterhorn which towers to the right of the Disneyland castle? It's not in Florida.

But many of the other attractions are the same: the jungle ride, the riverboats, the fly-throughs and carousel of Fantasyland, the Haunted Mansion, the submarine ride, etc.

Exclusive to Florida is the Hall of the Presidents, a heart-stirring journey into American history which shows the Disney magic at its best.

The most attractive of the new buildings is the Crystal Palace restaurant, a handsome recreation of the London landmark.

During recent first-anniversary festivities the Disney executives exuded confidence. President Card Walker predicted a 10% increase in attendance for the second year.

Chairman of the board Donn Tatum remarked: "The public has come and they have liked it. The demand for new diversions, new things, new activities is far from realized here, and I don't think it ever will be."

That was Walt Disney's prediction: that Disneyland and Walt Disney World would continue to grow "as long as there is imagination in the world."

Talent & Revues

(Continued from page 150)

good acts and inventiveness to score on its own. Add La Grande Eugene, a provocative transvestite show on the Right Bank that 'eschews the vulgarity usually seen in these type shows for clever take-offs on noted people and witty production numbers.

The Moulin Rouge helps the faded Pigalle section get plenty of bus tour visitor biz with a good roadshow big revue type spec that now changes every two years. There are still some clubs that cater to name performers for a few weeks with people usually making a night of it with dinner and show. Toppers are La Tete De L'Art and Don Camillo with some lesser headliner but show-conscious spots as L'Abbaye, Le Port De Salut and others.

Of course the discotheque scene is still lively for the so called "in" set and those visitors wanting to feel that way and see them in action. But it has boiled down to earlier foldaways and the so-called "tout Paris" are mainly camp followers, rich ones and show biz dilettantes. They go to eat and dance at Chez Castels, terp at Regine's New Jimmy's and are to be seen at Le Prive, an expensive bottle club.

Sometimes a tourist may be turned away or not but Castel is still a spot for show folk while Regine gets the more footloose night set. Albert Minsky's King Club is also in, plus some others for those who want to dance to records or ogle but the decibel content usually discourages talk. However the Castel restaurant and nearby pub are okay for gab.

There is also the pizzicato glide and tangy sound of gypsy violins on the night scene again. The Dinarzade, which gave way to building contractors, is back plus the Scheherazade and Novy's still going strong for those wanting Russo food, vodka and songs and music.

There are late bistros and brasseries like Munich, Bofinger and others.

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Sol Hurok Gala For 85

Generally regarded as America's only, and most indestructible, impresario, Sol Hurok began 1972 with the fright of a firebombing of his offices by young anti-Russian fanatics. He ended the year with plans afoot for a gala celebration of his 85th birthday and 60th year in concert management. Now scheduled for Tuesday, May 8 at the Met Opera House, though subject to the mustering of appropriate talent and a suitable charity affiliation, the gala for Hurok is expected to command a top admission price, probably \$100 per seat.

Meanwhile on Jan. 8 at the Royal Alexandra Theatre in Toronto Hurok opens perhaps his most ambitious ever legitimate theatre production, Rex Harrison in Pirandello's "Emperor Henri IV."

Hurok Attractions is currently a subsidiary of Tomorrow Entertainment Inc., in turn controlled by General Electric. Latter took it over from the earlier mini-conglomerate, Trans-Continental Investing Co.

(There have been rumors, about which neither side will comment, that Hurok might get back his company.—Ed).

Broadway Theatre Ain't Dead, It Just Moved Into The Street

By SAUL KUCHINSKY

Took a walk on the wild side of Broadway on a Saturday night. It's an "Awarding" experience.

At the doorstep of a topless bar, two dignified streetwalkers, tall in their uniform of cowboy-heeled boots, hot pants, white ersatz fur jacket and wig, greeted me simultaneously. In small-girl tones, pear-shaped, of course. "Like a little par-tee?" they trilled . . . *Best Festival Invitation.*

At a movie house a covey of drug halfway-house solicitors in white, lettered T-shirts badgered me for a donation, warned me about "letting some poor kid die." There were five of them, and they went at me in machinegun style, each as quick as a speed skater . . . *Best Play, Legitimate.*

The couple with the boy in the woman's arms, the baseball helmet cutely down over his ears, and the child not naturally theirs either, were doing well soliciting passers-by. I caught them as woman got her quarter, opened her pocket-book, dropped the coin in, turned and winked at her "husband" in one motion . . . *Best Play, Illegitimate.*

At the opposite curb a furtive character flashed something at me from under the fold of his jacket. It turned out to be a wristwatch, thank God. "Omega," he said knowingly. Stolen, his masked movements suggested. A passed-up steal for me, the snapped-shut box said bitterly . . . *Best Immorality Play.*

A swift teenager was working the next movie lobby. His modus operandi was a straightforward "Ya got a quarter?", no arithmetic required, asked the split-second the patron left the ticketwindow, change in hand. Results were excellent . . . *Best Timing.*

Basketball Player

Half a block on, a basketball player was playing catch with himself, Harlem Globetrotter style, 1 Astor Plaza alongside him garlanded with incense stands, pendant stands, ring stands, charm stand, bracelet stands, belt stands, flower stands, windup-toy stands, pretzel wagons, Italian ices wagons. He worked the ball around his body and through his legs, even trying a bent-legs, behind-the-back dribble, but he was no Walt Frazier and the cap at his feet was quite free of coins . . . *Best Sporting Try.*

Across the street a menacing teenager, stoned or crazy, was threatening passersby with a heavy fist. Left hand out for payment, right fist raised. I moved up the street for a cop and found my way blocked by a crowd at an abandoned newsstand. Could hear from the centre of it but couldn't see. The voice said, "I bet \$5 it's under the red." The old shell game, the game that never dies. I ran into my cop, two of them, keeping the passageway clear for the public to get through a movie line. I told my story to the nearest one. A slight smile around his mouth, he asked, "Will you press charges?" I said no, since nobody had bothered me personally. "But," I said, "there are some men who are having to pay that character threatening them, and that confidence creep is stealing hard-earned money." The cop's lips parted and he

almost sighed. "No charges, no arrest," he said. I was a little annoyed. "Suppose I do press charges," I said, "what will happen?" The cop paused. "Say we take in the guy that's raising his fist, they'll either dismiss charges or fine him \$50. They'll give him a few months to pay the fine and he'll be back on the street collecting it." I asked, "Why won't they jail him?" The cop answered, "He's a victim of society." I smiled, the cop smiled. I turned back south to learn more . . . *Best Courtroom Mystery.*

At the next movie line a seedy-looking bum lethargically moved past bearing a string of 8-ball balloons, another a single green, fat rubber snake, a third a fistful of skinny, black, twisting snakes. A dirty-underwear-topped kid was hustling the line with three bucks and asking for a fourth, but his eye was too nervous watching the many special cops to allow for operating efficiency . . . *Best Flop.*

I was at a new building going up in shiny glass and white concrete, a Phoenix rising from its ashes. The cute lantern-jawed gal with the mini skirt and neat build. An incense stand on my left was doing my best judgment no favor. She smiled, I smiled. She smiled too weakly, I checked her out fast and sprinted for the corner. Those transvestites will almost fool you every time . . . *Best Invitation, Pathological.*

Panhandler

Crossed 42d to the subway. Poor soul held out 18c and pleaded for the 17c that would get him 'he token for his ride to the Bronx. I parted with the paltry sum not entirely in naivete, but why did the man have to turn back at once and there, a few feet away, take a batch of coins out of his pocket to sort and count them? . . . *Best Success, Small Capitalization.*

There are more Tony winners on Broadway than Tonies. Such as the Broadway regular who these days wears Arab head dress but who not long ago was a full-bonneted Indian chief. And the mothers who wait on midnight movie lines babe-in-arms. Or the many musical duos of drummer on a hot tin can and bass violist with wooden srat or broomstick and thong on an inverted washtub.

The nodding, scratching addicts the mumbling drunks, the self-dialogue psychotics, the preaching evangelists, the gents distributing massage parlor handbills to visit "the girls who pick you up." The displays of a dozen orchids and a few carnations with their single big sign of 25c.

The well-dressed theatregoers racing for the safety of the East Side at show's end. The cafeteria hangers-on for the whole day or evening over a single cup of coffee. If they can. The young punks excitedly Magic Marking abandoned newsstands with name and street number. The sellers of dancing paper dolls and their string-pulling confederates.

The black boys dancing without moving, undulating from soles to shoulders outside music shops. The "World-Famous Follies Burlesque Theatre" inviting passerby to its 5 p.m. show in a walkup via mellifluous loudspeaker invitation to "the most beautiful exotics in the world, the most hilarious comics."

After Papp Became A Cartel...

By ARNOLD M. AUERBACH

After Joe Papp had completely taken over the New York theatre, he really started branching out. All 12 productions on Broadway were his. Moreover, three dramas, a puppet show and a rock version of the Vietnam War were running at the Public complex. Meanwhile he was planning an 18-hour marathon production of Henry IV (Parts 1 and 2) and Richards II and III (The Hank-and-Dick Shtick) for Central Park.

By then all other impresarios had shut up shop. David Merrick dusted off his law books and became Papp's attorney. Hal Prince hired out as his stage manager. Sol Hurok was getting laughs as a character actor. Still Papp kept expanding.

His first decision was to run his free Central Park shows all winter.

Naturally this created the problem of keeping his audiences comfortable outdoors in cold weather. The answer was easy: not just free seats but free soup. Soup while waiting for tickets, soup while watching the play. All the soup you want—and hot.

And here came Papp's great breakthrough—an inspiration later hailed by observers as "worthy of a cultured Howard Hughes."

He would manufacture his own soup. And he'd apply to this project the same offset methods that had worked so well in the theatre. He'd shatter stereotyped formulas and strike out in new directions. And so he did. He hired at modest salaries a staff of talented young chefs who'd never been able to get their stuff tasted by Establishment companies. He added

some idealistic canners tired of Heinz's hit-or-flip consomme psychology. Next thing you know, he was putting out — gratis — a dynamic Mulligatawny and psychedelic tomato bouillon with hexagonal croutons. He even dared to put Boston baked beans into his Philadelphia pepperpot.

The Critics Rave

The plan worked. The press raved. The Times food editor said, "Papp splits a pea more neatly than his playwrights split an infinitive." Gourmet magazine termed his chowder-in-the-round "a taste thrill that's practically pornographic." The Delacore Theatre added two new tiers and still turned people away, even though John Simon scoffed that "plenty of so-called Shakespeare lovers are only there for the soup."

Soon came the inevitable sequel. People began to ask, "Joe why should that great soup be available only in Central Park? Why don't you put it on the open market?"

Papp heeded popular demand. Ads soon proclaimed: "NOW! AT SHOWCASE A & P'S, AT LOW PRICES! . . . THE EMMY-WINNING PETITE MARMITE THAT CLIVE BARNES LOVED!" Customers flocked in. Sales boomed. Papp raked in his profits and ploughed them back into his organization. The Campbell company gnashed its teeth and switched to making chewing tobacco.

But Papp wasn't through. After all, if he could turn out one product, he could turn out another. And the crowds heading for the Delacore were causing unprecedented traffic jams. The cry had gone up from City Hall: "Fewer cars, more bicycles!"

Next, The Bikes!

The Rudge and Schwinn people nearly fell off their handlebars when Papp announced he was going to compete with them. They were even more amazed to see his sassy new bikes appear at free rental kiosks around the park.

The Pappcycles, with their ingenious Shakespearean tie-ins, were an instant hit. There was the Capulet Montague tandem, the low-geared Merchant of Venice model, ("Take off that pound of flesh") and, for nubile single girls, the Ophelia special. ("Sweet bells jangling.") And in due course they, too, went on low-priced general sale.

The next step, of course, was to make autos. Never mind City Hall! Weren't people driving in from 50 states to see his plays? And why should the slayer of so many Goliaths fear a glass-jawed giant like General Motors?

Then The Pappmobile

His prospectus was simple: free use of a Pappmobile to any out-of-towner driving to or from a New York theatre. Later, an option to buy. Astoundingly, the auto unions willingly cooperated with the new company.

"For him we'll start a special off-Detroit wage scale," announced Leonard Woodcock, UAW president. "And why not? He's a lovable little guy. Or anyway, more lovable than those little Tokyo tycoons."

"I'll gladly take short dough at Papp's. It's a great showcase for my talents. The Chrysler bunch had me pigeonholed in fan belts," said an assembly line foreman at the new Estelle Newman plant.

General Motors tightened its belt. Ford's stock plummeted. The huge subsidy granted to the new company by the Ford Foundation, show was, in the words of one auto executive, "dingbat thinking on a high echelon level."

By now all industry was trembling, fearful of where Papp would strike next. But luckily for the American economy, he got tired and decided to go back to just producing shows, till it was time to run for President.

Probably this was as well. By then about the only popular product left to give away free was love—and the teenagers had beaten him to that gimmick long ago.

42 Years Of New Haven Tryouts: But Not In 1,000 Words Complete

By HAROLD M. BONE

(Since 1930, Harold M. Bone has been stringing for VARIETY in New Haven, which has pretty much retained its status as a break-in-burg for legit, though other break-ins like Atlantic City no longer serve.—Ed.)

New Haven.

I was invited to do an anniversary issue piece on the subject of N.Y. covering show business for more than half a century (with 42 of those years for VARIETY). There was just one restriction . . . the invite states, "make it brief, about 750-1,000 words."

That's something like asking a bride to describe her wedding reception in three simple sentences. With such a space allotment, obviously I declined the invitation, knowing full well that I couldn't possibly do justice, within that limitation, to chronicling such events as the time . . .

—When, at the age of eight, I fell desperately in love with a gorgeous little eight-year-old doll playing in a roadshow at our local Bunnell's Opera House—and 64 years later, I met her in person—Ina Claire, still a gorgeous doll at 72.

—When I spent a dawn-to-midnight day with the Ringling Circus, then under canvas.

—When I rode down a local thoroughfare with Texas Guinan in that bullet-proof chariot she had bought from a well known gangster.

—When I gave Jimmy Stewart his (I'm sure) first VARIETY notice—and Willie Howard his last.

—When I had lunch in a submarine below the surface in New London harbor as part of the world premiere ceremonies of "Destination Tokyo," during the war.

—When I covered 58 shows in 10 weeks in the 1939 strawhat circuit.

—When I stood for Olsen & Johnson in a performance of "Hellzapoppin'."

—When I was banned from the New Haven Shubert by J. J. him-

self because I had given "You Never Know" a sour notice.

—When I interviewed the Four Marx Bros. simultaneously in a midget-sized dressingroom—an experience something akin to being trapped in a cage full of monkeys . . . with a single banana in your hand.

—When I stood in the wings at Thurston's invitation—completely fascinated by a backstage look at the artistry of his magic.

—When Sinclair Lewis invited me for refreshments in a tearoom—then walked off, leaving me to pay the check.

—When I was discussing with Margaret Sullivan the tryout of what proved to be her final play—and two days later she died.

—When I loaned Irene Dunne my rubbers during a drenching War Bond rally in the Yale Bowl.

—When I covered one of the very last of Eva Tanguay's performances.

—When I had dinner with Ward Morehouse at his New York hotel—and a few days later, this appeared in his syndicated column: "An interesting visitor was in town last week. Harold Bone, VARIETY's New Haven correspondent. Mr. Bone is an intelligent and cheerful man, notwithstanding the fact that he looks like a mortician."

750-1,000 words? VARIETY has got to be crazy.

Name Frank Weissberg To Cultural Commission

Franklin R. Weissberg, a New York attorney, has been appointed by Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller as a member of the Temporary State Commission on Cultural Resources. He fills a vacancy created by the recent death of Kenneth G. Dewey, of New York. Members of the Commission serve without a salary, at the pleasure of the Governor. Weissberg, 41, is a member of the theatrical law firm of Colton, Fernbach, Weissberg & Yamin.

New Plays On A Campus

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Apropos the growth of "university resident" legitimate theatre companies in the U.S. (and the creation of its trade association to keep and exploit the record) herewith a list of new plays done in the past decade at the U. of Michigan here under its "Professional Theatre Program" administered by Robert C. Schnitzer and Marcella Cisney (Mrs. Schnitzer):

*"An Evening's Frost" by Donald Hall

*"Wedding Band" by Alice Childress

*"Siamese Connections" by Dennis Reardon

*"The Child Buyer" adapted by Paul Shyre from the novel by John Hersey

*"The Grass Harp" by Kenward Elmelie and Claibe Richardson—a musical version of Truman Capote's work

*"The Ivory Tower" by Jerome Weidman and James Yaffe

*"Herakles" by Archibald MacLeish

*"The Castle" by Czech playwright Ivan Klima

*"Amazing Grace" by Studs Terkel

*All except last three later were seen in New York.

Waltz-Crazy Pit, Creaky Plots Of Operetta Gave Way In Poland To Yank & Native Moderns

By ANTONI MARIANOWICZ

(The author of the following report on the musical comedy repertory houses in Poland was in the U.S. for two months recently, including lectures at Iowa State U. He was busy scouting the U.S. musical stage and negotiating rights. He is an extensive translator into Polish of Yank libretti since 1956. He prepared this article prior to returning to his native Warsaw.—Ed.)

What the U.S. calls musical comedy was not known in Poland before 1956. Up to that time, the operetta prevailed. That had specific consequences. Light music theatres were simply not prepared to stage works not based on the old-fashioned convention. Hide-bound operetta singers, old style ballet, waltz-crazed musicians and conservative producers could not cope with the new challenge. In such conditions, it was difficult even to think about "original" musicals of Polish creation.

An additional obstacle for theatre companies was their own organizational structure, quite unlike the American. In Poland there were exclusively "repertory" houses with an established group of actors, and to some extent also of producers. This structure has obvious advantages but it also creates a series of casting limitations, non-existent where performers are freely engaged.

The first American musical to find its way onto the Polish stage was "Kiss Me Kate." For a beginning, it was not perhaps the happiest choice. The Shakespearean adaptation of Sam and Bella Spewak startled both the actors and the audiences, accustomed to the mishaps of gay counts and barons. This amusingly parodied production with Cole Porter music and his "Wonderbar" had—especially in Warsaw—a considerable success, that was by no means tantamount to the fall of the conservative fortress.

The next work was "Can Can." Presented in eight theatres, it went straight to the heart of the Polish public. Hits already popular, such as "I Love Paris," and "C'est Magnifique," made their contribution. On the theme of Cole Porter, I may refer also to "Anything Goes," which, notably antiquated, passed, despite its title, without making much impression.

"Finian's Rainbow" began and ended its career at a single theatre—The Gliwice Operetta. I grieve for this work, with its beautiful music by Burton Lane and E. Y. Harburg's masterly songs. Unhappily, the black-and-white libretto of "Finian's Rainbow" was much too similar to indigenous works in Poland to appeal to the native audience.

There is nothing extraordinary in the fact that "My Fair Lady," played in 11 theatres, beat all records of success. The magic charm of the Pygmalion story worked, even though some of the performers felt a certain unease in their celebrated parts. It is extraordinarily difficult to single out any one of the productions. Personally, I preferred the Warsaw one in which Barbara Rylska achieved a wonderful creation in the Julie Andrews role.

"Man of La Mancha," still current, is a musical which in Poland has acquired great fame and probably pleased the critics the most. Its premiere at the Gliwice Operetta, with the excellent Stanislaw Ptak in the title role, was a notable occasion. It is significant that "Man of La Mancha" found its way also onto the stages of two great operatic theatres: Lodz and Poznan.

Recently—also in Gliwice—was staged the premiere of "Hello, Dolly," which, though popular with the audience did not have a particularly enthusiastic press.

All the works I have mentioned were translated by myself, Antoni

Marianowicz, and Janusz Minkiewicz. This partnership, which has to its credit a series of original musicals, also translated "Show Boat" and most recently—Gershwin's "Girl Crazy." Introducing to the Polish stage a work by this American composer—perhaps the most famous of them all—constitutes in advance for music lovers, a sensation. The translators worked hard to enliven the libretto, already very musty and not very happily brushed up.

Who can tell why the Polish theatres have not yet managed to obtain from American agents the rights to present the works of Jerome Kern, and to revive "My Fair Lady?"

Meredith Willson's "Music Man" had its premiere almost literally yesterday—by the Warsaw Operetta Theatre. This musical, with a rather specifically American theme, has pleased neither audiences nor critics, particularly since it has not been notably well staged.

The musical show has already in the life of the Polish theatre taken its place as an up-to-date genre. All the music theatres have taken it up, the number of performances per piece averaging about a hundred. The times are past when the differences between the musical and the music hall were not understood. A great deal has been published on this theme, and an extensive monograph by the author of these lines is in preparation.

Of increasing interest are Polish musical compositions, in recent years developing on a considerable scale.

A truly pioneer role is being played in this sphere by the Gdynia Music Theatre, directed by Danuta Baduszkowa, a splendid producer. Mrs. Baduszkowa is not only inspiring and presenting with great success Polish musical but also runs at her theatre a studio for actors, training a new type of performer able to cope with the varied acting, vocal and choreographic problems with which the new stage genre confronts them.

The Polish musical is, in the nature of things, more chamber-like than its American prototype, taking more into consideration the current possibilities of the theatres. Its poetic trend is represented by the folkloristic works of Ernest Bryll (with music by Katarzyna Gaertner), and the small-scale romantic works of Agnieszka Osiecka (music by Maciej Malecki and Andrzej Zieliński).

Marek Gronski, Andrzej Jarecki, Antoni Marianowicz, Janusz Minkiewicz composers: Ryszard Sierlick, Stefan Rembowski, Piotr Hertel, Tadeusz Kierski and others have much experience in the adaptation of popular plays. Augustyn Bloch has emerged recently as composer of the musical "Zagloba" (from Sienkiewicz), and Jerzy Derfe as composer of "Majcher Lady"—a sort of anti-Pygmalion.

There is no doubt that something is stirring in Poland's popular music theatres. Who knows whether, but for the language barrier, the Polish Musical might not find its discover in the homeland of the genre—the United States?

St. Paul Legit Company Hits Subscription High

St. Paul.

Chimera Theatre recorded a 37% increase in subscriptions for its 1972-73 season, setting an all-time revenue high of \$56,752. The company sold 3,900 season tickets for its current slate, up from 2,850 last year.

The previous year's subscription drive netted \$40,301. Assisting on sales were the St. Paul Junior League and The Spotlighters, Chimera's volunteer group.

Donald Woods Will Star In Seattle 'Child's Play'

Seattle.

Donald Woods will star in the Seattle Repertory Theatre production of Robert Marasco's "Child's Play," to open Jan. 3 at the Seattle Centre Playhouse.

Edward Payson Call will stage the play, repeating an assignment he did at the Guthrie Theatre, Minneapolis.

Age, Culture Gap Marks Swiss, Too

By GEORGE MEZOEFI

Zurich.

Supporting, as Shakespeare said, "all the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players," it's no wonder that Swiss legit is becoming more and more a reflection of the worldwide gap between conservative and progressive elements. The tastes of the "silent majority" and those in favor of a "socially relevant" and permissive theatre based on radically changed concepts are wider apart than ever.

This is particularly true in Zurich, generally regarded as the legit capital of Switzerland (although Basle is closing in as a serious competitor). The more traditionally-minded segments of the audience, generally middle-aged or over, as well as the conservative legit critics, are inclined to favor the Schauspielhaus, up to recently the country's foremost legitimate house. Its 1972-73 repertory lineup accents such classics as "Midsummer Night's Dream," Ben Jonson's "Volpone," Goethe's "Clavigo" or Moliere's "Imaginary Invalid," together with such modern works as Bertold Brecht-Kurt Weill's "Threepenny Opera" and Peter Weiss' "Marat-Sade."

But those with more "modern" tastes, including most of the under-30s, find little satisfaction in the baked-over 16th to 19th century European repertory. Consequently, they are turning their attention to such smaller houses as the Theatre am Neumarkt, a 300-seater, or the city-owned Theatre 11 in Oerlikon, a Zurich suburb. The latter has no troupe of its own, but its invited guest ensembles are from all over the world, notably avant-garde and/or experimental groups.

The different concepts are also evident in the administrative structures of the Schauspielhaus and the Theatre am Neumarkt. The former is artistically managed by Harry Buckwitz who is more or less deciding what to play and whom to hire, although his power is not unlimited, and there's always the administration council (similar to a board of directors) to answer to, in which the city of Zurich, which partly subsidizes the Schauspielhaus, is also represented.

The Theatre am Neumarkt, on the other hand, comes close to a "collective" type of teamwork theatre where artistic and technical questions are decided, and the responsibility shared, by various reps from within the troupe itself, in collaboration with artistic director, Horst Zankl. It also receives city subsidies, though. But due to its much smaller overhead, it can more easily risk an unconventional lineup or even experiments. During the 1971-72 season, it provided 42% of its own financing, whilst 58% came from subsidies, a notably low percentage compared with other theatres, especially in Germany.

In order not to alienate younger audiences altogether, the Schauspielhaus has found a way with its so-called "Nachtstudio" (night studio). These are performances starting at 10 or 11 p.m. and devoted to young authors, experimental plays or legit items considered, for one reason or another, unsuitable to be presented with the "regular" 8 p.m. repertory which also includes the various subscription series. These night shows have a 90c admission for all seats and are becoming increasingly popular with the younger set who sometimes fill the 1,015-seat Schauspielhaus almost to capacity. Of course, with that low tariff, they are not exactly profitable.

Critical Quips

By EDWIN BRONNER

"The football coaches could select an invincible All-American eleven from this lineup of show-girls."—Dorothy Parker reviewing "The Little Blue Devil" (1919):

A hopelessly inept musical drew a similar (and even more widely quoted) one-liner from Percy Hammond. "Upon looking over this report, I find that I have knocked everything but the chorus girls' legs—but nature has anticipated me there."

"The young man is what is usually and mercifully known as inadequate."—Alexander Woolcott commenting on Humphrey Bogart's Broadway debut in "Drifting" (1922).

When John and Ethel Barrymore appeared in "Clair de Lune" (1921), a laboriously macabre piece written by Barrymore's wife, Michael Strange, several critics hinted that sheer nepotism was responsible for the play having reached the stage, but only one critic came out and said so in print. James Whitaker (Chicago Tribune) headlined his review: "For The Love Of Mike!"

Brooks Atkinson got off some

dandy one-liners during his years on the N.Y. Times. When "Halfway to Hell" (1934) opened, Atkinson summed up the show succinctly: "When Mr. Wilbur calls his play 'Halfway to Hell,' he underestimates the distance."

Elmer Rice's Pulitzer Prizewinning "Street Scene" (1929) premiered at the New York's Playhouse on West 48th St. A few months later his next play, "See Naples and Die," opened at the Vanderbilt, also on West 48th. Kelcey Allen's comment: "For months Elmer Rice worked to win the Pulitzer Prize on one side of the street, and now he goes and loses it on the other."

Equally pithy and to-the-point was Robert Benchley's New Yorker review of "Broadway Boy" (1932): "'Broadway Boy' sets out to show the difficulties of producing a show on a shoestring with such verisimilitude that one wonders how it ever got itself produced."

An alltime favorite critical quips was George Jean Nathan's one-line critique of David Belasco's "Tonight or Never" (1930): "Very well then, I say Never."

Athens-Pireaus With 46 Legits Beats Out 'Smothering' Video

By RENA VELISSARIOU

Athens.

Despite stay-at-home video tube competition the legit theatre season started actively with 46 playhouses operating in the Athens and Pireaus area, plus various theatrical groups touring the outback. In Thessaloniki, the capitol of Northern Greece, apart from the National Theatre several other groups are presenting classical and modern plays.

It would seem that the video invasion in this country does not harm the legit theatre as it does screen fare. Of course the Kingdom subsidizes the legit theatre in an indirect way, by buying 450,000 to 500,000 tickets every year at full box office rate, for distribution through the Ministry of Labour to employees and workers mostly in Athens and Pireaus.

In 1950 there were only six legit theatres in Athens-Pireaus. By 1960 this number had doubled and in 1969 had reached 24. Last year the count was 32 and this season it touched 46.

Relate this to the aspiration of Greek players to work independently and form his/her own group. Actually the artistic level of their companies is not as high as it would be if not so subordinated to the stars. Most of the plays have a very short run with the exception of an occasional local "smash."

The French play "My Love Ouaoua" by Francois Cambeau had an exceptional success in this country breaking all existing records. It is now in its sixth year and still running. Kasia Analyti and Costas Regopoulos (man and wife) had the two principal roles in this play but Costas Regopoulos got tired after the three first years and gave up his role to Andreas Barcoulis who had held it ever since.

National Theatre opened this year with Tennessee Williams' "The Rose Tattoo"; the second play was "Come Back Little Sheba" with Vasso Manolidou. At the Art Theatre Karolos Koun's high level presentations are usually with discriminating audiences. This season opened with the "Operetta" by Wilolt Gombrovicz.

Theatre Academos has top vet thespians, Alexis Minotis and Katina Paxinou lately in "Der Hauptmann von Kopenick" (Captain From Kopenick) by Carl Zuckmayer from Germany. This will be followed by Christopher Fry's "The Dark is Light Enough"

and later by "Adrian Z" by Peter Luke.

Theatre of Athens: Dimitris Myrat and Voula Zouboulaki (man and wife) present Art Buchwald's "Sheep on the Runaway." Their second play will be "Maman Colibri" by Henri Bataille.

Theatre Vrettania: Anna Synodinou, after five years of absence, returns now on the stage again, and with Thanos Kotsopoulos present "Marianna Pineta" by F. Lorca.

Theatre Costa Moussouri: Costa Moussouri staged and directed the Gallic comedy "Azias" by George Berr and Henri Verneil, with popular stage and screen star Angelos Antonopoulos and Lily Papayanni.

Theatre Diana: Two top stage actresses, Elli Lambetti and Katerina Andreadi, who had their own groups before, are collaborating now in the presentation of "Relatively Speaking" by Alan Ayckbourn.

Maxim: Alik Vuyouklaki and Demitris Papamichael (man and wife) present the "Prisoner of the 2nd Avenue" by Neil Simon and as their second, will present "Sticks and Bones" by David Rabe.

Orwo: Peter Fysoun and Maria Alkeou are presenting "The Watch On The Rhine" by Lillian Hellman, staged by Nicolas Bazacas.

Theatre Alpha: The Modern Greek Theatre group of Stephanos Leneos and Elli Fotiou (man and wife) present the "Famous 702" by Mironides.

Theatre Anna Maria: Alexis Solomos directed "Cabaret" with Dinos Eliopoulos, Martha Karayanni and Katerina Gioulaki. Dionysia: Alecos Alexandrakis presents Douglas Hume's "Beware of the Step."

Open Theatre: George Michaelides presents in his small new theatre the French play "La Promenade du Dimanche" (Sunday's Walk) by George Michel.

Broadway: Comedian Georges Constantinou presents Alec Copel's "The Newstand" under the Greek title "Guess Who Is Hiding In The Icebox."

Most of the other theatres are presenting Greek-authored plays, the majority of which are light comedies and revues.

All theatres are dark on Mondays. There is a matinee performance in some of the weekdays with a less admission price and in such cases the curtain rises at 6:30 p.m. or at 7 p.m. and the night performances at 9 p.m. or 9:30 p.m.

\$110,000 Sydney Opera Complex, 14 Yrs. A-Building, Preems In Sept.

By **STUART BACON**
(General Manager, Sydney Opera House)

Sydney. The Sydney Opera House is planning a 12-week opening season beginning Sept. 29, 1973. Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will officially open the building on Oct. 20, 1973.

The Sydney Opera House has four main performing halls; a concert hall, 2,700 seats; Opera Theatre, 1,550; Drama Theatre, 550; and a Fourth Hall, 420.

The Concert Hall will be used for symphony concerts, solo and choral recitals, chamber music, jazz, pop and soft rock concerts and other forms of light entertainment. The Opera Theatre will be used for opera, ballet and large-scale drama productions. The Drama Theatre for drama, experimental opera and ballet; and the Fourth Hall for chamber music, solo recitals and the showing of films.

The national companies which will perform in the House are the Australian Opera, the Sydney Symphony (under direction of the Australian Broadcasting Commission), the Australian Ballet, the Old Tote Theatre and the Musica Viva Society of Australia which presents national and international chamber music groups and soloists, as well as the National Film Theatre of Australia.

Concerts

Overseas artists who will perform during the opening season include Swedish soprano Birgit Nilsson, conductors Lorin Maazel and Erich Leinsdorf, and members of the Cleveland Orchestra.

The Moscow Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Rudolph Barshai, and Polish violinist Wanda Wilkomiraska are among other overseas artists expected.

Australians returning home for the opening include pianist Roger Woodward, and Charles Mackerras, musical director of Sadler's Wells Opera, London, who will conduct the Sydney Symphony Orchestra at its first concert, with Birgit Nilsson as soloist, on Sept. 29.

Chamber Music

Musica Viva will present internationally known chamber music groups in the Concert Hall and the Fourth Hall during the opening season. They are the Deutsche Bachsolisten from Germany, and the Bartok String Quartet from Hungary. Janos Starker from Ger-

many will lead a Cello Seminar. Performances will also be given by Australian Chamber Music groups.

The Australian Opera Co.'s first production will be Prokofiev's "War and Peace", the first time performed in the Southern Hemisphere and the second time in the West. During the opening season the company hopes also to present the specially commissioned "Rites of Passage", by Australian Composer, Peter Sculthorpe.

The Australian Ballet plans "Sleeping Beauty" for its first performance in the Opera Theatre. The company is under the joint artistic directorship of Dame Peggy van Praagh and Sir Robert Helpmann, and is at present filming "Don Quixote" with Rudolf Nureyev in Melbourne.

Drama

The Old Tote Theatre Co., Sydney's major drama group, will open the Drama Theatre with Farquhar's "The Recruiting Officer," which was the first play performed in Australia. This will be followed by a season of plays by Australian and international playwrights.

Aussie's Rolf Harris will be the first of many artists to appear in a series of "Sunday Night Concerts" in the Concert Hall.

British stars will include Harry Secombe, who will appear with the Welsh Guards Band and a Welsh Choir; comedians Morecombe & Wise; Cliff Richard and The Shadows; and Des O'Connor. They will be supported by Australian entertainers. Negotiations are under way for other international names, including top American stars for the "Sunday Night Concert" series.

The complex is situated on a 5½-acre site on Bennelong Point, a peninsula in Sydney Harbor. A boardwalk extends around the building to allow the public to enjoy expansive views of the harbor.

Opera House has taken almost 14 years to construct at an estimated cost of \$100,000,000. This money was raised from the proceeds of an "Opera House Lottery," which has netted \$6,700,000 profit a year.

When the Sydney Opera House opens, it will give Sydney not only a performing arts centre equal to the best in the world, but also a building which is already being counted as one of the major architectural achievements of our time.

German Stages Come Alive, But—

- How Many New Versions Of Shakespeare Are Enough?
- Do Pompous Program Notes Generate 'Importance'?
- Do Many Changes Of Managers Assure Progress?

By **RONALD HOLLOWAY**

(The author is an American from Chicago who has resided for some years in Germany and is a constant student and critic of both its stage and screen productions.)

Hamburg.

The dawn of a new era in West German legitimate is breaking. At no time since the war has an *Intendantenwechsel* (change of theatre managers) involved 20 major houses over two years, and this season particularly underlines a *Generationswechsel* in ideas if not in age (the new *Intendanten* are sometimes not much younger than the ones they are replacing).

Whole of the legitimate landscape here spells province. Every *Intendant* (showman) worthy of the name is presently intent to both fill his house and set a fashionable stagecraft or theme trend. Furthermore, the taboos are nearly all gone, a wave of raw flesh crassly displayed on stage to shock or titillate has just about run its course. The time now seems fittingly right for new structures, new ensembles, new dramatists and new plays to hammer out social "messages," a type of theatre Germans tend to like and are always capable of.

Following the Olympic Games and the rich theatrical fare accompanying it in Munich, West Berlin sponsored an international festival that not only proved a success but was matched in East Berlin by a stage festival of its own (such friendly competition in the spirit of Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik* could mold Berlin into an important cultural bridge between East and West).

Now the entire country seems to be in a constant festival atmosphere. The months of September and October witnessed an explosion of *Uraufführungen* (premieres of original productions) and *Erstaufführungen* (German premieres)—approximately 50, or one practically each evening!—that has put critics and journalists on a carousel. (Most newspapers here are committed to every *Ur* and *Erst*.) Some ensembles were literally worn out in stretching their luck for (hopefully) national recognition. Not everything is clicking, but enough is there to shape the tendencies in the new era.

Political, Not Agit-Prop

Most significant, the productions chosen to open the new season are mostly political in nature, but political in a social-critical sense and hardly agit-prop or in the Weiss and Hochhuth school of documentary realism. Sometimes it is politics mixed with humanism, as in the case of new dramatist Franz Xaver Kroetz. Kroetz is a

social critic in the tradition of the naturalistic *Volksstück* (he admits to an influence from Odon von Horvath and Marieluise Fleisser), whose short sketches have attracted wide attention and resulted in four *Uraufführungen* this season.

In other cases, it is the search for a political stance in a humorous or flamboyant vein. Ulrich Brecht opened his reign at the Dusseldorfer Schauspielhaus with a honky-tonky, roaring 1920s version of Bertold Brecht's "The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui." Boy Gobert's Thalia Theatre in Hamburg was first to the starting line this season with a surprise opener, the premiere of left intellectualist Hartmut Lange's "The Countess of Rathenow." It's the kind of material that would have been unheard of in traditional houses a few years ago, but quite acceptable and appreciated as social satire today.

Darmstadt chose to open the doors of its spacious new theatre with a new play about the city's favorite son, Gaston Salvatore, called "Buchner's Death," doing little service to the revolutionary poet on the run save for burying him again. In contrast, Peter Thomas's little Dusseldorfer Kammertheater paid tribute to its favorite son with a sparkling "Heine-Revue" to honor his 175th birthday, which only proves again that often the nicest things come in small packages. With all the pomposity dreamed up by the overlords in the bigger houses, the little stages with the courage of fantasy and imagination are positively a relief.

'Concept' Lacking

The main aggravation of the theatregoer today is the total lack of concept accompanying a highly touted production, possibly because the "team" (Intendant, Dramaturg, director and translator or theatre expert) is not sure itself what the public will accept and is shaving its bets.

To obscure an issue and still sound important, lengthy program notes are printed and theatre newspapers distributed to explain why a Shakespeare or Brecht is relevant today or why "another Gorky is to be discovered." More work often goes into a Shakespeare translation (the text is cut and additions from other sources made) and the selling of this new concept on the stage itself.

Shakespeare has been the chief victim because of the success abroad of Edward Bond's "Lear," Ionesco's "Macbeth" and Charles Marowitz's "An Othello," each disputatious in its own way but the "Lear" and the "Macbeth"

offering in particular interesting insights into violence, terror and thirst for power as the common misery of this century.

The enormous success of Peter Brook's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," on a world tour and playing to packed houses in Munich, Berlin and Hamburg, sold out in advance, is certainly another inspiration to experiment.

"Julius Caesar," "Richard III," "Romeo and Juliet" and "As You Like It" have been tapped as key productions in reputable houses this season. (Also "Othello" and "Richard III" are on prominent display in East Germany.) "Romeo and Juliet" in Stuttgart and "As You Like It" in Hamburg have been either near disasters or good examples of "concept-less" theatre.

Hollmann's Folly

Hans Hollmann, a respected Shakespeare director and expert at the Schiller-Theatre in West Berlin, rashly rewrote "Julius Caesar" in his own image (using Plutarch's *Lives* as his chief source) and published his new text in the evening program (selling the rights to a Zurich publisher in the meantime); to say he spent too much time on the revision and not enough on the direction is being charitable. He will have the chance to stick with the master and Schlegel-Tieck (Romantic Period translation) in his coming production of "Richard III" at the Thalia in Hamburg.

Another example of a classic under scrutiny and with unusual relevance to today's generation gap is Heinrich von Kleist's "Prince Friedrich of Homburg," which enjoyed considerable success in Tom Toelle's summer mounting at the Bad Hersfeld abbey ruins.

Young Talent Rises

Young stage talent is sprouting up everywhere. In Cologne Hansgunther Heyme's intellectual analysis of the 19th century plays of Hebbel, Schiller, Goethe and Lessing, as well as Moliere and Ibsen, is the most perceptive since Fritz Kortner was on the scene a few seasons ago. Cologne is also interesting for trying to set up separate working groups under Heyme, Roberto Ciulli-Chentrens and Geoffrey Reeves, each encouraged to experiment on its own. Reeves has since left, Ciulli is due to present again his patented Aristophanes' "The Frogs" and a Carlo Gozzi comedy (a contemporary of Goldoni), and Heyme got the season off to a good start with a modern-looking "Maria Magdalena" by relating at his usual best Hebbel's minor classic to contemporary middle-class manners.

Probably the easiest overlooked form of fascinating theatre in Germany today is the *Kitsch-Kunst* in vogue in many of the traditional and well-attended theatres, but particularly at Boy Gobert's Thalia in Homburg and Kurt Meisel's Residenz-Theatre, in Munich. Meisel introduced his new reign as Intendant with a two-evening production of Schiller's "Wallenstein," directed by Walter Felsenstein of East Berlin's Komische Oper, a sort of picture-book Wallenstein but churning with life and movement every long step of the way (Felsenstein is famous for his realistic productions of conventional operas). Gobert as Intendant-director-actor-matinee idol has never had any trouble filling the Thalia Theatre, and is the only director of a large house I know who can stage a Beckett or a Chekhov in a delightfully visual manner that commands respect and attention. He is to German theatre what Andy Warhol is to pop art and Hollywood was to the movies: kitsch in his hands effortlessly turns to gold. It is simply because he refuses to be a theorist, but a practical man of the theatre.

Broadway Chorus Lines Of 1930s Launching Pad For Many Stars

By **STANLEY GREEN**

Plowing through hundreds of theatre programs in researching my book on the musicals of the 1930s "Ring Bells! Sing Songs!" (Arlington House), one of the special treats was spotting the names of future headliners buried in chorus lines such as Bob Hope and Virginia Bruce ("Smiles"), Sally Rand ("Luana"), Alice Faye (George White's Scandals of 1931), Alfred Drake ("White Horse Inn"), Dan Dailey ("Babes in Arms"), June Allyson and Hazel Scott ("Sing Out the News"), and the future belle of belles lettres, Jacqueline Susann ("The Girl from Wyoming").

In "Three's a Crowd" it was Fred MacMurray, as a French sailor to whom Libby Holman sang "Something to Remember You By," and in "Roberta" he showed up playing the saxophone. Leonard Sillman's "New Faces" (1934) uncovered Henry Fonda (he'd just left a job as Humphrey Bogart's understudy), "Calling All Stars" announced the arrival of Martha Raye, Judy Canova and Ella Logan, and "Stars in Your Eyes" twinkled with a dancing chorus headed by Jerome Robbins, Nora Kaye, Paul Godkin, Alicia Alonso, and Maria Karnilova (then Karniloff). Fifteen year-old Montgomery Clift played a crown prince in "Jubilee," John (ne Jules) Garfield a German soldier in "Johnny John-

son," Burgess Meredith a thief in "The 3-Penny Opera," and Burl Ives a tailor in "The Boys from Syracuse."

Sometimes, of course, a bit more digging is required than merely recognizing names in a program. Since the identities of the boys in the pit bands were never revealed, there was no way of knowing, for example, that the musicians in Red Nichols' Orchestra in both "Strike Up the Band" and "Girl Crazy" included Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, Gene Krupa, Jimmy Dorsey and Jack Teagarden. And then there's the matter of actors and actresses who change their names, some even after they've played feature roles. We all know the name Archie Leach assumed when he went to Hollywood—Cary Grant, right?—but it's less universally known that Ann Southern was Harriette Lake, Penny Singleton was Dorothy McNulty, Gypsy Rose Lee was Rose Louise, and Sonny Tufts, ne Bowen Charleston Tufts, 3d, was billed as both Bowen Charleston and Bowen Tufts. And smiling young Brice Hutchins who sang "I Like the Likes of You" in the "Ziegfeld Follies of 1934" was none other than smiling young Bob Cummings.

Most fun of all, though is reading how the critics welcomed some (Continued on page 186)

London Theatregoers After Midnite Fall Prey To Buccaneer Cabdrivers

By **PETER BESAS**

London.

Each year thousands of Yank and other tourists flock to London to ogle Victorian splendors, shop on Oxford St. and gorge themselves on theatre, cinema and music, which is more accessible and somewhat cheaper than in Gotham.

But there's one concealed trap to spoil the unsuspecting on-the-towner's evening. I refer to a nasty little game played every night and especially on Saturdays by public hacks. Though a world metropolis London "locks up" around midnight. Underground and buses stop running around 11:30 p.m. Hence the theatre-specked West End turns into a lucrative target for shakedown taxis which cruise about with their flags down ready

to bargain or demand outrageous special fares for the privilege of driving the unsuspecting and tired theatregoer back to his hotel or home.

This Madrid-based *VARIETY* correspondent, for example, recently went to see "Young Winston" at the 7:45 show on Saturday evening in Leicester Square and came out around 11 p.m. Ravaged by hunger, he and some friends dashed over to a nearby restaurant, indulged in a hearty non-English meal, and upon coming out decided he'd splurge and take a cab back to his Kensington hotel (about two miles away) instead of queueing up at the bus stop. He was as yet unaware how much of a splurge it would be. He had (Continued on page 188)

Weak U.S. Author 'Power' As Photo-Copying Eats At Pillars

By ROBERT J. LANDRY

During the 19th Century the plight of "ink-stained wretches" was made manifest by such events as these:

(1). The wholesale pirating of Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." As a play. In varying styles of adaptation, "Tom" toured sans royalty of any kind to its creator for about 75 years. At its peak, over 100 units toured.

(2). Gilbert & Sullivan operettas were outrageously lifted and presented by umpteen producers with the result that a couple of Gilbert & Sullivan operettas were held back in Britain and staged first in the U.S. in order to establish a base for common law protection.

(3). Mark Twain tried vainly to get Congress to tighten copyright. But Congress was then too busy gifting the railroads west of Chicago with great tracts of free land.

(4). Richard Mansfield hired Clyde Fitch, just out of college, to write "Beau Brummel" for a retainer of \$65 a week, the play, an immense success for years, then being solely the property of the actor.

Desperation brought into being the Authors League of America in 1912 and the American Society of Composers, Authors & Publishers in 1914. Both were spawned in protest and nurtured in grievance. ASCAP has been far more successful in controlling and licensing its properties and keeping track of infringements, partly because of the legalistic brilliance that got the crime of piracy written into a Federal statute, something the Authors League of America never managed.

The networks, circa 1939, built a rival to ASCAP in Broadway Music Inc. With ASCAP and a once-European, non-country music org, SESAC "performing rights societies" are a fixed architecture.

Music, of course, is a computable form of entertainment when performed in public and clearly for profit. It was important, too, that many of the songwriters became publishers, and thus knew the economics of music with an intimacy most literary types did not.

It is probably not an exaggeration to declare that songwriters, with a track record of hits, forced recognition that they were essential to the publishers, and not beggars. Contrarily, book publishers and magazine editors often tended to the conviction that they were doing favors for creators, and never or seldom the other way round.

The founding fathers of the Authors League included Rex Beach, Rupert Hughes, Ida M. Tarbell, Arthur Train, Kate Douglas Wiggin, George Barr McCutcheon, and Gelett Burgess. With the election of the original slate of officers in 1913 the presidency went to the novelist Winston Churchill, whose memory has been somewhat clouded by a British naval personage of identical name.

Teddy Roosevelt

Not the least arresting fact of 1913 is that the new vice-president of the Authors League of America was the former President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt. Why him? First of all because he had long made some part of his livelihood as a writer and had personal knowledge of the often one-sided operations of the publishing business.

While in the White House, the Rough Rider prodded through Congress the Copyright Statute of 1909. Though today dated and unequal to the prevailing strains it has not been possible as yet to get the 1909 copyright revised, partly due to the muscle of Main Street interests with a stake in jukeboxes, community antenna and other forms of tollvision who wish not to have their joys contaminated by any obligation to seek permission or pay fees for materials in copyright.

Just here lies a notable weak-

ness of American writer organization. Too few writers have been members of the Government at any time. Contrarily, French writers have often been in parliament or the cabinet. Hence their sympathy for the literary vocation. French law has guarded writers in a way the U.S. law never has, including the above-mentioned success of ASCAP.

It follows that a continuing problem for all author organizations has been keeping track of deals made in secret at a distance. In the legitimate theatre it was a cynic's gibe that "royalty ends at the Cumberland Gap." One Chicago enterpriser in the 1920s boasted, apparently with considerable truth, that he could provide copies for tent and rep troupes in the midwest and south of any show opening on Broadway within three weeks of the premiere. He apparently put two stenographers to work in a box either opening night or soon thereafter.

The "piracy" situation in the legit was so shameless that by 1921 the Authors League of America had a Dramatists Guild component. Later there would be a Screen Writers Guild and a Radio Writers Guild, in turn spawning a television unit.

There were to be no magic solutions to authors' problems. In due course a kind of schism developed within the ranks. Authors dependent upon advances and royalties and subsidiary rights tended to a whole set of worries other than those haunting salaried writers working for film studios, magazines, networks.

An intervening anguish afflicting "ink-stained wretches" after the 1930s was the long quarrel over Communism. In general the Authors League of America stuck to its basic operating rule that it passed no political resolutions and confined its energies to professional working goals only. There continued for years and interior rebellion, attempts to seize control, with some success as to the Radio Writers Guild. The passions of politics undoubtedly cost the League a lot of time and effectiveness in its perpetual wars with

publishers. It was for years impossible in many of the component Guilds to keep a meeting to its agenda or to get through to needed decisions because of the uproar over the Second Front, or whatever the particular "commitment" of the moment.

In 1954 came the divorce of the screen and television units. This was probably a good thing on both sides. Anyhow both sides have since shown a vigor which, when together, they found impossible to liberate.

Not that there weren't further problems. The Dramatists Guild had for too long been paying more than its share of League costs. It had been, too, more effective in enforcing the rights of the basic copyright owner. In contradistinction the prose crowd had never forced a "standard contract" upon either books or magazines. The contrast between the playwrights and the scribes provoked some criticism that the latter were free-riding. Eventually the Authors Guild was able to pull itself together and assume its financial burdens on an equal basis.

Merle Miller, former president of the Authors Guild, referred recently to the "rise of author discontent." This was in connection with a protest of an ad hoc group (not the Authors Guild itself) against "ineptitude" of publisher merchandizing of books. Gerald Walker, himself a novelist ("Cruising") and a N.Y. Times Sunday mag ed, organized the protest, which took the dramatic form last week of name authors selling their own books directly to the 5th Avenue crowds off street cars.

All of the foregoing is history. Far more threatening problems confront writer organizations in the United States. Over-simplified, these go by the term "photo-copying." The storage and retrieval of copyright materials and the ready extraction of pages, chapters or whole works without asking anybody, paying anybody, or reporting back to anybody, with all the crisscrossing technologies threatens to gnaw the supports of copyright itself, like a swarm of termites eating away the pillars of the family manse.

50 Years For San Francisco Opera

Attendance At 101.1% — Boxoffice Covers 67% Of Costs — Site Worse Than Old Met

By JIM HARWOOD

San Francisco.

It's hard to conceive of an opera company scheduling a better season than San Francisco did in 1972 under the strong hand of Kurt Herbert Adler. This, of course, was the 50th anniversary year. Attendance hit a record 101.1% of capacity as fans, attracted by rave notices and many superstars. It was a true free-for-all battle for tickets; even Francis Ford Coppola had to pay cash so some of his friends and family could get in to see his debut as an opera director.

Still, when the last note had faded away, the grim figures remained: Boxoffice yield—\$2,100,000. Operating costs—\$3,250,000. To Adler, those figures look pretty good. He's seen much worse in the 20 years he's been running the company. "Our percentage of loss is the lowest in the world," he argues. "We recover 67% of our costs at the boxoffice."

This means, as usual, that the fate of this successful company hangs on an unusual scramble for private and public funds to make-up the deficit. A public fund drive is expected to lasso some \$550,000; a city hotel tax is worth another \$250,000 and most of the remainder mounts up as corporations, foundations or other institutions underwrite production costs

(scenery and costumes) of individual productions, particularly the new ones, much the way it works out at the Metropolitan in Lincoln Center, N.Y.

"A successful season at the boxoffice makes it much easier to raise the deficit funds," says opera manager Edward Corn. "It's tougher to find private support for an unpopular opera company." As recently as 1969, fickle public support had sagged to where ticket sales covered only 60% of operating costs.

Much pondered is a question mark dangling over the future of Adler himself. Although still robust in his almost single-handed dominance of every artistic and financial detail, he is nonetheless 67 years old. And nothing close to a successor is being groomed or discussed. Noted also is the fact that it took a three-year hunt for Sir Rudolf Bing's successor at the Met when he retired at 70.

San Francisco's opera has had only two general directors since it started in 1923. When founder Gaetano Merola died dramatically while conducting in 1953, Adler took over.

Although opera buffs may sometimes—but not too often—quarrel with his artistic selections, nobody questions Adler's ability in run-

(Continued on page 184)

When 'Repertoire' Was In Bloom: Now Plan Memorial Museum Of Rep

By MRS. NEIL SCHAFFNER

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

This community on the flatlands of Iowa has two stakes in rural-type entertainment. The first is the ongoing annual rally of the Midwest Old Threshers Assn. For city folk that don't really know what a thresher is, these are the great mobile apparatuses which bring in the wheat. When they first appeared in the decades before World War I they were steam-operated and costly. They're still costly. But they are an essential tool of modern American agriculture and they provoke among farmers a "relic" and "heirloom" collectors zest comparable to the love of Stanley steamers among the antique car buffs.

Entirely separate is Mt. Pleasant's other claim to fame and tourist notice, namely the recently-established "Museum of Repertoire, Americana." This is the "mausoleum" or "Valhalla" of the tent rep shows of yesteryear. They numbered in the hundreds as late as 1928. What they presented was unpretentious smalltime, small admission comedies and farces. The famous "Toby" character (a good-natured oaf with a sly humor) was characteristic and, hence, the term "Toby Show" often was another name for rep.

"Repertoire" is the preferred designation for the policy followed, rather than "repertory," as now so often misleadingly used by companies that present a series of plays in succession rather than with repetition. The misnomer has been frequently cited by VARIETY which during 1972 corrected the "subscription film" promotional scheme of Ely Landau for at first incorrectly using the term "repertory." There is sequential contracting of films each one shown to pre-sold audiences, once only.

Tent rep of my time (my husband and I trouped Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Illinois and other farm states for 40 years) has been hailed as "quaint America." That, too, perhaps, but it was amusement and not quaintness to its loyal audiences. Our onetime Schaffner Players continues on tour every summer in pretty much the same, long-established stands under the new ownership of James V. David.

But why a museum? Because mostly tent rep is extinct, and it deserves memorial.

At the turn of the century, and through the '20s, Rep shows were a major segment of show business. They played in Opera houses, theatres, town halls, hotels, showboats, churches, courthouses, barns, airdomes and tents. No air-conditioning then.

There were fine, well produced and munter, well directed companies, with talented performers, musicians, and artists. These companies returned year after year to the same communities. And, there were the "turkeys" of the business. Not to forget certain quite lousy, fly-by-night, gyp Rep shows.

The Rep business was like a family tho' and the gymps were the "black sheep" of the family. Ashamed of them, glad when they folded, happy if they improved. They were not representative of the companies that made Rep a staple part of show business in that era.

In the 1920s Repertoire was said not only to be the lustiest, but the most robust branch of the American Theatre. Don Carle Gillette, writing for the N.Y. Times, Oct. 1927, estimated that Tent Rep alone, gave 96,000 performances a year before 76,800,000 people, compared to 80,000 performances before 48,000,000 people in the legit houses.

Silent films first, the great depression, talkies, Rodeo, changing times, television, many factors, all contributed to the decline of the Rep business.

In 1963 a Society for the Preservation of Tent, Folk & Repertoire Theatre was organized, with the hope and ambition to establish a museum. This museum to preserve the memorabilia, artifacts, traditions, the true history of the Era of the Repertoire companies. Plans

were also made for a Reunion of Rep performers, to be held annually.

When word went out about the museum, the memorabilia began to come in. Many of the people who had spent some part of their lives appearing in, or operating a Rep company, some times extending to a third generation, had a great love and nostalgia for the business. They had carefully pasted in scrapbook of obituaries.

The word "obituary" carries a depressing thought, but after carefully reading thru this scrapbook, one is impressed with what a source of information they hold for a student doing research on the Rep shows. We are grateful some one took the time and trouble to preserve them.

As the collections grew, part of which was stored in an old barn, the others in the vaults of two nearby banks, the great need was for a building. But how to raise the money and where should it be located?

The midwest, of course. Why?

Because at the turn of the century Iowa was the base of operation for more Repertoire companies than any other state in the Union. A weekly theatrical trade paper, The Opera House Reporter, was published in Iowa. The largest scenic studio in the country, Jesse Cox, was located in Iowa. In the '20s the Equity office, with the largest paid membership, was in Kansas City, Mo., managed by Frank and Ruth Delmaine. All standard Rep shows were bound by Equity contracts.

Chicago and Kansas City provided the theatrical agencies, and play bureaus which served a majority of the Rep companies.

Mount Pleasant, Iowa, is the home of the Mid-West Old Threshers Assn., a non-profit, noncommercial organization. This group has spent 20 years dedicated to the preserving of 19th century mid-America. Their grounds, covering many acres, and including steam engines of all sizes and vintage, a midwest village, narrow-gauge railroad, antique trolley, steam-powered carousel, a Heritage Museum, and many other attractions, all attest to their success. They are an impressive bit of Americana.

The Society realized that the people who had operated those threshing machines, and steam-engines in their heyday, had populated the midwest villages, were the same people that made up a large part of the Rep audiences. They were the ones who looked forward each year to the coming of their favorite companies, enjoyed the plays, and for a time forgot their troubles. It was Entertainment for the Family.

The Old Threshers Assn. was approached relative to establishing the Museum on its grounds, and the first showing of memorabilia was in a semi-truck in September 1970. In November 1970 a most artistic display of the collections was put on at the Art Center of Iowa Wesleyan College.

An attraction of Mt. Pleasant as a site for the Museum, was the fact that it is the home of Iowa Wesleyan College. Some of the faculty were officers of the Society, and with the plans for a research centre, knew we would need college trained personnel.

In 1972 the Old Threshers Assn. erected a building 40 feet by 120 feet, cement block, with antique brick facing, consisting of a first and lower floor, at a cost of \$62,500. The Society raised another \$11,000 for temporary lighting. As of now, the building has neither heat nor plumbing, only humidifiers. There is faith that time and effort will provide them, as well as many other needed items.

Mickey Rooney To 'Run'

Mickey Rooney will star in a 14-week, 60-city bus-truck tour of "See How They Run," beginning Jan. 15.

Michael Simone is the producer-stager of the show, with sets by John Pitts.



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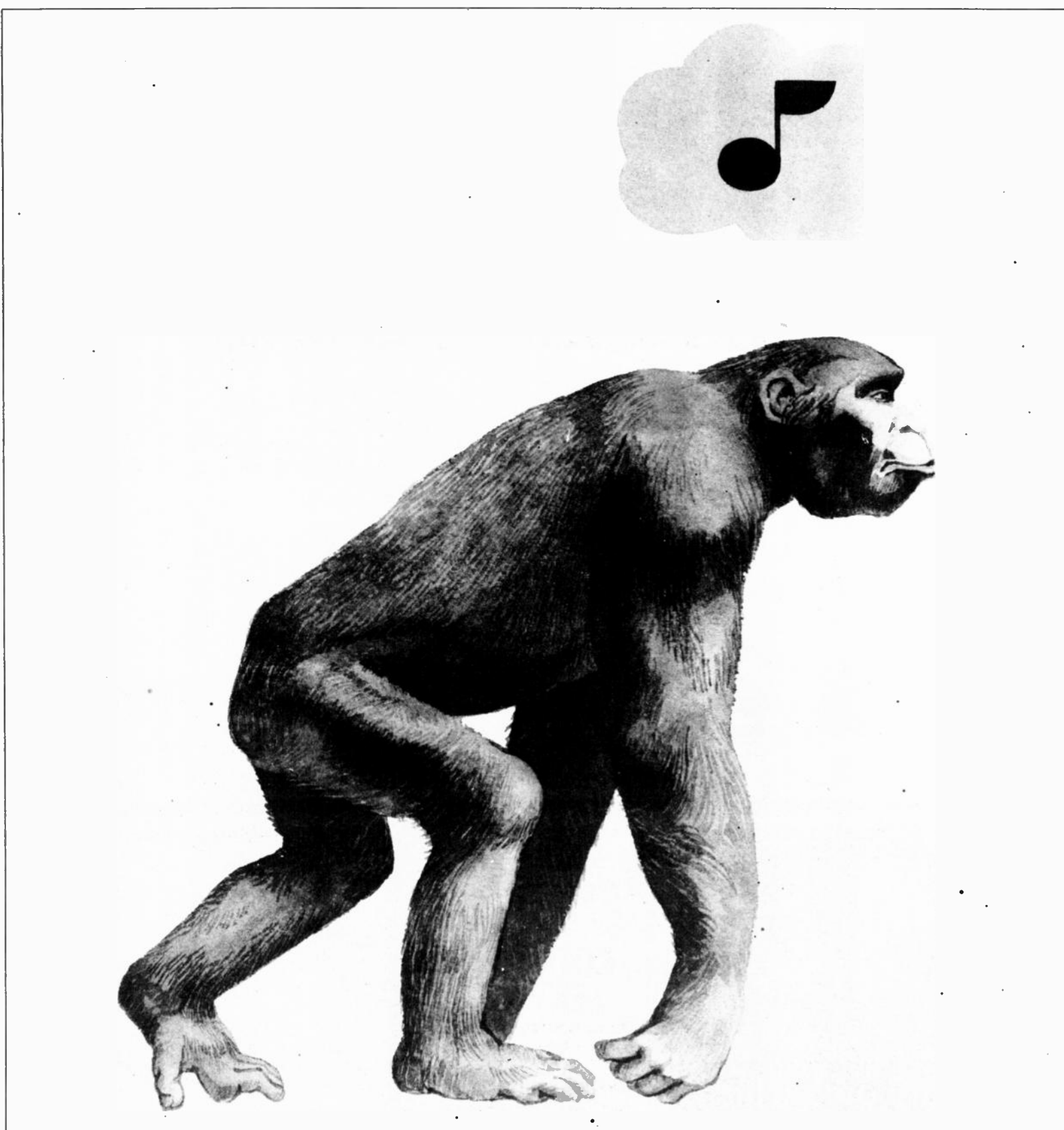
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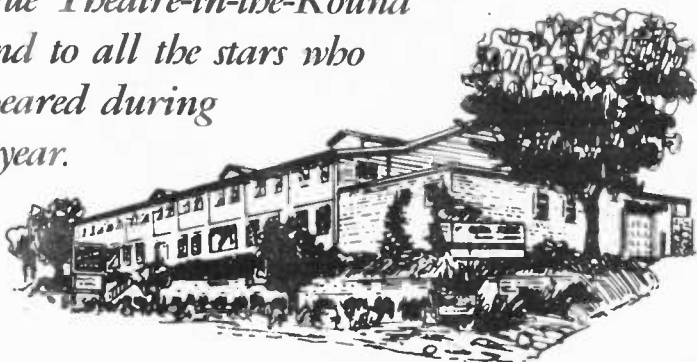
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'THEATRE TRUST' EXPANDING

By JEFFRY JOYNTON-SMITH

(General Manager, Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust)

Sydney. Greater emphasis on touring overseas and on local artists and companies are the keynotes of the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust's multi-faceted operations in 1973, the 10th year of our existence.

Productions already set for the coming year are "The Little Angels—the National Folk Ballet of Korea;" El Sali & Flamenco Dance Co.; Melbourne Theatre Co's "An

Ideal Husband" and "The Cherry Orchard" both with Googie Withers, Dennis Olsen and Frank Thring; Teatro Stabile of Genoa with the much acclaimed "Venetian Twins" by Goldoni; "Swan River Saga," one-woman play by local historian Mary Durack, starring Nita Pannell; and the Zorba Song & Dance Co. from Athens.

Last named, now being assembled especially for Australia, will play three months in Athens on its

return as a special tourist attraction. Rena Vlahopoulou, Greece's leading personality, has top billing.

In association with Michael Edgley Management and J. C. Williamson Theatres, we will present the Royal Shakespeare Co's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Michael Redgrave in the London hit, "A Voyage Round My Father" and the Leningrad Kirov Ballet.

Our Marionette Theatre of Australia is set to tour capital cities and country towns with Charles Kingsley's "The Water Babies," directed by England's top puppeteer Jan Bussell. The show premiered in Sydney last September to record business. Although the New South Wales tour does not

start until March we have more than 60,000 advance ticket sales.

Negotiations are underway for the Trust to import the Britain's Ballet Rambert and the Polish Mime Theatre.

The course we are following in the entrepreneurial field is a natural development of the Trust's original aims, many of which have been achieved with more than success.

Founded in 1954 to commemorate the first visit to Australia of Queen Elizabeth II, and with a Federal Government grant of \$(A) 60,000 together with some \$(A) 180,000 raised by public subscription, the A.E.T.T. has established three major national companies, The Australian Opera, The Australian Ballet (which toured North America in 1970-71 with Rudolph Nureyev in "Don Quixote") and the Marionette Theatre of Australia.

Regional Companies

In addition, we have also been responsible for setting up six regional drama companies.

While most of the companies are now autonomous with their own management structures and independent artistic policies, we continue to supply the services of our production and subscription divisions as well as administering a residual responsibility fund.

The Trust assists the Opera and Ballet by administering and operating two orchestras; and by leasing two theatres, the Elizabethan Theatre in Sydney and the Princess Theatre, Melbourne. Permanent positions in the two orchestras were increased to 103 during 1971. While fulfilling their prime duty of accompanying the opera and ballet, the musicians also give concert performances and chamber music recitals as a welcome addition to the Australian music scene.

We maintain a close working relationship with the Australian Council for the Arts, the official instrument of the Commonwealth Government in the performing arts.

Directors and executives from both organizations meet regularly to discuss common problems including coordination of Commonwealth Government subsidies and the financial resources of the Trust which come in the main from the State Governments and City Councils. The liaison between the Council and the Trust also ensures economic handling and proper accounting of public monies. It will be appreciated that these organizations are the only two national bodies capable of ensuring that the States are adequately catered for by the national performing companies and by overseas companies and artists outside the commercial theatre.

Financing

The Australian Council for the Arts has continued to provide approximately two-thirds of the financial needs of the performing companies, while the Trust finds the major part of the remaining one-third. This is the second year in which the Council has allocated its annual grant direct to the national performing companies and the regional drama companies.

Last year the Council allocated a total subsidy of \$(A) 2,032,754 compared to \$(A) 1,769,371 for 1970. The increase of 14.9% reflects the growing interest of the Council to the expansion of cultural activities and growth of performing companies.

The increase in the subsidy of the Council to the Trust from \$(A) 793,256 in 1970 to \$(A) 909,429 in 1971 is mainly the result of a greater subsidy allocated to the orchestras which rose from \$(A) 461,394 to \$(A) 565,516.

Our production division manufactures sets and costumes comparable to the best in the world while the subscription department works round the clock processing season and single ticket applications for Opera and Ballet in each capital city.

Such is the popularity of the companies that subscriptions rose from 4,000 Ballet and 3,000 Opera subscribers in 1969 to 8,000 and 7,000 respectively in 1972.

To make sure our activities receive maximum selling we have increased the numerical size of our ad. promotion department.

50 Yrs For Frisco

(Continued from page 174)

ning this cumbersome organization. Physically, the San Francisco Opera House has no rehearsal or storage space. So several casts are often tuning up in several spots at once, scattered around town in such unlikely locales as a National Guard armory and an old printing plant. All this recalls the 39th St. site that was long suffered by the Met in N.Y. Adler is also a meticulous caster, often juggling schedules as much as four years ahead to get the right solo singer.

With all his experience, however, even Adler is hard put to stay abreast of rising costs. By normal show biz accounting standards, opera is impossibly expensive anyway: Too many costly sets, too many costumes, too much trucking and storage fees, too many performers and musicians, all spread over too few performances per season to ever come out even. Moreover, most of these costs are on the rise.

A featured soloist these days, for example, may command \$4,000 nightly, compared to \$1,500 a few years ago. Adler estimates at least 30% of his total costs, or nearly \$1,000,000, goes to pay fees and transportation for the 60 or so principal singers used each season.

"I would say that principals' fees went up far beyond the cost-of-living increases in recent years," Adler asserts. San Francisco's present three-year contract with musicians has one more year to go before that scare re-appears. Strike threats have pushed wages up significantly in previous negotiations. Reticent on specific figure, Adler concedes orchestra pay now amounts to "a considerable portion of our costs."

Watching the SRO situation and turnaways of recent years, outsiders often ask if solution doesn't lie in longer season so more box-office profit could be mined from repeat performances. At present, however, opera must get out so symphony can get started, making a longer opera season every fall impossible. Adler and San Francisco are victims, as true elsewhere of the jet-stream age which allows established opera singers to pick and choose world-around on a hit-and-run creed.

"So long as it is a sell-out, with repeat performances we can reduce the deficit," Adler explains. "The preparatory cost for any production is the same whether we give one or eight performances of the work. Therefore, we charge all preparatory costs—rehearsal, scenery, technical rehearsals, costumes, transportation costs of artists and directors—against the first performance of any production. But sooner or later, we have to do certain operas regardless of costs. And some are so expensive we can't even recover out-of-pocket expenses."



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XXX

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Shooting Stars Flame And Die

By NORTON MOCKRIDGE
(Syndicated Columnist)

I always wanted to be a matinee idol. And back in the days when I was an actor, (more off the stage than on), I was fully prepared to make the sacrifices.

I had been told by quite a few matinee idols—Douglas Fairbanks, Thomas Meighan, Neil Hamilton, and Jack Barrymore—what a bore it was to have those thousands of women chasing you, kissing you, clutching you, squealing over you, and never giving you a moment's peace.

But I was willing to suffer.

David Carroll starts off with the first matinee idol of them all—Edmund Kean. When women went to the theatre, back in the early 1800s, it was not to see the play; it was to see Kean.

"It was his sheer thunderous emotionality that fascinated them," says Carroll, "an emotionality that lifted people out of their seats,

caused painted dames in the two-penny rows to toss garters on stage, and the demure ladies of the balcony to beat the air with their ivory fans in ever-increasing intensity.

The papers railed against what they called "the indecent applause received from the women of the town, qualities of scum, ladies of the lobby, and wolves of the Coal-Hole. This caused old Edmund a lot of trouble, and people in the audience pelted him with eggs and squashes. In one case the audience ripped out the seats of the Park Theatre, began demolishing it, and made Kean flee for his life.

He returned to London, says Carroll, and for eight years struggled against a waning reputation and a hostile press, finally destroying himself with alcohol.

Well, Carroll goes on to tick them off—all the matinee idols. Few of them came to a good end. John Wilkes Booth was a great matinee idol (although you may not recall him just that way), and you know what a bit of trouble he got into. Robert Mantell, who had at least four wives, was forced into touring the U.S. in exile in order to avoid paying alimony. And Francis X. Bushman, once the king of the movie matinee idols, ended his life playing bit parts and trying to operate a failing antique shop.

Lou Tellegen, who became a great matinee idol by bragging (not always truthfully) about his love conquests, although he did, indeed have quite a to-do with Sarah Bernhardt, was quite something until the early 1920s, when he began to lose his looks. "In 1934," says Carroll, "the once-great lover tried a stage comeback—by now he was penniless—and when it failed, he committed suicide by stabbing himself to death with a pair of rusty scissors."

Wallace Reid became a drug addict, and eventually died of influenza; Rudolph Valentino was terribly troubled near the end of his career when a Chicago reporter called him a "pink powderpuff" and he died of peritonitis before he could meet his accuser in a fist fight; and Ramon Novarro was killed in 1963 by two brothers who broke into his home and beat him with a cane.

1930 Chorus Lines

(Continued from page 173)

latterday luminary in the early stages of their careers. The two most frequently used forms of evaluation reserved for newcomers were what might be termed the comparative and the expectative. As an example of the former, when Ginger Rogers made her Broadway bow in "Top Speed," she was likened to Zelma O'Neal by no less than three appraisers, though one of them, Howard Barnes of the Herald Tribune, did add that "she is endowed with enough personality and talent to stand on her own feet."

The following year, the cast of "Girl Crazy" boasted both Miss Rogers and debutant Ethel Merman, who was hailed by a Time magazine scribe with the antithetical comparisons, "Ethel isn't mournful, like Libby Holman. She isn't tear-stained and voice-cracked, like Helen Morgan." In covering "America's Sweetheart," the same periodical dubbed Ann Southern-Harriette Lake "a lovely synthesis, one part Ginger Rogers, one part Ethel Merman."

Exactly three years after his stint in the chorus of "Smiles," Bob Hope opened in "Roberta" as the lead comic. He too had to endure critical comparisons. Writing in The New Yorker, Robert Benchley termed Hope "a new quipster of the Phil Baker-Ben Bernie school," while the N.Y. Times' critic, Brooks Atkinson, held that he "insists upon being the life of the party but would be more amusing if he were Fred Allen."

Better Things To Come

Equally as prevalent with critics as the comparative-type notice has been the one that indicates expectation of better things to come. Mary Marin's debut in "Leave It to Me" (which also offered Gene Kelly as a member of a dancing sextet) was welcomed by Sidney Whipple in the N.Y. World-Telegram with these words: "She has the freshness and vitality of youth, but she also has poise and the gift of devilish humor, I think she's a find."

Following the opening of a disastrous revue called "Blackbirds of 1938," Brooks Atkinson wrote: "a radiantly beautiful sepia girl, Lena Horne, will be a winner when she has proper direction." The next year, an agile young entertainer arrived on Broadway in "The Straw Hat Revue" and was given

this encouragement by the Herald Tribune's Richard Watts Jr.: "Danny Kaye seems to me what I hope will not sound too patronizing to call a comedian of promise."

In VARIETY, critic Ibee, managed to include both comparative and expectative opinions when, in reviewing "Yokel Boy," he commented: "New to legit surroundings is

Phil Silvers, a comic reminder of Walter Catlett. He holds considerable promise. A critic to the same journal who signed himself Abel, noted in his review of "Pal Joey," "the blonde and very personable Van Johnson, out of the nine Gentlemen of the Ensemble, who, handling a few lines, manages to project himself quite vividly."

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SAID MARK TWAIN:

'I AM THE AMERICAN SHOLOM ALEICHEM'; GROWTH OF ONE - MAN ENTERTAINMENTS

By ELLIOT LEVINE

"Greetings from the Jewish Mark Twain," said the guest of honor. To which Sam Clemens replied, "I am the American Sholom Aleichem." It was 1905, 67 years ago, that same year when **VARIETY** was founded. The guest was Solomon Rabinowitz, whose pen name, Sholom Aleichem, had then become world-famous. It was at the Educational Alliance on New York's Lower East Side. The great Yiddish humorist was on his first visit to America. He'd already been feted and had given readings at Carnegie Hall and Cooper Union, in Manhattan.

This writer's one-man show, "From Sholom Aleichem With Love," has just celebrated its first birthday. I am presenting Alei-

chem as he appeared on the concert platform. This is one more one-man, platform entertainment of the kind which has proliferated since Hal Holbrook's "Mark Twain."

When Holbrook took his turn on European tour for the U.S. State Dept., he noted that Polish audiences laughed in the same places as the Americans. In my own Sholom Aleichem, I've found audiences from South Carolina to Sioux City have responded to my first words, the traditional greeting, "Sholom Aleichem!" with the traditional answer, "Alechem Sholom!"

I recall a backstage visit of a Chinese student in Buffalo, who told me what a wonderful time he was having.

Yet, possibly because the Yiddish master lived only 57 years (as against Twain's 70), an amazing

number of theatregoers who've seen and loved "Fiddler On The Roof" still don't realize that the great musical is based on his stories. I'm doing my best to give this man his due.

Since Holbrook's groundbreaking show opened in April, 1959, one-man and one-woman shows have been popping up almost every season: Bramwell Fletcher's "The Bernard Shaw Story"; Max Morath charmed audiences with the old tunes long before today's nostalgia craze; Jack McGowan soloed in the works of Beckett; and more recently, Emlyn Williams did Dylan Thomas and Charles Dickens evenings in varying degrees of characterization. Siobhan McKenna presented "Here are Lies"; Tom Noel is being seen as "Mark Twain at Home"; James Whitmore as Will Rogers; and David Wayne as H. L. Mencken. Shows based on Sholom Alei-

chem's works have included the hit, "The World of Sholom Aleichem," the original New York cast of which included Jack Gilford and Ruby Dee. Ruby's husband, Ossie Davis, was stage manager. Herschel Bernardi later replaced Howard da Silva during the long run at the Barbizon-Plaza, off-Broadway. In three revivals of this show, yours truly had the pleasure of playing featured roles alongside stars Herschel Bernardi, Morris Carnovsky and Eli Mintz.

Into 'Fiddler'

The same author, the late Arnold Perl, tried to repeat this success with his "Tevye And His Daughters," again based on Sholom Aleichem. Although the fates were less kind to this one, the effort was hardly in vain, for a few seasons later it was metamorphosed into "Fiddler," and the rest needs no comment.

Playing Mendele, the Bookseller, in those revivals of "World of Sholom Aleichem" started me thinking about portraying Aleichem himself in my own show. As I began digging into research, I was encouraged to learn that he had a definite flair for acting, and loved to act out the characters in his own stories. Like Mark Twain, he went on reading tours in this country, his last appearance in Philadelphia, having taken place only a few months before his death.

Sholom Aleichem made exactly one recording of his own monologues, and it took me nine years of hunting to acquire a copy. Of course, it's in Yiddish, but one gets a feel for his style and great warmth nonetheless.

In 1907, in order not to give preference to either of those two great rivals of the Yiddish theatre here, Jacob P. Adler and Boris Thomashefsky, the author arranged for two of his plays to open on the same night, one in each of the stars' theatres.

His output for the stage totaled no less than 15 dramatic works, with 136 roles in all. Some of these plays became mainstays of Yiddish Art Theatre in New York, and even of its counterpart in Moscow.

New York was in fact Sholom Aleichem's home for the last two years of his life. His funeral, in May, 1916, was attended by some 150,000 mourners — perhaps the biggest on record for New York. He lies buried in Brooklyn, under a plain stone, surrounded by plain graves of plain people—as specified in his will.

and a half. We indignantly declined.

Next we tried the neighboring Regent St. & Piccadilly, but the situation was identical. Every empty cab that came cruising by had its flag down, ready for bargaining. Some circled around Piccadilly Circus three or four times. By now it was 1:30 a.m. and the price had gone up to two pounds.

West End entertainment buffs, most of them Yank tourists, were lining the streets, all desperately trying to hail cabs, and ready to pay through the nose whatever the cabbies decided to charge. One of our party, in utter despair, went up to a police car. She was told that the taxi play was common knowledge and occurred every night but that nothing could be done about it, provided the cabs had their flags down.

Finally we ceded and caught a cab in front of the Regent Palace Hotel which was ostensibly waiting for a "reserved" £2 booking, which then drove us back to our hotel for the stipulated sum.

Since "Young Winston" like many other West End cinemas was running a late show at 11:30 p.m. one wonders how those coming out ever got home. The answer is that if they didn't have their own cars and were unwilling to pay the exorbitant taxi fares, they had to foot the distance. It might also be wondered how much business is lost by show biz industry and restaurants in London by this flagrant malpractice. Abused on-the-towners, in addition to paying a rather steep £1 or more cinema or legit ticket must add on £2 for the privilege of returning home after the show. Presumably all Londoners are complacently wise to this racket and only unsuspecting Yanks get ensnared in it. Yet this state of affairs must take its toll both b.o.-wise and certainly in the way of good will towards London.

One remedy to this abuse would be to let buses run a little later, at least on Saturday nights, if it does not involve the most complex sort of union complications. Or perhaps the police could be induced to crack down on cab profiteers who are unquestionably cutting into show biz profits by their illicit nocturnal activities. Certainly this writer and his friends will never again venture out after midnight into the never-never transportation limbo of the West End of London.

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London's Gyp Cabs

(Continued from page 173)

foolishly dallied over dinner past the bewitching midnight hour when all forms of transportation, barring taxis and one's own legs, have ground to a standstill in London. Well, we'd simply hop a cab, we innocently thought. It was 12:30 a.m. One was parked right on Piccadilly Circus, his flag down and his seats empty. We naively asked if he'd take us to our Kensington hotel. He said he would, but not at the normal metered fare of a half pound (there's a 10p supplement for all rides after midnight in any case) but at the special rate of a pound

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