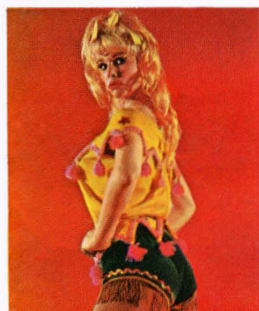


SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED

Sept. 19, 1961

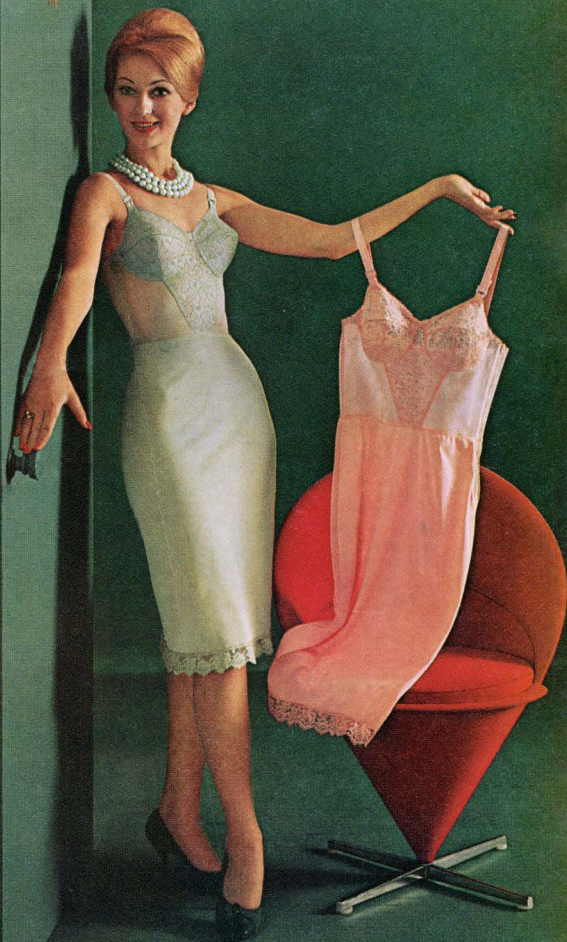
Fifty Cents



OLIVIER "The Power and the Glory" on TV ★ **MITCH MILLER** corn into cash ★ **MINOW** tough talk from TV's new boss ★ **"PINK MOOD"** Japan's TV tease ★ **"WEST SIDE STORY"** Sneak Preview of a Hollywood musical ★ **GABLE, BOGART, COOPER** three kings depart



*What new Fall Fashion
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*She wears this lacy Lycra-Nylon
Perma-lift brassiere-slip, of course*

PERMA·LIFT BRASSIERE-SLIP

♥ What are exciting new fall wardrobes made of? Chic new frocks! Very dramatic hats! Spicy, new accessories—and, of course, fashion's newest, loveliest, daintiest, creations—"Coquette" brassiere-slips by "Perma·lift."* . . . See how the lovely Lycra longline bra, with lasting uplift, is cleverly designed with an inseparable nylon tricot slip that's proportioned to your figure. Imagine how smooth your clingiest fashions will fit, unhampered by even a whisper of a wrinkle. In fresh lingerie colors to match your fall outerwear—Fern Green, Tea Rose, Blue, Carnation, White, Black. \$12.50 at the nicest stores.



SHOWBILL

Whatever listing you prefer on the marquee—MINOW VS. MASS RATINGS, WIT AGAINST WESTERNS OF THE KNOCKERS AND THE NETWORKS—the liveliest show business drama now running is the struggle for that elusive quality: quality TV programming. In this special TV issue, *SB* takes a searching look at and behind the U.S. screen.

First, Associate Editor Frank De Blois has written a wise and wry guide to the coming season. His *Year of the Chimpanzee* is no idle title, either. After successive phases of private eyes, oaters and family comedies, performing *animals* may now be taking over. One viewer who likes such trends not a bit is FCC Chairman Newton Minow. His hard-hitting comments on TV and the public are the theme of this issue's *Candid Conversation*.

For a "how-to-do-it" lesson in quality TV, examine the exciting word-and-picture essay on David Susskind's and Laurence Olivier's new version of Graham Greene's *The Power and the Glory*. An extraordinary technical achievement, it will debut on CBS November 26.

Stories like these take some doing. To get *SB*'s exclusive interview with the ever-mobile Minow, New York correspondent Judith Friedberg tracked him down with the savvy of an old hand in Washington—her new and knowing book *The Kennedy Administration* comes out this fall. *SB*'s James Goode, by contrast, had the quieter job of playing the educated fly-on-the-wall through the all-night filming sessions of *The Power and the Glory*. His resultant article on the making of a TV show has a strong precedent: Goode's own forthcoming book on that historic Gable-Miller-Monroe epic, *The Misfits*. *SB* will give you a preview of it in an early issue.

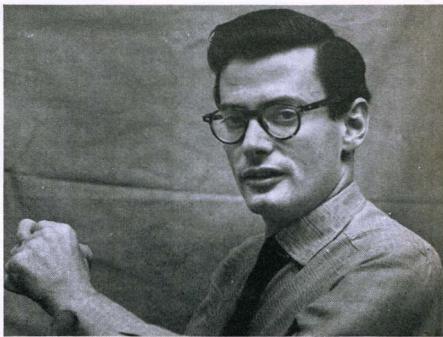
The big question underlying the pros and cons of the TV argument is, inevitably: Who flicked the switch on quality programming? Robert Cunniff suggests some clues in his portrait in depth of ABC-TV's highly successful president, Oliver Treyz. A more fanciful examination of popular taste-making, set this time in England, comes in *The Pukey*. A brilliant and savage satire by British novelist Nigel Dennis, it first appeared in Britain's long-haired literary journal, *Encounter*.

Part II in our eight-part serialization of Patrick (Auntie Mame) Dennis' *Little Me* is satire with a solidly American base. Dennis' book about Belle Poitrine will be published by Dutton in November. It is already being remodeled into a Broadway musical by Cy Feuer and Ernie Martin, who produced *Guys and Dolls* and *Can-Can*. Sid Caesar has accepted the male lead—to play no less than seven of Belle's assorted husbands and lovers. In the amusing family album which accompanies *Little Me*, Belle's second husband, the bearded Lord Baughdic, is portrayed by Dennis himself.

The three faces at right belong to three famous photographers, whose work you will be seeing frequently in *SB*. Philippe Halsman gets an airy boost from dancer Jennifer Billingsley of *Carnival*, whom he had just photographed. Contributing Editor Richard Avedon is responsible for the dramatic lead in our *Sneak Preview* of the movie *West Side Story*. The man with the beard is Dennis Stock, who in this issue runs the gamut from turmoil to tranquility on the entertainment scene. Fresh from the hurly-burly of shooting the Olivier TV story, he flew down to Puerto Rico for the fine reflective pictures of the great cellist Pablo Casals.



HALSMAN



AVEDON



STOCK

This is what Marie Torre and Jack Gould, Kay Gardella, Bob Williams, John Griffin, Eleanor Robert, Arthur Fettridge, Anthony LaCamera, Percy Shain, Fred Remington,

Win Fanning, Cecil Smith, Pinky Herman, Jim Frankel, Barbara Delatiner & George Rosen have said about television's two big, new nighttime shows for grown-ups.

Marie Torre

New York Herald Tribune

"Representing the first major effort to give late night viewers something other than Jack Paar and vintage movies, 'PM East' and 'PM West' arrived with a trio of attractive hosts... Mr. O'Flaherty has an ingratiating manner... Miss Davidson is pretty and a competent interviewer... Wallace's interviews were first rate."

Jack Gould

The New York Times

"Terrence O'Flaherty is headed for a formidable distinction: the first TV critic to make a success of appearing in front of the cameras. Both he and his program seemed destined for the winning column... there is a freshness to his half-hour that could prove attractive indeed. He has both surprising aplomb and an infectious manner on the screen; not so surprising, he also boasts a turn of phrase."

Kay Gardella

New York Daily News

"A new door opened for televisioners last night. At the same time, clear fresh air swept through the stagnant, de-oxygenated late night atmosphere created by antiquated movies and Jack Paar's limited small talk with the

same old rotating faces. The door was labeled 'PM East' and 'PM West,' a 60-minute New York segment hosted by Mike Wallace and Joyce Davidson, followed by a 30-minute San Francisco pickup, emceed by smooth, easy-to-take Terrence O'Flaherty... with care and direction, there's no reason why this diversissement shouldn't cut the late night audience right down the middle, leaving the other half for Paar and old movies to fight over."

Bob Williams
New York Post

"From this chair the prospectus seemed inviting. The promise is the interview everybody else on television forgot to do. The only new and inviting development, 'PM East' and 'PM West' arrived as a little bit of luck for viewers in the beginning of network television's summer rerun-around."

John Griffin
New York Mirror

"Two thoughts are definite. One that Terrence O'Flaherty, host of 'PM West,' will be around your set for a long time to come. His appearance, personality and all around style come over just great! And Joyce Davidson makes a good hostess along with Mike Wallace for 'PM East.'"

Eleanor Robert
Boston Traveler

"A tasty platter of smorgasbord. It was bright, informative, and held a definite appeal for viewers who have never found Jack Paar their cup of tea. The format is entirely different and far more solid, an hour and a half of fascinating and varied entertainment. It was a far different Mike Wallace, low key, pleasant, efficient. Miss Davidson proved that she's as bright and capable as she is attractive. As for Terrence O'Flaherty, he has that warm appealing quality and leprechaun spriteliness that will fast build fans."

Arthur E. Fettridge
Boston Herald

"Something very new, different and rather original has come to the Boston television scene. It's not a copy of the Jack Paar show. It combines a great deal of informative matter along with entertainment. Mike Wallace is a different Mike. Here we find a charming fellow, one you can like. Miss Davidson has a wonderful manner of speech and a delightful way of cocking her head to one side as she talks. This girl's got it. For the opener, 'PM East' and 'PM West' enticed us with tidbits from future shows. These excerpts gave us an excellent idea of what upcoming programs will be

like and their widespread variety. O'Flaherty is perfect as he introduces us to the various characters of the great and colorful California city. For late viewers' sake and that of television, we hope 'PM East' and 'PM West' is a great success."

Anthony LaCamera
Boston American

"'PM East' and 'PM West' represent a very different and highly ambitious brand of TV programming (with) three attractive people as regulars. Mike Wallace reveals himself a mellow, more informal, much friendlier interviewer, while still maintaining full control as a take-charge personality. Blonde Joyce Davidson seemed quite at home as his girl Friday. A pleasant surprise was debonair Terrence O'Flaherty. He shouldn't have much trouble getting the lady viewers on his side."

Percy Shain
Boston Globe

"Packs the same impudent viewpoint as the Paar session, but goes farther afield in search of ideas and excitement... a briskly paced entertainment that was generally diverting and often laugh-provoking. With a mellow and more relaxed Mike Wallace assisted by pretty Joyce Davidson, this portion ranged lightly over ten categories of

varying moods, from serious to satirical. It's no longer just Paar or an old movie for insomniacs."

Fred Remington
Pittsburgh Press

"Everything is held short and kept bright and occasionally mildly significant, as was the case of the William L. Shirer interview. Mr. Shirer's remarks were brief and chilling. The New York end is handled by Mike Wallace, a deft man with an interview, and Joyce Davidson, an uncommonly pretty young woman with a soft-spoken competence and an admirable lack of gush. O'Flaherty has one of those Irish smiles which the songwriter must have had in mind when he said they're like a morn in spring. But content is the big criterion and the content here was, on the whole, first rate."

Win Fanning
Pittsburgh Post Gazette

"The Westinghouse Broadcasting Company did launch a rocket aimed squarely at challenging the Jack Paar Sputnik. At last someone has come up with a place to turn to while Paar is pounding away at the old tear-washed NBC 'slave market.' We shall be hearing a lot more about 'PM East-West' in the months to come."

Cecil Smith
Los Angeles Times

"The most serious threat to Jack Paar's position turns up tonight. It's an excellent show, worth staying up to watch."

Pinky Herman
Motion Picture Daily

"A free and easy format with Terry and Mike, the results proved interesting and flavored with off-beat camera angles, unusual news slants, and geared to present a wide latitude of ideas and personalities. It appears that WBC has beat the two networks in coming up with a threat to the heretofore unchallenged domination of the national late spot by NBC's Jack Paar."

Jim Frankel
Cleveland Press

"If you want lively, scintillating TV, you'll have to wait until after 11:00 p.m. The most important program innovation in years is a nightly affair 'PM East' (60 minutes) and 'PM West' (30 minutes). Probably 9% out of 10 televisioners don't care a rap who's producing a program. Both 'PM's' are unique because they represent the first nightly effort at national programming by an outfit other than a television network."

Barbara Delatiner
Newsday

"Just when Jack Paar was beginning to pale and late movies were becoming a drag, something new has been added to the wakeful watch to entice us from slumber. It's 'PM East/PM West'... the entry promises to be a winner."

George Rosen
Variety

"PM East/PM West is far and away the most ambitious programming venture undertaken by the enterprising Westinghouse Broadcasting Co. Intra-tradewise, it adds up to the nearest (if not the most difficult) trick of the year, setting a new pace on the step-up of syndicated tapes. In an era of declining rating returns on the late and late late feature pix presentations, any such bold thrusts to reactivate live nocturnal programming merit commendation, enhancing its chances for receptivity by non-WBC stations. Polished, yes, and a 'new' Mike Wallace, warm and relaxed, to host the first hour 'East' portion of the 90 minutes. It also has going for it a gal out of Canadian TV, Joyce Davidson, who is definitely a cutie pie with a low-key register that enhances her attractiveness. As exposures pile up, it's a cinch so will Joyce Davidson fans. She's got that quality."

'PM East' is a sixty-minute program from New York City, starring MIKE WALLACE with Joyce Davidson—followed by 'PM West,' a thirty-minute program direct from San Francisco, featuring Terrence O'Flaherty. This is TV rich with humor and music... alive with magnetic vitality. It's TV that's fresh and new and worth looking into.

Mon. thru Fri. on the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company stations in: Boston WBZ-TV/Baltimore WJZ-TV/Pittsburgh KDKA-TV/San Francisco KPX/Cleveland KYW-TV. Contact TvAR for spot availabilities.



Also in New York WNEW-TV/Chicago WGN-TV/Dallas WFAA-TV/Los Angeles KTTV/Washington WTTG-TV. "PM East" & "PM West" are available for further syndication on a limited basis. Contact WBC Program Sales at MU 7-0808 for complete details.

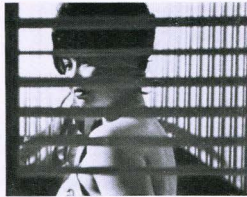
"PM EAST" & "PM WEST"

SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED

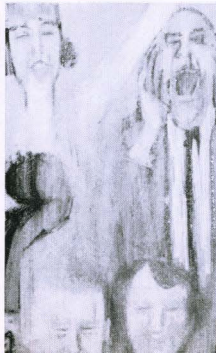
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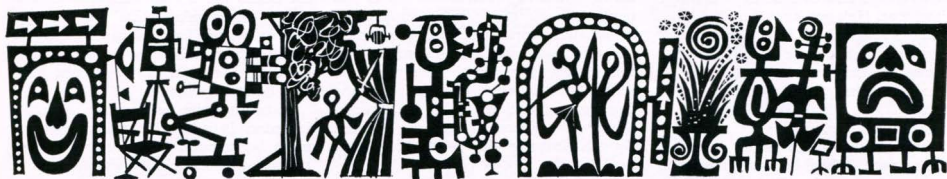
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NEWS AND REVIEWS



FRONT AND CENTER

When WFMY-TV in Greensboro, North Carolina, switched broadcasting operations to a new site, the central antenna was replaced. Station executives, however, couldn't figure out what to do with the old antenna so, pending a decision, it was stored away, all two tons, twelve batwings and 60 feet of it. Early this year, a decision finally pending: the antenna was given to the city. Now in Greensboro Country Park, freshly painted and sturdily supported in a horizontal position, the antenna is back at work — as a jungle gym for the children.

A future historian, burrowing for bits of evidence, might make the honest error of supposing that this marked the beginning of popular reaction against television. "One of the first indications of disgust," he might write, "was uncovered in the well-known Greensboro excavation, where archaeologists found the Inverted Pylon, once an item of veneration, turned, from all we can gather, into a child's plaything." Who knows? The Pylon itself might even be carefully transported to a major city and stood solidly back on end like an Egyptian stone needle of incalculable archaeological significance.

Such fanciful ruminating into the future does not, in fact, warp certain hard and present truths. Television is not only in creative trouble (see *The Year of the Chimpanzee*, page 26); there are real indications of disgust, particularly among the middle ranks within the TV priesthood itself. Rarely have so many workers cast so much asperity upon their business, as the producers, directors, writers and actors did in the recent FCC hearings. At root, as those who testified revealed, the issue is not complex. It can be stated succinctly: The general level of programing has hit rock bottom.

No one, it would seem, knows this better than the network decision-makers themselves. In an anonymous survey conducted by *Broadcasting* magazine, some 175 top executives put their *personal* viewing preferences on the line. Among their opinions:

- The three program types they "generally enjoy most" are drama, documentary and news — scarcest of all television items screened.

- "Pet hates," according to the poll, are game and panel shows, closely followed by Westerns and situation comedies — packed in utter profusion on TV.

- If five prime-time network programs could be knocked off the air, which ones would the executives nominate? They readily nominated 47 shows. One executive spun the question around, avowing that he "couldn't think of any I'd really like to save." The most denigrated show of all: *The Untouchables*.

Any historian leaping through such documentation would naturally wonder why the men responsible for programing didn't follow their own taste. Or, at the very least, he

would assume that the TV executives had an urge toward self-destruction. For they are enervating television with a gruel of inane games, frothy comedy (so-called) and meaningless violence. Viewers, as a result, are growing restive. They don't want what TV executives think they want. There is every likelihood, to tell the truth, that succeeding generations of adults may seek other amusement. Television may in fact be left to the children, becoming an immobilized plaything, just like that obsolete antenna in Greensboro.

THE KING HOLDS COURT

Nat "King" Cole slipped into a booth at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby, right beneath a caricature of himself hanging on the wall. His smile of greeting was warm, his attire, from neat-pattern sports jacket (made in Hong Kong) to gold cuff links (presented by a friend in Okinawa), as rich and seemingly casual as his singing voice. What, he was asked, before he had barely settled in the booth, did he think of today's vocalists?

Most entertainment personalities, when asked about colleagues, keep their opinions to themselves, but Mr. Cole launched into a surprisingly candid *tour d'horizon*, touching briefly upon a whole passel of vocalists. Nat's run-down, delivered before the first course:

Vic Damone — "He's growing up. He was pampered in the beginning of his career. Now, however, he's out on his own and getting real good."

Julie London — "I like her as a person but I don't believe her as a singer."

Bobby Darin — "He's trying to be a young Frank Sinatra. I think he's a fine little performer. Only one thing against him: He should be a bit more humble."

June Christy — "She could be bigger if she wanted to be. She still has too much band dust hanging around her, and I hope she gets mad at my saying this and does something about it."

Dean Martin — "He won't sing a song through for anything unless he's recording. He has much humor and a little voice."

Fabian — "He admits he can't sing and I won't argue with him. On the other hand, kids want to see him because he's a performer. Teenagers do as much looking as listening these days."

Johnny Mathis — "Johnny is typical of the pop school. He sings the melody. He's not great, but he has a nice pleasant voice."

Frank Sinatra — "Now here's a man who is one of the great song stylists of our day. There's no one better when he's working at it. He's a top pro" — Mr. Cole paused to again emphasize his point — "when he's working at it."

Eileen Farrell — "I think the novelty of her singing jazz is highly overrated. For an opera singer she's mighty good, but there are many jazz performers who can cut her."

Tony Bennett — "He's a great performer and has great heart. It's a question. I guess, of whether or not you like his style."

Eddie Fisher — "Thanks to all he's been through he's become a good singer with heart. He's got know-how."

Ella Fitzgerald — "You don't speak about her in the same breath as other singers. She can do anything."

Ray Charles, Sarah Vaughan, Mahalia Jackson, Dinah Washington — "In rhythm and blues, great, great, great."

Bing Crosby — "You're in the big leagues now. When he was singing no one was close to him. Today he doesn't have to sing any more. He's going to be in the hall of fame. You can't be greatest all the time."

Ricky Nelson, Elvis Presley, Brenda Lee, The Chantillys, Bobby Rydell, and "nineteen other rock-'n'-roll acts" were lumped by Cole into one category. "The record companies are manufacturing these kids and records today like Coca-Cola bottles," he sighed. "Sell them, get rid of them. The kids cut a record that becomes a success and then someone sends them into a room [a night club] and they can't fill it. There is no place for kids to try out, to be bad, when they start so spoiled. It's a real pity."

TURKISH DELIGHT

To live the part, as the Actors' Studio propounds, is a strenuous assignment. Or so Turkish actor Ismet Karabulu might conclude. A specialist in gangster-movie roles, he was arrested recently in Istanbul, charged with committing several thefts. Among his alleged victims: the producer of his current movie. Shooting schedules being what they are, however, the producer did the only possible thing and bailed Karabulu out. Filming continues.

CULTURE AND PARTY POLITICS

Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, the \$142,000,000 culture complex rising slowly on New York City's West Side, has become an object of convoluted political intrigue more fit for Machiavelli than Mendelssohn. Here is the script:

First act. As its share in promoting Lincoln Center, New York City promised to kick in \$15,000,000. This was earmarked, among other things, for defraying the cost of a parcel of land on the building site. The sum was counted upon by Center officials. It had only to be approved formally by the city's Board of Estimates.

Second act. In Albany, meanwhile, the State Senate met to consider a totally different matter: two bills to provide additional and badly needed judgships in New York City. The bills floundered. State Republican bigwigs, it seems, refused to meet the demands of Democratic party leaders on how the judicial plums should be divided.

Third act. Fuming at Governor Rockefeller and his Republican majority in Albany, the city hunted for an instrument of revenge. It took some ingenuity, but one was found. The Board of Estimates suddenly discovered that its cupboard was too bare to supply the \$15,000,000 promised Lincoln Center. So the offer was duly withdrawn. Why is this an act of revenge? The usual observers were quick to point out that the Governor's brother, John D. Rockefeller, is chairman of Lincoln Center. By withdrawing the \$15,000,000 they explain, the city is cracking the Governor's knuckles, using a financial boycott against his brother's pet project as the weapon.

QUO VADIS?

On the solemn promise of Radio Corporation of America, these electronic devices will reach the market place come 1971:

A pocket-size, battery-operated color television receiver combined with a stereo radio set.

A color TV set housed in an attaché case, with the additional feature of a video-audio tape player.

The mind wavers uncertainly at the thought of an attaché case mumbling between the knees of its weary owner on the 5:39 to Westport or Lake Forest, or a spectrum of color and canned laughter flaring from the rayon-shirt pockets of thousands of meandering pedestrians. Yet such items may, in the end, have their uses as well as abuses.

Useful, however, is no word for a truly boggling electronic device — already on the market! — called 3 SCREEN TV STEREO HI-FI/FM. It beams three shows on three separate screens simultaneously. "Watch *Perry Mason*, *Roaring 20's* and *Bonanza* at the same time," runs the newspaper advertisement. After showing that unlikely lure beneath the consumer's nose, the ad continues: "Of course, the sound is on tap in your hand remote-control button. When the show you are hearing drags, shift sound to another, pick up the story and go back in time to catch the important part of the first."

No further comment.

STOMPING AT THE MOON BOWL

The big ballrooms, those storied paladins of stylish stomping, have slumped like a marathon dancer's arches. Their attendance began to sag in the Forties. Lately, jarred by the competition of TV and night clubs, they seem on the verge of total collapse. This has had, in turn, a harsh impact on bands. Long dependent on ballrooms as a major source of revenue, many have died or shriveled significantly in size. Another source of prime bookings is obviously needed.

For bands, both big and little, just such a rejuvenator has popped into view. It is the mammoth new amusement park.

While many a glorified midway has intermittently booked music, few match the fat and fast-growing investment of such places as Disneyland, which will spend \$400,000 this year to keep four to six bands playing simultaneously. New York's Freedomland has also jumped heavily on the band wagon. Among its 1961 orchestral high spots are Woody Herman, Lionel Hampton, Count Basie and Benny Goodman.

Sometimes the band music, which is included in admission price, serves as mere background hoopla for other attractions. (A Dixieland jazz quintet is a come-on in the New Orleans mock-up at Freedomland.) But usually the bands are a hot draw in themselves. What's more, they have started a fresh cry for dance-floor space. Freedomland has just established a glittering new ballroom located in its Space City. Its name: the Moon Bowl.

THIRTEEN AND ABOVE

On the irrefragable theory that U.S. teenagers are ill-informed about public affairs, NBC will unveil a weekly TV show this month that gets right to the point. Called *Update*, the half-hour program will include a review of the week's headlines, and an analysis of the most important current news story. High school editors, also participating, will interview prominent citizens. "The adult newscaster writes a show aimed at twelve-year-olds," says Robert Abernethy, the personable NBC Washington correspondent who will act as *Update* editor and emcee. "I plan to write for thirteen to eighteen-year-olds."

HOME TOWNS TAKE NOTE

Any U.S. community would quite naturally get a kick out of supporting a local opera company, particularly an artistically flourishing troupe like that of Santa Fe, New Mexico, now in its fifth season. But Santa Fe outdid itself recently when the opera staged a night devoted to Igor Stravinsky's music. The evening was not just a sellout. People begged to pay to watch rehearsals: hundreds more rushed to get on the waiting list in case of ticket cancellations.

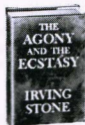
Held under the stars in the town's outdoor theater, the performance justified the hullabaloo. Much excitement, of course, stemmed from the conducting of Stravinsky himself. Still wilder enthusiasm, however, greeted the opera's new ballet company, in its first season, which brilliantly performed Stravinsky's *Persephone*. Vera Zorina was the leading player. "Never, I think, have I seen a more beautiful production," bubbled *New York Herald Tribune* dance critic Walter Terry.

Santa Fe has a population of 35,000. When a city of this size can support both an opera and a ballet, there is considerable warrant for the talk of a national cultural concern.

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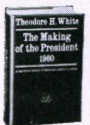
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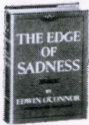
455. **THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY** by IRVING STONE (Retail price \$5.95)



466. **RUSSIA AND THE WEST UNDER LENIN AND STALIN** by GEO. F. KENNAN (Retail price \$5.75)



467. **THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT —1960** by THEODORE H. WHITE (Retail price \$6.95)



463. **THE EDGE OF SADNESS** by EDWIN O'CONNOR (Retail price \$3)



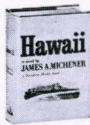
457. **RING OF BRIGHT WATER** by GAVIN MAXWELL. Illustrated. (Retail price \$5)



482. **THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA** by ERNEST HEMINGWAY. (Retail price \$5)



454. **THE LAST OF THE JUST** by ANDRE SCHWARTZ-BART (Retail price \$4.95)



186. **HAWAII** by JAMES A. MICHENER. (Retail price \$6.95)



451. **A BURNT-OUT CASE** by GRAHAM GREENE. (Retail price \$3.95)



431. **THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH** by WILLIAM L. SHIRER. (Retail price \$10)



458. **JAPANESE INN** by OLIVER STATLER. Illustrated. (Retail price \$6.50)



479. **LILITH** by R. SALAMANCA. (Retail price \$5.50)



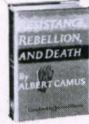
452. **CHINA COURT** by RUMER GODDEN (Retail price \$4.50)



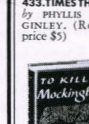
450. **FATE IS THE HUNTER** by ERNEST K. GANN. (Retail price \$6)



465. **PROFILES IN COURAGE** by JOHN F. KENNEDY. (Retail price \$3.95)



459. **RESISTANCE, REBELLION, AND DEATH** by ALBERT CAMUS. (Retail price \$4)



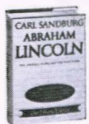
435. **TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD** by HARPER LEE (Retail price \$3.95)



462. **THE SECRET OF THE KINGDOM** by MIKA WALTARI (Retail price \$4.95)



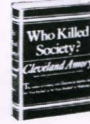
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152. **BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS**. 13th edition. (Retail price \$10)

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National Book Award for Non-Fiction
 431. **THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH** by WILLIAM L. SHIRER. (Retail price \$10)

Pulitzer Prize for Poetry
 433. **TIMES THREE** by PHYLLIS MCGINLEY. (Retail price \$5)

Pulitzer Prize for Fiction
 435. **TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD** by HARPER LEE (Retail price \$3.95)

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MOVIES

DOMESTIC

The Fiercest Heart. Directed and produced by George Sherman. 20th Century-Fox. Stuart Whitman, Juliet Prowse, Ken Scott, Rafer Johnson, Raymond Massey, Geraldine Fitzgerald—Even with a program, it's difficult to tell the Boers from the bores in this fatuous lump of fribble. Ostensibly, this Cinemascope bloater attempts to re-create the great Boer trek of the 19th Century in Africa. Actually, it's just another cowboys and Indians-in-blackface giddyapper. The tale is hung on three British army deserters. Stuart Whitman. Ken Scott and Rafer Johnson, who hook a ride on a wagon train of Afrikaners migrating to the Transvaal. As the camera pans along the San Fernando veld, there are predictable pauses for fist fights, an occasional pawing of Juliet Prowse, Messianic non sequiturs by ranting Raymond Massey and, finally, an attack by the Zulus. At the end of all the nonsense, landlouper Whitman considers a Boer's advice: "A ship without a rudder is foot-loose — not free." As Whitman attempts to unmix this metaphor, he scowls and heaves a sigh of relief. The sigh will be shared by most audiences.

Loss of Innocence. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. Produced by Victor Saville and Edward Small. Columbia Pictures. Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux, Susannah York—This delicate film explores the stirrings of adolescence among four British children stranded in a provincial hotel in France. At the plot's core stands Kenneth More, a mysterious Englishman and hotel guest who befriends the children. He is the lover of Danielle Darrieux, the acid-tongued co-owner of the hotel. Captivated by the children, he drives them about the Champagne countryside, buying them *glacés* and gripping their childish fancy with his gentle humor and gallant manners. Where does the mysterious Englishman get his money? The children turn into amateur detectives, seeking an answer. To complicate matters, Susannah York, who plays the oldest child, begins to fall in love with him. Finally, however, Susannah and the children bite upon the truth about their hero and suffer the inevitable shattering of their illusions. More is superb. So is Susannah York. But the film's power lies in its exquisite delineation, through mood and incident, of a child's passage to reality.

1+1. Directed, produced and written by Arch Oboler. Fluorite, Ltd. Leo G. Carroll, Hilda Bravner, William Traylor, Kate Reid, Ernest Graves, Richard Janaver, June Duprez—Although this film deals with the methods of multiplication, or, to put it more precisely, the statistics of the Kinsey Report, it simply doesn't figure. It is merely a self-conscious peek into S-E-X. devoid of wit,

wisdom and insight. Using as his launching pad a college professor's (Leo G. Carroll) lecture on Kinsey, creator Oboler takes off on a misguided flight to snoop into assorted corners of the boudoir. Through a repetitive vignette device, he gives the once-over-lightly to premarital sex (an episode entitled *Honeymoon*), extramarital sex (*Homecoming*), postmarital sex (*The Divorce*), the middle-age itch (*Average Man*) and abortion (*Baby*). The production shows little evidence of money, imagination or ability. The actors grapple manfully, but unsuccessfully, with their roles. If nothing else, Oboler has proved that S-E-X can be D-U-L-L.

Splendor in the Grass. Directed and produced by Elia Kazan. Written by William Inge. Warner Brothers. Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, Audrey Wood, Pat Hingle—The sad, hard truth is that two of show business' top craftsmen, Elia Kazan and William Inge, have collaborated on an awful movie. It is badly written. It is clumsily directed. Its characters are devoid of motivation and reality. Supposed to be an essay in stark realism, it will be less known for calling a spade a spade than for arousing the suspicion that it was written with one. Set in Kansas in 1928, *Splendor in the Grass* is rooted in the familiar story of Rich Man's Son (newcomer Warren Beatty) and Daughter of Local Grocery Store Proprietor (played by Natalie Wood, frequently touching and appealing). They are mad for each other but they battle their base instincts. Then our heroine makes a frontal assault on their mutual virtue and is repulsed. In her case, this leads to incarceration in an asylum where she finds true love with an apprentice M.D. In his case, it leads to flunking out of Yale and returning to the soil with his true love, a waitress, to work the family farm. Mixed up in this mishmash of Model-T Freud are such cardboard cutouts as the hero's old man (Pat Hingle), an oil tycoon, j.g., who rants like a stock-company Father Day; the hero's nymphomaniac sister; and a maiden schoolteacher who chokes up when she reads Wordsworth. Add for quirks shimmy-dancing, a lot of hoked sex talk ("Your father never touched me, except to have children"), Texas Guinan and full-color wild parties. A Gatsby on the prairies for crazy mixed-up ids.

FOREIGN

The Devil's Eye. Directed and written by Ingmar Bergman. Produced by Svensk Filmindustri. Janus Films Inc. A Swedish film with English titles. Bibi Andersson, Jarl Kulle, Stig Järrel—"A woman's chastity is a sty in the devil's eye," goes one proverb. Ingmar Bergman, in a buoyant mood, fastens on the proverb as his embarkation point for a 90-minute sail into comedy. The pastor has a virginal daughter (Bibi Andersson) of mat-

ing age and, as a result, the devil (Stig Järrel) has a sty. So Satan wheels up his biggest gun, Don Juan (Jarl Kulle) himself, and offers him a 24-hour parole from eternal sexual frustration and a chance to make the grade with Bibi. The plot allows a reasonable number of chuckles. It also permits Bergman to work over some of his pet themes: the despair of loneliness, the pathos and beauty of young love, the evanescence of happiness. This time, however, the message is delivered with a tingling tap instead of the customary thumping right to the solar plexus. The fault with *The Devil's Eye* lies in the language barrier. In a comedy of manners, the nuance of the spoken word carries just as much weight as the action—and subtitles just aren't subtle.

The Ninth Circle. Directed by France Stiglic. Produced by Jadran Films. Interprogress Trading Co. A Serbo-Croatian film with English titles. Dusica Zegarac, Boris Dvornik—A chilling account of the horrors of the Nazi occupation on one level, a tender and touching tale of a love affair on another, this ranks as one of the sleepers of the season. It clearly catapults the Yugoslav director Stiglic into a notch among the top film makers of Europe. Stiglic has chosen for his essay some lowering material: the account of a boy in Zagreb who grudgingly accepts marriage with a Jewish girl in an effort to save her from the conquering Nazis. The girl's pathetic charm and the boy's growing sense of being her protector draw them into a union which, though never consummated, is soon more than a ruse. The girl is finally taken by the Germans and the bid by the boy to rescue her from the ninth circle—the bordello in the Nazi camp—is doomed. Stiglic's reconstruction of a monstrous era is indelible. Even more memorable is the way he traces the growth of a young couple as the two fall in love and grab fleet moments of joy. As the girl and boy, Dusica Zegarac and Boris Dvornik put warmth and grace into Stiglic's canvas. There are some technical faults—a faded, grainy screen and scratchy sound—but they detract little from a first-rate film.

THE TEN AT THE TOP

(leading box-office films)

1. Fanny (WB)
2. The Guns of Navarone (Col)
3. Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea (20th)
4. Exodus (UA)
5. La Dolce Vita (Astor)
6. The Parent Trap (BV)
7. Francis of Assisi (20th)
8. Spartacus (U)
9. Tammy Tell Me True (U)
10. By Love Possessed (UA)

THEATER

OFF BROADWAY

Chalk Marks on a Brick Wall. By Gregory Rozakis. Directed by Dalene Young. Produced by Frank Dalia. Gregory Rozakis, Jack Kirkman, Philip Huston. At the *Take 3 Café Theater*—This morality play deals with a boy's quest after knowledge and understanding. The boy is played by the boy who wrote the play, 18-year-old Gregory Rozakis. The questions that torture his adolescent mind—the existence of God, the merits of Take vs. Give—are expressed in terms of his nightmares. Awakening brings a reprieve without answers. *Chalk Marks* is an embarrassingly personal and somewhat sophomoric philosophical presentation. But for an 18-year-old, it is an astonishingly accomplished work.

THE TEN AT THE TOP

(longest Broadway runs)

	WEEKS
1. My Fair Lady.....	285
2. Fiorello!.....	93
3. Sound of Music.....	90
4. Bye Bye Birdie.....	73
5. Irma La Douce.....	50
6. Taste of Honey.....	49
7. The Unsinkable Molly Brown.....	45
8. Camelot.....	41
9. Do Re Mi.....	33
10. Come Blow Your Horn.....	29

ON THE ROAD

Anatol. Directed by Warren Enters. Produced by Michael Dewell and Frances Ann Helsey. Adapted from the works of Arthur Schnitzler and Jacques Offenbach. Book and lyrics by Tom Jones. Jean-Pierre Aumont, Marisa Pavan, Jacques Aubuchon, Joan Copeland—Nearly everything about *Anatol*, which opened a pre-Broadway tryout at the Boston Arts Center, is monotonous. Adapted from Schnitzler's vinegary vignettes about a cad pursuing pleasure in Old World Vienna and lightly embroidered with tunes from Offenbach, it has the air of a bubbling operetta, but none of the music to send it downstream. The book and lyrics are direct but heavy of foot. The musical arrangement is merely a lilting incidental. But the trouble with *Anatol* lies deeper. Schnitzler's sardonic valentine is steeped in acid. In the part-time musical version, however, all play and no H₂SO₄ makes *Anatol* a pretty dull boy. The principal roles are played with professional ease by Jean-Pierre Aumont and Jacques Aubuchon. Both gentlemen struggle through the lyrics in the uncertain style that has become acceptable in the *Sprachgesang* of current musicals. The vignettes have been earnestly if not smoothly directed by Warren Enters.

TELEVISION

In recent seasons, imaginative local television programming has been wasting away. With networks muscling in on prime-time hours on affiliated stations, local broadcasters now feed their viewers home-grown daytime variety shows, weather reports, children's shows and an occasional talk program. Here is a sample of what viewers are watching in urban centers outside the main stems:

Axel and His Dog (WCCO-TV, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Monday through Friday, 4:30 p.m., CDT)—On the barren steppes of Twin City TV, it is significant to note that something called *Axel and His Dog* is regarded as the best local show in town. Aimed at children from eight months to eight years, it stars a farm-belt type named Clellan Card who, as "Axel," converses with his dog "Towser" in a Scandinavian dialect, often interrupting his discourse by running ancient comic movies, grainy cartoons and plugs for the produce of his sponsor, a manufacturer of packaged foods. The charm, if one may employ the word loosely, of *Axel and His Dog* lies in the fact that no matter how much Axel talks, Towser rarely replies. In fact, the audience never even sees the beast. Only its paw is sometimes visible and this is manipulated by a stagehand. Down, Boy.

Eyewitness (WSB-TV, Atlanta, Saturday, 6:45 p.m., EDT)—Moderated by *Atlanta Constitution* Editor Eugene Patterson or Ralph McGill, the *Constitution's* publisher, this ranks as one of the most provocative TV offerings in the South. In an atmosphere of informality, soft-spoken newsmen Patterson and McGill analyze the week's news with two or three staffers. Subject matter is wisely confined to Georgian issues: the local economy, the state's politics and traditions. Touchy racial problems also come in for a fair share of scrutiny and the panelists handle them with the ease they might use in discussing the season's turnip crop. The only major flaw in the show is lack of time: With just fifteen minutes at their disposal, the talkers often find their flow of chatter halted just as they reach the heart of their topic.

50-50 Club (WLW-TV, Cincinnati, Monday through Friday, 12 Noon, EDT)—Each weekday at noon a phalanx of midwestern housewives forsakes the dust mops to tune in on *The Leader*—Ruth Lyons. No performer has a more devoted following. Current ticket requests would fill the studio's 130 seats for seven years. The stuffing of the *50-50 Club* is orthodox: prizes, songs, interviews, news and weather. The kicker, however, is Miss Lyons herself. Clutching a hand microphone buried in a bouquet of flowers, the veteran TV lady sits in a rocking chair and gossips candidly about her home life, personalities, current events, recipes and fashion. She strolls freely

about the set, trading repartee with the musicians, singers, and cameramen, or into the audience to comment (not always favorably) on a guest's new hat or coiffure. Interviews usually crackle with controversy and humor. They have ranged from Robert Kennedy to the Crosby Brothers. Miss Lyons' selling power is also considerable. When "Mother," as she is called by her staff, holds up a can of beans and confers her personal stamp of approval, local grocers stock up. So do the housewives. In short, a show that's full of beans, in more ways than one.

Important (WPST, Miami, Sunday, 7:30 p.m., EDT)—Tightly produced and loosely moderated by 36-year-old Bill Bayer, this half-hour interview show places key local and national figures on its hot seat. Hubert Humphrey, Richard Nixon, Barry Goldwater, along with Cabinet members and (a rarity on television) U.S. Supreme Court Justices, are among those who have faced Bayer and his panel of two local newspapermen. Because the show is local, national guests tend to drop their accustomed poses while local figures, usually presented in pairs, often goad each other into revealing displays of motive and personality. *Important*, happily enough, is a show which generally justifies its title.

Michigan Outdoors (WVJ-TV, Detroit, Thursday, 7:00 p.m., CDT)—Things are so bad on TV in Detroit that viewers are taking to the hills by the thousands. This emigration is boldly encouraged by *Michigan Outdoors*, best described as a kind of *Field and Stream* inside a 21-inch screen. Hosted by Mort Neff, the 10-year-old program is aimed at those who operate fowling pieces or fly rods. It has an audience of 500,000 males who, when they are not following Neff's advice to trek over dale and down, sit around and listen to his clues on where the bass are biting or on how to bag a deer. All this is supplemented by film, much of it in color, shot by the show's three full-time photographers. In addition, the viewer is invited to enter contests, which offer substantial rewards for shooting big game and landing big fish. An honest show which also provides a needed service.

THE TEN AT THE TOP

1. Gunsmoke (CBS).....	28.5*
2. Andy Griffith Show (CBS).....	22.8
3. What's My Line? (CBS).....	22.6
4. Garry Moore Show (CBS, last half).....	22.6
5. Have Gun, Will Travel (CBS).....	22.4
6. Candid Camera (CBS).....	22.2
7. Garry Moore (CBS, first half).....	21.4
8. Red Skelton (CBS).....	20.4
9. My Three Sons (ABC).....	20.3
10. Untouchables (ABC).....	19.2

*Percentage of TV homes reached during average minute of show, according to Nielsen.

RECORDINGS

POPULAR

Frank D'Rone, *Try a Little Tenderness* (Mercury-M.S.)—An able crooner and a flock of quality tunes are sabotaged here by insipid arrangements. The mushy backgrounds, wisely uncredited, surround D'Rone like quicksand. Stubbornly refusing to be engulfed, he manages to exploit several worthy refrains. *Long Ago and Far Away, There's a Small Hotel, Misty and Love Is a Simple Thing* are among the songs he communicates best.

Billy Eckstine, *Broadway, Bongos & Mr. "B"* (Mercury-M.S.)—If you can conceive *Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'* sung in front of a band providing Latin accompaniment, you're suitably clued in to this travesty. Eckstine, who's capable of wailing blues or tossing off vibrato ballads, is stuck in the setting provided by leader Hal Mooney, who felt it appropriate to pound drums and screech Latin brass clichés while Eckstine mouthed lyrics not at all related to the sweltering background. Although the singer attempts to pay no attention to Mooney's doings, in singing *I Could Write a Book, If Ever I Would Leave You, On the Street Where You Live* and other Broadway blossoms, he rarely succeeds in outmaneuvering the hapless horde hovering behind him.

Edith Piaf, *More Piaf of Paris* (Capitol-M.S.)—Refrains for the spiritually sunk abound in this latest assortment by the Queen of Woes. Dealing with dejection and related short subjects, Miss Piaf eloquently sighs her way through a dozen odes to depression, all Gallic. Language proves no barrier as she knowingly serenades love won and lost in the gamble that propels the lovelorn to all banks: Left, Right and Chase National.

Nina Simone, *Forbidden Fruit* (Colpix-M.S.)—Miss Simone is not an *echt jazz* singer, but she is much more resourceful than most pop vocalists. In this collection, she displays an occasional lightness of approach that is a welcome complement to her usual excursions into the lower depths, and there is much less of a tendency to distort the melody with baroque ornamentation. Miss Simone has the power to hold an audience through her sizable presence of spirit.

JAZZ

Dizzy Gillespie, *The Greatest of Dizzy Gillespie* (RCA Victor-M)—Although not as cosmic as the hard-sell title implies, this is a useful reissue. It includes eight performances by the 1947-1949 Gillespie big band and four 1946 sides by a small combo that included Milt Jackson, Don Byas, Al Haig and Ray Brown. The Gillespie orchestra was often ragged, but it did attempt challenging material and played with enormous enthusiasm and power. The late Chano

Pozo Stokes the band on conga drum in several numbers. The outstanding soloist is, of course, the venturesome Gillespie who was more lyrical during this period than many listeners remember. The small combo sessions are a reminder of the sweep and thrust of tenor man Byas, long an expatriate in Europe.

THE TEN AT THE TOP

(best-selling LPs in Billboard survey)

1. *Stars for a Summer Night*, Various Artists (Columbia)
2. *Carnival*, Original Cast (MGM)
3. *TV Sing Along with Mitch*, Mitch Miller (Columbia)
4. *Camelot*, Original Cast (Columbia)
5. *Exodus*, Sound Track (RCA Victor)
6. *Never on Sunday*, Sound Track (United Artists)
7. *Ring-a-Ding Ding*, Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
8. *Rick is 21*, Ricky Nelson (Imperial)
9. *Knockers Up*, Rusty Warren (Jubilee)
10. *G.I. Blues*, Elvis Presley (RCA Victor)

Milt Jackson and John Coltrane, *Bags and Trane* (Atlantic-M.S.)—This pairing of the matured vibraphonist Jackson and the ascendant tenor man Coltrane works out well. Jackson is nonpareil on his instrument, swinging effortlessly and constructing unerringly logical solos. Coltrane has pared his style on slower numbers, but touches off fireworks on swifter tempos. The rhythm section of pianist Hank Jones, drummer Connie Kay and bassist Paul Chambers is flawless.

Charlie Parker, *Bird Is Free* (Charlie Parker Records, distributed by Carlton Records-M)—The first release of the new Charlie Parker Record Company consists of performances by Parker in early 1950. The sidemen are unidentified, although more diligent research might have uncovered their names. The recording balance is less than optimum, but Parker comes through clearly enough and his performances are hotly spontaneous.

Lester Young, *Jazz Immortal Series, Volume 2* (Savoy-M)—These sessions were recorded, according to the insufficiently researched notes, in the 1950s. Despite the claim that this is "unusually fine fidelity," the on-location recording is spotty. Yet there are long passages by a Young who is in good, if not brilliant, form, and the album as a whole is considerably more rewarding than the recent *Pres* set issued by the Charlie Parker Record Company. In this album, Young is hampered by an insensitive rhythm section, but he usually cuts through effectively, especially on the slower tempos.

CLASSICAL

Karl-Birger Blomdahl, *Aniara*, Soloists of the Stockholm Royal Opera, Chorus and Orchestra of the Vienna Volkoper, conducted by Werner Janssen (Columbia-M.S.)—It had to happen sooner or later:

an opera whose action takes place on a spaceship (in 2038). The possibilities for weird sounds, eerie effects and "space music" clichés were obviously enticing and Blomdahl was hardly scrupulous in his avoidance of these tired devices. *Aniara* has been a success in Europe, but judged on the basis of serious achievement, it is a pretty shoddy anthology of 20th-century styles. Heard in motley order are, among other things, bits of Weill's *Mahagonny*, Schönberg's *Gurrelieder*, Berg's *Wozzeck*, Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms*; other parts refer clearly to such operatic roles as Wotan and Zerbinetta. There is also a large helping of stereotyped electronic music and, inevitably, watered-down jazz. The result is pretentious background music and caricature, not opera. After much ado, the plot and music finally resolve in a cleverly contrived "mummification" scene, for which Blomdahl managed to compose some quietly suspenseful music in his best eclectic 12-tone manner. As the good ship *Aniara* floats off, like *The Flying Dutchman*, on its eternal rounds through space, listeners are rewarded with what must be the longest and softest fadeaway ending in recording history.

Clément Jannequin, *Choral Works*, Montreal Bach Choir Society, conducted by George Little (Vox-M.S.)—A lovely introduction to the secular music of the French 16th-century composer Jannequin, this sampler is full of charm and vivacious wit. The *a cappella* selections include 16 lighthearted Renaissance songs and two major works. *The War and Song of the Birds*, both displaying Jannequin's remarkable ability to paint with music. The performances by the largely nonprofessional Bach Choir of Montreal are spirited.

Tchaikovsky, *The Nutcracker*, Bolshoi Theater Orchestra, conducted by Genady Rozhdestvensky (Artia-M.S.)—A superb recording of the complete *Nutcracker* ballet music. Those who scoff at Tchaikovsky might do well to listen to the numerous lesser-known "pantomime" sections of the score, which are stylistically well in advance of their time (1890). The Bolshoi Orchestra is disciplined, relaxed, sensitive and capable of both controlled power and subtlety. Its woodwinds and brass achieve a consistent organlike blend. Highly recommended.

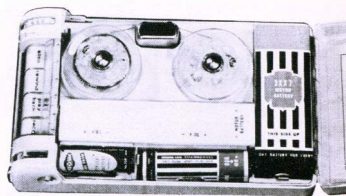
FOLK

Richard Dyer-Bennet, *Vol. 9* (Richard Dyer-Bennet Records-M.S.)—Although Dyer-Bennet's high, dry voice is not usually an apt medium for sensual or tragic folk songs, he is an intelligent interpreter of other kinds of folk material. Most of his program here consists of rather familiar English, German, French and Ameri-

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can airs and is quite pleasant, although he is ill advised to attempt the rugged *Buffalo Skinners*. There are complete texts and translations and as is customary in this series, the engineering is admirable.

Cisco Houston, *Sings the Songs of Woody Guthrie* (Vanguard-M) — The late Cisco Houston, like Woody Guthrie, had ridden the roads of America. Cisco's tribute to Guthrie in this album is all the more effective because it is not an attempt to copy Guthrie. What Houston does catch is the individualistic spirit of Guthrie and his ease of projection. The songs tell of Guthrie's pride in such massive artifacts of the Roosevelt era as the Grand Coulee Dam as well as of his bitterness at the way the Okies were treated. Guthrie's viewpoint may have occasionally been simplistic, but his instincts were soundly Jeffersonian.

Germaine Montero, *Mantourne La Nuit* (Vanguard-M-S) — Born in Paris and trained in Spain, Miss Montero is a magnificent actress as well as a biting and clarifying singer of urban folk material. She attacks these songs of the French music halls in a voice that is harsh, yet capable of nuances of emotion. She is unsentimental in approach and rhythmically resilient. The songs are a view of French society from the bottom up, both bitter and celebratory of pleasure.

MISCELLANEOUS

Elsa Lancheater, *Elsa Lancheater Herself* (Verve-M-S) — This is a sampling of the one-hoeddon show the antic Miss Lancheater has given in several cities. The program encompasses Miss Lancheater's memories of her early days in British show business, a chilling enactment of Osbert Sitwell's sinister *Ballad of Sister Anne* and a rousing London street cry. Some of it is bawdy; some is overlong. On balance, the score is in favor of the lady whom her husband, Charles Laughton, lauds for "her mischievous wit and her red hair and her crazy legs."

Wayne and Shuster, *Selected Short Subjects* (Columbia-M-S) — Canadian humorists Johnny Wayne and Frank Shuster have included among their American assignments a series of satirical "short subjects" for ABC radio's *Flair*. These are 22 of the best. Some of the punch lines are fuzzy, but the average of direct hits is high. Among their more brilliant fancies is a vaudevillian who has taught his dog to talk too well (the bills from room service are appalling). There is also an interview with an egalitarian vampire ("We vampires are a fun-loving people. . . . In a free world we can all be friends").

CONCERT

American Festival of Music — Although the word "jazz" was not inserted in the title of this Detroit affair, jazz fans knew they were in the right place: Each con-

cert began at least 30 minutes late and rambled on for a minimum of four hours. Almost 20,000 dogged loyalists crowded the new Cobo Hall Convention Arena to squander two evenings listening to and-then-I-recorded plugs. The Four Freshmen joked, flashed their shiny horns and sang *Somebody Loves Me* and *Them There Eyes*. Clarinetist Pete Fountain, supported by a sluggish rhythm section, impersonated Benny Goodman. Julie London provided breathless recitative and slipping shoulder straps. Trumpeter Jonah Jones, now a strutting caricature, mouthed *When the Saints Go Marching In* and *Knock the Knife*. Lambert, Hendricks and Ross supplied chattering vocalese. The Count Basie band played *April in Paris* and other "hits." For lovers of the olthead, Father Joseph Dustin, a banjo-plucking priest, fronted a noisy, ragged Dixie ensemble. Amid all this, only three groups managed forthright displays. Cannonball Adderley's tightly knit quintet, with brother Nat among the hardy sidemen, wailed impressively. Singer-pianist Nina Simone emerged untarnished in a brief, moody set. And within the Dave Brubeck quartet, drummer Joe Morello contributed that rarity, an extended subtle solo that was neither deafening nor exhibitionistic. It was a show of heroic toughness in an interminably flabby procession.

Paul Hindemith — A musical Uuivac in the shape of a Kewpie doll, Hindemith can compose a four-part fugue as quickly as a practiced varietian can dash off a post card. His head, which resembles a darning egg, is crammed with a frightening fund of knowledge about the craft of writing music, more, say his detractors, than is good for his works. At 66, he is rivaled only by Stravinsky as music's foremost living creative artist. Like Stravinsky, Copland and others with a knack for time-beating and an eye for economics, Hindemith has turned recently to conducting. It was as leader of the Chicago Symphony that the pudgy little German, long a U.S. citizen, made his first appearance at Chicago's Ravinia Festival, championing three of his favorite composers: Luigi Cherubini (*Overture to Les Abencerges*), Anton Bruckner (*Symphony No. 4*), and Paul Hindemith (*Concert Music for String Orchestra and Brass Instruments*). His own work, dating from 1930, emerged as an aural picture of its creator: busy, clearheaded, unsentimental and self-consciously assured. It was the Bruckner symphony that left the deepest impression. Working from the Austrian composer's own 1878-1880 edition of the score, Hindemith sluiced from the orchestra a lean and lucid performance that belied the work's subtitle, "Romantic." As a conductor he proved not quite what orchestra men call "a good stick," but he was sufficiently adept to get what he

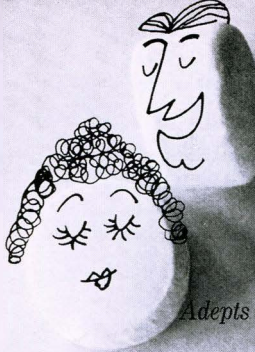
wanted, and the authority of his musicianship firmly welded the concert.

NIGHT LIFE

Bobby Short — Far from his customary haunts, the sylvatic saloons on New York's East Side, singer Bobby Short again proved he is among the best of the 2 a.m. acts in show business. At Baker's Keyboard Lounge in Detroit he alternately crooned and belted ballads with a soft-sell sinuousness. His witty attack on the much-abused *Howay for Love*, integrated with drums, bongos and bass backing, was salubrious in its sophistication. Short accompanies himself on the piano, gets most applause for lissome legatos on *Sand in My Shoes*, a tune that makes you sit back, puff on your Uppmann, and perhaps order one brandy too many. *At the hungry i, San Francisco, through Sept. 21.*

Oscar Peterson Trio — Conventioneers and hippies are held equally in thrall by the cohesive inventions of pianist Peterson, bassist Ray Brown and drummer Ed Thigpen. The triumvirate wails as a single, vibrant voice. At Chicago's London House, Peterson's fleet tones of *Softly As in a Morning Sunrise*, *Billy Boy*, *Satin Doll* and *Chicago*, displayed a technical mastery and rhythmic propulsion that dwarf practically all his competitors. In balladic embellishments of *Green Dolphin Street* and *Where Do We Go from Here?*, his sense of the romantic, rarely cluttered, greatly helped the basic material. Hovering nearby, Brown and Thigpen contributed solidly in solo and support. The rapport that makes this group one of the most unified in jazz is exhilarating even on the knife-and-fork circuit. *At Basin Street East, New York City, Sept. 14-30.*

Don Rickles — Microphone clutched in his fist, the self-appointed "Ambassador of Insult" leans over a customer. "Sir," he says, "would you mind buttoning your jacket? There's an awful odor in here." As it turns out, the odor in many cases is more comedian Don Rickles' than the ringsider's, but the customers still keep coming to hear more. In the four years since Rickles changed from one-line comedy to tangy two-line taunts he has never had to pick up an unemployment check. Celebrities especially revel in Rickles' pungent character assassinations. On night observed at New Fack's in San Francisco, Nat Cole, Jay Starr, Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse all felt a dose of Rickles' venom and spurned the antidote of the exit. They will probably all be back for a second round when Rickles picks up on a portion of his three-year, 20-week-a-year contract at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas. Rickles' salary: \$500,000. "You're a pretty big audience," he says. "I mean no offense. We just need to laugh at ourselves." *At the Sahara, Las Vegas, until Sept. 11.*



MARSHMALLOW MOVIES



Adepts at self-criticism in books or on TV, we stay soft when it comes to films

ONE OF THE CURIOUS things about the American movie industry is that it almost never reflects the temper of the country. Other art forms take it as their province to deal with our moral and social dilemmas, but Hollywood lives in a special time zone where it is never quite today.

Books with derisive titles — *The Organization Man*, *The Waste Makers*, *The Status Seekers*, *The Waist-High Culture*, *The Operators*, *The Self-Conscious Society* and many more — have not only appeared regularly, proving us to be a race of profligate boobies, but have sold very well. Earnest magazine articles have grappled with “the moral crisis” (there is one) and “the national purpose” (there isn’t one).

Ordinarily, when a society shows an appetite for a certain subject, those who are in a position to fill that appetite — book publishers, dramatists, TV producers, magazine editors — hurry out to the stove to cook something up. The movie studios, however, only tend to make this effort over a specific and often freakish news event that catches the popular fancy. A Captain Carlsen or a Commander Shepard, a Bridley Murphy or a Three-Faced Eve will send movie men sprinting to their cameras to re-enact the tale.

But the continuing news stories that form the climate of the times — stories which appear in the newspapers for months or years and which, therefore, preoccupy our thoughts — are abdicated by Hollywood to its enemy, Television, a medium that covers them quite well, or are left to the social historians, who thereby gain the credit for fixing catch-labels on our waist-high, waste-making, status-seeking, organization-manued, lonely-crowded, affluent society.

It is odd, for instance, that no major film since *On the Waterfront* has dramatized the corruption of the big labor unions. Nor do any films seem to be rising out of the school integration issue that has so engaged our emotions.

These are only an obvious few of the ethical questions that vex Americans today. Yet, in this subtle area of morality, the sole villain that Hollywood has dared to attack is Mr. Business, or Mr. Madison Avenue, who sells his integrity and redeems it in the final reel when he sees that a clear conscience is worth more than a corner office.

There are several reasons why Hollywood shies away from these modern themes that are most human and most interesting. One is its fear of offending any group and thereby losing its trade at the box office. Actually, this results in a crop of movies so bland that they appeal to nobody. One thing that drives the movie fan to revisit at every opportunity the works of the sainted W. C. Fields, aside from their superb comedy, is Fields’s misanthropic bent. His irreverent jabs at the American man, woman, child and home gratify the suppressed jabber in us all.

Hollywood’s other fear is that in tackling a current theme it will emerge with a “message picture.” This is a phrase that strikes a chill in any producer’s veins, as well it might, for many a sincere movie and play has crumpled under the weight of a sermon delivered too badly. The

trick is first to entertain, and only obliquely to comment, and in showbiz there is almost no harder trick to pull off. It calls for sophistication, wit and perfect control.

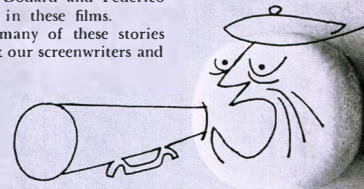
One of the few modern American film-makers to try — and nearly succeed — was Billy Wilder in *The Apartment*. This was the story of a bachelor (Jack Lemmon) who rose in his firm by lending his apartment to his bosses for their extramarital romps with pert office girls like Shirley MacLaine. Mordant in humor, unsavory in detail, the movie grabbed the double standard and shook it to the ground.

Where it ultimately failed was in asking us to believe that Lemmon and Miss MacLaine, despite their seamy activities, were really the nice American boy and girl next door, the typical Hollywood hero and heroine who deserved nothing so much as the typical Hollywood happy ending that was hastily contrived for them. Wilder wanted it both ways — he wanted to have his cheesecake and his strawberry shortcake, too — and the hard fable dissolved in soft sentimentality. Nevertheless, his film provoked a great deal of talk and, for lack of a rival that even approached its level of truth, won the Academy Award.

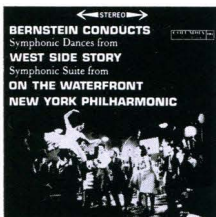
In contrast to this native trickle, there is an annual flood of foreign movies which vividly capture the mood of their countries and comment on some national ill, but which remain, above all, good entertainment. Last year’s *I’m All Right, Jack*, for example, was a British balancing act of miraculous dexterity. This year England has sent the excellent *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, a film that makes us feel exactly what it is like to live in a grim industrial city, and how small a young man’s chances are of breaking out of the city’s grip. Yet the picture itself is not grim. It tells a good story, it has humor, warmth and vitality, and if it also has a social message, it is implicit, not explicit, in the lean script and firm direction.

Two other films that have generated talk this year are the French *Breathless* and the Italian *La Dolce Vita*. Both of these movies are bitter portraits of modern European capitals. They are, to some extent, curiosities: that is, they focus on a special corner of the city rather than catching it whole. Yet within their frame they are brilliant — erratic, unpleasant, but totally engrossing. There is no missing the temper of the times or the severity of the comment that directors Jean-Luc Godard and Federico Fellini are making in these films.

America has as many of these stories as anybody else, but our screenwriters and directors are not around to tell them. They are still loitering on the other side of the thin but important wall that separates last night from this morning.



By WILLIAM K. ZINSSER



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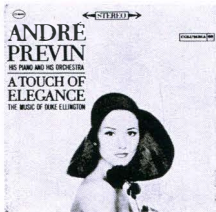
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OUR MAN IN NEW YORK

Al Morgan

Gene Wesson, one of the night-club owning Wesson brothers, is co-producer of a wild Broadway entry for the fall: *Julius Caesar*. It is, as you might guess, a treatment of Shakespeare's tragedy in a new locale, with our bearded friend to the south as the central character. An actor with the most luxuriant beard in Actors' Equity called Wesson the other day and asked if he could have a look at the script. "Sure," said Wesson, "go into any library and ask for a copy of *Julius Caesar*." As Wesson further explains the pitch to intimates: "We're just going to dress the people differently, add a few songs, some dames and waving palm trees. It's gonna be quite a show."

Do Re Mi is the noisiest musical on Broadway in more ways than one. Two of the principals are screaming at each other backstage nightly. The cause of the bickering: each claims the other uses foul language too often. A disinterested bystander would probably call it a draw. They are both right.

To a Broadway actor, immortality is not measured by gold statues called Oscars or Emmys, a bust in the Hall of Fame, or 50 lines of type in *Who's Who*. In Shubert Alley, immortality consists of being framed and hung in Sardi's. So, quite understandably, the first weeks of the fall are a time of much *Angst*. This is when playwright (*Stalag 17*) **Don Bevan**, cartoonist in residence at Sardi's for eleven years, decides with **Vincent Sardi, Jr.**, on the new candidates to be caricatured.

The method for selecting subjects is a reasonably simple one. Every autumn Vincent and Don get together, look at the past season's new stars, look at what's ahead and arbitrarily decide who will be tapped for mahogany fame. "There is another requirement," Don told me. "The caricatures started as a kind of family gallery . . . putting only our customers on the walls. We stick still to that, to a degree. For instance, **Larry Olivier** just made the wall last year. He's been a star for a long time but he only started coming into Sardi's when he was appearing in *Becket* around the corner and **Tony Quinn** dragged him in one day for lunch."

Once a subject has been decided upon, Bevan tracks him down to his dressing room and sketches him from life. When the caricature is finished, it is shown to the actor and he is asked to sign it or write a message. Don's favorite message


is scrawled across his sketch of **Marlin Gabel**. "Such beauty," wrote Gabel. "carries with it grave responsibility."

Bevan has just finished the 1961 crop of pictures which will be hung within the next couple of weeks. They are: **Zero Mostel**, **Claudia McNeil**, **Tony Randall**, **George Gobel**, **Mimi Benzell** and **Noel Coward**. But permanence on the walls is not guaranteed. To date, five of the caricatures have been stolen. **Victor Borge's** disappeared a week after it was hung. **Beatrice Lillie's** was supposedly lifted by a male admirer who felt it did her something less than justice. **David Susskind's** disappeared when the Intolerable David was involved in a headlined "I'll punch you in the nose" argument with **Tony Curtis**. It is claimed that **Janet Leigh** lifted it off the wall, smuggled it out under her bustle and that it now rests on another wall . . . 3,000 miles away . . . the bathroom wall of the Curtis home in Beverly Hills.

Off for Baghdad, Beirut and Cairo, playwright **Marc Connelly**, who wrote *The Green Pastures*, should feel right at home when Arabs greet him. The traditional salutation — also used following a belch or sneeze — is "Ah'Allah Wa'sah' allahm." Meaning: "May I invite you to graze your sheep in my green pastures?"

David Merrick is still denying it, but insiders are predicting that the London smash hit *Oliver*, a modern musical version of *Oliver Twist*, will never make it across the ocean. It keeps slipping through the Merrick schedule and is now penciled in — lightly — for late fall of 1962. The reason, or so say the Shubert Alley hipsters, is that the theater-py lady, a potent economic force in the theater these days, are meeting resistance in preselling it to benefits. There are objections to the anti-Semitic overtones in the character of Fagin. Merrick's explanation for the delay: he simply can't spring the key actors from the London production.

The **Toots Shor** serious-drinking set can hardly wait for the arrival in town of the newest pretender to the booze throne. English actor **Peter O'Toole**, star of the new movie *Lawrence of Arabia*, O'Toole brews his own whiskey and mead and holds the all-time Stratford-on-Avon record for downing three pints of ale in one minute. Shor's reaction: "Let me at the crumbum. I can lick both him and mead."



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OUR MAN IN HOLLYWOOD

Joe Hyams

People who read the Hollywood columns are often confused by the number and types of sources authoritatively quoted by the columnists covering the film/land beat. As a reader service, therefore, we have compiled a glossary of news sources which may be useful in understanding reports from movieville.

I learned exclusively today — my maid will first to hear of it and she told me.

The studio revealed today — this is going to be dull but factual.

So and So was unavailable for comment — he said. "Print anything and I'll sue you."

As I reported exclusively in my column — a girl has to be right sometime.

As reported elsewhere — the other girl will all wet.

An authoritative source — same person only right three times running.

Since working on an article on **Frank Sinatra**, published in sn's Premiere Issue (*Sinatra, Inc.*), we've been deluged with questions about the Chairman of the Board. A lady in Topeka, Kansas, wants to know if he talks to only five reporters on the West Coast. Answer: he talks with six.

A man in New York asks if it's true that Sinatra is never seen with less than three girls. Answer: not unless he's cutting down.

Another friend wants to know if The Clan is really an organization. Answer: It is really a loosely knit association of fun-loving tall children.

Jack Lemmon was spotted the other day leaving an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting and the usual rumors started. The fact is, Jack was doing research for his next film, *Of Wine and Roses*, in which he plays an alcoholic. So far Jack has attended three A.A. meetings, visited the drunk tank and spent two afternoons on Main Street in Los Angeles observing the skid row inhabitants. He says: "It's easy to caricature instead of characterize. And it's a cinch to play a sloppy drunk. But most alcoholics who work at it aren't

sloppy when they're drunk. They get drunk more subtly."

The George Raft Story was completed last week in Hollywood, but one of my favorite stories about Raft isn't in the film. Some time after Raft had been established as Hollywood's leading portrayer of gangsters, **Mumphrey Bogart** asked him what was the trick to playing a gangster in films. Answered Raft: "Don't let them give you any g.d. lines to say."

We asked **Tom Ewell**, who is starring now in *Tender Is the Night* at Fox, why his TV series is off the air. "I'll give you the same pat answer I give people the closing night of a Broadway show," said Ewell. "Take your pick of answers: There's ice on the Hudson and people can't get in from New Jersey; the trout season opened north of Boston and everyone has gone fishing; business always is this way before the out-of-towners get in; the theater is too uptown (or downtown); people don't know what the title means; we opened big but word-of-mouth killed us. The alibis are more or less the same. It's just as bewildering to all the people involved. I don't know why our show went off the air. I thought it was pretty good."

When **President Kennedy** first took office, a ban was imposed on taking his picture on the golf course. Many people felt this was because so many critics had accused his predecessor of never letting business interfere with golf.

"That's not true," explained JFK's brother-in-law **Peter Lawford**. "The ban was on because I used to play with him barefoot. But the ban has been lifted. I now wear shoes."

A friend of ours reports he heard the following conversation between two domestics on a Hollywood bus. One said, "All the stars come to dinner at the place where I work."

"What do they talk about?" the other asked. "Us," was the answer.

OUR MAN IN SAN FRANCISCO

Herb Caen

As a longtime habitué of saloons and other low places close to the secret heart of Show Business — I always think of those words as capitalized, like Mecca and Decca — I have been depressed lately by what I suppose we must call the New Wave of entertainers. Or perhaps, since our culture is now producing nonbooks by nonauthors (ah there, **Barry Goldwater**), the term should be nonentertainers.

The Kingston Trio comes immediately to mind. They are perfectly nice boys, heaven knows, and as clean-cut as The Great American Dream painted by Norman Rockwell. I am not jealous that they were grossing around \$1,000,000 a year before their recent split-up; I know that Uncle Sam took most of it to continue his mission of dispensing aid to natives who never seem to know it.

I am merely mystified, and slightly annoyed, only by the fact that their tremendous success spawned a slew of imitators who sing even duller songs with even less evidence of musical ability.

A Stanford psychiatrist tried to explain it this way: "The reason the Kingstons and acts like that are such a hit is that the audience — especially a young audience — can identify with them. Even more important, the people listening feel superior; they figure they could sing even better, with just a little practice."

A teenage girl agreed, adding, "We like Frankie Avalon and Paul Anka and Ricky Nelson — people like that — because they sing sort of like the fellows we go with, or maybe not even as well. Sinatra and Ella are too good. They're in another world. They sort of scare us, like — well — you just *know* they wouldn't understand us, they're too far *up* there."

I found myself with nothing to say to this young lady. Her attitude, and I suppose it is typical of many, is something I wasn't prepared for. All my born days and sometimes bored nights, I've gone on the assumption that the public demanded a so-called "magic" (poor over-worked word) from their idols — the mystical star quality that sometimes makes the heavy smoke, the weak drinks and the big ads worthwhile.

Now they tell me they prefer some guy whom they think they sound better than while singing in the shower — the slice of wry being that in all likelihood they do.

Being of the old school, I'll take a Sinatra or a Lena Horne Over, say, a Pat Boone or a — well, any number of zombi-like young ladies could be mentioned here. If I stand in the shower till I'm as wrinkled as a prune, I know I'll never be able to sing like Frank, and that's why I'd not only walk across the street to hear him, I'd fly 3000 miles, and have. There's nobody like him, and I like it that way.

Same goes for Miss Home. When she crouches like a panther over the microphone, that homely gadget immediately

becomes phallic beyond belief. When she moves her pelvic area in that monstrously seductive and yet beautifully subtle way of hers, I know I'm looking at somebody who isn't at all like the girl next door, worse luck. And when she sings *I Love to Love*, with a thin wisp of smoke curling out of her ears, you get the feeling she isn't kidding.

I have a deep-seated aversion to paying cover charges — minimums, yes, covers, no — but for Lena it's a pleasure. A lover charge, as it were.

Pat Boone — that admirable young man known in the business as "Mr. Clean" — falls into the category of non-entertainer. He is handsome and he glows with health, inside and out, but his voice is like that of the kid next door, definitely, and even when he tries to dirty up his act slightly with a rock-'n-roll tune, he sings it in the diffident manner of a choirboy who's afraid he might get caught.

The Fairmont Hotel recently booked him into its Venetian Room for three weeks at \$12,500 a week — and although he didn't offend anybody (he does sing in tune, after all), he didn't entertain very many people, either. The kids in his audience drank Cokes and loved him right down to his white booties, but their elders were bored still — or perhaps I should say sober, since in the presence of Mr. Boone you feel as though it's a sin to drink the hard stuff.

Well, it's the champagne buyers who pay the bills, and needless to say, the Fairmont didn't make any money with Mr. Boone. "He's too nice," an executive of the hotel sighed. "No matter how much they lie about it, people go to night clubs for sex and a few risqué jokes. The new entertainers just aren't sexy, except maybe to the kids their own age, and who needs 'em?"

He had reason to feel lugubrious. At the moment, the Venetian Room was presenting *Gisela MacKenzie*, who was attempting to entertain the customers with a cute routine involving color slides of her new baby. The baby is cute. The few customers were not entertained.

OUR MAN IN CHICAGO

Benny Dunn

Your man in Chicago once took *Walter Winchell* on his customary late-night rounds of the *saigon* dives and joints on and off Rush Street. My esteemed colleague Winchell later had the good grace and generosity to admit (and this was a bulky admission for Mr. New York) that in areas where hystros abound, Chicago takes up at one avem where New York effectly leaves off.

I've been saying it for years. To illustrate my thesis to myself, I make these rounds all the time, and it has nothing

to do with insomnia. It has everything to do with love, though . . . and nothing warms my heart more than to find Rush Street roaring on a week night. I'm happy to say it roars till all hours most any night of the week.

Take, for example, a recent Wednesday night when I made a routine investigation of the after-dark scene, and all that was doing in back of the neon. This was no major project for me, because I never lived farther from Rush Street than you can throw me, which in these



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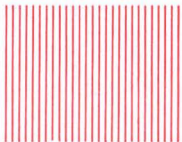
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days of wholesome imbibing — at least for your man in Chicago — is not very far.

Seeking nourishment, I ambled into the Club Alabam, the oldest night club in Chicago. The Alabam is an unlikely-looking spot on Rush, a few strides unfashionably south of Chicago Avenue. It is pure Chicago, and that is one reason why I like it so much. Gene Harris, who owns the place, likes to brag that he has the worst floor show in town. But I think it's a gimmick he uses to get you to deny it. His show is certainly unique, and you can find nothing like it anywhere else. It is speak-easy, honky-tonk entertainment, and some of the people in the show were entertaining at the Alabam when it *was* a speak — just about the best speak in town. But drink and show are minor attractions compared to the food you can eat at the Alabam. Gene has always kept a top-notch kitchen. (When Mae West was in town in 1930, Gene heard about her preference for bird's-nest soup, and had it for her when she arrived.) These days he has the best kitchen ever, presided over by that master chef Art Carter.

Thus richly fortified, thanks to Carter's genius, I set forth. At the Trade-winds, I stopped off to sample the act Rowan and Martin were perpetrating there. Here is a strangely paced pair of comics . . . Rowan the sweating straight man, Martin with his incredibly elastic face. These boys have a healthy respect for sight comedy, an art fast fading. And what Martin can do with a bottle

of beer must be seen to be believed.

On the street again, I dodged snorting taxis and slithering limousines to get to the Downstage Room of the Happy Medium. This deep dark cellar was devised principally to cater to the audience at the musical revue upstairs . . . but because of the downstairs bookings, business is booming. Lithe *Micheline Bardin* was elvescoring there that night . . . and for many busy nights thereafter. Micheline is the only singer-dancer delight I know who pulls off most of her clothes during the act, only to pull some of them on again for her final number. "Ah weel dew zee can-can fair yew," she declares, buckling on her petticoats, and by golly she does. With the audience clapping and stomping, Micheline doing kicks and splits, and all that brilliant color and smoke and smell of booze, you just naturally start looking around for Tonlouse-Lautre.

I couldn't find him there, so I went over to the Hey Rube to look for characters out of another epoch. There I encountered *Earl Rubenstein*, who established the Hey Rube for all those flappers who can't make it to New York to splash in the Plaza fountain. There is a lot of red plush in the Hey Rube, a fine old speak-style bar. You can get white lightning in a teacup if you really want it that way, and old movies for laughs. Rubenstein rents the antique reels — *Fields*, *Chaplin*, the whole crowd — by the week. But before he can show them, he has to trot them down to the

Police Censor Board so our lady censors can clear them for family viewing. Costs Earl \$3.30 per 100 feet of film for the purity seal. I guess you never can tell when *Ben Turpin* is liable to do something rather risqué.

Down in the bowels of the Maryland Hotel in the misnamed Cloisters (there's nothing monastic about it), I watched hard-sell comic *Phil Tucker* knock himself out in what is essentially a one-man show. Tucker sings; Tucker dances; Tucker plays the piano, the organ, the violin; and Tucker unleashes a blue-black harangue of patter that all but overwhelms his virtuosity. As a last defiant gesture, Tucker closes his act by pulling off his trousers, and for months now incredulous audiences have let him get away with it.

At Mr. Kelly's, *Sheddy Greene* held the crowds in long-suffering line-ups, waiting to get in, while the Singapore across the street obligingly ballyhooed him on their own marquee. At Le Bistro, a damp *Milt Trenier* sang hard over a hot microphone to a sardine-packed house; and next door at Kismet the last hellly dancer of the evening undulated her educated navel with Byzantine grace.

It was after four when I trudged wearily back to the Alabam for breakfast. As I settled at a table and dug into scrambled eggs and sausage, the worst floor show in town was on again in the oldest night club in Chicago. I felt very much at home. You should really try it sometime.

OUR MAN IN MIAMI

Tom Lownes

Except for Dodge City, or possibly Vegas town, Miami is probably television's most familiar battleground in the Unceasing Struggle between Evil Doers and Good Lookers. Thanks to the weekly episodes of *StarSide 6*, *Michael Shayne* and *Miami Undercover*, our city has become a wonderfully sinister place to live in — or slink around.

We can no longer see a houseboat without having a titillating suspicion that inside, behind drawn curtains, three pairs of private eyes are thoughtfully fixed on a Large Sum of Money and/or a Well-Turned Ankle and that a Young and Desirable Widow is about to say, "Gentlemen, will you take my case?"

The same thing happens every time we notice a nice young couple earnestly chatting near a shuffleboard court. One of them, we know, is about to hiss: "You've been clever Rikki (or Nikki, or Bif, or Buz), but not clever enough."

Well, we are glad that Miami is getting attention from television — even seen through the barrel of a snub-nosed .38. It promotes tourism. But as big as Miami is in video fiction, it isn't in fact,

"We're at the bottom of the list when it comes to original local production." A Miami television exec reminded us. "Why? Because the cost of turning out a good local show is at least three or four times higher than purchasing a mediocre network package."

Efforts to make local costs competitive have usually resulted in worse than mediocre results. Singer *Gloria DeHaven* (who married Miami car dealer *Dick Fincher*), comedian *Jerry Lester*, emcee *George deWitt* (whose networked *Name That Tune* was jettisoned in CBS' 1959 quiz-show purge) and gag writer *Hal Block* (once a *Bob Hope* staffer) all failed with Miami shows. Talented locals *Don Barber* and *Bob Clayton* who, on a meager \$400 weekly budget, did a commendable job with a Saturday-night substitute for *Jack Paar*, finally lost out to economic realities. Only 71-year-old *Gabriel Heatter*, the apocalyptic father image of Miami's WPST-TV, has managed to hold his sponsors with impunity. Today Miami's only local TV personalities are newscasters and household hints.

Lobbying — Miami Beach style — has

fallen on evil times. For years, a top sport among small spenders from the East has been checking into "out" inns (the ones on the wrong side of Collins Avenue), then spending their time lounging around lobbies of the more elegant establishments, snitching stationery and, occasionally, such mementos as ashtrays, potted plants, chairs, television sets and Neo-Victorian statuary. In time, the 1000-room Fontainebleau — with two cavernous lobbies — became the undisputed home base of lounge lizards. "There was a certain promotional value in having them," said Fontainebleau manager *Duke Stewart*. "But let's face it, in the winter, it got out of hand. We'd have 3000 strangers trooping and sagging around the lobbies."

Now comes bad news for this lobby hobby: Home plate is about to be taken out of the game. On December 15, the Fontainebleau will become a "private club." To achieve this aura of exclusivity, the \$30-million hotel is adding a new supper club, indoor swimming pool, bowling alley, billiard room, tennis courts, and something called a health-

torium. If you want to sit in the lobby, it will cost you a \$500 advance against room or service tabs.

So they say: Stunning **Fran Jeffries**, who headlined with husband **Dick Haymes** at the Fontainebleau's La Ronde a while back, has never seen Haymes's big film, *State Fair*. She was seven years old when it was released. "Frankly," she said, "I've avoided seeing it because it is part of the long-ago past and neither of us is interested in that." She is Haymes's fifth wife . . . **Tony Martin**, soaking up a day's sun at the Eden Roc's cabana club, said he and wife **Cyd Charisse** have recently purchased a nice piece of Macon Bay water frontage in the Virgin Islands. "After 25 years, I'm at a happy impasse in my career," said Martin, who looked in fine fettle beneath a rich tan. "I'd like to take Cyd on a long vacation, then

come back and try a dramatic role — if somebody would offer me one."

Negro conventioners and entertainers stay at Beach hotels and have the run of most local facilities. But every now and then some small incident pops up. **Steve DePass**, whose quick-witted calypso improvisations drew repeat crowds to Harry's American Bar at the Eden Roc Hotel, ran into one of these snags when he tried recently to rent a fishing boat. More amazed than annoyed, he told us the story, then penned the following calypso ditty:

*Miami gave me quite a shock:
A segregated fishing dock
Prevented me one sunny day
To take a sail out in the bay.
I pleaded, "Sir, O grant my wish —
For I only want to catch black fish!"*

OUR MAN IN LAS VEGAS

Tim Watson

Not since the ill-fated *Moulin Rouge* tried to crack the color line in town five years ago has anyone dared to open a hotel that caters to Negro trade and features an all-Negro show. Now the Carver House, a new hotel in the Negro district, is taking an interracial gamble. The word is that it won't make it.

Vegas suffers from no Southern temperament. Jim Crow is artificially imposed here. Although most of the major hotel owners hail from Northern cities, the color prejudice to which they adhere derives from the hard-and-fast dollar bill that crosses the pass line on a crap table. Casehardened casino operators follow a simple axiom: Negro customers hurt the action at the gaming tables.

The same operators, of course, contradict themselves when they book talent, for many of the top-drawer entertainers in Las Vegas are Negroes. **Sammy Davis, Jr.**, **Lena Horne**, **Nat Cole** and **Johnny Mathis** warble to Copa Room capacity at the Sands. **Pearl Bailey** packs the plush Flamingo Room more consistently than any other performer. The Riviera boasts **Belafonte** (at \$45,000 per week) as the best individual draw since it opened.

Still, Strip operators bemoan the strong influx of Negro trade being drawn by Carver House. They don't like it and the word is out. Just how much muscle rides behind that word, we have no way of knowing, but it's an open secret that not one major Negro celebrity showed up for the widely ballyhooed premiere night at Carver House — not even the registered co-hosts, **Billy Eckstine** and **Sammy Davis, Jr.** And aside from **George Burns** and **Mitzi Gaynor**, no other star was there, although invitations were sent to all.

Coupled with pressure from Strip operators was a sharp attack from an unexpected quarter. The Negro press,

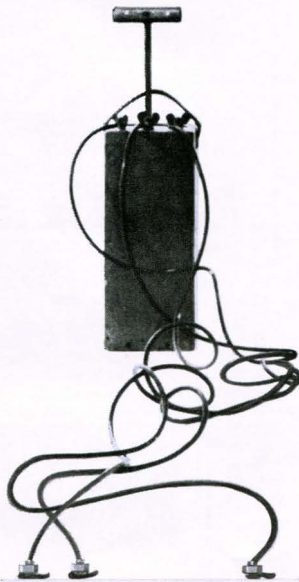
including reporters from the *Los Angeles Sentinel*, the *Herald*, the *Eagle*, *Jet* and *Sepia*, covered the opening night and complained bitterly about the Carver House being geographically segregated from the lily-white Strip. They also flayed the management, in private, for organizing a show that was patronizing toward their race, specifically tarring headliner **John Bubbles** for singing selections like *Just Because My Hair Is Curly*.

The pained man in the middle was **Bob Bailey**, director of public relations at Carver House. No passive "front" for the hotel, Bailey is a civic leader, one of five people named by the governor to a post on the Nevada Commission on Equal Rights for Citizens. The only Negro on the commission, he has zealously prosecuted all cases of discrimination reported in Las Vegas. He doesn't want Carver House called Negro, integrated or interracial. It extends, he says, a warm welcome to people of all races and religions.

Whatever Bailey does, or says, his problems are overwhelming, and Vegas betting is heavy against the hotel. The long shot, in our parlance, got off to a slow start on a fast track, was hemmed in at the first turn and can't possibly finish in the money. Those, we're afraid, are the ruthless facts of Vegas life.

Business, however, is booming elsewhere — particularly among the marriage mills. Once known as a divorce mecca, Las Vegas proudly points out that marriages now outstrip divorces seven to one. Wedding chapels provide witnesses, choirs, rooms for the night and other necessities. So compelling are the services offered that the average justice of the peace earns \$50,000. A tidy increment — even in Vegas.

EXPLOSIVE!



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Here's Stan Kenton's dynamic big band with an electrifying jazz version of Leonard Bernstein's brilliant score of "West Side Story." Never was a musical so perfectly suited for the exciting Kenton treatment. Pure fireworks!

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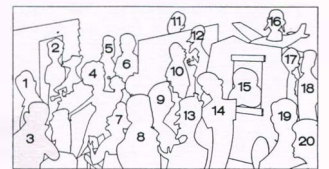


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despite a sprinkling of fresh faces among the familiar, the new TV season apes the past year of the chimpanzee

THIS motley montage depicts 23 personalities (three of them primates) who will invade your home with new TV shows this fall. They are (1) Bob Newhart, *Bob Newhart Show*, NBC; (2) Robert Young, *Window on Main Street*, CBS; (3) Joey Bishop, *Joey Bishop Show*, NBC; (4) Peggy Cass and chimps, *The Hathaways*, ABC; (5, 6) Richard Chamberlain and Raymond Massey, *Dr. Kildare*, NBC; (7) Shirley Booth, *Hazel*, NBC; (8) Dick Powell, *Dick Powell Show*, NBC; (9) Steve Allen, *Steve Allen Show*, ABC; (10, 12) Morey Amsterdam, Dick Van Dyke, *Dick Van Dyke Show*, CBS; (11) David Brinkley, *David Brinkley's Journal*, NBC; (13) Fred Astaire, *Alcoa Premiere*, ABC; (14, 15) Cedric Hardwicke and Gertrude Berg, *Mrs. G. Goes to College*, CBS; (16) Bob Cummings, *Bob Cummings Show*, CBS; (17, 18) Myrna Fahey and Leon Ames, *Father of the Bride*, CBS; (19) Don Ameche, *International Show Time*, NBC; (20) Marilyn Maxwell, *Bus Stop*, ABC.



year of the chimpanzee/by Frank De Blois

CHARLIE (a chimpanzee) goes to a dressing table and looks at two pictures, one of ELINOR and one of WALTER (two humans). He turns WALTER's picture to the wall.

WALTER: Elinor!

ELINOR: It's your fault, Walter. They [the chimpanzees] trusted you and you let them down. You haven't measured up as a father!

So runs a scene from what well may prove to be the most significant program of the new television season, a situation comedy called *The Hathaways*. It will be aired regularly on Friday nights beginning October 6 by the American Broadcasting Company, a network that dominates much of the thinking in TV this fall.

To appreciate the significance of *The Hathaways* as a television show, one must realize that for years in this art form, man — particularly the American husband — has been rapidly losing ground to lesser mammals. In *The Hathaways* he bows out completely.

As portrayed by Jack Weston, good-natured, cloddish husband Walter Hathaway is not only outwitted by his simple-minded wife (Peggy Cass), but also by the three primates (the Marquis Chimps) she is raising in the unrealistic belief that they are children.

Besides *The Hathaways* there are fourteen other new comedies on the way — including one that stars a talking horse, another that concerns a talking cat and a third that features a bear and a fox who not only talk but actually talk like Amos 'n' Andy. This upgrading of the animal is perhaps the one noteworthy development in television programming this season. Once the viewer coasts past *The Hathaways* it's downhill all the way.

Blood, of course, will continue to spill. When the comedies are off the air, the horse operas, the crime shows and the gut-smashing adventure series take over, despite mutterings from a Senate investigating subcommittee and sharper warnings from Newton N. Minow, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission. (See page 28.) *The Untouchables*, bloodiest show of them all, will return, along with several carbon copies (ABC's *The New Breed*, NBC's *Cain's 100*, CBS's *The Investigators*, etc.). At this time, indeed, it appears that the new season will be even more blood-splattered than the old one.

More than 40 old shows will not return, among them such monuments to mediocrity as *Hong Kong*, *Bringing Up Buddy*, *Angel* and *The Tab Hunter Show*. Arthur Godfrey and Milton Berle have departed, as have Dave Garroway, Groucho Marx, Ralph Edwards, Ann Sothern, Loretta Young and Edward R. Murrow. They will be replaced by new torments: fifteen comedies, six crime series, six drama anthologies and three adventure series. Oddly, there are no new Westerns on the boards, but two of the old ones (*Gunsmoke* and *Wells Fargo*) have been stretched to full-hour length. Crime and violence, oaters and private eyes will occupy 35 of the 7½ prime-time half hours on TV.

On the brighter side, there are some interesting and stimulating specials on the way. The biggest of these is *The Power and the Glory*, starring Laurence Olivier. It is purportedly the most expensive single program ever produced for TV. (See page 30.) A series of Westinghouse "extras," ranging from original drama to perceptive documentary, is coming. There will be a continuation of *White Paper* reports at NBC. *CBS Reports* will return, although *Face the Nation* has departed. NBC will air two new news-in-depth shows (*David Brinkley's Journal* on Wednesday nights and *Frank McGee's Here and Now* on Fridays), and ABC, under the leadership of vice-president James Hagerly, has expanded its news and public-affairs coverage with a

now-and-again news special called *Outlook* and a series of interviews conducted by Adlai Stevenson.

But, despite these highlights, the viewer this fall will find little variety in network programming. He will discover that CBS leans heavily upon the manic cackle of the laugh track, that ABC fires violence at its armchair audience, and that NBC, when it isn't busy juggling its brass, is busy juggling its TV shows.

Typical of each network's singular approach to the problems of programming is the schedule for Monday nights. CBS will start this evening with a panel show, *To Tell the Truth*, a rousing half hour of harmless prattle. This will be followed by two-and-one-half hours of situation comedy: the witless *Pete and Gladys*, a new Robert Young show called *Window on Main Street*, the Danny Thomas and Andy Griffith shows and the less-than-inspiring rattle of *Hennessey*. The evening will end with *I've Got a Secret*, another panel show punctuated by hysteria pumped from a studio audience.

While all this is going on at CBS, ABC will be playing it rough. Beginning at 7:30 P.M. (EDT), Oliver Treyz's network (see page 37) will air three-and-one-half hours of pure gristle: the hour-long *Cheyenne*, rich in slugs and stompings, the healthier half-hour oater *Riflesman*, *SurfSide 6*, and a new but already overripe medical series called *Ben Casey*. Looking at ABC on Mondays will seem to some like visiting the Black Hole of Calcutta on a rainy afternoon.

NBC's programming on Mondays is patternless. The home-spun semi-soap opera, *National Velvet*, at 8 P.M., is followed by a deadly giveaway, *The Price Is Right*. Then come two hours of crime, *87th Precinct* and *Thriller*.

For sponsors seeking space on TV, CBS, according to *Broadcasting magazine*, is the network to go to if the buyer is investing his money "according to program quality, management reliability and integrity." If mass appeal and low cost-per-thousand is the criterion, they should go to ABC. NBC, by contrast, is the best buy for a sponsor seeking "originality, flexibility and initiative."

If "originality" or at least "change" is the yardstick, NBC indeed comes out in front this fall for sponsor and viewer alike. It will air more new shows (fourteen) than either of its competitors. Its schedule includes the exciting Du Pont series; a new Walt Disney show; *Victoria Regina* and a repeat of *Macbeth* on Hallmark's *Hall of Fame*; an impressive spectacular saluting 35 years of broadcasting; the twice monthly *Bell Telephone Hour*; and six Westinghouse specials. Of its regular weekly series, however, the only sure winner may be *Car 51, Where Are You?*, a product of the fertile brain of Nat Hiken, who gave us Sgt. Bilko.

CBS will air sixteen half-hour comedy shows each week, plus ten crime, Western and adventure series. Its specials will star Victor Borge (September 27), Jack Benny at Carnegie Hall (September 27), an *April in Paris* with Maurice Chevalier (October 20), Danny Kaye (November 6), *The Wizard of Oz* (December 10), Judy Garland (March 11). ABC will air a Bing Crosby special (December 12), *The Nutcracker Suite* (December 23), the Orange Bowl on New Year's Day, the Dartmouth Winter Carnival (February 23) and a series of Ernie Kovacs specials running every now and then from October through March.

On associated fronts, there will be continuing talk but little action regarding pay-TV. NBC, which will have increased its color output by 60 percent by the end of the year, plans to continue to press color expansion; but in other areas color is looked upon with an eye almost as skeptical as the one Fred Allen turned upon it when he observed that "one reason you don't have more color television around is that you'd catch the performers blushing at

the things they have to do." There is dim, and distant, hope for a pronounced increase in the use of educational TV.

Instead, there will be more old movies, more reruns of old Westerns, more syndicated crime shows—and more commercials. (There will be 12-second station breaks as opposed to 30 seconds at present.) In the daytime, the viewer will watch soap operas, giveaways, reruns.

"How can TV be so young and have so many bad habits," Rep. John E. Moss (D., California) has lamented in Congress. It is a question still seeking an answer even among champions of the industry itself, who at last have begun to qualify their old argument that the man who sits in front of a set turns it on for but one reason: to be entertained. LeRoy Collins, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, has urged the networks to devote more prime evening time on a pooled, equal-share basis to high-quality programming. "Your voice must be great as well as strong," said Collins. "So great that beyond soothing people it will stir them, beyond entertaining people it will challenge them, beyond praising right it will damn the wrong."

Newton Minow has described TV programming as "a vast wasteland of game shows, violence, audience participation shows, formula comedies about totally unbelievable families, blood and thunder, mayhem, sadism, murder and, most of all, boredom."

And Sam Levenson, the schoolteacher-turned-comedian, has remarked that TV is turning the U.S. into a nation of

starers, to which critic John Crosby appended: "We don't watch it really. We stare at it half awake and only half alive. The television set is no longer an instrument of entertainment. It has become an anesthetic."

Calm in the eye of this challenge, the nation's set owners, multiplying like mink, have increased their breed to more than 70,000,000. Keeping pace, costs per program have climbed from two to six percent since last year, ranging from \$15,000 a week for the cheapest show on the networks (*Make That Spare*) to \$160,000 for the most expensive (the monthly *Dinah Shore Show*). More than \$1,000,000 a week will be spent on situation comedies (*The Hathaways* will cost \$46,000), another million on Westerns, \$500,000 on adventure series, \$1,500,000 on crime shows.

Surveying this chaos in *The New York Sunday Times Magazine*, the conscientious critic Jack Gould wrote: "The future of television constitutes a genuine challenge to the resiliency of the free-enterprise system. The test that lies ahead is whether the profit motive [in television] can survive without compromising cultural values that are just as vital to a well-rounded society. What appears tomorrow on television's 21-inch screen is not a narrow matter of electronics or show business. It will also be a reflection of democracy in action one way or the other."

But perhaps prejudging the season on these lofty terms is unfair to all. As Elinor tells her chimpanzees in *The Hathaways*: "You can't judge children by the color of their fur."

1961-1962 PROGRAM SCHEDULE

	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00	
ABC		Follow the Sun	Lawman		Bus Stop		Adventures in Paradise		
CBS	Dennis the Menace		Ed Sullivan	G.E. Theater	Jack Benny	Candid Camera	What's My Line?	News	S
NBC	Walt Disney		Car 54		Bonanza		Du Pont Show		
ABC	Cheyenne		Rifleman		SurfSide 6		Ben Casey	News	
CBS	To Tell the Truth	Pete and Gladys	Window on Main Street	Danny Thomas	Andy Griffith	Henessey	I've Got a Secret		M
NBC		National Velvet	Price Is Right		87th Precinct		Thriller	Jack Paar	
ABC	Bugs Bunny	Bachelor Father	Calvin and the Colonel		New Breed		Alcoa Premiere	News	T
CBS	Marshal Dillon	Dick Van Dyke	Dobie Gillis	Ichabod and Me	Red Skelton		Carry Moore		
NBC		Laramie	Alfred Hitchcock		Dick Powell Show		Cain's Hundred	Jack Paar	
ABC		Steve Allen	Top Cat		Hawaiian Eye		Naked City	News	W
CBS	Alvin Show	Father Knows Best		Checkmate	Mrs. G. Goes to College		Steel Hour/Circle Theater		
NBC		Wagon Train	Joey Bishop		Perry Como	Bob Newhart	David Brinkley's Journal	Jack Paar	
ABC	Ozzie and Harriet	Donna Reed	Real McCoys	My Three Sons	Margie		Untouchables	News	T
CBS		Frontier Circus	Bob Cummings		Investigators		CBS Reports		
NBC		Outlaws		Dr. Kildare	Hazel		Sing Along with Mitch	Jack Paar	
ABC	Straightaway	Hathaways	Flintstones		77 Sunset Strip		Target: The Corrupters	News	F
CBS		Rawhide		Route 66	Father of the Bride	Twilight Zone	Eyewitness to History		
NBC		International Showtime		Robert Taylor's Detectives	Dinah Shore/Bell Telephone Hour		Frank McGee's Here and Now	Jack Paar	
ABC	Roaring 20's		Leave It to Beaver		Lawrence Welk		Fight of the Week	Make That Spare	
CBS	Perry Mason			Defenders	Have Gun, Will Travel		Gunsmoke		S
NBC		Wells Fargo		Tall Man		Your Saturday Night Movie			

*ALL TIMES EDT

COLOR TV: The biggest quandary in color stems from a which-comes-first problem: programming or sale of sets. Color television, like black-and-white, got its start in taverns and upper-income homes. But black-and-white had to compete only with radio; color has to battle monochrome telecasting, too. By 1958, five years after color programming began, networks scheduled only 10½ hours of color a week, mostly by NBC, and only 325,000 color sets had been sold, mostly by NBC's parent company, RCA. NBC, still the one network doing regular colorcasting, has increased its schedule to a projected 30 hours a week for 1961-62, more than double last season's output. RCA has made 95 percent of the 600,000 color sets in use to date (150,000 sold last year), says invasion of color by other major set-manufacturers (Zenith, G.E., Sylvania, Philco) will boost sales 50 percent over last year. Prediction: Extensive use of color is two years away.

PAY-TV: Will subscription television work? The answer is yes. Will it pay off? The answer: maybe. Its proponents see it as TV's salvation. Its detractors, chiefly theater owners and broadcasters, say it is a commercial failure. We do know that pay-TV is feasible, particularly the Telemeter wire system being tested in Etobicoke, a Toronto suburb. Although pay-programming (first-run movies, Broadway plays, night-club acts) has been popular with Canadian viewers, it has yet to pay off financially. Undaunted, Telemeter is ready to cross the border and put its coin boxes into a handful of homes in Little Rock, Arkansas. The system will run simultaneously with Zenith's over-the-air experiment in Hartford, Connecticut, where the FCC has sanctioned an ambitious test. With pay-TV, it remains "wait and see."

EDUCATIONAL TV: By all odds, the big complaint on the part of educators has been their lack of very high frequency outlets (Channels 2 to 13) in metropolitan areas. Their American audience has been virtually restricted to families with sets equipped to receive ultra high frequency transmissions, a limited audience, indeed. Six years ago, for example, there were seven noncommercial educational stations, thirteen of them VHF, only half the VHF's in major markets. Three years later there were 35 ETV outlets, with fifteen new VHF channels added, but only five of them in large cities. There are 55 noncommercial ETV stations in operation now, but major areas like Los Angeles and Philadelphia still receive their televised learning via UHF. Task of educating the public has fallen to networks, who have converted Sunday afternoons into an oasis of culture, a "ghetto of information." They are continuing the job this year with *Aldi Stevenson Reports* (ABC) and *Patterns in Music* (NBC). *Continental Classroom*, the college-credit course initiated by NBC in 1958, will carry on with lessons in American government, and CBS has announced a *College of the Air* session in biology. But these are meager moves toward public enlightenment. One roadblock will soon be removed. Recently, a group of public-spirited citizens (Educational Television for Metropolitan Areas, Inc.) acquired Channel 13 in the New York area. They will transfer it to the National Educational Television and Radio Center, bulwark of the ETV movement.

How the Season Shapes Up

COMEDY: Biggest threat to the chimpanzee among fifteen new comedies comes from another primordial source: the press agent. As against the two situation comedies that feature animals (*The Hallways*, M1, Ed), a third (*The Joey Bishop Show*, NBC, Debut September 20) is all about the funny things that happen to a flack. Should the *Bishop Show* succeed, two other press-agent comedies are standing by in the wings. If this is the start of a trend, it is an unbearable prospect.

Of the rest, the funniest is *Car 5-1. Where Are You?* (NBC, Debut September 17). Nat Hiken's uninhibited look at the problems of two radio-car cops on the New York City police force, *Father of the Bride* (CBS, Debut September 29) is a reasonably amusing warm-over of Edward Streeter's novel and MGM movie with the stock characters intact. (Bratty kid brother, wisecracking maid, chinless bridegroom and semihysterical bride are all bound together by kindly, fumbling Dad (Leon Ames) and Ruth Warwick, the sensible, sweet-faced Mom. *Hazel* (NBC, Debut September 28) casts Shirley Booth as the grouchy maid of Ted Key's *Saturday Evening Post* cartoon series, *Margie* (ABC, Debut October 12), sponsored by a soap manufacturer, is a well-scrubbed, suddy family series based on the adventures of a high-school girl in the 1920s. *The Bob Cummings Show* (CBS, Debut October 5) presents this aging Peter Pan in a new Never-Never Land. He is no longer a girl-chasing photographer; now he is the girl-chasing pilot of an airborne motor scooter. *Ichabod and Me* (CBS, Debut September 26) is as homespun as a set of linsy-woolsey mittens. It concerns a city slicker (Robert Sterling) who wants to buy a small-town newspaper, and a local rube (George Chandler) who's agin' it. *Mrs. G. Goes to College* (CBS, Debut September 27) keeps together the stars of Broadway's *A Majority of One*, with Gertrude Berg as a middle-aged college freshman and Sir Cedric Hardwicke as an irascible old professor. Denouement: she feeds him chicken soup. Then there is the *Dick Van Dyke Show* (CBS, Debut October 3) with Dick Van Dyke, Morey Amsterdam and Rose Marie as three comedy writers reduced to making a living by wearing funny hats at house parties. Bob Newhart has a stand-up show (NBC, Debut October 11) with format indefinite, although he has suggested, somewhat sardonically, that assorted prankery will be forthcoming.

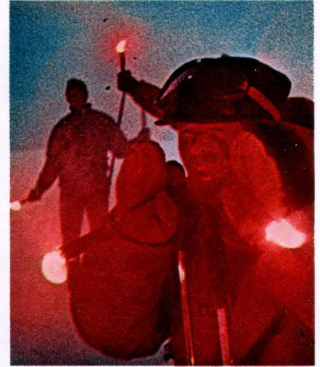
Finally, in the field of comedy, there is an unmistakable trend toward the cartoon. Joe Barbera, of Hanna-Barbera Productions, the nest of munchkins who started this move, says he has been awed by public response to *Yogi Bear*, *The Flintstones* and other offspring of his drawing boards. ("We got a letter from scientists working at the White Sands Proving Ground in New Mexico asking if we could air *Huckleberry Hound* a little later in the evening so that they wouldn't miss it.")

Responding to this demand, Hanna-Barbera not only has brought back *The Flintstones*, *Yogi Bear*, *Huckleberry Hound* and *Quick Draw McGraw*, but has added *Top Cat* (ABC, Wednesday, 8:30 P.M.), an "adult" cartoon concerning an alley cat (voice by Arnold Stang) who has more brains than a policeman (voice by Allen Jenkins). Does the message get through?

Other new cartoons include *Calvin and the Colonel* (ABC, Debut October 3), with Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll as the mouths behind a bear and a fox who show a curious resemblance to Amos 'n' Andy, and *The Alvin Show* (Debut October 4), which CBS has had the good grace to announce is not an "adult" cartoon at all (it turns out that this one, all about chipmunks, is as "adult" as *Calvin and the Colonel* after all). *Bullwinkle* (NBC, Debut September 24) involves a moose, a squirrel and nasal asides

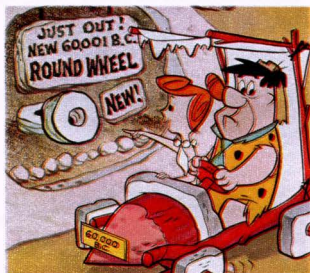
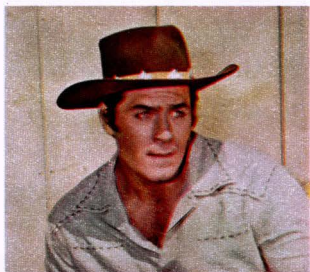
(concluded on page 91)

new view: accent on the laugh track...



NEW: Comedy this fall will share air with horses, hambones. ABC (first column, top to bottom) has Vince Edwards as Dr. Ben Casey (Mondays), Allen Jenkins, Arnold Stang in *Top Cat* (Wednesdays), Leslie Nielsen, John Clarke and Greg Roman (seated) in *The New Breed* (Tuesdays). CBS (second column) offers Dick Van Dyke (Tuesdays), Christine White in *Ichabod and Me*; *Frontier Circus* (Thursdays). Walt Disney's new *Wonderful World of Color* (top right) turns up at NBC Sundays. NBC also features cops (left to right: Ron Harper, Greg Walcott, Robert Lansing, Norman Fell) on *87th Precinct* (Mondays), and *The Joey Bishop Show* (Wednesdays).

back again: oats, eyes and ed sullivan...



OLD: Back at ABC (first column) are Donald May, Dorothy Provine, Rex Reason in *The Roaring 20's* (Saturdays), Clint Walker in *Cheyenne* (Mondays), *The Flintstones* (Fridays), *The Untouchables* (Thursdays). Ed Sullivan (with Kim Sisters) continues on CBS (Sundays), with Raymond Burr in *Perry Mason* (Saturdays), *Checkmate* (Wednesdays), *Have Gun, Will Travel* (Saturdays). At NBC Perry Como reopens his hour (Wednesdays), *The Bell Telephone Hour* (here featuring Roberto Iglesias) will alternate with Dinah Shore (Fridays), *Bonanza* with Michael Landon, Pernel Roberts, Lorne Green, Dan Blocker returns (Sundays), *Hitchcock's back* (Tuesdays).

out to pasture: godfrey, garroway, groucho

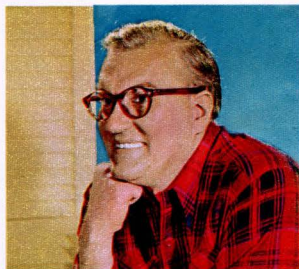
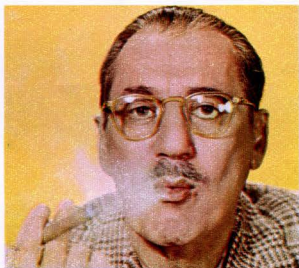
In the corridors at NBC—where about one's head the lightning often plays—they said last year that Milton Berle, reduced to the status of disc jockey on a bowling show, had at last become sufferable. This season, Berle has gone one step further. He has become veritably extinct.

The shock of his departure from network air (Berle will be paid a large, round sum by NBC for *not* working this year) has been intensified by the disclosure that Uncle Miltie will be joined in limbo by other names once awesome. Among them: Arthur Godfrey, who for fifteen years bestrode the CBS world as a Colossus; Ralph Edwards, who trod magnificently through nine years of self-generating treacle on *This Is Your Life*; Dave Garroway (nine years on *Today*), Groucho Marx (eleven years at NBC), Ernie Ford (five years at NBC) and Edward R. Murrow, for 26

years a CBS correspondent, vice-president and host.

In all, 41 prime-time programs will not return to the networks this fall. They include eight Westerns, nine situation comedies, four crime shows, three adventure series, two unclassifiables about lawyers and the Shirley Temple, Ann Sothern, Loretta Young and Barbara Stanwyck shows.

With the exception of Garroway, who quit because he was tired of it all, Murrow, who jumped (into a new job as chairman of the United States Information Agency) before he was pushed, and Godfrey who *was* pushed, the departed personalities were all victims of falling ratings, rising costs and each network's pyrrhic determination to turn out products as similar as possible to its competitors'. "When this thing ends," said a Madison Avenue oracle, "there won't be anyone left on TV but the stagehands."



OUT: Missing this fall will be these familiar faces: ABC (first column, top to bottom) has replaced Peter Gunn (Craig Stevens), Wyatt Earp (Hugh O'Brian) and Rod Taylor (with Mai Tai Sing) of *Hong Kong*. Expendable at CBS (second column) are Arthur Godfrey (replaced by Durward Kirby on *Candid Camera*), Tom Ewell and Ann Sothern. NBC found that after eleven years of *You Bet Your Life* it couldn't cover Groucho Marx. Shirley Temple is being supplanted by a cartoon named *Bullwinkle* and Dave Garroway, by his own choice, left *Today*, and was succeeded by John Chancellor. Other expendables: Milton Berle, Ralph Edwards, Loretta Young.

*The new FCC chairman,
Newton Minow, admits he
doesn't believe in kidding.*

*One result could be
a broadcasting industry . . .*



CLAMP DOWN

Newton Minow's "wasteland" speech, made before the National Association of Broadcasters last May, caused an industry uproar. It also brought thousands of letters into Washington praising the new FCC chairman's outspokenness about TV's current programming policies, only a handful denouncing it.

Minow, a 35-year-old Chicagoan and former law partner of Adlai Stevenson, talked with *S&I* in his hectic Washington office, sounding off on a variety of topics from lobbies to red tape. Although he minced no words, he also indicated that his outlook for broadcasting's future is not so bleak as some might think.

S&I: *You have now been on the FCC for more than seven months. How do you find your job on the commission?*

MINOW: It's exciting and terribly ferocious—both in the work load and the problems. The internal procedures of the agency are indescribable. I find that I can't manage my own schedule for the next hour. This is not through inefficiency or laziness, it is simply inherent in the commission as it is now set up. We are a seven-man commission and each commissioner's vote counts around fourteen percent. I found out at once that we commissioners can't do anything our own way. Now this may be a good thing from the point of view of the law, but if you happen to be someone who likes to do things efficiently, it is galling not to be able to apply good business practices. We are strangled in an accumulation of red tape and debris to a degree unequalled by any other department or agency in the Government. Why, do you know, we can't even consult our chief engineer or general counsel directly on a matter. We're sealed off by the law. All of us—all seven of us—must labor through hearings and all the interminable oral arguments, not to mention the briefs, on every case and every issue, no matter how trivial.

S&I: *Can you give a good example of these trivia?*

MINOW: I've been using the case of the license renewal for the radio operator on a shrimp boat, which took precious time from all of the commissioners, as a glaring example of what can keep us sidetracked and bogged down. There are other problems equally minute.

Then there are the vitally significant matters. There is an enormous amount of time which must be devoted to testifying before Congress. At one point recently I spent five out of seven days testifying up on the Hill. Testifying is always important and always requires intensive briefing. I cannot ignore that aspect of the job.

Finally, there are the nonbroadcasting aspects of the job, of which most people probably are not aware. The FCC has 2,800,000 licenses and authorizations

of one kind or another outstanding. We must deal with interstate telephone rates — in other words, what the public pays for its long-distance calls. We are involved in the communications satellite problems. We must decide who will actually work out and build the systems. We are responsible for communications in the event of war. There are dozens of other matters which have no relation to what you hear and see in your homes.

Personally, I can say that I like the job. It was the one job in Government I wanted — the one I've always wanted. It has interested me as long as I can remember.

SBI: *Why this interest?*

MINOW: Television is probably the greatest instrument around. It has been horribly wasted and abused. That's why I wanted to try to see what could be done about that waste.

SBI: *Any surprises at the FCC other than its incredible red tape?*

MINOW: Many, of course, but one fact has fascinated me. We are a body of about 1300 employees, with a budget of about \$11-\$12,000,000. Our responsibility is enormous and, as I have just indicated, we have many important assignments other than just broadcasting. Yet one detergent spends on TV ads almost as much as our total annual budget. One of the things I want to do is to make the FCC self-supporting. I don't see why the FCC services shouldn't be fee-producing. For example, you pay for a license for your car or to go fishing or to operate a bar. Why shouldn't broadcasters and others who use the public resource of the airwaves pay fees? We don't even charge them simple filing fees for the paper work. It's something I'm going to pursue when I can find the time.

SBI: *Aside from this project, what else do you see in your mandate as FCC chairman?*

MINOW: Substantively, I want to do an educational job. I want to alert the people to their own rights. I doubt that many people really know the power they have over broadcasting. Take UHF, for example. Many may think they do not want it, but they should at least know what it is and what it could do for them.

Let's be rather specific about educating the public. I was on the minority side in a recent vote in the commission. I wanted to add one more question to the usual application form that a licensee holder must fill out for license renewal: How much public affairs programming were you offered by your network and how much did you take?

Why? Some people say, "censorship." But was that censorship? Not as I see it. I dislike censorship as much as anyone else. Yet today we have censorship

in a very real sense, as our hearings in New York and elsewhere have brought out, whether people realize it or not. There is censorship by ratings, by advertisers, by networks, by affiliates which reject programming offered to their area. I want to free expression rather than stifle it. All sections of the community should be served rather than have them cut out by censorship which decrees they cannot see or hear something.

SBI: *What's your prognosis for the future? Are you optimistic or pessimistic?*

MINOW: I'm hopeful. I feel that there will be an improvement in TV programming because there is a growing recognition that the public taste is higher than some broadcasters believe. I think that the argument that people are getting what they want will fail. I just don't believe this argument. I do believe that the people want more than they have been getting.

SBI: *Did you speak too soon when you made your "wasteland" speech to the broadcasters on May 9, 1967? Do you think the speech had any bearing on the House vote to kill the reorganization plan?*

MINOW: I felt the reorganization plan was gone before I talked to the broadcasters. The commission was divided on it and we knew there was opposition in Congress. I had accepted the broadcasters' invitation and since this was to be my only chance this year to talk to all of the broadcasters, I decided to speak out frankly. I don't believe in kidding around. I'd rather be frank. I didn't say anything in that speech that I didn't say to the Senate at my confirmation. If they had read those remarks they should have known pretty well where I stood. The only new thing in my speech was the part about licensing and this is something in which I firmly believe. If licenses are not to be carefully reviewed, then we might as well put in a computer system and a stamping machine.

I believe in saying to licensees, "You have a public trust; you started off by volunteering for a business using public property. If you don't like it, there are 90 other guys who want to try it. Take a rest for a while and let them try their hand at it." What's "censorship" about that? A few weeks ago we turned down a New Jersey applicant for a license. Now I hear that the industry will take that to court. But I feel we are justified. The applicant came in with a request for a station, indicating he knew nothing about the community or its needs. We cannot permit people to buy simply as a business venture, without regard to public interest.

Recently an important broadcaster said to me that my position involved censorship. He brought up a comparison

to the newspaper business and talked about freedom of the press. We discussed the difference between broadcasting and the newspaper business. In both, you need the desire and the money, but in broadcasting, there is also needed a license from the FCC. A unique feature of broadcasting is the limited number of frequencies, hence the need for licensing. Not everyone who wants to broadcast can do so.

I happen to believe deeply in the enterprise system. The more competition the merrier, is the way I see it. But some broadcasters don't believe in that. Oh, they say they do, but actually they believe in it for the license in the next town. They don't want competition, really. I do.

SBI: *What about pay-TV? Didn't the commission give a postponement to Phovision until July 1967?*

MINOW: Yes, we did. They requested an extension for it and we gave it to them. Now as to pay-TV in general, I believe that the more choices there are, the better for the American people. The lobbying against pay-TV is vicious. I'm sorry to see it. I believe in trying things out. At least those who believe in pay-TV ought to be given a chance to prove their contention that the people want it. If people don't want it, they will know soon enough. People won't pay if they don't want it. It's that simple.

SBI: *Do you watch TV yourself?*

MINOW: Yes, and I love to. But since I've been down here there just isn't enough time to watch it as much as I would like.

SBI: *What about your children?*

MINOW: We have three little girls and they'll watch anything. Like most youngsters they'll watch whatever is on the screen. That's why I say that even to talk about ratings in the concept of children's shows is ridiculous. It is appalling, really.

SBI: *Do you restrict their viewing?*

MINOW: Yes — but they call me a censor when I do. We have been helped by the fact that the switch on the TV set is broken and they have to get help to turn it on!

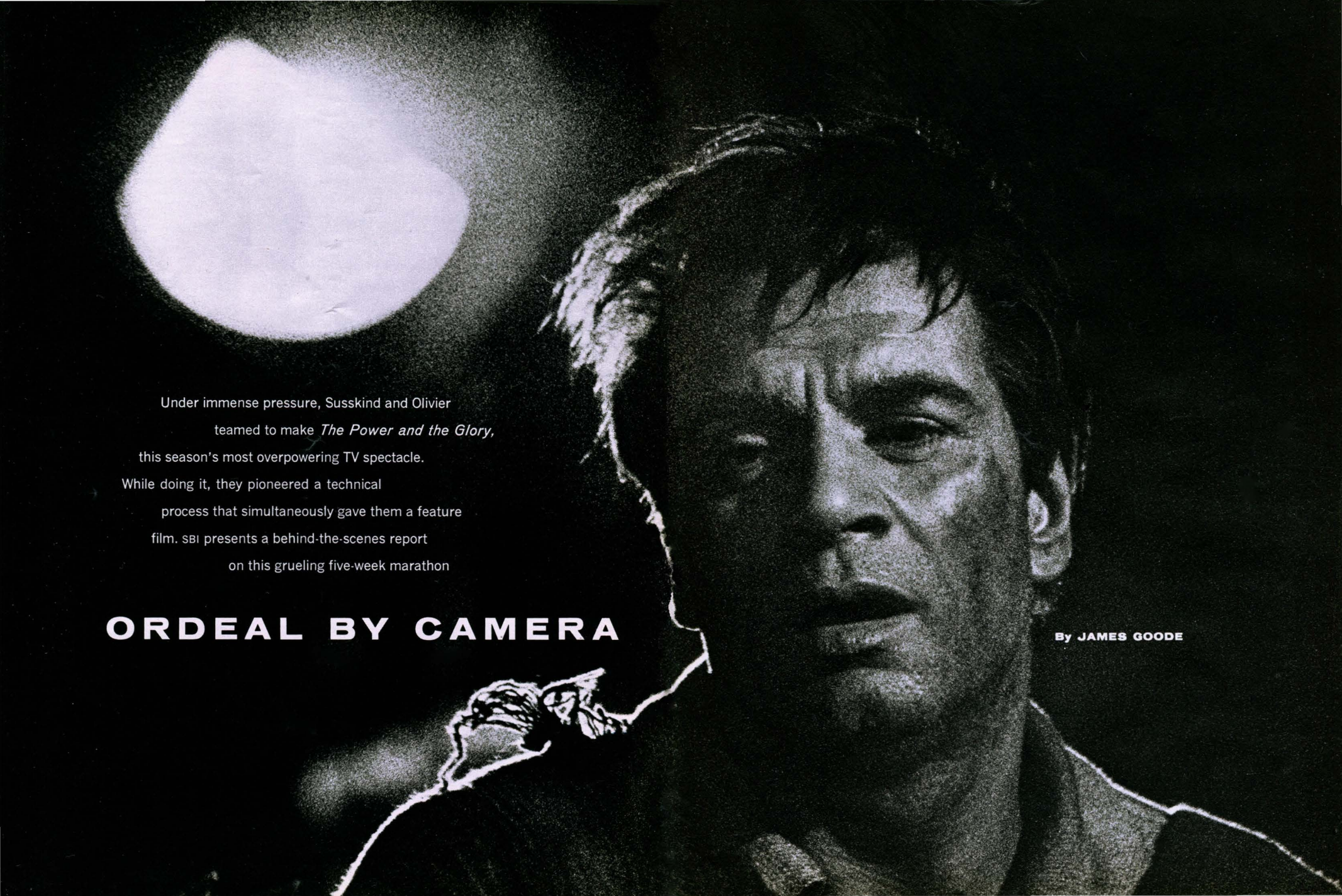
SBI: *Would you care to discuss your own preferences in TV?*

MINOW: No, I'd rather not, for if I did, then I'd be accused of trying to turn TV programming to suit myself and of being a censor. Let's say I like to watch it — and my tastes and interests are varied.

SBI: *Let's talk about lobbying. Has anyone made you any tempting offers?*

MINOW: No, I think they've gotten the message. I have referred to the FCC

(concluded on page 89)



Under immense pressure, Susskind and Olivier
teamed to make *The Power and the Glory*,
this season's most overpowering TV spectacle.

While doing it, they pioneered a technical
process that simultaneously gave them a feature
film. SBI presents a behind-the-scenes report
on this grueling five-week marathon

ORDEAL BY CAMERA

By JAMES GOODE

The agony of preparation



EFFECTS: Julie Harris debates the merits of a wig to be used in her portrayal of a peasant.



INVOLVEMENT: Audrey Gellen's concern with job was summarized by her boss, David Susskind: "She lives and dies every moment of every production."



ANXIETY: The tension of the breakneck schedule shows in the face of producer Susskind as he peers nervously into the viewfinder of a television camera to check a scene. The lengthy shooting, recorded on tape, was edited to make a two-hour special.

DAVID SUSSKIND, the tousled boss of Talent Associates, was tearing through the media mazes last spring in his usual state of controlled anxiety when he unexpectedly stumbled upon an unlikely sounding process called electronic film production. As it happens, EFP came to Susskind via the grapevine. An anonymous CBS engineer noted that it would be possible to make an old-fashioned kinescope recording, with the same frame size as motion-picture film, at the same time standard tapes for television were being shot.

The darting mind of Susskind, however, went far beyond the engineer's. He realized that EFP—if successful—would signal the first big electronic breakthrough since the advent of sound. He could make a movie as he taped a TV show—and at a revolutionary pace!

After his film production of *A Raisin in the Sun* in Hollywood, Susskind was familiar with the normal 24-hour delay in looking at rushes. He saw that EFP would allow a tape-kine producer to look at rushes immediately, since the tape could be played back seconds after the scene was shot. If the tape was good, so was the kine, or film; if not, the scene could be reshot without a pause.

Susskind's fascination gradually grew into a formidable personal goal—and a momentous one: to produce a two-hour film, from the original idea to the cutting room, in less than five weeks. And have a TV special on tape to boot!

So overwhelming a concept was it, in fact, that Susskind sold half his company, Talent Associates, to Paramount, on the basis of TA's successful television production record. He was then able to get Paramount to finance the first experiment in EFP.

Thus, Susskind could afford for the first time to forget the sponsor. He needed neither sponsor nor network money for the production itself, since Paramount was advancing \$625,000 for the first film, and he did not have to worry too much about costs. If he sold the first national rights to the television show of his first production for, say, half the cost, he and Paramount would get it back, plus a profit, from the release of the kine, or film, in motion-picture houses outside the U.S.

There was one important rub: with all his money and technical innovation, Susskind had to find a play—and fast. He wanted Sir Laurence Olivier as the first star of the new medium. Olivier, who was appearing on Broadway in alternate starring roles in *Becket*, wanted desperately to return to London to rest. After riffling through his mixed bag of literary properties, Susskind decided on Graham Greene's *The Power and the Glory*, the story of a priest fallen from grace, running from a firing squad and determined to serve his people during a violent wave of anticlericalism in Mexico in 1932.

The Power and the Glory had been emasculated twice before, once in a motion picture made in Hollywood and once by Susskind himself on syndicated television. Susskind determined that this time he would present Greene's damning human document for what it was. In our present corrupted time, when reality in any form is infrequently seen on the tubes and sin and evil can be represented on television only by such unreal and removed scapegoats as Western badmen and long-dead Italian gangsters, Susskind wanted to preserve the spirit of Greene's novel: the Socialist loud-speaker squalling, "God is dead. God is dead. God is dead." A twelve-year-old girl, "I don't believe in God. You see, I lost my faith when I was ten." The priest, "You know what kind of a priest I am . . . a whiskey priest. . . . Our child—she looked at me with contempt. . . . But why shouldn't she? There was no love in her conception. Nothing but fear . . . despair . . . and half a bottle of brandy. . . . Five minutes of lust . . ." The priest again, "Even though they are corrupted by my ways or murdered for my sake . . . isn't it my duty to stay?" The police lieutenant, hunting the priest, talking to the villagers about the clergy, "What

has God ever done for you? Have your children got enough to eat? Instead of food they talk to you about heaven! Oh, everything will be fine after you are dead, they say. I tell you everything will be fine after they are dead!"

In an era of laundered clichés and mellifluous mediocrity, Susskind wanted to hear on television the elevated statement, "Princes have power and great men their glory, but of God's love they have no more than the least. No more than you. No more than I. And in all of living this is the loveliest thing. . . ."

Susskind approached Olivier, who said that he would like to read a finished script before accepting the role of the priest. So the producer gambled and the scramble began.

On May 1 Susskind commissioned Dale Wasserman, a well-known television and movie writer, to adapt the Greene novel, in the record-breaking time of one week. Wasserman not only wrote the 163-page script in seven days, which is about as long as it takes a writer to type it, but the script was faithful to the spirit of the book, perhaps because there wasn't time to improve it. Wasserman said later that on one of those seven days he wrote 50 pages of dialog.

Olivier approved the script the day after it was finished and the staff at Talent Associates began on May 9 to assemble the most ambitious dramatic show ever produced on television. Susskind secured the two adjacent NBC color studios in Brooklyn, the only facility in New York large enough to handle *The Power and the Glory* sets, and was given a firm taping-availability schedule from May 30 to June 4, allowing a scant margin of one day if anything went wrong. Olivier had announced his resolute intention of being on the Queen Elizabeth when it left for England at 1:30 P.M. on Wednesday, June 7.

While Susskind worked out the almost impossibly intricate problems of physical production at NBC Brooklyn, recording at NBC New York, eventual release of the taped television show on CBS, and total financing and release of the film through Paramount, Marc Daniels, the director, and Audrey Gellen, Susskind's brilliant and beautiful 27-year-old associate producer, assembled the most imposing line-up of dramatic talent ever used on a single television show. Fay Lee and Ruth Conforte, the TA casting directors, worked with Daniels and Gellen to obtain 36 first-rate actors in some five days, including George Scott, Julie Harris, Martin Gabel, Cyril Cusack, Patty Duke, Roddy McDowall, Mildred Dunnock, Keenan Wynn, and Fritz Weaver.

Olivier himself went into rehearsal for *The Power and the Glory*, planning to work eight or ten hours a day, seven days a week, for fifteen days, while appearing in *Becket* in the evening and at matinees. Roddy McDowall was appearing in *Camelot* and Martin Gabel was winding up a run in *Big Fish, Little Fish*. Cyril Cusack, considered the dean of the Irish theater, flew in from Dublin on an hour's notice to play the role of Tench, a seedy English dentist.

Renée Valente, the only lady production manager in television, drew up an elaborate fifteen-page shooting schedule that was doomed from the start, and hired Burr Smidt to create, in twelve days, what amounted to almost the entire Mexican state of Tabasco, in 40 authentic sets, covering eight and one-half acres, again the most elaborate physical setup ever seen on television. The Susskind luck, which had held through the negotiations for release and the writing and acting talent, held again when it turned out that Smidt had lived in Mexico. Another stroke of fortune occurred when Julie Harris appeared on the first day of rehearsals with an out-of-print picture book called *The Wind That Swept Mexico*, which showed Smidt and Sal Anthony, the costume designer, exactly how the people and places of Mexico looked in the period of *The Power and the Glory*.

Smidt drew sketches on scrap paper and envelopes as he read the script and handed them, as he drew, to the man from Allied Scenic Associates who had three crews building

the sets on a 24-hour schedule. Smidt then had the problem of the jungle in the Wasserman script. Smidt had never liked the look of dead trees on television and he needed even more quality in this case. What might have gone unnoticed on a seventeen-inch tube would not be overlooked on a motion-picture screen. He started calling all of the tropical tree nurseries in Florida and bought everything they had, some \$19,000 worth of trees and plants, shipping them by truck, rail, and air for arrival in Brooklyn the following week.

Rehearsals began in the barren ballroom of a rented hall, the Central Plaza, on lower Second Avenue, in downtown New York. A famous jazz dance hall on weekends, its 12,000 square-foot floor was covered with the long, microscopically exact, red, yellow and blue tapes used in television rehearsals to indicate the position of walls in the finished sets. So elaborate was the production that the enormous room couldn't hold all of the floor markings and the TA technical staff found itself lapping one set over another to get it all on the floor, creating an almost impossible maze for Olivier and Daniels.

Sunday, May 14, at eleven a.m., all of the principal actors assembled for the first time, most waiting in the lobby of the ballroom for their scenes to be called, as Olivier and Daniels paced through and carried the play, Olivier appearing in almost all of the scenes and reading his lines from memory in a soft, almost inaudible voice. He had begun assuming the role, but in a way that could be seen only by the players nearest him, and the occasional high voices of the children and the deep voices of the character actors came as a shock in the echoing room.

Olivier, dressed in a worn tweed jacket, strolled effortlessly through the bewildering floor-marks of the successive scenes, his attitude serious but with shoulders sagging in complete ease. In the television tradition, as opposed to movie practice, the exhaustive rehearsals were an attempt to solve as many as possible of the directing problems before the play went before the cameras. On this first day of rehearsal, Daniels' greatest concern was over the children appearing in one of the few scenes without Olivier. The two youngest were late with their lines on three successive cues and Daniels explained patiently what they must do, silently hoping that it would finally work on camera.

On Monday, May 22, after another of the seemingly endless rehearsals, Faye Lee and Ruth Conforte had 115 screened extras, men, women and children, lined up against the wall in a ballroom on the floor below the rehearsal hall. Daniels, Gellen, Lee and Conforte walked in circles around the center of the room, choosing residents for three poor villages and a city, soldiers and prisoners for the jail. As Daniels and Gellen made their choices, Faye Lee called 90 extras out of the line-up, remembering each one's name.

Meanwhile, Marc Daniels and Maureen Hesselroth continued the hideous task of making out cards for each of the scenes, giving the scene number, interior or exterior, description of the set, day or night, costume and availability of the actors involved, and the date and hour the scene would be shot. The cards would eventually be used as a last-minute check against Renée Valente's shooting schedule, just before they started taping. Daniels predicted some 500 separate camera setups or angles for the two-hour film.

So it went. May 24, a Wednesday matinee for Olivier, Martin Gabel, Roddy McDowall, and young Steve Curry, also in *Camelot*, gave Marc and Audrey Gellen time to take Cyril Cusack to Marc's dentist for a little training in the use of a drill.

David Susskind, just off a jet from California, appeared at rehearsal on Sunday and met his actors. He asked young Patty Duke what she would play next and the polite Miss Duke replied that she was about to start the motion-picture version of *The Miracle Worker*, to be followed by another



CONFERENCE: Audrey (below) advises a momentarily unsure Roddy McDowall: "Do it the way you feel it, and don't worry."



THERAPY: An exhausted Audrey needs some bolstering. Sympathetic stage manager Dick Auerbach provides it.

The power of art



INTERLUDE: Olivier jokes with eleven-year-old Linda Canby, who plays his daughter, during a brief respite in the five-week effort.

The glory of creation

play. Susskind asked her not to forget who had given her her start and added, "When you are stepping into your Rolls will you help me out if I'm starving?"

In the lobby, at a littered table shared with the child extras and stage mothers, technical director Larry Elikan entered the esoteric abbreviations for all of the camera angles into his script, working from Daniels' notes. Olivier was oblivious of the knot of people watching his every move, and seemed to be quite relieved that the run of *Becket* had ended the night before.

On Monday, the eighth and last day of rehearsal, a slight argument began during a pathetic drinking scene in the script: McDowall, playing a depraved mestizo, has brought Olivier, the priest, to a hotel in a Mexican port so that Olivier can buy wine for the sacrament. McDowall's contact for wine and liquor, spirits declared illegal by the new reform government, is Keenan Wynn, a relative of the governor. McDowall and Wynn extract all of the priest's money in return for a bottle of brandy and a bottle of wine, and Wynn, to the priest's horror, begins to drink the wine. They are joined by Gabel, the chief of police, who is unaware that Olivier is the priest he is looking for, and Gabel, too, drinks the wine, finishing the bottle. The priest is afraid to complain or ask for more and leaves the room in total despair. Olivier had an objection: "No one in his right mind would empty the last drops out of a wine bottle." Gabel: "The only problem then is how much hooch is in the bottle." Olivier again, speaking to Daniels: "You can't empty the bottle just for the sake of the line." Olivier was an inspired drunk and an extra asked, "Have you watched Olivier? It's beautiful. There's an involvement from the feet up." Olivier, in turn, as he finished his part of the scene and left the imaginary room, turned to watch Roddy McDowall's athletic quality as Gabel and Wynn threw him against the wall to ask him a question.

Tuesday, Memorial Day, 50 actors and extras were called for the first scenes on camera, reporting at NBC Brooklyn at eight a.m., after an hour-long trip from New York. Burr Smidt's Village of Halcatoayan, lush, tropical and poverty-stricken, was overrun with cameras, microphones and cables, and the high ceiling overhead was totally obscured by batteries of powerful lights.

Marc Daniels checked out the "director's delight," a hooded television floor monitor, asking camera number one, mounted on a Houston Fearless boom, to dolly in on Olivier. Daniels admonished the crew, "I can see you on camera." Olivier, in Mexican make-up and black suit, wearing brown contact lenses

to cover his non-Mexican hazel eyes, looked a foot shorter and ten years younger. Sal Anthony sprayed Sir Laurence's suit to make it look dusty for the camera, and Daniels, Susskind, Gellen, Hopkins, Elikan, Hesselroth, Phillips, and Valente filed off the floor, through the labyrinth of quasi-stucco walls and fake foliage to the control room in studio one, their home for the next eight days. They arranged themselves along the control console, facing the bank of monitoring tubes, and looked in succession through the electronic eyes of the three cameras as Larry Elikan punched his control buttons, checking the positions of the cameras against his annotated script. Susskind and Audrey Gellen perched on stools in back of Daniels and Elikan, and the first experiment in remote-control electronic film production began.

For an hour or so, it looked as if it might be a total failure. Susskind noticed it first: "What is that noise?" Daniels had gotten his first take and the control room was watching the tape playback. There was a definite hum through the entire take. Jim Blaney, the audio engineer, sitting at a separate sound-control panel to the right of Elikan, offered several explanations: "It's the director's delight." Susskind: "Turn it off." Daniels tried a second take and the room listened to the playback again. The hum was louder. Blaney: "It's the air conditioning." Susskind: "Turn it off during the takes." Elikan got the studio engineer in charge of the air conditioning on the telephone. There was a long wait and then Dick Auerbach reported from the floor that the air conditioning was quiet. Daniels tried again, calling for absolute quiet on the set, and asked the still photographers to leave the set during the takes. An hour had elapsed, on a schedule as tight as a missile launching, and the control room complement was on edge. Daniels: "We're losing an enormous amount of time on this knocking-off stuff." Blaney, musing: "The blowers are off. It's almost like an SA (speaker amplifier) hum." An engineer: "It's the lamps, like last time." Susskind listened and despaired. He realized that the hum would go unnoticed on television, but not in a motion picture house.

Daniels asked for a minute of room tone and his anxiety showed: "Who's moving around out there? Absolute quiet on the set!" Another engineer thought the hum might be coming from the reactor room where the light switches were, but Ed Fought, the NBC unit manager, finally arrived with the real answer, that Daniels and Susskind would have to endure for the next eight days and nights: "It's harmonics in the steel, a 120-cycle hum from the alternating current in the building. We closed the louver on the fan but it doesn't help." Susskind:

"Haven't you got DC power?" Fought: "No."

The hum was finally brought down to a near-tolerable level by suppressing the input from the microphones themselves and Susskind had some consolation from the fact that music and sound effects would be laid over at least a third of the track, but the Great Hum had brought out the natural anxieties of everyone and the control room crew never recovered until it was all over.


The cast moved into Smidt's jungle. George Scott, riding a real horse, was followed by a policeman on foot, while Olivier hid in the underbrush at the side. There were expressions of awe from the girls in the control room when they saw Scott's grim face, then Daniels asked for a retake: "C'mon Larry, let's do it again. The reason is Billy has got to slip wider." Elikan: "Give me your widest lens, Bill."

The day wore on, and no take was completed without a technical problem imposed by Susskind's insistence on absolute quality, beyond normal television practice, for his film experiment. As Daniels called the camera numbers, Elikan punched a long bar that shifted transmission from one camera to another, almost before the sound was out of Daniels' mouth. Daniels: "One more technical problem." Sir Laurence's voice came over the mike: "With that water trickling quite so slowly as all that, it would take me forever to get a drink." Daniels: "We can't tell from here." Olivier: "Then it doesn't matter." Susskind, protectively: "If it bothers him (Olivier), that's enough."

Daniels, Olivier, Elikan, and the shifting complement of crew and supporting actors ground away hopelessly for two days in Studio Two, barely finishing the first day's schedule at the end of the second day, faced with the knowledge that Smidt's live jungle had to be struck and replaced with still more sets, and those also removed before the Mitch Miller show pre-empted the studio on the morning of the fourth day. Daniels tried to make up for lost time by shooting straight through 24 hours. Olivier was so near exhaustion at the end that he had to be kept awake with cold compresses and coffee and lifted on the burro for the last shots in the jungle.

Riding back to New York at eight a.m. Thursday morning after the ordeal, Olivier spurred his chauffeured limousine into a drag race with the Talent Associates staff in another car. As they tore along the empty Ocean Parkway, Olivier, revived and exhilarated by the speed, shouted his compliments through the open window to Renée Valente, Burr Smidt, Dick Auerbach, Sam Kirshman and Lee Phillips: "Most brilliant art director I ever met, Burr . . . Dickie

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mediocrity's mahatma

By Robert Cunniff

Ollie Treyz, president of ABC, shows the other networks how to keep the channels churning with potboilers, big promotion and fancy figures

Fred Allen once defined a pollster as a man who could look at the bottom of a bird cage and determine the number of grains of sand in the Sahara.

The most passionate modern American consultant of bird-cage bottoms, by this definition, is Oliver Treyz, the 43-year-old president of the ABC television network. He is thus, perhaps inevitably, television's reigning golden boy. Treyz, a math major at Hamilton College in Upstate New York, a statistical-control officer in the Army, and a network and ad-agency research man, brings a cathedral of statistics into play trying to guess what the American public will watch.

Over the past three seasons, the rating returns indicate that he has guessed all too well. He has determined to an unhealthy degree the content of nighttime television, not only on ABC, but on NBC and CBS as well.

The public cares little which network it watches. CBS, NBC and ABC are well-advertised brand names of scant significance to viewers. Aware that they can catch *The Untouchables* on Channel X, they are less likely to know that it is on ABC. But for Treyz, and in the long pull for the general public, the fact that *The Untouchables* is an ABC product is of considerable importance. The three networks are engaged in a mammoth crap game, with millions of advertising dollars as the stakes. Thus, when NBC and CBS passed up *The Untouchables* as too violent, Treyz and ABC got Eliot Ness, and with him a rating that has made ABC the dominant network on Thursday night.

Dominating an entire television evening is the network man's dream of power and (continued on page 48)

a kook named
CAROL



COMEDY TURN: Playing a prim, pigeon-toed job applicant, Carol looks aghast as a lingerie model struts for the boss. Like most comedians, she is sensitive about basing her career on mummyery. "I want to learn how to act," she says.

After taping a recent *Garry Moore Show*, Carol Burnett slid into a pair of orange slacks and headed for Rumpelmayer's, the high-class *éclair* dispensary on Manhattan's Central Park South. When the restaurant's hostess spotted Carol's casual attire she grew huffy. "We don't allow people in here dressed that way," she said. Carol recalled having seen a slack-clad Dietrich in the place only a few weeks earlier without a whisper of chagrin from the management. She put on her saddest face and whined, "I'm sorry but I have a wooden leg and I still haven't got used to wearing skirts." The hostess blanched while Carol limped over to the best table.

Such kooky cameos typify this rubberfaced mugger, who at 27 is undeniably the clown-princess of television. Her hoydenish harangues have made her kisser a memorable target for the autograph hounds. "You aren't half as ugly in person as you are on TV," one fan told her.

"Let's face it," Carol admits, "if I ever



AD LIB BIT: Carol impulsively picks up model's nightie (above) to see what is underneath. Next, satirizing a sex heroine (right), she sprawls in her own bedroom that overlooks Central Park. Carol calls bed "Tennessee Williams modern."





SIGHT GAG: Carol mugs her way through a sketch about safety with Durward Kirby (*top strip*), then adds embellishments in dress rehearsal (*below*).



straightened out my teeth I'd be out of work." Her director, Dave Geisel, disagrees: "She's a natural-born comedienne, director and choreographer. Her ad libs become part of the script. She's made me look damn good."

It has taken Carol only two steady years in TV to win this sort of adulation and make herself a mainstay of Moore's popular hour (CBS, 10 P.M., EDT, Tuesdays). But then, TV helped give her the break she needed in the first place. In 1957 she sang an incongruous lament, written especially for her night-club act, titled *I Made a Fool of Myself over John Foster Dulles*. The Secretary of State asked for a copy and Jack Paar asked her to appear on his show. She became famous overnight. Carol followed this with a theater success as the heroine of Mary Rodgers' musical, *Once upon a Mattress*.

Possibly inspired by her gymnastics on stage, Moore's writers introduced Carol to the pratfall. "I know how to fall out of a window real well now," she says. "But I don't always want to be stereotyped a kook. My sister is a nut, but not a professional nut like I am."



HALING CAB: Tardy Carol is already twenty minutes late for appointment as she plays girl on the go. Her life has its less frenetic moments: "I take heart walks at least three or four times a week. It's a chance to think to myself, talk to myself and enjoy looking at people. The walks are even nice when you have nothing particular to think about. You go to the park and get some ice cream and sit on a bench. The walks last anywhere from ten to 90 minutes."



mediocrity's mahatma

(continued from page 43)

glory. Yet, all it usually takes is a rating dreadnought in the *Wagon Train* or *Untouchables* class, plus the proper exploitation. Network researchers have found that Mr. Average Viewer (they know him well) turns the television set on directly after dinner, if not during or before, and stays tuned to one channel for the balance of the evening. He will suffer *The Donna Reed Show* and *The Real McCoys* gladly, serenely confident that before too many hours roll by he will be in action with *The Untouchables*, his particular dish of TV. Researchers are certain that Mr. Average Viewer is motivated against leaving his armchair, except under duress. It is not a flattering opinion of the viewing audience, but it has become virtually the creed of the TV industry.

Treyz, responsible for landing large chunks of other evenings as well as Thursdays for ABC, is a master of the viewer numbers game. Terrifyingly fast with a statistic, he has been known to bedazzle a client's conference with a glittering chain of facts and figures, all conveniently sorted in his head for instant use. Ollie, as he is known in the trade, is conceded to be, statistic for statistic, television's slickest supersalesman—or, as one admirer put it, a Univac with pants. With his considerable talents, Ollie has maneuvered and manipulated his network, once an impoverished poor-relevant sort, on to a more or less equal footing with what he likes to call the old-line networks, NBC and CBS. He feels, or at least says he feels, that ABC is for all practical purposes the number one network, and he can dredge up the statistics to prove it. There can be no disputing Ollie's contention that the Big Two are now the Big Three, just as there can be little doubt that the Treyz successes have drastically lowered the quality of TV programming.

Counterprogramming is the name given to the strategy conceived by Treyz in his efforts to boost his company into the big time. A less charitable evaluator would call it the art of programming down, by copying up ever closer to that critically scorned, definitely "out" group: the Lowest Common Denominator. Aiming a little lower than the competition is a familiar Hollywood expedient. The tactic has worked out majestically in television as well.

The mass audience is what Treyz offers advertisers, who can buy some ABC programs by the minute. Instead of complete identity with a program, a cigarette or soap sponsor looking for a dispersal of its message can buy into several high-rated programs and get exposure before different audiences. NBC pioneered this concept some years ago under Pat Weaver, who tried to use it to

raise program quality. Treyz is undeniably responsible for reviving the idea and achieving the opposite goal. His success with it has convinced both CBS and NBC of its financial soundness. Unfortunately this tactic tends to make programming for the largest possible audience the network's and the sponsor's prime objective. It is hardly the way to elevate standards.

Years ago Ollie, who looks like and often behaves with the exuberance of a middle-aged cheerleader, was just another one of the bright young men in research at ABC when Robert Kintner, now NBC's president, was trying to get the ABC network moving. That was the year the television industry decided to start the Television Advertising Bureau for the purpose of bringing new advertisers to the medium. The bureau looked like just the job Ollie wanted. He waded through a set of statistics in *Printers' Ink* and then delivered a breath-taking oration telling of the number of major advertisers still not using TV. He got the job, left his network cubicle and went on to become the industry's greatest presentation man. To help his speeches, he utilized a device called Cellomatic, which projected images on a large screen. And, of course, there were the statistics. Ollie toured the country, made a lot of friends among station owners and won a lot of new advertisers to television.

When Kintner was still at ABC, he said of Ollie, "I hope we never lose him. He's destined to go a long way." Kintner was prophetic. Treyz returned to ABC in October of 1956, and got the job from which Kintner had just been ousted. Kintner, now running the NBC network, no longer has affectionate words for Ollie, particularly when he is forced to follow Ollie's lead into the area of low-brow programming.

When Treyz took charge of programming at ABC, much had been made of the network's alliance with Hollywood, making all of that Sainly City's production know-how available to the great American television public. The first breakthrough was *Disneyland*, over which ABC could be justifiably boastful. But in 1957, the network tied in with Warner Brothers, the resultant product being *Cheyenne*, the first hour-long Western and the major force in launching the Western trend.

Treyz arrived in time to sell *Maverick*, a Western that at least had a sense of style, though he was not responsible for the program's concept. The network had invested large sums of money to launch *Maverick* and it was still unsold when Ollie flew off to Hawaii to make his pitch to Henry J. Kaiser. His argument was fervent and persuasive. How could Henry J., who had fought the good fight against the giant auto makers, resist

teaming up with Little David ABC, now taking on the Goliaths of NBC and CBS? It was a presentation old Henry J. couldn't resist.

The subsequent Western trend and ABC's part in starting it was explained, with possible partisanship, by a show buyer for an ad agency: "There were no other film programs that Ollie could afford, so he bought up a lot of cheap Westerns. I don't think he anticipated the trend. It was just a matter of hysterical luck."

Then came *77 Sunset Strip*, now conceded to be the program that made ABC a competitive network. A private-eye series, proving principally that Warner Brothers could still make a B movie, the program unhappily was blessed with a number of valuable rating assets. The most memorable was, of course, "Kookie" Byrnes and his comb. The show clicked.

Ollie's third major programing triumph was *The Untouchables*. A well-produced series by television standards, the fantasized adventures of Eliot Ness and his Treasury agents fighting the Al Capone underworld obviously met Ollie's requirements for action and adventure (not to mention group manslaughter). It is currently the model for a number of new crime shows. Similarly, *77 Sunset Strip* had set off a new private-eye cycle.

The Treyz (rhymes with craze) formula was working well. The postwar young marrieds were the audience Ollie had in his sights. The soaring ratings indicated he was on target, emboldened Ollie and frightened his competitors. To update another famous Fred Allen remark, "Imitation is the sincerest form of television." Treyz, intoxicated with the success of his action-and-adventure concept, has been building duplicate models ever since. *Hawaiian Eye*, *Surf-Side 6*, *Bourbon Street Beat* are all *77 Sunset Strip* variations. *The Roaring 20's*, *Asphalt Jungle* and *The Corrupters* descend directly from *The Untouchables*. More alarmingly, NBC and CBS threw in their own variations on the formula. The ferocious competition drove the older networks, once able to indulge themselves in an occasional stretch of quality, into programming that made the shows on all three networks look interchangeable.

Having imposed his one-man Dark Age on television, Oliver Treyz then assumed the mantle of industry statesman. Addressing the Cincinnati Advertising Club last April, he castigated the other networks in a speech entitled *Television's Dangerous Drift: Programming in Kind*. NBC and CBS were to blame for television mediocrity, he suggested, because they were imitating ABC. If they could only go back to their original programing concepts, the public

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Presenting a most intense satire,
written in England, about a very
peculiar British animal some of us
may already own as a pet

The Pukey

Mr. Troy's refusal to have a pukey in the house had caused enormous trouble in the family. "Pukeys are nasty, degenerate things," he said, "they make filthy messes all over the floor, they corrupt the young, they interrupt homework and sap the nation, and we have nowhere to put one." His wife would answer, "Well, well, we are getting distinguished, aren't we? It seems we're the Duke of Devonshire. Let me tell you that Blanche and Mabel both have pukeys in their drawing rooms, and far from being corrupted, they are happier." Young Miss Troy appealed to her father's sense of status, saying, "Everywhere I go, Father, it's always, 'What did your pukey do last night?' I have to admit we haven't got one."

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Troy, after a couple of years, "I'll let the pukey-man come and give a demonstration."

A few days later, the man arrived with the pukey and put its box against the wall opposite the fireplace. When Mrs. Troy asked, "Won't it catch the draft there?" the pukey-man only laughed and said, "The point about a pukey, madam, is that it's bred to be insensible."

"But it is *alive*, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Troy quickly, "because we'd never pay for something dead. And if it's alive, won't the dog resent it?"

"Both dog and budgie will be unconscious of it," said the pukey-man. "A pukey speaks only to a human brain."

"Well, cut the briny cackle and open the box," said Mr. Troy roughly.

Let us admit at once that the first impression the pukey made on Mr. Troy was a good one. Even lying stupefied on the carpet, its eyes had a wondering gaze that fell hardly

short of sweetness. "It's not just going to flop down like that all the time, is it?" asked Mr. Troy, to hide the fact that he liked it so far. "Give it a minute, my dear sir!" begged the pukey-man, "it's hardly got its bearings."

"Pay him no attention!" exclaimed Mrs. Troy, "he's been picking on pukeys for years."

"Oh, what shall we *call* it?" cried Miss Troy.

She had hardly spoken when the pukey shuddered from snout to stern and let its muzzle fall right open, showing six rows of vivid pink gums and bubbles of sparkling saliva. "No teeth, that's curious!" muttered Mr. Troy. Then, with no warning, it vomited all over the carpet—a perfectly filthy, greenish-yellow mess—causing Mrs. Troy to cry spontaneously, "Oh, the filthy little beast!" and Miss Troy to say, "Oh, Mum, don't *fuss!*" and Mr. Troy to say, "I told you it would foul everything up. Take the brute away!"

"An ounce of patience, if you please," asked the pukey-man, "or how can it grow on you?"

"I'm sure that's true—and I don't mean I don't like it," said Mrs. Troy, rallying.

"Isn't it actually *good* for the carpet?" Miss Troy asked the pukey-man. "I know the vicar said, reasonably used, it was."

"That is perfectly correct. Miss Troy," said the pukey-man, "it's not the vomit but the abuse of it."

"Now there's a remark I always like to hear," said Mr. Troy.

At that moment the pukey, which had been staring at its own emission in a rather vague, contented way, changed its expression entirely. A sort of pathetic anguish came over

its whole face; it held its snout sideways and looked at Miss Troy in a pleading, tender way. "Oh, look!" cried Mrs. Troy, "it's trying to say it didn't mean bad." They were all wrenched by the pukey's fawning expression, and when it slobbered and groveled and brownish tears dripped from the corners of its eyes, Mrs. Troy could have hugged it. "Damned, sentimental, hypocritical brute!" said Mr. Troy, "I still reserve my judgment." But he was the first to jump in his seat when the pukey, suddenly throwing up onto the carpet a clot of gritty mucus, followed this up with a string of shrieks and groans. Everyone was deafened except Miss Troy, who sensed at once that the pukey was illustrating the dilemma of girls of her own age in search of happiness. "Why, bless my soul!" said Mrs. Troy soon, "it's trying to have sex, that's what it is" — and sure enough, the pukey was now twisting its hindparts in the most indecent way and rubbing its flanks in its own vomit. "I'll not have that in my house," said Mrs. Troy, pursing her lips, "it's just plain filth, and showing-off."

"My dear madam, it never actually gets there," said the pukey-man, "nothing ever really happens."

"Oh, Mother, you and Father make everything seem obscene!" said Miss Troy, "even love."

"Well, as long as it only suggests but can't actually do it, I don't mind," said Mrs. Troy, watching the pukey with a new curiosity.

"My mind is still unmade up," said Mr. Troy.

Worn out, it seemed, by sexual frustration, the pukey lay still for a moment. Then, suddenly fixing its eye on Mrs. Troy, it gave her such a glare of horrible malignancy that she reached for her husband's arm. Next minute, there was a dreadful spectacle: throwing itself into a spasm of rage, the pukey began tearing and biting at its own body, like a thing bent on suicide. "Stop it! Stop it! Put the lid on!" screamed Mrs. Troy, "it's cruel, and drawing blood." "Frankly, you'll have to adjust to that, madam," said the pukey-man, "because it fights more than anything else." "Oh, then, that's decisive for me," said Mr. Troy, "because I love to see a good scrap."

"It is the men who like that best," agreed the pukey-man, as the pukey went through the motions of winding its entrails round the throat of an enemy and jumping on his face. "I don't mind its fighting," Mrs. Troy said grudgingly, "but I'll put its lid on if it overdoes it. I like beautiful things best." The words, alas, were hardly out of her mouth when the pukey, sighting backwards over its spine like a mounted cowboy firing at his pursuers, shot her full in the face with an outrageous report. "Now, no grumbling, Mother!" screamed poor Miss Troy, knowing her mother's readiness to take affront. "But it's not nice!" protested Mrs. Troy, fanning herself with an evening paper. "Oh, Mother, can't you see it means nothing?" cried Miss Troy, "it's not like us, with our standards." "Standards or no," said Mrs. Troy, "I never saw Mabel's pukey do that to her."

"Ah, but this is an improved model," said the pukey-man.

"Am I correct in supposing," asked Mr. Troy, "that nothing substantial ever comes out of its rear end anyway?" "That is correct, sir," answered the pukey-man, "all secretion and excretion are purely visual and oral. The vent is hot air at most, hence, no sandbox."

"Yet it has a belly on it," said Mr. Troy. "I know because I can see one."

"You can see a belly, sir," answered the pukey-man, "but you can't see any guts, can you?" They all laughed at this, because it was so true.

After throwing up another couple of times ("Mercy, what a messy little perisher it is!" said kind Mrs. Troy), the pukey became inordinately grave and a whole rash of wettish pimples spread over its face. "Well, you are in luck!" said the pukey-man, jumping up as if genuinely interested, "it never does this more than once a week at most. Can you

guess what it is?" They all racked their brains, guessing everything from sewage-farming to guitar-playing, and still couldn't imagine; until Miss Troy, who was the quickest of the family, screamed, "I know! It's thinking!"

"*Mes compliments, young lady,*" said the pukey-man.

They all watched the pukey thinking, because it was so unexpected; but none of them really liked it. "When it vomits, it only makes me laugh," said Mr. Troy, "but when it thinks, I feel like vomiting."

"I just feel nervous and embarrassed, like it was something you'd seen and shouldn't," said Mrs. Troy, and even Miss Troy for once agreed with her mother, saying, "You feel it's only doing it as a change from being sick, but it's the same really."

"Don't judge it too hardly," said the pukey-man; "surely the wonder is that with no brains it can think at all."

"Has it really no brains?" asked Mr. Troy, curious. "No, sir," said the pukey-man, "that's why its thinking makes you sick."

"Funny sort of animal, I must say," said Mr. Troy, "thinks without brains, bites without teeth, throws-up with no guts, and screws without sex."

"Oh, please stop it thinking!" begged Mrs. Troy. "I had an experience once that smelt like that." At which words, the pukey's pimples disappeared completely and, lying prone with its paws out, it gave Mrs. Troy a smug, complacent look, showing all its gums in a pleading whimpering. "Oh, the little angel! It wants to be congratulated for having thought!" cried Mrs. Troy. "Then we will — yes! we will, you smelly little darling — you little, stinking, clever, mother's thing!"

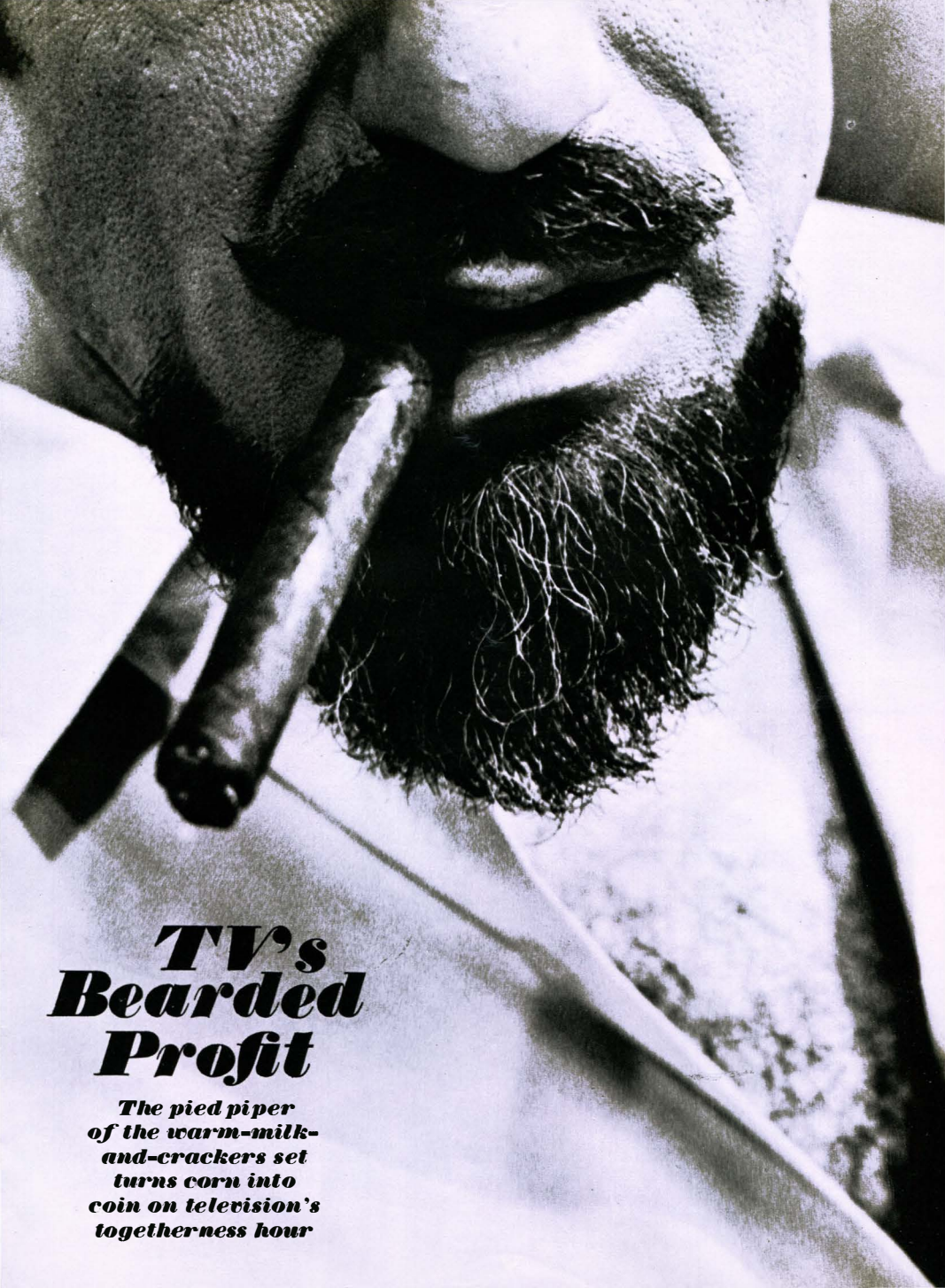
"I find that touching, too," said Mr. Troy. "No wonder there's no such nicker in pukeys."

"It's for love and culture, too," Miss Troy reminded. "Thank you, Miss Troy," said the pukey-man, "we breeders tell ourselves that, too."

During the next hour the pukey did all manner of things — such as marching like the Coldstream Guards, dancing and balancing on one paw like Pavlova, folding its arms like a Member of Parliament, singing the national anthem, plucking away at its parts mysteriously, fighting like mad, and making such vulgar explosive noises at both ends that the Troys were all left speechless with wonder. What charmed them as much as anything was feeling that the pukey made no distinction about what it did, whether it was fawning or screeching, or thinking or puking, it made it all like the same, because it loved each thing equally and looked at you always so proudly for it. "I can only say breeders must be jolly highly skilled," summed up Mr. Troy, "to root out all the natural organs and still poison the air." "It's more a sixth sense than a skill," said the pukey-man modestly, "and one which your wife, I may say, seems to have instinctively." This was the first compliment Mrs. Troy had had since she gave birth to Miss Troy, and to cover her natural embarrassment she said sharply, "Well, put its lid on again now and take it away. We'll come and fill out the Never-Nevers forms tomorrow."

With the pukey gone, it wasn't like the same home. The walls seemed to have been sprayed with a dribble the color of maple syrup, and dead flies kept dropping from the ceiling. The state of the carpet was beyond description, although the last thing the pukey had done before the lid closed was puff a sort of scented detergent powder over the stinking mess it had made. But the Troys were much too impressed to worry about the room; they could only think of buying the pukey and doing this every night. "It baffles me," said Mr. Troy, as they went to bed, "it's not human, it's not mechanical, it's not like any animal I've ever known."

"What it leaves on the carpet is human through-and-through," said Mrs. Troy, and they all laughed at this because it was so true.



TV's Bearded Profit

***The pied piper
of the warm-milk-
and-crackers set
turns corn into
coin on television's
togetherness hour***



By Richard Warren Lewis

A reader of Ann Landers' personal-problem column described a big dilemma several months ago. "Dear Ann," she wrote, "My sister-in-law gets on my nerves with her constant bragging. Last night she started to brag about her dog. She said he sings. 'I don't claim Spotty will sing just anything,' Della said. 'He just loves to sing along with Mitch.' Please tell me if this is possible?"

"Dear Toddie," answered Ann. "Apparently Mitch Miller's magical spell has slopped over into the animal kingdom. It's very possible that Spotty is singing along with Mitch. Don't knock it if you haven't heard it."

For singing dogs and flocks of bipeds the happiest hour on television begins late this month when a giant Houston camera dollies toward a bristly beard in a black silk suit. With the inevitability of the first four bars of *Down by the Old Mill Stream*, its owner will begin jerking his arms like a wind-up doll. In the control room, Director Bill Hobin will snap his fingers for a tight close-up and yell: "Give me the Jesus shot!" All at once 28 million partisans and a dog named Spotty will be gazing rapturously at the hairy grin and broken nose of Mitchell William Miller, the Twentieth Century's electronic Meistersinger.

Such abject attention to the seventeen-inch screen causes no surprise to Miller. Over the past dozen years he has rarely missed guessing the exact inclination of the pop music audience and accommodating himself to it. This anxiety and ability to oblige have given rise to scores of Miller-machined record hits, including *Jezebel*, *Come on-a My House* and *I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus*. For many delirious weeks in 1951 he had six out of the Top Ten on the Hit Parade. He has also helped pilot the careers of big-name performers into properly profitable channels, among them, Rosemary Clooney, Frankie Laine, Guy Mitchell and Johnny Mathis. Now, Miller has become a performer himself.

It was last spring that Miller realized how heavily he was ringing the bell. According to the Nielsen rating, 37.1 percent of the TV audience was watching him, and Spotty and the competition were salivating. "My attorney tells me I've become the avuncular figure of music, much more so than Bernstein," Mitch says modestly (although he doesn't explain how a lawyer came by his authority on such arcane matters). "What I've really done is open the doors to nostalgia. People have had an experience with a song. They relive something when they hear that song again."

The floodgates of old familiar tunes were opened by Miller long before he inundated TV. Five million record buyers awash in nostalgia had already made his twelve *Sing Along* LPs the big-

gest-selling album series in history, with as many as eleven on the best-selling charts at once. In three years' time, the *Sing Alongs* have grossed \$25,500,000.

"We went into TV loaded," Mitch admits. "We figured if they'd pay four bucks for a record, they'd certainly tune in on a free TV show." The bonus is that though the American public can now sing along with Mitch for free, it has not faltered for a moment in its purchase of the records.

All this has meant a big change in life for Mitch. After a decade of supervision for Columbia Records over other performers' albums and singles, he has now had to abandon most of his foreman duties in favor of becoming his parent label's most lucrative worker.

Even then, the greater portion of Miller's time is spent cranking out his television show, which is produced by his own corporation, All American Features. He began taping new shows for the coming season last April, worked all summer building up a backlog, and will have thirteen hour-long songfests comprising 30 nostalgia-saturated tunes apiece ready for his new season, which begins Thursday, Sept. 28 (NBC-TV, 10 P.M., EDT).

For all its Junes and spoons, moonlight and roses, *Sing Along with Mitch* is one half of what will probably be the roughest rating battle of the season. Pitted directly opposite Mitch and his sing-along gang is ABC's formidable Eliot (*Untouchables*) Ness and his shoot-'em-up gang. Awaiting the imminent rumble, Mitch sits serenely back in his Herman Miller Eames lounge, draws majestically on a Castañeda Vuelta Abajo, a foul-smelling Cuban cigar "that's tougher to get than pot these days," and announces, "I'm certain we'll beat them. I would prefer an earlier hour and one on the weekend when the kids stay up. But statistics show there are more sets in use on Thursday. Anyway, our show is like *Gone with the Wind*. It's timeless."

The mob that Miller is rallying to clean up the Ness mess is a motley crew, 26 voices strong, all male and indeed called "Mitch Miller's gang," because the first sing-along tune they recorded was *That Old Gang of Mine*.

The gang's hard (or soft) core of eighteen are old Miller cronies who have been with him since the whips first cracked on Laine's *Mule Train*. Mitch has used virtually the same singing outfit on *The Yellow Rose of Texas*, *Autumn Leaves* and *The Children's Marching Song*. The gang did the whistling on *March from the River Kwai*, a hefty 2,500,000 seller, and the lusty roudades on *The Guns of Navarone*.

"A lot of my boys make a fortune on commercials," says Mitch. "They average \$400 a show with me, but more impor-



tant, they are good enough singers to sing in opera."

This last is not easy to believe. The gang's glissandi come out the same every time—in unison, in a key accessible to men, women, children and dogs. And through a slurring mouthed diction system contrived by Miller, those at home who never sang an eighth note can't fail to follow every banal and be-guiling syllable.

Visually, the gang presents more variety than they do vocally. With slouches, punches, vanishing hairlines and double chins they couldn't have been done better by Central Casting. Their ages range from 29 to 59. "They look like the banker, doctor, or grocery man," says Miller. "They're not Adonises, but their faces knock people out. They look like neighbors you can turn to, like someone cutting the grass. They have the faces of America. They don't look like actors."

He might have added that they don't act like actors, either. But they *do* dance like singers. Out of obvious necessity, Miller and the gang have been forced to puff and wheeze through hour-long weekly dance classes for the past six months. These sessions are designed to improve comportment on camera, but the result resembles nothing so much as a pack of tenderfoot scouts circling a porcupine. They heave and perspire through an array of waltzes, time steps and soft-shoes that would make Bojangles break away in his tomb.

In the dancing and solo parts, at least, they can rely on some female assistance. "Women don't like girls in a singing chorus," Miller has discovered. "We got 150 letters of complaint after we recorded the *Christmas Sing Along* album; it had fifteen girl singers along with the gang. The letters said that the girls took away from the virility they were used to—the manly, big-throated, open-air sound of the guys." He promptly took the girls out of the chorus and integrated them as dancers and solo vocalists.

That development remains one of Miller's greatest pleasures. "Our show is the lustiest on the air," he says. "Sometimes these girls are the most undressed in television, but you don't ogle. It's like looking at young kids on the beach. They're a kind of youthful 'girl-woman,' and they can read lines, too."

His complement of girl-women is headed up by eighteen-year-old Leslie Uggams, button-nosed Jill Corey and Australian-born Diana Trask. They are all pretty, pert, and just short of nationwide recognition. "Stars cannot perform within the outline of our show," according to Mitch. "They want to do it their own way. We don't spend money on stars who have worn out their talent on dozens of other shows. This show cannot stop for anybody. We tell our kids what song they should sing and they sing it.

The girls give the show a balance. The female sound cleans out your ears and eyes and gets you ready for the next hunk.

"The things we do are so basic that nobody else does them," he says. "We eliminate the studio audience. They break the mood and contribute nothing but interruption. They're the greatest barrier between us and the viewers."

The show's writer, Gordon Cotler, adds, "The songs are presented in a recognizable style the same way they were written, with on-the-beat, simple arrangements. People can sing them as they remember them. The music comes in big blocks that set the mood. Not one song and then talk, but eight to fifteen minutes' worth in one chunk. One viewer wrote: 'I'm glad you have shorter and fewer commercials.' Well, that's not really true. It *seems* they're getting more show. The filler talk is dispensed with."

Miller also cites the show's mobile camera style. "We work with one enormous set that stretches the whole length of the studio, 120 feet long. There are none of the usual studio confines, and this allows the viewer's mind to wander with the camera. Singers sing at you instead of to you when they're bound by the proscenium arch. We never give people a complete, realistic set; just enough to let them fill in from their past. The thread of the show is just substantial enough so that the audience can figure out their own plot if they want to."

What few people know is that for all its apparent sincerity, the Miller gang's TV singing is prerecorded and then mouthed silently, or lip-synched, on the air. This insures that the singing will be foolproof. "If their jugular veins don't stand out when they're synching, it's no good," the meistersyncher warns. He coddles and nurtures his sound at a cost in time and money that other variety shows would regard as wildly exorbitant. Well ahead of the two-day TV taping in a Brooklyn studio, Miller trundles his retinue into an East Side recording loft, where he diligently spools the 30 songs for each show, most of them in four-four or waltz tempo. He calculates musician and talent costs for these four or five late-night roundlays at around \$10,000 a week. "We make these like feature films. Every nickel is carefully spent, so the sound leaps out at you."

If the sound leaps, Mitch wobbles, leading his choristers with the spastic movements of a wet duck shaking off water. "My conducting is purely intentional. It's the only way to keep untrained singers at home together. I have to keep my hands and arms close to my body or the viewers would flinch. It's a problem of parallax. But I don't think I'm at all exaggerated, compared to the conducting of Lennie Bernstein."

Miller has at least one thing in common with Bernstein—a past history

of alternating pop and classical virtuosity. He is "one of the two or three best oboe players in the world," according to more than one critic. Regrettably, his oboe has been shelved. It has been three years since he performed publicly, though he still manages to squeeze in early-morning practice in a mid-town office decorated with five of his gold records and four Picasso lithographs. "Playing in public is strictly for the ego. Mine doesn't need it."

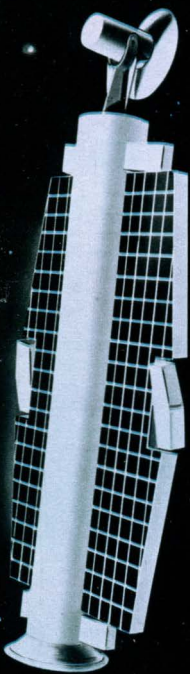
"In this business," he advises, "always have something else going for you. I could go back to the oboe any time if I failed in the record business. I had to have a kind of a gambler's edge before I'd take any real chances. If I missed on television, there was the abiding idea that I had the records behind me: they enabled me to wait for the big television break. What human being could resist the blandishments of a TV income? I was backstopped in some way every time."

Another backstop: Little Golden Records, a former Miller sideline which has sold 90,000,000 copies. ("Kids keep getting born and I'm still getting royalties.") In 27 years Mitch has graduated from a \$23.50-a-week job with a WPA Symphony into a pop status that nets him six figures annually. In justification of his deserting his now, nonpaying art, Miller claims his mission is "simply to entertain. Our show has to be a kind of *Our Town* without tragedy."

Apostasy has other rewards. His delight with the morning mail call (3000 a week) suggests a man drowning in a sea of syrup clutched at cheese straws. Anyone within earshot is inured by now to hearing Mitch's stentorian reading of the most effusive of his fan letters, e.g., "Please give us more programs that will have love, beauty and serenity." "Why can't we have more of shows like yours for our children and parents instead of all the CRIME and SEX we have to turn off so often?" "We watch your show with a lot of beer on ice and each time we open a bottle we say, 'Here's to Mitch.'"

There are a few malcontents, of course, and detractors. He was hung in effigy on the University of Maine campus and censured by the state legislature when his choristers deleted the word "Maine" from the venerable *Sing Song*. The sign on the dangling dummy read SWING ALONG WITH MITCH. TV critic Ben Gross termed his hour a "do-it-yourself Lawrence Welk program."

There is also a long-distance drunk who calls him from Pennsylvania with regularity after every TV show. "If I had my way, dear, I'd never grow old..." he sings thickly. Then he asks the maestro if there's any other song he'd like to hear. Regardless of the reply he proceeds with his blurred serenade until Mitch says goodbye and pensively lights up another cigar.



WORLD TV BY SATELLITE



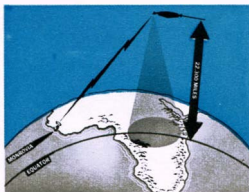
The greatest trick of the century—if only we can make it work

By George J. Feldman *A prominent New York lawyer, Mr. Feldman was first director and general counsel of the House Committee on Space and Astronautics, and he was instrumental in setting up the law on which the American space effort is based. He has also been an advisor on space problems to the U.S. delegation at the United Nations.*

Gunsnoke on the screens in Irkutsk, the Paris opera coming over to viewers in Rio, a Soviet movie on the late show in Manila—this spectacle of freewheeling international television is barely five years in the future. Advances in space technology now make the lofting of communications satellites mainly an engineering proposition. Whatever method is decided upon— orbiting satellites with transmitters, a system of many stationary balloon reflectors, or a scheme using three synchronous satellites (see drawings) orbiting at the same speed as the earth itself—it requires only a definite, estimable amount of planning and construction to end forever the limitation hitherto placed on television transmission by the curvature of the earth's surface. International TV can be a reality. It will constitute, along with other electronic uses of the communications satellites, the greatest single pay-off yet realized from man's exploration into space.

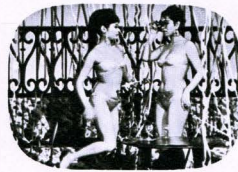
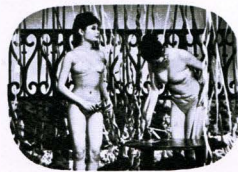
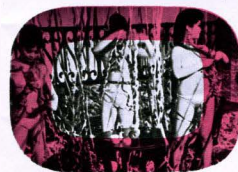
But, this great communications revolution is already

posing far more problems than the old scientific roadblocks that it shatters. Organizational problems alone are prodigious. International frequencies must be determined, band widths must be set. Arrangements must be made for sharing channels. Equipment must be standardized. European sets, for example, use finer and more numerous lines on their screens. Then there are the larger political implications. With the transmission of Soviet movies will unquestionably come the propaganda speeches of Nikita Khrushchev and even more direct appeals for subversion in various areas. How much will the directors of the Paris opera charge Brazil for the privilege of seeing their latest production? And along with *Gunsnoke*, the Irkutsk viewers will doubtless be offered a selection of discussion groups and (concluded on page 81)

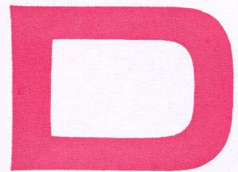


MODEL: Communications satellite now being developed by RCA engineers is shown in diagram (above). Satellite with its dish antenna would reflect signals (left) from key points on earth's surface to areas normally far out of TV contact.

PINK



M



THIS NOTABLY EPIDERMAL
JAPANESE TV PROGRAM
OUTSTRIPS ANYTHING ON
AMERICAN CHANNELS



"It has well been said that the most wonderful esthetic products of Japan are not its ivories, nor its bronzes, nor its porcelains, nor its swords, nor many of its marvels in metal or lacquer — but its women."
— Lafcadio Hearn

Every Sunday night at 10:45, while the men of America are toying with such tapioca as *What's My Line?* and *This Is Your Life*, the Japanese male is given fancier fare. For at that hour, with his children abed behind the *shoji* and his wife slicing radishes in the kitchen, he may sit, sip his *sake* and observe representatives of his nation's womanhood cavort almost unadorned upon the television screen.

The object of his attention is *The Pink Mood Show*, aired once a week for the innocent merriment of four million viewers throughout Japan by a manufacturer of automobile radios (his sales have been soaring). It is produced by the bland and inscrutable Shigeo Ozaki (renowned for the striptease spectaculars he has spawned on the Ginza), and stars a number of tall and well-assembled brunettes from the chorus line of the Nichigeki (Japan Theater) Music Hall, Tokyo's most redoubtable fleshpot. Their act is basic. They dance. They bump. They prune down to bikinis, transparent nightgowns or less. They also giggle, and sometimes they play stringed instruments and sing.

The sketches in *The Pink Mood Show* (*Pinku* in Japanese symbolizes sensuality) are Minsky fundamentals. On a recent fifteen-minute segment, two girls peeled in front of a grillwork as a popeyed Peeping Tom ogled from behind a palm frond (see strip, far left). In another, a stately young lady appeared clad in the wardrobe of an Edwardian milkmaid. Soon — and without any particular motivation — she had whittled this down to an undergarment constructed of black mosquito netting (second strip, bottom). A third featured a large jar that eventually ejected a vibrating girl in a becoming ensemble of skintight cheesecloth (third strip). As a finale (see strip, far right), an overly clothed girl (she was wearing a dress) writhed on a couch and sang *Someone to Watch Over Me*.

On *The Pink Mood Show* even the commercial is highly erotic. After the final bikini has been bumped off the screen, a film is presented showing the nudging knees of a man and a girl. "Beautiful!" moans the girl. "A-a-a-h, yes!" gasps the man throatily, "I'm so happy we have a Clarion radio."

Now less than a year old, *The Pink Mood Show* commands 54 percent of the viewing audience in a country of eight million sets. Its competition (old movies, a Japanese Western, a news program) long since fell out of the running.

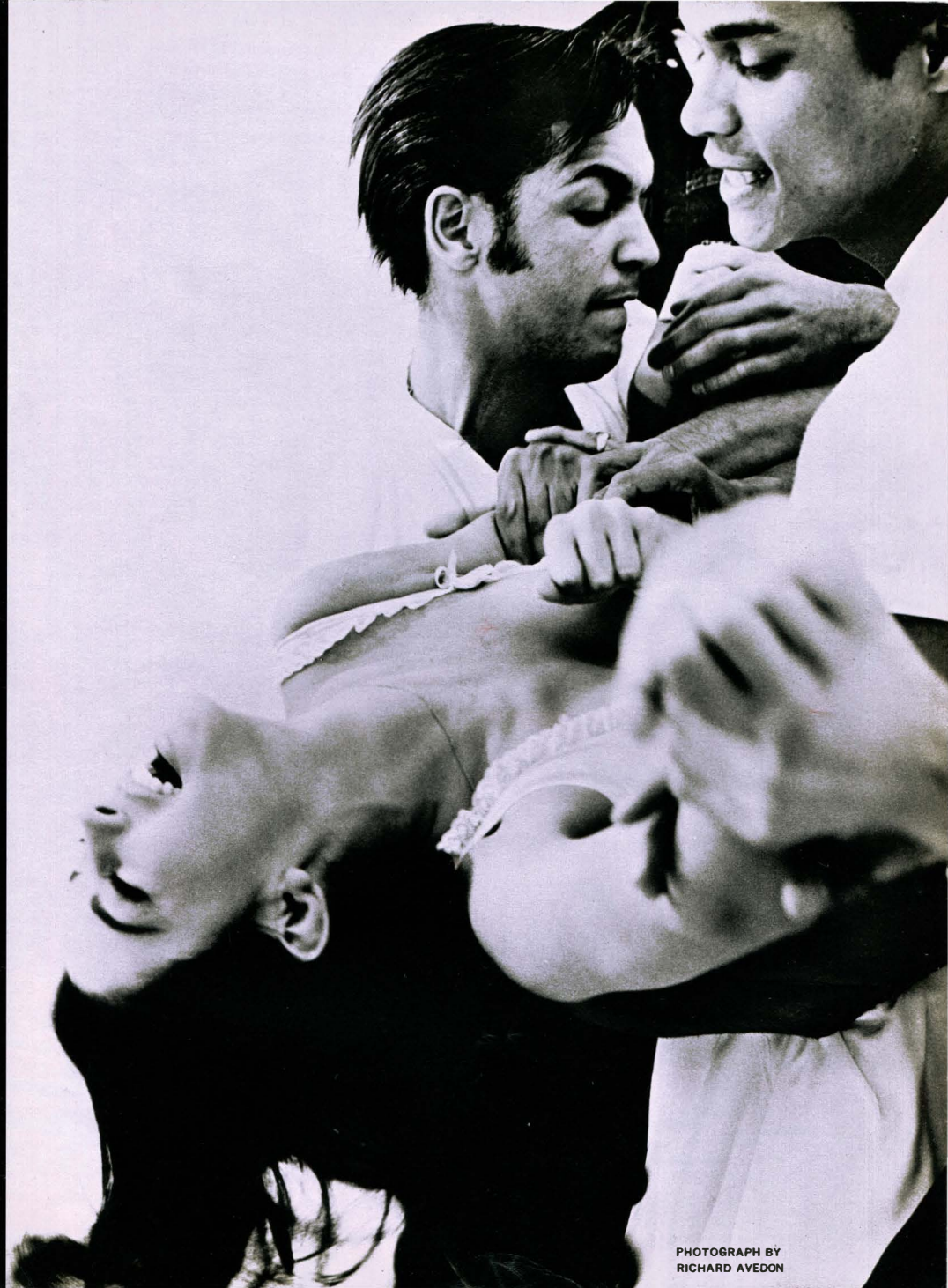
So successful is *The Pink Mood Show* that within the past few months competitors have been popping from the wings like cherry blossoms. The most imaginative of these, subtly titled *Do Not Touch My Throbbing Bra*, is coming along fast, but still runs far behind the original. "These meat shows will never endanger us," Producer Ozaki predicts. "Our girls are doves. Their girls are elephants."

Indeed, only one roadblock looms ahead for the *Mood*. The housewives of Japan, at least formally reprieved since World War II from their long bondage, are now vocal and voting. They care for Ozaki's production not a bit. In Tokyo, Kobe and Yokohama there have been mutterings from female civic groups. Ozaki remains unshaken; "A nude is what one makes her," he says. "All our girls wear shoes."

SNEAK PREVIEW

WEST SIDE STORY

Broadway's appassionato gang rumble explodes on the screen in a not-to-be-forgotten version of the Jerome Robbins—Leonard Bernstein hit musical



PHOTOGRAPH BY
RICHARD AVEDON



THE SYMBOL: *Against a background of garbage cans on the perimeter of their West*

Side "turf," a platoon of "Jets" works itself rhythmically into the mood for a rumble



THE DANCE: A neighborhood social is an intermezzo in gang war between "Jets" and "Sharks." Maria (Natalie Wood), of Sharks, meets her Romeo, Tony (Richard Beyrer), a Jet.

THE WAR: After the dance, gang war resumes with fight under a city viaduct. While others crouch in shadows, Maria's brother Bernardo (left) begins fatal combat with Jets' leader.



Inspired by the gang rumbles of Manhattan's lice-ridden North River docksides, playwright Arthur Laurents conceived in 1957 the most violent musical play in the history of the American theater — *West Side Story*. Here in the slums of the old Tenderloin, Romeo and Juliet relived in blue jeans and T-shirt their star-crossed love affair to the staccato rhythm of the snap of a switchblade, the high sharp bark of a zip gun, the thud of brass knuckles against a jaw.


Early next month (premiere is October 14 in New

York) *West Side Story* will come to the screen, dressed again in the skirts of overcharged emotion, and ornamented by just about the best talent Hollywood could find. Scripted by Ernest Lehman, directed by Robert Wise and Jerome Robbins, choreographer of both movie and Broadway original, with music and lyrics by Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim, *West Side Story* has lost on the screen neither the striking color nor the bone-hard beauty that have made it the archetype of the modern musical tragedy.



THE LOVERS: Maria's love for Tony conquers grief at brother's death as they reunite after fatal rumble ("It's not us, it's everything around us!"). Although Sharks now are

sworn to kill him, Tony dreams only of Maria. Together they envision a paradise called "Somewhere" where both may live in a garden free of tenements, prejudice and hate.



*Dying of the Sharks' gun blast
on the asphalt turf that spawned him,
Tony whispers to Maria,
"I didn't believe hard enough!"
Yet, to Maria, in film's moving climax,
"Loving alone is enough!"*



Joan Freeman: Hollywood's only *slentem* player is a twenty-year-old UCLA coed who, in a time-honored tradition, studies accounting and economics by night and portrays counter girl Elma Gahringer in ABC-TV's *Bus Stop* by day. The *slentem*, for the uninformed, is a Javanese percussion instrument. Joan, the second in svt's series of fresh-faced Show Business Beauties, plays one in her college's *gamelan*, or East Indian orchestra. (She also doubles on the *panembung bonang*, potlid-like cymbals.)

An actress since the age of nine, when she played Joan Leslie as a girl in *Pistol Harvest*, Joan earns \$500 an episode for the Elma role, her highest salary ever. Last year she had a small part in *Come September*, shot in Italy and starring Rock Hudson. She was impressed by his rugged good looks: "Once I saw him in a white dinner jacket and black pants and I just stood there with my mouth hanging down to my shoe tops. He probably felt very self-conscious." In less awed moments, she taught Rock how to cha-cha.

A veteran Californian, Joan will probably never need the services of a film and psychiatrist. She lives with her family, reads *Brave New World* and *Hawaii* on the beach, and stays out of Cyrano's. "The last thing in the world I want to be is a glamor girl. I just had a fit when they wanted to take pictures in a bathing suit. That's so Hollywood. I hate to think of myself as a starlet."



VERSATILE INGENUE: Joan Freeman (left) strikes *panembung bonang* in a UCLA classroom. At center, she exits "Bus Stop" sound stage, where she works over script with Director Don Medford (right). Joan begins day with a bedroom ballet (top), keeps herself far from Hollywood scene. "Most functions are complete bores. I've never had a studio-arranged date."



Venerable and venerated, Pablo Casals, age 84, remains the "Maître," the world's consummate musician, attracting hordes of pilgrims to his Puerto Rican home



papa

For a few weeks each year in San Juan, Puerto Rico, an orchestra of anxious conscripts flown in from the United States attends

with extraordinary care to whatever counsel it gets from its conductor Pablo Casals. He is *Le Maître* to most of the men. To a few, he is Don Pablo. Because he is tiny some call him Pau, but reverently, for at 84, Pablo Casals is still the front-running holy man of music. His sanctity is certified by the eminence of the acolytes who surround him. Like any other art, music has its special presences who are acclaimed by fans in great mass while also honored for their seriousness by their musical contemporaries. Rudolf Serkin is the pianists' pianist, and Isaac Stern, the violinist most other fiddlers swear by. Chamber music players, the art's eggheaded aristocrats, regard the Budapest String Quartet as the model to emulate, and its second violinist, Alexander Schneider, as the foursome's chief leavening agent. That Schneider, Stern and Serkin trek to San Juan, where they look up to the old cellist in the same way other musicians look up to them, has marked Casals as the teacher those who seek wisdom had better get to know. Recruiting an orchestra for him, then, becomes like hunting down volunteers for inheritances. A few weeks spent basking in his emanations puts a sanctified glow on the least of bassoon and double-bass players — who come to him humble and go away proud, anointed like Pavlova partners or the inamoratas of Lord Byron. To sustain this effect, all the hallowed centerpiece of the Festival Casals does is conduct the orchestra or play the cello at each of the Festival's performances. He does that, and accepts adulation with dignity, but not unwillingly. To inquirers he makes it plain that he regards himself as neither a cellist nor a conductor. He is, at his age and eminence, a musician. There is a quiver of old pride in his voice when he states that definition.

Casals has an octogenarian's incisiveness about the meaning of this. A long lifetime spent working with a musical instrument can saddle a man with the limitations of an instrumentalist, or give him the range of a musician. The instrumentalist who operates a Stradivarius, an E-flat alto, or even an orchestra sees music as a vast but only occasionally arresting literature in which a few sonatas or concertos for his fiddle, horn or bandstand are his points of interest. The musician sees first the pieces for his instrument, but around, above and beyond them he sees more music — and more *in*

pablo

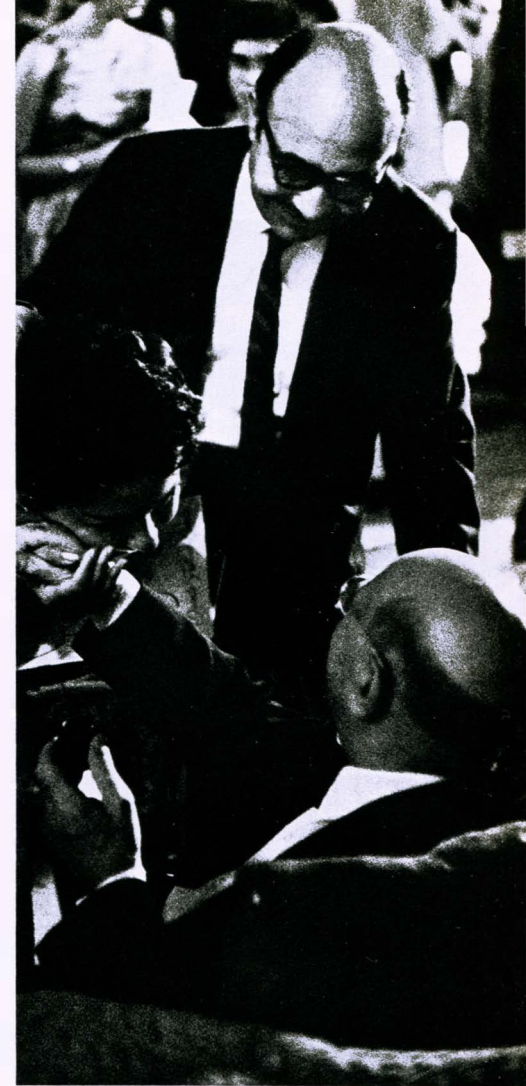
music — than he can possibly comprehend as he sets out to comprehend absolutely all of it. The instrumentalist notices trees where the musician comprehends whole forests.

A conductor had better be a musician, or when his orchestra is playing real music, he will only be playing around with his orchestra. Pablo Casals is the musician he professes to be, for one night at the last of his Festival series he shaped Beethoven's Sixth, the sprawl-prone *Pastorale*, into a tightly joined symphony. This is a good trick, and one rarely pulled off. And Casals added a hazard to his path. He made it a slow-flowing *Pastorale*, strange in a way because fast tempos are the usual proof of youth that old conductors are addicted to. At any pace it is a piece that can be reduced to little more than a cluster of birdcalls, band tunes and sudden storms mounted in the middle of some serenities that endure too long. Played that way its obvious effects become its central business, and little music and much boredom fills the air. In San Juan, Casals had, instead, a lot of music and an intent audience — a feat he accomplished with a conductorial technique that would not do for a conservatory student were it not for what Casals produced with it.

Before the *Pastorale*, he led an almost sprightly *Siegfried Idyll*. Throughout it Casals might have been all the string players as well as their conductor. Each phrase was a solid and resonant tone from front to back, as lovingly turned as the long lines of the Bach *Unaccompanied Sonatas* he recorded about twenty years ago. Like the Bach, the Wagner phrases breathed deeply but never gasped. The orchestra was a cello in the hands of *Le Maître*.

Through the first half of the concert, Casals sat in a red plush chair backstage while Schneider led the orchestra in Mozart's *Overture to Così Fan Tutte* and *Clarinet Concerto*. During the Beethoven and Wagner, Martita Casals, Don Pablo's 24-year-old Puerto Rican wife, watched from the wings. When he had finished his conducting, he resumed his seat of honor and arranged himself wearily into a monarchic slouch. As the men of the orchestra filed off stage, each of them genuflected in his fashion as he passed — some to utter a word of thanks, others to grasp his hand, and a few to moisten him with big Slavic kisses. Casals' responses to these obeisances were minimal from the outset and waned steadily as the moments went by. They were imperceptible by the time the women arrived.

The women — clusters of them — in lace mantillas, fine black dresses, tight coils and heaving bosoms, had the look of Barcelona but the vigor of Hadassah as they closed in on him. Some seized his hand which they pressed to their teary cheeks and others planted kisses on him between murmured veneration. As



The portrait of a Master... concern of a wife... adulation of an audience.



“I look at the sea and sky and I am renewed with the wonder of nature.”

the fuss around him built up, with each suppliant set on exceeding the pieties of the one who touched him last, the exhausted Casals slipped into an almost comatose state—a perfectly preserved relic of a canonized saint worshiped by a horde of lady pilgrims. Beside him, his wife acknowledged all the tributes the exhausted old gentleman did not notice.

She was still by his side when visitors called at his home the next night. The house, a small and quite elegant one festooned with medals and tributes giving it the aura of a museum, is across from the A&P and in direct line of fire from the airstrip used by the jets firing up before flight. *Le Maître* was catching a cowboy show on TV at the time. The denouement accomplished, he commented. “I like them all because they are very moral. Evil is always punished in cowboy shows.” Most of the Casals utterances have a touch of the oracular about them, and as he sucked on his pipe after that pronouncement, he seemed to be savoring the punishment he planned for the world of transgressors.

Casals was born in Vendrell, a tiny Catalan town near Barcelona in 1876. By the time he was 25 years old he was a cellist of supreme accomplishment. He was still that 45 years later, and a patriarchal figure besides, when he decided in 1946 that he would never play the cello in public again. This was a protest on moral principle against the democracies which chose very warm co-existence with Franco’s fascism in Casals’ homeland. It may well have been *Le Maître’s* assumption—a naïve and beautiful and faintly arrogant one—that if the compromising democracies were faced with the choice between the rule of Franco and the sound of Casals, they would opt for the cellist and depose another dictator. That it might not work out that way at all may never have occurred to him until it was too late to do anything about it except, by casuistical backtracking, to rationalize himself into the performing situations his politics kept him out of.

Living in exile in the French village of Prades, he was not heard from for four years after he took his stand. In 1950, he revised his resolve slightly. He would not leave Prades to play, he said still, but he allowed that any of his devotees who chose to come to him would be rewarded by hearing him at discreetly noised-about times. Those hearings became the first Prades Festival, an event of such resounding allure that it became an annual bash that had to be moved to Perpignan a few miles away where there was enough living and playing space to contain the crowds. Columbia Records recorded these levees and flooded the compromising nations with LPs by Casals.

A murky kind of civic disenchantment set in at Perpignan after a few years of this. Casals then moved on to San Juan which he designated home because his mother, although a Catalanian, was born there. He was set on playing as much as ever for those who came to him. Here the love feast was called the Festival Casals and Puerto Rico filled with tourists for it. In 1958, Casals made his way to the United Nations in New York to play for the General Assembly on the tenth (concluded on page 99)





PHOTOGRAPHED FOR SBI BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

JUMPIN'

JENNIFER

"Carnival," Broadway's musical whirligig, leaves its audiences euphoric. Much of the exhilaration stems from the dancing of Jennifer Billingsley who, as one of a nubile quartet, interprets the choreography of director Gower Champion with bounding élan. Jennie is only nineteen, but already affects men strongly. Photographer Philippe Halsman reacted this way: "She has an animal vitality. You cannot take your eyes off this girl." When he invited her to pose for him, she leapt at the chance. After four hours of shooting, during which the cookie-gobbling ("I fight to get below 120"), pop-swinging ("Champagne kills me") bachelor girl remained largely air-borne, Halsman had these high-flying pictures to lift the mood of SBI's readers.



rhythm kings and rent parties

By John S. Wilson

in box-back coats and stetson hats, the blues blowers brought to society — high and low — a brash, fresh sound

It was a humid July evening in 1922 when Louis Armstrong stepped expectantly off a train in Chicago's LaSalle Street Station. To city eyes, his brown box-back coat, straw hat and tan shoes marked the stocky youngster from New Orleans as a country boy. He took a cab out to the Lincoln Gardens, a cabaret in Chicago's South Side Negro section where King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band was playing. Armstrong walked eagerly through the long lobby of the Lincoln Gardens and wormed his way through the crowded dance floor to the bandstand before the musicians on the stand spotted him.

"Here he is!" they cried. "Here he is!"

Oliver lifted his left foot off the private cuspidor on which he rested it when he played his cornet, and looked at the young cornetist he had sent for. Armstrong had been an eighteen-year-old sensation when Oliver had left New Orleans four years earlier.

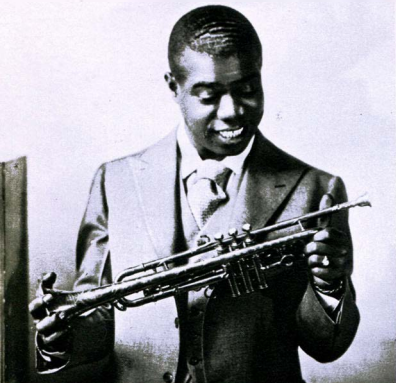
"Why, I've not seen that little slow-foot devil in years," he told the men in the band. "Son," he



added to Armstrong, "I'm really proud of you. You've been in some fast company since I last saw you."

For Armstrong, however, the "fast company" of New Orleans, where he had been playing in Kid Ory's band and marching with the Tuxedo Brass Band, was nothing compared to the company he now found himself in—sitting next to King Oliver, playing second cornet in the Creole Jazz Band. "I had hit the big time," he recalled years later. "I was up North with the greats."

Armstrong's arrival in Chicago completed the shift of the mainstream of jazz from New Orleans. The change had been going on steadily since 1917 when the Storyville district, which had provided the early New Orleans jazz musicians with a steady flow of jobs, had been



DAPPER DIPPERMOUTH: Louis Armstrong's blazing horn sparked a plenty in Chicago.

closed down by the Navy. The jazzmen moved out, many of them taking Mississippi steamboats north to St. Louis or to Kansas City, but mostly to Chicago.

They knew these boats well. For years New Orleans musicians had played in Fate Marable's bands on the Streckfus Line—on the Sidney, the J. S., the Bald Eagle, the Capitol, the Dixie Belle or the Belle of the Bends. Traveling with Marable's bands was a broadening experience in more ways than one.

"Well, you're going to the conservatory," they said in New Orleans when a musician joined Marable. Armstrong, who had been an instinctive cornetist before his first hitch on a riverboat, was taught to read music on the S.S. Sidney by a mellophone player, Dave Jones.

The riverboats were big back-wheelers. They docked at New Orleans in the winter, but around April they began making trips up the Mississippi, stopping at

Natchez and other towns for a night or two en route. Every night the boats took dancers on a moonlight trip along the river. Shortly before the boat left at nine o'clock, Marable sat down at the top-deck calliope and, Armstrong remembers, "damn near played the keys off" as he called in the stragglers.

The band started playing in the boat's big dance salon at eight o'clock. It had to get fourteen numbers in by eleven-thirty with two intermissions. There also were day-long outings when the musicians got off the boat and "went into the sugar cane" to play for picnic groups. Back at the dock, the weary musicians had only a couple of hours to rest and get cleaned up for the evening excursion. High spirits often got out of hand on these moonlight trips, and part of the band's job was to keep playing through any fights—"to create an illusion of party manners," as Fred Ramsey has dryly noted. This was a foretaste of what New Orleans musicians were to find in Chicago where they often played an accompaniment to gangsters' gun battles.

Cornetist Freddie Keppard was one of the first refugees from New Orleans to reach Chicago. Oliver arrived in 1918 with offers from two bands, a dilemma which he solved by taking both jobs, one at the Dreamland and the other at the Royal Garden Café. The bands staggered their sets so that Oliver could double back and forth. Two years later, when he formed his own band, Oliver doubled in a different way, playing until one a.m. at the Dreamland where girls moved from table to table, singing and hustling dollar tips, then taking his Creole Jazz Band seven blocks down State Street to the Pekin which enjoyed a large, freespending, brawling gangster patronage.

Although Oliver had a calculated shrewdness (he liked to think that he never missed a trick), he also had a naive streak. He tore the titles off all the sheet music his men used on the stand to keep other musicians from knowing what they were playing. But the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, a white group partly made up of New Orleans musicians, listened carefully to Oliver's *Jazzin' Babies Blues* and then recorded it as their own original *Tim Roof Blues*. Oliver's motives in sending for Louis Armstrong in 1922 may have involved an attempt at long-range guile, for some time after Armstrong had joined the Creole Jazz Band, Oliver admitted to his pianist, Lil Hardin (who married Armstrong), that Louis played better than he.

"But as long as I got him with me," the King told her, "he won't be able to get ahead of me. I'll still be the king."

Armstrong's arrival in Chicago caused a sensation among local musicians not only because of his execution, his ideas and his attack ("They got crazy for his feeling," clarinetist Buster Bailey re-

members), but because of the two-cornet breaks that he played with Oliver. Breaks—passages when the rhythm stops and one man plays a phrase all by himself—were a favorite device of the New Orleans men. But breaks had always been done as solos. How could two cornetists improvise such fierce and flawless breaks simultaneously without looking at each other, without music and without messing each other up?

"While the band was swinging," Armstrong revealed years later, "the King would lean over to me, moving the valves on his trumpet, making notes that he was going to make when the break to the tune came. I'd listen and at the same time I'd be figuring out my second to his lead."

When the time came, Oliver nodded and the two cornets cracked out breaks that left their listeners gasping. Nothing like this had ever been heard before. Young white musicians crowded around the bandstand in awe. In his teens George Wetting used to watch Baby Dodds shimmy as he drummed, and has a vivid recollection of pieces like *High Society* going on for 40 minutes while Oliver glanced down at him and, with a wink, declared, "Hotter than a 45!"

One night Freddie Keppard came in to hear Armstrong. He listened awhile, then walked over and said, "Boy, let me have your trumpet." Louis glanced questioningly at his wife, Lil, at the piano. She nodded approval.

"Freddie, he blew," Lil recalled. "Oh, he blew and he blew and he blew and then the people gave him a nice hand. Then he handed the trumpet back to Louis. And I said, 'Now get him, get him!' Oooh, never in my life have I heard such trumpet playing! If you want to hear Louis play, just hear him play when he's *angry*. Boy, he blew and people started standing on top of tables and chairs screaming and Freddie eased out real slowly. Nobody ever asked Louis for his trumpet again."

Armstrong's solo virtuosity became increasingly apparent. By the time Armstrong made his first records under his own name in 1925 (the famous "Hot Five" series), he had such commanding stature that his solo became the focal point of the performance. This was crucial in the history of jazz, for Armstrong's solo improvisations were such exciting illustrations of a hitherto undeveloped side of this music that ensemble playing was soon reduced to a vehicle that merely introduced and carried the soloist. Since then the solo has gained in importance until, in the new jazz developed after World War II, it took over completely.

By the beginning of the Twenties, a good supply of Negro musicians had reached Chicago from New Orleans. But



HARLEM HEADMASTER: James P. Johnson, shown here with some of his troupe, composed concertos and pops. He reigned as stride pianist at New York rent parties.



UNREADY FREDDIE: Trumpeter Keppard guarded his style by refusing to record.



BURGRAVE BIX: Beiderbecke's bell asserted the hot jazz of Northern white creators.



POLITE PIONEERS: The Original Dixieland Jazz Band brought jazz to records in 1917. Cornetist Nick LaRocca, clarinetist Larry Shields, trombonist Eddie Edwards, pianist Henry Ragas, drummer Tony Sbarbaro were charter members of disc movement.

white New Orleanians were not as plentiful; the original Dixieland Jazz Band had already been there and moved on to New York. A New Orleans drummer, Ragbaby Stevens, was so dismayed at the inability of white Chicago musicians to play his kind of jazz that he sent an invitation to New Orleans urging trombonist George Brunies to join him at the Campbell Gardens. Brunies hesitated to move north until trumpeter Paul Mares had gone in advance and reported back that everything was OK. Brunies followed in 1920 and, with Mares and New Orleans clarinetist Leon Rappolo, organized the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, a group filled out with a Chicago rhythm section. When the Rhythm Kings got a job in a basement dive called The Friars Inn, their billing became, with grandiloquent inaccuracy, the Friars Inn Society Orchestra.

Rappolo, a brilliant clarinetist whose mind snapped in the mid-Twenties, liked to play with his clarinet held against a post at one side of the bandstand at the Friars Inn. He felt he got a better tone this way. He also liked to play into the bell of a cornet. And legend has it that he would lean against telephone poles and play his clarinet against the harmonies humming through the wires.

"We had only two tempos," Paul Mares has admitted. "slow drag and the two-four one-step. We did our best to copy the colored music we heard at home. We did the best we could, but naturally we couldn't play real colored style."

Still they were closer to it than the Original Dixieland Jazz Band had been. Young Bix Beiderbecke, a white cornetist who had started out copying Nick LaRocca on the Original Dixieland Jazz Band's records, was going to nearby Lake Forest Military Academy when the New Orleans Rhythm Kings were at the Friars Inn. He often sneaked down there from school and pestered the band to play *Angry* so he could sit in with them. It was the only tune in their repertoire he knew.

The year Armstrong arrived in Chicago, five white youngsters at Austin High School heard the Rhythm Kings' record of *Farewell Blues* at the Spoon and Straw, a soda fountain across the street. They were overwhelmed. Four were fledgling violinists and the fifth, Bud Freeman, didn't play anything.

"But," says Jimmy McPartland, one of the quondam violinists, "right then and there we decided we would get a band and try to play like these guys." Each arbitrarily picked an instrument to learn (their violins would do them no good) and soon they were able to play for dances and were joined by such kindred spirits among Chicago's young

musicians as drummer Dave Tough and Benny Goodman.

The Austin High School Gang, as jazz historians now identify them, became avid followers not only of the Rhythm Kings but of the Wolverines, a white group organized in 1923 with Beiderbecke as its local point, and of Oliver. of Armstrong and all the jazz that roared through the South Side of Chicago in the Twenties. For in gangster-ridden, Prohibition-era Chicago, jazz found its most openhanded welcome since the wide-open days of Storyville. At 35th and Calumet, the heart of the South Side jazz district, there was so much good jazz that, according to Eddie Condon, a banjoist who had attached himself to the Austin High Gang, "around midnight you could hold an instrument in the middle of the street and the air would play it."

Louis Armstrong had broken away from Oliver by then. During the afternoon and early evening he was featured at the Vendome Theater as both soloist and singer with Erskine Tate's Little Symphony Orchestra (there was always a movie on the bill, too, but a large part of the audience didn't bother to stay for it). After the last show at the Vendome, Louis rushed to the Sunset Café on 35th Street where he led his own band with Earl Hines on piano. Diagonally across the street was the Plantation Club where King Oliver played (one hot summer night Oliver sent a message over to Armstrong: "Close those windows or I'll blow you off 35th Street"). Directly across from the Sunset, in the Nest, Jimmy Noone, resting a clarinet with golden keys on his globular stomach, blew endless choruses on *Four or Five Times* until Maurice Ravel, who had been brought to hear him, exclaimed, "Impossible!" Ravel tried to copy down some of Noone's runs but soon gave up.

The young white Chicagoans rushed from whatever jobs they had to steep themselves in the music around 35th and Calumet. Joe Glaser, who has managed Armstrong during most of his career, was then running the Sunset, and the youngsters — Muggsy Spanier, Frank Teschemacher, Jess Stacy, Benny Goodman, George Wettling and others — were let in free ("Hell," says Glaser, "they were kids and never had any money") to hear Armstrong and Hines and to sit in for them whenever they took a rest.

Starting from scratch as imitators, these impressionable young musicians were unconsciously evolving an identifiable style of their own. Based on the white New Orleans style of the Rhythm Kings and the derivative Dixieland of the Wolverines, their attempts to add the ensemble fire of King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band (an attempt complicated by playing skills more notable for enthusiasm than accuracy) produced a frenzied

music, driven by a pushed, nervous beat and loaded with explosive breaks that served as springboards for solos that often seemed to bound completely out of control. This was Chicago's unique contribution to the development of jazz and, appropriately, it became known as "Chicago style."

It suited the time, the place and the circumstances. The mobsters responded. "It's got guts," an articulate hood explained, "and it don't make you slobber."

The less-disciplined hoods, however, had a habit of getting into fights with guns and knives. The musicians quickly learned that the first law of survival was to keep on playing. Muggsy Spanier saw two people killed in front of him one night. He kept blowing into his cornet, but he was so nervous that he couldn't remember afterward what tune he had played. Drummers kept a sharp eye on the progress of a fight and, when it got too close to the bandstand, hoisted the bass drum in the air so it wouldn't get smashed. Dave Tough worked in a Capone place managed by a 300-pound former fighter who insisted that Tough help him work the daily newspaper crossword puzzle. The ex-fighter was apt to get edgy if Tough was stuck by a word, so Dave took the precaution of working the puzzles at home first.

These were years when the rent party flourished on the South Side. Rent parties, or "pitchin' boogie," were open-house affairs designed to raise enough money to appease the landlord. Guests paid 25 or 50 cents admission and brought bathtub gin, chitterlings, hog's maws or a sack of sandwiches. Entertainment was provided by pianists, usually such masters of boogiewoogie as Jimmy Yancy, Charlie Spand or Pinetop Smith. Boogiewoogie, in its early stages, drove along on fast, rolling bass figures. It came out of the lumber and turpentine camps of Texas and was first called "Fast Western" or "Fast blues" to distinguish it from the "slow blues" of New Orleans.

Rent parties were also a primary setting for the earliest New York jazz. New Orleans' influence had not yet reached Harlem in the early Twenties. New York musicians were bred on the more "legitimate" qualities of the ragtime tradition. When two New Yorkers, Garvin Bushell and Bubber Miley, reached Chicago in 1921 as accompanists to blues singer Mamie Smith, and heard Oliver's Creole Jazz Band, they were amazed.

Unquestioned head of the "dispensers" of party piano at Harlem rent parties and chitlin' struts was James P. Johnson, a ragtime who acquired a brilliant right-hand technique from Lucky Roberts.

Johnson's stature became evident on nights when he roamed Harlem with Willie "the Lion" Smith, another pianist, and two of their young followers, Duke Ellington and Fats Waller, and a friend

called Lippy who, according to Ellington, had heard so much piano he couldn't play any more; he only thought piano. Lippy walked up to any door in any house at any time of night and rang the bell until someone finally shouted down, "Who the hell's making all that noise?"

"It's me," was Lippy's reply, "and James P. is here with me."

The name was magic. The door opened and a party was on.

Downtown in New York, the stamp of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band was on most of the white musicians. The Original Memphis Five, led by trumpeter Phil Napoleon, carried on a relatively ascetic version of the Dixieland Band's tradition when the latter followed its success at Reisweber's with a long, debilitating stay in England. The key man in the Memphis Five was trombonist Mill Mole, who brought a flowing, lyrical quality to what had previously been a gruff, melodically limited instrument. In the middle Twenties, Mole teamed up with Red Nichols, a cornetist who had first modeled his playing on Nick LaRocca. But when Bix Beiderbecke came to the Cinderella Ballroom off Times Square with the Wolverines, Nichols went to listen and learn. By the time he and Mole got together, Nichols' playing was as much influenced by Beiderbecke's clean, light, singing attack as it was by the choppy manner of LaRocca. Beiderbecke himself was beginning to impress other musicians with his piano as he had earlier with his cornet. He was strictly an after-hours pianist, strongly influenced by the French Impressionists.

By the late Twenties, when Nichols' Five Pennies dominated white New York jazz, the stiff, staccato heritage of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band had been warmed up considerably, not only by the lyrical influence of Beiderbecke but by the example of Louis Armstrong, who worked with Fletcher Henderson's New York-based band for a year, giving jazzmen there their first strong link with the New Orleans jazz concept.

But even more important in revealing the basic essence of jazz "feeling" to these New Yorkers was the spreading fame, through records and personal appearances, of a group of fabulously earthy-voiced blues singers headed by "The Empress of the Blues," Bessie Smith, and the garish, glittering Ma Rainey. Midway through the Twenties, the blues, the very cornerstone of jazz, had traveled the long route from dusty plantation fields to avant-garde salons in New York, rolling out endless ripples of influence in its wake. **SBI**

"Devil songs" at first, the blues rolled on to change the world of music. In the next article of this series, John S. Wilson tells how, and spotlights the personalities of Bessie Smith, Ma Rainey and others.

WORLD TV BY SATELLITE

(continued from page 55)

perhaps some USA commercials. How long would Moscow stand for that?

In fact, making international TV work, politically and socially, will be the greatest trick of the century. It also holds great hopes. Of itself, this sort of communication might finally soften the hardening lines of the Cold War.

The technology of the communications satellite systems is by now well explored. The first system to be suggested was of the passive reflector type, i.e., it involved a great many orbiting objects, bearing no electronic equipment.

A far more promising system would be that of three or more synchronous satellites, placed in orbit at 22,300 miles and timed to rotate with the earth, thus fixing their positions in relation to it. These few synchronous satellites would be active, i.e., capable of receiving, transmitting and amplifying signals. They could place the entire world within the range of a single broadcast from any point on the earth's surface. The synchronous system, however, will take the longest time to activate.

The most feasible system at present is one of active electronic satellites fixed at a lower altitude, orbiting at a height of 7000 feet over the poles. To be effective, the system would demand some 50 satellites in orbit, so that one would always be within range of every ground station.

This system could easily be realized by 1965. Next year the United States will launch four experimental communications satellites with such a medium-range system in view. The first is scheduled to be fired into space on April 17. It and the others will orbit at an altitude of about 3000 miles. This is far short of the 7000-mile height necessary for an efficient world-wide operation, but it is enough for experimental purposes — the first 125-pound test satellite will be able to bounce television pictures from this country to Europe.

The significant thing about this first satellite is that it will be operated by a private company, A.T.&T. No less than six other corporations have also outlined programs for satellite systems to be used both for telephone communications and TV. After much soul-searching the Kennedy Administration approved this plan for private development of the satellite systems, thus establishing an important basic principle.

Of course, the degree of Government cooperation and regulation here must necessarily be great. So must the cooperation between the corporations ultimately involved. Not only does the magnitude of the job almost enforce such a cooperative effort, but the antitrust lawyers in the Justice Department would undoubtedly start orbiting their court actions, if

one colossus like A.T.&T. proposed to do the job alone.

Many authorities feel that the only real answer for the satellite system is some type of Government ownership and private operation. For one thing, the communications satellites and their ground stations would no doubt have to be organized on a world-wide basis, inevitably with some form of joint international control. It would hardly seem feasible to have the intergovernmental decisions involved in this control made by a private corporation.

There has already been one meeting to discuss plans for international use of the communications satellite network. It was attended by representatives of the United States, the United Kingdom, Germany and France. As quickly as possible, these preliminary discussions should be converted into a permanent international body, probably affiliated with the International Telecommunication Union, that can be the forerunner of workable control agency.

In Washington, the communications satellite program needs strong direction from the Executive and all the lunds which Congress can be prepared to allocate for it. Like the missiles and the man-space program, it has suffered from more than its share of delays. But here, at least, the broad-gauge research done in our satellite program has given the United States a position of leadership, a position which must be devoted to international good. The initial expenditure for setting up a communications satellite system would probably approach \$500,000,000. This is not large considering the ultimate gain to be realized. In savings to the world's overburdened telephone communication network alone, this investment would pay for itself within twenty years.

The costs of an international TV network have yet to be estimated. But it is surely not too early to start a joint planning effort in the television industry, which might at least consider some of the problems involved. The American television industry is the logical leader in any program of world-wide TV. Technically, there is no question about this: Both the educational and the entertainment advantages of a world linked by television are immense. This single medium could do more than all the world's statesmen to forge the peaceful one world which all peoples now crave.

All of which raises a question, which it is outside of my sphere to discuss here: What kind of programs should we plan for this international network? It is a prospect which the TV industry's leaders should start pondering right now. Will they understand our situation comedies in the Congo? And do we really want to send *Gunsmoke* over to those hungry viewers in Irkutsk? **SBI**



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By *Belle Poitrine* as told to Patrick Dennis

LITTLE MIE

THE TALE THUS FAR: From her father, an anonymous traveling man, Belle inherited a lifelong wanderlust. Her mother, one of the conversationalists employed at Madam Louise's social club, raised Belle with a love of beauty and culture. Music lessons and posing for Mr. George Jerome Musgrove's artistic photographs brought Belle to Mrs. Palmer Potter's famous Chicago mansion, which was, in a monstrous breach of citizens' rights, closed down by the police before Belle had a chance to be introduced to society. Another miscarriage of justice took her to a "girls' boarding school" until she should reach the age of eighteen. Before that, however, a fire broke out as the students prepared for New Year's Eve in the confusion Belle and her roommate, Winnie, abandoned higher education. The Cameo Theater, a Chicago burlesque house, offered them a chance for a career. When President Wilson called on the country to go to war, the girls did their bit and gave four shows a day instead of three. It was her patriotism that first involved Belle in a "marriage" with the handsome "Colonel" Smith, self-introduced as a lonely soldier just back from the front. Belle gave abrupt notice to the Cameo, left her few frocks to Winnie, and moved to the Colonel's suite at the old Auditorium Hotel—until her "husband" was arrested as an AWOL, buck private. Victim of a bogus officer and a bogus marriage, Belle was tossed into the street, jobless and friendless. All her lovely bridal trousseau had been claimed by the hotel. At this dark moment in her life, Fred appeared.

The Love of My Life

1917-1918—*Mutual aid.—I become Mrs. Fred Poitrine.—Our little home.—A lifetime of bliss in a fortnight's furlough.—Farewell Fred. (Did I really know it was farewell forever?) — The Armistice. — The telegram. — Fred's insurance policy. — Goodbye, Chicago, hello New York!*

Since the dawning of time, every fascinating woman has had one great love in her life. As Juliet had her Romeo, as

Héloïse her Abélard, as Pola her Rudy, as Wallis her Edward, so had I my Fred.

He had lurched into me, quite intoxicated, at the lowest ebb of my life. Being young, "green" and not quite himself, he had mistaken me for a woman of loose habits and asked me to accompany him to his hotel room. Aghast, I was about to rebuff him. Then I thought better of it. Here was a poor, lonely "dough boy" at loose ends in a hostile city. I, too, was alone—penniless and pathetic—and it was beginning to rain quite hard. How could I allow this poor, simple soldier to wander the streets of the "Loop," a prey to heaven knows what sort of woman?

"Come along, soldier," I said. "I'll see you safely to your room."

"Surest thing you know, cutie," he kept muttering, "I'm the chicken inspector."

Fred's hotel was in a clean but humble *caravansérail* on Clark Street, not at all the sort of address I was accustomed to. But beggars can't be choosers, as the saying goes. As soon as I got the door of his room open, he stumbled in and collapsed on the bed. A second later he was dead to the world. Feeling sorry for the poor boy, I loosened his tight uniform, unwound his puttees and removed his heavy boots. There was still no response. Then, because I was both physically and emotionally exhausted, because I felt that this poor, lost lamb needed watching over and because it was by then raining in torrents, I removed everything save my corset cover and lay primly on the bed beside him.

The next morning I was rudely jarred into consciousness by Fred himself. "Gloriosky!" he said. "What are you doin' here?"

"Why, don't you remember?" I asked.

"Then are you one of . . . one of those?" queried Fred.

"One of those what?" I said.

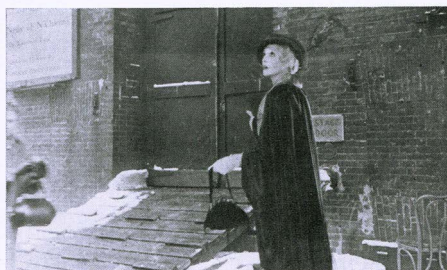
"One of those hoor-girls!"

Outraged, I sprang to my feet, but not before he had found his wallet and counted the contents. I was furious until I saw that he had more than \$5000 in it. The poor

Fred and Little Me



A Perfect Wife



Making the Rounds

My Early Film Roles....



"Thou Shalt Not"



"Weird Wives"



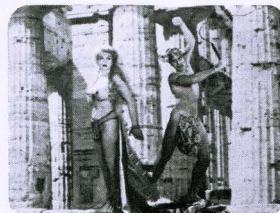
"Sodom"



"The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire"



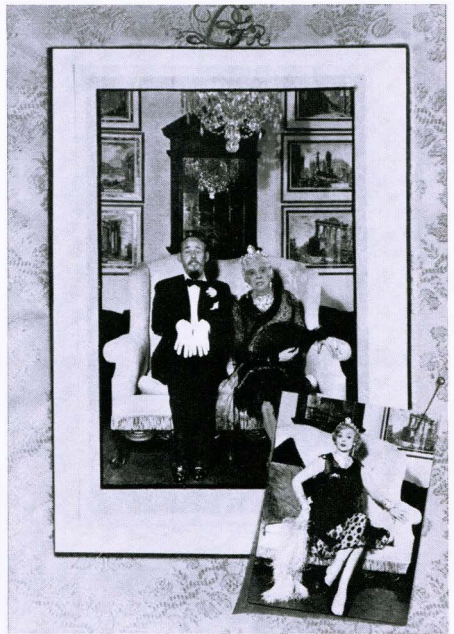
"Day Husbands"



"Tomorrah"



As "The Raven" - Club Audubon 1925



*Above - "Cedie," Mum and the
Baughdie Diamonds. Below
Little Me and same - 1926*



"Cedie" loved Nature



Hands across the Sea

darling had wandered into a "crap" game and, with proverbial beginner's luck, had "cleaned up." With a sigh of relief he said, "Well, at least you didn't get at that."

I was too angry to speak coherently. "Of all the insulting ingrates!" I said. "Here you come staggering out of a saloon, make an indecent proposal to a lady like me and, instead of calling the police, I bring you back to your room, put you to bed, watch over you like a mother and now—after all I did for you last night—you have the gall to accuse me of . . ." I couldn't continue. I burst into hysterical sobs and buried my head in the pillow. From the corner of my eye, I could see how abashed he was. In his clumsy way he tried to apologize and to comfort me, but I could know no solace. Seeing my abject grief, Fred spoke of himself as a cad and bounder, a rakehell, a devil with the ladies and a vile seducer of innocent girls. I had not the heart to contradict him. Through my racking sobs I could only repeat and repeat that I hadn't the slightest idea that he had had any money on him at all and that now he was accusing me of being a thief, as well as a wanton woman. When he told me that he had been inebriated and had not realized that I was a virtuous young girl, I cried all the harder. And when he offered me ten dollars, I emitted a high, piercing animal shriek of indignation that had him begging for my silence. That morning I became Mrs. Fred Poitrine at Cook County Court House with a license, a marriage certificate and two paid witnesses to prove it. At last I was a bride! That very afternoon I arranged with Mr. Alexander for new photographs.

Knowing literally nothing about one another's backgrounds, Fred and I had just a few days to "get acquainted." He was due to go overseas in two weeks' time and those fourteen precious days were all we were to have together. All too soon, alas, Fred left from the old Polk Street Station. When I said farewell to him on the platform, did I know it was farewell forever? I wonder.

Somewhat the next days and weeks and months crept by and then it happened. On November 9 the Kaiser abdicated. On November 11, 1918, the Armistice was declared. Of all the merry-makers thronging State Street, in downtown Chicago, I was the merriest. I rode on the roof of a trolley, kissed every uniformed man in sight, drank beer and champagne and wine and whiskey, laughed and cried and sang and cheered with the rest of them. But the next morning, when I returned to the little home I had shared with Fred, I found a telegram slipped under the door. With my heart and temples pounding, I opened it. My husband, it said, had passed away at the very hour of the Armistice!

I had barely the strength to apply for Fred's insurance money or my widow's pension. I did so only in the knowledge that Fred would have wanted me to. Added to my paltry bank account, these last mementos of dashing Fred Poitrine would enable his little widow to get a new start in life. But where? Certainly not in Chicago. After all, what had Chicago brought me other than two weeks of ecstasy with Fred? The rest of it had all been heartache, disappointment and disillusionment. If I were to work for my living—and as a poor widow it was essential to earn my daily bread—I would have to do the one thing I knew how to do, perform on the stage. And what better place to seek employment than the theater capital of the world—New York?

THE SEARCHING YEARS

1919-1925 — *New York*. — *Films in Astoria*. — *California, here I come!* — *Floyd*. — *Heartaches in Hollywood*. — *"Bennie."* — *New York* and *"Winnie."* — *Club Audubon*. — *Cedric Roulston-Farjeon*. — *"Cedric" becomes an Earl*. — *Hands across the sea*.

I arrived in Manhattan at the beginning of 1919 when New York was just emerging from the dread war years.

The winter of 1919 was one of the coldest in memory of man, but I found even more numbing the blank stares of stage doormen, the curt dismissals of casting directors, the unfeeling "Mr. Harris is out" or "Nothing today" from managers' receptionists.

By summer I was nearly insane with worry and frustration. My poor savings were going rapidly and I had not been able to establish myself in the living theater of Manhattan. And then it happened! Nervous and depressed, I decided to "treat" myself to dinner at a "posh" restaurant and hang the cost! I chose Reisenweber's and, dressed in my finest, presented myself to the *maitre d'hôtel*, demanding a table for one. I heard a familiar voice cry "Belle!" It was none other than D. Winifred ("Winnie") Erskine. "Come on and join the party, kiddo!" she called. Drawing myself to my full height, I said to the haughty servitor, "Excuse me, I must join my roommate from boarding school." But you can imagine my feelings when I saw who "Winnie's" gentleman friend was. It was George Jerome Musgrove!

Quivering with shock and indignation, I was about to withdraw when Mr. Musgrove said that "a lot of water had gone under the dam" and to let bygones be bygones. Seeing the dinner he had ordered, I acquiesced and, lulled by wine, even agreed to spend the weekend with him at Atlantic City talking over old times. It was while strolling the Boardwalk together that he informed me of a new theatrical connection. He had become involved with a producer who was putting on a musical extravaganza called

Swamp Lilies, and, knowing of my many gifts as a mannequin, he secured for me the position of a "show girl." We rehearsed all through the heat of that torrid 1919 July. And, tired as I was at the end of each day, I was forced to accompany Mr. Musgrove to his rooming house every night for further work on my part. We were scheduled to open on August 7, 1919. At last I would be receiving not only recognition as an *artiste*, but a salary as well (in those days one practiced without pay). I was atingle with excitement when I arrived at the theater that night only to find it dark and deserted. There was to be no opening. The actors in New York had "walked out" in a mass "strike." Twenty-three Broadway theaters were closed—including ours. Nor would we have opened anyhow. Mr. Musgrove, it was discovered, had "blown town" with the box-office receipts and "Winnie" I was brokenhearted.

But when things looked the darkest, a faint glimmer of hope appeared. A roommate who worked at a motion picture studio in Astoria then told me of a "super spectacle" which was in the process of being filmed and said that attractive girls were needed. Thus I commenced—in a very minuscule fashion—my real career: that of a film star. Each morning I would awake at dawning and take the subway to picturesque Astoria, Long Island, where we of the cast would get into costumes and make-up and prepare for a strenuous day of "shooting."

During the long months I worked at Astoria I appeared in more than two dozen pictures as an "extra." Some of them are unforgettable masterpieces, even today, and I rank films such as *Sodom, Thou Shalt Not . . .*, *Weird Wives* and *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* as celluloid classics in which I am proud to have taken part—even as an unknown, poorly paid and without acclaim. But the handwriting was on the subway wall, so to speak. I could see, with half an eye, that the films being ground out in Astoria were sadly lacking in the scope and splendor of the rival Hollywood productions.

I was almost ready to give it all up and return to my stellar *niche* in burlesque when Floyd, the cameraman who had taught me so much, announced that he had just signed a contract with the mighty Metronome studios in Hollywood. Floyd had purchased a new *Moon coupé* and he invited me to drive across the country with him. It would be a chance, he said, to see the country, "crash" Hollywood and have some fun along the way. I leapt at the opportunity.

Never having been west of the Mississippi River, I was thrilled at the sights of golden California. The palm trees, the orange groves, the mountains, the beach at Malibu, the quaint Spanish-

type mansions of the stars — “Someday,” I kept repeating to myself. “Someday, Belle, all of this will be yours.”

Floyd did what he could to protect me from the stigma usually attached to “extra girls.” So that I would not have to associate with the low-type young actresses who thronged the theatrical “boarding houses” (many of which were little better than *bordellos*), Floyd took a little “bungalow” off Sunset Boulevard and installed me in it, explaining to the landlord that I was his “housekeeper.”

Although I have long been known as an astute judge of human character, I would be the first to admit that I am not infallible. I have made mistakes and one of them was in my selection of an agent, whom I shall call “Bernie.” He was small, little and dark with button-black eyes that seemed to penetrate right through me. I recall now that his gaze often made me uncomfortable. However, I was desperate to advance in motion pictures and I was also gullibly impressed by the “setup” of “Bernie’s” attractive little office (Chinese with thick oriental rugs, low divans and sound-proof walls and ceilings), by his precisely clipped “Jack” Gilbert mustache and the big diamond ring which he wore. (I beg the reader to bear in mind that I was little more than a child during the latter months of 1921. “Bernie” took a great personal interest in me, which was flattering. Through his efforts, I appeared as an “extra” in Marvin McQueen’s *Gay Husbands*, playing a depraved society girl, and in Cecil B. de Mille’s great spectacle, *Phidarell’s Lives*, in which I appeared as a concubine. But I was still a long way from stardom and whenever I complained of this, “Bernie” would take me out to dinner and then for a long drive in the mountains to “cool off.”

Either unable or unwilling to recognize that my evening engagements with “Bernie” were purely business, Floyd became almost insane with jealousy every time my agent’s name was so much as mentioned. Returning quite late one night, after “Bernie’s” Marmion roadster had developed motor trouble, I discovered that the locks had been changed. I felt it was high time to move on — to go back East. I arrived in New York with only a few dollars. I had no friends, no place to go and, to make matters worse, it was raining. With two of my precious pennies, I purchased a newspaper to put over my head and there, right on the front page, was a photograph of my dear old “chum” from boarding school days, “Winnie” Erskine. “Party Girl Released From Hoosegow” the headline screamed and there, big as life, was a photograph of dear old “Winnie,” modishly garbed by the House of Tappé, stepping into a smart electric brougham as she waved to cheering

crowds. In my absence “Winnie” had become a legendary New York hostess whose fame was to be rivaled only by Texas Guinan and Belle Livingston! The accompanying article stated that darling “Winnie” was now proprietress of a fashionable *boite de nuit* called the Club Audubon (or “Bird House” as it was affectionately known).

“Winnie,” after the initial surprise had worn off, was of course delighted to see me again although, in her typical brusque fashion, she did her best to disguise her pleasure. Over delicious and colorful pink ladies I told “Winnie” as much of my recent history as seemed pertinent and, “laying my cards on the table,” begged her for a position at the Club Audubon. In typical “Winnie” fashion (she has always fought a losing battle to repress her generous instincts) she was dubious at first, but when I reminded her of the “madcap” pranks I could recall, such as her setting fire to our boarding school, the accusation of shoplifting, the “French leave” she had taken with Mr. Musgrove, she relented and offered me a place amongst the “show girls” of the Audubon. In addition, she also took me into her luxurious apartment on Riverside Drive which she and her *fiancé*, Alfredo (“The Violinist”) Pizicato, shared in a purely platonic “design for living.” Al was actually the owner of the Club Audubon but, because of his shyness and the true patrician’s dislike of publicity, he preferred to “take a back seat” and pretend that it was actually “Winnie’s” property.

One night, as I was going home, I saw a bearded Briton standing out in front of the Club Audubon. He was having an altercation with the doorman and a cab driver. He kept saying, “But I want to go to the TOLLIVER-FANSHAW, my good man, TOLLIVER-FANSHAW. It’s a large club on a very big square. I can’t remember the address.” When he saw me, he doffed his hat and then said, “I can’t seem to make you Americans understand anything.” I will admit that with his English accent and slight speech impediment, it was not always easy to get the “gist” of his every remark. However, I was more cultured than the underlings at the club and, in my usual friendly fashion, attempted to assist this stranger on our shores. Patiently, the British gentleman spelled out the address to which he wished to be taken. “TOLLIVER-FANSHAW,” he repeated. “T-a-l-l-i-e-r-f-a-n-s-h-a-w. TOLLIVER. F-e-a-t-h-e-r-s-t-o-n-e-h-a-u-g-h-l. Fanshaw, TOLLIVER-FANSHAW.” At last I recognized it as the forbidding men’s club (bazed in 1929 to make way for an apartment building) right next door to my own little place on Central Park South. I explained matters to the driver and soon we were chatting merrily in the back of the cab.

This esthetic English gentleman was

named Cedric Roulstone-Farjeon. Because I was the only person in New York who could understand him and because we were “next door neighbors,” he became my constant companion for the next two weeks. Poor “Cedie,” he seemed so alone and lost and friendless in a huge metropolis like New York, not “speaking the same language,” living alone in a gloomy men’s club like the Talliaferro-Featherstonehaugh. He was not interested in life on the Gay White Way, in the night clubs and “speakeasies” and fashionable restaurants. “Cedie” loved beauty and beauty alone—birds, nature, poetry and music. Perhaps his worship of beauty is what brought us together. I felt touched and flattered that an English intellectual gentleman, such as Cedric Roulstone-Farjeon, would be interested in me for my mind alone. Yet “Cedie” seemed to draw great spiritual strength from my mere presence and there were times when we sat for hours on end in my little Renaissance parlor without uttering a single word. I had also acquired the gift of being a “good listener” and this was very important with “Cedie” as he was extremely shy and inarticulate, which, coupled with his almost incomprehensible accent and defective speech, made listening a full-time job. But during the “lavender hour” one afternoon in 1925 “Cedie” timidly asked me—or at least I *thought* asked me—to become his wife.

I cannot, even today, quite express my feelings for dear “Cedie.” I loved him, yes, but was I *in* love with him? He was so sweet, so gentle, so refined, so different from any of the men I had known. He could awaken the maternal feeling in my breast, but could he ever kindle the flame that guttered there? I frankly did not know. He went on to say something about being cooped up in the country a good deal of the time, about living on an allowance, about having very simple wants in life—poetry, music and nature. Of course I loved the country and cared little for pomp, circumstance and fashion’s folly. But did I really want to give up my promising career to start afresh in an alien land with a husband whom I barely knew? I repeat, I honestly did not know. As I bade *adieu* to “Cedie” at the door of my apartment I said, “Give me 24 hours to think it over.” He said—or at least I *believe* he said—that he would.

The Club Audubon was hectically gay that night with celebrities crowding every inch of space. “Jimmy” Walker was there as were “Al” Capone, “Legs” Diamond, Marilyn Miller, John Barrymore, Zelda and Scott Fitzgerald, “Freddy” McAvoy, “Al” Johnson, Jeanne Eagles, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mistinguett and the fabulous Ruth Brown Murray. Also in the throng of festive celebrities were two insidious men who

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would never have been granted membership in such an exclusive circle. They were "L.A." Einstein and "Moe" Smith, the notorious prohibition agents, who had disguised themselves as Romanian diplomats in the *entourage* of Queen Marie and had thus—quite illegally!—gained admission to the club.

I was in the midst of my Raven "number" when there was a piercing blast of a whistle and someone shouted. "This is a raid!" I darted off the floor, raced to my subterranean dressing room and, using all of my strength, managed to escape, like the martyred Jean Valjean, through the sewer. When I reached home—clad only in my costume and a light evening wrap from Martial et Armand—I found a note from "Cedie." But I was too exhausted to read it. Like a weary animal, I tumbled into bed and slept until the following noon.

Upon awakening I sent the elevator man out for some newspapers, as I was curious to learn the exact fate of "Winnie" and her club. But upon opening the New York *Graphic* I was shocked to see a large photograph of none other but "Cedie." The accompanying article stated that "Cedie's" father, "the ninth Earl of Baughdie, and third richest man in the British Empire," had passed quietly away, "leaving his enormous holdings to Cedric Roulstoune-Farjeon, his only son." I realized then and there that I *must* marry dear "Cedie," if only to be of some solace to him as companion and helpmate when he, poor, shy boy, took on the staggering burdens that went with the earldom. I telephoned his place of residence but learned that he had sailed for England that morning.

With trembling hands I opened his note. It read: "Must return to England. Pater dead. Knowing you has been an experience. Farewell, Cedric." Poor darling! He must have been beside himself with grief over what he imagined was my indifference when he wrote those few lines of farewell. Of course I could see it clearly. The only possible answer was Yes.

Through an influential acquaintance at City Hall, who was able to cut through miles of "red tape," I had a passport issued immediately (although the photograph did not do me justice and my age was put down incorrectly). I threw some things into a valise, telephoned the news of my engagement to the newspapers and raced down to the Cunard Lines. Just eleven hours after "Cedie" had set sail for our gracious ancestral seat, I was following. True love had come my way at last. I would sacrifice my career for the man I loved and for the ancient lineage of the proud Earls of Baughdie. **SBI**

A "honeymoon" in Claridge's, Paris, Venice, and Belle's presentation at Court . . . all to be continued in the next issue.

CANDID CONVERSATION

(continued from page 35)

commissioners as the "seven untouchables." As to lobbying, it's a fine art in Washington. Remember, the pressure is very subtle; that's far more effective than outright arm-twisting, and that's what counts in this area. Looking abstractly at the problem of regulatory agencies, it boils down to the fact that after someone has been in a regulatory commission for a while the only people you see on a day-to-day basis are people whose livelihoods depend upon the working of the agency. It is not a matter of consorting with lobbyists, it is merely that after a while the people whose bread and butter is involved with your work are the only ones whom you see or hear from regularly—broadcasters, their lawyers and legislative representatives and their lobbyists. You don't hear from the PTAs, the educators and the other civic groups with such regularity as you do from the others. You don't see them during every business day as you do the others. Inevitably some of their viewpoint begins to rub off.

As a generalization, one might say that a fault of all regulatory agencies is the fact that regulators take on the coloration of the industry regulated. It is inevitable from the close contact that results from continuing work. There are several inhibiting factors which can develop when a man has been on the job for a while. The problem of reappointment comes up, and then there is the question of what to do next if a man has been involved in a regulatory agency for a long while to the exclusion of all else. Here is where the subtle pressure can be at work. Let's say a man has devoted years to one industry. Therefore, a man's decisions can be inhibited either as he looks toward reappointment or a job for the future. Let me say that I've found my own colleagues at the FCC to be high-grade men whose motives are honorable and who are dedicated to their work.

SN: *Moving back to the reorganization plan, it has been said that the plan was no good, that its defeat was no great loss.*

MSW: I supported it and, naturally, would have liked to have seen it pass. But I will say that, as in legal matters, there were two possible sides to the case. There were technical and legal reasons with respect to some parts of the reorganization plan which could have been questioned and were. I happened to have agreed with the other side. The defeat was not a catastrophe and I had no heavy psychological investment in the plan. I wasn't specifically asking for some of the powers that the plan would have given me. What we need is some drastic cutting of the fantastic red tape which is choking us.

The defeat of the plan was not the

end. Congress will straighten it all out with legislation. The Harris Committee voted out a bill which we hope will become law this year and which should give us a lot of help. And Senator Pastore's committee is showing leadership on the Senate side. [NOTE: Both Senate and House have passed bills for reorganization which cover the major provisions proposed in the reorganization plan.]

SN: *What good will come of the FCC's prolonged study of network programming and when will it end?*

MSW: The study, which included the recent FCC hearings in New York, where producers and writers testified, will end as soon as we have some recommendations for Congress. We expect the network representatives to testify before it finishes. To review proposals which will grow out of the testimony, we have asked Dean Roscoe Barrow of the University of Cincinnati Law School to come back to the FCC as a consultant on network practices. He will update some earlier studies he did for the FCC. Eventually, we expect to make some specific proposals.

SN: *Have you given any thought to the possibility of running commercials as the British commercial network does, with sponsors only buying time?*

MSW: I wish there were a simple answer. The whole problem of commercials and advertising is something which we are giving a lot of thought to. The British scheme is not the only one. Lots of study should be given. I'd like to be able to do so. But until we can get beyond the day-to-day administrative problems, there won't be much time for contemplation. Why, do you know, we voted 100 times today at our meeting. We vote hundreds of times each week on the most trivial matters.

SN: *What's been the public reaction to your NAB speech?*

MSW: Fantastic. We've had thousands of letters and they have been most heart-warming and informative. Surprisingly, there have been more letters from men than women. One amused me—the listener who suggested that the way out on Westerns would be to put live bullets in those guns. Seriously, though, the letters have been literate, well thought out and informative. The percentage of those writing in to attack the speech was infinitesimal—out of a batch of several thousand letters, less than 50 negative ones.

SN: *How can you take advantage of the fact that the public responded so well? How can you channel their responses into practical results?*

MSW: The same people who wrote may well be those who will testify when a local station's license renewal comes up. They were not crackpots. When we hold local hearings, I hope that they will make themselves heard. **SBI**



THE KINGS DEPART

Hollywood's most potent triumvirate is gone and that golden age when leading men were heroes in their own right has vanished with them / By Joe Hyams

ONE OF THE WAYS the social historian attempts to understand a culture is to examine its gods and its kings. It is a scrutiny, of course, which extends far beyond actual deity or kingship, to include those figures of worship or authority that men set up in every corner of a culture.

I am not a social historian by vocation. I am a professional observer of the film scene. But I often wonder what historians 50 years hence will deduce when they sit in a projection room examining the films of today and our heroes, and compare them with the films and heroes of an earlier time. For our gods of the screen have changed, as has our culture. We no

longer worship the man of authority. Instead we tend to idealize the passive protagonist, the undynamic man. There is no better or sadder illustration of this fact than the passing of Hollywood's three great kings: Cooper, Bogart and Gable. More than the war, more than the rising of the TV rabble and the decline of the great studios, the departure of this seamed and grizzled triumvirate has symbolized an era's ending.

In terms of sheer film footage their accomplishment was prodigious. Between the three they had to their credit well over 200 films, a total of nearly a century before the cameras. No star of today could or would ever again hammer his image so compellingly into

the public imagination. They were millionaires and professionals, tough and unsentimental, and they aged before their public without flinching. When they did a role it tended to stay done. In a cannibalistic trade where remakes of remakes of remakes are the rule, no one will soon venture to essay Humphrey Bogart's chores in *The African Queen*, *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, *The Maltese Falcon*; nor Cooper's in *High Noon*, *Sergeant York* and *The Virginian*; nor Gable's in *Gone with the Wind* or *The Misfits*.

Unlike their juniors who shirk and complain of their chores and look for other means to prop up their *amour propre*, the big three considered themselves, first

and foremost, actors and were proud of their profession. "It's enough to be an actor," said Cooper with characteristic brevity when pressed about his lack of directorial and producing ambitions.

"I act because that's what I get paid for," said Bogart, which would seem a cynical statement until one observed the thorough job he did on even the most unworthy assignment.

Their pride of craft was a part of their manliness, a quality usually more visual than integral in the male members of the acting profession. There was nothing bogus or exhibitionistic in their virility. They were what Hemingway would have called "Code Heroes."

The test of the Code was courage. The essence of the Code was conduct. The ritual of the Code was style. Even when faced with death Hemingway's heroes always had style. Bogart and Cooper played Hemingway heroes on the screen; all three came near to being Hemingway heroes in their off-screen behavior.

Their style wasn't always an easy one. Like the men they portrayed they weren't eager for approval and praise. In his later years, Gable picked up the nickname "The King," and to go with it an impregnable sense of dignity. To his co-workers Gable was always Mr. Gable, nor, although he was considerate and self-effacing, was there any easy or cheap camaraderie with him. I once heard an actress in a film he was making ask if he would mind if she called him Clark instead of Mr. Gable. He looked her straight in the eye and with no trace of self-importance said in a gentle, kindly voice: "I think Mr. Gable will be just fine. Our acquaintance will be short-lived." On another tongue such breath-taking candor would have the ring of arrogance. With Gable's authority behind it and his impeccable sense of fitness, it rang absolutely true. It also took courage.

Cooper, Gable and Bogart were all born out of the turbulence of the Twenties and Thirties. In those tough times, they acted like tough men, and they were. People eager to forget the anxieties of war or want flocked to see the screen he-men, who were strong, fearless and sardonic. They could solve problems with a glance or a blow at a time when our whole society feared its problems were beyond solution.

FARM BOY IN A PENTHOUSE

Of the three, Gable always remained what he was—a simple, rugged Ohio farm boy. Hard labor developed his magnificent physique.

In 1922, he joined a road company, played stock all over the Midwest and moved on to Broadway. Shortly afterward, he was asked to play the brutal killer Mears in the Los Angeles production of *The Last Mile*. Later that year, MGM signed him to his first contract to appear in *The Painted Desert* (1931).

Even when he wore a dinner jacket and made love in a penthouse, Gable was never a slick city boy. His sharp accent and muscular shoulders gave him away.

Cooper's Western hero was an illusion, however, as was Bogart's tough guy. Coop's father, Charles Cooper, was a justice of the Montana Supreme Court, and young Frank (Gary was a stage name) spent as much time in his youth attending Dunstable School in England (three years) as he did running cattle on his father's ranch in Helena, Montana.

Bogart's mother was Maud Humphrey, a water-colorist and commercial illustrator of national fame. His father was a physician with a fashionable practice in New York, and Bogart grew up in the

family home, a big brownstone house on 103rd Street, hard by the Hudson.

During the Twenties Bogart went from one Broadway hit to another as a juvenile in romantic parts. Then, in 1936, he went out to Warners' to re-create his Broadway role as gunman Duke Mantee in *The Petrified Forest*. By that time, Gable had an "Oscar" for his performance in *It Happened One Night* (1934) and had finished *Mutiny on the Bounty*. Coop had completed 39 pictures.

A boyhood hip injury caused Cooper to adopt the loping gait which later became his trademark. It also forced him to sit a saddle on the bias. He got into movies in 1927 as a \$125-a-week stunt man (with a \$25 bonus for horse falls).

Cooper worked his way up entirely in movies. Bogart and Gable were actors long before they saw a movie camera. All of them earned their stardom the hard way—by public acclaim. In the decade between 1926 and 1936 Coop made 42 pictures, better than four a year, and par for Bogart and Gable in their early years.

HEMINGWAY HEROES

After the Second World War, however, as the country became more comfortable and security-minded, Bogart, Cooper and Gable became slightly passé. They were as dated, in their way, as the classic Hemingway characters they once played. (It is not surprising that each of them, especially Cooper, was friendly with Hemingway.) However, they didn't change their style. I will remember my last few visits with Bogie, who knew the worst about his fatal throat cancer, but was resolved to face it with courage and dignity.

It had been a habit for friends to drop in at the Bogart home for a late-afternoon drink. After Bogart's death, John Huston revealed how Bogie was able to entertain his friends at home in the manner he had made a tradition. Bogie would lie on a couch upstairs in his bedroom until five o'clock, when he would be shaved and groomed in gray flannels and scarlet smoking jacket. He was no longer able to walk, so his emaciated body would be lifted into a wheelchair and pushed to a dumb-waiter on the second-floor landing. The top of the dumb-waiter had been removed to give him headroom.

His nurse would help him in and, crouched on a little stool, he would be lowered down to the kitchen where another transfer would be made, and again by wheelchair he'd be transported through the house into the library.

There he would be, sherry glass in one hand and cigarette in the other, at 5:30 when the guests started to arrive. About eight o'clock he would go back upstairs by the same means he had descended.

Bogart was an amazingly moral man. In a town where moral virtues are not common, there was never a breath of scandal about him.

"I'm a one-woman man and I always

have been," he told me once. "I guess I'm old-fashioned. Maybe that's why I love old-fashioned women, the kind who stay in the house playing *Roamin' in the Gloamin'*. They make a man think he's a man and they're glad of it."

Bogart had joined the Navy in World War I, and when his ship was hit by shellfire he suffered the injury that partially immobilized his upper lip. The stiff lip gave him a perpetual sneer and a perpetual career as a tough guy.

Cooper and Gable were also men of action. Gable was 41 when he enlisted in the Army Air Force as a private, in 1942. He flew four missions, was awarded an Air Medal and discharged as a major.

Cooper always loved action and hunting. He started skindiving at 57 and often went on safari in Africa. (His old leg injury prevented any war service.) His accidents during film making make his movies sound like the real thing instead of celluloid imitations. He had four hernias, was pinned underwater and almost drowned and was cut by falling debris after a bridge explosion. The hearing in his left ear was impaired by a dynamite blast, and he carried a scar from a blank pistol fired by Burt Lancaster.

Once when Coop was making *The Year Came to Cordova* I talked with him about courage, a subject the film explored. Said Coop prophetically, "Take for example the courage of certain sick people who have to rearrange their philosophy, their mental processes. Courage or guts originate in the true heart of the machinery which is the mind."

THE FINAL TEST

Pure old-fashioned maleness is what Bogart, Cooper and Gable sold off the screen as well as on. Last summer, going on 60 and weak from the ravages of illness, Coop went with a writer to a London restaurant. At one table a young man with two comrades looked up, recognized Coop, and said nastily: "Look, chaps, a movie star."

Cooper had already gone by their table but he stopped, turned and towered over the three young men. A muscle twitched in his jaw and from the thin hard line of his lips he drawled in a voice like a caress, "Stand up when you say that."

Gable died of a heart attack in November 1960, Cooper of cancer in May 1961, Bogart of cancer in January 1957. They were aged 59, 60 and 57, respectively. Of the three, only Gable was given the solace of dying quietly and peacefully in his sleep.

They passed the final test of man with flying colors. Will they pass the test of time? There are several good reasons for thinking so. Each of them left at least one performance on screen that has the inevitability of a classic. But far beyond mere single performances, they left the memory of strong characters behind them. They were their own men. **SEI**

Since public cleanliness has always been an essential part of the American glamour process, movie fans should have no trouble recognizing their idols in the tub. But how many can not only identify the stars, but also match them with the name of the movie in which they did their sudsing? (The movie titles: "The Secret Six," "The Barbarian," "The Seven Year Itch," "Anna Lucasta," "Loveux Lane," "Cleopatra," "The Howards of Virginia.")



1

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2



3



4



5



6



7

For each correct star name, including the two bathroom bystanders, score two points. For each correct matching of a picture to a movie title, score three points. If you tally less than 27, better throw in the towel; if anything over 36, we throw in the towel! (See answers, page 99)

Shape of the Season

(continued from page 30)

from Edward Everett Horton; connoisseurs will be interested to note that Bullwinkle has now taken over top billing from Rocky, the squirrel, who was the title character of their earlier show.

Back again (and some of these may go back to McKinley's Administration): *ABC: Bachelor Father, Ozzie and Harriet, Donna Reed Show, The Real McCoys, My Three Sons, Leave It to Beaver*. CBS: *Pete and Gladys, Danny Thomas, Andy Griffith, Hennessey, Dobie Gillis, Father Knows Best, Jack Benny, Red Skelton*.

CRIME. Next to comedy, crime will be the most profitable pursuit on TV this season. NBC has two new crime shows: *Cain's 100* (Debut September 19), a blurred carbon copy of *The Untouchables*, and *87th Precinct* (Debut September 25), which is similar to *Duquart*, but funnier. In *Cain's 100*, Mark Richman plays this man Cain, once a mouthpiece for the syndicate (he quit because "the air got too stale and I had to open a window"), who now tracks down and straightens out (often horizontally) the 100 top torpedoes he used to defend. (If he gets them at the rate of one a week, this thing may be with us for years.) *87th Precinct* is gorged with psychologically twisted killers, and centers around a cop named Steve (Robert Lansing) and his wife (Gena Rowlands) who not only is a deaf mute, but also has a butterfly tattooed on her back.

Producer Quinn Martin, to whom all are indebted for *The Untouchables*, is out to do it all over again with *The New Breed* (ABC, Debut October 3). In this case, the hero (Leslie Nielsen) is a lieutenant in the Metropolitan Squad of the Los Angeles Police Department, and if he doesn't bust up a mob or bag a malfadjusted killer at least once a week, he feels like turning in his shield.

The other new crime shows coming this way are *Target: The Corrupters* (ABC, Debut September 29), in which a crusading newspaperman (Steve McNally) slugs his way through the asphalt badlands: *The Defenders* (CBS, Debut September 16), which not only looks like *Perry Mason* but actually follows it on the dial (biggest difference: there are two clear-eyed defense attorneys in this one); and *The Investigators* (CBS, Debut October), in which justice is upheld by a team of insurance-claims investigators. Now there is a twist.

Back again: ABC: *Sm\$ide 6, Hawaiian Eye, Naked City, 77 Sunset Strip, The Untouchables, Rowing 20's, CBS: Checkmate, Route 66, Perry Mason, NBC: Thriller, Alfred Hitchcock, Robert Taylor's Detectives*.

WESTERN AND ADVENTURE. The Wild West. Mother, is on its way to being tamed. No new oaters are on TV this

year, yet there are other opportunities for venturesome violence. For example, almost every Thursday on *Frontier Circus* (CBS, Debut October 5), an hour-long adventure series will chronicle the travails of a circus creaking across the plains in the 1860s. Chill Wills plays a chortling, thigh-slapping P. T. Barnum type. John Derek is the one with the muscles and Thelma Ritter shows up in an early segment, riding an elephant, naturally.

ABC, already interested in the Pacific, has come up with *Follow the Sun* (Debut September 17) starring Barry Coe and Gary Lockwood as a couple of free-lance magazine writers (they are reaching far off for unlikely occupations this fall) who are described in an overzealous press release as having "a taste for good living and an ingrained horror of hard work." *Follow the Sun* was put together by Marion Hargrove, a man with a reasonable gift for turning a phrase, and might be a sleeper.

Another package from ABC is *Straightaway* (Debut October 6) with John Ashley as a hot-rod racer and rock'n-roll troubadour. The acting here may be described as early Epworth League.

Among the Westerns, both *Gunsnake* and *Wells Fargo* have been rebored. This means that instead of having to watch Marshal Dillon and Chester and Jim Hardie's bunch of express-company side-winders ride the trails for a half hour every week, the viewer now may watch them for a full hour apiece. As an added fillip, ancient *Gunsnake* rereads, retitled *Monty Dillon*, will be aired by CBS every Tuesday at 7:30 p.m.

Back again: ABC: *Lawman, Adventures in Paradise, Cheyenne, The Rifleman*. CBS: *Raiders, Have Gun, Will Travel, NBC: Bonanza, Laramie, Wagon Train, The Outlaws, The Tall Man*.

DRAMA. For two years now, the staple of drama on television has been the homespun series program cast in the mold of the Hollywood B picture. This year, happily, drama is making a comeback on TV, and so are Fred Coe, Laurence Olivier, Dr. Kildare and the Thane of Glamis.

Some of the drama "specials" are outstanding. Fred Coe will produce eight for NBC, all based on David Selznick screen hits. They will be "live," they will come from New York once a month beginning October 4. They are: *Intermezzo, Rebecca, Spellbound, Portrait of Jennie, The Paradine Case, The Farmer's Daughter, The Spiral Staircase* and *Notorious*.

Hallmark's meticulous *Hall of Fame* will bring back *Macbeth* with Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson October 20, and on November 30 will star Julie Harris in *Victoria Regina*.

CBS will televise Graham Greene's *The Power and the Glory*, starring Laurence Olivier, November 26 (Julie Harris is in this, too), and has also

scheduled a series of six Westinghouse dramas, beginning on October 24 with *The Dispossessed* by Saul Levitt.

New weekly series include *Bus Stop* (ABC, Debut October 1), with Tuesday Weld as Marilyn Monroe in the first episode and Marilyn Maxwell carrying on from there; a new series of *Alcoa* shows with Fred Astaire (ABC, Debut October 10) as host and part-time participant; a new *Dick Powell Show* (NBC, Debut September 26) with Ronald Reagan, Nick Adams, Mickey Rooney, Jack Carson, Edgar Bergen, Lloyd Bridges, Ralph Bellamy, Kay Thompson, Carolyn James and Powell starred in a single segment; and two medical series, *Ben Casey* (ABC, Debut October 2), playing up a glint-eyed young resident doctor in neurosurgery, and *Dr. Kildare* (NBC, Debut September 28), that old chestnut from MGM with Richard Chamberlain and Raymond Massey handling the Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore chores.

Back again: CBS: *G.E. Theater, U.S. Steel Hour-Armstrong Circle Theater, Twilight Zone, NBC: National Velvet*.

VARIETY. Goodman Ace, the gagman and show doctor, was once approached by a sponsor hungry for a program idea. "How about a music show?" Ace suggested. "Music?" asked the sponsor. "That's been done, hasn't it?"

It has, and it will be done again this year on TV, beginning September 24 with a Du Pont Show called *Happy with the Blues* at NBC. This is the first of several Project 20 musicals. The others include *Annie of the Thirties* (October 22), *USO-Wherever They Go* (October 29), *The Ziegfeld Touch* (November 26) and a Christmas Eve songfest with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians.

CBS also has scheduled various musical specials. Among them: *Carnegie Hall Salutes Jack Benny* and a Victor Borge special (both on September 27), *The Wizard of Oz* (December 10) and a Judy Garland special next March. Also on the way are several Leonard Bernstein concerts and *Noah and the Flood*, composed by Igor Stravinsky, with George Balanchine as choreographer.

At ABC the song and patter will begin on September 13 with the *Ginnie Francis Show*. This will be followed by Jane Powell and Hugh O'Brian in *Feather Top* (October 19), several Bing Crosby specials (the first on December 11), *The Nutcracker Suite Ballet* (December 23) and the Mary Martin and Meredith Willson shows next spring.

Don Ameche will star in *International Showtime* (NBC, Debut September 15), one of two new weekly variety shows booked for the fall. The other is *The Steve Allen Show*, which will begin September 27 at ABC. And back again are: ABC: Lawrence Welk. CBS: Ed Sullivan, Garry Moore. NBC: Dinah Shore, Perry Como, Mitch Miller, and Walt Disney, whose Sunday-night show was watched from ABC to NBC. **SB1**

ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH

AMATEUR CASTING TIME

If we could recast the TV shows . . .

FATHER KNOWS BEST — Joseph Kennedy
RAWHIDE — Lili St. Cyr
THE PRICE IS RIGHT — Polly Adler
CHECKMATE — Tommy Manville
LEAVE IT TO BEAVER — Fidel Castro
HENNESSEY — Dean Martin (a five-star production)
WHAT'S MY LINE? — Mickey Jelke
I'VE GOT A SECRET — Princess Margaret
U.S. STEAL HOUR — G.E. executives
BOZANZA — Jayne Mansfield; Diana Dors, Jane Russell
HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL — Bobby Kennedy
TWILIGHT ZONE — Truman Capote
SUBSIDIE 6 — Buster Crabbe, Esther Williams, Johnny Weissmuller, Gertrude Ederle, Florence Chadwick, Annette Kellerman
TOP CAT — Frank Sinatra
AMATEUR HOUR — Ev and Charlie
PLAY YOUR HUNCH — The G.I.A.
AS THE WORLD TURNS — Yuri Gagarin and Gherman Titov
MAKE ROOM FOR DADDY — Caroline Kennedy
TIGHTROPE — Willy Briant
PM EAST, PM WEST — Porfirio Rubirosa
WHO DO YOU TRUST? — Nehru
YOUTH WANTS TO KNOW — R. Sargeant Shriver
IT COULD BE YOU — Members of John Birch Society
WAY OUT — Ornette Coleman

A SMATTERING OF VIDIOCY

The nation's great electronic medium has been subjected to more than its share of comedy criticism. Amateur iconoclasts have described TV as a chewing gum for the eyes, a jukebox for Jukes, a baby sitter for delinquent mothers, a Maytag with commercials, or simply, the Boob Tube. Many such definitions miss the mark, but few observers could deny the tempting nature of the target. Witness these samples:



Henry Morgan: The trouble with the average TV show today is that it's a little below average.

Jean Carroll: TV will never replace the newspaper. I've never seen anyone carrying a set over his head in the rain.

Jack Carter: It's nice to be on television, because then you don't have to watch it yourself.



Will Jordan: The TV actors don't seem to be as well dressed as the actors used to be in pictures. In fact, I know one who's so messy he has his maid come in once a week to dirty up.

Cliff Norton: Definition of daytime soap operas: Situation tragedies.

Dick Van Dyke: I went into the living room this morning, turned on the radio . . . and thought I had gone blind.

Rose Marie: There's something wrong with my television set. I get two pictures at once. Last week I watched Mr. Clean play Notre Dame.

Morey Amsterdam: Television is wonderful. How else can you get at so many people who can't get at you?



Jackie Gleason: Watching TV commercials sometimes leads me to wonder: Why should I shave with something just because a guy who slides into second base uses it?

Corbett Monica: You can always pick out a real baseball fan. He's the one who goes to a ball game even when his TV set isn't busted.

Jack E. Leonard: The reason the Westerns have been doing so bad is that they ran out of sheriffs.

Jack Carter: I've been seeing so many Westerns, the legs under my living-room chair are permanently bowed.

Jack Douglas: I know a good test to find out what the public wants. Put some educational programs on pay-television.

Carl Reiner: Television programming may be very, very good, but I'm not the one to say so, because I never get to watch the best shows. When I'm watching a bad show I listen to the ball game and read a book at the same time. If it's a fair show, I turn off the baseball. If it's a good show, I also put down the book. If it's an excellent show, I run to the phone to tell all my friends to tune in and by the time I get back to the set it's over.

Jan Murray: More than ever before, it seems the average man's life these days is split between two tubes — TV and inner.

Goodman Ace: When I read a TV review of a show that was on last night, I think: Yes, that will be a good one not to see.



Bob Hope: Russia — the only country where TV watches you.

Joey Adams: It's true that the movies shown on the late, late show are pretty old, but it's not true that all were turned out when movies were first made. I saw a movie the other night that was made before movies were made.

Selma Diamond: Since Newton Minow got into office, the only one who can get away with murder any more is the television repairman.

Fred Allen: Everything on television is for the eye. Nothing is for the brain. The next generation will have eyes as big as cantaloupes and no brains at all.

Paul Winchell: Psychiatry is the big dad today. I know one TV comic who went to a psychiatrist recently, lay down on the couch and told everything he knew. Now the psychiatrist is doing the guy's act in Chicago.

TV: HAIR SHIRT DIVISION

The following release was received from ABC's publicity department:

AXIOM: If you're gonna let one slip by, at least be sure it isn't a misspelling of the sponsor's name.

EXAMPLE: In the announcement of the new ABC-TV fall series, *Straightaway*,

Autolite Products came out Autolight. **EXERCISE:** Autolite, Autolite, Autolite, Autolite; do it over till you get it rite.

mediocrity's mahatma

(continued from page 48)

would be served with an industry-wide balance, and ABC could be left alone to monopolize the mass audience.

The speech did not escape the attention of Jack Gould, the influential TV critic of *The New York Times*. Gould accused Trezy of "cynically rationalizing ABC's formidable contribution to mediocrity." He went on to suggest that the Trezy speech, virtually excusing ABC from any responsibility for decent programming, was the best excuse yet for the Government to start licensing networks.

In his hurt reply to the *Times*, Trezy complained that Gould had distorted his meaning. He cited such educational programs as *Expedition* to show ABC's interest in educational television. He concluded with a statement about ABC's service to 250,000,000 postwar families, and how ABC was number one in those 250,000,000-plus family hearts.

It was an inappropriate time for Ollie's next gesture. He chose this moment to announce that ABC's 30-second station break between programs would be lengthened to 42 seconds, clearly a move on the public's behalf, since it provides twelve more commercial seconds per half hour. Tactically speaking, this was only the latest action in a long-range and hugely successful campaign to enlarge the ABC network.

In many U.S. cities, there are only two TV channels, causing a fierce competition among the three networks for the affiliation of the local stations. In the old days, ABC, a late starter, lost out in most of these cities, but with the Trezy programming success, many of the stations shifted their allegiance to ABC. The 42-second break was calculated to speed this transition, by providing local stations with twelve more seconds to sell.

NBC and CBS realized that to prevent further defections, they too had better embrace the 42-second-spot idea. Angered, both networks went along with Trezy, who had gambled that they wouldn't dare. He lost his gamble, but it cost the network nothing. The 25,000,000 postwar viewing families? They'll just have to understand.

Gould seized upon this latest Trezy malfeasance, coming in the wake of Ollie's hurt letter to the *Times*, and suggested that the Trezy influence was indeed too far-reaching. ABC, CBS and NBC were now caught in an economic whirlpool with increasingly depressing effects on television standards. More than anyone else, Gould implied, Trezy was responsible for the contemporary tragedy called commercial television.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, writing long before the comic maneuverings of high-powered television executives, once said, "A man comes to measure his greatness by the regrets, envies and hatreds of his competitors." Doubtless, Ollie's peers at

CBS and NBC can be expected to have a full measure of envy for his current success, and not a little regret that they didn't grab such valuable items as *The Untouchables*. As for hatred—needless to say, it is widespread and deep.

A program buyer for one advertising agency, a man with a long-standing grudge said, "I get sick every year when I have to start dealing with him. I'm normally even-tempered and never get angry. But with Ollie, it's a constant screaming match, in his office, over the phone, at client conferences. His evasions I can put up with. But his promises—they're what break your heart."

Ollie's promises, according to his detractors, are part of a magnificent juggling act with which he keeps an assortment of clients anguished and despairing. Promising one a time slot on the network, he then may find that a better deal can be had elsewhere. With this, client number one may suddenly discover that the time slot is no longer available—or so the critics say. This is all part of doing business on a network level, but Ollie has brought a precision to the work that surpasses anything ever accomplished before in the line.

The number of industry people who have commented on Ollie's notoriously short memory is equaled only by the number of reports of Ollie's extraordinary ability to remember the names and faces of everyone he meets on his jaunts around the country. A group of advertising agency program men were tempted at one point to take a full-page ad in *Variety* with only four words in it: "But Ollie You Said." *Variety* has used this head twice over stories recounting the celebrated Trezy ability to reverse his field in important dealings.

A typical example was Trezy's placement of *Expedition*, a Ralston-sponsored show, at seven in the evening, a No Man's Land for advertisers. Network contracts guarantee that no competitive sponsors may come on the air until at least fifteen minutes after the show is ended. Ralston was startled, understandably, therefore, to discover it was being followed by a commercial for a competing breakfast food. The lawyers moved in. Trezy commented that the courts could not tell the network how to program, but he lost his argument.

Another instance was Ollie's shifting of three hour-long shows, including *The Untouchables*, from 9:30 up to 10 P.M., EST, without getting the sponsors' permission. Terry Clyne, then program man for the giant McCann-Erickson agency, called it "the worst kicking around ever of a major network client." He forthwith packed up his \$11-\$12,000,000 in billings and moved the money over to NBC and CBS.

Ollie, of course, had a rationale for moving the programs: "It was a network decision. We wanted the programs on a

little later so that fewer children would be watching. Besides, there's nothing in the contract that forces the network to give a sponsor the same time the following season. The sponsor merely has the right to retain a show."

Ollie's defense is legally correct, although not without its ethical problems. Clyne says Trezy pushed back *The Untouchables* to open up a new hot half hour between the hit *Fred MacMurray Show* and the successful *Untouchables*. It made an extremely salable 30 minutes.

Another agency programmer (most asked to remain anonymous—Ollie needs them, but they also need Ollie) expressed his confusion over the paradox of Ollie Trezy in this manner: "As far as Ollie's personal life is concerned, I'd say he was a totally moral man. He rarely takes a drink, never gets drunk, and when he visits Hollywood, he doesn't avail himself of the flesh that is in long supply out there, like so many network executives on a quick trip to the Coast. In an industry where foul language is the rule, I've never heard him swear or say anything vulgar. A model gentleman."

Ollie does indeed come from a sternly religious Upstate New York family. A boyhood friend remembers dropping over to the Trezy house and suggesting that Ollie go along to a movie. It was Sunday, and Ollie's mother forbade diversion on the Sabbath. It was only when the friend suggested that the film had been recommended by the church, that Mrs. Trezy gave her permission.

"Ollie was no great intellect in school," says this same friend. "It was more a matter of total application. He was extremely industrious, really plugged along and, of course, got good grades. But there was always something almost mechanical about his accomplishments. I shouldn't say that he got any real pleasure out of learning. It was something that was part of his duty."

There is a fierce pedantic streak in Ollie's conversation. He can't abide mispronounced words. The friend adds, "When he hears one mispronounced, he'll use the word himself in his next sentence, pronounced the correct way. He thinks he's being tactful that way."

The private life of Oliver Trezy is pretty much his public life. Like most high-powered executives on the run, he puts in the obligatory seventeen-eighteen hours a day. "He doesn't have to work that hard," says one Trezy client, "but I don't think he knows how to do anything else."

Another broadcasting executive remembers when Ollie joined the Westchester Country Club. "All he did all day was sit on the long veranda of the club and stare. You know, I wouldn't say Ollie had a great sense of fun. Probably that stern Puritan upbringing."

Ollie married Janet Campbell in 1946

and he lives an exemplary life with her and two sons, Donald and James, in Scarsdale, a prosperous Westchester suburb.

He has a passion for Ivy Leaguers, likes to have them around as administrative assistants. He is fiercely loyal to anyone from the research division, will defend their decisions and statistics against all transgressors.

Intelligent, driving, generally amiable and as charming as he wants to be, Ollie is perpetually enthusiastic; yet, there are many who find all his boyishness small comfort.

"Ollie puts the squeeze on too much. He has you jumping at a promise, makes you think you'll lose out if you don't buy right away. It's all tension. Why, a couple of years ago he bought up all the available pilot films in Hollywood and wrote off the ones he didn't want as programming costs. Then he had control of all the salable items. It was terrifying," said a good ABC customer.

The all-pervasive Treyz influence on television can be measured in significant ways. Currently running CBS is James Aubrey, hand-picked by Ollie and a big man at ABC before CBS snapped him up, presumably hoping to cash in on some of Ollie's success by hiring one of Ollie's boys. The Aubrey programming philosophy at CBS appears to be much the same as Ollie's. Hour-long Westerns and hour-long private-eye series are slipping into the schedule (for example, *Gunsnake*, *Raidhide*, *Checkmate*).

At NBC, the Treyz standards are even more apparent. This season, NBC has even more Westerns than ABC. More recently, it has been reported that NBC is hiring ABC consultants to improve its programming.

In rebuttal, the case for Treyz can be stated simply. ABC needed a dynamic man of Ollie's obvious gifts to help the network claw its way to the big money. Ollie, according to everyone who deals with him, thinks solely of the value of any dealing to ABC, not to Ollie Treyz. He has completely subordinated the individual to the job, explaining, "The job should always be more important than the man." He is a hustler. He is ready to close a deal in the middle of the night or in the middle of Iowa.

Almost all of the top-echelon television men today are superarticulate, master snowmen, slick purveyors of fantasies disguised as fact. A visit with one of them is a breath-taking experience. Emerging from an interview with pages of hollow notes, one knows an exhilaration not before present, and a new spring in one's step. The high tone of the conversation suggests a discussion of a brilliantly conceived new production of, say, *Antony and Cleopatra*. It is only when the anesthetic wears off that the discovery is made that the program under discussion was *Pete and Gladys*. One

dynamic executive refers to his pieces of Hollywood TV sausage as "beautiful pictures." But it is all so pleasant, it doesn't seem to matter.

For this reason, the television industry has been able to act out its ingrown fantasy without resorting to anything more factual than a six-to-one martini. Critics don't understand. And television's earnings reports improve every year, a statistic that settles all arguments.

Terry Clyne blames television's burgeoning mediocrity on the networks. "They used to blame advertising for everything that was bad. When the quiz scandals came along, the networks took the opportunity to take over complete control of the programming. Have you seen any improvement, or has television gotten worse? I think the top men at any of the major agencies have more creativity and ability than anyone you can find at the networks.

"What has really happened is that the networks have turned the responsibility over to the film men, who are solely interested in getting out a product each week. What we have now is a total absence of responsibility for quality control. And networks can get away with it for the same reason that bad movies made money in the old days. In effect, the networks own the theaters—they have control over what the public can see."

Another factor that prevents good programming was pointed out by Clyne. "Ollie Treyz and all the top guys at ABC have stock options. This works as a great incentive to make sure the network makes a lot of money. The more the stocks are worth, the more they'll get in a nice capital gains deal. A great incentive for profit, but hardly for improved programs."

It should be pointed out that Ollie is often blamed for decisions that are not necessarily his. His boss, Leonard Goldenson, head of the whole ABC-Paramount chain, must pass on all major Treyz decisions, and it is naïve to believe that Goldenson is unaware of Ollie's maneuverings, or that he does not approve of them. That, of course, does not make Ollie any less expendable.

Oliver Treyz, the Willowemoc, New York (population: 25), boy who made good, is much too busy to worry about such eventualities. He doesn't think personal publicity about Oliver Treyz is of any interest to the public and might be harmful to the network he has served so cleverly and successfully. "I think a network is in business to serve the people." Says the man who has brought to the public such programs as *Adventures in Paradise*, *Hong Kong*, *Bourbon Street Beat*, *The Roaring 20's* and *Stagecoach West*: "In this business you have to have respect for your audiences. If you don't respect your audience, you don't belong in this business." **SBI**

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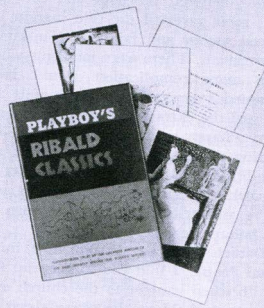


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ORDEAL BY CAMERA

(continued from page 42)

Boy, Sammy Boy, I love you . . ." The TA staff was itself so wide-awake after the race to town that they turned around in mid-Manhattan and drove back to Jones Beach, unable to sleep before starting the grind again at seven P.M.

Renée Valente's schedule, based on normal television shooting requirements, was abandoned, and the sleepless Burr Smidt watched his set logistics "snowball" into near chaos as the company shot slowly through the third and fourth days of studio time. His problems were more than compounded by the Brooklyn Fire Department, when they discovered the live trees on the premises. These were considered to be more of a hazard than the flame-proofed dead variety, and Smidt was finally reduced to one large live tree, surrounded by fake foliage and one city fireman.

After the endurance marathon that ended at seven o'clock Wednesday morning, the shooting call was always twelve hours after the end of the last day and the company began shooting every night and sleeping through the day. Olivier maintained his good humor. Friday night, during the fourth shooting session, he heard the unmistakable click of a still-camera shutter during a take and gently admonished the photographer. "You was takin' during the last shot. I heard you. I heard the clicky-clock. You're very naughty, a very naughty boy. They're tellin' fibs, because I heard them."

Later that night, Daniels shot what was, perhaps, the most complex take in the script, a religious procession. The dialog between the floor and the control room revealed the thin margin between success and failure in Susskind's experiment. There were moments when one more complication would have tempted everyone to quit. Daniels addressed the extras: "All right, everyone, have a happy time, it's your only chance during this engagement. . . . Sorry, air conditioning. . . ." Susskind: "Get a squawk box. This is the fourth day and we're still telling the man to turn it off before the take."

Daniels: "Are we all right now, hum-wit? People, I told you to keep up the ad lib when you get to the church and you stopped. Move the burro closer to the church, I told you."

Olivier: "It seems a little bit phony to me that I don't pick up the conversation of the schoolmaster."

Dick Auerbach: "Marc, do you want the altar boys' candles lit or not?"

Daniels: "They weren't lit?"

Auerbach: "You've just got the wrong denomination stage manager. Roll when ready."

Elikan: "Kine, roll. Slate it."

Auerbach: "31, take Two."

Daniels: "Have a good time, remember what I told you, this may be your last chance. The last man with the banner, let's not cha cha cha and not count 1 2 3 4. You're back in the mountains. You don't know about such things. *Don't handle the tree!* It's not anchored in the studio floor. Larry, don't go on with 'well, my children,' the take ends before that. Stand-by."

At two A.M. Susskind asked if there were any child extras in the cantina they were shooting, and Audrey Gellen added that they had better get them out before the cops came. At three A.M. Dick Auerbach told Marc Daniels that Olivier felt that, if it was at all possible, the last take should be printed, because he was shot. Marc asked for one last pickup and Olivier used the floor mike to say, "The make-up really won't do for another shot. Good night."

The near impossibility of what they were trying to do finally caught up with everyone on Saturday night. By seven P.M., David Susskind was asking the audio man, Jim Blaney, in great apprehension. "Is it all right, Jim? Because if we do it again and something technical is wrong, he'll blow." Audrey Gellen went back into the banks of amplifiers and sobbed for a few minutes, and then came back composed. The technical staff then spent an hour getting rid of the hum, and Susskind finally told Reid Davis, the NBC studio supervisor, to tell Mr. Sarnoff that he needed to do something to the studio. Davis replied that they had rebuilt it three times since they bought it from Warner Brothers.

The camera dollied in on a scene between Olivier and Patty Duke. Daniels and Susskind thought the first take was successful but Olivier didn't think so. "I did something stupid. I was eating the chicken leg and holding the banana with the same hand. *Pour la continuité, exactement, en passant . . .*"

Daniels: "We'll have to play it back." Olivier: "That's what we'll have to do."

As the scene progressed, Olivier forgot a line and Patty Duke ad-libbed a line that put Olivier back on the track. As they finished, he looked at her in admiration and said, "You brilliant girl, you brilliant girl."

By the sixth day, the last day of taping on the original schedule, the end was still not in sight and the 200-odd persons involved in the production were working on nerves alone. Laurence Olivier was suffering from an eye infection, caused by the irritation of the contact lenses and the crushing pace of the production, and was treated by an eye specialist brought to the Brooklyn studio. But shooting resumed at three in the afternoon, with a stand-in for Olivier, while Daniels set his actors in the hotel-room drinking scene. Keenan Wynn

and Martin Gabel were fresh as paint and, after a premature off-stage sound effect, Wynn yelled "Hold the thunder, schmuck." The erudite Gabel parodied the usual theatrical memory games, "Romney Brent played Lancelot Gobbo to the Shylock of someone . . ." Daniels directed Wynn: "Move closer to the bed." Wynn: "I can't justify it, Marc. What's the motivation?"

Olivier walked on the set, compared the day's audio hum to a Hoover vacuum cleaner, the MGM lion, a jet plane, and a double-forte open-diapason note on a pipe organ. Daniels and Susskind became more anxious about the technical details, afraid that Olivier would finally walk out if they failed to get a take for the usual technical reasons, and the anxiety of the sound and lighting men increased by geometric progressions. Most of the cast and crew sat in utter resignation, in a mixture of paralysis and pain, too tired to talk, to move, too tired even to sleep for a few minutes, afraid that they would never wake up.

Audrey Gellen cried "Oh, God," as she heard the shots of the firing squad, and Susskind laughed, "Don't listen to her, she lives every moment and dies eight times a show. She's been shot, stabbed, guillotined, poisoned, hung."

Olivier was asked by this writer if he had been subjected to any comparable experiences as an actor. "Not since *The Moon and Sixpence*. There was a color camera the size of a child's coffin."

"Would you rather work like this or in the conventional motion picture style?"

"I don't give interviews, old love."

Monday night, the seventh session, was a repetition of aching fatigue, technical failure, and vows by the cast to never work in television again. The principals were now so bitterly tired that they were functioning on memory alone.

By Tuesday night, the eighth session, Mitch Miller had come and gone, unnoticed in the daylight hours, and Susskind was approaching the end of his tether. There was still a full production day's taping to be done, starting at 10:45 P.M. and Susskind knew that Olivier would be on the Queen Elizabeth at 1:30 P.M. the next day, whether the film was finished or not. What if something happened? He anticipated trouble and arranged for a police escort to take Olivier to the boat.

Olivier came on the set and someone told him, "You're holding up beautifully." Olivier replied that the fact that they were holding up was beautiful and went to work on a difficult scene in the jail.

In the control room, Susskind's anxiety curve went off the chart as he heard the engineer at his back say:

"Kinescope recording saw the last take has to be done over because of a variation in the level." Daniels: "Why?" "The telephone line . . ." It turned out that only one take was affected, but Olivier came into the control room to watch the tape playback. The tape had not been affected, since it was transmitted on a separate line from the kinescope, but Olivier was unhappy. "You find something in a scene. When you try on the next take to get it again, you simply see yourself trying."

At 2:55 Wednesday morning Susskind was beginning to relax. "One more scene for Larry, one more after this."

At six A.M. Olivier and Cusack played a scene in the dentist's office and Cusack found himself saying the ominous lines. "You know you missed that boat, don't you?" Olivier, thinking perhaps more of the Queen Elizabeth than the Graham Greene boat for Vera Cruz, replied, "Oh, yeah, perhaps I was meant to."

Gabel entered the dentist's office, and Olivier finished his last scene in the script, asking Marc at the end. "Can you accept that? I don't think I can play a scene that length anymore." Susskind, circumstance, television and EFP had finally used up all of Sir Laurence Olivier. And Susskind was very lucky. A lesser man than Olivier would have collapsed three days before. At nine A.M. Marc had finished his last pickups and audio track and the experiment was over. Olivier came to say goodbye and left in plenty of time for his sailing.

David Susskind, realizing that he had his film, not in one can but two, was exuberant. He turned to Audrey and said, "That was an experience, wasn't it?" Audrey, remembering the work still to be done, the cutting, sound effects, scoring, said, "It's not over yet, David."

Audrey and Renée Valente went into a tiny office on the first floor of the studio to talk for a few minutes before taking a cab back to New York. They both fell asleep and woke up that night in the deserted studio, still tired, aching in every muscle, and depressed. Renée figured out the human toll the next day: out of eight days, or 192 hours, the cast and crew had been on camera 111 hours, and bolt upright on the NBC Brooklyn premises 143 hours. She hoped it was worth the try. (SBI readers may judge for themselves when they see the show: on CBS November 26 at 9 p.m. EST.) SBI

papa pablo

(continued from page 72)

zation's first meeting. This was not by any interpretation another of his homes. The Casals reasoning was that his U.N. performance was not public but a private one. Hence he could accept diplomatic dispensation from his vow of silence. His performance of a Bach sonata was heard there by the Spanish delegation to the U.N. and broadcasted to homes throughout the world, including the palace of Franco.

As appalled as he is by the compromises of politics, Casals is hardly less horrified by the troubles besetting music. In his view virtually none worth hearing has been written in the last half century. "It is an art, I suppose, if you wish to call it that," he said when he was asked his estimate of the twelve-tone composing techniques of Schönberg and Webern. "It is a combination of sounds and rhythms even, but it is not music." As if it were cued to dramatize his point, a jet plane raged against the night at the end of the runway. When it had ascended high enough into the sky so that people could hear again, Casals said, "That is not music either, but it is better than some I have heard."

When he was asked whether he preferred conducting to cello playing, he spelled out the natural superiority of being a musician to either of those crafts. But after he had the distinction made, he admitted to getting more pleasure out of conducting. "I am more at home when I conduct," the world's leading cellist explained. "When I am conducting I give only my ideas, but with the cello I give myself. I am never nervous before I conduct, but before I play the cello it is completely different. I suffer." Then he quite cheerily recounted an accident that happened to him 60 years ago. He was mountain climbing in California when he lost his footing and slipped down the side of a precipice until he hooked his left hand between two jagged but solidly anchored rocks. His wrist was torn open. As he looked up at it and the blood poured down on him, Casals allowed himself the pleasure of thinking that his cello-playing days had ended and that he could concentrate entirely on being a conductor. It healed quickly, Casals said, looking sad about the fact, "But I conduct anyway."

He plays, too. His Bergonzi cello sits on the floor beside the piano, its neck resting on the seat of a chair, and over it a yellow baby blanket to protect it from the moist island air. Before breakfast every morning, after he takes a walk along the sea, he returns to the house to play a Bach sonata on the cello, a prelude and fugue from the *Well-tempered Clavier* on the piano. "I look at the sea and sky and I am renewed with the wonder of nature," he said, "then it's back to Bach. It is what I call giving the daily benediction to my house." SBI

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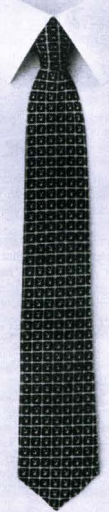


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ANSWERS TO SHOWBIZ QUIZ

- (1) JOAN BLONDELL, JIMMY CAGNEY, *Larceny Lane*; (2) VICTOR MOORE, MARILYN MONROE, *The Seven Year Itch*; (3) WALLACE BEERY, *The Secret Six*; (4) SOPHIA LOREN, *Cleopatra*; (5) MYRNA LOY, *The Barbarian*; (6) CARY GRANT, *The Howards of Virginia*; (7) PAULETTE GODDARD, *Anna Lucasta*.

(Showbiz Quiz appears on page 93.)

LISTINGS AND RATINGS

MOVIES

DOMESTIC

*** **The Absent-Minded Professor**—Fred MacMurray entangled in a mildly merry science-fiction yarn. Kids love it. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

** **Ada**—Southern-style *Peyton Place* with political overtones. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

** **The Alamo**—John Wayne directs and stars in the \$12,000,000 overstudied Western crammed with all manner of American heroes.

** **All in a Night's Work**—Dean Martin and Shirley MacLaine weave a flimsy romance from a tissue of misunderstandings.

* **Angel Baby**—The big miracle in this cinematic caravan of faith healers and heels is that the cast can play it straight-faced.

**** **The Apartment**—A corporate failure (Jack Lemmon) rolls up a score with the office big wheels by lending his digs for dalliance.

** **Atlantis, the Lost Continent**—Science fiction which trips over the fantastic.

* **Atlas**—A dreadful Grecian epic patterned after early Joe Levine.

** **Battle at Bloody Beach**—Jowly Audie Murphy and Gary Crosby try to tight-lip their way through this melodrama.

** **Ben Hur**—A much-touted chariot race climaxes the multiple-Oscar remake of Lew Wallace's novel.

* **The Big Show**—Tired tale of a tyrannical patriarch (Nehemiah Persoff) tucked timidly in with the animal acts.

** **Blast of Silence**—Overemphatic narration blenishes the neorealism veneer in this study of a modern hired gun.

*** **Bridge to the Sun**—Stock incidents soften emotional wallop in this story of a Japanese diplomat (James Shigeta) and his Tennessee bride (Carroll Baker). *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

* **By Love Possessed**—James Gould Cozzens' massive novel roughly—very roughly—transmuted to the screen.

** **A Cold Wind in August**—It's an ill wind that wafts teenagish Scott Marlowe into burlesque Lola Albright's arms.

*** **Come September**—The wonders of Italy and Lollibrigida. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

** **Cry for Happy**—Glenn Ford and Donald O'Connor in an unheroic Oriental odyssey.

*** **Dark at the Top of the Stairs**—A somewhat halting adaptation of the Inge play about faithful infidelity.

*** **Exodus**—Producer-director Otto Preminger, aided by Paul Newman, Eva Marie Saint and a vast cast, hines the ax for Israel first ground by Leon Cris.

**** **Fanny**—Stunning performances by matinee idols Boyer and Chevalier and the charm of Leslie Caron preserve the glow of this capusled French classic.

* **The Fiercest Heart**—Zulu warriors along the San Fernando veld in '90 Boering Cinemascope minutes. *Reviewed current issue.*

* **Five Golden Hours**—Ernie Kovacs essays the low life of a pallbearer who does well with bereaved widows, does badly by the audience.

** **Francis of Assisi**—A study in serene faith with its inspiring moments, but too plodding to make really good entertainment.

* **Gidget Goes Hawaiian**—This pasty boy-girl plot dives into the surf and staves there.

*** **Gone with the Wind**—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, *et al.* in the original Civil War Centennial commemoration.

** **Goodbye Again**—Neither antics (Yves Montand) nor amour (Anthony Perkins) can dim Ingrid Bergman's two-hour smile.

*** **The Grass Is Greener**—Robert Mitchum is the discordant note that jars the rhythm of this bucolic drawing-room comedy.

** **The Great Impostor**—Tony Curtis convincingly displays the many faces of real-life impostor Ferdinand Demara.

** **The Green Helmet**—Stunning action shots mixed with dime-store psychology in an essay about racing drivers.

*** **The Guns of Navarone**—Despite its predictability, this odyssey of a World War II suicide mission in Greek waters comes close to being a Homeric grand slam.

* **Homicidal**—Gummy with gimmicks, this bloody bore should offer a couple of belly laughs to the avant-gick.

** **Honeymoon Machine**—Steve McQueen, an electronic brain and a very funny girl (Paula Prentiss) are among those out to break the bank at Venice.

*** **The Hoodlum Priest**—A melodrama for those with strong nerves, climaxing in a chilling death-chamber scene. Don Murray produced, plays lead role.

** **The Ladies Man**—An undistinguished Jerry Lewis managerialstrom.

** **The Last Sunset**—Kirk Douglas and Rock Hudson wrangle a herd of catastrophes, headed by the script.

** **The Last Time I Saw Archie**—Director-narrator Jack Webb stamps his understatement on this harange of a heel (Robert Mitchum) and his coterie of schlemiels.

** **Loss of Innocence**—The exquisitely delineated passage to womanhood of a girl named Joss (Susannah York). *Reviewed current issue.*

* **The Magic Fountain**—A Grimm experiment with a fairy-tale world.

*** **The Misfits**—A static, softy sentimental story involving a lonely divorcee (Marilyn Monroe's best performance) and an aging cowboy (Clark Gable's last).

*** **Misty**—Little David Ladd rides nicely through this pleasant kiddies' yarn about the taming of a wild pony.

** **Morgan, the Pirate**—Steve Reeves flexes muscles at baddies, flashes teeth at the ladies in this swashbuckler about Sir Henry Morgan.

* **Most Dangerous Man Alive**—Cobalt rays and corn in a melodrama of steel men and wooden dialog.

** **The Naked Edge**—Stuffed with contrivance and claptrap, this flimsy suspense story is an unfitting curtain-ringer for Gary Cooper.

*** **Nikki, Wild Dog of the North**—Canine capers in the distinctive Disney style, with a punch line patterned after Shaw.

*** **On the Double**—A curious comedy spotlighting Danny Kaye and a cast of Kaye-mimes, including Churchill, Hitler and Dietrich.

*** **One Hundred and One Dalmatians**—Disney baying right on the scent with an inventive scheme to kidnap a family of puppies all for one fur coat.

* **1 + 1**—A peck behind the Kinsley Report that results in a dreary, self-conscious discussion of S-E-X. *Reviewed current issue.*

** **Operation Eichmann**—Heavy-handed handling of the infamous Nazi's story.

** **The Parent Trap**—Even two of Hasley Mills (as twins) cannot overcome the cumbersome cuteness of the father-knows-least plot.

* **Farrish**—A look at the tobacco industry in Connecticut that might be characterized as a nonthinking-man's falter.

** **Pepe**—A rainbow-lined but formless plot envelops the Mexican comic Cantinflas.

** **The Pleasure of His Company**—Fred Astaire and Lilli Palmer minuet through an embalmied version of the Broadway play.

*** **A Raisin in the Sun**—Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil are focal points of a close-up on tenement tensions in one woman's family.

* **Return to Peyton Place**—Sequel in sex and scandal, which proves that even Grace Metalious can't go home again.

* **Ring of Fire**—Routine cops-and-robbers duel, with a forest-fiery finish.

** **Romanoff and Juliet**—Peter Ustinov spooning out the same bearded political hankypanky he did in his Broadway stint.

** **Sanctuary**—A misdirected attempt at translating William Faulkner's sordid story of a governor's daughter (Lee Remick) and her pimp friend (Yves Montand).

*** **The Sand Castle**—Effective detailing of the fantasy world of a small boy and girl is marred by a parade of superfluous incidents.

*** **The Savage Eye**—A low-budget, off-beat opus that dissects, with the incisionness of a modern Hogarth, the day-and-night wanderings of a divorcee. Barbara Baxley turns in a powerful performance.

*** **Scream of Fear**—Susan Strasberg searches for her *meshuga* daddy in a tale of mounting suspense. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

** **Shadows**—Actor-turned-director John Cassavetes and his young players improvise a tale about fair-skinned Negroes.

** **The Sins of Rachel Cade**—As a nurse in the Congo, Angie Dickinson is moving.

** **Snow White and the Three Storks**—Any one or seven will miss the Dwarf.

*** **Sons and Lovers**—A splendid screen version of D. H. Lawrence's 1913 novel, showcasing a powerful Trevor Howard.

*** **Spartacus**—A turgid, superspectacular epic dramatizing the revolt of gladiators in ancient Rome.

** **Splendor in the Grass**—Distinguished creators Elia Kazan and William Inge disappoint with a fumbling foray into Model-T Freud. *Reviewed current issue.*

* **Tammy Tell Me True**—Shanty Town (Sandra Dee) meets Ivy League (John Gavin) in a sophomoric camp comedy.

* **The Thief of Baghdad**—Muscleman Steve Reeves as a light-fingered Mussulman in an arid hour-and-a-half of Arabian night.

** **Two Loves**—Oxford shoes and a bun-in-the-back do not a frustrated *Splinter* make, although Shirley MacLaine and Laurence Harvey would use them so.

** **Two Ride Together**—James Stewart, Richard Widmark head a wagon train of clichés directed by a below-par John Ford.

** **Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea**—Walter Pidgeon paddles through a waterlogged epic of the future.

* **Wild in the Country**—The furthering of Elvis Presley's education—if nothing else.

** **The Young Doctors**—Two parts realism, one part soap opera in a modern hospital.

** **The Young Savages**—Director John Frankenheimer wraps a slip-nock around Harlem's young gangs, but Hollywood sleight-of-hand prevents his pulling it tight.

FOREIGN

*** **The Angry Soldier** (English)—The brutalities of a wildcat strike in an English factory town are vividly skinned.

*** **Ashes and Diamonds** (Polish, English titles)—Cinemascope elegance lightens the somber tones of director Andrzej Wajda's rendering of the 1944 Warsaw uprising.

**** **L'Aventura** (Italian, English titles)—A cryptic masterpiece in which the central figure (Gabriele Ferzetti) is painfully released from a Saratran despair.

** **Babette Goes to War** (French, English dubbing)—An occasionally successful parody of military bureaucracv, which shows off Brigitte Bardot the comedienne.

*** **Ballad of a Soldier** (Russian, English titles)—Brilliant camera techniques, excellent pace, transform a simple story of a young soldier on leave into a delight.

** **Ballad of Narayama** (Japanese, English titles)—Kinuro Tanaka as a tormented matriarch emerges as the only fully realized character in this legend of ancient Nippon.

*** **The Big Deal** (Italian, English titles)—*Liffi* revisited by a lunatic gang of fumbling bachelors headed by Vittorio Gassman.

*** **Breathless** (French, English titles)—A glittering tractation of the final hours in the

***** Exceptional **** Excellent
 *** Good ** Average * Fair

self-doomed life of a Parisian car thief (Jean-Paul Belmondo).

*** **The Bridge** (German, English titles) — Director Bernhard Wicki takes a grim look at seven box soldiers who played on Hitler's side.

★ **The Cheaters** (French, English titles) — The French twist adds nothing new to the old Greenwich Village-North Beach vista of kids getting their kicks.

*** **The Cow and I** (French, English titles) — Fernandel in a comic flight from a World War II prison.

*** **The Devil's Eye** (Swedish, English titles) — A sprightly comedy of manners by Ingmar Bergman. *Reviewed current issue.*

*** **La Dolce Vita** (Italian, English titles) — Federico Fellini's dazzling, memorable morality play of high jinks and low life in contemporary Rome is flavelled only by excessive length.

*** **Don Quixote** (Russian, English dubbing) — A sprawling translation of Cervantes' classic.

*** **Eye Wants to Sleep** (Polish, English titles) — Nothing left out except the exploding cigars in this slapstick *Three-Lazy Opera*.

*** **The Fabulous World of Jules Verne** (Czechoslovakian, English dubbing) — A tricky filming of Verne's *The Deadly Invention* in live action and cartoon with incredible sets based on Verne drawings.

*** **Fate of a Man** (Russian, English titles) — A chilling account of 'Nazi prison life. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

*** **Frantic** (French, English titles) — Something is missing in director Louis Malle's heavy-handed attempt at nail-biting suspense: possibly Alfred Hitchcock.

★ **A French Mistress** (English) — A little laughter must go a long way as a pretty French teacher (Agnes Laurent) disrupts a respectable boy's school.

*** **General Della Rovere** (Italian, English titles) — Roberto Rossellini at his finest transforms a Nazi collaborator (Vittorio De Sica) into a heroic figure.

*** **The Great War** (Italian, English titles) — Vittorio Gassman, Silvana Mangano in an antiwar blockbuster.

*** **Hand in Hand** (English) — An uneven study of childhood and tolerance.

*** **It Happened in Broad Daylight** (Swiss, English titles) — A psychopathic murder leads a police inspector toward self-destruction in this version of Friedrich Duerrenmatt's *The Pledge*.

*** **The Joker** (French, English titles) — Director Philippe de Broca heightens his frantic farce with deft touches of Gallic gaiety.

*** **The League of Gentlemen** (English) — Jack Hawkins leads a daylight-heist ring through some droll but realistic suspense.

*** **Leda** (French, English titles) — The motivations are slightly *furry*, but the performances are fine in this drama of domestic entanglement.

*** **Magic Boy** (Japanese, English dubbing) — This smoothly animated feature-length cartoon is an occasionally expressive Babes in Toyland.

*** **Man in the Moon** (English) — Light on science, heavy on farce, this countdown zeros in on Kenneth More, adoped astronaut.

*** **The Mark** (English) — A fine performance by Stuart Whitman in this social melodrama about rape and rehabilitation. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

*** **Never on Sunday** (Greek, dialog mostly English) — A toe-ticling score sparks the pricewinning comedy about a popular prostitute (Melina Mercouri) and an American go-dooder (director-screenwriter Jules Dassin).

*** **The Ninth Circle** (Yugoslav, English titles) — A sensitive study of young love amid the ravages of the Third Reich in a first-rate film. *Reviewed current issue.*

*** **Picnic on the Grass** (French, English titles) — Jean Renoir's playful romp in Provence at the expense of many more of the civilized.

*** **Purple Noon** (French, English titles) — A slick melodrama of social climbing and psychopathy, with Alain Delon.

★ **A Question of Adultery** (English) — Only the censors will bother with this ridiculous story of an impotent husband who sues for divorce when his wife undergoes artificial insemination.

*** **Rocco and His Brothers** (Italian, English titles) — An uprooted family's progression toward moral disintegration recorded by the masterful Luchino Visconti.

*** **Saturday Night and Sunday Morning** (English) — Albert Finney plays (and splendidly) the hero in this absorbing drama of a factory worker's war for independence.

*** **Secrets of Women** (Swedish, English titles) — Ingmar Bergman, vintage 1952, affords a sneak preview of things to come in this four-part essay on love.

*** **Tiger Bay** (English) — The enchanting Hayley Mills reveals unusual depths for a young actress as she becomes the friend of a sailor suspected of murder.

*** **The Truth** (French, available with English titles or English dubbing) — The naked truth vies for attention with an equally exposed Mlle. Harlot in Henri-Georges Clouzot's courtroom study of monks, business and murder.

*** **Tunes of Glory** (English) — A captivating probe of clammy ritual intensified by thorough character studies from Sir Alec Guinness and John Mills.

*** **Two-Way Stretch** (English) — Man-faced Peter Sellers, as a crook in a comfy cell, doesn't let jail hamper his activity.

*** **Two Women** (Italian, English titles) — Out of the trivia back to the turmoil goes Sophia Loren and wins Cannes' Golden Palm under De Sica's pellucid direction.

*** **The Virgin Spring** (Swedish, English titles) — A Gothic tale of death and vengeance unfolds by Ingmar Bergman's camera in poetically simple tones of stark black and white.

★ **The Warrior Express** (Italian, English dubbing) — Courtwings on the isle of Lesbos featuring a wide-wide screen and Tina Louise.

*** **World by Night** (Italian, English narration) — A 14-city international tour of after-dark bright spots, featuring Harlem gospel singers, Chinese opera, Japanese geshas, performing whales and Parisian strippers.

THEATER

BROADWAY

*** **A Far Country**. Freud's early days with psychoanalysis in Alt Wien. The brilliant Kim Stanley is the analyst. *At the Music Box, 45th St. W. (CI 6-6166).*

*** **A Taste of Honey**. An improbable crew of lodgers populates young Shelagh Delaney's play. *At the Booth, 45th St. W. (CI 6-5969).*

*** **Bye Bye Birdie**. What rock 'n' roll wreaks when a star swivel-hipster invades a small town. *At the Shubert, 44th St. W. (CI 6-5990).*

*** **Camelot**. The Lerner-Loewe formula almost works in a long, wistful glimpse at the Arthurian legend. *At the Majestic, 44th St. W. (CI 6-0770).*

*** **Carnival**. Deft musical adaptation of the sweetly poignant film, *Lili*. *At the Imperial, 45th St. W. (CO 5-2412).*

*** **Come Blow Your Horn**. The longevity of this comedy betrays the triumph of mediocrity. *At the Brooks Atkinson, 47th St. W. (CI 5-1130).*

*** **Do Re Mi**. The seamster side of the jukebox business examined in a Run-onesque romp, lamentably in half time. *At the St. James, 44th St. W. (LA 4-4664).*

*** **Fiorello!** A musical all about New York's favorite mayoral blossom. *At the Broadway Theater, Broadway at 53rd St. (CI 7-7992).*

*** **Irma La Douce**. A tart French pasty with lyrics that leer and a loose script that infects the choreography. *At the Plymouth, 45th St. W. (CI 6-9156).*

*** **Mary, Mary**. An old romantic comedy theme too cutesy crafted by Jean Kerr. *At the Helen Hayes, 46th St. W. (CI 6-6380).*

*** **My Fair Lady**. This guttersnipe grande dame grows older with consummate grace and enduring charm. *At the Mark Hellinger, 51st St. W. (PL 7-7064).*

*** **The Sound of Music**. Mary Martin enters the yodeling Trapp novitiate in a pasty musical strudel. *At the Lunt-Fontaine, 46th St. W. (JU 6-5555).*

*** **The Unsinkable Molly Brown**. Tammy Grimes on and off the Titanic in a saga plugging pluck. *At the Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. (CI 5-4874).*

OFF BROADWAY

*** **The American Dream**. Edward Albee, the anti-man, applies his scalpel to the mores of bores. **The Death of Bessie Smith** is an one-act tract tacked on. *At the Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. (CI 2-3914).*

*** **The Balcony**. In the freedom of the brothel, Jean Genet's vision of mankind's sexual fantasies. *At the Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. (CI 3-4990).*

*** **The Blacks**. Genet at his disturbingly incisive best with Blacks as Blacks and Blacks as Whites. *At St. Mark's Playhouse, 133 Second Ave. (OR 4-3510).*

*** **Chalk Marks on a Brick Wall**. An investigation of good, bad and adolescence, by Gregory Rozakis. *At the Tink 'n' Café Theater, 149 Bleecker St. (GR 3-8880).* *Reviewed current issue.*

Cockeyed Kite. A new play by Joseph Caldwell. *Opens Sept. 13. At the Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. (OR 5-1016).*

*** **The Fantasticks**. Wispy whimsy by Tom Jones (words) and Harvey Schmidt (music), staged by Nord Baker. *At the Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (OR 4-3838).*

Happy Days. Samuel Beckett's latest arful absurdity. *Opens Sept. 17 in repertory with The American Dream. At the Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. (CI 2-3911).*

I Want You. New musical about World War I patriotic songs. *Opens Sept. 11. At the Maidman Playhouse, 416 W 42nd St. (BR 9-2048).*

Misalliance. Shaw's play. *Opens Sept. 19. At the Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. (CI 2-9609).*

★ **Off Bowery Theater**. An ever-changing schedule of short plays by such as Brecht, Pirandello, new poets and the immediate instigator, Story Talbot. *At the Off Bowery Theater, 84 E. Tenth St. (GR 5-9857).*

One Way Pendulum. A farce by N. F. Simpson. *Opens Sept. 18. At the East 74th St. Theater, 334 E. 74th St. (LE 5-5557).*

*** **The Pirates of Penzance**. Director Tyrone Guthrie has an especially fine way with Gilbert and Sullivan. *At the Phoenix Theater, 189 Second Ave. (AL 4-0525).*

*** **The Premise**. On tap, drip-grind coffee and instant theater. *At the Premise, 154 Bleecker St. (LF 5-5020).*

*** **The Red Eye of Love**. Arnold Weinstein in search of a play. *At the Provincetown Playhouse, 133 MacDougal St. (GI 7-9894).*

Richard II. Kathleen Widener, Ben Hayes, J. D. Cannon, Bette Henritte in the New York Shakespeare Festival production. *Closes Sept. 9. At the Wolman Memorial Shuting Booth, Central Park (SA 2-4008).*

*** **The Threepenny Opera**. Brecht-Weill and an adaptable cast. *At the Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St. (WA 4-8782).*

ON THE ROAD

The Beauty Parrot. Bucks County Playhouse. *New Hope, Pa. (FO 2-2041)* — In his Broadway-bound play, J. S. Perelman twinkles the beak of the American culture culture. *Closes Sept. 16.*

Blood, Sweat and Stanley Poles. *New Locust Theater, Philadelph., Pa. (PE 5-5074)* — Darren McGavin in a new play about problems in the peace-time army. *Sept. 11-30.*

Bye Bye Birdie. *Langford Theater, Chicago, Ill. (ST 2-2459)* — A rock-'n'-roll rumpus with Joan Blondell, Elaine Dunn. *Indefinite run.*

The Caretaker. *Shubert Theater, New Haven, Conn. (ST 3-1297)* — Harold Pinter's play about two generous eccentrics, with the English company. *Sept. 13-17. Moves to Wilbur Theater, Boston, Mass. (HA 6-9366) Sept. 18-30.*

★★★★ Exceptional ★★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Good ★★ Average ★ Fair

Elizabeth the Queen. *Metropolitan Boston Arts Theater, Boston, Mass.* (AL 4-1310) — Eva Le Gallienne in Maxwell Anderson's venerable play. *Closes Sept. 9.*

Fiorello Biltmore Theater, Los Angeles, Calif. (MA 6-8111) — The early days of New York's most personable mayor, musically represented. *Closes Sept. 23.*

Gypsy. *Curran Theater, San Francisco, Calif.* (OR 3-4400) — Ethel Merman as the domineering mama of two stage brats. *Closes Sept. 30.* **Moves to Biltmore Theater, Los Angeles, Calif.** (MA 6-8111) Oct. 2 *For indefinite run.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying. *Shubert Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.* (PE 5-4768) — Frank Loesser's musical style book on career advancement, with Rudy Vallee, directed by Abe Burrows. *Closes Oct. 7.*

Keen. *Shubert Theater, Boston, Mass.* (HA 6-4520) — A musical based on Sartre's play about 19th-century tragedian Edmund Keen, with Alfred Drake. *Sept. 11-30.*

Kwamina. *O'Keefe Center, Toronto, Ont.* (EM 3-6633) — Musical race-mixing in Africa, with Sally Ann Howe, Terry Carter. *Closes Sept. 23.*

Let It Ride. *Erlanger Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.* (IO 3-6833) — George Gobel, Sam Levene in a new musical based on the antique comedy, *Three Men on a Horse.* *Sept. 7-30.*

Milk and Honey. *Colonial Theater, Boston, Mass.* (HA 6-9166) — Love in Israel, musically essayed, with Mimi Benzell. *Closes Sept. 24.*

The Miracle Worker. *Wilbur Theater, Boston, Mass.* (HA 6-9166) — In this moving drama, the young Helen Keller escapes from the bondage of her physical handicaps. *Closes Sept. 16.*

Sail Away. *Forrest Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.* (WA 3-1515) — A new Noel Coward musical, with Elaine Stritch and Pat Harty. *Closes Sept. 23.*

The Short Happy Life. *Moore Theater, Seattle, Wash.* (MA 2-6210) — Rod Steiger stars in a new play adapted by A. E. Hotchner from 15 Hemingway stories. *Sept. 12-15.*

The Sound of Music. *Philharmonic Auditorium, Los Angeles, Calif.* (MA 5-2581) — Florence Henderson is touring in this last effort by Rodgers and Hammerstein. *Closes Sept. 23.*

The Threepenny Opera. *Royal Alexandra Theater, Toronto, Ont.* (EM 3-5449) — A touring cast performs Weill-Brecht snarlingly well. *Sept. 18-30.*

TELEVISION

(Times listed are for Eastern Daylight zone)

Wednesday, Sept. 6

Wagon Train (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m. EDT) — Old prospector (Frank McLugh) talks cook (Frank McGrath) into leaving the wagon train to search for a lost gold mine (repeat). **Kraft Mystery Theater** (NBC, 9:10 p.m. EDT) — This British mystery tale stars Ian Hendry as a man escaping from his past. **Naked City** (ABC, 10-11 p.m. EDT) — An investigation of an escaped prisoner (repeat). **U.S. Steel Hour** (CBS, 10-11 p.m. EDT) — Larry Blyden, with the aid of Elinor Donahue, investigates the contention that *All Brides Are Beautiful*.

Thursday, Sept. 7

Summer Sports Spectacular (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m. EDT) — The women's softball championship from Portland, Ore. **Untouchables** (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m. EDT) — Ricardo Montalban muscles in on the New York fish market (repeat). **Silents Please** (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m. EDT) — Louise Dressler in the silent *Garden of Eden*.

Friday, Sept. 8

Flintstones (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m. EDT) — Fred Flinstone poses as a business leader (repeat). **Westinghouse Preview Theater** (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m. EDT) — The father in a family new to the suburbs embarrasses his wife by buying second-hand clothes for their son. **Twilight Zone** (CBS, 10:10-30 p.m. EDT) — A writer (Keenan Wynn) has difficulty convincing his wife (Phyllis Kirk) that his fictional heroine is not real (repeat). **Person to Person** (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m. EDT) — Guess Raymond Burr and Eva Gabor (repeat).

Saturday, Sept. 9

Baseball Game of the Week (CBS, 1:55 p.m. EDT until conclusion) — Cleveland Indians meet the New York Yankees. Blacked out in some cities. **Wide World of Sports** (ABC, 4-7 p.m. EDT) — A preseason game between two American Football League teams at San Diego, Calif. Jim McKay is commentator. **Bonanza** (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m. EDT) — Hosts (Dan Blocker) band a challenge from an arrogant London prize fighter (repeat). **Perry Mason** (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m. EDT) — Mason (Raymond Burr) weds himself to the defense of a *Curious Bride* (repeat). **Miss America Pageant** (CBS, 9:30 p.m. EDT until midnight) — Don McNeill hosts this special from Atlantic City, N. J., with Marilyn Van Derbur, Miss America 1958, as hostess. Bert Parks is on-stage emcee. **Nation's Future** (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m. EDT) — Edwin Newman moderates a debate on a newsworthy topic. **Fight of the Week** (ABC, 10:10-45 p.m. EDT) — Danny Meyer vs. Dullio Nunez in a 10-round middleweight bout from Portland, Ore.

Sunday, Sept. 10

AFL Football (ABC, 12:30 p.m. EDT until conclusion) — San Diego vs. Dallas at Dallas. Blacked out in some cities (return). **Baseball Game of the Week** (CBS, 1:55 p.m. EDT until conclusion) — The Cleveland Indians meet the New York Yankees at Yankee Stadium. Blacked out in some cities. **AFL Football** (ABC, 2 p.m. EDT until conclusion) — Denver plays Buffalo at Buffalo. Blacked out in some cities. **Meet the Press** (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m. EDT) — A newsmaker is interviewed by a panel of newsmen in an unrehearsed press conference. **Twentieth Century** (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m. EDT) — Goering, the story of Hitler's second-in-command (repeat). **Maverick** (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m. EDT) — Bart (Jack Kelly) disposes of the Indian maiden and the liquor left over from last week in Part 2 of *Devil's Necklace* (repeat). **Ed Sullivan** (CBS, 8-9 p.m. EDT) — A salute to Lerner and Loewe features Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Robert Goulet (repeat). **G.E. Theater** (CBS, 9-9:30 p.m. EDT) — A detective makes a sinister deal with his prey to provide comfort for his family in *The Golden Years*. **Candid Camera** (CBS, 10:10-30 p.m. EDT) — Dorothy Collins asks travelers to help her fix a flat tire (repeat). **Editor's Choice** (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m. EDT) — James Hagerty focuses on the week's top news.

Monday, Sept. 11

Cheyenne (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m. EDT) — A town is invaded by bad men again and its citizenry held hostage (repeat). **Glenn Miller Time** (CBS, 10:10-30 p.m. EDT) — Regulars include Johnny Desmond, Ray McKinley and band. Songstress Patty Clark is on hand for this last show of the series. **Peter Gunn** (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m. EDT) — Somebody tries to murder a boxer (repeat).

Tuesday, Sept. 12

Focus on America (ABC, 7:30 p.m. EDT) — *The Thirteenth Month* explores the menace of forest fires in Southern California. **Laramie** (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m. EDT) — Slim (John Smith) risks his life to vindicate a gang leader accused of murder (repeat). **Alfred Hitchcock Presents** (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m. EDT) — For years Ulrich Klemm (Abraham Sofaer) has jealously kept his granddaughter (Anne Helm) to himself; now the man she loves stands in his way (repeat). **Thriller** (NBC, 9:10 p.m. EDT) — The last rerun show for the summer (repeat). **Playhouse 90** (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m. EDT) — Van Heflin rines from the *Rank and File* in Rod Serling's powerful story of the tensions within a union (repeat). **Purex Special** (NBC, 10-11 p.m. EDT) — The world of Oklahoma humorist Will Rogers (repeat).

Wednesday, Sept. 13

Wagon Train (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m. EDT) — Will Santee (Dean Stockwell) changes his name to hide his past before joining the trek West. Millie Perkins also boards the train (repeat). **Kraft Mystery Theater** (NBC, 9:10 p.m. EDT) — British B films carry on for the vacationing Perry Como. **Armstrong Circle Theater** (CBS, 10-11 p.m. EDT) — *The Days of Confusion* facing a young student seeking admission to college (repeat). **Connie**

Francis Show (ABC, 10-11 p.m. EDT) — Art Carney and George Burns join Connie in a one-shot special of music and comedy.

Thursday, Sept. 14

Summer Sports Spectacular (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m. EDT) — A short history of *Pro Football* from its beginning to preparations for the new season. **Untouchables** (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m. EDT) — An enterprising entrepreneur concocts counterfeit champagne but kill-joy Ness smashes the plan (repeat). **CBS Reports** (CBS, 10-11 p.m. EDT) — *Our Election Day Illusions* are reshaped (repeat). **Silents Please** (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m. EDT) — William Boyd and Joseph Schickelrath in Cecil B. DeMille's *Bond to Yesterday*.

Friday, Sept. 15

International Showtime (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m. EDT) — *The Circus Schumann*, filmed in Copenhagen, is the first serving of this new show. Don Ameche is host (debut). **Flimtstones** (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m. EDT) — Hoagy Carmichael's voice and caricature are used in the season's opener as Fred and Barney try to write songs. **Westinghouse Preview Theater** (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m. EDT) — Benny Goodman plays for a crowd in Disneyland. **Twilight Zone** (CBS, 10:10-30 p.m. EDT) — Rod Serling's series exploring the cosmos begins its new season. **Person to Person** (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m. EDT) — Charles Collingwood visits Marnie Van Doren and Antoine (repeat).

Saturday, Sept. 16

Baseball Game of the Week (CBS, 1:55 p.m. EDT until conclusion) — Minnesota Twins vs. Cleveland Indians. Blacked out in some cities. **NCAA Football** (ABC, 4:15 p.m. EDT until conclusion) — The University of Pittsburgh meets the University of Miami at the Orange Bowl in Miami, Fla. **Bonanza** (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m. EDT) — Little Joe (Michael Landon) faces the double threat of a bandit and the Apaches (repeat). **Perry Mason** (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m. EDT) — Jealousy and a threatening note lead to the arrest of Mason's new client (repeat). **Defenders** (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m. EDT) — This show, under the guiding hand of author Reginald Rose, should be one of the highlights of the new season, with E. G. Marshall and Robert Reed starring as a father-son law team (debut). **Have Gun, Will Travel** (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m. EDT) — Paladin (Richard Boone) begins a new season of taming the Wild West. **Nation's Future** (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m. EDT) — Debate on a timely topic, with Edwin Newman as moderator. **Fight of the Week** (ABC, 10:10-45 p.m. EDT) — Mike DeJohn vs. Eddie Machen in a 10-round heavyweight bout from Syracuse, N.Y. **Gunsmoke** (CBS, 10:10-30 p.m. EDT) — Chester's uncle creates confusion when he turns up in Dodge thinking Chester is the marshal (repeat).

Sunday, Sept. 17

AFL Football (ABC, 2 p.m. EDT until conclusion) — New York at Buffalo. Blacked out in some cities. **NFL Football** (CBS, 2 p.m. EDT until conclusion) — Three games televised regionally: St. Louis at New York; Detroit vs. Green Bay at Milwaukee; Los Angeles at Baltimore. Blacked out in some cities (return). **Pro Football** (NBC, approx. 2 p.m. EDT until conclusion) — Regular season game of Baltimore Colts or Pittsburgh Steelers. Blacked out in some cities (return). **NFL Football** (CBS, 3:30 p.m. EDT until conclusion) — Two games televised regionally: Pittsburgh at Dallas; Chicago at Minnesota. Blacked out in some cities. **AFL Football** (4:30 p.m. EDT until conclusion) — Oakland at San Diego. Blacked out in some cities. **NFL Football** (CBS, 4:30 p.m. EDT until conclusion) — Washington at San Francisco. Blacked out in some cities. **Meet the Press** (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m. EDT) — Ned Brooks moderates the press conference. **Twentieth Century** (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m. EDT) — *The Turi of the Century* in Europe, with Claude Monnet, Sarah Bernhardt, James M. Barrie, Czar Nicholas II on film (repeat). **Follow the Sun** (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m. EDT) Barry Coe and Gary Lockwood star as two freelance writers out for adventure in Hawaii. Marion Hargrove is supervisor of this new series (debut).

Ed Sullivan (CBS, 8-9 p.m. EDT)—Gordon and Sheila MacRae entertain, along with Lahr and Nancy Walker, in Ed's first show of the new season. **Car 54, Where Are You?** (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m. EDT)—Comic spoof of crime shows conceived by Nat (Bilko) Hiken and starring Joe E. Ross and Fred Gwynn (debut). **G.E. Theater** (CBS, 9-9:30 p.m. EDT)—*The Red Balloon* returns, still pursued by the boy (Pascal Lamorisse) (repeat). **Candid Camera** (CBS, 10:10-30 p.m. EDT)—Dorothy Collins gets into a jam with her car. Dog-owner Tom O'Malley and dogcatcher Ben Jonelson dismay passers-by (repeat). **Do Not Show of the Week** (NBC, 10-11 p.m. EDT)—*Laughter, U.S.A.*, the first show in this new series, studies the history of humor in America (debut). **Editor's Choice** (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m. EDT)—James Hagerty with top news of the week.

Monday, Sept. 18

Expedition! (ABC, 7-7:30 p.m. EDT)—A trip into the African jungle (return). **Cheyenne** (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m. EDT)—Cheyenne's assignment: Bring back an Army deserter (repeat). **Alan King Show** (CBS, 10-10:30 p.m. EDT)—Alan King portrays himself as husband and father, with Denise Lor as his wife, in this one-shot comedy special. **Thriller** (NBC, 10-11 p.m. EDT)—Tom Poston stars in a tale of vampires for the season opener at this new time. **Peter Gunn** (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m. EDT)—Gunn is hired by a millionaire to foil a blackmailer's scheme (repeat).

Tuesday, Sept. 19

Laramie (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m. EDT)—The sheriff allows an outlaw to escape to prove his innocence (repeat). **Aired HITCHCOCK Presents** (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m. EDT)—A convict, after 20 years in prison, picks up a young girl who turns out to be his daughter (repeat). **Playhouse 90** (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m. EDT)—William Faulkner's *The Old Man*, a tale of a convict who must decide between going free and saving a woman's life. Sterling Hayden and Geraldine Page star (repeat). **Cain's 100** (NBC, 10-11 p.m. EDT)—A criminal lawyer (Mark Richmond) severs his relationship with the underworld to join the war against crime (debut). **Close Up!** (ABC, 10-11 p.m. EDT)—*Study of the American Negro* is the first in a series of special programs on the U.S. and African Negro.

RECORDINGS

POPULAR

★ **Anka**, *Anka at the Copa* (ABC-Paramount-M.S.)—Inept performance by a rock 'n' roller going straight.

★ **Pony Bennett**, *Sings for Two* (Columbia-M.S.)—Theming reprise of night-club favorites.

★ **Oscar Brown, Jr.**, *Sin & Soul* (Columbia-M.S.)—A new talent on the blues scene.

★ **Carnival**, *Original Cast* (MGM-M.S.T.)—Anna Maria Abberthetti and Kaye Ballard, among others, fit through Broadway's *Lili*.

★ **Ray Charles**, *Dedicated to You* (ABC-Paramount-M.S.T.)—*Ruby, Nancy, Margie, Marie* and other chick songs.

★ **June Christy**, *Off Beat* (Capitol-M.S.)—Little known tunes by a well-known voice.

★ **Robert Clary**, *Lives It Up* at the *Playboy Club* (Atlantic-M.S.)—An in-person set by the frantic Frenchman.

★ **Nat Cole**, *Touch of Your Lips* (Capitol-M.S.)—The mellifluous balladeer exhibiting his noted capacity to soothe.

★ **Bobby Darin**, *Love Swings* (Atco-M.S.)—Not up to Sinatra's *Swingin' Lovers*, but worth a dig or two. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

★ **Meyer Davis**, *Plays the Inaugural Ball* (Warwick-M.S.)—Lester Lanin broke this record over his knee, but Jackie loved it.

★ **Sammy Davis, Jr.**, *The Wham of Sam* (Reprise-M.S.T.)—The perpetually Clansman in a sprightly set for the Leader's new label.

★ **Frank D'Rone**, *Try a Little Tenderness* (Mercury-M.S.)—Sensitive singer, soggy strings. *Reviewed current issue.*

Records are available in stereo (S), monaural (M) or tape (T), as indicated.

★ **Billy Eckstine**, *Broadway, Bongos & Mr. "B"* (Mercury-M.S.)—Everything's coming up Latin. *Reviewed current issue.*

★ **Ernie Egan**, *Frenzy* (Verve-M.S.)—The indefatigable dame in a Latin frame.

★ **Ella Fitzgerald**, *Ella Fitzgerald Sings Cole Porter*, *Ella Fitzgerald Sings More Cole Porter* (Verve-M.S.)—Ella's earlier set, now available in single LPs. New titles, but same solid, sensational singing.

★ **Ella Fitzgerald**, *Sings the Harold Arlen Songbook* (Verve-M.S.)—A two-LP set by the reigning queen of pop-jazz singers.

★ **Four Freshmen**, *Voices in Fun* (Capitol-M.S.)—Gambols through a dozen standards in a particularly playful outing.

★ **Judy Garland**, *Judy at Carnegie Hall* (Capitol-M.S.)—A grand night for singing. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

★ **Buddy Greco**, *Buddy's Back in Town* (Epic-M.S.)—The ex-Goodman band crooner comes of age as a stand-out single with a tasteful array of tunes.

★ **Eydie Gormé**, *Come Sing with Me* (United Artists-M.S.)—Steve Lawrence's spouse rinses out the oldies.

★ **Bert Kaempfert**, *Wanderland by Night* (Decca-M.S.)—Cold German dumplings.

★ **Frankie Laine**, *Hell Bent for Leather* (Columbia-M.S.)—Believe it or not, a revival of *Mule Train*.

★ **Lester Lanin**, *Plays Latin* (Epic-M.S.)—Meyer Davis broke this album over his knee, but Harvey Firestone loved it.

★ **Julius LaRosa**, *The New Julie LaRosa* (Kapp-M.S.)—The Godfrey godchild finally gets off the ground.

★ **Steve Lawrence**, *Portrait of My Love* (United Artists-M.S.)—A dozen soulful tunes with lush strings.

★ **Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gormé**, *Cozy* (Ultra Audio-M.S.)—Connubial bliss, documented on wax.

★ **Peggy Lee**, *At Basin Street East* (Capitol-M.S.)—A sizzling set. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

★ **Johnny Mathis**, *I'll Buy You a Star* (Columbia-M.S.)—Perpetual best seller croons *Love Look Away* and others.

★ **Johnny Mathis**, *Johnny's Moods* (Columbia-M.S.T.)—Sighing by a suave stylist.

★ **Never on Sunday**, *Sound Track* (United Artists-M.S.T.)—The Grecians earn plaudits.

★ **Edith Piaf**, *More Piaf of Paris* (Capitol-M.S.)—Songs for sad lovers. *Reviewed current issue.*

★ **Elvis Presley**, *His Hand in Mine* (RCA Victor-M.S.)—Less twanging, but same old huffing and puffing.

★ **Nina Simone**, *Forbidden Fruit* (Colpix-M.S.)—Better than ripe mangoes. *Reviewed current issue.*

★ **Frank Sinatra**, *Come Swing with Me* (Capitol-M.S.)—A weak-kneed kneading by the Master. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

★ **Frank Sinatra**, *Sinatra Swings* (Reprise-M.S.)—Stunning singing by the record-company executive. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

★ **Frank Sinatra**, *Ring-A-Ding Ding* (Reprise-M.S.T.)—A smash debut set for his own recording firm.

★ **Frank Sinatra**, *Sinatra's Swinging Session* (Capitol-M.S.)—He sings *You Do Something to Me* and does.

★ **Frank Sinatra**, *All the Way* (Capitol-M.S.)—A top-drawer take out of the Voice's single sellers.

★ **Frank Sinatra**, *Nice 'n' Easy* (Capitol-M.S.)—After-hours musings for the harried and the unharried.

★ **Dakota Staton**, *Dakota* (Capitol-M.S.)—Jazzman Benny Carter provides the best reason for digging this.

★ **Mel Tormé** and **Margaret Whiting**, *Broadway Right Now* (Verve-M.S.)—A dandy duo reviews the musical season.

★ **Dinah Washington**, *For Lonely Lovers* (Mercury-M.S.)—The Queen's soup is the blues; this bouillabaisse is a bit stringy.

★ **Lawrence Welk**, *Calcutta* (Dot-M.S.)—Another sticky wicket of a-one, a-two.

JAZZ

★ **Cannonball Adderley**, *Cannonball en Route* (Mercury-M.S.)—Recorded in 1957, just released, this was a warm-up for glories to follow.

★ **Charles Bell**, *The Charles Bell Contemporary Jazz Quartet* (Columbia-M.S.)—Extremely intricate, distinctly modern explorations.

★ **Bob Brookmeyer**, *Jazz Is a Kick* (Mercury-M.S.)—West Coastish arrangements and East Coast jazzment don't quite mix.

★ **Big Bill Broonzy**, *The Bill Broonzy Story* (Verve-M.S.)—A moving document, in five LPs, of a roving blues singer's life and times.

★ **Ray Charles**, *The Genius After Hours* (Atlantic-M.S.)—The blues shouter turns pianist for this blowing session. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

★ **June Christy—Bob Cooper**, *Do Re Mi* (Capitol-M.S.)—Vocal and instrumental tracks by these happily married hippies.

★ **Ornette Coleman**, *This Is Our Music* (Atlantic-M.S.)—More believing by the alto man.

★ **John Coltrane**, *My Favorite Things* (Atlantic-M.S.)—Less angry than in the past, the influential soloist is impressive on both tenor and soprano sax.

★ **Miles Davis**, *Steamin'* (Prestige-M.)—The trumpeter's 1955-1956 quintet in cool heat. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

★ **Eric Dolphy**, *Out There* (Prestige-M.)—Way-out searching that hovers entirely this side of obscurity. *Reviewed current issue.*

★ **Duke Ellington**, *Piano in the Background* (Columbia-M.S.)—The Duke's striding piano dominates. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

★ **Don Ellis**, *How Time Passes* (Candid-M.S.)—Distinguished experiments by trumpeter Ellis and friends.

★ **Gil Evans**, *Explorations* (Riverside-M.S.)—One of the best of the young jazz pianists, in a many-hued program of inimitable inventions.

★ **Gil Evans**, *Out of the Cool* (Impulse-M.S.)—The regal sound of arranger Evans' melodic manipulations.

★ **Art Farmer**, *Art* (Argo-M.S.)—A stunning set by the Jazzet co-leader, working with just a rhythm section.

★ **Maynard Ferguson**, *Maynard '61* (Roulette-M.S.)—The loudest little lion in the land.

★ **Bud Freeman**, *The Bud Freeman All-Stars* (Prestige/Swingville-M.)—The tried-and-true tenor man and friends in a melodic session, down the middle.

★ **Red Garland**, *Rojo* (Prestige-M.S.)—A slight excursion by a pianist who knows better.

★ **Erroll Garner**, *Dreamstreet* (Octave-M.S.)—After a three-year respite, the whimsical pianist makes a notable return. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

★ **Dizzy Gillespie**, *The Greatest of Dizzy Gillespie* (RCA Victor-M.)—Tunes of glory. *Reviewed current issue.*

★ **Benny Golson**, *Take a Number from One to Ten* (Argo-M.S.)—The tenor man and composer begins alone, adds a man per track and has a merry time.

★ **Benny Goodman**, *Benny Goodman Swings Again* (Columbia-M.S.)—The tunes are the same, but the excitement's gone.

★ **Morris Strants**, *Morris Strants Presents JUNK* (Capitol-M.S.)—A jolly satire on some of jazz' sacred cows.

★ **Eddie Harris**, *Exodus to Jazz* (Vee Jay-M.S.T.)—A pleasing tour by a multi-instrumentalist. A best seller worth hearing.

★ **Jon Hendricks**, *Evolution of the Blues Song* (Columbia-M.S.)—A warmhearted narrative-plus-performance, tracing the blues path.

★ **Al Hirt**, *The Greatest Horn in the World* (RCA Victor-M.S.T.)—The chubby trumpeter's bag of tricks.

★ **Milt Jackson and John Coltrane**, *Bags and Trane* (Atlantic-M.S.)—Two pillars of jazz in tingling tête-à-têtes. *Reviewed current issue.*

★ **Moder Jazz Quartet**, *European Concert* (Atlantic-M.S.T.)—A superb in-person set by the most disciplined combo in jazz. Sampling a splendid repertoire.

★ **Gerry Mulligan**, *At the Village Vanguard* (Verve-M.S.)—The concert jazz band on location.

★★★★ Exceptional ★★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Good ★★ Average ★ Fair

**** Charlie Parker, "Bird" Is Free (Charlie Parker Records, distributed by Carlton Records-M) — Bird lives. *Reviewed current issue.*

** Jimmy Rushing, *The Smith Girls* (Columbia-M.S.) — Rough rasping in the warmedhearts blues vein. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

**** George Russell, *George Russell Sextet at the Five Spot* (Decca-M.S.) — Russell, as pianist, fronts a freewheeling fivesome.

**** Pee Wee Russell, *Swingin' with Pee Wee* (Prestige/Swingville-M) — Fine playing by the indestructible clarinetist, assisted by trumpet Buck Clayton and sympathetic rhythm trio.

**** Lester Young, *Jazz Improvisation Series, Vol. 2* (Savoy-M) — Vintage Pres from the 1950s. *Reviewed current issue.*

CLASSICAL

** Samuel Barber, *Second Essay for Orchestra, Music for a Scene from Shelley, Serenade for Strings, A Spotwatch and an Ordinance Map, A Hand of Bridge*, Symphony of the Air, conducted by Vladimir Golschmann (Vanguard-M.S.) — Assorted minor works. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

**** Bela Bartok, *Concerto for Orchestra and Dance Suite*, Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, conducted by Bernard Haitink (Epic-M.S.) — A young conductor brings affection and understanding to Bartok.

*** Karl-Björger Blomdahl, *Aniara*, Soloists of the Stockholm Royal Opera, Chorus and Orchestra of the Vienna Volkoper, conducted by Werner Janssen (Columbia-M.S.) — Swedes in operatic space. *Reviewed current issue.*

**** Budapest String Quartet, with Davis Oppenheim, clarinet, Brahms' *Clarinet Quintet In F Minor* (Columbia-M.S.) — As the clarinetist goes, so goes the entire interpretation. Subbed.

**** Fine Arts Quartet, with members of the New York Woodwind Quintet and Harold Siegel, bass, Schubert's *Octet in F Major for Strings and Winds* (Concert-Disc-M.S.) — Penetrating performance of a chamber music jewel.

**** Glenn Gould, *Ten Brahms Intermezzi* (Columbia-M.S.) — The fleet hands and knowing interpretations of one of the most eccentric, most skilled, young soloists.

Eric Heidieck, piano, Paris Conservatory Orchestra, conducted by Andre Vandermort, Mozart's *Concertos in D Minor and A Major* (Capitol-M.S.) — It may be Heidieck, but it's not exactly champagne.

**** Heifetz-Primrose-Piatigorsky, Beethoven's *Trio in D. Bach's Three Sonatas*, Schubert's *Trio in B Flat* (RCA Victor-M.S.) — The severe disenchantments of brand-name advertising. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

**** Clément Jannequin, *Choral Works*, Montreal Bach Choir Society, conducted by George Little (Fox-M.S.) — Distinctive Renaissance program music, impressively performed. *Reviewed current issue.*

**** Mozart, *A Musical Joke*, members of the North German Radio Orchestra, conducted by Christoph Stepp: *Suite from the Abduction from the Seraglio*, wind ensemble of the South German Radio Orchestra: *Divertimento in B Flat*, Detmond Wind Sextet (Archive-M.S.) — From the celebrated spoof to the operatic suite to the graceful *Divertimento*, these performances are crystal-clear and communicative.

**** Maurizio Pollini, piano, Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Paul Kletzki, Chopin's *First Piano Concerto* (Capitol-M.S.) — An 18-year-old Italian pianist pours a wealth of technique and understanding into a magnificent reading.

**** Leontyne Price, *Excerpts from Verdi and Puccini Operas*, Rome Opera House Orchestra, conducted by Oliviero de Fabritis and Arturo Basile (RCA Victor-M.S.) — One of the lustrous voices of our time. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

**** Sviatoslav Richter, piano, Beethoven's *Piano Sonata in F Minor (Appassionato)* and *Piano Sonata in A Flat* (RCA Victor-M.S.T.) — Characteristically skilled performances by the Russian master.

**** Stravinsky, *Le Sacre du Printemps*, *Petroushka*, *Three Russian Dances* and *A Propos of Le Sacre*, Columbia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Stravinsky (Columbia-M.S.) — Photos, notes galore, reminiscences by the composer — and sparkling performances guided by the most knowing hand — on three LPs.

**** Tchaikovsky, *The Nutcracker*, Bolshoi Theater Orchestra, conducted by Gennady Rozhdestvensky (Artia-M.S.) — A triumph in enlivening a standard work. *Reviewed current issue.*

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FOLK

**** Pola Chapelle, *Sings Italian Folk Songs* (Prestige/International-M) — Rich, personalized, dynamic vocalizing. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

**** The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem (Tradition-M) — Revels of the four Irish roisterers. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

**** Richard Dyer-Bennet, *Vol. 9* (Richard Dyer-Bennet Records-M.S.) — The noted balladeer keeps rolling. *Reviewed current issue.*

**** Ronnie Gilbert, *Come and Go with Me* (Vanguard-M.S.) — The distill of the Weavers goes it alone, with satirizing results.

**** Rakkh Hadass, *Israeli, Yeminite, Greek and Ladino Songs* (Monitor-M.S.) — Passionate, moving explorations of exotic source material by a compelling folk singer.

**** Cisco Houston, *Sings the Songs of Woody Guthrie* (Vanguard-M) — A moving program of the works of the dean of folk-song writing. *Reviewed current issue.*

**** Kingston Trio, *Goins' Place* (Capitol-M.S.) — More sunshine smiles, happy-go-lucky strikes by the leaders of the return-to-the-roots school.

**** Limeliters, *Tongue in Person* (RCA Victor-M.S.T.) — Witty goings-on in the folk realm, spicing the authentic with salty satire.

**** Germaine Montero, *Montmarie na Luik* (Vanguard-M.S.) — Gallic glitter. *Reviewed current issue.*

**** Carlos Montoya (RCA Victor-M.S.T.) — Superb guitar playing by the world's foremost exponent of flamenco fretting.

**** Soviet Army Chorus, *The Soviet Army Chorus in Paris* (Artia-M.S.) — The Alexandrov Song and Dance Ensemble (their less warlike tag) rattle the roof.

**** Stan Freberg, *Presents The U.S. of A.* (Capitol-M.S.) — A musical comedy production, some of which is effectively satirical.

**** Dick Gregory, *Dick Gregory in Living Black and White* (Colpix-M) — The Negro comic flings his world at the world.

**** Will Jordan, *Ill Will* (Jubilee-M) — Take-offs and put-downs by a leading mimic.

**** Krapp's Last Tape (Spoken Arts-M) — Donald Davis in a virtuoso performance of Beckett's view of existence. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

**** Elsa Lancheater, *Elsa Lancheater Herself* (Verve-M.S.) — The fey side of Mrs. Laughton. *Reviewed current issue.*

**** Joe E. Lewis, *It is Now Post Time* (Reprise-M.S.) — And an old jockey is at the reins.

**** Moms Mabley, *Moms Mabley at the U.N.* (Chess-M) — The grandda of Negro humorists.

**** Charlie Manna, *Manna Overboard* (Decca-M.S.) — Highlighted by a tale of an astronaut who won't room without his crayons.

**** The Premise (Vanguard-M.S.) — The delights of "instant theater" by Manhattan satirists. *Reviewed 9/5/61.*

**** Mort Sahl, *New Frontier* (Reprise-M.S.) — Rapid-fire iconoclastic warfare.

**** Wayne and Shuster, *Selected Short Subjects* (Columbia-M.S.) — Dialogs, deft and daft. *Reviewed current issue.*

**** Woody Woodbury, *Concert in Comedy* (Stereodiscs-M.S.) — A Floridian's view of the world of drunks.

CONCERTS

Duke Ellington, *Music Hall, Dallas, Tex.* — Moods indigo and others, by the illustrious composer's crew. *Sept. 6.*

Judy Garland, *Hollywood Bowl, Hollywood, Calif.* — The mistress of magic in an evening guaranteed to enchant. *Sept. 15.*

Israel Music Festival — A tempting tour item, with concerts in Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, Haifa, Kibbutz-Einged and at the Roman ruins at Caesarea by Pablo Casals, Isaac Stern, Maureen Forrester, Rudolf Serkin and the Budapest String Quartet. *Closes Sept. 18.*

Red Army Chorus, *Ottawa Auditorium, Ottawa, Ont.* (Sept. 5-6). *Forum Amphitheater, Montreal, Que.* (Sept. 7-13) — The spirited horde of musicians, singers and dancers serenades Canadian audiences. U.S. audiences will remain unscenared by State Dept. order. *Sept. 5-13.*

OPERA

San Francisco Opera, *War Memorial Opera House, San Francisco, Calif.* — Opening night (Sept. 15) spotlights Joan Sutherland as *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Another highlight: the premiere of Norman Delo's *Blow Me a Kiss* (Sept. 18) with Mary Costa. *Sept. 15-26.*

DANCE

Bayanihan Dancers, *Geary Theater, San Francisco, Calif.* — The opening of a 13-week, 65-city tour by the Philippine company. *Sept. 18-24.*

Lenograd Kirou Ballet, *Metropolitan Opera House, New York City* — Formerly the Maryinsky troupe, this company opens a 10-week U.S. tour by offering Manhattanites such standards as *Swan Lake, Giselle, Sleeping Beauty*. *Sept. 11-30.*

New York City Ballet, *City Center, New York City* — George Balanchine's company, leaping through such items as *Agon, Apollo, Stars and Stripes and Creation of the World*. Allegra Kent, Patricia Wilde, Edward Villella and Francisco Moncion are among the leapers. *Closes Sept. 16.*

NIGHT CLUBS

(Open nightly, unless otherwise noted)

CHICAGO

Alhambra — If the fox looks familiar, it is probably owner-pianist Ahmad Jamal. 1321 S. Michigan (W 2-1836). Last show 1:30 a.m. Closed Mon. & Tu. Food. No liquor. Basin Street — The sweet and solid cornet of veteran dixielander Muggsy Spanier. 862 N. State (WH 3-4824). Last show 3 a.m. Sat. 4 a.m. No food. Birdhouse — Cannonball Adderley, a broad-beamed altoist, trucks his powerful quintet on Sept. 18, 1205 N. Dearborn (MF 2-8230). Last show 2 a.m. Food. Now serving liquor. Le Bistro — Milt Trentier singing in an up-tempo mood. 834 N. State (MI 2-8090). Last show 3:15 a.m., Sat. 4:15 a.m. No food. Blue Angel — A continuing *Limbo Calypso* revue for Latinophiles. 621 S. Michigan (HA 7-6364). Last show 2 a.m. Food. Bourbon Street — Bob Scobey and his Frisco Jazz Band will play *Suits Go Marching In* on request, or even without one. 936 N. Rush (WH 3-2630). Last show 3:30 a.m. No food. Cloister — Comedian Phil Tucker specializes in moods indigo. 900 N. Rush (DE 7-1536). Last show 1 a.m., Sat. 1:45 a.m. Closed Sun. No food. Club Alabam — Singers Flo Henry and LaVerne Pierson at a Chicago landmark. 747 N. Rush (WH 1-9600). Last show 2:30 a.m. Closed Sun. Food. Conrad Hilton, Boulevard Room — They're freezing the ice for a Sept. 7 skating soifée. 720 S. Michigan (W 2-4400). Last show 8:30 p.m., Sat. 10 p.m. Closed Mon. No food. Drake Hotel, *Cavellin House* — Park Avenue hillbilly Dorothy Shay sashays in Sept. 8. Lake Shore Dr. & N. Michigan (SU 7-2200). Last show 11:30 p.m., Sat. midnight. Closed Mon. Food. Edgewater Beach, *Polyester Village* — The Midwest's counterpart of the U.N. offers the Korean Kim Sisters until Sept. 19. and Los Churumbelans de España starting Sept. 20. 3549 N. Sheridan (LO 1-6000). Last show 11:45 p.m., Sun. 10:30 p.m., Food. Gate of Horn — Lionel Stander. buffalo gone straight, in Eugene O'Neill readings. 1016 N. State (SU 7-2833). Last

***** Exceptional **** Excellent
*** Good ** Average * Fair

show 1 a.m. **Food. Happy Medium**—*Medium Rare*, a broad satirical revue, is now in its second year in this cabaret theater. The Downstage Room has dancing amid feminine warbling. *Rush & Delaware* (DE 7-1000). Last show theater 11:30 p.m., Sun. 10:30 p.m. Closed Mon.; Downstage Room 3 a.m., Sun. & Mon. 2:30 a.m. No food.

Jazz Ltd.—Bill Reinhardt's Dixieland Band and banjoist Clancy Hayes are the coolers and plunkers in residence. 144 E. Grand Ave. (E 7-9077). Last show 3:30 a.m. Closed Sun. No food. **Living Room**—Roberta Sherwood opens this room, once the Tradewinds, on Sept. 13, 867 N. Rush (SU 5-5496). Last show 12:30 a.m., Fri. & Sat. 2:30 a.m. **Food. London House**—When the Paul Smith Trio ends its run on Sept. 17, the Ramsey Lewis group, three soul merchants, move in on Sept. 19, 360 N. Michigan (AN 3-6920). Last show 2 a.m. **Food. Mister Kelly's**—Felicia Sanders sings and Charlie Manna tells astronaut stories until Sept. 17, 1028 N. Rush (11 H 3-2233). Last show midnight, Fri., 1:30 a.m., Sat. 2 a.m. **Food. Palmer House**, Empire Room—Carol Channing, a carat loon, flashes her teeth for a month beginning Sept. 7, State & Monroe (RA 6-7722). Last show midnight. **Food. Playboy Club**—Joe Conti and the Rafsmen in the Penthouse. The Library roster lists Mariani Paige, Will Mercer and Stu Gilliam. 116 E. Walton Pl. (W H 4-3010). Keyholders only. Last show Penthouse 12:20 a.m., Library 2:20 a.m. **Food. Playwrights at Second City**—*Big Deal* is a contemporary reworking of *The Beggar's Opera*. 1846 N. Wells (DE 7-3992). Last show 9 p.m., Fri. & Sat. 11:30 p.m. Closed Sun. **Food. Roberts Show Club**—The new management promises a sampling of jazz singers and instrumentalists. 6622 S. Park (FA 4-7000). Last show 2:30 a.m., Sat. 3:15 a.m. Closed Mon. & Tues. **Food. Second City**—*Six of One*, sharp-quilled cabaret theater in a city that bristles with it. 1842 N. Wells (DE 7-3992). Last show 11 p.m., Sat. 1 a.m. Closed Mon. **Food. Sheraton-Blackstone, Café Bonaparte**—Lilo of the vibrant voice opens on Sept. 14, Michigan at Balbo (HA 7-4300). Last show 11:30 p.m. Closed Sun. **Food.**

LAS VEGAS

Carver House—John Bubbers heads up the show, augmented by four nude showgirls. "D" & Jackson (DU 4-5760). Last show 4 a.m. **Food. Desert Inn**—Mayhemianics Louis Prima and Keely Smith are abetted by Sam Butera and The Witnesses. The Strip (RE 5-1122). Last show 11:45 p.m., Sat. 2:15 a.m. **Food. Dunes**—Eleanor Powell taps off Sept. 13. Next night, impresario Steve Parker defects from Japan and introduces *Holiday in the Philippines*. The Strip (RE 5-3111). Last show midnight. **Food. Flamingo**—Louis Bellson's wife, Pearl Bailey, fronts a fast-paced vaudeville troupe. Limber Lionel Hampton vibrates in the Lounge. The Strip (RE 5-8111). Last show midnight. **Food. Nevada Club**—In Paris Nights, Jacqueline Duhalil takes an on-stage bubble bath. The Strip (EI 5-2261). Last show 2:30 a.m. **Food. New Frontier**—*Holiday in Rio*, out of the Barry Ashton factory, features flying nudes. The Strip (RE 5-7171). Last show midnight, Fri. & Sat. 2:15 a.m. **Food. Riviera**—A tarted-up version of Broadway's *Irma La Douce*. The Strip (RE 5-5111). Last show midnight. **Food. Sahara**—Teresa Brewer sings and struts until Sept. 25. Don Rickles spews venom in the Lounge. The Strip (RE 5-2111). Last show midnight. **Food. Sands**—Paul Anka, an adolescent hardly out of rompers, shares bill with comics Allen and Rossi, rompers with an adolescent spirit. The Strip (RE 5-9111). Last show midnight. **Food. Silver Slipper**—*Night Club Follies*, 1961, showcases Hank Henry's black-and-blue humor and scantily-clad chorus girls. The Strip (RE 5-1221). Last show 2:30 a.m. **Food. Stardust**—*Le Lido de Paris*, 1961, is the most spectacular night-club spectacle extant. Billy Daniels supervises Lounge life. The Strip (RE 5-6111). Last show midnight, Sat. 2:15 a.m. **Food. Thunderbird**—*Spectacular Summer Ice Revue* holds on in a city that knows no winter. The Strip (RE 5-4111). Last show midnight, Sat. 2:15 a.m. **Food. Tropicana**—*The Folies-Bergère*, a razzle-dazzle tableau, is an indomitable attraction. Lounge activity picks up

with Jerry Colonna on Sept. 14. The Strip (RE 3-4949). Last show midnight, Sat. 2:15 a.m. **Food.**

LOS ANGELES-HOLLYWOOD

Ben Blue's—The big noise in Santa Monica is *Hullabaloo*, a 90-minute miscellany headed by boniface Ben. 2210 Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica (EX 3-2249). Last show 11:45 p.m. **Closed Mon. Food. Coconut Grove**—Myron Cohen, a storyteller with scalp, and Vivienne Della Chiesa, a singer with curves, on hand through Sept. 20, 3400 Wilshire Blvd. (DU 7-7011). Last show 10:30 p.m., Fri. & Sat. midnight. Closed Mon. **Food. Crescendo**—Mort Sahl combines wry and ham. 8752 Sunset Blvd. (OL 2-1800). Last show 11:45 p.m., Fri. & Sat. 12:15 a.m. Closed some Monis. **Food. Manne Hole**—Owner-drummer Shelly Mame works on weekends. During the week take away from Frank Rosolino, Barney Kessel. Paul Horn. 1608 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood (HO 4-9674). Until 2 a.m. **Food. Moulton Rouge**—A meeting of strippers and honking saxophonists. 6230 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood (HO 9-6333). Last show 9 p.m., Sat. midnight. Closed Mon. **Food. P.J.'s**—The town's "in" late place serves equal amounts of breakfast, cocktail piano, and soulful jazz. 8151 Santa Monica Blvd. (OL 4-6140). Until 4 a.m. Closed Sun. **Food. Renaissance**—Abstract expressionism on display, by jazzmen and painters. 8428 Sunset Blvd. (OL 4-9106). Until 1 a.m. Closed Mon. **Food. Roaring '20s**—Honky-tonk piano concocted here. 133 N. La Cienega Blvd. (GI 2-2461). Until 2 a.m. Closed Sun. No food. **Food. Slate Club**—A West Coast bastion of big-league fun and games. 339 N. La Cienega Blvd. (OL 2-0507). Last show 12:30 a.m., Fri. & Sat. 12:45 a.m. No food. **Ye Little Club**—Ruth Olay has a lilt in her voice; Eduardo Sasson has a guitar pick in his hand. 455 N. Canon Dr., Beverly Hills (CR 5-3077). Last show 12:15 a.m., Sat. 1 a.m. **Food.**

MIAMI-MIAMI BEACH

Americana—*Spice on Ice* is a revue for gay blades who like Polar-bare girls. Ocean at 96th St. (UN 5-7511). Last show midnight. Closed Mon. **Food. Carillon**—*French Dressing*, palatable even to ketchup fanatics, now in its third year. Ocean at 68th St. (UN 5-7561). Last show midnight. Closed Mon. **Food. Deauville**—The Barry Ashton conveyor belt brings *Playmates of Paris* to the Casanova Room. Ocean at 67th St. (UN 5-8511). Last show midnight. Closed Mon. **Food. Eden Roc**—Pompeian Room dark. Singer Diane Pane keeps things lively in Harry's American Bar. Collins at 45th St. (JE 2-2561). Last show 12:30 a.m. No food. **Fontainebleau**—*Cherchez La Femme*, a revue, arrives in La Ronde Room on Sept. 21, Ocean at 44th St. (JE 8-8811). Last show midnight. Closed Mon. **Food. Murray Frankin's**—Black-out master Roy Sedley heads up large show. 211 22nd St. (JE 8-7201). Last show 2:30 a.m. No food. **Playboy Club**—The Penthouse alignment includes Romer and Howard, the Hi-Fis and Jerri Wittens. Comic Jerry Shane and Nino Nanni are the Librarians. 7701 Biscayne Blvd. (PL 1-7543). Keyholders only. Last show Penthouse midnight. Library 2:20 a.m. **Food. Seville**—*Caught in the Act* concludes Sept. 19. Club dark for two weeks thereafter. Ocean at 29th St. (JE 1-7200). Last show 11:30 p.m., Fri. & Sat. 1 a.m. No food.

NEW YORK

Basin Street East—Dave Brubeck, the Brothers Four and Carmen McKae wind up on Sept. 12. Stan Kenton's big new band, Chris Connor and Oscar Peterson's run in Sept. 14. 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4470). Last show midnight, Fri. & Sat. 2 a.m. Closed Sun. **Food. Birdland**—A sure sign of Indian Summer is Count Basie and his band, the replacement for Dizzy Gillespie and Slide Hampton on Sept. 14. Broadway at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333). Until 4 a.m. **Food. Blue Angel**—Dick Rogers, a comic who looks lightly at the dark side of life, ends a return engagement on Sept. 20. 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998). Last show midnight, Fri. & Sat. 1:30 a.m. **Food. Bon Soir**—Twin treats are a revised edition of the revue, *Greenwich Village U.S.A.*, and the regular edition of

bumfoul Mac Barnes. 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531). Last show 12:30 a.m. Closed Mon. **Food. Copacabana**—Joe E. Lewis takes time off from Belmont to head the bill, supported by singer Adam Wade and the Copa cuties. 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900). Last show midnight, Fri. & Sat. 2 a.m. **Food. Downstairs at the Upstairs**—*Dressed to the Nines*, songs and patter neatly arranged in the Julius Monk menu. 37 W. 36th St. (CI 5-6163). Last show 11:45 p.m. Closed Sun. **Food. Eddie Condon's**—The guitarist-owner is a hardy perennial and lures in a gaggle of traditional musicians even harder. 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550). Until 3 a.m. Closed Sun. **Food. Embers**—Ray Bryant's Trio, mercifully modern, alternates with Louis Metcalf's Quartet until Sept. 9. Bryant takes over as top tenet thereafter. 161 E. 54th St. (PL 3-2228). Until 2:30 a.m., Sat. & Sun. 3 a.m. **Food. Five Spot**—Ornette Coleman's genuine beard and plastic alo displayed simultaneously. 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650). Last show 2 a.m. **Food. Half Note**—Modern jazz and sausage sandwiches get equal billing. 289 Hutton St. (AL 5-9752). Last show 1 a.m. Closed Mon. **Food. International**—Singer Linda Lombard sandwiched between numbers by the International Debutantes, none of them Junior Leagueurs. Broadway at 53rd St. (CI 7-3070). Last show 12:15 a.m. Closed Mon. **Food. Jazz Gallery**—Pianist Horace Silver pulls in Sept. 17. 80 St. Marks Pl. (AL 4-4242). Last show 2 a.m. Closed Mon. **Food. Latin Quarter**—Billy Williams and company get top billing in a girlie show called *Vive La Femme*. Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735). Last show midnight, Sat. 12:30 a.m. **Food. Living Room**—Simone singer Salvo Blair, along with Bobby Bell, sinks in on Sept. 11, succeeding Bobby Breen and Rosette Shaw. 915 Second Ave. (EL 5-2262). Last show 2 a.m. Closed Mon. **Metropole**—Graying drummer Gene Krupa is visible from the street, if you put your nose to the window. Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088). Last show 2:30 a.m., Sat. 1:45 a.m. **Food. El Morocco**—A kind of sandbox for sophisticates, with continuous dancing. 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079). Until 3 a.m. **Food. One Fifth Avenue**—Singers and comics performing indoors just off Washington Square. 1 Fifth Ave. (SP 7-7000). Last show 12:45 a.m. **Food. Pierre, Cotillon Room**—Latest entry in the New York repackaging of the once-titled *Steph'n in Society*. Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000). Last show 12:15 a.m. Closed Mon. **Food. Piazza Hotel, Persian Room**—Singer Shirley Bassey reopens this poshery on Sept. 9. Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000). Last show 12:15 a.m. Closed Sun. **Food. Roundtable**—The Dorothy Donegan Trio elbows in on Sept. 11, replacing the Dukes of Dixieland. 151 E. 50th St. (RO 8-0310). Last show 2:30 a.m. Closed Sun. **Food. Savoy Hilton, The Columns**—Gunnar Hansen's orchestra beams its beat over an expansive, freshly waxed floor starting Sept. 11. Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600). Last show 2 a.m. Closed Sun. **Food. Showplace**—*The Prickly Pair*, Marimar Mercer and R. Brown, serve up a selection of spicy song and chatter, revue-style. 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648). Last show 11 p.m. Closed Mon. **Food. St. Regis, Maionette**—Vail-to-wait. Patatchou's carping is as good as any provided by a French chanteuse. She starts Sept. 12. 2 E. 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Last show midnight. Closed Sun. **Food. Upstairs at the Downstairs**—Seven Come Eleven, Julius Monk's satirical revue, is certain to be a natural when it opens the third week in September. 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1214). Last show 1:15 a.m. Closed Sun. **Food. Village Gate**—Nina Simone and Olatunji's Afro-jazz Sextet check out Sept. 17. Folk singer Pete Seeger arrives Sept. 20. 185 Thompson St. (GR 3-5120). Last show 1 a.m., Fri. & Sat. 1:30 a.m. Closed Mon. **Food. Village Vanguard**—Renov saxophonist Stan Getz and singers Jackie Cain and Roy Kral share the stage through Sept. 10. Miles Davis begins trumpeting Sept. 12. 178 Seventh Ave. St. at 11th St. (CH 2-9355). Last show 2 a.m. Closed Mon. **Food. Waldorf-Astoria, Empire Room**—TV favorite Genevieve, the French pixie with the fractured accent, reopens this opulent spa on Sept. 20. Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000). Last show 12:30 a.m. Closed Sun. **Food.**



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