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100 New Yorkers of the 1970s

By Max Millard

Dedication: to Bruce Logan, who made this book possible.

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INTRODUCTION

The interviews for this book were conducted from May 1977 to December 1979. They appeared as cover stories for the __TV Shopper__, a free weekly paper that was distributed to homes and businesses in New York City. Founded by Bruce Logan in the mid-1970s as the __West Side TV Shopper__, it consisted of TV listings, advertisements, and two full-page stories per issue. One was a "friendly" restaurant review of an advertiser; the other was a profile of a prominent resident of the Upper West Side of Manhattan. The honoree's face appeared on the cover, framed by a TV screen.

The formula was successful enough so that in 1978, Bruce began publishing the __East Side TV Shopper__ as well. My job was to track down the biggest names I could find for both papers, interview them, and write a 900-word story. Most interviewees were in the arts and entertainment industry — actors, singers, dancers, writers, musicians, news broadcasters and radio personalities. Bruce quickly recruited me to write the restaurant reviews as well. During my two and a half years at the paper, I wrote about 210 interviews. These are my 100 favorites of the ones that survive.

These stories represent my first professional work as a journalist. I arrived in New York City in November 1976 at age 26, hungry for an opportunity to write full-time after spending six years practicing my craft at college and community newspapers in New England. I had just started to sell a few stories in Maine, but realized I would have to move to a big city if I was serious about switching careers from social worker to journalist.

My gigs as an unpaid writer for small local papers included a music column for the __East Boston Community News__ and a theater column for the *Wise Guide* in Portland, Maine. I had learned the two most important rules of journalism — get your facts straight and meet your deadlines. I had taught myself Pitman's shorthand and could take notes at 100 words a minute. So I felt ready to make the leap if someone gave me a chance.

Full of hope, I quit my job in rural Maine as a senior citizens' aide, drove to New York, sold my car, moved into an Upper West Side apartment with two aspiring opera singers, and began to look for work.

One aspect of the New York personality, I soon observed, was that the great often mingled freely with the ordinary. At the Alpen Pantry Cafe in Lincoln Center, where I worked briefly, David Hartman, host of *Good Morning America*, came in for his coffee every morning and waited in line like everyone else.

John Lennon was said to walk his Westside neighborhood alone, and largely undisturbed.

The other side of the New York mentality was shown by nightclubs surrounded by velvet ropes, where uniformed doormen stood guard like army sentries. Disdaining the riffraff, they picked out certain attractive individuals milling outside and beckoned them to cut through the crowd, pay their admission and enter. The appearance of status counted for much, and many people who lived on 58th Street, one block from Central Park, got their mail through the back entrance so they could claim the higher class address of Central Park West.

In early 1977 my shorthand skills got me a part-time job at the home of Linda Grover, a scriptwriter for the TV soap opera *The Doctors*. On the day I met her, she dictated a half-hour script to me, winging it while glancing at an outline. My trial of fire was to transcribe it, type it up that night and turn it in the next morning for revisions. I got little sleep, but completed the job. After that I became her secretary.

Linda's soap work was unsteady, and to supplement her income she wrote all the cover stories for *TV Shopper*. After I'd been helping her for a few months, she accepted a full-time job as headwriter for a new soap. I had told her of my ambition and shown her some of my writing, so she recommended me to Bruce as her replacement.

For my first assignment, Bruce sent me to interview Delores Hall, star of a Broadway musical with an all-black cast, *Your Arms Too Short to Box With God*. I went to the theater, watched the show, then met Delores backstage. The first question I asked her was: "Is that your real hair?" She smiled good-naturedly at my lack of diplomacy and didn't answer, but made me feel completely at ease. She led me outside the theater, and without embarrassment, asked me to hail the taxi for us. Then she directed the driver to a favorite soul food restaurant, where she stuffed herself while I conducted the interview. She was as gracious in my company as she had been on the stage while bowing to a standing ovation. Later, her role in the show won her the Tony Award for Best Featured Actress in a Musical.

After completing my Delores Hall story, I was kept constantly busy at the *TV Shopper* for as long as I stayed in New York. At first Bruce gave me all the leads, many of whom were people who had requested to be on the cover. But soon I was after bigger game, and began to systematically hunt down people whom I had grown up admiring. I scanned *People* magazine each week to find out which celebrities were New Yorkers. When I landed an important interview, I often visited the New York Public Library of Performing Arts in Lincoln Center to study the clipping files and prepare my questions.

A few interviewees were distant and arrogant, making it clear that they wouldn't be wasting their time with me if not for the insistence of their agent. A cover story in the *TV Shopper* could possibly extend a Broadway run for a few days or sell another $10,000 worth of tickets to the ballet or opera. But the vast majority of my interview subjects were friendly, respectful, and even a little flattered by the thought of being on the cover. In general, the biggest people were most likely to be unpretentious and generous of spirit.

It was thrilling experience to meet and interview the people who had been my idols only a few years before. When we were alone together in a room, I felt that — if only for that brief period — I were the equal of someone who had achieved greatness. I had grown up reading Superman comics, and one day it flashed on me: this is Metropolis and I'm Clark Kent!

My subjects probably found me somewhat of a rube. I didn't dress well, I had little knowledge of New York, I asked some very simplistic questions, and until 1979 I didn't use a tape recorder. So perhaps some of the stars were put off their guard and revealed more of themselves than they would have to a more professional interviewer. I was struck by how single-minded they were for success. Probing their brains was like getting a second college education. Their main message was: Don't waste your life and don't do anything just for money.

Of course, many people declined my request for an interview. Among those I fished for, but failed to reel in, were Richard Chamberlain, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Bob Keeshan (Captain Kangaroo), Rex Reed, Halston, Carrie Fisher, Russell Baker, Ted Sorensen, Joseph Heller, Margaret Meade, Helen Gurley Brown and Ira Gershwin. Then there were the Eastsiders and Westsiders too famous to even approach, such as Woody Allen, Bob Hope and Mikhail Baryshnikov.

The person who did more than anyone else to secure first-rank interviews for me was Anna Sosenko, a woman in her late 60s who owned an autograph collectors' shop on West 62th Street filled with elegantly framed letters, manuscripts and autographed photos of some of the greatest names in the

history of entertainment. Despite her treasures, she always talked with one hand over her mouth to hide the fact that she had practically no teeth.

For 23 years Anna had managed the career of cabaret superstar Hildegarde Sell, and had penned Hildegarde's theme song, "Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup." Anna was still a formidable figure in showbiz; every year she produced a spectacular fund-raising all-star show in a Broadway theater that paid tribute to Broadway legends. Her 1979 show, which I attended, included live performances by Julie Andrews, Agnes DeMille, Placido Domingo, Alfred Drake, Tovah Feldshuh, Hermione Gingold and Rex Harrison.

I met Anna through her friendship with Bruce Logan, and she became my direct link to many stars of the older generation, including Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Lillian Gish, Ann Miller, Maureen O'Sullivan and Sammy Cahn. One phone call from Anna was enough to get me an appointment.

The *TV Shopper* interviews and restaurant reviews — a total of four stories per week — became my whole life, and I had little time for friendships, hobbies or anything else. By late 1979, I realized that New York City wasn't my natural element. It was too dog-eat-dog, too overwhelming, too impersonal. I had grown dissatisfied with working for the *TV Shopper*, and felt that I had squeezed the juice from the orange; I had interviewed everyone I wanted to meet who was willing to sit down with me. After interviewing my fifth or sixth broadcaster or dancer, things began to feel repetitive. I pondered what Tom Smothers had told me when I'd asked why the Smothers Brothers had split up as an act: "First you just do it, then you do it for fun, then you do it seriously, and then you're done."

About this time I got an invitation from a friend in the San Francisco Bay Area to move out West and give it a try. I told Bruce I was quitting. When I gave the news to Anna, she said: "You might never come back." She was right.

In my last couple of months as a New Yorker, I did as many interviews as I could fit it. I left for Maine on Christmas Eve of 1979, taking all my *TV Shopper* stories with me, and flew to San Francisco on New Year's Day of 1980. Using my notes, I wrote up my final interviews during my early months on the West Coast, which accounts for some of the 1980 publication dates. Other stories dated 1980 were published first in 1979, then reused; I have no record of their original dates.

When my parents moved in 1988, they threw away my entire *TV Shopper* archive. Fortunately, Bruce Logan had saved copies of most of the stories, and at my request, he photocopied them and sent them to in 1990. About 10 stories were missing from his collection, and therefore cannot be included here. Among the lost interviews I remember are Soupy Sales, Dave Marash, Gael Greene, Janis Ian, Joe Franklin and Barnard Hughes.

After 9/11, I began thinking a lot about New York, and started rereading some of my old stories. My eye caught this statement by Paul Goldberger, then the architecture critic for the *New York Times*: "This is probably the safest environment in the world to build a skyscraper." I realized that the New York of today is quite differently from that of the late 1970s, and thought that a collection of my interviews might be of interest to a new generation of readers.

In the summer of 2005 I finished retyping, correcting, and fact-checking the 100 stories. Three of my interviews — Isaac Asimov, Alan Lomax and Tom Wolfe — were originally published in two different versions, one for the *TV Shopper* and a longer one for the *Westsider*, a weekly community newspaper. I have included both versions here. Also, my interview with Leonard Maltin was not a cover story, but a half-page "Westside profile." It appears here because of Maltin's huge future success as a writer, editor and TV personality.

In the course of my research, I uncovered a lot of information about what happened to my interviewees after 1980. Many have died, some have grown in fame, and some have virtually disappeared from public records. In a future edition of this book, I hope to include that information in a postscript at the end of each story. In the meantime, I invite readers to send me any information they have about these personalities by emailing me at sunreport@aol.com.

Max Millard
San Francisco, California
November 2005

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WESTSIDER CLEVELAND AMORY
Author, radio humorist, and president of the Fund for Animals

12-9-78

It's impossible to mistake the voice if you've heard it once — the tone of mock annoyance, the twangy, almost whiny drawl that rings musically in the ear. It could easily belong to a cartoon character or a top TV pitchman, but it doesn't. It belongs to Cleveland Amory, an affable and rugged individualist who has been a celebrated writer for more than half of his 61 years. Amory is also a highly regarded lecturer and radio essayist: his one-minute humor spot, *Curmudgeon at Large*, is heard daily from Maine to California. His latest novel, nearing completion, is due to be published next fall.

TV Guide perhaps brought Amory his widest fame. He was the magazine's star columnist from 1963 to 1976, when he gave it up in order to devote his time to other projects, especially the Fund for Animals, a non-profit humane organization that he founded in 1967. He has served as the group's president since the beginning; now it has 150,000 members across the United States. Amory receives no pay for his involvement with the organization.

The national headquarters of the Fund for Animals is a suite of rooms in an apartment building near Carnegie Hall. The central room is lined with bookshelves, and everywhere on the 25-foot walls are pictures and statues of animals. Amory enters the room looking utterly exhausted. He is a tall, powerful-looking man with a shock of greyish brown hair that springs from his head like sparks from an electrode. As we sit back to talk and his two pet cats walk about the office, his energy seems to recharge itself.

Amory's quest to protect animals from needless cruelty began several decades ago when, as a young reporter in Arizona, he wandered across the border into Mexico and witnessed a bullfight. Shocked that people could applaud the death agony of "a fellow creature of this earth," he began to join various humane societies. Today he is probably the best known animal expert in America. His 1974 best-seller, *Man Kind? Our Incredible War On Wildlife*, was one of only three books in recent years to be the subject of an editorial in the *New York Times* — the others being Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* and Ralph Nader's *Unsafe at Any Speed*.

"A lot of people ask me, 'Why not do something about children, or old people, or minorities?'" he begins, lighting a cigarette and propping one foot on the desk. "My feeling is that there's enough misery out there for anybody to work at whatever he wants to. I think the mark of a civilized person is how you treat what's beneath you. Most people do care about animals. But you have to translate their feelings into action. ... We're fighting a lot of things — the clubbing of the baby seals, the killing of dolphins by the tuna fishermen, the poisoning of animals. The leghold trap is illegal in 14 countries of the world, but only in five states in the U.S.

"The reason this fight is so hard is that man has an incredible ability to rationalize his cruelty. When they kill the seals, they say it's a humane way of doing it. But I don't see anything humane about clubbing a baby seal to death while his mother is watching, helpless.

"One of our biggest fights right now is to make the wolf our national mammal. There's only about 400 of them left in the continental United States. The wolf is a very brave animal. It's monogamous, and it has great sensitivity."

One of his chief reasons for dropping his *TV Guide* column, says Amory, was because "after 15 years of trying to decide whether the Fonz is a threat to Shakespeare, I wanted to write about things that are

more important than that." His latest novel, a satirical work that he considers the finest piece of writing he has ever done, "is basically a satire of club life in America. ... I sent it down to a typist here, and it came back with a note from the typist saying, 'I love it!' In all my years of writing, I don't think I've ever had a compliment like that. So I sent the note to my editor along with the manuscript."

An expert chess player, he was long ranked number one at Manhattan's Harvard Club until his recent dethronement at the hands of a young woman. "I play Russians whenever I get a chance," he confides. "I always love to beat Russians. I want to beat them all." Once he played against Viktor Korchnoi, the defected Soviet who narrowly lost to world champion Anatoly Karpov this fall.

"I think he threw that final game," says Amory of Korchnoi's loss. "He didn't make a single threatening move. I think he was offered a deal to get the kid and wife out. It was all set up from the beginning. I hate facts, so I don't want any facts to interfere with my thesis."

Born outside of Boston, he showed his writing talent early, becoming the youngest editor ever at the *Saturday Evening Post*. His first book, *The Proper Bostonians*, was published in 1947. "Then I moved to New York," he muses, "because whenever I write about a place, I have to leave it." Nineteen years ago, he took on as his assistant a remarkable woman named Marian Probst, who has worked with him ever since. Says Amory: "She knows more about every project I've been involved with than I know myself."

A longtime Westsider, he enjoys dining at the Russian Tea Room (150 W. 57th St.).

There are so many facets to Cleveland Amory's career and character that he defies classification. In large doses, he can be extremely persuasive. In smaller doses, he comes across as a sort of boon companion for everyman, who provides an escape from the woes of modern society through his devastating humor. For example, his off-the-cuff remark about President Carter:

"Here we have a fellow who doesn't know any more than you or I about how to run the country. I'm surprised he did so well in the peanut business."

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EASTSIDER MAXENE ANDREWS
An Andrews Sister finds stardom as a solo

2-2-80

Maxene Andrews, riding high on the wave of her triumphant solo act that opened at the Reno Sweeney cabaret last November, is sitting in her dimly lit, antique-lined Eastside living room, talking about the foibles of show business. As one of the Andrews Sisters, America's most popular vocal trio of the 1940s, she made 19 gold records in the space of 20 years. But as a solo performer, she more or less failed in two previous attempts — first in the early 1950s, when her younger sister Patty temporarily left the group, and again in 1975, after her hit Broadway show *Over Here* closed amid controversy. Not until 1979 did Miss Andrews bring together all the elements of success — good choice of songs, interesting patter between numbers, and a first-rate accompanist. The result is an act that is nostalgic, moving, and musically powerful.

"For years, our career was so different than so many, because our fans never forgot us," she recalls, beaming with matronly delight. "I could walk in anyplace in the years I wasn't working, and they'd say, 'Maxene Andrews — the Andrews Sisters?' Everybody was sort of in awe. So I was always treated like a star of some kind. But it's nice to work; it's a wonderful feeling to be in demand."

She is a bubbly, husky, larger-than-life character of 61 with ruddy cheeks and a firm handshake. Deeply religious, sincere, and outspoken as always, she remains first and foremost an entertainer.

"I stick to the older, standard songs by great composers," says Maxene of her act. "You know — Rodgers and Hart, Irving Berlin. ... My partner is Phil Campanella, an extremely talented young man who plays the piano and sings harmony. ... All the talking I do between the songs is ad libbing. I have never been successful at trying to do material that was written for me."

She's returning to Reno Sweeney on February 6 for a two-week engagement, then filming a TV show titled *G.I. Jive* before taking her act to Miami and Key West. Nightclub work, she says in her high, bell clear voice, "is not my future. I would like to get into concerts and I think that's a possibility — probably a year from now."

LaVerne, the eldest of the sisters, died in 1967. Patty stopped speaking to Maxene five years ago because of salary disagreements for *Over Here*. The contracts were negotiated separately, and when Maxene balked at accepting $1000 a week less than her sister, the national tour was abruptly canceled.

"I never in my wildest dreams thought that we would separate, because we've always been very close," says Maxene sadly. "When people say, 'You're feuding with your sister,' I say that's not the truth. Because it takes two people to fight, and I'm not fighting anyone. She's just not talking to me.

"It took me a long time to be able to handle the separation. I used to wake up every morning and say, 'What have I done?' But now I just throw it up to Jesus, and I leave it there. I hope and pray that one of these days we can bring everything out in the open, and clear it up. I love Patty very much, and I'm very surprised that she's not out doing her act, because she's very very talented. She's been doing the *Gong Show*, which I — it's none of my business, but I would highly disapprove of. I think it's such a terrible show."

Maxene owns a house outside of Los Angeles, and was "born again" a couple of years ago at the Church on the Way in Van Nuys, California. When she's on Manhattan's East Side, which is often, she shares the apartment of Dr. Louis Parrish, an M.D. and psychiatrist whom she describes as "a true Southern gentleman."

The Andrews Sisters, who recorded such hits as "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen," "Rum and Coca Cola," "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree," "Apple Blossom Time," and "Hold Tight," arrived in New York from Minneapolis in 1937 and took the city by storm with their wholesome, sugar-sweet harmonies and innovative arrangements. Soon they were making movies as well. *Buck Privates* (1940, which featured Abbott and Costello and the song "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy," was Universal's biggest moneymaker until *Jaws* came along in 1975. "I didn't particularly care for making movies," comments Maxene. "I found it very boring and very repetitious, and certainly not very creative. But working with Bud and Lou was a lot of fun."

Now divorced, Maxene has a 33-year-old daughter named Aleda and a 31 year-old son, Peter, who live in Utah. She has written her autobiography, but it hasn't been sold to a publisher "because I refuse to write the kind of books that they want written today. Ever since the Christina Crawford book came out, that's all the publishers want. ... I think the trend will pass, because we're really getting saturated in cruelty and lust and whatever else you want to call it."

Asked about the changes in her life since her religious reawakening, Maxene says, "Darling, everything has improved. My disposition has improved. I used to be impossible for anybody to work with. ... I'm now reconciled to the feeling that I am never alone, and that in Him I have a partner, and that if I run into a problem that I can't solve, then I'm not supposed to solve it — because we're just mere mortals."

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WESTSIDER LUCIE ARNAZ
To star in Neil Simon's new musical

9-9-78

Bad timing. That's what had plagued me ever since I had tried to get an interview with Lucie Arnaz last June. Back then, I was supposed to get together with her downtown, but our meeting was canceled at the last minute. My second appointment, set for August 31 in her dressing room just before a performance of *Annie Get Your Gun* at the Jones Beach Theatre in Wantagh, Long Island, now seemed in jeopardy as well. I was kept waiting nervously outside while the house manager insisted that Lucie was engaged in "a very important telephone call."

But when the young star finally emerged, her face beaming with delight, I found that my timing could not have been better. Lucie had just received official word that a major new Broadway role was hers. As we sat down to talk, Lucie was in one of those radiant moods that come only in times of triumph. She had been chosen for the female lead in a new musical, *They're Playing My Song*, which is scheduled to open in Los Angeles in December and on Broadway in February. The show has music by Marvin Hamlisch and lyrics by Carole Bayer Sager. The book is written by Neil Simon.

"I'm a lousy auditioner — at least, I thought I was," grinned Lucie. "This new musical will be probably the pinnacle of what I've been aiming for. ... It's about a fairly successful lyricist who's not nearly as successful as the composer she's going to work with. Neil Simon has always wanted to do a play about songwriters. It's a very hip, pop musical. It doesn't have regular Broadway-type tunes."

She flopped back on the sofa touching my arm from time to time for emphasis, and chatted on in her mildly raspy voice. Finally she moved to a seat in front of the mirror and invited me to keep talking while she put on her makeup. There is a quality about her that suggests toughness, but this impression melts away under her girlish charm. At 27, Lucie is already an 11-year veteran of professional acting and singing. When she performed at Jones Beach this summer, up to 8,000 people per night came to

see her.

Lucie first transplanted herself from the West Coast to the West Side on a full-time basis last winter, although, she admitted, "I had a New York apartment for four years which I would visit every couple of months. For some sick reason, I really like New York. There's a lot of crazy people doing strange things on the streets, but there's also a lot of creative forces here.

"I went to do an interview this morning for my radio show and it started raining. By the time I had walked six blocks I was looking terrible, and it suddenly occurred to me that I would never present myself like that in California. In New York, who gives a damn if you've got water on you when you come to work? On the West Coast, the things that aren't important they seem to put on pedestals." Her radio show, which she started this year, is a nationally syndicated five-minute interview spot called *Tune In With Lucie*.

>From 1967 to 1972 she was a regular on her mother's TV show, *Here's Lucy*. She has made countless guest appearances on other shows, and performed lead roles in numerous musicals. Her parents, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz Sr., were divorced more than a decade ago and have both remarried.

"My mother was here for opening night, then she stayed a couple of days in New York. But she gets too lonely when my brother Desi and I go away for too long. He was here for most of the summer. He was doing a movie called *How To Pick Up Girls*. He played the guy who supposedly knew all about it — one of the two stars. He said, "It's funny, I meet girls on the street, and New York has the most beautiful girls in the world, and when they ask me what I'm doing here and I tell them the name of the movie, they walk away and say, 'You dirty toad!'" Desi also plays the groom in the new Robert Altman film, *A Wedding*.

"My father is now putting an album together of the music that was recorded for the old *Lucy Show*. Salsa music is coming back now, so he's been asked to make an album of those tapes."

Speaking of her hobbies, Lucie noted that "recently I started to build a darkroom in my house. The key word is started. It's hard to get the time. … And I have been writing songs for the last couple of years. I'm a lyricist. I've sung them on things like *Mike Douglas* and *Dinah*."

She enjoys all of New York, though at one time "the East Side gave me
the ooga boogas. Then I found a couple of places there that were nice."
On the West Side, she likes to dine at La Cantina, Victor's Cafe, and
Ying, all on Columbus Avenue near 71st and 72nd Streets.

When the five-minute warning sounded in her dressing room, Lucie had to turn me out, but not before she divulged her philosophy about show business. "Am I ambitious?" she echoed. "I don't know. There are people who are willing to really knock the doors down and do just about anything to get there. I'm not like that. Even now, when I go to the market, people come up to me and say, 'Aren't you. … ?' So I can imagine what it would be like to be a superstar. No, I'm not really looking forward to that."

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EASTSIDER ADRIEN ARPEL
America's best-selling beauty author

3-29-80

As a young girl in Englewood, New Jersey, Adrien Arpel was determined that one day she would transform herself into a beautiful woman. After having her nose bobbed, she began to pester the ladies behind every cosmetic counter she could reach, and by the time she graduated from high school at 17, she knew more than they did. That same year she opened a small cosmetics shop in her hometown with $400 earned from baby-sitting. Today, at 38, she is the president of a $12 million-a-year company selling more than 100 beauty products throughout the U.S. and Europe.

Not content with mere business success, she recently turned her talent to writing her first book, Adrien Arpel's Three-Week Crash Makeover/Shapeover Beauty Program (1977). It was on the *New York Times'* best-seller list for six months, and is still selling briskly in paperback. Miss Arpel received $275,000 from Pocket Books for the reprint rights — the most ever for a beauty book.

"I have always been a rebel," she proclaims regally, dressed in a stylish Edwardian outfit with padded shoulders at her midtown office. Quite heavily made up, with hot pink lipstick and a Cleopatra hairdo, she looks considerably younger than her age. The strident quality of her voice is reminiscent of a

Broadway chorus girl's, yet is delivered in a crisp, businesslike manner. During the interview she rarely smiles or strays from the question being asked. For some reason, she declines to say much about her new book, *How to Look 10 Years Younger*, which is scheduled for publication in April. Instead, she stresses the simple, common-sense rules about beauty that have guided her career from the beginning.

Probably her two most important innovations are her exclusive use of nature-based, chemical-free products (chosen from leading European health spas) and her policy of try-before-you-buy makeup. Complimentary makeup is offered every time a customer gets a facial at one of the hundreds of Adrien Arpel salons, such as those on the first floor of Bloomingdale's and Saks Fifth Avenue.

Whenever she opens a new salon, Adrien spends the entire day on her feet, doing upwards of 35 facials with her own pale, delicate hands.

Upon being complimented for her attire, Miss Arpel gasps, "Thank you!" with schoolgirlish delight. There is something almost surreal in her creamy white complexion. "I think sunbathing is absolutely deadly, and that there is no reason in the world for a woman to sunbathe," she says. Moments later, she admits that "high heel shoes are not very good for you," but that she wears them anyway, "because they're very fashionable. They are something that really can be a problem — if they're pitched wrong. If you have a good shoe and it's pitched well, you shouldn't have a problem"

Does she think it would be a good idea for women to give up high heels altogether? "No, no. I don't think you'll ever get women to give up fashion. So we can tell what's problems, what's really hazardous, what's going to be injurious to your health, and what's going to just hurt a little bit."

She never thought of writing a book until about four years ago, says Arpel, because "every second when I was away from my business, I spent with my daughter. Now my daughter's 16 and a half, and has a boyfriend, and goes out, and doesn't want to spend every minute with me. This all started when she was about 13." Adrien and her husband, manufacturer Ronald Newman, moved to the New York metropolitan area right after they were married in 1961, and acquired an Upper East Side apartment last summer.

For her own health and beauty regimen, Adrien begins her typical day with jumping rope. She thinks weight training for women is "terrific," but considers jogging the best all-around exercise. "Now, jogging has its negatives. I get up very early in the morning, and if you jog while it's still dark out, it can be dangerous. I also have long hair, and you have to wash your hair after you jog. So for someone that works, I find that I can only do it three days a week."

She has a facial twice weekly. "Facials are not luxuries. They are necessities to peel off dead surface skin. … Air pollution is the reason. If it wears away stone on buildings, think what it can do to the skin." A facial, she explains, consists of "all different sorts of hand massages to deep-cleanse the skin with coconut-like milk, or some sort of sea kelp cleanser. Then there's a skin vacuum which takes blackheads out — electric brushes with honey and almond scrubs which clean out the pores. And at the end, a mask. Nature-based again — orange jelly, sea mud, or spearmint."

Arpel believes that a woman's makeup should be largely determined by her profession. She reveals a humorous side when asked whether a woman stockbroker, for example, should always dress conservatively. "Well, if she was wearing a see-through blouse and no bra in her office, I'd certainly think she had poor taste," she laughs.

A nonsmoker who consumes little alcohol, she confesses to at least one vice: "I drink two cups of coffee in the morning, sometimes more. Also not wonderfully good for you — but I never said I was a hundred percent good."

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WESTSIDER ISAAC ASIMOV
Author of 188 books

10-29-77

In 1965, when the Science Fiction Writers of America held a national convention to vote on the best science fiction ever published in this country, they sifted through hundreds of nominations dating back to the 1920s before coming up with the winners. *Nightfall* (1941) received the most votes for a short story and the *Foundation* trilogy won for the best series of novels. The author of both works: Westsider Isaac Asimov.

Had Asimov died 25 years ago, his fame would still be secure. But he remains more active than ever. He is, among other things, one of the most prolific authors in the world, publishing an average of one

book and three or four magazine articles per month.

He is sitting at an electric typewriter in his West 66th Street penthouse when the doorman informs him that two visitors have arrived. Asimov is expecting a single reporter; but he says OK, so my roommate John Cimino and I get on the elevator. We stop at the 33rd floor. Asimov, clad in his undershirt, meets us at the door, hangs up our coats, and takes us into the living room adjacent to his working area. Along one wall is a glass-enclosed bookcase containing the 188 books Asimov has written in his 40-year literary career.

"This is my section of the apartment," he says. "The blinds are down because I always work by artificial light." I tell him that John has come along to ask questions about science — Asimov is an expert in more than 20 scientific disciplines — while I will be asking about science fiction Asimov complies, and after about 10 minutes, he opens us completely and gives each answer with enthusiasm.

He has lost a little weight recently, and in fact had a mild heart attack earlier this year, but Dr. Asimov is as creative as ever — perhaps more so. One of his latest projects is *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*. It first appeared on the newsstands early in 1977 and has since built up a broad readership throughout the U.S., Canada and Great Britain.

"It was the idea of Joel Davis of Davis Publications," says Asimov. "He publishes *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*, *Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine*, and many others. He decided that science fiction was doing well and that he wanted a science fiction magazine — something with the name of someone, like Ellery Queen. ... He asked me if I was interested. ... I wasn't really, because I had neither the time nor the inclination to edit the magazine."

Asimov found the time. He and Davis worked out a formula for the author to lend his name and picture to the magazine cover and to become the editorial director. Asimov writes the editorials and some of the fiction, answers readers' letters and helps with the story selection. George Scithers, the editor, has a major role in deciding the magazine's contents.

Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine began as a quarterly and if all goes well, will soon become a monthly. Some of its contributors are writers in their 20s who are publishing their first stories. Containing many illustrations and almost no advertising, the 200-page magazine is available at numerous Westside newsstands for $1.

Born in Russia and raised in Brooklyn, Asimov graduated from college and published his first short story while in his teens. For many years, he taught biochemistry at Boston University. In 1970, he returned to New York and settled on the West Side. He is married to a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst who practices under her maiden name of Dr. Janet Jeppson; her office is on the opposite end of the apartment. She too is a writer, having published a science fiction novel and some stories.

"The West Side, as far as I'm concerned, has more good restaurants than any other place on earth, though I have not been to Paris," says Asimov, who hates flying. He made a trip to Europe last year on the Queen Elizabeth II — and came back on the return voyage. "It wasn't a vacation," he says. "I gave two talks each way and I wrote a book."

The IRS, he says, cannot believe that he doesn't take vacations. "In the last seven years," he testifies, there has been only one time — two days in June of 1975 — that I went on a trip and didn't do a talk. And even then, I took some paper with me and worked on a murder mystery. You see, a vacation is doing what you want to do and to stop doing what you have to do. .. But I like what I, so I'm on vacation 365 days a year."

Asimov's biggest writing project these days is his massive autobiography, which he expects to finish by the end of the year. "It will probably be in two volumes," says Asimov, grinning, "which is unreasonable, considering that I have led a very quiet life and not much has happened to me."

* * *

ISAAC ASIMOV: LITERARY WORKAHOLIC

from *The Westsider*, 12-1-77

Morning has come to the West side. In a penthouse high above 66th Street, a middle-aged man enters his study, pulled down the shades and fills the room with artificial light. Reference books at his elbow, he sits down at his electric typewriter and begins to tap out sentences at the rate of 90 words per minute. Fourteen hours later, his day's work complete, Dr. Isaac Asimov turns off the machine.

In such a way has Asimov spent most of the past seven years, ever since he moved to the West Side

from Boston. In a 40-year literary career stretching back to his teens, he has written and published 188 books, including science fiction, science fact, history, mystery, and even guides to Shakespeare and the Bible. Asimov has also written more than 1,000 magazine and newspaper articles, book introductions and speeches.

Though his pen has never been silent since he sold his first piece of fiction to Amazing Stories in 1939, Asimov is now enjoying the most productive period of his career. Since 1970 he has written 85 books — an average of one per month. He does not dictate his books; nor does he have a secretary. Asimov personally answers some 70 fan letters per week, and he gives speeches frequently. He also finds time for the press.

The following interview took place on a morning late in October in the sitting room adjoining his study. Along one wall was a bookcase approximately 6 by 8 feet containing Asimov's collected works.

Question: Dr. Asimov, have you set any goals for yourself for the next 10 years or so?

Asimov: I'm afraid I don't generally look ahead. Right now my autobiography is the big project … . I have no ambition whatsoever outside of my writing. I expect to write as long as I stay alive.

Q: Could you say something about your autobiography?

A: It's longer than I thought it would be. As soon as I get you out I'm going to deliver pages 1374 to 1500 to Doubleday. I'm hoping to get it finished by the end of the year … . It will probably be in two volumes — which is unreasonable, considering that I've led a very quiet life and not much has happened to me. I guess the only thing is that I tend to go on and on when I'm on my favorite subject.

Q: What made you choose the West Side to live?

A: I can't honestly say I chose the West Side. When I came to New York in 1970, I lived where I could, which happened to be the West Side. But now that I'm here, I like it. I was brought up in New York and went to Columbia … . I've always identified myself with Manhattan. My publishers — almost all of them are in Manhattan. Taxis are available at any time. I West Side, as far as I'm concerned, has more good restaurants within walked distance than any other place on earth, though I have not been to Paris. I have learned to tolerate the traffic and the pollution and the litter. When I go to the East Side it looks dull by comparison.

Q: I see that your science fiction story "Nightfall" has been made into a record Albert. And I also remember the movie version of your *Fantastic Voyage*. Do you have plans for making movies or recordings out of your other science fiction works — for example, the *Foundation* series?

A: Fantastic Voyage was the other way around; my book was made from the picture … . The Foundation series has been turned into a radio show in Great Britain. There have been other stories of mine which were turned into radio shows in the 1950s. I have expensive pictures under option. Whether anything will turn up in the future I don't know, and to be perfectly honest, I don't care. I am perfectly happy with my writing career as it is. I have complete control over my books. When something is put into the movies it can be changed, often for the worse. I might get nothing out of it both money, and I have enough money to get by.

Q: How to did the new Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction magazine get started?

A: It was the idea of Joel Davis of Davis Publications. He publishes Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine, and many others. He decided that science fiction was doing well and he wanted a science fiction magazine — something with the name of someone. He had seen me, because I had brought in some stories for Ellery Queen. He asked me if I was interested … . I wasn't really, because I had neither the time nor the inclination to edit the magazine. So he hired George Scithers to be the editor and made me the editorial director … . It's been a quarterly to begin with. The fifth issue, which will go on sale in December, will be the first of the bimonthly issues. After the second year it will be a monthly if all things go well.

Q: Could you tell me something about your family life?

A: My wife is a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst, and she has her office in the other end of this apartment. She's the director of training at the William Alanson White Institute on West 74th Street. The name she practices under is Dr. Janet O. Jeppson — that's her maiden name. It's Mrs. Asimov but Dr. Jeppson. She's also a writer. She's published a science fiction novel and a few short stories and has a mystery novel she's trying to sell.

Q: Do you stimulate her writing by your own work?

A: If anything, I inhibit it. She was a writer for years before she met me. If she weren't married to me, she would probably write more. In fact, I encourage her. But it's hard when your husband writes as fast as he can type and publishes everything he writes.

Q: Do you have any children?

A: Yes, I have two children by my first marriage — a boy 26 and a girl 22. He's working at a gas station and the girl is a senior at Boston College ... . When she left home at 15, I said the only thing I ask of her was not to smoke. So she's done that. What else she does, I don't know, but she doesn't smoke.

Q: I realize that you are considered an authority in at least 20 branches of science. Have you ever done in original scientific research?

Q: I am still assistant professor of biochemistry at Boston University, though I no longer teach. Yes, I did original research from 1946 to 1958 ... . I could not with honesty say I accomplished anything of importance. I am not a first-rank researcher — perhaps not even a second-rank researcher. It surprised me too. I found that my heart was in writing.

Q: Where do you go for vacation?

A: I don't go on vacation really. I sometimes go off to do a talk and I try to make that a little vacation. I work. In the last seven years there has been only one time — two days in June of 1975 — that I didn't do a talk. And even then I took some paper with me and worked on a murder mystery. You see, a vacation is doing what you want to do and to stop doing what you have to do ... . But I like what I do, so I'm on vacation 365 days a year. If I had to play volleyball, fish, etcetera, that would be real work. In fact, the IRS can't believe I don't take vacations. If they can figure out how to write one book a month and still take vacations ... . I do travel, although I never fly. Last year I crossed the ocean on the QEII without stopping. But, I gave two talks each way and I wrote a book.

Q: Since you live week three blocks of Lincoln Center, do you attend the performing arts?

A: I am a very ill-rounded person. I am fascinated by what I do. And what I have done is to try to take all knowledge for my province, but I have tended to concentrate on science, mathematics and history. In regard to art, I can't even say I know what I like.

Q: What do you think of abolishing mandatory retirement, as Congress is considering? What will it like when people keep working indefinitely?

A: That was the condition until the 1930s. This forced retirement is a product of the Great Depression. We're moving back to situation that has always existed for mankind, which is to let people work as long as they can. If the birthrate continues to go down the percentage of young people will be smaller. I think that computerization and automation will alter completely the concept of what is work. We're not going to think of jobs the same way as we used to.

Q: Do you think you could ever retire?

A: There might well come a time, if I live long enough, when I can no longer write publishable material. Then I will have to write for my own amusement. Rex Stout's last book was written when he was 88 years old. P.G. Wodehouse was writing pretty well in his early 90s. Agatha Christie was falling off in her 80s ... . I had a heart attack this year. I might keep writing for another 30 years. But if for some reason I am no longer able to write, then it will certainly take all the terrors of dying away, so there will be that silver lining ... . So far, I detect no falling off of my abilities. In fact, this year my story "The Bicentennial Man" won all the awards.

"Is there anything also you'd like to ask me?" Said Asimov when I had run out of questions. At that moment the telephone rang: he told his caller that no, he would, regrettably, be unable to accept an invitation to speak at Virginia because it was too far to go by grain. "It's more my loss than yours," he said.

When I assured Asimov that there were no more questions, he disappeared into his study and emerged with a copy of his latest science fiction book, The Bicentennial Man and Other Stories. He signed it and presented it to me. As he walked me to the elevator he took a peek at his watch. His parting comment was: Let's see, I have to be downtown at 11:30. That gives me 1:30 minutes to dress and 10 minutes to write."

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WESTSIDER GEORGE BALANCHINE

Artistic director of the New York City Ballet

11-26-77

To some people he is known as the Shakespeare of dance — a title that he probably deserves more than anyone else now living. But to his friends and colleagues, he is simply "Mr. B" — George Balanchine, the ageless Russian-born and trained choreographic genius whose zest for living is matched only by his humility and his sense of humor.

Balanchine has almost single-handedly transplanted ballet to American soil and made it flourish. What's more, he has played the central role in making New York the dance capital of the world, which it undeniably is today for both classical and modern dance.

Now in his 30th consecutive year as artistic director of the New York City Ballet, Mr. B. shows no signs of slowing down. He continues to direct most of the dances for his 92-member company and to create new choreographic works of daring originality. He continues to teach at the School of American Ballet, which he cofounded in 1934 with Lincoln Kirstein. And Balanchine can still, when he chooses, write out the parts for all the instruments of the orchestra. Yet he thinks of himself more as a craftsman than a creator, and often compares his work to that of a cook or cabinetmaker — two crafts, by the way, in which he is rather skilled.

I meet George Balanchine backstage at the New York State Theatre during an intermission of one of the season's first ballets. It's not hard to guess which man is Balanchine from a distance because, as usual, he is surrounded by young dancers. When he turns to face me, I see that he is dressed simply but with a touch of European elegance. The man is small of stature and quite frail in appearance. His English is strongly accented yet easy to understand. A smile seems to be forever playing on his lips, and when he converses with someone, he gives that person his full, undivided attention.

"Why has dance become so popular in New York?" He gazes at me from the depths of his eyes."I don't know why. People get used to us. It took 30 years to train New York," he says with feeling. "Maybe you can train Los Angeles. You cannot train Boston. You cannot train Philadelphia — there are too many big men with big cigars."

Soon he is improvising on the theme. "Certainly New York is representative of America. All America should pay taxes in New York to make it beautiful. Because in Europe, everybody wants to be in New York to show off. ... I think that I will suggest to senators and presidents and everybody to pay taxes to New York."

Mr. B, who left his native St. Petersburg in 1924 and spent the next nine years working as a ballet master throughout Europe, was persuaded by the American dance connoisseur Lincoln Kirstein to come to the U.S. in 1933. Since then, Balanchine has toured the world with the New York City Ballet. He finds the home crowd, however, to be the most appreciative.

"We are here 25 weeks," he explains. "It's always packed. In Paris, you cannot last two weeks. In Los Angeles, in London, they do not like the dance so much as here. In San Francisco, there were five people in the audience. We showed them everything. They don't care. They're snobs. They only want a name. In New York, it's different. In New York, they like the thing for itself."

Balanchine does not write down his dances. How, then, does he remember such works as *Prodigal Son*, which he created almost 50 years ago and revived this season for the New York City Ballet? "How do you remember prayers?" he says in response. "You just remember. Like Pepperidge Farm. I know Pepperidge Farm. I remember everything."

He dislikes excessive terminology. "I used to be a dance director," he says in mock lament. "Now I have become a choreographer. Choreographer is the wrong title. Because dance is like poetry, see?"

Prodigal Son, in which the biblical story is danced out dramatically, is an example of a ballet with a plot. But the majority of Balanchine's works are based purely on music and movement. "The literary thing does not always work," he says. "You cannot move. There's very few stories you can do."

Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky are the composers he most likes to use for new dance works. The late Igor Stravinsky, a fellow Russian expatriate who was his longtime friend and collaborator, once described Balanchine's choreography as "a series of dialogues perfectly complimentary to and coordinated with the dialogues of the music."

In spite of his fondness for Russian composers, Balanchine has no hesitation in naming Fred Astaire as his favorite dancer. "No, I don't use his ideas because he's an individual." says Balanchine. "You cannot use his ideas because only he can dance them. There is nobody like that. People are not like that

anymore."

A resident of West 67th Street, Balanchine shows even more than his usual exuberance when speaking of the West Side. "It's the best side. It's like the Rive Gauche (in Paris). We have the best hotels, like the Empire, the best restaurants — Le Poulailler (W. 65th St.) has such good French cooking."

"We have no strikes here, nothing," he continues, grinning widely. "Everybody's very nice, friendly. They help each other. I invite everybody on the East Side to come here. They don't come because they're snobs. The West Side? It's the cleanest side. Also there is no crime here. There's no police here."

died 4-30-83, born 1-22-04.

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WESTSIDER CLIVE BARNES
Drama and dance critic

10-1-77

He's still the most famous drama critic in America, if not the world.

His name has not yet disappeared from the subway walls or from the signs in front of the theatres along Broadway. And even though Clive Barnes was recently replaced as the *New York Times'* drama critic, he remains the most-quoted authority in the newspaper ads. He is still the *Times'* dance critic. He still does his daily radio spot on theatre for WQXR Radio. He still lectures around the country and writes a column for the *London Times*. At 50, Barnes does not mind the slightly calmer pace his life has taken.

"I don't know why I was replaced," he says. "Papers have these policy decisions. I suppose they wanted a change. They wanted to split the two desks, dance and drama."

A refined, affable Englishman, Clive Barnes welcomes me into his West End Avenue home and invites me to sit down and have some coffee for five minutes while he puts the finishing touches on an article. His slim, attractive wife Trish and his 15-year-old son Christopher talk to him while he works. Soon the article is finished and he is relaxed in an armchair, ready to answer questions. He holds a pen in his lap and occasionally clicks it as we talk.

"Really, I much prefer New York to London," says Barnes, who spent the first 38 years of his life in the British capital. "I'll never leave New York, ever. When I first came here visiting before I came here to live, I adored it. It's just been a very long love affair between myself and the city."

Born the son of a London ambulance driver, Barnes won a scholarship to Oxford University, and while a student there began to write reviews on theatre and dance. Following graduation, he worked in city planning for 10 years while moonlighting as a critic of theatre, dance, films and music. Thus he built up a reservoir of knowledge in all the major performing arts. In 1965, several years after Barnes got into full-time journalism, he was doing such an impressive job as dance critic for the *London Times* that the *New York Times* made him a handsome salary offer to fill the same role for them. Two years later the *Times* offered him the post of drama critic as well. Barnes kept the dual role until this year, when the "new" *New York Times* asked him to concentrate strictly on dance.

"Certainly American dance is the most important in the world, and has been for at least 25 years," he says. "The reason for this is that you have a very strong classical tradition, as well as a very strong modern dance tradition. This is the only country in the world that has these two traditions, and they intermesh, so that you have George Balanchine on one side and Martha Graham on the other. This means that American dance is astonishingly rich."

Barnes feels that Americans' television-viewing habits have made them more appreciative of the subtleties of dance movement: "That same kind of visual orientation that has made spectator sports what they are spins off, and spreads over to things like dance." He notes that dance in New York appeals more to the young — to people who have been reared on television. Broadway audiences, on the other hand, "tend to be menopausal, and opera audiences to be geriatric."

Barnes finds the West Side the ideal place to live because of its proximity to his work. Trish, herself an expert on dance, usually accompanies him to opening-night performances. "We can get to any Broadway theatre in 10 minutes," he says, "or walk to Lincoln Center. I can get to the paper in about 10 minutes. The West Side has changed a little over the years. I think it's gotten rather nice."

On nights off, Barnes enjoys going to the Metropolitan Opera or to a movie. His son Christopher loves rock music and hates drama. He also has a 14-year-old daughter, Maya. The family enjoys dining at many restaurants in the Lincoln Center area, including Le Poulailler on 65th Street near Columbus.

I ask Barnes if he can think of any plays that have been forced to close because of unkind reviews. "That would presume it was an important play which the critics misunderstood and killed," he says. "I don't think this has actually happened. A play that gets awful notices by everyone is not the victim of a vast critical conspiracy. It's usually a bad play. Harold Pinter's *The Birthday Party* got bad notices in London but it recovered and went on and became successful."

For those who miss Barnes' views on theatre in the *Times*, his radio broadcast can be heard on WQXR (1560 AM and 96.3 FM) Monday through Friday, right after the 11 p.m. news.

Trish, Clive's biggest supporter, has no complaints about being the wife of a celebrity. "It's very enjoyable, actually," she says with a wide smile. "You meet fascinating people and see all the best things there are to see."

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WESTSIDER FRANZ BECKENBAUER
North America's most valuable soccer player

8-5-78

Last October, when Brazilian soccer virtuoso Pel played his final game as a professional, nearly 76,000 fans filed into Giant Stadium in East Rutherford, New Jersey to bid farewell to the man who had almost single handedly transformed soccer into a major American sport. It was a fitting cap to Pel's career that his team, the Cosmos, won the North American Soccer League championship last season over 23 other teams.

But while the Brazilian superstar was reaping most of the publicity, one of his teammates, Franz Beckenbauer, was quietly getting things done. It was probably he, more than anyone else, who won the title for the Cosmos — not by scoring goals, but by controlling the midfield with his pinpoint touch passes and setting up the offense to go in for the shot.

In May, 1977, he shocked the sports world by quitting his West German team, Bayern Munich, and signing a $2.8 million contract to play with the Cosmos for four years. And though he missed one-third of the 1977 season, Franz still received last year's Most Valuable Player award for a league encompassing 600 players from around the world. This season again, thanks largely to his efforts, the Cosmos clinched their division title and are a heavy favorite to repeat their victory in the Soccer Bowl — the Super Bowl of soccer. This year the Soccer Bowl will be held in Giant Stadium on August 27. To be in that game, the Cosmos must first win in the playoffs, which begin on August 8.

Beckenbauer is so famous in Germany that he finds it impossible to lead a private life there. His fame is well deserved: Franz starred for the West German national team in the 1966 World Cup finals and the 1970 semifinals, and captained the team when it won the World Cup in 1974. During his 12 seasons with Bayern Munich of the German Soccer League, he was named German Footballer of the Year four times and European Footballer of the Year twice, and was runner-up on two other occasions.

But Franz is somewhat of a quiet, shy man, who does not like the limelight. In New York he can be himself, and walk the streets undisturbed, thinking about his wife and three children in Switzerland, who will be joining him this month for a long visit.

I meet Franz on a July afternoon after a practice at Giant Stadium. As we sit talking in the locker room, many of his teammates walk by and wave to him or call his name. He is an extremely popular fellow both on and off the field — which explains why 72,000 people showed up for a game last May commemorating Franz Beckenbauer Day. With his courtly manners, he has rightfully earned the nickname "Kaiser Franz."

He could speak almost no English when he arrived in New York less than two years ago at the age of 31, but has learned remarkably quickly. "My mind was, soccer in the United States, it's easier to play. But it's not so easy as I expect," he says, in his slightly hesitant but perfectly understandable speech. "You have so different things, like Astroturf. You have to play in the summertime. It's so hot. You have to make big trips, like to Los Angeles. Sometimes it's more difficult to play here than in Europe."

When asked to compare soccer with American football, he says, "You can't compare. It's a much different sport. As an American footballer, you must be not a normal man. You must be maybe 200 pounds, and 6 foot 3, 6 foot 4 or 5. Everybody can play soccer — big, tall, small — if he is skilled

enough, if he has the brain to play.

"I started when I was 3, 4, 5 years old. I don't know exactly. But you know, after the war, nobody has money. Soccer is the cheapest sport. No courts, nothing. So we all start to play soccer, and after I was 10 years old, I went to a little club in Munich. When I was 13 years old, I moved to Bayern, Munich, and when I was 18, I was a professional."

Franz smiles at the mention of Manhattan. "When I signed the contract, they asked me where I wanted to stay. In the suburbs? I said no, I want to stay in the city. A friend of mine knows a businessman who lives beside the Central Park. He is most of the year outside the country. The apartment was free, and he let me have it for six months. I was very lucky. I like to walk around the park to watch the people. I have been to Lincoln Center a few times, and of course different shows on Broadway. But I never saw a city like New York. You have so many good restaurants. It's unbelievable."

During the off-season, Franz does some promotional work for both Mercedes-Benz and Adidas, the sporting goods company that manufactures, among other things, a Franz Beckenbauer soccer shoe. As a result, Franz, who will be 33 next month, is not at all worried about his future.

"You know, when I started with soccer as a professional," he explains, "I had an aim. I said when I'm finished with soccer, my life will be different. I can say, 'I want to do this and this,' and not 'I must do this.' When I finish my career, I would like to go through the United States in a mobile with my family, to see all the states. That's for sure."

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WESTSIDER HIMAN BROWN
Creator of the *CBS Radio Mystery Theater*

5-10-80

During the 1930s, a comedy called *The Rise of the Goldbergs* was second only to *Amos & Andy* as the most popular radio show in America. Its success was due largely to the efforts of a young man from Brooklyn named Himan Brown, who co-produced the series, sold it to NBC and did the voice of Mr. Goldberg. He had started in radio drama while in his teens, and soon after graduating from Brooklyn Law School as valedictorian, decided to make radio, not law, his career.

During the next three decades, as producer of *Inner Sanctum Mysteries*, *The Thin Man*, *Grand Central Station*, *Nero Wolfe* and other series, Brown became the Norman Lear of radio. But by 1959, it was all over: the last network radio drama was forced off the air by the onslaught of television. Brown, however, kept up a personal crusade for radio, pounding on the desks of every broadcast executive he could reach. Fourteen years later, in January 1974, his dream was realized, and radio drama was reborn with the *CBS Radio Mystery Theater*.

The 52-minute show, it turned out, was long overdue. Within weeks, CBS received 200,000 fan letters from listeners. Currently the *Radio Mystery Theater* can be heard in New York on Monday through Friday at 7:07 p.m. on station WMCA (570 AM). It is heard seven nights a week on approximately 250 other stations across the country. Brown, the producer/director, oversees every phase of the operation, from hiring the writers and actors to directing and recording sessions from a control booth at the CBS studios.

"I have never stopped believing," he says, "that the spoken word and the imagination of the listener are infinitely stronger and more dramatic than anything television can offer." He is a silvery-haired, distinguished looking gentleman with a mischievous twinkle in hie eye and an endless capacity for humor. Ruddy-complexioned and vigorous, dressed in a gray pinstripe suit and a crimson tie, he approaches his work with an infectious enthusiasm.

On a typical weekday, Brown arrives at the sound studio at 9 a.m. with a batch of scripts under his arm, which he hands out to a group of actors assembled around a table. Many are stars of the stage or screen — Tammy Grimes, Julie Harris, Tony Roberts, Fred Gwynn, Bobby Morse, Roberta Maxwell, Joan Hackett. "I get the best actors in the world, right here in New York," he notes with pride. "They work for me in the daytime and on Broadway at night."

As the cast members go through a cold reading. Brown interjects his comments: "Do a little more with that. … Don't swallow your words there. … Cross out that line." The actors laugh and joke their way through the session; Brown is the biggest jokester of all. Finally everyone takes a break before doing the actual taping. Brown calls his 91-year-old mother on the telephone and speaks to her in Yiddish for some time. Then he answers a questions about his discoveries in sound effects.

"In the 1930s I was doing *Dick Tracy*, a very popular show. For sound effects we had several doors. One of them screaked, no matter what we did to it. I like to think that door was talking to us, saying, 'Make me a star,'" he says with a smile.

The creaking door later became the signature for *Inner Sanctum Mysteries*, and is now employed as the introductory note for the *Radio Mystery Theater*, along with host E.G. Marshall's compelling greeting: "Come *in*." Himan Brown also created the sound of London's foghorns and Big Ben for *Bulldog Drummond*, the laugh of the fat Nero Wolfe, and the never-to-be-forgotten train that roared under Park Avenue into Grand Central Station.

When the recording session get underway, Brown observes the performers through the thick glass of the control booth as they stand around a microphone, reading their line with animation. From time to time he stops the action and repeats parts of a scene. "It's all spliced together afterwards," he explains.

In the late 1940s, Brown began to produce television dramas, such as *Lights Out* and the *Chevy Mystery Show*. He built a large TV studio on West 26th Street for that purpose, which for many years he has leased to CBS for filming the soap opera *The Guiding Light*.

For most of his career, Brown has been a resident of the Upper West Side. The father of two, he is married to Shirley Goodman, executive vice president of the Fashion Institute of Technology. He has long been involved in community affairs and charitable organizations, including the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, the National Urban League and the National Conference of Social Work. Brown is constantly in demand as a public speaker, a fund-raiser, and a creator of multimedia presentations.

His plans for 1980 include reviving the *Adventure Theater*, a children's radio with that he last did in 1977. "The best thing about radio drama," he joyfully concludes, "is that we can take you anywhere, unhampered by sets, production costs, locations, makeup, costumes, or memorizing lines, and make you believe everything we put on the air. … The screen in your head is much bigger than the biggest giant screen ever made. It gives you an experience no other form of theatre can duplicate. It's the theatre of the mind."

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FERRIS BUTLER
Creator, writer and producer of *Waste Meat News*

4-7-79

Every Saturday at 11:30 p.m., millions of Americans tune in to what is indisputably the boldest, the most innovative, and frequently the most tasteless comedy show on television — NBC's *Saturday Night Live*. But for the 400,000 residents of Manhattan who have cable TV, there is another program — also aired at 11:30, but on Sunday evening — that is, in its own way, even more offbeat.

Known as *Waste Meat News*, the half-hour satiric revue has been a regular feature of Channel D since April, 1976, when a young Westsider named Ferris Butler decided that he had the talent to write, direct, and produce his own comedy series, even without money and film equipment. Time has proven him right: last year, *TV World* magazine discovered, in a poll of viewers, that *Waste Meat News* is the most popular comedy program on cable, out of 150 public access shows.

A tall, willowy, 27-year-old with a quizzical expression permanently fixed on his face, Ferris once worked as a part-time office boy at Channel 7's *Eyewitness News*, and there he came to the conclusion that "TV news is nothing but throwaway scraps, like sausages or hot dogs. … Very little protein, like waste meat."

Many of the skits he conceives have the same format as "straight" news items, but have been twisted by his imagination into something outrageous. In place of the standard weather reports, for example, there is Ferris' "Leather Weather Girl," in which a girl is tied to a table, her body representing a map of the world.

The weather reporter, while telling about an impending onslaught of rain and snow, dramatizes his points by pouring a pitcher of water over the girl, smothering her with shaving cream, and finally applying a blow dryer to evaporate the messes while explaining that a warm air front will follow. Other skits include "Swedish Grease," "Music to Eat Rice By," and "The Adversaries," in which two actors wearing grotesque masks debate the question: should monsters be allowed to kill people, or just frighten them?

Ideas for skits, says Ferris, come to him any time of night or day, now that he has "stopped working at any legitimate job. I watch a lot of television. But most of the time, I meander around the streets and

just think.

"I remember when I got the idea for the foreign language cursing detector. I was sitting on a bench in the park, smoking grass, when some foreign tourists came and sat down, and started talking about me in German like I was a bum. And I thought, why not have a portable siren that goes off whenever a swear word is spoken in any language?"

He describes himself as "a very unregimented person who can't jive with the mainstream industry." This accounts for much of the spontaneity in *Waste Meat News*. The performers sometimes don't see the scripts until the taping session. Each segment requires several run-throughs before it is smooth enough to be filmed. Frequently the filming goes on far into the night. Although the show is done with a single camera and half-inch videotape, the final result makes up in charm what it lacks in professional gloss.

"Maybe I'm a little rough in the way I produce it," says Ferris, "but I'm being a pioneer and I'm not worried about perfection as long as the audience has a positive reaction."

His cast is an irregular group of about 15 unpaid actors and actresses, most of them young. Two current stars of *Waste Meat News* are Pat Profito, a master of comedy who injects an infectious vitality into all of his performances, and Laura Suarez, a Strassberg-trained actress and former Playboy Bunny who frequently portrays the naive sexpot who crops up in many of Ferris' sketches.

Most of the filming is done on the Upper West Side — usually on the street or in someone's apartment, but also in such diverse places as stores, restaurants, the waterfront, boiler rooms and lobbies. A recent skit was shot at a Westside swimming pool; it features Pat Profito as a swimming instructor who teaches three bikini-clad beauties his "jump-in-and-swim" method, in which he pushes them into the pool and expects them to swim instinctively, or drown.

Ferris, who grew up in Queens and Brooklyn "and departed as soon as was possible," studied filmmaking at New York University under Martin Scorsese and was encouraged to pursue comedy writing. For the past five years he has been married to Beverly Ross, a composer with many hits to her credit including "Lollipop."

It's 10 seconds before midnight on Sunday evening. Time once again for Ferris to bid his viewers goodnight. "And remember: stay alienated, stay wiped out, and stay wasted."

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EASTSIDER SAMMY CAHN
Oscar-winning lyricist

3-10-79

"I've never written a song that didn't almost write itself," says Sammy Cahn, one of the world's most successful lyricists of popular songs. "I'm like the catalyst. It's like I start the boulder down the hill, but after that, there's only one place it can go. I'm always thrilled by the adventure of finding the lyric and leading it to a happy conclusion. If I come to the slightest impasse, I've learned to stop, and look around and see what needs to be done around the house. Then I come back, and it's so easy. You can't go into combat with a lyric."

Over the past four decades, his songs have received four Oscars and more than 30 Oscar nominations. Among his numerous hits, written in collaboration with six different melodists, are "Three Coins in a Fountain," "Love and Marriage," "Call Me Irresponsible" and "Let It Snow! Let it Snow! Let it Snow!" His musicals include *Anchors Aweigh* and *High Button Shoes*. As a performer, he has the distinction of making his Broadway debut in 1974 at the age of 60, in a one-man show with backup musicians titled *Words and Music*, in which he sang his own material and told colorful stories about his life and career. For his performance, Sammy won the Outer Circle Critic's Award for Best New Talent on Broadway, as well as a Theatre World Award. Since then, he has been in great demand all over the country as an entertainer.

Small, wiry and energetic — he describes himself as "all glasses and mustache" — he is utterly without pretension, and seems as much at home with strangers on the street as he is with royalty (last year he sang for England's Prince Charles). He manages to embrace both worlds by involving himself in many projects simultaneously.

Born on "the lowest part of the Lower East Side," he now has an apartment in the East 60s with his wife Tita, a fashion designer. He has another residence in Los Angeles, and spends about the same number of days each year in the two homes.

Recently Sammy completed the songs for a new cartoon film of *Heidi* and a series of songs for *Sesame Street*. He also works as a consultant for Faberge, and has a large office in the company's East Side headquarters. As president of the Songwriters Hall of Fame, Sammy devotes much of his time to publicizing the non-profit organization's museum on the eighth floor of One Times Square. It is open Monday through Saturday from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m., and admission is free. He recently met with the producer of the Broadway musical *Annie* to discuss writing a new musical. He gives generously to many charitable causes.

But the majority of his time these days goes to writing and performing special lyrics for special occasions — usually parodies of his own hit songs. Sometimes he does this for profit, and sometimes for love. He was paid handsomely to prepare a birthday celebration for Ray Kroc, the head of Mcdonald's. But a couple of weeks ago, when a man wrote to Sammy telling him how much his songs had meant to him and his wife over the years, and asking him to please write some personalized lyrics for their 18th wedding anniversary, Sammy was "just enough of an idiot to sit down and do it."

He works exclusively at the typewriter. "I have become almost audacious. When I put a piece of paper in the typewriter, I know that the completed song will be on that page. I'm very grateful to the man who invented Correctotype and liquid paper. I start to type as soon as I get up, and I think about songs all day long. When I sleep at night, I sleep with an earplug in my ear, tuned to WCBS or WINS radio. They're both news stations. The radio distracts me: it stops me from thinking about lyrics."

As we are talking, Sammy keeps remembering telephone calls he needs to make, but he keeps them brief and to the point. As soon as he hangs up, our conversation jumps immediately back to the previous subject, as if there had been no interruption. He is extremely quick-minded — to the extent that his thoughts sometimes race ahead of him, and his sentences lose their structure. In speaking of his son, a very successful jazz guitarist who performs under the name Steve Khan, Sammy comments: "Now, my son — brace yourself — my son — this is one of my great, great achievements — my fame is coming from a very curious source. People come up to me and say, 'You're Steve Kahn's father?'"

Asked about the satisfaction he has gotten from songwriting, Sammy insists that he can't imagine a more rewarding career. "I once told that to a college audience and a boy said, 'I'm studying to be a lawyer. What's wrong with that?' I said, 'Nothing, but who walks down the street humming a lawsuit?'"

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WESTSIDER HUGH CAREY
Governor of New York state

9-16-78

It was 5 p.m. on the Friday before Labor Day. Governor Hugh Carey sat alone in his office on West 55th Street, rubbing his forehead wearily with both hands when his assistant press secretary, Judy Deich, ushered me in. The introductions were brief, and the governor spoke very rapidly, keeping is eyes on the table in front of him, where he was scrawling pencil lines in geometric patterns on a piece of blank paper, as if to maintain his concentration.

The Governor had been up for 12 hours, and his voice occasionally faded to a whisper, but he answered all the questions with a flair and displayed a sincere manner throughout. Sitting kitty-corner to me at a conference table, he looked smaller and thinner than his photographs. He also looked like one of the tiredest, most overworked men I had ever met.

"I have been staying on the West Side a lot since last September," he said. "That's when my sons Donald and Michael got an apartment near Central Park. They're kind enough to put me up there. We have the usual tenants' complaints about the leaky ceilings and peeling paint. All in all, it's a good building. I find more and more advantages to living on the West Side. I like it because of the accessibility to work and because I jog in Central Park.

"One of my headaches is Central Park. Some of my colleagues would like to make it a national park. It's the city's biggest showplace. … I want to get the automobiles out of there more and more. In the morning, I see all the New Jersey cars coming through. That's why I want Westway below 42d Street — so it will take more pressure off the city. … I wish everyone would realize that Westway is not a road. It's a recessed highway — more of a tunnel."

Speaking frankly of the problem of ex-mental patients in parts of the West Side, Carey said that "we have indexed all the SRO's. That was never done before. … The homeless people who live on the street are not the wards of the state. We can't just go out and pick them up. … If they need some kind of health care, they should be taken to a shelter and given health care. If they resist, we will have peace officers to take care of them. That's something I'm doing with Mayor Koch."

Ever since he defeated Nelson Rockefeller's appointed successor, Malcolm Wilson, in 1974, Hugh Carey has become well known for both his conservative moral code and his unswerving fiscal restraint. Born on April 11, 1919, to an Irish Catholic family in Brooklyn, Carey grew up with five brothers believing in certain principles that he has never abandoned. These moral principles have become the foundation of his controversial stands on the death penalty and abortion.

"I am against the death penalty," said Carey, "because the government can make a mistake. A sentence of life without parole is better. There are six people now walking around the state who were condemned to death and later proven innocent. One is named Zimmy and he works on the West Side in a garment factory. Somebody should ask him what he thinks about the death penalty. He's alive because somebody confessed.

"I oppose abortion personally. But the Supreme Court upheld that it's the choice of a woman of her own free will, and I support that ruling. In New York, the state pays for it if it's a matter of medical necessity. Otherwise, there might be a mangled body in a back alley. ... I'm also advocating an alternative — a teenage pregnancy bill, where girls can have a baby without shame and go back to school. It's the most common reason for dropouts among teenagers."

During World War II, Hugh Carey fought in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany, and attained the rank of major. After the service, he worked for many years as an executive in his brother Edward's Peerless Oil and Chemical Corporation. Not until 1960, when he was 41 years old, did Carey decide to run for political office. He won his first congressional race and during the 1960s developed a national reputation for his liberal attitude on education, and programs for the elderly and handicapped.

His life has twice been touched by deep personal tragedy in recent years. An automobile accident in 1969 took the lives of his two eldest sons, and cancer claimed his wife Helen in 1974. A man who loves the company of other people, Carey enjoys such simple pleasures as cooking with friends and singing with his children.

Asked about the chief difference between himself and Republican challenger Perry Duryea, the governor replied with obvious glee: "I can't think of anything we have in common. ... I'll knock the Y right out of his name before I'm finished."

Generally known to be at his best in times of crisis, Carey said that whenever the pressures of his office become too great for him to handle alone, he drops into the chapel and asks for help. "It's a matter of privacy to me; I go where I'm not seen," he said. "I need help quite a lot. Also, I believe that New York is a very special place, with a resourcefulness that can't be matched anywhere in the world. When people have come together as New Yorkers, they have done amazing things."

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WESTSIDER CRAIG CLAIBORNE
Food editor of the *New York Times*

3-10-79

"To be a good restaurant critic, you shouldn't have a conscience," says Craig Claiborne, food editor of the *New York Times*. "I used to visit restaurants twice a day, frequently seven days a week, and lie awake brooding about whether my reviews were honest — whether I was hurting somebody who didn't deserve to be hurt."

Recognized throughout the United States as the father of modern restaurant criticism, Claiborne joined the *Times* in 1957, and shortly thereafter was given the go-ahead to write reviews based on a four-star system. "The *New York Times* made the decision. I was the instrument. It was the first newspaper that allowed a restaurant critic to say anything he wanted. It took a lot of guts, when a newspaper depends on advertising."

A 58-year-old bachelor whose soft voice still carries strong traces of his native Mississippi, Claiborne has few of the characteristics generally imagined of a Timesman. He is a true bon vivant, and does not appear to take himself or his work too seriously. He prefers to be called by his first name, is not a particularly fashionable dresser, and spends as little time as possible in Manhattan. In his lighter moods, such as that in which I find him on the day of our interview, he delights in telling jokes that are classics of schoolyard humor. The punch line, more often than not, is drowned by his own uproarious laughter.

Although he has maintained a Westside apartment for the past nine years, Claiborne spends most of his time at his house in East Hampton, Long Island, next door to Pierre Franey, one of the greatest French chefs in America, who, since 1974, has co-authored Claiborne's food articles for the *New York*

Times Sunday magazine. Recently he purchased a larger, more modern house about 15 minutes from Franey, which he plans to occupy shortly. The pair cook together about five times a week. Claiborne calls the house "my Taj Mahal — my Xanadu."

He explains his jovial mood by saying that the night before, he attended a big dinner party for restaurateur Joe Baum at the Four Seasons. "It was an everybody-bring-something dinner. Jim Beard brought bread. I brought saviche (marinated raw fish), and Gael Greene brought some chocolate dessert. I got roaring drunk."

In spite of his earthiness, Claiborne unquestionably ranks as one of the leading food authorities of his time. His articles, which appear in the *Times* each Monday, Wednesday and Sunday, cover every subject from the particulars of a dinner for Chinese Vice-Premier Teng Hsiao-ping in Washington (where Claiborne saw a rock group he had never heard of called the Osmonds) to the six most creative ways of preparing scallops. He has written numerous best-selling cookbooks, and he often travels around the world on fact-finding missions.

Claiborne's rise from obscurity to the most prestigious food job in America astonished no one more than himself, since his principal qualifications were a B.A. in journalism and one year's training at a hotel and restaurant school in Switzerland. However, the *Times* knew exactly what they were looking for when Jane Nickerson retired in 1957, and Claiborne quickly proved to be the man of the hour. He threw himself into his work with boundless energy, writing no less than five columns a week, but his relationship with the newspaper eventually became a love hate affair. "Things came to the point where I couldn't go to a restaurant at night unless I came home here and had at least four Scotch and sodas and four martinis. And at this point, I took myself off to Africa. I stayed at the Stanley Hotel in Kenya, and I came back and said, 'Give me my benefits. I'm quitting this place.' They thought I was kidding."

He wasn't. Claiborne left the paper for almost two years. "Then the *Times* came to me and said, 'Would you come back under any circumstances?' And I must confess that I felt a great emotional relief." He agreed to return if the paper would have someone else do the local restaurant reviews; he also requested that his neighbor and cooking partner Pierre Franey share the Sunday byline. The conditions were immediately met.

Claiborne's Westside apartment is painted green from floor to ceiling — thus fulfilling an old fantasy of his. He describes the apartment itself as "gently shabby," but says that the building, constructed in 1883, is "the greatest residency in the entire island of Manhattan. You're catty-corner from Carnegie Hall, you're six minutes by foot from Lincoln Center, you can walk to any place on Broadway within seconds, and there are very few restaurants you couldn't get to within five minutes of this place." His favorite restaurant in all of Manhattan is the Shun Lee Palace (155 E. 55th St.), while two other favorites on the West Side are the Russian Tea Room and the Fuji Restaurant (238 W. 56th).

Asked about other interests or hobbies, Claiborne smiles mischievously and replies: "I'm having a $6000 Bolton stereo system put into my new Xanadu. You can clap your hands and change the tapes or records. I love music and sex and food, and outside of that, forget it!"

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WESTSIDER MARC CONNELLY
Actor, director, producer, novelist, and Pulitzer Prize-winning dramatist

1-7-78

Eleven years ago, during my senior year in high school, I saw a movie just before Christmas that made a deep impression. It was a film of a stage play called *The Green Pastures* — a fascinating look at life in biblical times, performed by an all-black cast.

The memory of that film remained in my consciousness like a religious experience, although I never knew who wrote the play or when it was written. So it was a welcome surprise to learn that this week's interview would be with the play's author, Marc Connelly.

Connelly was born in a small Pennsylvania town in 1890, the son of a pair of travelling actors. He wrote *The Green Pastures* in 1930; it won that year's Pulitzer Prize for drama. In his 70-year career Connelly has written dozens of plays. One of the most versatile talents in the American theatre, he has excelled as an actor, director, producer, playwriting professor at Yale, and popular lecturer. He has written musicals, stage plays, movie scripts and radio plays.

He was one of the original staff members of the *New Yorker* magazine, and became part of the famous round table at the Algonquin Hotel. One of his short stories won an O. Henry award. His first novel was published when he was 74 years old. Today, still an active playwright, he lives peacefully at

Central Park West, comfortable in his role as an elder statesman of American letters.

I feel a certain freedom about repeating the comments Connelly made during our interview because the first thing he said at the door was "I never read anything about myself. … It's not modesty; it's more terror — for fear that some dark secret will emerge."

Yes, he said, he's very busy these days. "I've just completed a comedy which I'm waiting to have done. I'd rather not mention the title before it comes out. It's a comic fantasy."

He recently taped an appearance on the *Dick Cavett Show*, which will be aired sometime this month. And he's working on a musical version of *Farmer Takes A Wife*, a Broadway play that he co-authored in 1934. It became a successful film the next year, with Henry Fonda's screen premiere.

"They're always reviving my plays. Last summer they did *Merton of the Movies* (which he wrote with George F. Kaufman in 1922) in that big theatre complex in Los Angeles. It was quite successful. The boy that plays John-Boy on the Waltons played Merton. It was quite good; I went to see it."

Much as Connelly dislikes certain TV shows, he thinks very highly of TV as a medium: "It's good, it's good. I like three or four shows. *Mash* is wonderful. I like *Maude* every now and then. And Carol Burnett. I might like *Kojak* if it didn't run every five minutes. Three times a night is too much for any TV show."

Any anecdotes about the "Vicious Circle" of the Algonquin Hotel — whose members included Robert Benchley, Dorothy Parker, Edna Ferber, Alexander Woollcott and George Kaufman? "Oh, I don't want to talk about the round table," he said. "Every time you turn around there's a new book about the round table. … I've written about George Kaufman and so have a hundred other people. It might be that he might get out of his grave and club us all for writing about him."

Although *The Green Pastures* is considered an American classic, it is now performed only by school and amateur companies. Its depiction of plantation life has become offensive to socially conscious blacks. "There are Negro snobs," explained Connelly, "just like there are Irish snobs and Jewish snobs. As soon as people get in a position of economic power, they become sensitive about the way they are shown on the stage. It's a very human, inevitable reaction."

However, he thinks that his masterwork is as valid today as ever. "It's a statement about the fact that man has been hunting the divine in himself ever since he became a conscious animal. And this is the story of one aspect of his search for the divine in himself."

Connelly attends Broadway "when there's something I feel I want to see. I walk out on quite a few. Theatre is just as strong today. A seasonal crop may be poor, but theatre itself is healthy. It's probably the greatest social instrument man ever invented. All religions have sprung from the theatre."

A Westsider since about 1920, Marc Connelly named Schwartz's Candy Store on West 72nd as one of his favorite neighborhood businesses. "It's one of the finest candy shops in New York," he said. "You can see my portrait there. And the A&P at 68th and Broadway. There's a checkout girl there named Noreen who's one of the best checkout girls in America."

The interview came to an end when I again asked Connelly about television. Does he approve of it? "Of course," he said. "Any new public addition is going to be condemned. They used to say, 'Don't go to the movies. … You'll go blind.' We're not blind and we still watch them."

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EASTSIDER TONY CRAIG
Star of *The Edge of Night*

1-26-79

Although Los Angeles has long since taken over prime-time TV programming, New York is still the headquarters for daytime drama — also known as soap opera. Of the 13 "soaps," 10 are filmed in New York, and of these 10, five have been on the small screen since the 1950s, including *The Edge of Night*, which debuted in 1956.

The show's crime/mystery format has not changed much over the years, but one thing that has changed, of course, is the cast of characters. Tony Craig, who plays attorney Draper Scott, joined the show in November, 1975, and since then he has become one of the most popular male stars in daytime television.

Tony owes his success not only to his good looks and his acting ability, but also to his likable off-

camera personality. Upon meeting Tony on the set of *The Edge of Night* during a busy shooting session, I cannot help noticing the affection that the other cast members display toward him. His ability to get along with everyone involved with the show — especially producer Nick Nicholson, and headwriter Henry Slesar — has enabled Tony to develop the role of Draper Scott into one of the four leading characters.

"I was given a piece of advice when I started," says Tony. "One: keep to your business and do what you're told, and two, answer your fan mail. I answer all my fan mail with a very personal response. … In the *National Star*, I once said I was looking for Miss Right, and I got inundated with letters. Some people sent plane ticket, asking me to come and see them."

As we sit down to talk in one of the dressing rooms, Tony puts on a tie and jacket for an upcoming bar scene, but because only his top half will be shown on camera, he does not bother to change out of his blue jeans and running shoes. Tall, athletically built and boyish in appearance, he discusses his work with an infectious enthusiasm.

"The closer I get to the character, the more I see that he and I are very much alike," says Tony in his rapid speech. "It's funny, the way I've assimilated him and he's assimilated me. It's like the dummy in *Magic*. The character has gone from a very impetuous, aggressive, almost nasty young man to a very quiet, strong, very reserved lawyer. It's changed to the point where I'm a pillar of the community. Whenever there's a problem, call Draper.

"I think I allow Tony a little more anger, a little more frustration, than Draper allows himself. … I'm very normal, I'm very average, I'm very aggressive. Some people would say pushy. But I do what I have to."

Approximately 260 half-hour shows are filmed each year for *The Edge of Night*, and Tony appears in most of them. He starts his day by studying lines — "we have about a week ahead to go over the script" — and then goes to the studio on East 44th Street, where each scene gets just one run-through before the final taping. A quick learner, Tony finds that "I have plenty of time to do what I want." Last year he launched a successful musical nightclub act and performed in two stage plays by Neil Simon — *Barefoot in the Park* with Maureen O'Sullivan and *The Star Spangled Girl*.

Another important aspect of Tony's life is sports. When growing up in Pittsburgh, he says, "all I ever wanted was to be an athlete. My whole life was baseball. But I just wasn't good enough." Now he works out three times a week at the 21st Century Health Club on East 57th Street, jogs, plays tennis and racquetball, and is on the softball and basketball teams of both *The Edge of Night* and the *ABC Eyewitness News*. Says Tony: "The *Eyewitness News* team plays all over the tri-state area and gives the proceeds to charity."

Unlike his TV character, who recently brought up the ratings by marrying the beautiful April Cavanaugh (played by Terry Davis), Tony lives alone in an Upper East Side apartment. "How can I put this without sounding full of beans and self-pity?" He remarks. "I find that life is a lot more exciting when you share it with somebody. … The girl I'm dating now is a news reporter in Baltimore, Jeanne Downey. Long distance isn't the next best thing to being there, believe me."

When Tony won the part of Draper Scott over 200 other actors, he was working part-time as a bartender at Joe Allen's in the theatre district. "I was doing commercials and a lot of modeling — nothing significant. Before this show, I'd never made more than $1,200 a year from acting. I didn't expect to get the part, because they wanted someone in his mid 40s. They rewrote the script for a younger attorney. My agent signed me up on a lark. That just goes to show: when it happens, it happens."

Tony hates to cook — which is fine with the restaurateurs in his area. His favorite dining spot is La Bonne Soupe (3rd Ave., 57th-58th St.): they have the prettiest waitresses and most pleasant food."

Asked about the lasting value of soap opera, he quickly replies: "I believe television has an obligation to do nothing but entertain. Everything on television, even news, is show business. If it weren't, they wouldn't have ratings and handsome newsmen."

Anyone wishing to hear from Tony should write to him at ABC, 1330 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10019.

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EASTSIDER RODNEY DANGERFIELD
The comedian and the man

1-6-79

He was 43 years old when the big break came. Jack Roy, a paint salesman from Queens who did comedy in his spare time, stood before the cameras of the *Ed Sullivan Show* and delivered a routine that soon had the audience helpless with laughter. Whether they realized they were witnessing the birth of one of comedy's brightest stars is uncertain. But for Jack Roy — better known as Rodney Dangerfield — the long wait was over.

His unique brand of humor caught on immediately. Within a year he was able to quit the paint business — "it was a colorless job" — and give his full time to comedy. After 10 appearances with Sullivan he went on *The Tonight Show*, and established such a smooth rapport with Johnny Carson that he has so far been invited back about 60 times. With Carson acting as "straight man," Dangerfield tosses off a string of outrageous anecdotes that are in keeping with his image as a man who seems to have the whole world against him.

The afternoon I meet Rodney Dangerfield at his spacious modern East Side apartment is like a day straight out of his monologue. Coming to the door dressed in a polka dot robe and looking quite exhausted, he apologizes by saying that he has been up since 8 in the morning — early for someone who is accustomed to working past 4 a.m. As we sit down to talk, he answers most of my questions with an unexpected seriousness. Still, the humor creeps in around the edges.

"I have an image to feed. Most comedians don't," he says with a yawn, sprawled out on the sofa like a bear prematurely woken from hibernation. "If I see something or read something that starts me thinking, I try to turn it around, and ask myself: How can it go wrong for me now? What can happen here? For example, you're watching something on television. You see Lindbergh on the screen. Your mind is on that TV. ... You get no respect at all. You see the paper flying all over the place. You say, I get no respect at all. I got arrested for littering at a ticker tape parade.

"Rickles has an image. Steve Martin has an image. But most don't. A lot of comedians buy their material. Others take someone else's material and steal it. We don't go into that, though."

Being a professional funny man, says Rodney, "is a completely total sacrifice. It's like dope: you have to do it. ... The curse is to be a perfectionist."

He writes at least 90 percent of his act. Whenever an original joke flashes into his mind, he drops whatever he's doing and jots it down. ("I get no respect. On my wedding night I got arrested for having a girl in my room.") Before a new gag can be thought worthy of *The Tonight Show*, it must be tested and retested before a live audience. This is no problem, for Rodney is constantly in demand all over the North American continent, not only as a nightclub performer but also as a lecturer at colleges. Last June he was invited to give the commencement address at Harvard. "It's a strange thing," he remarks. "Kids are into me."

One probable reason for his appeal with the young is that Rodney has two children of his own, an 18-year-old son in college and a 14-year-old daughter who lives at home. It was mainly to lighten his travel schedule and enable him to spend more time with his children that Rodney opened his own nightclub nine years ago. Known simply as Dangerfield's, it is located on First Avenue between 61st and 62nd Streets. Dangerfield's is especially popular with out-of-town visitors. Among the celebrities who have been spotted there: Bob Hope, Johnny Carson, Joe Namath, Telly Savalas and Led Zeppelin. The entertainment usually consists of both music and comedy — Jackie Mason, singers Gene Barry and Carmen MacRae, and America's foremost political impressionist, David Frye.

But the biggest attraction, of course, is Rodney himself. He will be playing the club from January 5 until February 4, seven nights a week. There is an $8 cover charge and a $7 minimum on food and/or drink.

Rodney has lived on the East Side since 1969. Born as Jacob Cohen 57 years ago in Babylon, Long Island, he spent most of his boyhood and his early career in Queens. After graduating from Richmond Hill High School, he changed his legal name to Jack Roy "because my father used 'Roy' in vaudeville." For years he worked small nightclubs for little or no pay. Then at 28 he married. "My wife was a singer. So we decided to both quit show business and lead a normal life. That doesn't always work out."

The first "no respect" joke he ever wrote, says Rodney, was: "I played hide and seek. They wouldn't even look for me." The same basic gag has since reappeared in a thousand variations. ("My twin brother forgot my birthday.")

Rodney now earns a substantial part of his income by making commercials, the best known of which are for Mobil and Miller Lite beer. He has cut two comedy albums and written a pair of books, *I Don't Get*

No Respect and *I Couldn't Stand My Wife's Cooking So I Opened a Restaurant.*

For the moment, Rodney has no plans for other books or albums. "Perhaps I'm not ambitious enough to pursue different things the way I should," he confesses."I'd rather spend my free time at the health club. The idea in life is not to see how much money you can die with."

WESTSIDER JAN DE RUTH
Partner of nudes and *Time* covers

9-24-77

In 1955, when Jan De Ruth's painting reached the point where he could support himself entirely by his brush and palette, he used to take singing lessons at 8 o'clock in the morning to make himself get up early. Today he gets up strictly to paint, and does so with such skill and efficiency that he maintains a reputation as one of America's foremost painters of nudes, while still managing to turn out five or six commissioned portraits a month.

At 55 and in the zenith of his career, De Ruth is a mellow, dignified Westsider whose lively eyes reflect the deep intellect within. His achievements in the past two decades are enormous. His works have graced nearly 70 one-man shows. His portraits of former First Lady Pat Nixon and other celebrity wives have appeared on the cover of *Time* magazine. He has written two widely popular books — *Portrait Painting* and *Painting the Nude*. As we relax in the workroom of his West 67th Street apartment, I begin by asking how he came to specialize in nudes.

"I always knew I would paint women," he says in a soft voice shaded with tones of his native Czechoslovakia. "In 1948, when I came to the United States, I started to paint nudes."

Is his choice of subject matter motivated by something other than art's sake?" "The only person I think who may have these thoughts in mind is myself," he answers, smiling frankly, "because I always ask myself whether these reasons are purely artistic or do they come from the gut? I don't think there can be art unless it comes from the gut."

De Ruth's painting used to occupy him eight to 15 hours a day. Now he is down to about seven hours. He works very rapidly, with intense concentration. "I don't paint after the afternoon," he explains, "except sometimes sketching at night. You exhaust your juices by the time evening comes along."

One person he used to sketch after hours was actress Karen Black, who lived in West 68th Street just across from his apartment. Says De Ruth: "she would sit in the in the windowsill in her bra and slip. Then one day I called over to her, 'Would you like to get paid for this?' She rushed inside to get her glasses, and looked over at me, very surprised. She became my model for some time."

For a woman to be an ideal nude model, said De Ruth, "she should be gentle, as intelligent as possible, considerate, and somebody in the arts, or with the sensitivity of an artist. And she must be physically attractive."

How do the women who pose fully dressed for commissioned portraits compare to the professional nude models? "They work better than my models usually," says the artist, who has painted Ethel Kennedy, Eleanor McGovern, and the late Martha Mitchell for *Time*. "They're much more concerned to participate. I don't think it's necessarily something to do with vanity. It's much more curiosity. Because we never really know until the day we die what we look like. Because we vary so much from one time to another."

Ironically, Martha Mitchell — wife of President Nixon's infamous attorney general, John Mitchell — posed for De Ruth inside the Watergate Building during the height of her fame. "She had a certain peasant charm — a charm of her own," he recalls.

A man who craves variety, De Ruth has for many years spent his summers at a studio in Massachusetts. This past summer he began to teach painting in New Mexico — something he has wanted to try for a long time. A passionate skier, he travels to Austria each winter to pursue the sport that he learned as a child, then gave up until his mid-40s.

His other after-work activities? "I love to be in the company of women," says the artist with a radiant smile, adding that he prefers their company when he's not painting them.

The East Side, according to the artist, is "a city in itself. There's a sterility over there, at least for me.

I just can't see myself without this mixture that the West Side is." De Ruth has been going to the same Chinese laundry for 28 years — Jack's on Columbus Avenue. Another business he has patronized all that time is Schneider's Art Supplies at 75th Street and Columbus.

As the interview comes to a close, I ask De Ruth what advice he would give to an aspiring young artist. "Never be discouraged by anyone or anything," he says. Then, to balance his remarks, he relates an anecdote about an art student who asked Degas what he could do to help the world of art. Replied Degas: "Stop painting."

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WESTSIDER MIGNON DUNN
The Met's super mezzo

3-8-80

Don't look for opera posters, photographs or reviews on the walls of Mignon Dunn's Westside apartment. The Tennessee-born Metropolitan Opera star, one of the world's most sought-after mezzo-sopranos since the early 1970s, prefers to keep her two lives separate. She has no scrapbooks and saves no clippings. "I look forward to what I'm doing tomorrow," she explains.

"I don't like those stand-up-and-sing roles. I loves to play wicked women. But you have to make them just as human as possible," she continues, her gold jewelry jingling as she settles onto the sofa. Tall and attractive, with large, expressive features, Miss Dunn is hospitality personified as she talks about her life and career over a glass of wine.

This season at the Met she starred in both *Lohengrin* and *Elektra*. In the spring she will appear in *Aida* on the Met tour, and perform the role of Kundry in *Parsifal* with Germany's Hamburg Opera. After that she plans some orchestral and opera concerts across the country. Long praised for her dramatic talents as well as her vocal skills, Miss Dunn has already signed contracts for performances into 1984.

Although a few noted operas, such as *Carmen*, *Samson et Dalila*, and *Joan of Arc*, have a mezzo in the title role, most operas feature the higher-voiced soprano in the lead and a mezzo in a character role. "We may not have the main roles, but we have some of the best parts in *opera*," she says in her rich Southern accent, shouting the last word as if from an overflow of energy. "Not many of the roles I get today are angelic. It's often the 'other woman,' or the woman who causes the trouble."

Married since 1972 to Kurt Klippstatter, a conductor and music director from Austria, Miss Dunn has never had any children of her own, somewhat to her regret. But she and her husband frequently have their nephews and nieces staying for extended periods. "Our niece Evi, from Austria, is living with us now. She's like a little daughter, and I adore her. She's 18, and she's going to go to nursing school." Mignon and Kurt are a very gregarious couple who enjoy throwing huge dinner parties. Mignon's cooking, like her singing, is international.

"I cook Austrian. I cook New Orleans. I cook some nice Italian and
French things. I'm going to be in Paris later this year for six weeks, and
I really seriously want to go to the Cordon Bleu Cooking School, and take
at least a three-week course."

Around the late 1960s she was based in Germany for several years. There, says Dunn, many new operas are premiered each year, while in the U.S. they are a rarity. "It all comes back to the fact that we don't have government subsidy. We have to worry about selling tickets. Opera is an expensive thing, and until we get this government support — which people for some reason are afraid of — we cannot be as experimental as we would like to be."

Brought up on a cotton plantation in Memphis, she entered her first singing contest at the age of 9 and spent most Saturday afternoons in her girlhood listening with rapt attention to the Metropolitan Opera broadcast on the radio. Immediately following her high school graduation, she was auditioned by Met scouts and encouraged to go to New York. There, after several years of study, she won a national competition that launched her career.

Dunn spent part of three seasons with the New York City Opera before joining the Met. It was many years, however, before her talents were fully appreciated there. "It only took me 11 auditions to get into the New York City Opera, and at least that many at the Met. So take heart, everybody," she says, laughing merrily.

She has made numerous opera recordings, including the role of Susan B. Anthony in Virgil Thompson's *The Mother of Us All* and Maddalena in *Rigoletto*. "I don't ever listen to my recordings,"

she says when asked to name her favorite. "I listen to the playbacks, when I can do something about it. But I don't listen to recordings afterwards because there's nothing that I can do about it, and I know I'm going to find a million things that I don't like."

Mignon and her husband recently bought a house in Connecticut, but they will keep their Westside apartment. "We have three acres," she says proudly. "I hope we'll get a couple of horses and I would love a goat. I love goats. They're so cute. I love animals — we have a Great Dane and a Labrador — and I'm very much into the business with the Animal Protection Institute. Most of the experiments that are done with animals today: there's just no reason for it. ... I mean, I don't think we need another shampoo on the market, really."

Her voice rises with feeling as she pursues the subject. "It is really the slavery of today. People don't have any feelings for animals, and I'm just rabid. I really am. It is so *disgraceful*. Anytime anybody wants me to do a benefit for animals, just call me and I'll do it any day I've got free. I would like to do more benefits. Actually, I'm hardly ever asked to, but if I were asked, I would do it."

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EASTSIDER DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.
A man for all seasons

7-14-79

Six times he has received an advance to write his autobiography, and six times he has returned the money because of the enormity of the task. The life of Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is too rich and varied to be condensed into a one-volume narrative.

The only child of Douglas Fairbanks Sr., America's first great matinee idol, he has acted in more than 75 feature films, produced 160 television plays and a dozen movies, performed in countless stage plays and musicals, made numerous recordings, written screenplays, published his articles and drawings in many of the nation's leading magazines, and given his time freely to at least 50 public service organizations. Ten countries on four continents have presented him with major awards for his diplomatic and philanthropic activities.

"One morning I woke up and said, 'I suppose I must have retired,'" notes the tanned, vigorous 69-year-old at his Madison Avenue office, from behind his huge antique desk with brass lions' heads for drawer pulls. But in our long discussion, it becomes obvious that he has never actually retired, either as an entertainer or as a force in public affairs. His office is fairly cluttered with mementoes of his world travels — swords, statuettes, novelty lamps, old photographs, oversized travel books. The white-haired, melodious-voiced actor sits looking very comfortable as he tells about his ongoing stage career.

"My favorite type of work right now is doing plays for limited periods. In 1940 I gave up stage acting, but in 1968 I did the first big revival of *My Fair Lady*, and since then I have been in several other plays. This summer I'm doing *My Fair Lady* again in Reno for eight to 10 weeks. ... I didn't want to copy Rex Harrison, but I was prevailed upon by Lerner and Loewe to do this. I've known them since before they knew each other. They're going to make a number of adjustments for me. My other project, which is still in the planning stages, is a new Broadway show. But it's really too soon to talk about it."

On August 13, the classic 1939 film *Gunga Din*, in which Fairbanks co stars with Cary Grant, will be shown at 9 p.m. on Channel 9 with a single commercial-interruption. His other hit films include *Sinbad the Sailor* and *The Prisoner of Zenda.* He acted in his first movie in 1923 while barely in his teens, and in 1932 he was designated a star. He continued to make films until 1941, when he joined the U.S. armed forces and served for more than five years. Then he resumed his film career with much success before turning his hand to producing in 1952.

"Everybody misuses the word 'star' today," he explains. "Legally, it only means having your name above the title. There's no such thing as a superstar. That's a term we have let creep into the language. Actually Charlie Chaplin may have been a superstar, but he's one of the very few." He laughs and tells about another aspect of modern-day moviemaking that amuses him. "Very few of the great producers in the past paid any attention to credits at all. Now, they all like to get their names in the billing and in the ads, as big as the stars' names — as if anybody cares who made the film!"

Asked whether his career was helped by having a famous father in the movie business, he replies that "the advantages were ephemeral. They were limited to people being polite and nice, but that wouldn't necessarily lead to any jobs. It usually meant that I would be underpaid rather than overpaid, and they would expect more of me. By the time I became a star, my father had already retired."

His stepmother Mary Pickford, "America's sweetheart," who died in May at the age of 86, joined with

Douglas Fairbanks Sr., Charlie Chaplin and D.W. Griffith in 1919 to found United Artists. The following year she married Fairbanks, and together they virtually ruled Hollywood. Douglas Junior, who became close to his father only in his late teens, grew up in New York, Hollywood, London and Paris — which helps to explain his love for travel and his endless quest for variety.

As the creative force behind the acclaimed TV series *Douglas Fairbanks Presents*, he produced an average of 32 one-hour films a year from 1952 and 1957. "My studio manager had a heart attack and my story editor had a nervous breakdown, just from the pressure of getting out these films. I thought I would be next, so I decided to quit," he says. "They were very elaborate productions. We used to have the scripts six months in advance. Now, if you start shooting on Tuesday, you'll get the script on Monday."

Today, with his multiple business interests and philanthropic pursuits, he maintains a house in Florida, an office in London, and, since 1956, an apartment on the Upper East Side. He and his wife Mary have been married for 40 years and have three daughters, two of whom live in England.

His overall career, concludes Fairbanks, "does not have a single theme, because it's been so diversified. It's been a series of themes. Maybe it's cacophonous. The things I find most interesting don't pay a penny. But possibly all my activities blended together have something to do with a person who's got a lot of curiosity and energy and capacity to enjoy and appreciate life."

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WESTSIDER LEE FALK
Creator of The Phantom and Mandrake the Magician

5-27-78

Who is the most widely read author in the world today?

Not counting Chairman Mao, whose quotations are required reading for one-fourth of the earth's population, the honor probably belongs to a dapper, soft-spoken man in his early 60s who could walk from his Westside apartment all the way to Times Square without being recognized. He is not a familiar figure on book jackets or talk shows because Lee Falk happens to be a comic strip writer. His two creations, The Phantom and Mandrake the Magician, are published in more than 500 newspapers in 40 countries. His daily readership: close to 100 million.

"One of the few places in the world where my strips don't run is in New York City," says Falk, leaning gently forward in his chair. "They ran in the *New York Journal American* for 25 years. That was the biggest afternoon paper in America until the newspaper strike, about 10 years ago. Then it folded, as did most of New York's papers; we were left with the *Times*, the *Post*, and the *Daily News*. But my strips do run in *El Diario*, the Spanish-language newspaper, and in the *New York News World*."

He arrived in New York from Missouri during the Great Depression,
while still in his teens, carrying a sample strip he had written and drawn.
King Features bought Mandrake the Magician and two years later added
The Phantom to their syndicate.

In the beginning, Falk did both the drawing and the writing himself. "Then for a long time I used to make rough sketches and give them to my artists," he recalls. "Now I just give a description of each panel. I might say 'close-up' or 'long shot' like you do in a film. Then I put in the dialogue. … Some of my early artists are dead. They've gone on to their reward — to that big bar up in the sky, where all artists go. … Now there's one group drawing my strips on Long Island, and another one on Cape Cod. Very often I don't see them from one year to the next. Collaboration works best that way."

Since giving up his drawing pad, Falk has increased his literary output many times over. Besides doing all the writing for his strips for the past 40-odd years — which now takes up but a small part of his time — he has written five novels and a dozen plays. He owns five theatres; he has directed about 100 plays and produced 300. None of his own dramatic works has been a big commercial success, although one is currently doing well in Paris. Then there was the comedy that he co-authored with a young American he met in Rome just before World War II. "It almost made it to Broadway," says Falk. "It was redone about two years ago on the West Coast. My collaborator was there to see it too; we've remained friends to this day. You may have heard of the man. He's a senator from California, the senate majority whip. His name is Alan Cranston. … You see, it's best to save the punch line for the end."

Another of Falk's main pastimes is travel. He has visited enough islands, jungles, and out-of-the-way places to keep the story ideas flowing for years to come, but his appetite is still unwhetted. Early this year he toured Scandinavia, when "they were making a big fuss about the Phantom's marriage. There

were so many press conferences to attend. One guy made me wear a mask, and the next day as I got on the plane, there was my picture on the front page. I said, 'But your paper doesn't even run The Phantom.' He said, 'The Phantom belongs to all of Norway.'"

In April of this year, Lee and his wife Elizabeth, a cosmetics executive turned mystery writer, spent three weeks in the People's Republic of China. Ironically, although that is one of the few places in the world where Falk's name is completely unknown, neither he nor anyone else in his touring group could escape the public eye. "They were fascinated by seeing us, because for a whole generation the Chinese have been shut off from foreign visitors. They crowded around us 10 deep, and held up their babies."

An action-oriented man who loves to play tennis, ride his bicycle, and go swimming, Falk has lived on the West Side for over 20 years because "I find the East Side a little too chichi for my tastes." Another Westside characteristic he likes is the abundance of Puerto Rican residents: "They're very sweet, gentle people. ... [Deputy Mayor] Herman Badillo is an old friend of mine. He knew my comic strips from Puerto Rico."

Lee Falk estimates that "over a period of 40 years I must have written about 800 to 1,000 stories. They would fill this whole room." Where does he get his inspiration? "A lot of it comes from my travels. It's all grist for the mill. Now and then I see something in the news and adapt it to my features. For example, once I saw a story in *Life* magazine about a Swiss scientist who was experimenting with back-breeding. He managed to breed some European cattle back to the original aurochs, which has been extinct for several hundred years. ... I put his idea into Mandrake. A scientist started with a lizard and ended up with a dinosaur."

The veteran storyteller never gets tired of spinning his yarns. "I enjoy it. It's something I can do. ... Both The Phantom and Mandrake are translated into about 20 languages. After all these years, they're bigger than ever — except in this country, because we've lost so many papers."

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WESTSIDER BARRY FARBER
Radio talkmaster and linguist

8-12-78

"Dull" is a word that could never be used to describe Barry Farber. He is a totally unique individual with so many far-reaching ideas that his conservative label seems to fit him poorly, even though it was as a conservative that he ran for mayor of New York last year and garnered almost as many votes as his Republican opponent Roy Goodman.

During that campaign, Barry quit the syndicated talk show on WOR Radio that he had hosted for 16 years. In March of this year his mesmerizing Southern drawl took over the 4 to 7 p.m. Monday to Friday time slot on WMCA (570 AM). The ratings have gone up at least 50% since he joined the station.

I meet Barry for an interview one August afternoon at a Chinese restaurant near the studio. To my amazement he orders the meal entirely in Cantonese. Then he withdraws a stack of index cards from his pocket on which are printed vocabulary words in Finnish, Italian, and Mandarin chinese — a few of the 14 languages that he studies during spare moments in his hectic work week.

The lank 48-year-old, neatly garbed in a pin-stripe suit, is surprisingly low-keyed in our hour-long conversation. Yet the verbal gems still trip as neatly off his tongue as they do when he's putting an irate telephone caller in his place, to the delight of radio listeners. Never hesitant to voice his opinion on any topic, Barry pounces on my questions with an eagerness that belies his calm exterior.

New York's reputation outside the city limits, says the widely travelled Farber, has gone way downhill in recent decades. "It used to be, where I grew up, that people would brag about coming to New York four times a year. Today they brag about never coming here. The large companies send their salesmen to Manhattan for a 45-minute conference like an Entebbe raid. ... New York needs not a slow, gradual, ho-hum comeback. It needs a dramatic voice who is going to say that the city's priorities for the last 40 years have been wrong. New York is a sexy woman who's been running around in the mud. Turn the hose on her and she's going to regain her allure."

The tax revolt, he believes, "should definitely come to New York. You cannot expect to live as sinfully economically as we've lived, and avoid a rampage. The politicians have brought this upon themselves. And don't let them get away with telling us that they have to cut police, firemen, and sanitation before they cut themselves, because they don't.

"When John Lindsay was mayor, he flung back his head and inhaled the vapors of the 1960s. And it

was left, baby, left. He bet his presidential hopes on that. But in the last mayoral election, it was the conservatives who did the best. Koch was the most conservative Democrat running."

His anticommunist sentiments come to the surface when the subject turns to the 1980 Olympics. "I think we should have never allowed it in Moscow on the grounds that we have never had the Olympics in a dictatorship in the modern era. I'd like to see the athletes of the world say, 'We're not going to Moscow to play sportive games by rules when the Russians live in violation of the rules of civilization itself.' Russia is guilty of the world's worst cast of unsportsmanlike conduct. … Yes, we should pull out. But the Olympics is small potatoes. I say, start a new United Nations for the free countries of the world — a UFN, a United Free Nations, which shall be an association of all nations governed by law, of all free democracies that want to remain free. In 1945, we did not seek to build a fraternity of dictatorships where tinhorn tyrants would outvote democracies 10 to one."

Barry has lived on the West Side ever since he came to the city from Greensboro, North Carolina 21 years ago, and now occupies a 17-room penthouse overlooking the Hudson River. "The West Side and the East Side are like East Berlin and West Berlin in terms of the rigidity of lifestyle," he says. "There's a feeling on the West Side that we don't have to impress each other. We know where it's at."

Recently divorced from his Swedish wife, Barry makes frequent overnight trips to Sweden to see his children. He has to be back at the WMCA studio on Sunday at 11 a.m. for his four-hour live show with guests. Two weeks ago, he asked Robert Violante, who was shot and partially blinded by Son of Sam, what it felt like to be shot in the head. Questions like this tend to provoke as many listeners as they fascinate, and that is why Barry prefers not to be too specific about his address.

"I don't do a Merry Mailman kind of show," he says with a half-smile. "One of my fantasies is to have a hit man from the Communist Party, the Nazi Party, the PLO, and the Black Panthers approach me from four different directions and fire all at once — and I duck."

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WESTSIDER SUZANNE FARRELL
Star of the New York City Ballet

5-19-79

She arrived in New York like a fairy princess — a wondrous creation whose beauty and talent left audiences gaping in astonishment. At 16, she became the youngest person ever to join George Balanchine's New York City Ballet, and at 19, she was promoted to the rank of principal dancer. Since that time, 14 seasons have come and gone, but Suzanne Farrell, the girl from Cincinnati, is still the darling of America's foremost ballet company.

In a dressing room interview last week at the New York State Theatre, the slender, angelic-looking Miss Farrell spoke at length about her public and private life, quickly revealing the two qualities that have enabled her to remain one of the world's top ballerinas for so long. First is her boundless energy; second is her genuine love for people and the world of ballet. Warm, funny, and articulate about her art, she discussed with enthusiasm the upcoming television special, *Choreography by Balanchine, Part One*, which will be aired May 23 on Channel 13.

"This is one of four programs we taped in Nashville," she said, in a voice as clear and melodic as an actress's. "The name of the ballet I'm in is *Tzigane*; the music is by Ravel. We did the finale before the beginning because they wanted to let go the four extra couples that were needed for that part. It was very strange — like having dessert before the meal." She laughed lightly, tossing back her long, silky brown hair. "The TV studio is very small, and the camera sees things differently than the audience sees when you're on stage. Things that are done in a circle look like an oval. And diagonal movement has to be done in a straight line."

Suzanne's brightest moment in the program is a solo at the beginning, which she performs to the music of a solo violin. "One of the things I like about doing ballet on television is that you can reach many people who have never seen live dance before. About two years ago I got a beautiful letter from an older man in Oklahoma who was certainly not in the habit of writing fan letters. Now, every time I tape a new program, I think of that man.

"*Tzigane* is one of my favorite ballets, because it was the first one that Balanchine choreographed for me after I returned to the company in 1974."

In 1969, Suzanne left the New York City Ballet and spent the next four seasons with Maurice Bejart's Ballet of the 20th Century in Brussels, Belgium. When she finally wrote to Balanchine to find out the

chances of dancing with him again, he simply asked when she could start.

"In Brussels, the type of ballet they're used to is different, so they react differently. If you were to give them a beautiful, wonderfully stark ballet, with little costume and scenery, they might not take to it as much. … But it was a good thing to have in my career. I demand that I get something constructive out of any situation. Because life is so short that you can't afford to not give everything, every time you go out there."

For the past 10 years she has been married to Paul Mejia, a former dancer who is today the artistic director and choreographer for the Ballet de Guatemala, one of Latin America's major companies. Although the couple must undergo some long separations, their marriage is a happy one. Spending time alone at her Lincoln Center area apartment does not bother Suzanne. With a steady diet of exercise classes, rehearsals and performances, and her nine pets (eight cats and a dog), Suzanne has little time to be lonely.

"When I have a free night, it's terrible," she lamented, "because every time the phone rings, I think, 'Oh no, they want me for a performance.' I dance just about every night. By the time I go to bed, it's about 2 o'clock. I happen to get up about 6. … On Monday, my free day, I teach at the American School of Ballet. It's such a shock to do two performances on Saturday and Sunday, and none on Monday. It's hardly worth it, because the body can't adjust. … I have always thought that actors have it easier than dancers, because it doesn't matter so much how tired your body is: all you need is your mouth."

A Westsider for most of her career, Suzanne lists reading and cooking as her preferred pastimes: "I'm a great short-order cook. I think if I weren't a dancer, I'd be a waitress." Two local restaurants she likes to frequent are Rikyu (210 Columbus Ave.) and Victor's Cafe (240 Columbus).

Asked about her salary, Suzanne admitted that "you'll never make a lot of money in ballet. It's something we do because we love it, and we have to do it to be happy. … The sole attraction is working for Balanchine and the New York City Ballet: that's something you can't put down in dollars and cents. I just assume that the company is paying us as much as they can." She smiled radiantly and added: "Most dancers wouldn't know what to do with a lot of money anyway, because they wouldn't have time to spend it."

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WESTSIDER JULES FEIFFER
Screenwriter for *Popeye the Sailor*

11-5-77

Imagine a movie starring Dustin Hoffman as Popeye the Sailor and Lily Tomlin as his girlfriend Olive Oyl.

Anyone who has seen the old Popeye cartoons, or the new computer animated ones, might think that the fighting mariner does not have the dramatic qualities needed for a full-length film. But according to Westsider Jules Feiffer, who is now writing the script for *Popeye the Sailor*, the original comic strip in the daily newspapers was the work of "an unrecognized genius." E.C. Segar created Popeye and drew him from 1924 to 1938. After that the character changed. Feiffer finds the original strip to be his biggest source of inspiration.

"The cartoons," says Feiffer, sitting on one arm of a chair in his Riverside Drive apartment, "exploit the violence between Popeye and Bluto. That was never part of the strip. It's more along the lines of the traditional cartoon of the 1940s, which could find nothing more interesting than one character dismembering another. I didn't find that funny when I was a kid and I don't now."

Feiffer developed his unique style of humor long before he sold his first cartoon. Today, though still perhaps best known as a cartoonist, he has gained a reputation as a playwright for both the stage (*Knock, Knock* and *Little Murders*) and the screen (*Carnal Knowledge*). He is also a respected prose writer, having recently published his second novel, *Ackroyd*.

A product of the Bronx, Feiffer recalls that after graduating from high school he went through "a series of schlock jobs to buy food and drawing materials. And long periods of unemployment." He planned all along to become a cartoonist. "I was prepared," he says, "for the eventual success which I was certain was going to happen if my work remained true to myself."

Feiffer spent several years as an assistant to other cartoonists and attended two art schools. Still, no one would publish his work until a day in 1956 when Feiffer, age 27, took a batch of his best 'toons to the office of a new, relatively unknown weekly called *The Village Voice*. They loved his work, and he

became a regular contributor.

"All other publications at that time had their own idea of their readership. And editors insisted on tailoring stories to their own taste. The *Voice*," says Feiffer, "existed for the artist's taste and the writer's taste. It was a time when McCarthyism and the blacklist were rampant through every strata of society."

The *Voice* was then the only publication of its kind. It wrote about dissent; it was considered revolutionary, and Feiffer's weekly cartoons helped it to maintain that image.

Success came quickly to Feiffer after he joined the *Village Voice*: "It happened faster than I thought. It was only about three months or so before my work came to be talked about, and publishers began to offer book contracts." Syndication took place a few years later. Now the cartoon is carried by somewhat over 100 publications in every country of the western world and several in the Far East.

Feiffer's cartoon takes him one day a week to conceive and draw. During the other six days he works on his latest writing project. For three years — until it was published this past summer — that project was *Ackroyd*, an unconventional detective-type novel in which the characters are too human to keep their traditional roles as props for the detective's cleverness. The book is less suspenseful than a standard detective novel, but more revealing of human nature.

One of the things that has been in my work for many years," says Feiffer, "is people's need to communicate with each other not directly, but in code. ... Coded language is used to guide our lives, to frame our relationships with people." Feiffer's main character takes the name Roger Ackroyd and tries to become a private detective. Instead he gets "so intertwined with the coded life of his clients that he works on that for the rest of his career."

Ackroyd got extremely mixed reviews. "It's what I'm used to," notes the author. "Some reviews have been glowing. Others wondered what the hell the book was about and why I bothered to write it." Feiffer takes the good and the bad in stride, remembering what happened when his first play, *Little Murders*, opened on Broadway in 1967.

"It got all negative reviews and closed in a week," he recalls. "It was immediately done in London after that, which started the revival, because it was done very successfully. Then it was brought back to New York the following year and it won all the awards." In 1971 it was made into a successful film starring Elliott Gould and Marcia Rodd.

An occasional theatregoer, Feiffer ends the interview on a customary depressing note, saying that he is generally disappointed by even the biggest hits in town.

"I don't think of myself as a Broadway playwright," he says. "I'd be ashamed of that title. I don't think the Broadway theatre is very interesting or has been for the last 20 years."

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EASTSIDER GERALDINE FITZGERALD
Actress, director and singer

3-15-80

Anyone hearing her rasping, throaty, Irish-accented voice for the first time might think she were suffering from laryngitis. But those who have come to love and admire Geraldine Fitzgerald over the past 40 years hear nothing but earthy humanity in the voice. One of the most versatile actresses in America, as unorthodox as she is gifted, Miss Fitzgerald at 66 remains at the height of her career, constantly juggling a variety of projects, as she says, "like somebody cooking a meal with many courses."

We're sitting in her Upper East Side living room, which is decorated in white from floor to ceiling — carpet, chairs, tables, sofa, and even the television. The only picture is a childhood portrait of her daughter Susan Scheftel, now a 27-year-old graduate student.

"I like light unimpeded," explains Geraldine, her rosy face breaking into its customary smile. "And if everything is white, it's different in the morning and it's different in the middle of the day, and it's different all the time."

A slender, handsome woman with a penchant for long flowing skirts and bright lipstick, whose straight gray hair descends halfway down her back, Geraldine is soon talking about *Mass Appeal*, the two-character play that she is directing at the Manhattan Theatre Club; it will open in mid May. "It's by a very young author called Bill Davis. We did it last October at the Circle Rep Lab, and it was very

successful, but it needed strengthening points. So Bill has just completed the ninth draft. … Milo O'Shea is going to star in it. He's Ireland's premier comedian and a magnificent dramatic actor too."

Miss Fitzgerald's next acting role will be in a play titled *Eve.* "It's about a woman who runs away from home to seek her own internal freedom, like Nora in *A Doll's House*. The only difference is, she's my age. So of course her options are few. And she goes right down to the bottom: she becomes a derelict. And then slowly, slowly, slowly she comes up to find some kind of strength and independence. It's a drama, but a very comedic drama."

Her third major project at the moment is to prepare her acclaimed one woman show, *Street Songs*, for a small Broadway house such as the Rialto.

She started to take singing lessons about 10 years ago, and introduced her one-woman nightclub act in 1975, employing her remarkable acting technique to make the songs personal and moving. She has performed the act at Reno Sweeney, at Lincoln Center, in a one-hour special for public television, and at the White House for President and Mrs. Carter.

"I don't sing what's called 'folk songs.' People think I do. I sing songs that are very — winning. Because the songs that people sing when they're on their own — whether singing in the streets, singing in the shower, singing in the car — they do not sing losing songs. We didn't know that for a long time. 'We' is Richard Maltby Jr., who did *Ain't Misbehavin'*. He's my colleague and partner and he directed it.

"At first we couldn't understand why a marvelous song like 'Loch Lomond' was sort of rejected by the audience, and then a song like 'Danny Boy', that you'd think everybody's sick of, was acceptable. Well, 'Danny Boy,' believe it or not, is a winning song. At the end of it, the girl says, 'Even if I'm dead, if you come back and you whisper that you love me still, I'll hear you in my grave.' And then I'll know that you'll be beside me for eternity. Whereas 'Loch Lomond' starts off so well, but each verse says 'But me and my true love will never meet again … "

She began her acting career at the Gate Theatre in Dublin while in her teens, came to the U.S. in 1937, and acted with Orson Welles' Mercury Theatre on the Air before heading for Hollywood, where she made such classic films as *Dark Victory, Watch on the Rhine*, and *Wuthering Heights*, for which she received an Oscar nomination. In 1946 she settled on Manhattan's East Side, and has been based there ever since, although she frequently returns to Hollywood to act in movies.

Perhaps even better known for her stage roles, she names Eugene O'Neill's poignant, autobiographical *Long Day's Journey Into Night* as her favorite play. When it was revived Off Broadway in 1971, her portrayal of the morphine-addicted Mary Tyrone became the biggest hit of her stage career. Miss Fitzgerald has recorded this play and others for Caedmon Records.

Married to Stuart Scheftel, a wealthy executive and producer, she has one son from a previous marriage, Michael Lindsay-Hogg, the hugely successful young director who was nominated for a Tony Award for *Whose Life is this Anyway?* Miss Fitzgerald is the first actress ever to receive the Handel Medallion, New York's highest cultural award.

If Geraldine has one regret about her career, it is that it took her "so many decades to get up the courage to sing. Everybody told me not to, because I have such a funny voice. … Then I realized that I needed a vehicle for expressing what I feel about the world and about people that was very flexible, and was mine. And if the audience would put up with the harsh sounds, then I could use it. And evidently they can, so if they can now, I guess they always could."

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EASTSIDER JOAN FONTAINE
Actress turns author with *No Bed of Roses*

12-30-78

The Oscar statuette stands on the end of a shelf about eight feet off the floor, partially obscured by a row of books, its gold surface gleaming dully in the subdued light of the room. Below, in one of the apartment's four fireplaces, a small log is softly burning. This room, like the rest of the large, immaculate home, is furnished in the style of an early 20th century country manor. Here, in the heart of the Upper East Side, Joan Fontaine has spent 15 years of an immensely productive life. I take a seat on one side of the fire, and Miss Fontaine faces me from the opposite side of the room, her slender, regal form resting comfortably in an antique chair, to talk about her best-selling autobiography, *No Bed Of Roses* (Morrow, $9.95). Published in September, the book has already sold more than 75,000 copies in hardcover.

As the title implies, Miss Fontaine's life has been one long roller coaster ride of triumph and tragedy. During the 1940s she received three Oscar nominations for Best Actress in the space of four years, and won the award for *Suspicion* (1941). She had the joy of raising two children — one of them adopted — but the disappointment of four divorces. Her mother, who died in 1975, was the best friend she has ever known, yet both her father and her stepfather gave her nothing but unhappiness, and she never had a close relationship with her famous older sister, Olivia de Havilland. In fact, the pair have not spoken in years — for reasons clearly explained in Fontaine's book.

A fiercely independent woman who has flown her own airplane and taken part in international ballooning competition, she has suffered through numerous illnesses and injuries that brought her close to permanent disability or death. These are the elements of *No Bed Of Roses*, a disarmingly frank memoir that is frequently unsettling but never boring.

"The fan mail for this book is getting to be enormous," says Fontaine, still radiant at 61. "A lot of people identify with the illnesses, or with trying to bring up children alone. Some people empathize because they had harsh relations with their siblings. A lot of men have told me they cried at the end, in my epitaph to my mother. And then of course, I have heard from a lot of people who wanted to be actresses, or actors."

Did she write the entire book herself? "Every single word. I wouldn't let them touch one of them. … It's not a sordid book; it's not tacky. One reviewer said it was immoral. I don't think I can figure that out. If you ask me, it's rather religious."

The words come out like perfect silver beads. She has always been a formidable presence on the screen, and is no less so in person, as she gives her unrestrained opinions on every topic introduced.

Marriage, says Fontaine, is "waiting on — or waiting for somebody." Asked whether she believes two average people can remain happily married for a lifetime, she replies: "It depends how hypocritical they are, and how much lying they want to do. … I think the word 'love' means an entirely different thing to a woman than it does to a man."

Her classic movies, including *Rebecca, Jane Eyre, Suspicion*, and *This Above All*, are frequently seen on television now, but Fontaine has little respect for television as a medium: "I consider it nothing more than B pictures. I think we took a little more care with B pictures; the actors and actresses got a chance. In a television film, if the actor slips on a word, to hell with it. We'll cut around it."

Earlier this year, Fontaine appeared in the made-for-television movie *The Users*, starring Jaclyn Smith. She could do many others, but prefers to be choosy. "The quality of the scripts is so poor. I think it's the taste of the times. It's a brutal world; it's a vulgar world. … It's quite different from the romance of Jane Eyre. I don't think I could act those roles. I'd rather sit in my library in front of the fire."

In truth, she has little time for sitting around: her acting talents are too much in demand, in dinner theatres and in college auditoriums around the country. Recently she returned from a three-month working trip. In February she'll be opening in Dallas. "I haven't decided on the play yet," she says.

In spite of her words, she somehow comes off as being thoroughly charming. A highly sociable woman who loves to attend cocktail parties and make new acquaintances, Fontaine is also a gourmet cook. "At Christmas I cook for about 75 people. No one married can come. I'm thrilled that one of my friends has just gotten divorced. Now she can come." Among the Eastside restaurants that Fontaine visits frequently are 21 and the Four Seasons.

When she has time to herself, Fontaine enjoys reading literature and adapting it for her lectures. "I lecture on many subjects," she says. "I do the entire Jane Eyre — all the roles. It takes about an hour and a half. It's more like a film reading than a lecture. I do one on American poets, and one on Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning — all their own words. Then a new one has crept up — if I may say so, by popular demand — called 'The Golden Years.' I tell how to do it — how to make these years the best. I've never felt so happy or so free or so contented as I am now." born 10-22-17

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WESTSIDER BETTY FRIEDAN
Founder of the women's liberation movement

7-14-79

One of the most-discussed nonfiction works published in 1978 was *The 100: A Ranking of the Most Influential Persons in History* by astrophysicist Michael H. Hart. He writes: "My criterion was neither fame nor talent nor nobility of character, but actual personal influence on the course of human history

and on the everyday lives of individuals." Seven native-born Americans were included in the 100, and when *People* magazine requested Hart to expand his list of Americans to 25, the first name he added was that of Betty Friedan, who, he said, "through women's liberation, has already had a greater impact than most presidents."

The book that did most to trigger the women's movement was Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique* (1963), a brilliant analysis of the postwar "back to the home" movement, when women were led to believe that they could find fulfillment only through childbearing and housework. That myth, said Friedan, resulted in a sense of emptiness and loss of identity for millions of American women. Her book became an international best-seller, and has been translated into more than a dozen languages.

But *The Feminine Mystique* was only the first of many contributions that Friedan has made to the women's movement. In 1966 she founded the National Organization for Women (NOW), which today has more than 70,000 members and is by far the most effective feminist group in the world. She has written a second book, *It Changed My Life*, made countless appearances on radio and television, and become one of the most sought-after lecturers in the country. Despite her public image as a hard core activist, Betty Friedan at 58 is a charming, decidedly feminine woman who enjoys wearing makeup and colorful dresses. In an interview at her brightly decorated apartment high above Lincoln Center, she reveals that these two aspects of her personality are not at all contradictory.

"The women's movement had to come. It was an evolutionary thing," she says, in robust, throaty, rapid-fire bursts of speech interspersed with long pauses. "If I had not articulated these ideas in 1963, by '66 somebody else would have. I think that it's good that I did, because what I had to say somehow got to the essence of it, which is the personhood of woman, and not what later obscured it, with a woman-against-man kind of thing."

It was largely through the lobbying efforts of NOW that the U.S. Senate last October approved a three-year extension of the deadline for ratifying the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA). So far, 35 of the required 38 states have voted for the amendment. The new deadline is June 30, 1982.

"There's no question that three more states will pass it by that time," says Friedan. "But it's not going to be easy, because there are these well financed right-wing campaigns trying to block it. They understand that the ERA is not only the symbol but the substance of what women have won — that it will give them constitutional underpinning forevermore, so that they can't push women back to the second-class status of the cheap labor pool.

"The ERA will not do anything dramatic — like change the bathrooms — but it will ensure, for example, that women have their own right for social security, which they don't have now. You have to realize that the reactionary forces in this country are using the sexual issue as a kind of smoke screen, to create a hate movement. They're the same forces that tried to prevent labor from organizing, that burnt crosses on lawns in the South, that painted swastikas on synagogues. … NOW has made it *the* priority, because if the ERA is blocked, it will be the signal to take back everything."

A woman who smiles and laughs easily in spite of her intensity, Friedan prefers to be called not Miss, Ms., or Mrs., but simply Betty. Born in Peoria, Illinois, she majored in psychology at Smith College and graduated summa cum laude. In June, 1947, after moving to New York City, she married Carl Friedan, then a theatrical producer. Three children later, the Friedans moved to the suburbs, and it was there that she formulated the ideas for *The Feminine Mystique.*

Divorced since 1969, Friedan maintains a very close relationship with her children, who are at Columbia University, the University of California, Berkeley graduate school, and Harvard Medical School. A Westsider since 1964, she runs in Central Park for an hour each day.

Of the half dozen major projects she's involved in at the moment, the most significant is her new book, *The Fountain of Age.* "It's about the last third of life," she explains. "I call it the new third of life, because many women have only begun to discover that it exists."

Asked about her chief pleasures in life, she replies with obvious satisfaction, "I like parties, I like my friends, I like talking, I like dancing. … One thing I've discovered is that the stronger you get, the more you *can* be soft and gentle and tender, and also have fun. I *demand* my right to be funny and to have fun, and not just to always be deadly serious."

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WESTSIDER ARTHUR FROMMER
Author of *Europe on $10 a Day*

10-8-78

His name rhymes with "roamer" and that's an accurate description of Westsider Arthur Frommer, author of *Europe on $10 a Day*.

In 1957, when he wrote the first edition, *Europe On $5 a Day*, Arthur was a dedicated New York lawyer. But the book became so popular that he finally decided, after much agonizing, to leave his law firm and become a full-time travel writer. Every year in the past two decades, Arthur and his wife Hope have revisited the 17 European cities covered in the book; they have distilled the wisdom from thousands of letters received from readers; and they have revised and updated the famous travel book for the new edition each spring. It is still the world's best selling guide to Europe.

"This is not necessarily the glamorous occupation that some people imagine it to be," says Arthur, biting into a sandwich as he, Hope and their daughter Pauline invite me to join them at the dinner table at their Central Park West home. "One of the hazards of being a travel writer is that when you're on vacation, you're always checking to see where the bargains are, or whether the restaurants are worth their reputation. I've visited so many exotic cities of the world that for me, the best way to relax is to stay home."

Due to a miscommunication on my part, I arrive on an evening exactly one week later than the Frommers have expected me, yet they manage such a warm welcome that I end up staying three hours. They seem to have plenty of time to talk. Still, there is a reminder throughout the evening that they lead very busy lives — the constantly ringing telephone.

One reason for my lengthy visit is that it takes place on the same night as the second heavyweight championship boxing match between Muhammad Ali and Leon Spinks. Arthur and I sit on his living room couch, watching the fight live on TV with great interest, rooting for Ali and resuming our interview between the rounds. Ali, who had lost the first fight with Spinks the previous February, beats him handily this time.

"I'm a workaholic," confesses Arthur, excusing himself while he gets up to answer another call from overseas. An energetic, detail-oriented man, Arthur once worked 12 hours a day writing legal briefs and eight hours a day on his book. Today he is the head of Arthur Frommer Enterprises, an international corporation that includes a publishing company, a charter service and four hotels — two in the Caribbean and two in Europe.

Publishing remains his biggest enterprise. He publishes 30 to 40 travel guides each year, ranging in subject matter from the Far East to New York City. *Europe On $10 A Day* has for many years been co-authored by his wife Hope. "While Arthur is on the streets grubbing for bargains," she says, "I'm in the museums."

With her own career as an actress and director, Hope does not fly the Atlantic quite as often as her husband. Says Arthur: "I go to Europe like other people commute to Long Island. Sometimes I go without even a change of clothes."

Twelve-year-old Pauline Frommer made her first trip to Europe at the age of two and a half months. Bright and precocious, she seems a natural to succeed her father in the business one day.

Arthur Frommer's success story began shortly after he graduated from Yale Law School in 1953. While serving in the Army in Europe, he used every weekend to travel. "At the end of my stay in the Army," he recalls, "having nothing to do, I sat down and wrote a little volume called *The GI Guide to Europe*. It was written strictly from memory; it had no prices or phone numbers. I went home and started practicing law. Then I got a cable saying that all 50,000 copies had sold out immediately."

Arthur used his first summer vacation from the law firm to go back to Europe and rewrite his travel guide, for civilian readers. It became "a monster which ate up my life." But he has never regretted his choice of careers.

"The book coincided with a revolution of American travel habits," says Arthur, not giving himself credit for being a prime force behind this revolution. "When I was in college, it was unheard of for young people to go off to Europe. It was too far, too expensive. The students of the early 1960s became the first students in history to travel in great numbers to Europe. Many people think the country was greatly changed by this massive travel."

Arthur and Hope moved to the West Side in 1965, just after their daughter was born. Among their favorite neighborhood businesses: DelPino Shoes, which has some of the lowest prices in the city for quality Italian footwear, and the Jean Warehouse, where Pauline buys many of her clothes.

These days, while Hope is busy directing a play by Pamela O'Neill, Arthur is working on several new projects. One is a course he will be teaching at the New School starting in February. Titled "Great

Cities of Western Europe," the course will concentrate on urban problems and their political and social solutions.

But Arthur's biggest ambition these days is to expand his company's week-long chartered tour of Jerusalem into a two-week package for Jerusalem and Cairo. Such a tour, he believes, would help create a bond of understanding in the Middle East.

"It's a dream of mine," says Arthur, "that we might be a force for peace sometime. It may not happen overnight, but I'm sure it will come."

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EASTSIDER WILLIAM GAINES
Publisher and founder of *Mad* magazine

9-15-79

Mad magazine, an institution in American humor ever since it first appeared in 1955, is one of the few publications on the newsstand that carries no advertising. In the past few years, rising costs and changing tastes have driven Mad's circulation slightly below two million, but publisher William Gaines has no plans of giving in to commercialism.

"I was brought up on a newspaper called *PM*," recalls Gaines, an instantly likable native New Yorker who looks like a cross between Santa Claus and a middle-aged hippie. "It sold for a nickel while everything else was two cents. Its policy was to take no ads, and I was kind of brought up on the idea that it's dirty to take advertising." His face breaks out in merriment, and he laughs the first of many deep, rich, belly laughs that I am to hear that afternoon.

"I don't think your publication's going to want to print that, so you'd better leave it out. Um, so I, I. ... I mean, it's not —" he sputters, before quickly recovering and driving the point home with his customary journalistic finesse. "As a matter of fact, if you're going to take ads, I think the way your people do it is the way to do it. If you're *going* to take ads, give the publication away. But if somebody's putting out money, it's not right. It's like going to the movies and seeing a commercial. Television, fine: you're getting it free."

We're sitting in his somewhat disorderly Madison Avenue office, which is decorated with paintings of monsters, huge models of King Kong, and a collection of toy zeppelins suspended from the ceiling. When Gaines is asked about lawsuits, his eyes sparkle with glee.

"We have been sued many times. We've never been beaten. We had two cases that went to the U.S. Supreme Court. The first was on Alfred E. Newman (the gap-toothed, moronic-looking character who appears on the magazine cover). Two different people claimed it was theirs — a woman by the name of Stuff and a man by the name of Schmeck. Neither one knew about the other one, and we didn't tell them. It was pretty fun when they all got to court and found that both of them were claiming to own Alfred. Through a series of decisions, the Supreme Court decided that neither one of them owned Alfred, and we were free to use him.

"The other case was when Irving Berlin and a number of other songwriters sued *Mad*, because we used to publish a lot of articles of song parodies which we'd say were sung to the tune of so-and-so. And they took umbrage to that. They said that when people would read the words, they were singing their music in their heads. The judge ruled that Irving Berlin did not own iambic pentameter."

The son of a prominent comic book publisher named M.C. Gaines, William planned to become a chemistry teacher when he returned to college after World War II. Then his father was killed in an accident, and Gaines decided to enter the comic business himself. "I started putting out some very undistinguished, dreadful stuff, because I didn't know where I was going. After three years, Albert Feldstein (*Mad's* editor) joined me, and we just had a rapport right away. We started putting out stuff that we had a feeling for — science fiction, horror, crime."

These comics, known as E.C. Publications, are today worth up to $200 each. Classics of their genre, they became the target of a Senate subcommittee on juvenile delinquency. Largely because of public pressure, Gaines dropped all of them except *Mad*, which he changed from a 10 cent comic into a 25-cent, more adult magazine. The complete E.C. works have recently been reprinted in bound volumes.

A divorced father of three, Bill Gaines hates exercise, and drives the 18 blocks each day from his Eastside apartment to the *Mad* office. His favorite hobbies are attending wine and food tastings, and visiting Haiti. "I've been there about 20 times. It's a wild, untamed place. Something in my nature is appealed to by that kind of thing. ... They have no maliciousness toward tourists. I was almost shot

there twice, but it was by mistake."

Things are so relaxed around the *Mad* headquarters that eight out of the nine full-time staffers have been with the publication for more than 20 years. "Our writers and artists are free-lancers," says Gaines. "Most of them have been with us 20 years also. ... We get quite a few unsolicited manuscripts, but most of them, unfortunately, are not usable. Every once in a while we'll get one, and then we've got a big day of rejoicing. ... We're always looking for writers. We don't need artists, but you *never* have enough writers. And we firmly believe that the writer is God, because if you don't have a writer, you don't have movies, you don't have television, you don't have books, you don't have plays, you don't have magazines, you don't have comics — you don't have anything!

"We don't assign articles. The writers come to us with what they want to write, and as long as it's funny, we'll buy it. And we don't care what point of view, because *Mad* has no editorial point of view. We're not left, and we're not right. We're all mixed up. And our writers are all mixed up — in more ways than one."

died 6-3-92. born 3-1-22.

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WESTSIDER RALPH GINZBURG
Publisher of *Moneysworth*

7-8-78

Less than two months ago, the U.S. Supreme Court passed an edict allowing the police to raid the files of newspaper offices in search of information relating to a crime. "If they came here, I'd stand at the entrance and block their way," says Ralph Ginzburg, gazing out the window at his suite of offices near Columbus Circle. "I don't care if they arrest me," he adds in his thick Brooklyn accent.

The owlish-looking Ginzburg means what he says. He's the publisher of *Moneysworth*, which is mailed each month to 1.2 million subscribers. It is the most successful item he has ever published, but there is no doubt that he would risk losing it and going to jail, because Ginzburg has done so already. In a flamboyant career marked by much notoriety, he has emerged as one of the most important figures of his generation in expanding the freedom of the press.

Of the six magazines and newspapers that Ginzburg has founded, none has caused such a stir as his first one, *Eros*, which lasted from 1962 to 1963. "It was the first really classy magazine on love and sex in American history," he says. "I signed up 100,000 subscribers right away, at $50 a year. Many leading American artists contributed to it. The big difference is that it was sold entirely through the mails. Our promotion of subscriptions through the mail got a lot of complaints."

About 35,000 complaints, in fact — more than the U.S. Post Office had ever received up to that time. Ralph Ginzburg was charged with sending obscene material through the mails, and *Eros* was forced to suspend publication while the debate went on. Most Washington lawyers, after examining the magazine, concluded that it was not obscene. But the case became a political issue, and in 1972, 10 years after the so-called crime had taken place, Ginzburg was ordered to serve an eight-month term at the federal prison in Allenwood, Pennsylvania. His imprisonment led to a nationwide outcry by intellectuals and public officials.

Not long after the demise of *Eros*, Ginzburg started another magazine called *Fact*. It, too, ended over a lawsuit. This time the plaintiff was U.S. Senator Barry Goldwater. He sued the magazine for $2 million on the charge of libel, and was awarded $65,000 in damages. "It was a compromise, as jury decisions frequently are," remarks Ginzburg. "Unfortunately I didn't have very much money back then, and it wiped us out."

Describing the case, he said: "In 1964, when Goldwater was running for president, he advocated the use of nuclear weapons in Vietnam. I thought the guy was out of his mind and I wondered if anyone else had the same suspicion. ... We polled all the members of the American Medical Association who were listed as psychiatrists and asked them if they thought Goldwater was fit to be president. We printed their replies and their long-distance diagnoses ... "

Both the *Eros* case and the Goldwater case made the American public examine some far-reaching questions: What is obscene? What is libelous? Ginzburg helped to establish new definitions for these terms, and in so doing, widened the power of the press.

Avant-Garde, his third publication, existed from 1967 to 1970. "It was born during the Vietnam uprising in this country," he explains. "It was a magazine of art and politics, and had no ad revenue."

In the same year that *Avant-Garde* folded, he began a newsletter called *Moneysworth*. Soon it expanded into a full-sized newspaper. "It was launched," says Ginzburg, "because we felt that the only existing periodical in the area of consumer interest — *Consumer Reports* — wasn't broad enough. Spending money is more than buying appliances."

While *Moneysworth* does carry many valuable tips on personal finance, it also has a considerable amount of sensationalism that would seem at home in the *National Enquirer*. Even so, Ginzburg's managerial skills, his nonstop working habits, and his literary expertise — he has written several books — have made *Moneysworth* a winner. Using the same staff of 40, along with many free-lance writers, he now publishes two other monthly newspapers as well, *American Business* and Extra!

He has been a Westsider for 15 years, and his publishing company,
Avant-Garde Media, is located on West 57th Street.

If Ginzburg has a single goal right now, it's "to saved up enough money to enable me to put out a periodical exactly like *Avant-Garde* was. It was pure pleasure for me: there was no commercial compromise. But even though this is a multimillion-dollar corporation here, I can't afford it at the moment. … Money is important in publishing. I have to spend 99 percent of my time and effort chasing the buck. I guess I'm lucky. Most people spend 100 percent of their time that way."

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EASTSIDER LILLIAN GISH 78 years in show business

1-5-80

D.W. Griffith, the father of motion pictures, used to say there were only two people who outworked him — Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish. Pickford, who died last May, made her final film in 1933. But Lillian Gish never got around to retiring. At 83, she is perhaps the most active living legend in America.

Sipping tea at her Eastside apartment, which is decorated like a Victorian drawing room, Gish appears to have defeated time. Her clear blue eyes, porcelain-smooth complexion, and slender, girlish figure have not changed all that much since she rose to international stardom in Griffith's controversial 1915 classic, *The Birth of a Nation*. She also starred in his 1916 film *Intolerance*, a box office failure when released, but later recognized as a masterpiece.

An animated speaker who makes sweeping gestures, she still has the crystalline voice and flawless enunciation that enabled her to make the transition from silent films to talkies and Broadway shows in the early 1930s. The 1978 Robert Altman film *A Wedding* marked her 100th screen appearance.

"I've never worked harder in my life than I have in the last three or four years," says Miss Gish, who, during that period has made her singing and dancing debut in Washington's Kennedy Center, hosted a 13-week series for public television, *The Silent Years*, appeared in an ABC-TV movie of the week, and toured the world three times to present a one-woman show that combines film clips with narration. Her autobiography, *The Movies, Mr. Griffith and Me*, has been translated into 13 languages.

"I dedicated the book to my mother, who gave me love; to my sister, who taught me to laugh; to my father, who gave me insecurity; and to Mr. Griffith, who taught me that it was more fun to work than to play," she recalls with merriment, describing how her mother wound up in the theatre around 1901 due to financial need. Five-year-old Lillian and her 4-year-old sister Dorothy soon followed in the business. "We didn't use our real names because we didn't want to disgrace the family. … They used to have signs on hotels: 'No actors or dogs allowed.'"

She never got a chance to attend school. "I loved the book *Black Beauty*, and everybody would read it to me on the train or waiting for the train. Well, I finally had it read to me so much, I knew it by heart. And that's how I learned to read. When we were travelling around, mother would always take her history book. When we were in historical places, she'd take us to where history happened."

At the height of her silent film career, Lillian received 15,000 fan letters a week, many from overseas. "Silent films are the universal language that the Bible predicted would bring about the millennium. … When Mr. Griffith made his first talking picture in 1921, he said, 'This is committing suicide. My pictures play to the world. Five percent of them speak English. Why should I lose 95 percent of my audience?'

"One of the things I'm trying to do now is to bring back silent films and beautiful music. I'm doing it with my film *La Boheme*, which was made in 1926. I've done it in the opera house in Chicago with an organist, and at Town Hall here. Harold Schonberg of the *New York Times* gave it the most ecstatic review."

Her credits include an honorary Oscar award, dozens of major stage roles, and a movie that she co-wrote and directed. But Miss Gish, with characteristic modesty, prefers to talk about her friends and family. Bitterness and complaint are alien to her nature, although life has not always been easy. She never married, and her mother, to whom she was highly devoted, spent the last 25 years of her life as an invalid. "But she was never unhappy," testifies Lillian. "She was always the first to laugh, and the gayest."

Following her mother's death in 1948, the apartment was given to Dokey, her nurse, who died the following year. Then Lillian and Dorothy Gish shared the apartment until Dorothy's death in 1968. Although Lillian now lives alone, she has no opportunity to be lonely. Besides work, travel, and reading — her favorite activities — she has 13 godchildren.

One thing that helps keep her young, says Miss Gish, is her intense curiosity. "I was born with it, thank heavens. I feel sorry for people who say they're bored. How in the world can anyone be bored in the world today? How can fiction complete with what's going on?"

A few of her films, have been lost forever, since no original prints exist in good condition. Most, however, are still shown around the globe, which explains why her autobiography is available in such languages as Burmese and East Malaysian. The Museum of Modern Art on West 53rd Street has one of the country's finest collections of vintage Gish films.

One of her upcoming projects is a movie based on a story by the Danish writer Isak Dinesen, scheduled to begin shooting in Europe this winter. Another is a television pilot to be shot in California for Julius Evans.

Asked to name some of the things she is most curious about today, Miss Gish quickly replies, "Naturally what's happening in Cambodia — how they're going to solve that problem. Those poor children. It breaks my heart. … And who's going to be our next president. We've come to the point where we should have two presidents, I think — someone to look after the world and somebody to look after us."

died of natural causes 2-27-93. born 10-14-1893

WESTSIDER MILTON GLASER
Design director of the new *Esquire*

2-11-78

Two decades before *Playboy* first hit the newsstands, there was only one men's magazine in America. A generation of schoolchildren grew up speaking its name in hushed whispers, though anyone reexamining those early issues today could hardly understand why. The magazine was *Esquire*.

Its popularity has dipped somewhat in recent years, but *Esquire* still sells one million copies per month. And it still has the reputation of being the most tasteful, literary, and sophisticated publication for the American male. If some people have complained that it has not kept up with the times, they won't be able to say that any longer — not since *Esquire* became the property of Clay Felker and Milton Glaser, the publishing team who made *New York* magazine into one of the best-selling weeklies in the city.

With Felker as editor and Glaser as design director, *Esquire* will have a totally new look starting with the February 14 issue. It will have a different size, binding, shape, length, and contents. It will also change its name to *Esquire Fortnightly* and appear 26 times a year instead of 12.

"The new *Esquire* will be ungimmicky, easy to understand," says Milton Glaser, taking a half-hour break from his numerous artistic projects. He is as animated as his enlarged signature, which glows from a custom-made neon lamp on the wall beside a Renaissance Madonna and a framed Islamic drawing.

The first thing you notice about Glaser is the colored handkerchief adorning his jacket pocket. Then you notice how relaxed he is, and how easily he smiles.

"The name of the game is to get an audience that identifies with the magazine and feels it's on their side. People buy a magazine because it's of considerable interest to them, not because they get a deal on the subscription. … What you want to do is to find the right-size audience, made up of people who believe in the values that the magazine reflects."

The original *Esquire*, Glaser points out, helped to glamorize the rich, privileged man of the world — the man who had arrived, who knew his place in the world, and whose greatest desire was to surround

himself with the symbols of wealth, such as fancy cars and beautiful women.

Today, says Glaser, the American male no longer measures success by symbols alone. Rather, he aims for self-development, for the richness of life itself — professional, personal, physical, intellectual and spiritual.

Clay Felker writes, in a yet-unreleased editorial in *Esquire*: "We will explore how a man can develop a more rewarding life with the women and children in his life. ... I see *Esquire* magazine as a cheery, book filled, comfortable den, a place of wit and sparkling conversation, of goodwill and genial intelligence, where thoughtful discussions take place and wise conclusions are reached."

Milton Glaser is probably the best-qualified artist in America to redesign *Esquire*. Besides his success with *New York* magazine, which began as a Sunday supplement to the old *New York Herald Tribune*, Glaser has designed *The Village Voice*, *Circus* magazine, *New West* and two of France's leading publications, *L'Express* and *Paris-Match*.

Glaser's posters have sold in the millions. He has put on one-man exhibitions in the U.S., Europe and the Middle East. (He believes, in fact, that his work is more appreciated abroad than at home). He has designed everything from stores to toys to new typefaces.

He is a faculty member at both Cooper Union and the School of Visual Arts. He is responsible for all the graphic design and decorative programs at the World Trade Center. Two volumes of his works have been published — *Milton Glaser: Graphic Arts* and *The Milton Glaser Poster Book*.

In addition, he is a noted food critic. For the past 10 years he has co authored and constantly updated the best-selling Manhattan restaurant guide, *The Underground Gourmet*.

A native New Yorker, Milton Glaser has fond memories of his boyhood in the Bronx. He especially likes recalling an event that took place in 1933 — the year that *Esquire* was founded.

"When I was 4 years old, a cousin of mine said, 'Would you like to see a pigeon?' He had a paper bag with him and I thought he meant there was a pigeon in it. But then he took out a pencil and drew a picture of a bird. I was so astonished that you could invent reality that I never recovered from it. The only thing I wanted to do in my life was to make images."

Milton and his wife, Shirley, moved to the West Side last August. "I guess it was the opportunity to find the right physical space. I like the neighborhood because of the mix of working class, middle class, and upper class. ... That really is the richest thing the urban scene offers." The number of Westside restaurants listed in *The Underground Gourmet* has sharply increased over the years. Among his favorite dining spots of all price ranges are Ying's on Columbus Avenue (at 70th St.), the Cafe des Artistes (1 West 67th St.), and the Harbin Inn (2637 Broadway).

Look in any New York subway station and you'll see a poster advertising the School of Visual Arts. It shows two identical men in a room. One is lying on a bed and the other is floating in the air. The caption reads: "Having a talent isn't worth much unless you know what to do with it." Milton Glaser, the designer of that poster, is a supreme example of a man with many talents who knows what to do with all of them.

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WESTSIDER PAUL GOLDBERGER
Architecture critic for the *New York Times*

12-3-77

"What is architecture? It's the whole built environment. It's the outside of a building, the inside, the function; it serves social needs, physical needs. ... And a building has an obligation to work well with the buildings around it — at least in the city."

The speaker is Paul Goldberger, architecture critic for the *New York Times*. His immaculate suit and tie, refined manners, dry wit, and somewhat formal way of speaking seem to mark him a Timesman even more than the carefully researched, colorfully written articles that have poured out of his pen in the last four years.

As a critic, Goldberger is accustomed to vocalizing opinions and facts in equal measure. His open-mindedness on architectural styles is demonstrated by his apartment, a lavish, ultramodernized suite of high ceilinged rooms inside one of the oldest buildings on Central Park West. The interview begins with a trick question: "What is the third tallest building in New York?" (Answer: the Empire State Building.) He fields it without cracking a smile.

"I guess the question is, do you consider the World Trade Center two buildings?" he says. "I guess it's like asking whether Grover Cleveland was two presidents or one because he served two non-consecutive terms. ... The World Trade Center was not necessary built functionally or very pleasing aesthetically. It was built as a kind of symbol of power by the Port Authority. I'm used to it now; human beings can adapt to anything. I even like going to the restaurant at the top and the restaurant at the bottom. It's the floors in the middle I don't like."

He points to the new Citicorp Center on East 53rd Street as an example of modern architecture at its best, and the mosquelike Cultural Center at Columbus Circle as an example of the opposite. "It's pretty horrible," says the critic, agreeing with a newspaper writer who recently labeled the Cultural Center one of the 12 ugliest buildings in Manhattan. "It's a very silly building; it's so obviously dumb. But it doesn't particularly bother me. It's almost innocent, it's so silly."

Lincoln Center, too, draws his barbs. "I find it very pretentious. Rather boring, really. It's a set of imitations of classical themes. The buildings are an unfortunate compromise because the builders were afraid to build something really modern, or to design something that really looked like a classical building. ... There's a feeling that they sort of want to be modern and sort of want to be classical and end up being a very unsatisfying compromise."

A New Jersey native who developed a passion for architecture in his earliest years, Paul Goldberger attended Yale University and then worked as a general reporter for another newspaper. Several years later he became an editorial assistant for the *Times*. In 1973 there came an opening for an architectural writer, and because the *Times* knew of his background, Goldberger was given the first shot at the job. "It was fabulous," he recalls, because it was what I always wanted to do. And it was very much a matter of luck — of being at the right place at the right time." His articles appear most often in the daily *Times*; Louise Huxtable remains the chief architectural writer for the Sunday paper.

Why would a sophisticated Timesman choose the West Side over the East? "There are many more wonderful buildings on the West Side," says Goldberger. Unfortunately not many of the buildings on the West Side have been kept up as well as the East Side. ... In terms of apartment house architecture, Central Park West is probably the best street in New York. It has all the grandeur and beauty and monumentality of Fifth Avenue and it also has the relaxed atmosphere."

There's not one West Side," he continues. "There's at least 10. Around here is one neighborhood. Riverside Drive is another. Up by Columbia is another. ... One of the reasons I like my own neighborhood is because though it is very much West Side, it's handy to the East Side and midtown. I walk through the park all the time."

Any chance that Manhattan's skyscrapers will eventually weigh down the island? "No," replies the critic emphatically. "First, the island is very, very solid rock and nothing could cause it to sink. The other factor, especially today, is that buildings are not all that heavy, because they're being built with lighter materials and more modern engineering methods. So a huge new building like the Citicorp, which is 900 feet high, is not any heavier than a building 500 feet high built 30 years ago. And since we don't have earthquakes, this is probably the safest environment in the world to build a skyscraper."

Although studying and writing about architecture is "more than a full-time job," Goldberger manages to keep abreast of the legal aspects of buildings as well, including tenants' rights, rent control, zoning laws and redlining. The New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission is another of his interests. "I think landmarking is crucial to the city," he testifies. "A city exists in time as much as space. It's the mixture of new and old buildings that gives the city life and vitality."

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EASTSIDER MILTON GOLDMAN
Broadway's super agent

4-14-79

"Pardon me — just one more call to make," said Milton Goldman, pushing the buttons on his nearest desk phone. "Go on, you can ask me questions at the same time," he added, holding the receiver to his ear.

"Are you the biggest theatrical agent in the world?" I said. He returned my gaze evenly.

"Others have said it. It would be immodest for me to say it — but I probably am," said Goldman, who by this time had reached his party and was inviting the young actress on the other end to a Broadway opening that night. He chatted with her for several minutes, his Jack Bennyish voice breaking occasionally into rich laughter.

Sitting upright behind a desk-sized table covered with papers, folders, notebooks and play scripts, the ruddy-complexioned, jacketless Goldman looked far more relaxed that I had expected of a man who, in his 32 years as an agent, has handled the careers of close to 5,000 actors and actresses. Among those he has helped "discover" are Jack Lemmon, Walter Matthau, Grace Kelly, Lee Marvin, Charlton Heston and Faye Dunaway. And though Goldman has become a celebrity in his own right, he still exudes the low-keyed charm of a friendly neighbor talking over a fence.

The appearance is no deception: he owes his success not to high-pressure tactics, but to an encyclopedic knowledge of the theatre on both sides of the Atlantic, a keen judgment of which shows are best for his clients, and a long-proven record for trustworthiness. By title, he is vice president in charge of the theatrical division of International Creative Management, which is matched in size only by the William Morris Agency. Unofficially, he serves as father confessor, rabbi, psychiatrist, and best friend to many of the top stars he represents. Attending the theatre up to five times a week, he is always on the lookout for new clients. His weekends are devoted to reading and casting new plays.

"I can't resist talent, and when I see a talented young actor or actress, I want very much to help realize their potential by opening as many doors as I can for them," he explained, gripping the arms of his chair. "I don't think of my job as work. For me, it's fun. And I never know where the one begins and the other ends. Because I'm that lucky individual whose private life and public life are one and the same thing."

Every year he takes a vacation to Europe on the Queen Elizabeth II. "I'm in Paris for a week and London for about three weeks." In slow, carefully chosen sentences, he stated, "I represent many English clients because my knowledge of the English theatre is probably better than anyone else in the American theatre. Every year in London, I get the same suite in the Savoy Hotel and give great parties. I go to at least eight plays a week — sometimes as many as 10. So I get to see all the plays in London. And I know all the English actors and they know me." Among his British clients: Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir Ralph Richardson and Sir John Gielgud.

"American performers excel in the musical comedy theatre, where dancers and singers also very often are fine actors. This is not true in England. Dancers are especially hard to cast in London, though I think that is changing now. ... It's sad that the American theatre can't support serious plays. They're either musicals or they're comedies. I think a healthy theatre should be able to support the works of serious playwrights. This season, we happen to have on Broadway an important play by an American playwright — Arthur Kopit's *Wings*, which stars our client Constance Cummings, who is an American actress who went to England and made her reputation abroad, and has now returned here to great acclaim."

A native of New Brunswick, New Jersey, Goldman witnessed his first Broadway show in the summer of 1929, and from that day forward, the theatre was his passion. For 10 years he worked as a tire salesman at a family-owned business. Then, through his friend Arnold Weissberger, a noted lawyer, Goldman was offered a job as a theatrical agent at no base salary, but with a $25 weekly expense account and a 25 percent interest in any clients he signed up. Success came to him almost at once.

A lifelong bachelor, Goldman today shares an apartment with Weissberger on the Upper East Side. His favorite local restaurant is the Four Seasons. "I go there all the time for lunch; that's my main meal of the day. I think it's the best restaurant in the world."

The actor's life, he believes, "is a sad and a difficult one. Every time you get a good part, the next part has to be bigger — more money. As you reach the top, it becomes tougher and tougher to get those parts." Nevertheless, Goldman does not find his own job at all frustrating.

"Pressures? Yes, there are many pressures. But I have said this before: there are so many rewards for me when I see a client in whom I believe get a great break in the theatre or films of television. It's a source of great satisfaction. And with the number of clients I represent, each day brings some rewards. That's why I've often said to clients: 'I have many lives to live.'"

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EASTSIDER TAMMY GRIMES
Star of *Father's Day* at the American Place Theatre

6-23-79

Tammy Grimes is one of the few Broadway stars to have received Tony Awards in two categories — for best Musical Comedy Actress in *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* (1961), and for Best Dramatic Actress in Noel Coward's *Private Lives* (1969). In a sense, she is Molly Brown personified — a powerful stage presence whose charm, beauty, and pure talent make her shine in every production she takes part in,

regardless of the overall merit of the show itself.

Her disappointments have been, at times, as spectacular as her triumphs. For example, there was her shot at network television in the early 1960s, *The Tammy Grimes Show*, which lasted only 11 episodes because, she says, "the writing, the concept, and the talent never really got together. And I blame myself for that. Because if your name's up there, you are responsible for the product."

Her marriage to actor Christopher Plummer ended in divorce after four years, but had the happy result of producing a daughter, Amanda Plummer, who is now a successful actress herself.

Tammy played Molly Brown on Broadway for the show's entire two-year run, but the movie role went to Debbie Reynolds. She got some rave reviews for her acting in a Broadway thriller named *Trick* this year, but the show closed within weeks. When that happened, she quickly started working on a new show, *Father's Day* by Oliver Hailey, that is scheduled to open on June 21 at the American Place Theatre on West 46th Street.

"It's about three women who get together on Father's Day," says Miss Grimes in an interview at her Upper East Side apartment. "They live in the same building, and they're divorced. It shows how the three of them are coping with the situation. My feeling is that they don't want to be divorced. It's a very well-written play — a comedy. … It's at the same theatre where *In Cold Storage* started."

The interview takes place in her softly decorated bedroom looking out on a garden. Tammy is propped up on pillows beneath the covers, smoking a cigarette and sipping a bottle of Tab as she apologizes for her condition. "It may have been the caviar I had last night," she says, cheerful in spite of her discomfort. Her pixyish features expand easily into a grin, and at 45 she has lost none of the childlike playfulness that first propelled her to stardom. But the most surprising quality about Tammy Grimes is her throaty British accent. Although she has done little work in England, her normal speaking voice is far more British than American — a fact which, for some reason, she strenuously denies. "I spent a lot of time doing British comedy," she explains, "but I don't sound British!"

A native of Lynn, Massachusetts — "I just happened to be born on the way home from a party" — she grew up in Boston and decided early to become an actress. When she was 16, Thornton Wilder saw her in a production of his classic play, *The Skin of Our Teeth*. He declared: "Young lady, even Tallulah Bankhead didn't do the things you did to the role." By her early 20s she was performing in numerous Off Broadway shows. A singing act she developed for one of New York's leading supper clubs won her a rave review in *Life* magazine, and shortly after her 25th birthday, she received her first starring role on Broadway, in an ill fated Noel Coward production called *Look After Lulu*.

The following year, 1960, saw *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* reach Broadway. It was the most expensive musical ever mounted until then, and became a smash. Tammy played the role 1,800 times; she missed only 13 performances. "I believe that if you can speak, you should be up there," she says. "Even today, people will stop me and say, 'We came in from North Carolina to see you, and when we got to the theatre, you weren't there.'"

As a television performer, she has appeared as a guest star in dozens of dramatic series, situation comedies, and variety shows. She has played numerous Shakespearean roles, made five movies, done a great deal of radio work, and recorded numerous albums, including several for children. An animal lover, she gives her time freely to such groups as the American Horse Protection Association and Friends of the Animals.

Tammy has been at her present East Side address since 1969. Though she likes to cook, she also frequents many restaurants including Veau d'Or and Gino's.

Asked to evaluate her career as a whole, Tammy notes that all but one of the shows she has done "seemed to open and close in a natural way. There's always a reason why a play ends prematurely. … It's nice to please the public, but you can't constantly be thinking that they will accept this but not something else from you. You have to go by your feelings. If something is good, the public will go to see it."

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WESTSIDER DELORES HALL
Star of *Your Arms Too Short to Box with God*

5-21-77

It's just after 10 on a Wednesday evening when Delores Hall steps out of the Lyceum Theatre's stage door onto 46th Street. At least 20 fans are waiting; they give a cheer as she emerges and rush toward

her. Delores Hall smiles broadly as she autographs their programs, for these fans are hers. She has worked hard to become a Broadway star, and now in *Your Arms Too Short to Box with God* she is precisely that.

"No, I'm not really tired," says Ms. Hall a few minutes later over a snack at the All-State Cafe. "I'm still at a peak of energy from the show. That was my second performance today, but I could do another one if I had to."

Asking Delores about her earlier days brings a flood of memories and laughter. She's a happy, bouncy woman and seems as pleased to talk as any friendly neighbor. "When I was 3 I discovered I had vibrato," she recalls. "My mother taught me everything I know about singing. I can remember her hitting me in the stomach, showing me how to breathe. But whatever she did, she did it right. I was 4 when I first sang in public; they stood me on a table. I can remember some people throwing 50-cent pieces."

Born in Kansas City slightly more than 30 years ago, Delores grew up with music in her ears. Her father played the bass for Count Basie, and her mother was — and still is — a missionary in the Church of God in Christ, which produces gospel singers the way southern universities raise football players. Young Delores began singing regularly at the church services — an activity she continued when her family moved to Los Angeles. When Delores entered college she formed her own gospel group, an act so popular that she soon left school to become a full-time musician. Later, Harry Belafonte invited the Delores Hall Singers to tour with him for six months.

"Harry is a beautiful man," Delores grins. "He came to the show a month or so ago, and afterwards he went backstage and somebody introduced us. He said, 'Miss Hall, I've heard so much about you,' and then he screamed, and we jumped into each other's arms.

Delores has lived in New York since 1969. Five years ago she moved to the West Side. "People are so much warmer here," she says. Her remarkable singing has won her parts in half a dozen Broadway shows, but with *Box*, for the first time, she suddenly found herself the star of a hit production. Clive Barnes, in a highly positive review in the *New York Times*, declares: "Miss Hall has the audience in the palm of her voice." The all-black cast of this musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew has been packing the Lyceum since Christmas, and advance ticket sales go to October.

In spite of Ms. Hall's unbroken musical success, her life has not been without personal tragedy. Just before the Broadway premiere of *Box* last December 22, she suffered the heartbreaking loss of her only brother, a minister. "It was very hard to open the show," she recalls, "but I got through it with the help of God."

Delores lives on West 72nd Street with her husband of seven years, Michael Goodstone. Whenever she can, Delores joins Michael at temple in Westchester County: "I find it very uplifting spiritually, because I believe God is everywhere." Each Sunday the couple both attend the Church of God in Christ. "Some people call it the Holy Roller church," she explains. "After the service, we go downstairs for a piece of the best fried chicken."

Ms. Hall's face glows with pride when she speaks of Deardra, her 14 year-old daughter from a previous marriage: "My daughter is a singer, too. She won the music award from her school." Deardra is hoping to enter New York's High School of Performing Arts this fall.

Plans for the future? Delores would like to try grand opera someday — possibly the role of Aida. And a new record album is not far off. Several years ago she recorded her first album for RCA. Since she began drawing national attention in *Box*, some tempting offers have come in from recording companies, and her manager is in the process of negotiating a contract. The new album may be either gospel or middle of the road: "I'm praying very hard, so it depends on what the Lord says."

But for the moment, Delores Hall is well satisfied at filling the Lyceum Theatre seven times each week. "This show I love so much," she says, her eyes sparkling, "because it takes me home."

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WESTSIDER LIONEL HAMPTON
King of the Newport Jazz Festival

6-24-78

The world's greatest celebration of jazz, the Newport Jazz Festival, will get off the ground on June 23 — its 25th consecutive year. During the 12 day festival, in indoor and outdoor settings all over Manhattan and beyond, the most important names in jazz will stage nearly 30 major musical events.

More than half the concerts, appropriately enough, will take place on the West Side, in Carnegie Hall and Avery Fisher Hall. And just as appropriately, this year's festival will be dedicated to a Westsider whose life has been an inspiration to millions of people, not only for the great music he has created, but for a heart as large as the Grand Canyon. To call him merely a giant of jazz could be an understatement, because they don't come any bigger than Lionel Hampton.

Ask a dozen people what the name Lionel Hampton means to them and you're likely to get a dozen answers — all of them correct. In his 50 years as a professional musician, "Hamp" has used his remarkable gifts humbly, wisely, and unselfishly.

Music historians will always remember him as the man who introduced the vibraphone into jazz. This he accomplished in 1930, while playing with Louis Armstrong. Ever since, Hampton has been known as the world's foremost master of the instrument. He is also a leading drummer, pianist, singer, arranger, bandleader and composer. At 69, he continues to work nearly 50 weeks out of the year, taking his band to every corner of the U.S. and Europe. But whether he's making a live recording in a nightclub or performing his own symphonic works with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Lionel Hampton glows with a spiritual energy that extends far beyond his music.

It's 2 o'clock in the afternoon when I arrive at Hampton's neat, modern apartment overlooking Lincoln Center. I sit on the sofa talking with Chuck Jones, his public relations man, and a few minutes later Hampton emerges from the bedroom and plops down on the sofa beside me, wearing a dressing gown, slippers, and the famous smile that no one can imitate. After the introductions, I ask about his most recent concerts.

"I'm still trying to get myself together," he says almost apologetically in his rich Southern drawl. "We just got back from a six-week tour in Europe. We played all over Scandinavia, Germany, Southern France.

"When I was in Chicago this week, at the Playboy Cub, they gave me a new set of drums, with lights inside. I push a button and the whole drum lights up. I'm going to use them for Newport. This is the latest thing. It will blow their minds. We open on July first in Carnegie Hall and I'm bringing back a lot of veterans from my band."

He grew up in Chicago, but because of the gang fights in his neighborhood, Lionel's grandmother sent him to a Catholic school in Wisconsin. There a nun taught him to play the drums. The youngster learned fast; when he was 15, he made up his mind to head for the West Coast on his own, to pursue a jazz career. At the train station, he promised his grandmother that he would say his prayers and read the Bible every day.

Some 15 years later, Hampton was invited to join the Benny Goodman band in New York. His acceptance of the offer had great social significance, for it was the first time that blacks and whites played together in a major musical group.

>From 1937 to 1971 he lived in central Harlem. Then, after moving to the West Side, Hampton decided that he wanted to help upgrade his old neighborhood, so, on the advice of Governor Nelson Rockefeller, he raised $1 million in seed money and filed an application with the Urban Development Corporation for some new housing. Today there are 355 families living in the Lionel Hampton Houses at 130th Street and 8th Avenue." I was just designated the land right next to it," he says proudly. "We're going to break ground next year. It will be 250 family units, dedicated to my late wife Gladys. The Gladys Hampton Building."

A friend of many important public figures, Hampton has never lost his affection for Richard Nixon: "When I was a kid in California, President Nixon was our congressman. Then he became our senator. He was a good man and a good politician. He helped the blacks a lot; he helped the Spanish. I campaigned for him when he ran for president. ... What happened with Watergate, I don't know. That's high politics. But I know I always had high esteem for him."

In a political campaign last year, Hampton threw his support behind Ernest Morial, a black man who was running for mayor of New Orleans. Before Hampton stepped in, Morial was sixth in the polls. "I sent my P.R. man Chuck Jones down there to put some life into his campaign. Chuck put a thousand placards all over town and went on all the radio stations, and I played at a Morial for Mayor music festival. He came in first in the primary and then he won the election."

My questions are finished. I get up and shake Lionel's hand, telling him that I've always loved his music. He dashes into his bedroom, bringing out four records for me to take home. He shakes my hand twice more.

On my way to the door, I ask him one last question: Does he still have time to read the Bible every

day?

"Yes," he replies, grinning, "That's what I was doing when you came here and that's what I'm going to do after you leave."

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WESTSIDER DAVID HAWK
Executive director of Amnesty International U.S.A.

3-11-78

During the final days of World War II, a captured resistance member sat alone in a black prison cell, tired, hungry, tortured, and convinced of approaching death. After weeks of torment, the prisoner was sure that there was no hope, that no one knew or cared. But in the middle of the night, the door of the cell opened, and the jailer, shouting abuse into the darkness, threw a loaf of bread onto the dirt floor. The prisoner, by this time ravenous, tore open the loaf.

Inside was a matchbox. Inside the matchbox were matches and a scrap of paper. The prisoner lit a match. On the paper was a single word: "Coraggio!" Courage. Take courage. Don't give up, don't give in. We are trying to help you. "Coraggio!"

The prisoner never did find out who wrote the one-word message, but the spark of hope it provided may well have saved his life. The story is told in *Matchbox*, the newspaper of Amnesty International U.S.A., one of the largest branches of the worldwide human rights organization that received the Nobel Peace Prize for 1977.

David Hawk, executive director of Amnesty international U.S.A., sits behind his desk on a weekday morning talking about how the group originated and what it has done to earn the prize.

"It was started in Britain in 1961 by a lawyer named Peter Benenson," says Hawk, whose name belies the fact that he has been involved in civil rights for nearly half of his 34 years. "It started over a trial that was going on in Portugal." Benenson launched a one-year campaign to call attention to the Portuguese prisoners.

Soon the idea became so popular that a permanent organization was created. Chapters sprang up in other countries, and members began to work toward freeing "prisoners of conscience" on every continent. In the past 17 years, Amnesty International — or "Amnesty" for short — has aided in securing the release of nearly 13,000 individuals who were imprisoned not for crimes, but for personal beliefs that went against their governments' official policies.

"We're a nuisance factor," says Hawk. "We organize letter-writing and publicity campaigns on behalf of individual victims of human rights violations. It's the letters and the publicity that are Amnesty's tools for securing their release or bettering their conditions while they're in. At first it sounds strange to think that people sitting in living rooms in the United States can help someone in a fortress prison on an island in Indonesia, or in Siberia. ... You deluge certain people with so many letters that eventually it becomes an issue. Then the government asks, 'Is holding this person worth the trouble?' And on occasion, the answer is no."

The secret of Amnesty's success is its huge number of volunteers — 170,000 in 78 countries — who work on the case of a particular prisoner for years if necessary. They send letters and telegrams not only to government officials, but also to the prisoner himself. At times they send packages, or give financial aid to his family, or arrange for legal aid.

A 100-member research team in London makes sure that every new case is thoroughly documented before assigning it to an "adoption group" of 12 to 20 people. This group generally receives the names of three prisoners from three different political systems, and meets once a month to work on the cases until a result is obtained.

The Riverside adoption group, dating back to 1966, was the first one established in the U.S. Today there are more than 100 in 32 states. All of these are monitored by David Hawk and his staff of 20 full-time workers at their Westside office. The $750,000 annual U.S. budget comes from members' contributions, foundations, and church agencies.

Hawk assumed the leadership of A.I.-U.S.A. in 1974. "In the early '60s I worked in the civil rights movement in the Deep South," he recalls. "From 1967 to 1972 I was one of the organizers of the Moratorium Against the War. Then I worked in the McGovern campaign."

At about the same time he graduated from Union Theological Seminary, and from there went to Oxford University in England, where he found out about Amnesty International. Returning to the U.S., he applied for the vacant post of executive director and was accepted. Ever since then he has been a resident of the West Side. David's wife Joan, a potter, is the editor of *Matchbox*.

Hawk's biggest concern these days is to focus attention on the human rights covenants that President Carter has signed and is planning to send to the U.S. Senate for ratification. The covenants are worded almost the same as the United Nations' Universal Declaration of Human Rights, signed in December, 1948. "Put into treaty form," explains Hawk, "the articles will carry more weight. It's very important for governments to agree among themselves that they shouldn't torture their citizens, and should give them fair trials, and should provide food and housing and education for their citizens. Amnesty wants all governments to ratify the treaty."

Anyone interest in volunteering some time to this worthy organization should write to: Amnesty International, 2112 Broadway, Room 309, New York, NY 10023.

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EASTSIDER WALTER HOVING
Chairman of Tiffany & Company

12-22-79

When Walter Hoving took over as chairman of Tiffany and Company in 1955, he gave his designers one simple rule: "Design what you think is beautiful and don't worry about selling it." The rule applies as much to store's eye-catching Christmas display windows as to the three floors of jewelry, silver, china, and crystal at the corner of 5th Avenue and 57th Street. Hoving's unique combination of business wizardry and impeccable taste has paid off dramatically: since he joined the company, Tiffany's annual sales haver gone from $7 million to $73 million.

A tall, soft-spoken, former Brown University football star whose unlined forehead and vigorous appearance belie his 82 years, Hoving has a voice like Jimmy Stewart's and kindly yet authoritative manner. On his conservative gray suit is a tiny silver pin with the words "Try God." Leaning back in the comfortable desk chair at his vast, teakwood-paneled office at Tiffany's on a recent afternoon, he answers all questions thoroughly and unhesitatingly.

"We don't think in terms of price at all. Whatever we sell has got to be up to our standard in quality material, quality workmanship, and quality of design. … You see, you've got to have a point of view in this thing. That's all we've got is a point of view, and we stick to it."

What he calls a "point of view" others would simply define as "taste." And Hoving is well qualified to have strong opinions in this area. At the age of 30, three years after joining R.H. Macy and Company, he was already a vice president and merchandising director. At that point, says Hoving, "I realized that design was going to be a coming thing, and I really didn't know much about it. So I matriculated at New York University in their arts department, and I took courses on period furniture, old silver, historic textiles, color and design. It took me three years, twice a week at night. … Then, of course, I could learn by going into people's homes that were beautiful, in England and France, at museums — wherever I was. You learn if you have a basis. And so I advise anybody who comes into this business to get knowledgeable about decorative arts."

After leaving Macy's, he climbed steadily, becoming vice president of Montgomery Ward, president of Lord & Taylor, and president of Bonwit Teller. Upon arriving at Tiffany's, one of the first things he did was to discontinue selling anything that didn't conform to his esthetic standards, regardless of profit.

The current 180-page catalogue lists almost 100 items under $25, along with such unabashed luxuries as a porcelain dessert service for six priced at $4,200 and an unpriced "seashell" necklace of 18-carat gold with diamonds set in platinum. Tiffany's carries no synthetic gems because, according to Hoving, "everything here is real," and no men's diamond rings because "we think they're vulgar." He adds: "I dropped antique silver. I saw no reason why Tiffany should carry it. You can get antiques anyplace. Our job is to make antiques for the future."

Since 1963, Tiffany has opened branch stores in five other cities. Several floors in the Fifth Avenue headquarters house artists, engravers, clockmakers and jewelry craftsmen. There is also a Tiffany factory in New Jersey.

The author of two best-selling books, *Your Career in Business* and *Tiffany's Table Manners for Teenagers*, Hoving is a deeply religious man who has long been actively involved in charitable work. He is a co founder of the Salvation Army Association of New York, and gives his time to the United Negro

College Fund, the United Service Organizations, and, most recently, a home for heroin-addicted girls in Garrison, New York, which has been named in his honor.

When a friend at St. Bartholomew's Church asked Hoving to make her a pin reading "Try God," he got the idea of selling the pin at Tiffany's and giving the proceeds to the Walter Hoving Home. So far, 600,000 have been sold.

Jane Pickens Hoving, his wife since 1977, is the founder and chairman of an organization known as Tune in New York, which matches volunteers to jobs best suited for their talents and interests. It is about to open a headquarters at 730 Fifth Avenue, across from Tiffany's.

His son Thomas Hoving served as commissioner of parks for New York City and for many years was director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He recently wrote a book on Tutankhamen and has another book in the works.

An Eastsider for over 50 years, Walter Hoving walks more than three miles a day between his home and office. He frequently mixes with customers in the store, and one of his favorite anecdotes is about the time he spoke with a woman who was registering her daughter for wedding presents. "The woman said that she and her husband wanted everything to come from Tiffany's because they were sure if it was from Tiffany's it would be all right," relates Hoving. "I said, 'What does your husband do?' She said, 'He is a letter carrier.' Well, I felt better than if I had sold Mrs. Astorbilt a million-dollar diamond ring."

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EASTSIDER JAY JACOBS
Restaurant critic for *Gourmet* magazine

2-9-80

It is a familiar scene to New York restaurateurs: an out-of-town visitor arrives clutching a magazine, turns to an article, and orders the items that have been underlined. Whether the magazine is current or several years old, the chances are that it is *Gourmet* and that the article is a review by Jay Jacobs, *Gourmet's* New York restaurant critic since 1972.

Its monthly circulation of 600,000 makes *Gourmet* the most widely read food publication in the English-speaking world. But Jacobs, who is responsible for writing three lengthy reviews per issue, is quick to point out that, in spite of his knowledge of the business and his love of cooking, he would never consider opening a restaurant himself.

"I think everybody born in this century has fantasized about a restaurant, but I think it would be insane," he says in a voice as rich and mellow as vintage port. "One of the great tragedies of the restaurant business is that people who cook well at home often think that's all it takes. ... If you've got any interest in food and the least bit of talent, you can probably cook a better meal for four people than you'll ever get in any restaurant in the world — if you want to invest that kind of labor and time, and concentration. But there's a huge gap between doing that and serving anywhere from 70 to 130 people at night, all wanting different dishes. It becomes a tremendous problem of strategy and logistics."

Affable, low-keyed, and very small of stature, Jacob displays a wry wit while telling how he began his career as a painter, cartoonist and illustrator before turning to full-time writing in 1956. For years he worked mainly for art publications, and he still writes a bimonthly column for *theArtgallery* magazine. His first book, a quickie titled *RFK: His Life and Death*, came out in 1968. He is also the author of *A History of Gastronomy*, *New York a la Carte*, and *Winning the Restaurant Game* (McGraw-Hill, 1980).

Winning the Restaurant Game is an extremely humorous and entertaining volume that is notable for its exotic vocabulary. However, the book's message is not to be taken lightly — that restaurant dining is a complex game in which the best players can expect better service, better food, and the lasting affection of the owner. All the conventions of dining out, including who to tip and how much, are discussed in depth. Among the subchapters are "Humbling the Opposition," "The Uselessness of Menus," "Addressing Flunkies," and "Securing Advantageous Tables."

His next book, *Winning the Kitchen Game*, is due from McGraw-Hill next winter.

Jacobs dines out at least once a day while in the city. He visits restaurants several times before doing a review — always anonymously, and generally accompanied by others. "My job," he says, "is to find worthwhile places that our readers will want to go to. The magazine's policy is not to do unfavorable reviews. If I think a place stinks, I don't go back and I don't review it. ... Most of our readers are knowledgeable about food, somewhat self-indulgent, affluent, and well-travelled. When they come into

New York, they don't want to find some cut-rate taco house, and they don't want to know about the bad places. They're only in for a few days, and they want to hit the high spots.

"The daily press have a different readership and a different function. ... When they do a favorable review, it can damage a restaurant in that it generates a sudden spurt of interest that the restaurant can't handle."

The father of four boys, Jacobs is a very sociable person who enjoys throwing parties for 50 to 60. To prepare the food, he says, "I lock myself in the kitchen for three or four days."

His *Gourmet* reviews are so detailed that Jacobs gets letters from readers across the country who tell how they have recreated a night at the Four Seasons or 21 "by analyzing what I have written, and approximating the dishes." But what makes his job particularly gratifying is the restaurant people themselves.

"I'm very impressed by these restaurant guys. If you travel in Europe you see them when they're 13 years old, schlepping suitcases in some motel and dreaming of the day when they open their own restaurant. They usually come out of small towns or even villages, and don't have the benefit of birth or upbringing or schooling. And the next thing you know, it's 30 years later and they can converse very adequately with Henry Kissinger or Jackie Onassis or anyone else, and maintain a business and make it work."

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WESTSIDER RAUL JULIA
Star of *Dracula* on Broadway

5-26-79

"It's nice to be a vampire eight times a week," says Raul Julia, the star of *Dracula* at the Martin Beck Theatre. Last October he took over the role made famous by Frank Langella, and now Julia — pronounced "Hoo lia" by his Puerto Rican countrymen — has developed a cult following of his own, in this classic remake of the 1927 Broadway hit.

Some critics have said that the sets and costumes by Edward Gorey are the centerpieces of the show, more so than any of the performers. But Raul Julia is rapidly becoming a local matinee idol, drawing fan mail by the bagful and constantly meeting crowds of autograph seekers outside the stage door.

In his portrayal of Count Dracula, Raul takes on many characteristics of a bat. He hangs over the mantlepiece at strange angles and whips his dark cloak through the air like a bat's wings. When entrapped by three desperate men holding protective crosses and religious relics in front of them, he changes into a bat and flies out the window at the stroke of dawn.

In the dressing room prior to a performance, without his makeup, he looks neither sinister nor magnetically attractive, but seems almost boyish. His wit is matched by his humility: Raul is aware that his name is not yet a household word. Not many people realize, for example, that his natural speaking voice has the same lilting Puerto Rican accent heard everywhere in the streets and subways of New York. When asked how he accounts for his flawless onstage pronunciation, Raul shrugs and says with a grin, "Well, that's acting."

Like Richard Chamberlain, who in 1970 played Hamlet with great success on the British stage, Julia is equally at home in British and American plays. He has starred in many of Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival productions, and has received three Tony nominations for his dramatic and musical roles on Broadway.

He sips a glass of apricot juice while a makeup artist brushes his jet black hair straight back and starts to darken his eyes. Removing his shoes, Raul tells all sorts of little anecdotes about his life as the famous Count.

"I usually eat very little during the day. I go to sleep at about five, sometimes six. Maybe I'm getting a Dracula schedule," he says with a laugh. "Some people who see the show write and say they're going to keep their windows open at night.

"Dracula is a myth, although some people think there actually are vampires. Bram Stoker really created the character of Dracula, taking legends from different parts of the world, like the stories of sailors who had been stricken by bats, appearing on deck the next morning, all pale, without blood in them.

"I hear that Bela Lugosi was buried in a Dracula costume. I also hear that Boris Karloff came to the

funeral home to visit him and looked down at the coffin and said, 'You're not kidding are you sweetie?'"

Dracula the character is more than 500 years old; Julia the actor declines to give his age. "Actors should be ageless," he says. "You see, what age does, it limits you to a certain category." He doesn't mind telling his height, however. "Eight foot four," he quips. "No, six two."

He was, in fact, born 30-odd years ago in San Juan. In 1964, after graduating from the university there, he was performing in a local nightclub revue, and comedian Orson Bean happened to be in the audience. Bean urged him to come to New York, and introduced him to Wynn Handman of the American Place Theatre. Although he had not studied acting formally, Raul's natural ability and his versatility soon began to pay off. Within two years he was playing lead roles for Joseph Papp.

Married for the past three years to dancer/actress Merel Poloway, Raul devotes a great deal of his spare time to a charitable organization called the Hunger Project. "The purpose of the group is to support anything that will help bring an end to hunger by 1997. Our goal is to transform the atmosphere that exists now,. That says that hunger is inevitable. All the experts and scientists agree that we have the means right now to end the starvation on the planet."

A resident of the Upper West Side for the past 10 years, Raul has two major projects coming up — the title role of Othello for Shakespeare-in the-Park this summer and a movie called *Isabel*, which he will film in Puerto Rico this spring: "I wanted to be in it because it's a totally Puerto Rican venture, and I want to encourage the beginning of a quality movie industry."

Raul appears to be utterly at ease as he prepares to make his stage entrance in the middle of the first act of *Dracula*. I have time for one more question: "Is the acting life everything you hoped it would be?"

Raul wraps the cloak around himself and heads out of the dressing room.
He looks back at me and smiles. "Yes," he replies. "*Now* it is."

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EASTSIDER BOB KANE
Creator of Batman and Robin

3-24-79

At the 1939 World's Fair in New York, a time capsule was filled with memorabilia thought to be representative of 20th-century American culture, and scheduled to be opened by historians 5,000 years later. Among the objects chosen was a comic magazine that had appeared for the first time that year, the creation of an 18-year-old artist and writer named Bob Kane. Whoever chose the contents of the time capsule must have been prophetic, because today, 40 years later, few characters in American fantasy or fiction are so well known as Kane's pulp hero — Batman.

"It was a big success from the very beginning," says the cartoonist, a tall, wiry, powerful-looking man of 58 whose tanned, leathery features bear a striking resemblance to those of Bruce Wayne, Batman's secret identity. "Superman started in 1938, and the same company, D.C. Comics, was looking for another superhero. I happened to be in the right place at the right time.

"The first year, Batman was more evil, more sinister. My concept was for him to scare the hell out of the denizens of the underworld. And then the second year, I introduced Robin, because I realized he would appeal to the children's audience. That's when the strip really took hold."

The walls of his Eastside apartment are covered with vintage hand-drawn panels by America's most famous cartoonists, and Kane, with his casual attire, his broad New York accent, and his habit of twirling his glasses around while slumped far down in his easy chair, would not seem out of place as a character in Maggie and Jiggs. Yet he likes to consider himself a serious artist, and has, in fact, had some notable achievements in his "second career," which began in 1966 when he resigned from D.C. Comics, on the heels of the successful *Batman* TV series.

"I got tired of working over the drawing board after 30 years. I wanted to be an entrepreneur — painter, screenplay writer, and producer." Since that time, he has built up a large body of work — oil paintings, watercolors, pen and ink sketches and lithographs, most of them depicting characters from Batman. They have been purchased by leading universities, famous private collectors, and New York's Museum of Modern Art.

As a writer, Kane has created four animated cartoon series for television, has penned a screenplay for Paramount Pictures, *The Silent Gun*, has written an autobiography titled *Batman and Me* (due to be published next year), and has completed a screenplay for a full-length Batman movie. Recently, he has

also emerged as an active participant in charitable causes, such as UNICEF, Cerebral Palsy and the American Cancer Society.

>From March 16 to April 8, the Circle Gallery at 435 West Broadway in SoHo will exhibit a one-man show of about 40 Kane originals. Says Kane with his typical immodesty: "I'm probably the first cartoonist to make the transition to fine art. When you do hand-signed, limited editions of lithographs, you are definitely entering the world of Lautrec and Picasso and Chagall."

Kane has lived on the East Side for the past 15 years and has no plans to leave. Asked about his early years, he tells of growing up poor in the Bronx. "I used to draw on all the sidewalks, and black out the teeth of the girls on the subway posters. I used to copy all the comics as a kid, too. That was my school of learning. ... My greatest influence in creating Batman was a sketch by Leonardo da Vinci of a flying machine, which I saw when I was 13 years old. It showed a man on a sled with huge bat wings attached to it. To me, it looked like a bat man. And that same year, I saw a movie called *The Mark of Zorro*, with Douglas Fairbanks Senior. Zorro fought for the downtrodden and he had a cave in the mountainside, and wore a mask, which gave me the idea for Batman's dual identity and the Batmobile."

As might be expected, Kane takes much pride in his lifelong success. "Batman has influenced four decades of children," he declares. "It has influenced the language. ... It has influenced people's lives whereby it gives them a sense of hope that the good guy usually wins in the end. And mainly, the influence has been one of sheer entertainment. I feel that most people would like to be a Batman-type superhero, to take them out of their dull, mundane routine of everyday living. ... My greatest thrill comes from my 5-year-old grandson. Little did I know when I was 18 that one day I would see my grandson wearing a little Batman costume, driving around in a miniature Batmobile and yelling 'Batman!'"

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WESTSIDER LENORE KASDORF
Star of *The Guiding Light*

1-20-79

For the pat few months at least, the hottest soap opera on television has been CBS' *The Guiding Light*, which reaches approximately 10 million viewers nationwide. The show has 22 regular characters, and right now the one who is getting the most attention is Rita Stapleton, a beautiful but deceitful nurse who recently brought up the ratings for the week when she was raped by her ex-lover on the night before her engagement to another man. It was all in a day's work for Westsider Lenore Kasdorf, who portrays the popular villainess.

"This is definitely a job, and you get the feeling of a schedule, of punching in and punching out, of rolling it off the presses. But you put in your creative element too," says Miss Kasdorf, taking a break between scenes at the studio. With her soft hazel eyes, pearly teeth, finely chiseled features, and billowing brown hair, she is nothing short of stunning — an impression that is heightened by her throaty voice and by the red sweater that covers her ample figure.

Being the star of an hour-long "soap" means that Lenore often has to work from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. inside the mazelike studio, so that in winter, an entire week may go by when she doesn't see sunlight. Although she receives a tremendous number of fan letters, Lenore does not have time to answer most of them.

"I'm not a letter writer anyway," she explains. "There are times when someone is so sincere that you feel you really want to respond. I have had people send me a dollar check for postage. My heart goes out sometimes; I get guilty when I read my mail. This audience is very responsive. They love to comment about the show. I get a lot of identifying mail. Some people say, 'You're like the sister I wish I had.' Sometimes there's strange mail. Sometimes there's lewd mail, which is removed before I can read it." She laughs vigorously. "That's fine with me, because then I can enjoy all my mail."

Asked about which part of the Upper West Side she lives in, Lenore declines to say. "I have some fans who would follow my footprints in the snow. You have to be careful. My husband and I tend to stay in the neighborhood a lot, and I'd hate to ruin our indiscreet little way of getting around. ... In New York people are used to seeing Al Pacino walking down the street, or Jackie O. shopping at the corner. But out of town — at first they're not sure if it's you. A lot of people come up to me and say, 'Do you ever watch *The Guiding Light*? You look so much like that girl.' I usually tell them who I am. I can't see any point in lying. Face it, that's part of the reason we're doing this. I'm sure there's a ham in every actor, whether they're shy about it or not."

Her husband, actor Phil Peters, recently won the part of Dr. Steven Farrell on *As The World Turns*,

another CBS soap opera. Within a few weeks, however, there was a change of writers. "The new writers wanted to bring in their own characters," says Lenore, "so on the show, Phil just disappeared in the night. He never showed up for his wedding. All the other characters were saying, 'Where could he be?'" She laughs at the recollection of what happened soon afterward when she and her husband were visiting Fredericksburg, Virginia: "A woman came up behind Phil while we were eating dinner, and said, 'Shame on you! How could you run off on that pretty little thing?'"

Born 30 years ago on Long Island, the daughter of an Army officer, Lenore grew up in such diverse places as Tennessee, Indiana, Virginia, Germany and Thailand. After graduating from the International School in Bangkok, she "got out of the Army" and returned to the U.S. to attend college in Indiana. There she began to do local TV commercials, and was so successful that she decided to try her luck in California. Quickly she became an established television actress, winning roles in many prime time series, including *Starsky and Hutch*, *Barnaby Jones*, and *Ironside*. While performing for a small theatre company she met Phil Peters. Phil wanted to come to New York to work in the theatre, and, with some reservations, Lenore came with him. Although Phil does not have a regular acting assignment at present, Lenore points out that "actors are never out of work. They're just between jobs."

The Guiding Light, says Lenore, "was originally a religious program on the radio, where the moral of the story was an enlightening lesson for everybody." Since moving to television in 1952, the show has changed considerably in content, but, according to Lenore, it still contains many lessons that are relevant to modern living.

"You can tell from mail that you do help people, whether you mean to or not," says the actress with obvious satisfaction. "I've gotten letters saying, 'Seeing Rita through that difficulty has enlightened me about my own situation.' She has not helped by example, because Rita doesn't always do things right. But she shows how much trouble you can get into by behaving the way she does, and in that way I think she helps people avoid the same mistakes."

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EASTSIDER BRIAN KEITH
Back on Broadway after 27 years

12-29-79

On January 1, 1980, the curtain will finally ring down on *Da*, Hugh Leonard's strikingly original and poignant drama about a man's fond memories of his working-class Irish father. *Da* won four Tony Awards in 1978, including Best Play. Since July 30, the title role has been ably filled by Brian Keith, an actor perhaps best known for playing "Uncle Bill" in the situation comedy *Family Affair*, one of television's most popular shows from 1966 to 1971. Recently he has been seen in the TV specials *Centennial, The Chisholms* and *The Seekers*. In his long, illustrious career, the 57-year-old actor has starred in four other TV series and appeared in more than 60 motion pictures.

During the late 1940s, when he worked primarily on Broadway, Keith rented an apartment on East 66th Street with a fireplace and kitchen for $70 a month. Leaving for Hollywood in 1952, he eventually married a Hawaiian actress, and nine years ago became a full-time resident of Hawaii.

"I hadn't been to New York for years and years and years, and when we came here for a vacation last winter, I saw a play every night for a couple of weeks," says Keith. "*Da* was the only one I thought I'd really like to do sometime." Not long afterward, Barnard Hughes, the Tony Award winning star of *Da*, decided to tour with the show, and Keith was offered a five-month contract to replace him. Delighted with the chance to return to Broadway in such a compelling role after a 27-year absence, Keith quickly said yes. Bringing his wife and children to New York for an extended visit, he again chose the Upper East Side as a place to live.

A big, brawny 6-footer whose deep, gravelly voice and slothful mannerisms somehow bring to mind a friendly trained bear, Keith normally spends the time between his matinee and evening performances sleeping on an Army cot in his dressing room. On this particular day, he is sitting in the sparsely furnished room with his shirt off, smoking a cigarette and answering questions about his career. His initially gruff demeanor soon gives way to laughter, sentiment, hopefulness and cynicism in equal measure. A no-holds-barred conversationalist, he talks about the acting life with a rare frankness.

Taking over the role of Da with only about 20 hours of rehearsal, says Keith, was "just a matter of trouping it." He didn't find the task too difficult, partly because of his Irish background. Asked how far back his ancestry goes, Keith laughs and says, "How far back? If you go back far enough, you never stop. I'm Irish on both sides. On my father's side they came over in Revolutionary days. On my mother's side, five or six generations. It stays, though. The first time I went to Ireland, I felt the whole deja vu

thing. I knew what I'd see around the next corner when I walked."

He was born in the backstage of a theatre in Bayonne, New Jersey. "I was there about a week. I'm always getting letter from people saying: 'I'm from Bayonne too!' My parents were actors, so we went everywhere. ... I went to high school in Long Island. Very ... very nothing. And I didn't care a damn thing about acting."

>From 1945 to 1955 he served in the U.S. Marine Corps as a sergeant in the Pacific campaign. "When I got out of the service, I was just banging around, looking for a job. I didn't have an education or anything. A guy offered me a part in a play and I didn't know whether I'd ever get another one. But I did, so it's been very nice. Very lucky. It's unlike the usual struggle that people go through."

When the conversation lands on *Meteor*, his latest movie, Keith declines comment, choosing to speak instead of *The Last of the Mountain Men*, a feature film that was completed in July and is scheduled for a Easter release. "Charlton Heston and I co-star. It's about two trappers in the West in 1830, and what happens to them when the beaver period comes to a close. The two guys are like Sundance and Butch. But damn well written. It's one of the best scripts I ever read. Heston's kid wrote it. He worked for a couple of years up around Idaho and Montana as a river guide. There's not a wasted word in the script."

Many of his films and TV shows Keith has never seen. "If it's some piece of junk, I don't see why I should bother. It's bad enough you did it. But to live through it again!. ... You can't sit around and wait for something you think is *worthy* of you."

Brian and his wife Victoria have two children. Mimi, his daughter from a previous marriage, is a member of the Pennsylvania Ballet Company. Between acting assignments, says Keith with affection, he spends most of his time "raising the damn kids. It's a 24-hour job. We do a lot of outdoor stuff, because in Hawaii you can, all year round. We go on the beach and camp out and all that crap."

He finds that being based in Hawaii causes no problems with his career. "It doesn't make any difference where you live," Keith growls softly. "People live in London, in Spain, in Switzerland. You don't go around looking for jobs. You wait till your agent calls you and you get on a plane and go. You can be halfway around the world overnight, from anywhere. It beats Bayonne."

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WESTSIDER HAROLD KENNEDY
Author of *No Pickle, No Performance*

7-22-78

In the early days of Harold Kennedy's theatrical career, he was involved in a play written by Sinclair Lewis, who may have been a great novelist but was no playwright. Kennedy was talking with Lewis one evening before the play opened when a young student approached the famous author and politely asked for an autograph. Lewis took the piece of paper the boy offered him and wrote on it: "Why don't you find a hobby that isn't a nuisance to other people?" He handed it back unsigned.

But the boy got even. The play opened a few nights later and was a total disaster. Lewis was sitting gloomily in the dressing room after the final curtain when a note was hand-delivered to him by an usher. He opened it and read, in his own handwriting: "Why don't you find a hobby that isn't a nuisance to other people?"

The story is one of dozens told in Harold Kennedy's book, *No Pickle, No Performance*, published this month by Doubleday. The book is a fascinating collection of true-life anecdotes stored up by Kennedy during his four decades in the theatre as a director, actor, and playwright on Broadway and across the country. The subtitle of his book is "An Irreverent Theatrical Excursion from Tallulah to Travolta," and he has written chapters about his experiences with both of these stars, in addition to Orson Welles, Charlton Heston, Thornton Wilder, Gloria Swanson, Steve Allen, and others who are less well known today but were legends in their time.

Its book is dedicated to actress Renee Taylor, who refused to come on stage during a play's opening night until she got a pickle with her sandwich, as she had during the previews. The coffee shop that had provided those sandwiches was closed, and the curtain was held while a prop man got in his car and went searching for the holy pickle. It arrived seven minutes after the advertised curtain time, and the show went on.

Unknown to Taylor, the stage crew was so enraged by her antics that they performed "a little ceremony" with the pickle before giving it to her. Gloria Swanson later said: "Poor Miss Taylor. Can't

you see her shopping around to every delicatessen in New York complaining that she can never find a pickle to match the caliber of the one she had in New Jersey."

I meet the author on a recent evening at Backstage on West 45th Street. "The thing about this book," he says, "is that whether people know the actors or not, they find the stories amusing. You know, I never thought of writing these stories down. I used to tell them to other members of the company over drinks after the show, and everyone loved them. But I'm an actor, and I thought what made them funny was the way I told them. I didn't know how they'd look in print. A good friend of mine finally convinced me to write about a hundred pages, and I said, "If anyone wants it, I'll write the whole thing." The first publisher I sent it to — Doubleday — accepted it."

Those who have seen portions of the Ginger Rogers chapter in a recent issue of *New York* magazine might think the book is malicious, but this is not the case. Says Kennedy: "It just tells what happened, and some people come out better than others."

The chapter begins: "It seems that Ginger Rogers never smiles. It may be that someone has told her it would crack her face. It may be more likely that she's a lady devoid of one smidgin of one inch of a sense of humor." The author describes her as "colder than anyone else I had met. Totally unlike her screen self — which only goes to prove what a good actress she is."

He reveals Rogers at her worst when she attempts to make an actor out of her no-talent fifth husband, G. William Marshall, at the expense of Kennedy and everyone else in the cast. The couple were still on their honeymoon, and Rogers demanded that Bill be given the role of her leading man in *Bell, Book and Candle*. The results were disastrous. Detroit's leading critic wrote after the opening: "The program lists Mr. Marshall as having been acquainted with many phases of show business. Last night he showed not even a nodding acquaintance with any of them."

Kennedy writes at the chapter's end: "Hopefully Ginger will find another husband. As it turned out, the last one apparently worked out worse for her than it did for me." Rogers is apparently considering a lawsuit against the author.

Still very active in the theatre at 64, Kennedy is undertaking three productions this summer — *Barefoot In the Park* with Maureen O'Sullivan and Donny Most, *The Marriage-Go-Round* with Kitty Carlisle, and *Bell, Book and Candle* with Lana Turner. He is directing all three and acting in two of them.

Two years ago he directed John Travolta for a summer stock company that opened to hordes of screaming teenagers in Skowhegan, Maine. Whenever Travolta made in entrance or an exit, Kennedy tells in the chapter titled "John Who?", he caused such a commotion that the play virtually came to a halt. "John is a darling. He's such a lovely boy," says the author. "He'd kiss me full on the lips when we met and parted. And I say that with no sense of implication. In the theatre, we've always been relaxed about an expression of affection. ... I thought in *Saturday Night Fever* he was a star in the old tradition — in the tradition of Tyrone Power. ... I couldn't call John intelligent, but he'll own the movie industry in two years. And he has things in his contract that no other stars have had, like approval of the final cut of the movie."

A native of Holyoke, Massachusetts, Kennedy worked his way through Dartmouth College and the Yale School of Drama "and came out with a profit." In 1937 he moved to New York; he has lived on the West Side ever since. Among his close friends are some of the merchants and artisans in his area. "They care about theatre and they know we have special problems," he says. "There's Mal the Tailor on West 72nd Street, for example. If I'm doing a play and need something right away, he'll drop everything and take care of me."

No Pickle, No Performance has already received many favorable reviews and has been partially reprinted in the *New York Post*. Kennedy is planning to hit the talk shows soon with some of his leading ladies. What seems to be uppermost in his mind at the moment, however, is whether Ginger Rogers will sue for libel.

"I kind of wish she would, just to get some publicity for the book," he muses. "Of course, she's a fool if she does, because she'd never win, and the people who haven't heard of the book will rush out and get it. … But I can say one thing: if there's a package from Ginger waiting for me in my dressing room, I'm going to have it dumped in water."

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WESTSIDER ANNA KISSELGOFF
Dance critic for the *New York Times*

6-9-79

It was 3 p.m., and as usual, Anna Kisselgoff was sitting before the computer-typewriter at the *New York Times'* newsroom, putting the finishing touches on her latest dance review. She had spent the morning doing research, and had arrived at the *Times* building around noon to begin writing the article directly on the computer terminal, using her notes taken the night before at a dance performance. At 8 o'clock that evening, she would be attending yet another performance, but for the moment at least, Miss Kisselgoff had a little time to herself, and when we sat down to talk in her three-walled cubicle office facing the relatively quiet newsroom, she seemed noticeably relaxed and cheerful, notwithstanding the pile of opened and unopened mail piled high on her desk.

"We get no help: that's the problem," she said, in a clear, even voice with a tone that recalled Mary Tyler Moore. "We have one secretary for nine people in the arts and architecture department. She's terribly overworked," Anne went on, sweeping her hands like an orchestra conductor toward the stack of mail. "You're looking at what's left after I've thrown away half of it. I make up the review schedule for the week based on these releases."

Petite, attractive, and looking somewhat younger than her 41 years, the effervescent Miss Kisselgoff soon got to the root of her problem.

"This time of year, everybody wants to be reviewed. The tragedy is that dancers *do* wait until the spring, and then they give their one-shot concert that they have been preparing all year, and it's on the same night that 17 other dancers are giving theirs. I think it's suicidal. ... We have three dance critics at the *Times* — Jack Anderson and Jennifer Dunning besides myself — and in the spring, all three of us are working every day, and we still can't keep up."

Anna herself attends up to nine performances a week during the busy season. Besides her regular pieces in the daily *Times*, she is responsible for a long, comprehensive article in the Sunday edition. "There has been a tremendous increase in dance activity in the past 10 years," she explained. "In 1969, the year after I joined the paper, I was asked to do a rundown of dance events, and I found there was not a single week in the year that was free from dance. That was the first time it happened.

"I think the decade of the 1960s had something to do with it. That was when choreographers like Balanchine and Merce Cunningham, who used pure movement, became most popular. The audience that came to see them was a new audience that was already comfortable with abstraction. They didn't require story ballets. One of the problems with dance in the past was the people thought they wouldn't be able to understand it. But if you like plotless ballet, you don't have to understand any more than what you see. I think Marshall McLuhan was right: this is the age of television. This generation is used to watching images without getting bored."

She has no favorite dancers, but her favorite choreographers come down to two — George Balanchine and Martha Graham. "You don't have any young choreographers now who are really the stature of the old ones. I can't give a reason why, except that it happened historically that the 1930s turned out to be the most creative period in dance — not just in the United States, but in most parts of the world. That's when the modern dance pioneers became active. People like Martha Graham are revolutionaries, and you just don't get them in every generation. ... This applies to the other arts as well. Who are the great opera composers of today? And frankly, are there any Tolstoys?"

Born in Paris, Anna arrived on the Upper West Side at the age of one. She attended Bryn Mawr College in Pennsylvania and later spent four years in Paris as a general reporter for several English-language newspapers, but otherwise she has been a lifelong Westsider. Dance has always been one of her prime interests: she studied ballet for 10 years while a child, and remained an avid fan long after realizing she would not become a professional dancer.

In the mid-1960s, Anna wrote an article on a major dance festival for the international edition of the *New York Times* in Paris. This led to similar assignments. In October 1968, shortly after she returned to Manhattan, the *Times* hired her to assist chief dance critic Clive Barnes. She quickly found herself writing many first-string reviews, and when Barnes resigned almost two years ago, Kisselgoff was named to replace him.

One of the disadvantages of her job, Anna pointed out, is that she is frequently approached by strangers at intermission. "I feel that everybody who agrees or disagrees with me can do so by mail. I don't want to have long discussions with people I don't know, because I think it's an invasion of my privacy as a person."

The advantages, however, far outweigh the inconveniences. "I can even enjoy bad dance," she quickly added. "That's why I'm very happy doing this job. The day that I'll no longer be interested in watching a

dance performance, I think I should quit and go on to something else."

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WESTSIDER GEORGE LANG
Owner of the Cafe des Artistes

8-4-79

George Lang, artist and perfectionist, could have become a success in any of a hundred professions. In 1946, when he arrived in the U.S. from his native Hungary, he got a job as violinist with the Dallas Symphony. But Lang soon discovered that the orchestra pit was too confining for a man of his vision. He might have turned to composition or conducting; instead he decided to switch to a different field entirely — cooking. Today, at 54, he is the George Balanchine of the food world — a "culinary choreographer" with an international reputation for knowing virtually everything relevant that is to be known about food preparation and restaurants.

Lang's imagination, *Gourmet* magazine once wrote, "is as fertile as the Indus Valley." This imagination, combined with his keen intelligence, his concern for details, his natural versatility, and his seemingly endless capacity for work, have enabled him to rewrite the definition of the term "restaurant consultant."

As head of the George Lang Corporation, a loosely structured group of associates that he founded in 1971, he commands $2,500 a day plus expenses for jetting around the world, giving advice on restaurant and kitchen design, menu planning, and every other aspect of a restaurant from the lighting to the color of the napkins.

His large-scale projects in the past few years include food consulting and design for Marriot Motor Hotels, Holiday Inn, the Cunard Lines, and Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos. He was the chief planner for The Market, a three-level, 20-shop marketplace in the East Side's Citicorp Center. In 1975, when he took over the West Side's famous Cafe des Artistes, the business quadrupled within weeks.

A prolific author as well, Lang has written several books and hundreds of articles for leading publications, including the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. His column, "Table for One," is a regular feature of *Travel & Leisure* magazine. He has bottled burgundy under his own label, arranged parties for the rich and famous, and served as consultant for *Time-Life's* series on international cookery.

His office has a miniature garden in the middle; the wall are lined with 5,000 catalogued cookbooks. He comes sailing into the room and takes a seat at his semicircular desk, which all but engulfs him. Short in stature, bald as a gourd, he moves with a darting energy that sees him through 20 hour workdays with as many as 30 food tastings. His softly accented speech is the only thing about him that is slow, because Lang chooses his words carefully, aiming for the same perfection in English as in everything else. Although modesty is not one of his characteristics, he gives full credit to his staff for being equal partners in his corporation's success. There is a feeling of camaraderie in the air, as if all are members of a single family.

The Cafe des Artistes, he admits, was a moderately successful French restaurant for 60 years before he took it over. "But it needed spiritual changes as well as physical changes. And — let me underline this and triple-space it — excellent food. You cannot chew scenery. We maintain a certain kind of formal informality, which simply means that anyone can come, dressed any way they want, as long as their behavior will justify their white tie or dungarees. I could raise the prices by 50 to 100 percent overnight, and I wouldn't lose a single customer. But feel an obligation to New York City and the restaurant industry to maintain what I call reasonable prices."

His corporation also owns the Hungaria Restaurant at Citicorp, which has a gypsy orchestra from Budapest, and Small Pleasures, a pastry shop in the same building. However, Lang stresses that "98 percent of our business comes from consulting. I always think in terms of problems and solutions, because every restaurant must be designed to suit the needs of a particular market. At Alexander's, for example, we came up with a restaurant where you could have a reasonably pleasant luncheon for two to four dollars."

Still an ardent music lover, George Lang plays the violin whenever time permits. He recently acquired a Stradivarius and says with a laugh, "I'm threatening to get back completely to shape and play a concert."

Lang enjoys the European atmosphere of the West Side, where he has lived for the past 30 years.

Among his favorite Westside restaurants: the Moon Palace on Broadway, Sakura Chaya on Columbus, and Le Poulailler on 65th Street.

His latest endeavor is a 4-to-6-minute TV spot titled *Lang at Large*, which is broadcast twice a month on the CBS network show *Sunday Morning*. "It's part of my new career," he announces joyfully.

Asked about which aspect of his work gives him the most satisfaction, Lang ponders for a moment and concludes: "It would be easiest for me to say that my biggest thrill is to see an idea of mine become a three dimensional reality, especially if it may be a $50 million project. But actually, an even bigger thrill for me is to go to an obscure place in the world, and see a bit of improvement in people's lives through the effort of someone who was my former disciple."

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WESTSIDER RUTH LAREDO
Leading American pianist

12-30-78

She has frequently been called America's greatest female pianist — a title which, as recently as the 1960s, almost any woman would have coveted. But when the year is 1978 and the musician is Ruth Laredo, this "compliment" brings a different response.

"I have mixed feelings about it," says Miss Laredo, sitting back on the couch of her West Side living room. "I would really rather be known as an American pianist. Being female doesn't preclude playing some of the most powerful sounds on the piano."

Her words are backed by accomplishments. In October, Ruth came to the end of a four-year project to record the complete works for solo piano by Sergei Rachmaninoff, the late Russian-born composer who emigrated to the U.S. after the Revolution of 1917. Almost all of his piano works were composed before 1910, and they rank among the most technically difficult pieces ever written for the instrument. Laredo is the first person in history to record the piano solos in their entirety. Columbia Records will release the final three discs of the seven-album set in early 1979.

Slender, graceful, and radiantly attractive, Laredo is still adjusting to her recently acquired status as a major international artist. For 14 years she was married to the acclaimed Bolivian-born violinist, Jaime Laredo, and during most of that time she was known primarily as his accompanist. Shortly after their marriage broke up in 1974, her career began to soar. That year the first of her Rachmaninoff recordings was made, and it won rave reviews. Her Lincoln Center debut with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in December 1974 caused such a sensation that she was quickly signed up to perform with the Boston, Philadelphia, National Symphony, Cleveland, and Detroit orchestras. "After 15 years," recalls Ruth, "I was an overnight success."

Now, at 41 — but looking considerably younger — she can look back on four years of unbroken triumph. Following a recital at Alice Tully Hall in 1976, the *New York Times* reported that she "operated within a relatively narrow range — from first-rate to superb." Her talents have been constantly in demand ever since across the U.S. and Canada. During the 1976-77 season she had over 40 concerts, including tours of Europe and Japan. This season she will perform in Japan and Hong Kong.

Although her repertoire includes piano works spanning the last 250 years, Ruth has concentrated largely on Rachmaninoff and Scriabin, a Russian composer of the same era. She has recorded five albums of Scriabin's piano solos. "It's such strange music if you haven't heard it before," she says. "I gave some concerts of Scriabin at Hunter College, and talked about each piece before playing it. I was kind of a crusader at the time for his music. It was very rewarding for me. I think people are much more familiar with Scriabin today than they were 10 years ago.

"One thing I love to do is to talk to the audience after a concert. There's a certain feeling of distance sometimes between the audience and classical musicians, which need not happen."

On most days, Ruth practices at one of her twin grand pianos from about 10:30 in the morning until 3:30 in the afternoon, when her 9-year-old daughter Jennifer gets home from school. The walls of the Laredos' living room are covered with neatly framed fingerpaintings that Jennifer created. "She's intellectually brilliant and lots of fun. I take her to concerts with me when it's possible. When I gave a talk on Rachmaninoff to the cadets at West Point, they all called her 'ma'am.'"

A native of Detroit, Ruth began studying piano at the age of 2, performed with the Detroit Symphony at 11, and entered the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia at 16. There she met her future

husband. During their years together, Ruth longed for a solo career, but it somehow eluded her. "I played with Leopold Stokowski and the American Symphony in the 1960s," she says. "There was a major concert I did at Carnegie Hall then, but nobody heard about it. I think that women are being accepted on their own merits today. They weren't given a chance until recently."

Ruth keeps fit by riding her bicycle almost every day. She is a fan of the New York Yankees — "I saw all the World Series games" — and likes to do photography when she has the time. A Westsider ever since she moved to New York in 1960, Ruth lists Fiorello's (on Broadway across from Lincoln Center) as her favorite restaurant. When she needs music supplies of any kind, she goes to Patelson's (56th Street and 7th Avenue). Says Ruth: "It's a gathering place for musicians. The people who sell music there are very friendly and very knowledgeable. … They sell records there. They sell my records."

Asked whether men might have an inborn advantage at the piano, Ruth denies the suggestion vigorously. "Of course not," she replies. "I can't imagine why a man should play the piano better than a woman. At West Point, the women do everything the same as the male cadets except boxing and wrestling. Women might have smaller fingers on the average, but as far as strength, speed, and dexterity are concerned, it's impossible to listen to a recording and guess whether it was played by a man or a woman."

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EASTSIDER STAN LEE
Creator of Spiderman and the Incredible Hulk

1-13-79

With the current rage over Superman due to last year's hit movie, many people will purchase a copy of the comic for the first time in years, and may be disappointed to see how much it has changed. Once the largest selling comic book hero on the market, Superman was knocked out of first place long ago by Spiderman, the creation of a 56-year-old native New Yorker named Stan Lee. Besides selling about one million Marvel comics each month, Spiderman appears as a daily strip in some 500 newspapers around the world.

But even without this giant success, Stan Lee would be rich and famous. His fertile mind has also given birth to the Incredible Hulk, the Fantastic Four, Captain America, Doctor Strange, and a host of other modern-day mythological figures. As publisher of Marvel Comics, he rules over an empire that branches out into dozens of areas — prime-time television drama, animated cartoons, hardbound and paperback collections of comic reprints, novels about Marvel characters, toys, games, posters, clothing and much more. Most of these spin-off products are the work of other companies that have bought the rights, but Stan Lee remains the creative force behind the whole operation, as I discover during a meeting with Lee at the Marvel headquarters on Madison Avenue.

"I think the title of publisher is just given to me so I can have more prestige when I'm dealing with people," says Lee in his clipped, precise voice, as he stretches his feet onto the coffee table of his brightly decorated office. "I'm a salaried employee of Marvel — your average humble little guy trying to stay afloat in the stormy sea of culture. The company owns the properties, of course, but I have no complaints. I don't think I could have as much anywhere else. … My main interest is to see that the company itself does well and makes as much money as possible."

He is an intense, energetic man of wiry build who dresses in a casual yet elegant manner. As he shifts the position of his arms and legs on the couch, there is something unmistakably spiderlike in the movements. For all his politeness, he cannot mask the impression that his mind is racing far ahead of his rapidly spoken words.

"My involvement with this company goes back to about 1939," says Lee. "I was always the editor, the art director, the head writer, and the creative director [from the age of 17]. In the early 1960s I was thinking of quitting. I thought I wasn't really getting anywhere. My wife said, 'Why not give it one last fling and do the kind of stories you want to do?' So I started bringing out the offbeat heroes. I never dreamt that they would catch on the way they did."

He emphasizes that he did not create the characters alone, but co-created them with the help of an artist. Nevertheless, it was Lee who revolutionized the comic book industry by introducing the concept of what has been termed the "hung-up hero" — the superhero whose powers do not preclude him from having the same emotional troubles as the average mortal. This is what makes Lee's characters so believable and so irresistibly entertaining on television. It explains why CBS' *The Incredible Hulk* is a hit, and why the same network has filmed eight episodes of *The Amazing Spiderman*. On January 19 from 8 to 10 p.m., CBS will broadcast the pilot for a new Marvel-based series, *Captain America*.

"Dr. Strange may come back again," says Lee. "It was made into a two hour television movie." His old Spiderman cartoons, too, are still in syndication.

He claims to work "about 28 hours a day," and a look at his dizzying list of activities supports this claim. Besides running the Marvel headquarters, Lee makes frequent trips to the West Coast to develop shows for ABC and CBS, writes some cartoons for NBC, acts as consultant to the Spiderman and Hulk programs, writes an introduction to each of the dozens of Marvel books published each year, writes occasional books and screenplays of his own, gives lectures all over the country, and — what to some would be a full-time job in itself — writes the plot and dialogue not only for the Spiderman newspaper strip, but also, since November, for a Hulk newspaper strip that already appears in more than 200 daily papers worldwide.

Few people know Manhattan as well as Stan Lee. Born the son of a dress cutter in Washington Heights, he has made the Upper East Side his home for the past 15 years. "I'm a big walker," he explains. "I'm a fast walker: I can easily average a block a minute. So if I want to walk to Greenwich Village, I give myself an hour — 60 blocks. I wouldn't know what time to leave if I took a cab."

Asked about new projects in the works, Lee mentions that Marvel is planning to produce some motion pictures that will be filmed in Japan. "And I have a contract to write my autobiography," he adds. "I was surprised and delighted that they gave me five years to do it. So I presume I'll wait four years; maybe in that period, something interesting will happen to me."

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EASTSIDER JOHN LEONARD
Book critic for the *New York Times*

3-22-80

"It's as if the job I have were designed for me," says bearded, bespectacled John Leonard, lighting his fifth cigarette of the early afternoon as he sits relaxed at his Eastside brownstone, talking about the pleasures and perils of being one of the *New York Times'* three daily book critics. Like his colleagues Christopher Lehmann-Haupt and Anatole Broyard, Leonard writes two book reviews for the *Times* each week, and is syndicated nationally. An avid reader since childhood, he now gets to read anything and everything he desires.

That's the advantage. The disadvantage, explains Leonard, is that "there are 50 thousand books published every year in this country. You can never even pretend to be comprehensive. You can't even pretend to be adequate in your coverage, whereas the *Times* will review almost any play that opens, on or Off Broadway, and almost every concert and movie. We'll review maybe 400 books a year in the daily paper."

A smallish, balding man of 41 who dresses purely for comfort and has a calm, refined speaking manner, Leonard looks precisely like the bookworm he is. "I'll get here, in this house, probably 5,000 or 6,000 books a year, mailed to me, or brought by messenger. The luxury of this job is that there's so much to choose from that any mood or interest or compulsion or desire to educate oneself or amuse oneself can be matched by some book that has come in."

New books by well-known authors, he says, are the first priority because "they've earned reviews, for service to the literary culture over the years." He and his two fellow critics "divide up the plums and divide up the dogs. Since I did Kissinger's memoirs, the next huge, endless book that has to be reviewed, whether anybody wants to review it or not, will not be reviewed by me."

Somewhere between 100 and 140 serious first novels are published in the U.S. each year, according to Leonard. "This is not pulp paperback westerns. It doesn't even count science fiction or gothic or all that. I think a special effort is made by all of us in the reviewing racket to review first novels."

He reads many authors' first books on the recommendation of trusted agents and publishers. "Over the years you decide who isn't lying to you. … Christopher Lehmann-Haupt was telling someone about that the other day. He said, 'Sure, you can call me as often as you want. But I'll say that you begin with a hundred dollars in you bank account, and if it turns out that you are begging me to review a book that has no other redeeming virtues but the fact that you have invested 50 or 80 thousand dollars' worth of advertising in it and you've got too many copies out in the bookstores that aren't moving, that bank account goes down. When you give me a real surprise and a pleasure which is what makes this job worthwhile, the bank account goes up. But if the bank account goes down to zero, it's closed.'

"And that's right. There are people in this town who I won't take a telephone call from. But that's the exception."

Apart from reading, writing and travel, Leonard has few interests. "By May, I can even look healthy, because I just sit out in the garden, getting paid to read," he says with a grin. He and his wife Sue, a schoolteacher, have three children from previous marriages. His son Andrew will be starting college in the fall.

A book reviewer since 1967, including a five-year stint as editor of the *Sunday Times Book Review*, Leonard also write a warmly personal, frequently humorous column in the Wednesday *Times* titled "Private Lives." A collection of 69 of the columns appeared in book form last year under the title *Private Lives in the Imperial City* (Knopf, $8.95). In addition, he has published four novels and hundreds of free-lance articles for magazines ranging from *Playboy* to the *New Republic*. For years he wrote TV reviews for *Life* magazine under the pseudonym "Cyclops." Recalls Leonard: "It was a good way to turn your brain to Spam."

Born in Washington, D.C., he grew up reading the *Congressional Record* instead of comics, and initially planned a career in law. Booted out of Harvard for neglecting his studies in favor of the campus newspaper, he sharpened his journalistic skills under William F. Buckley Jr. at the *National Review* before completing college at the University of California's Berkeley campus. Following graduation, he became the program director of a radio station, wrote his first two novels, and worked in an anti-poverty program in Boston. Then he was invited to join the *Times*. "I did my Westside and Village stuff when I was first here and broke," comments Leonard. He has owned his four-story Eastside house since 1971.

Among the most memorable books that Leonard has helped to "discover" are Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* and Gunter Grass's *The Tin Drum*. "To be able to sit down one night, as I did, and to realize you're in the presence of an extraordinary talent, with no advance publicity, to be able to have a hole to fill in the paper two days later, to sit down and pull out all your adjectives and get people to buy the book: this is what you live for," he sighs happily. "You only need two or three of those to last a lifetime."

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WESTSIDER JOHN LINDSAY
International lawyer

7-1-78

It was said of John Kennedy that he was too young and too active a man to retire immediately after the presidency. Had he lived to serve two full terms, he would have been 51 upon leaving office. How he might have spent the remainder of his career is difficult to guess, but it's likely that he would have ended up doing work very similar to what John Lindsay does today.

A comparison between the two men is hard to escape. Both were war heroes. Both rose to power aided by their personal magnetism — Kennedy to the nation's highest office at 43, Lindsay to the nation's second toughest job at 44. Both gave eloquent speeches, aimed for high ideals, and made controversial decisions that brought plenty of criticism from within their own ranks.

Lindsay, now an international lawyer, has changed little in appearance since he stepped down in 1974 after eight years in City Hall. The brown hair has turned mostly grey, and the lines in the face are slightly more pronounced, but when he's behind the desk of his Rockefeller Plaza office, his lean, immaculately dressed, 6-foot-3-inch frame resting comfortably in a huge leather swivel chair, he still looks like a man who is very much in charge.

He is a partner in the corporate law firm of Webster and Sheffield, which he first joined in 1948. "This is a firm of about 75 lawyers," he says in a soft, lyrical voice. "We're general practice. … I'm back into corporate law, and there's a fair amount of international work which takes me abroad quite a bit — largely representing American businesses overseas. A lot of my work is done in French. I'm handling a complicated matter involving imports to this country, and a complex arrangement involving offshore oil exploration and drilling. Real estate transactions. The purchase of oil. A matter in Australia. Municipal counseling for a city in Colorado … "

The international situation is beneficial to New York these days, says Lindsay, because "parts of the Western free world have a bad case of the jitters. Europeans particularly, and also many people in the Middle East, feel that this is a more stable place to invest their capital."

Leaning back, with his feet propped up on another chair, he elaborates on foreign affairs: "I think Carter's plane deal in the Middle East escalated tensions rather than reduced them. It's not a foreign policy to sell arms in the Middle East. I think Americans have an obligation to spell out what our foreign policy is."

Except for a few public speaking engagements, Lindsay has devoted nearly all his attention this year to the practice of law. "I used to spend a little time with *Good Morning America* on ABC, but I dropped it in January because of the pressures of this office," he says. "Recently I did a pilot for public television. It's a small documentary that shows cataclysmic events in world history — mostly from World War II — and at the same time, shows what was going on in America. … It might be turned into a series of documentaries."

Because he served four terms as congressman for Manhattan's Silk Stocking district, Lindsay is generally associated with the East Side, but actually he was born on the West Side's Riverside Drive in 1921. One month after graduating from Yale in 1943, he enlisted in the Navy and served for the next three years, taking part in the Sicily landing and the invasion of the Philippines on his way to earning five battle stars.

Two years after leaving the service, he received his law degree, and seven years after that, in 1955, his abilities impressed U.S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell so much that he made Lindsay his executive assistant. In 1958, Lindsay ran for Congress and won, quickly establishing himself as a tireless worker for the rights of refugees. Lindsay was an early supporter of the Peace Corps and a prominent member of the Council on Foreign Relations.

Soon after leaving Gracie Mansion, John and his wife Mary and their children settled down on the West Side near Central Park. "I feel very strongly that the park is for people, and not for special interest groups," he says. "We introduced bicycling on weekends, and when I retired from government we had a major plan to restore all of Central Park."

The reason he first got involved in politics, says Lindsay, was because "out in the Pacific on lonely nights, after hearing the news of the death of good friends, I made a determination that one day I was going to try to do something. I was determined that we weren't going to have war again."

In regard to his years as mayor, Lindsay makes the simple statement that "I did my best of a very tough job and I have no regrets about it. I look ahead to the future."

But what will the future bring? Would he consider running for office again?

"That's a tough question, Max," he replies. "I know there's a lot of talk with some of my friends about the Senate in 1980. I don't take that lightly. … Right now I'm not making any plans to run. … But you just don't know, because life does funny things, and I also think there's a big vacuum out there now — second-rate politics everywhere.

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WESTSIDER ALAN LOMAX
Sending songs into outer space

9-17-77

On August 20, when the Voyager 2 spacecraft blasted off for a trip beyond the solar system, it carried on its side a unique record player and a single phonograph record. Included on that record are 27 musical selections that the *New York Times* has called "Earth's Greatest Hits." If, someday, extraterrestrial creatures play the record and enjoy it, they will be most indebted to the man who chose 13 of the songs — Westsider Alan Lomax.

That Alan's advice should be so highly respected by a committee that spent eight weeks choosing the other 14 songs is a testimonial to his musical reputation. Ever since he became head of the Folk Music Archives of the Library of Congress at age 20, Alan has devoted his life to the preservation and study of international folk music. Following the footsteps of his late father, musicologist John Lomax, Alan has taken his recording equipment to six continents in search of the rapidly disappearing musical treasures of the world.

I finally caught up with Alan and met him for an interview on a Friday evening at his office/apartment on West 98th Street. One room, I observed, was lined wall to wall with tapes and record albums. Another was filled with music books, a third with computer readouts, and a fourth with movie films.

Alan's foremost interest right now is cantometrics — the science of song as a measure of culture. Recently he published a book titled *Cantometrics: A Method in Musical Anthropology*. Accompanying the volume are seven cassette tapes. The songs are arranged in an order that will teach the student to interpret their general meaning without knowing the language.

"When you learn the system, you can understand any music," said Alan. "We analyzed 4000 songs

from 400 societies around the world. Out of that study has come a map of world music." He then showed me a musical chart of Europe, the Far East, and Indian North America. Thirty seven aspects of the music, including rhythm, volume and repetition, had been analyzed by a computer to make a graph.

"Each aspect of the music," said Alan, "stands for a different social style. It's like the guy who says, 'I don't know anything about music, but I know what I like.' It means that kind of music stands for his background and what he believes in."

Alan played a tape for me containing a Spanish folk song, an Irish jig and a song from Nepal, explaining some of the elements as the music was playing. "By the time you've heard two or three tapes," he said, "you get used to the world standards of music. In primitive societies, he added, "everybody knows the same things about everything, so being specific is a bore, and repetition is what they like. You don't impose your boring accuracy on everyone. By the same token, primitive people find it much easier to sing together than, for example, New Yorkers of different backgrounds. In the latter case," said Alan, "everybody starts singing at a different tempo, like six cats in a bag. But if you take people who live together and work together, it's like clouds rolling out of the sea."

Alan was not impressed with the 1976 movie *Bound for Glory*, about the life of American folk singer/songwriter Woody Guthrie during the Great Depression. The movie ends with Woody leaving Hollywood for New York to perform in a coast-to-coast radio show. The man who hosted that show was Alan Lomax.

"We collaborated on a number of things," recalled Alan. "It was an enormous pleasure. He was the funniest man that ever talked. And he was so quick. That's what was wrong with the movie. Talking with Woody was like playing a game of jai alai. He was a deeply passionate person, and tremendously gifted. He got up in the morning and wrote 25 pages before breakfast just to warm up."

Though Alan can sing and play the guitar, he does not regard himself as a performer but rather as a "funnel" for other musicians. During the 1940s he helped launch the careers of people like Burl Ives and Pete Seeger by providing them with songs and putting them on the radio. "We set out to revive the American folk music in 1938, and by God we did it," said Alan. "By 1950 it was a national movement."

Alan spent the next 10 years of his life in Europe, where he produced a definitive 14-album collection of international folk music. Then he moved back to the U.S. and settled on the Upper West Side, where he has lived for the past 15 years. His residential apartment is located two blocks from his office.

Besides his research in cantometrics, done in cooperation with Columbia University, Alan is now preparing for publication a study on international dance movement and its relations to society. Energetic, jovial, and looking considerably younger than his years, Alan has no doubts about the lasting value of his work.

"I make my living as a very hard-working scientist," he said. "By using scientific methods, I can absolutely refute the ideas of those who say that Oklahoma doesn't matter, or that the Pygmies might as well be exterminated. Each of these people, we have found, has something for the human future, for the human destiny."

* * *

The Mighty Lomax

from *The Westsider*, late 1977

It's oldies night on the radio. The d.j. has promised to play nothing but the greatest hits of the '50s and '60s, and sure enough, here they are — "Irene Goodnight" sung by the Weavers; "Tom Dooley" by the Kingston Trio; "Abilene" by George Hamilton IV; "Midnight Special" by Johnny Rivers; and "House of the Rising Sun" by the Animals.

All of these songs reached number one on the charts. And they have something else in common: all are genuine American folk songs of unknown authorship that might have been lost forever if they had not been discovered and preserved by John and Alan Lomax, the famous father-son folklorist team.

The folk music explosion in America that peaked in the early 1960s and continues today owes more of a debt to the Lomaxes than to any performer or songwriter. John Lomax died in 1948 at the age of 80. His son Alan, 62, has been a resident of New York's Upper West Side for the past 15 years. Working seven days a week at his 98th Street office and his 100th Street apartment, Alan has carried on his father's work with a remarkable talent and energy. He has gone far beyond the simple collecting of folk songs, and maintains a dizzying schedule of activities — writing books, catching planes for Europe or

Africa, making movies, producing record albums and tapes, and heading a musical research project for the Anthropology Department of Columbia University.

Fathers and Sons

The elder Lomax was primarily a songhunter. His first collection, *Cowboy Songs*, was published in 1910. It contained such gems as "John Henry," "Shenandoah" and "Home on the Range," which he heard for the first time in the back of a saloon in the Negro red light district of San Antonio.

Alan was born in Texas in 1915. When he was 13 years old his father gave him an old-fashioned cylinder recording machine, and the boy was hooked. He became a full-time song scholar at 18. In that same year his father was put in charge of the newly created Archives of American Folk Song at the Library of Congress in Washington. When Alan was 20 he took over as archives director. The father-son team eventually provided more than half of the 20,000 songs in the collection.

The Lomaxes wrote many books together; they introduced American folk music into the nation's public schools, and through their radio programs in the U.S. and Europe, made celebrities out of such performers as Burl Ives, Pete Seeger, Leadbelly and Woody Guthrie.

Whereas John Lomax was interested in the music for its own sake, Alan began some time ago to look for the deeper meaning, or social significance, of folk songs. In his many trips around the world he built up a collection of recordings from every continent and virtually every major culture. Along with a co-worker he developed his findings into the new branch of anthropology known as cantometrics.

When the Voyager 2 spacecraft left Earth last August for a journey beyond the solar system, it carried on its side a unique record player with a specially made disk for alien beings to hear and enjoy. The disk contained 27 musical selections, which have been named "Earth's Greatest Hits"; 13 of them were chosen by Alan Lomax.

The following interview was conducted in various rooms of Alan's office on a Friday evening in August, 1977. One room was filled with recording equipment, tapes and records; another with music books; a third with computer readouts; and a fourth with movie films. Lomax spoke rapidly and found it difficult to sit still. He is not a neat housekeeper, a sharp dresser or a master of the social graces. He is, however, a tireless worker who gives the impression of being totally absorbed in his work. A large, robust man, he will no doubt continue to be a major figure in the field of international folk music for years to come.

Question: What exactly is cantometrics?

Answer: It means, literally, singing as a measure of culture. With it, a song performance may be analyzed and related to a culture pattern. Each aspect of music stands for a different social style. By using cantometrics you get the story of mankind in musical terms. … It's like the guy who says, "I don't know anything about music but I know what I like." It means that kind of music stands for his background and what he believes in.

Q: How did you develop this new science?

A: I started this project in 1961. … We analyzed 4,000 songs on a computer. Out of that has come a map of world culture. There are 10 big groups or styles of music. Stone age people have style 1. … We found there's a similarity of Patagonian music and Siberian, even though these people live near the opposite poles. … Along with studying song, we have also studied dance and conversation in the same way, from film. I probably have the biggest collection of dance film in the world — 200,000 feet. Maybe the New York Public Library has more, but that's specialized in fine art.

Q: What's the purpose of cantometrics? How can someone learn it?

A: I recently published a set of seven cassette tapes of folk songs from all 10 cultural levels around the world. In the booklet that comes with it, the songs are broken down and analyzed so that the student can learn the cantometrics system on his own. When you learn the system, you can understand any music, even if you don't know the language it's being sung in. By the time you've heard two or three tapes, you get used to the world standard of music. Cantometrics measures things like repetition, ornamentation, rhythm, melody, orchestral arrangement. … It analyzes music in relation to social structure — political organization, community solidarity, severity of sexual sanctions. Cantometrics makes the world's music into a geography.

Q: How does American music differ from that of the world in general?

A: In our culture, for example, we didn't have much repetition until rock and roll came around. And

that represents another influence. … As you know, we of European background don't sing very well together. Everybody starts singing at a different tempo, like seven cats in a bag. But if you take people who live and work together, it's like clouds rolling out of the sea. … It turns out that the people with the most repetition in their songs have the most primitive cultures — at least, in relation to their economic development. Everybody knows the same thing about everything. So being specific is boring, and repetition is what they like. You don't impose your boring accuracy on everyone.

Q: What do you consider the real beginning of the folk music movement in America?

A: It all began in Texas in 1885 when my father heard "Whoopee Ti Yi Yo" on the Chisholm Trail. He was a country boy. He grew up in Texas, and the cowboys drifted past. He wrote the songs down just for the hell of it. Then he got a grant from Harvard and found out how important it was. He was the first person in the country to use a recording device, in 1902.

Q: Did you know Woody Guthrie very well?

A: Know him? I made him famous. I had a coast-to-coast radio program when Woody first came to New York. I introduced him when he first sang on radio. He stayed at my house. … They offered him a huge contract, but he just walked off and went to Oklahoma. He was a deeply passionate person, and tremendously gifted. First of all he was the funniest man that ever talked. And Woody was so quick: talking to him was like playing jai alai. He got up in the morning and wrote 25 pages before breakfast just to warm up. And there was always a slightly strange thing about woody — an itchy feeling that he had. It might have been beginning of the disease which later killed him.

Q: What's your connection with Pete Seeger?

A: Peter Seeger is my protege. I gave him his banjo. The banjo was a dead issue, and he came to me and asked what he should do with his life. He was a Harvard hippie. … We got to be colleagues. We worked on the whole revival of the American folk music. I taught him most of his early songs.

Q: Were you ever a performer yourself?

A: Yes, I've made a few records. But I was always more of a funnel. I regarded myself as a dredge, dredging up the rich subsoil of American folk and putting it back on the developing music scene. We set out to revive the American folk music in 1938, and by God we did it. By 1950 it was a national movement.

Q: What are some other things you've done?

A: I did the first oral history — the Leadbelly book and the book on Jelly Roll Morton. The Leadbelly movie (1976) was taken from that oral history. For Jelly Roll Morton, I transcribed the tape and made it into a piece of literature. The story has been bought for a movie by the same people who made the Woody Guthrie movie, *Bound for Glory*.

Q: Have you done a lot of research outside the United States?

A: Yes, I spent 1950 to 1960 in Europe assembling all the best material that had been collected into 14 albums, geographically arranged. Then I started thinking about what I heard on albums — not what musicians or literary people heard, but what I heard. Then I met some people at the National Institute of Mental Health who were interested in the norms of healthy behavior. I indicated to them that I was that getting at the behavior styles of the people of the world. They gave me some dough and I got a staff together.

Q: How was the American folk music scene then?

A: I was very shocked when I came back to the United States in 1960. The musical scene at Washington Square made me sick. They said, "Alan, those people you talked to are all dead." I kind of withdrew from the whole business. … Later I set up a concert in Carnegie Hall and brought in the first bluegrass group and the first gospel group to perform in New York. People stormed the stage. There were fistfights and everything. Well, that was the whole end of people saying New York was the center of the folk scene.

Q: What do you think of Bob Dylan?

A: Dylan came along in the footsteps of Ramblin' Jack Elliott. He lived with Woody for a while, and picked him as his model. He absorbed the whole southwestern style from Woody. And the country for the first time fell for a national American vocal style. Then Dylan left the scene and went middle class after three years. He turned his back on folk music, turned his back on people. I think he did a big disservice to the country when he did that. … The whole thing has been to make urban mobile people

have a folk music of their own. It's not a bad idea. Terribly boring though.

Q: Do all your projects lead to one goal?

A: I make my living as a very hardworking scientist. I do that because it was important finally to take this huge world that was coming out of loudspeakers, and get down to the meat of it so that it can be used for the betterment of our future ... so that we can keep all the treasures of the past and use them. That's what I'm doing. I'm doing it in a scientific way so that I can absolutely refute the idea of those who say that Oklahoma doesn't matter, or that the Pygmies might as well be exterminated. Each of these people, we have found, has something for the human future, and for the human destiny.

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EASTSIDER PETER MAAS
Author of *Serpico* and *Made in America*

1-12-80

On the surface, his life could hardly be calmer. Peter Maas gets up every morning to have breakfast with his 12-year-old son, then heads for his midtown office, where he spends about five hours at the typewriter. He rarely goes out in the evening, and his idea of fun is a weekend of fishing, a set of tennis or a game of backgammon. "I don't have to live in New York," he says. "When I'm working on a book, I might as well be living in the wilds of Maine."

But in his mind, Peter Maas leads the life of James Bond and Al Capone rolled into one. "I know an awful lot of people on both sides of the law," says the author of two nonfiction block-busters about crime, *The Valachi Papers* and *Serpico*. *The Valachi Papers*, the real-life saga of three generations of a Mafia chieftain's family, was published in 1969 following two years of court battles and rejections from 26 publishers who felt that books on the Mafia had no commercial potential. It sold three million copies in 14 languages and paved the way for an entire industry of Mafia books and movies.

Serpico (1973) revealed the rampant corruption in the New York City Police Department through the eyes of officer Frank Serpico. Then came *King of the Gypsies* (1975), Maas' third expose of the underbelly of American society which, like the others, was made into a successful movie.

Now the 50-year-old author has written his first novel, *Made in America*. Published in September by Viking, it is a raw, violent, grimly humorous story of an ex-football star for the New York Giants who gets mixed up with organized crime while borrowing money for a shady investment scheme. King Kong Karpstein, the terrifying loan shark who dominates the book, is based on several people whom Maas had known personally, and the novel's head Mafia character has much in common with Frank Costello, the "prime minister of the underworld," who granted Maas 11 interviews shortly before his death in 1975. The scenes of *Made In America* — porn parlors, criminal hideaways, the FBI offices — are all described with the same intense realism as the characters. The movie rights have been sold for $450,000.

"The reason I wrote it," explains Maas, sitting restlessly at his 11-room Eastside apartment on a recent afternoon, "was that I didn't want to wake up 10 years from now wondering what would have happened if I had written a novel. ... I also think a writer has to challenge himself constantly. I don't think he should play a pat hand."

As he talks on in his breezy New York accent, fidgeting with a gold matchbox on the antique table beside him, Maas seems barely able to restrain himself from getting up and pacing the room. Quite striking in appearance, he is a tall, stocky man with a Brillo-pad thatch of silvery hair and eyebrows like cotton batting. A native Manhattanite, he was one of the country's top investigative reporters for many years before writing his first book, *The Rescuer*, in 1967.

The reason for the title *Made In America*, says Maas is that "the events in the novel could only happen in America. ... One of the themes is that nobody in the book, including the football player and the federal prosecutor, thinks that he's doing anything wrong. So that's a very profound kind of corruption."

Like his previous books, *Made in America* took two years to write. "The biggest difference that I found," he points out, "was that in nonfiction, all the discoveries and surprises are in the research, and in fiction, they're all in the writing. When I write nonfiction, about two thirds of the time is spent in research. I didn't do any research for this. It was much harder. And it was the only time I had to rewrite the whole book."

Although Maas claims that his own life has never been in imminent danger, he was touched by deep

personal tragedy in 1975 when his wife, a highly talented writer/producer named Audrey Gellen, was killed in an automobile accident. Their only child, John Michael, is a skilled pianist.

Puffing on an imported little cigar, Maas speaks with pride of some of his most important stories in the past. An article he wrote in 1960 led to the release of Edgar Labat, a black convict in Louisiana who had been on death row for 11 years. An article about columnist Igor Cassini in 1963 resulted in Cassini's arrest and conviction as a secret agent for Dominican strongman Trujillo. The biggest story Maas never wrote was a book about the shah of Iran; several years ago he turned down an offer of $1 million for the project in order to concentrate on his novel.

"I've always had trouble writing about women," he confesses when asked about future books. "So the main character of my next work will be a woman. It was going to be another novel, but now I've run across what I think is a fantastic nonfiction project, which I'm mostly interested in because the subject matter is a woman. So I think I'll do that first and the novel afterward. At least I know what my next two will be, and that's comforting."

died 8-23-01. born 6-27-29. Auth or of *Serpico* and *The Terrible Hours*.

WESTSIDER LEONARD MALTIN
Film historian and critic

9-2-78

Most people who opt for a writing career do not expect to accomplish much before the age of 30. But Leonard Maltin, a 27-year-old Westsider, breaks all the rules. His book *The Great Movie Comedians: From Charlie Chaplin to Woody Allen*, published in June by Crown Press, is the 30th volume to bear his name on the jacket. One of America's foremost film historians, he has written nine books and edited 21 others, while contributing articles to such publications as *TV Guide*, *Esquire* and the *New York Times*.

The Great Movie Comedians is one of his most ambitious projects to date. In 240 pages of text and more than 200 photographs, the author analyzes the careers of 22 comic stars from the days of silent film to the 1970s. Sales have been brisk so far. The book is already in its second printing and has been picked up by the Nostalgia Book Club.

Leonard was born on the West Side, moved to New Jersey at the age of 4, and became hooked on old movies by the time he was 8. At 13, he began to write for a magazine called *Film Fan Monthly*. Two years later, he took over as editor and publisher — a job he continued for nine years. His work with the magazine led to his first book contract in 1968 — a thick paperback titled *TV Movies* with summaries of thousands of films. The third edition is coming out this fall.

In 1975, when Leonard got married, he and his wife Alice moved to the West Side. She, too, is a film buff; their favorite Westside movie theatre is the Regency (Broadway at 67th).

Leonard's literary career has never been in better shape than now. Two of his other books will appear in new editions this fall. And the 10th book that he has authored, a comprehensive history of American animated cartoons treated *Of Mice and Magic*, will be published next year by Signet.

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EASTSIDER JEAN MARSH
Creator and star of *Upstairs, Downstairs*

2-10-79

Upstairs, Downstairs, the saga of a wealthy London family and its staff of servants in the early years of the 20th century, is one of the most popular television series ever filmed. The first episode of the British-made series was released in England in 1971, and since that time more than one billion people in 40 countries have watched the exploits of the Bellamy family. Introduced to American public television in 1974, *Upstairs, Downstairs* won seven Emmy Awards, including one for Best Series each year it was shown.

If any single performer could be said to stand out over all the others, that would be Jean marsh, who received an Emmy for Best Actress for her portrayal of Rose, the head parlormaid. But what most of Marsh's American fans fail to realize is that, with her, without would be no *Upstairs, Downstairs*: she co-created the show with another British actress. A New Yorker on and off for the past two decades, Jean Marsh now lives in an apartment on Manhattan's Upper East Side. It is here that I meet her to talk about *Upstairs, Downstairs*, which returned to American television in January with 39 hour-long segments, eight of which have never been seen before on this side of the Atlantic.

"Sometimes it drives me crazy that nobody ever speaks to me about anything else," says Jean, a slender, pretty, soft-spoken woman who has the knack of putting visitors immediately at their ease with her charm and lack of pretension. "I start to drivel after a while, because I tell how I devised *Upstairs, Downstairs* and how the cast was chosen." There is no irritation in her voice, only humor. With her lively eyes and childlike appearance, she is reminiscent of Peter Pan.

Upstairs, Downstairs, says Jean, "didn't spring new-minted. My friend Eileen Atkins and I had been talking about trying to devise a television series. We thought we should write something we knew about — about our pasts. And it became servants more than anything else, because her father had been a butler. She was showing me pictures of her family one day; she had photographs of servants going to a pub in a horse-drawn bus. So the first thing we wrote about was servants going on an outing. And later we decided it wouldn't be nearly as interesting unless we included the people upstairs."

Jean herself was born in a poor section of London, the daughter of a laborer and a barmaid. From her earliest years she aimed for a show business career as the surest route out of her social class. She began as a dancer — "I could teach classical ballet or tap if I wanted now" — and danced in stage productions and films from the age of 7 until she gave it up at 20. As an actress, she became an instant success at 15 when she played the role of a cat opposite one of England's leading comic actors. "The play opened, and I stole the review," recalls Jean with a grin. "It was a regional theatre, and they asked me to stay in their company. It was a peak of happiness in my life. There was no time to think of money or boys or clothes or anything — just work."

Her Broadway debut took place more than two decades ago, and over the years she has dazzled British and American audiences in an endless number of plays and movies. Classical theatre is her specialty; Jean recently completed a tour of American regional theatres with plays by Shakespeare, Shaw and Oscar Wilde.

"Regional theatres are usually more professional than Broadway. I couldn't do *Twelfth Night* on Broadway, but I can do it on the road and make money," she says of her favorite Shakespearean play. "At one performance, I was playing in britches and split them, and I managed to make up a rhymed couplet. Somebody came backstage and said, 'How can you split your britches at exactly the same time every night?'"

Her current project is a film titled *The Changeling* with George C. Scott. "I leave for Canada next week to do the exteriors. I'm going to get crushed to death in the snow. I play George's wife. My role is over very quickly, but then I appear in flashback soon afterward. It's a ghost/murder mystery. My death makes him susceptible to phenomena." Asked about Scott, she says, "I've known him for about 20 years. I think he's a dear. His image seems to be spiky and alarming. People say, 'How can you get along with him?' But I think he's like a teddy bear. He's adorable. Rather shy, too."

Married and divorced at an early age, Jean now lives alone and likes it. She acquired her Eastside apartment a year ago but has been unable to spend more than six weeks in it so far, due to her extensive travel. "I go out and get the bread and newspaper in my pajamas," she says.

Jean explains her amazingly youthful appearance by saying, "I'm very young in my head. I'm quite daft; I'm sillier than most people I know. I believe in God, and I believe you should lead a good life. … One thing I'm one hundred percent for is ecology. I'm so anxious that we don't bequeath the next generation with an ugly world. I'd like them to go on the walks I have had, and breathe the air I have breathed."

Elliott.

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EASTSIDER JACKIE MASON
Co-starring with Steve Martin in *The Jerk*

12-8-79

Jackie Mason admits that the most famous thing he ever did was to be caught with one of his fingers pointing upwards on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. "The most famous and the least helpful," he says of the 1964 incident. "At that time there was a great wave of excitement about my type of character, because I was new and fresh and different. In those days, every comedian talked like an American; nobody talked like a Jew or a Puerto Rican or an Italian. … There was a lot of heat to give me my own series, but all the offers were canceled after that incident."

Asked whether he actually did make an obscene gesture, the short, stocky comedian with the broad New York Jewish accent shakes his curly head. "The truth is that I didn't — because I wouldn't be

ashamed to tell you if I did. There's nothing wrong with it today. But the truth is that I was making with my fingers — I have a very visual act, you know — and Sullivan got panicky because President Johnson had just cut into the program, and when the camera came back on me, it looked like I was giving him some kind of message. The next day, I became headlines all over the world. … I maintained enough success and enough imagery to be able to do all the other shows as a guest, but the sponsors were afraid to be associated with me as the star."

Jackie is telling me this in his dressing room at Dangerfield's (1118 First Avenue), where he's performing six nights a week until December 17. The affable Mason is quick to defend his caustic brand of ethnic humor. "I don't see how it can be harmful. If people do feel any prejudice, it provides an outlet for them to be able to laugh at it. The people who decry ethnic humor are afraid of their own prejudice. You remind them of the ridiculous nature of prejudice. … Most of the things I say are universal: they're about marriage, about minorities, about social problems — the issues of the day."

He also pokes fun at doctors, weathermen and every profession in between. Then there are his highly exaggerated impressions of Menachem Begin, Jimmy Carter and Ed Sullivan ("He always asked me to do an impression of him on his show. He found out from me how to do *him*."). Another of his ploys is to razz the audience members. "In 21 years," he said, "I only had one incident where a guy got mad and wanted to punch me in the mouth. Thank God I move very fast. He wanted to kill me. Obviously he didn't catch me. That's why I'm still here for the interview."

Born in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, he was raised in New York's Lower East Side from the age of 5. Following in the footsteps of three older brothers, he studied to become a rabbi to please his father. "I knew it wasn't for me. I have all license to be a rabbi, but I'm not a rabbi." A bachelor and Eastside resident, he loves New York because "this is a melting pot that doesn't really melt. There's a pot, but it's full of unmelted people."

Dangerfield's, he says, is the only club in New York where major comedians still perform. "Seven, eight, nine years ago, there was about 12 clubs that played comedians. There was the Copacabana, the Waldorf Astoria, the Latin Quarter, the Plaza: all those rooms were wiped out." Consequently, Jackie does a lot of performing in such clubs as the Riviera in Las Vegas and the Fontainebleau in Miami. Nowadays, however, he's more interested in making movies. His first one, directed by John Avelson of *Rocky* fame, was "a big success without anybody seeing it." His second film, *The Jerk*, is now being heavily promoted for its December 14 opening. Also starring Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters and Catlin Adams, it is about a poor black sharecropper's adopted son (Martin) who leaves home and begins wandering on the road until he ends up at the gas station of Harry Hartounian, played by Mason.

"He's an uneducated kid who doesn't know anything," explains Jackie. "He doesn't know how to handle himself, how to talk, how to act. I give him a part-time job at my place, and I give him a room. He doesn't know what a job is, and he doesn't understand that you get paid. He never saw money. He thinks you're supposed to eat it. He's a crazy lost kid and I play the father figure."

On December 20, Jackie will appear on the *Merv Griffin Show* with
Steve Martin and Carl Reiner, the movie's director.

Jackie loves being a comedian because "I'm my own boss and I do what I like … When young comics say it's a hard business to enter, it's because they have no talent. If a young comic has talent, he's more likely to make a big living than in any business you can think of, with comparatively less effort, and more opportunity, and greater longevity. I never saw a good comedian in this business who hasn't made a comfortable living at it."

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WESTSIDER MALACHY McCOURT
Actor and social critic

9-22-79

"I never take anything seriously — least of all myself," says Malachy McCourt, one of the wittiest, most outrageous Irish personalities in New York. "I find my life is cyclical, and so I move every five or six years from one interest to another. Now that I'm doing acting sort of full-time, I thoroughly enjoy the uncertainty of it. But I do appear almost also every Wednesday at the unemployment office at 90th Street. I do a matinee from 2:15 to 2:45."

He concludes the remarks with his customary gust of laughter. As opinionated as he is entertaining, Malachy McCourt is one of those larger than-life characters who has mastered the art of conversation to such a degree that no matter what people think of him, they cannot help being magnetically attracted by his words.

In 1968 he had his own talk show in WOR-TV that was canceled because of the controversy it raised. From 1970 to 1976 he had a weekend show on WMCA radio, and lost that as well — for publicly condemning the station's treatment of an employee whose job was abolished. "They called him in on a Friday at five minutes to five, and told him to clear his desk. He had been there for 28 years."

The airwaves' loss has been the theatre's gain, because in the past three years, Malachy has developed an ever-increasing reputation as a character actor. Well-known for his roles in Irish plays — especially those by John Millington Synge — he has also been seen recently in movies and television. His films include *Two for the Seesaw* and *The Brink's Job*, while on television, he appeared in last season's *The Dain Curse* with James Coburn and in Thomas Wolfe's *You Can't Go Home Again*.

His current vehicle is *The Shadow of a Gunman* by Sean O'Casey, the great Irish playwright. In the role of Seamus Shields, whom Malachy describes as "a snivelling, sycophantic swine of a braggart," he is co starring with Stephen Lang at the Off-Off Broadway Symphony Space for the Performing Arts, 95th Street and Broadway.

The action takes place in Dublin in 1920. "It was during the time of what they euphemistically call 'the Troubles,'" explains Malachy in his broad, breezy irish accent. We're sitting in his Westside living room. The walls are so loaded down with books that they seem ready to collapse. "The English brought in a bunch of gangsters from their prisons, called the Black and Tans. They were paid an extraordinary amount of money to go over and pacify the country. They could do anything they pleased. You could be tortured, raped and robbed."

Born in Limerick in 1931, Malachy quit school at the age of 12. "It was an equal struggle. They couldn't teach me and I couldn't learn." He joined the Irish Army at 14, was kicked out at 15, then went to England, where he worked as a laborer prior to emigrating to the U.S. at the age of 20. His conversational brilliance soon made him famous as a saloon keeper. At one time he ran a Malachy's and a Malachy's II on the Upper East Side. "I gave it up," he quips, "for the sake of the wife and the kidneys." Now the only bartending he does is on the ABC soap opera *Ryan's Hope*, where he is a regular. "I much prefer that. It's a fake bar, and everybody else cleans it up."

He has few happy memories of his native country. "There should not be a united Ireland," he asserts. "In the South, the government is subject to enormous pressures by the church all the time, in the areas of birth control, contraception, abortion. People should have the rights to their own bodies and their own lives. ... Consequently, those of us who escape get very savage about it. Very savage.

"Someone I was talking to the other day said, 'I can't understand how you can be an atheist and have of fear of death.' I said, 'I have no fear of death because I grew up with it.' It was all around. I woke up one morning when I was 5 and a half to find my brother dead beside me. Another brother had died six months before. My sister died in her crib. So therefore, what can you fear, when you know it so well? I'm alive today. I'll probably get up tomorrow. There's great comfort in the fact that we're all going to die eventually."

Asked about Daniel P. Moynihan, whom he somewhat resembles physically, Malachy describes the senator as "the Nureyev of politics. He can leap from conservative crag to liberal crag with gay abandon. A man who could serve Kennedy and compare Nixon to Disraeli must be either insane or insanely clever. I look at him and I cannot believe that this twinkly-eyed, overweight leprechaun can be so cunning."

Malachy's wife Diana — "she's the only Smith graduate I know that became a carpenter" — does custom carpentry work out of a shop called Space Constructs on 85th Street. Westsiders for two decades, the McCourts have two children, Conor and Cormic. One of their favorite local restaurants is Los Panchos at 71st and Columbus; it is owned by Malachy's brother Alfie.

Although Malachy has no desire to return to Ireland to live, he recommends it for tourists because "it's the last outpost of civilized conversation. The Irish have an attitude that when God made time, he made plenty of it. So for God's sake, don't be rushing around. Stand there and talk to me."

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WESTSIDER MEAT LOAF
Hottest rock act in town

10-21-78

For several years, up until last fall, Meat loaf lived in peaceful obscurity in an apartment at 25 West 74th Street. Few people outside of his own circle knew that the name applied to a gargantuan 29-year-old singer from Texas and the rock band he headed.

A couple of months ago, Meat returned to his old neighborhood after a long absence. This time he caused a mob scene in the local supermarket, and, on escaping to his apartment, found people climbing on the window ledges trying to catch a glimpse of him. The reason? His group's first album, *Bat Out Of Hell*, which has sold three million copies since its release a year ago.

"I don't like to be rude to fans," says the calm, gentlemanly Meat Loaf (his legal name) during an interview at his new apartment in another part of the West Side. "I'd lie down on the floor for hours so they couldn't see me. … *People* magazine printed my real name and told more or less where I lived: that's why I had to move."

Bare feet perched on the coffee table, he spreads his 275-pound, 6-foot frame evenly on the living room sofa. Although Meat's onstage image makes him out to be one of rock's meanest and toughest characters, in person he is totally devoid of arrogance, and in fact seems almost shy. Sam Ellis, Meat Loaf's glib road manager who arranged the group's recent trips to England, Germany, Canada and Australia, helps the interview along by adding his comments whenever Meat begins to reach for words.

All the songs on *Bat Out Of Hell* — raucous, earthy, and intense — were written by fellow Westsider Jim Steinman, who plays keyboard with the group. After he and Meat Loaf met in 1973, they performed together frequently, but their music met with limited success.

"People were afraid of it," says Meat. "The songs were long. The voices were loud. People in rock said it was too theatre. People in theatre said it was too rock and roll." When Meat and Jim were finally offered a contract to do an album, Steinman went to work on some new material, and wrote nearly the entire contents of *Bat Out Of Hell* in four months, including the gold singles *Two Out of Three Ain't Bad* and *Paradise by the Dashboard Light* — a duet celebrating teen sexuality that has been choreographed into an 8-minute show stopper by Meat and lead female vocalist Karla DeVito. "Jim doesn't just write the songs and hand them to me. I do most of the vocal arrangements. It's really a team. It's like Sonny and Cher," says the gargantuan singer.

Brought up in Dallas under the name Marvin Lee Aday, he tipped the scales at 185 while in the fifth grade. "I was an only child and my parents always wanted two kids," he jokes. "So they set two places at the dinner table, and I ate both meals. … I was always on the baseball team, because if they needed a base runner, they'd say, 'Go in there and get hit by the ball.' I'd back up just enough so that I wouldn't get hurt."

He joined the high school choir in order to avoid study hall, and from then on, singing became his main passion. After completing high school at 15, he travelled around with a number of bands. By the time he settled down in New York, live rock music was no longer in so much demand as before. "That's one reason I went into theatre," he remarks. "Another reason was because someone hired me and I didn't have a job." As an singer and actor, Meat performed in some 10 Broadway and Off Broadway productions, including *Hair* and *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, in which he also appeared in the 1975 film.

When *Bat Out Of Hell* was first released, it did not catch on immediately. But soon a couple of influential radio stations in New York City fell in love with it. Then Cleveland and Boston began to give it a lot of air time. From there, its reputation gathered momentum across the country. As a result of the slow start, *Bat Out Of Hell* was still climbing on the national charts nearly a year after it came out. In Australia, it was the number one album for 10 straight weeks.

This past summer the Meat Loaf band did four sellout concerts in the New York area in the space of a month. Now the band is taking it easy for a little while before returning to the studio for their second album. They plan to launch another world tour after the album is completed in March.

Meat shares his apartment with 23-year-old Candy Darling, a slender, pretty dancer/singer who will be performing in an upcoming Broadway musical, *Whoopee!* What does Meat Loaf like about the West Side? "I have absolutely no idea," he replies matter-of-factly. "I can't stand it anywhere else." Among his preferred Westside hangouts: O'Neal's, Gleason's, La Cantina, and Anita's Chili Parlor, all on Columbus Avenue between 71st and 73rd streets.

In spite of his meteoric rise to fame, Meat Loaf sees his overall career in a different light then his fans. "For me," he says thoughtfully, "rock and roll is not an end. I'd like to make movies someday. I want to direct. I want to produce. It's great to sell records, but this is not what I always want to do. It's just another step on the mountain."

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WESTSIDER ANN MILLER
Co-star of *Sugar Babies*

1-12-80

Sugar Babies, the rollicking burlesque musical that rolled into Broadway last fall, was one of the most-awaited shows of the year because it signalled Mickey Rooney's return to Broadway after umpteen years. Less attention was initially given to Mickey's co-star, dazzling Ann Miller, who last appeared on Broadway in 1970 as a star of *Mame*. Ann, it turns out, is not only a wonderful singer and comedienne, but, in her mid-50s, is still one of the best tap dancers in America. Her fancy footwork has become a prime attraction of this box-office smash.

"I was also in *George White's Scandals* for a year when I was 15," recalls Ann in her dressing room after a performance. "This is my third show only." For most of her career, she has lived in Beverly Hills, California. The veteran of dozens of movies, including *On The Town* with Frank Sinatra, Miss Miller is a larger-than-life entertainer who believes that her career comes first and foremost, ahead of personal happiness and family. Married and divorced three times, she has no children, but is an ardent animal lover.

"I have two beautiful dogs, Cinderella and Jasmine," she says in a light Southern accent. "They look exactly alike, only one is Hungarian and the other is French. My secretary walks them. … I'm very much interested in the protection of animals. I think people treat animals very cruelly, and to me, when you adopt a dog, it's like adopting a child. My little Cinderella: she was thrown out of a car by somebody wanting to get rid of her. I found her in Cincinnati in a blizzard. She almost died and I saved her life."

By looking beyond the heavy rouge, bright red lipstick, large rhinestone earrings and fluttering false eyelashes that are part of her act, one can see that Ann appears considerably younger then her years. *Sugar Babies*, she points out, is not burlesque in the normal sense. "Burlesque got sleazy in the 1940s with bumps and grinds and tassel-twirlers, but that's not what we're selling. We sell, in a sense, glorified, old-fashioned, 1920s-style vaudeville, with good production numbers. And that's what burlesque was originally. … A college professor got this together. The jokes are authentic. … Our show is for everybody. It's not dirty at all — not by today's standards."

There is a crowd of people waiting to see Ann after nearly every show. Rooney escapes the fans by dashing out the stage door within minutes of the final curtain. "He lives way out in New Jersey," explains Ann, who rents a hotel suite on the Upper West Side. "Mickey is married and he has 10 children. He loves them all very much. … Mickey and I went to school together. He's a very nice person and he's a great pro. He may be a small man, but he's a giant in his own way."

Miss Miller, who likes to dine at the 21 Club, Sardi's and the Conservatory, believes that *Sugar Babies* is a hit "because it's timely. People are desperate to laugh. They're tired of hearing about war and the food crunch and the oil crunch. They want to be entertained."

She has written her autobiography, *Miller's High Life*, which is available "only in rate bookstores and in every library in the country. It isn't out in paperback yet, but there's some talk of it." Asked about a projected second volume, *Miller on Tap*, she says: "It will be my life; it will carry on from where the other one left off."

She has no secret for looking so young, except that she is a nonsmoker, drinks nothing stronger than wine, watches her diet, and avoids anything strenuous in the daytime, to save her energy for the show.

With her jet-black hair, pearl-white teeth, and exaggerated makeup, Ann looks more than a little exotic. This may help to explain her belief in reincarnation. "I really do have memories of Egypt. They're not in a form that I can describe. You sometimes just know things. You're born with knowing. I have been to Egypt three times, and I'm planning to go back again and again, I want to go mainly to Luxor. I'm very entranced with it. I like all the antiquities of Egypt. The present-day Egypt I have no interest in to speak of."

Ann says she doesn't like the name of her current show. "People think it's candy, because there is Sugar Babies candy," she explains, "but in the old days, babies meant beautiful show girls. The girls had sugar daddies, so they were called sugar babies."

A Texas native who began dancing professionally in New York at the age of 11, Ann says yes, she feels good about her career, but that "it's been a long struggle. The sad part is, I have wanted so much to be happy, but I have never found happiness."

Her father, who was a lawyer, left her mother when Ann was 10. Since Mrs. Miller was almost totally deaf, Ann supported them by tap dancing at Rotary Club luncheons. She retains a fear of poverty to this day. "I save all my clothes because some day I might be poor again," she says. "I have a room with

nothing in it but racks of clothes. I cover them nicely, and once a year I air them out, in case they come back in style."

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WESTSIDER SHERRILL MILNES
Opera superstar

2-24-79

"In a career of my size," says baritone Sherrill Milnes, "there is no off season. I try to hold myself to 60 performances a year — not including recordings or dress rehearsals or private studies. ... In fact, I think I'm the most-recorded American opera singer ever, in any voice category."

We're talking in his spacious Westside apartment facing the Hudson River. I cannot help observing that Milnes, a handsome man who stands 6 foot 2 and weighs 220 pounds, with his dark hair combed straight back and wearing a blue flowered shirt, looks very much like a country and western singer. It is his chest that gives him away — a massive, powerful chest that hints at the huge voice it supports. To deliver notes that are clearly audible throughout the largest opera houses in the world, over the sound of a full orchestra, and without amplification, is one of the most physically demanding tasks in all the performing arts. And one of the best paying. Only a handful of singers take home, like Milnes, approximately $7,000 for each night's work.

At 44, he is in the peak of his career, and has been since he made his Metropolitan Opera debut in December, 1965. He has sung in virtually all of the world's leading opera houses, including the Paris Opera, the Hamburg State Opera, and La Scala in Milan. Asked what more he can accomplish, Milnes replies that "one hopes to become a better artist all the time. But you can only go so fast. If you make family a priority position — which is certainly true in this case — there are only so many hours in the day. I could be more famous, were I on television more. But it takes time. ... I don't want to sound like: he's satisfied with his career, where he is, and he doesn't want to do any more. But I have to realize that my career can no longer continue at the same rate of ascendancy."

His current show with the Met, Verdi's *Don Carlo*, will continue until mid-March. "This is the first time New York has heard the five-act original version," notes Milnes. "We'll be doing it in Italian. People said, 'Why don't you do *Don Carlo* like the real original, in French?' The problem is, five years later, where do you find people who know it in French? There's a practical set of problems when, worldwide, everybody know it in Italian. I don't know if it would have been worth it for one season." Long-range planning is an important aspect of any opera singer's life. Milnes already has his schedule set up until 1984.

The main reason why Italy has declined in importance as a center for opera, says Milnes, is that the country's economic problems make it impossible for the companies to book singers years in advance. "I think America is now producing more singers than Italy, and Spain is very high on the list of producing singers."

It is to Italy that Milnes owes much of his success. "We have that phrase 'Verdi baritone' — sometimes more generically, 'Italian baritone.' There's no question that Verdi treated the baritone as a special voice category, differently really than composers before him. He did a lot of title roles for the baritone voice, and really split the bass and baritone roles very much."

Widely known as an unselfish performer who gives his time freely to others, Milnes is chairman of the board of Affiliated Artists, a non-profit organization that arranges concerts across America for young, up-and coming singers.

Born on an Illinois farm, he studied piano and violin from early childhood. In high school, he won the state music contest in five separate categories, including vocal soloist. Deciding that his voice was the instrument that showed most promise, he began his professional career as a member of a chorus attached to the Chicago Symphony. In 1960 he turned to opera. Boris Goldovsky, the opera maestro, signed him immediately, taught his willing pupil the fine points of acting in opera, and took him on five cross-country tours. Since 1962, Milnes has had practically no time for anything but singing.

A dedicated family man, he is married to soprano Nancy Stokes. The couple has a 6-year-old son, Shawn, and Milnes has two other children from a previous marriage. He has been a Westsider for almost 10 years.

Not at all snobbish about his own musical gifts, Milnes believes that singing is excellent recreation for anyone, regardless of voice quality. "I encourage people to sing in the shower. It's a great emotional outlet. Even if you're lousy, it makes you sound fantastic. When I'm on the stage, I always have that

feeling that I'm never going to sound as good as I do in the shower. You can't get the same *ring* when you're singing to 5,000 people."

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WESTSIDER CARLOS MONTOYA
Master of the flamenco guitar

10-28-78

Carlos Montoya speaks two languages. The first is music; the other is Spanish. At 74, he is the world's most famous master of flamenco — the ancient folk music of the Spanish gypsies, which Montoya performs with dazzling speed and dexterity. On October 29 he will give a major concert at Avery Fisher Hall.

With more than 30 albums to his credit, Montoya is the most recorded flamenco guitarist in history. He is thoroughly committed to his instrument. It is not merely his living, but his life. He is a pure gypsy — "on all four sides," as the Spanish say. Maybe that explains why he likes to tour from January to May and from October to December every year, almost nonstop, across the U.S. and Canada, to South America, Europe and the Far East. He has been a Westsider since the 1940s and has rented the same Westside apartment since 1957. Yet when people ask Montoya where he lives, he is likely to reply, "On airplanes."

An American citizen for more than 30 years, he is perhaps the first persons ever to acquire citizenship after answering "no" to the question, "Do you like the American form of government?" Because of his poor English, he had misunderstood the query. He corrected himself, and that night played for President Harry Truman.

Montoya's wife, Sally, is his steady helpmate. Since their marriage in 1940, she has been his manager, interpreter and best friend. He still speaks little English, so interviews with him are often ponderous three way affairs. When I arrived at the Montoyas' residence late one morning, he was very polite, but eager to get the interview over with. "Vamos," he said. His demeanor changed when he discovered that I was able to understand his crisp, precise Spanish when spoken slowly. We quickly dispensed with the interpreter.

Does he consider flamenco to be the highest art attainable on the guitar? Sitting upright in an overstuffed chair, he smiled benignly and said, "Not all the flamenco guitarists are artists. There are many guitarists, but in the world there are only two or three artists on the flamenco guitar. ... Most musicians are technicians. I think that to play flamenco as it should be played, you have to be an artist. The music is either very bad or very good. People who hear the performance may applaud both the technician and the artist. But afterward, if the performer was not an artist, they forget what they have heard."

The smile remained on his face, and he began to use his hands with much expression as he continued. "I carry the music inside me. I want to touch inside the heart of the public. That's what I always aim for. My music is sincere. It is very human. I believe it should be listened to closely. That is why I play concerts."

He was, in fact, the first prominent flamenco guitarist to go solo. Until Montoya started giving one-man concerts in 1948, flamenco was strictly a music to accompany singers or dancers, who added to the rhythm with castanets, snapping fingers and feverishly clicking heels. When faced with Montoya's guitar alone, the audiences did not catch on immediately. But as soon as they learned to appreciate the full range of his artistry, his career was assured.

Many of the sound effects produced by a whole flamenco group can be duplicated by Montoya alone. His left hand can play a melody and tap out a rhythm independent of what the right hand is going. To add to the excitement, Montoya never plays a piece the same way twice. One reason is that improvisation is the essence of flamenco. Another is that he has never learned to read music.

"Flamenco guitar is more popular than ever right now," said Montoya. "Young people like it; I perform at a lot of colleges. I also perform with many symphony orchestras to play my *Flamenco Suite*.

That composition, which Montoya co-wrote and premiered in 1996, is the first flamenco piece ever to be written for a full orchestra. The guitar sections, appropriately, allow for some improvising. Other works by Montoya, mainly his arrangements of age-old gypsy themes, have been transcribed and published for the benefit of fellow guitarists. However, as Montoya pointed out, "the style you can write. But all the notes — it is impossible. So, my written works are simplified."

Born in Madrid, he took his first guitar lesson at the age of 8, and by his early teens was performing regularly in cafes. He toured extensively until World War II broke out, when he more or less "settled" in New York. In truth, he has never been content to settle anywhere. He spends several months each year in Spain. And when he's on tour, said his wife, "he gets restless staying around the hotel, and likes to visit all the sights in the area."

Sally Montoya, a slender, graceful native New Yorker who met Carlos while her father was working for the Foreign Service, was once a Spanish-style dancer herself, but gave it up because "I obviously didn't dance as well as Carlos plays. I'm a casualty of his success." The couple has two sons.

Except for travel, Carlos Montoya has few interests outside his work. "Music and family — that's all," he said quietly. "To be an artist, you must be a slave to the instrument and to the public. To play the guitar is a serious thing — not a game. To me, it is a complete life."

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WESTSIDER MELBA MOORE
Broadway star releases ninth album

10-14-78

When Melba Moore recently dropped out of her co-starring role in the Broadway hit musical *Timbuktu*, there was a lot of speculation as to the reason why. Some observers suggested that Eartha Kitt, the biggest box office draw, did not like to share the billing with a performer of Melba's caliber.

Melba herself has a simpler explanation: seven months of one show is enough, and she had too many other things to do — promoting her new album, preparing for another Broadway musical, doing her first lead role in a movie, going on a concert tour, making guest appearances on television, and taking care of her 16-month-old daughter Charli.

"Honey, I could join the Olympics with all I do," says Melba one afternoon at the comfortable midtown office that is used as the nerve center for her multiple activities. She is dressed in a striped hat, a white shirt and a bright red necktie. Easing her slender form onto the couch, she looks smaller, younger, and more beautiful in person than her photographs indicate. I remark on her flashy necktie, and Melba, using her hands expressively while she speaks, tells with amusement how she saw it on the collar of a salesman at Fiorucci's and said to him, "I want that tie."

Melba's first professional stage role was in *Hair*; from 1968 to 1970 she rose up through the chorus to win the female lead. "I have no hard-luck stories," she says, in her clear, nearly accentless voice. "From *Hair*, I went right into *Purlie*." That was the role that earned her the 1970 Tony Award for Best Supporting Actress and the New York Drama Critics' and Drama Desk Awards.

Melba was born 32 years ago on West 108th Street. Both her parents were entertainers, and Melba began singing at the age of 4. At college she majored in music, and upon graduation, taking the advice of her parents to "get some security," she taught school for a year. But soon a burning desire to get into show business took hold of her, and she quit teaching. "Ever since that day," she recalls, "even before I got my first singing job, the whole world looked better to me."

It was while working as a studio singer that she was given an audition for *Hair*, and since then her story has been a virtually unbroken success. Melba has starred in numerous television shows, including her own summer series for CBS and an ABC special on the life of abolitionist Harriet Tubman. Better known for her singing than her acting, Melba has recorded nine albums and has received a Grammy nomination. Her most remarkable vocal feat, however, was probably her one-woman concert at the Metropolitan Opera House in December 1976, which won her rave notices from every music critic in town. In the concert, she performed everything from ballads to rock to opera.

"Singing opera actually rests my voice," says Melba. "It's like doing vocal exercises." Equally at home in a nightclub or a concert hall, she has demonstrated her four-octave range with many of America's leading orchestras.

Her new album, released late in September by Epic Records and titled simply *Melba Moore*, contains both disco songs and straight ballads. One of the cuts, "You Stepped Into My Life," is out as a single. Another cut is "The Greatest," from a film about Muhammad Ali. "No, I didn't sing it in the movie, but I am an Ali fan. I'm a fight fan. I turn on the cable and watch everyone — flyweights, everybody. People I've never hard of."

Her new movie, *Purlie*, in which Melba will recreate her Broadway smash success, is scheduled to begin filming this November in the countryside of Georgia. Melba plays the orphan Lutibelle Gussiemae

Jenkins. After the movie, she will devote most of her time to a new musical, *Harlem Renaissance*, which is planned to reach Broadway next spring.

The day after she quit *Timbuktu*, Melba headed for Acapulco to be one of the judges in the Miss Universe Pageant. "They said there were going to be 600 million people watching, so I made sure my nose was powdered. ... They worked us from sunup to sunup, but I did manage to get a little suntan," she says teasingly, showing me a patch of light brown skin directly under her top shirt button.

Married for the past five years to restaurateur Charles Huggins, Melba is overjoyed to have a child at last — "we have been waiting for her" — and spends as much time as she can with her daughter. A Westsider off and on for most of her life, Melba is fond of shopping at Vim and Vigor Health Foods (57th Street near the Carnegie Recital Hall), then going next door to the Merit Farm Store, where she buys her favorite junk food.

Of all her accomplishments in the last 10 years, Melba is perhaps proudest of her involvement with an international television series for children, *Big Blue Marble*, which is currently being shown in 78 countries.

"I'm very much into international things," says Melba, "I have appeared in some of the segments, but basically my role is to let people know about it. ... In some way, we hope that the program can help promote peace and understanding to these children — while they're still at a vulnerable age."

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WESTSIDER MICHAEL MORIARTY
Star of *Holocaust* returns to Broadway in *G.R. Point*

5-5-79

When Michael Moriarty rose to national stardom last year with his chilling portrayal of SS Officer Dorf in the NBC miniseries *Holocaust*, his performance was witnessed by some 120 million Americans. His current vehicle, *G.R. Point* at the Playhouse Theatre on West 48th Street plays to a maximum audience of 500. Yet, in the lead role of Micah Bradstreet, a wet-behind-the-ears soldier from rural Maine, Moriarty delivers what Clive Barnes of the *New York Post* has said is "the best performance, so far, of his career."

G.R. Point is a play about the Vietnam War and its effects on those who are forced to partake in it. Set on a strikingly designed stage built to resemble a devastated hillside, the play demonstrates how each of the eight characters manages to cope with his predicament in his own way. Its message is summed up in the final words of the drama, spoken to Micah as he departs for the U.S.: he is told to "count the living, not the dead."

"One of the main reasons I wanted to do this play is that it affirms life," says Moriarty, in a dressing room interview just before a performance. "It doesn't take any specific political stance, but it doesn't avoid any of the horrors of war. Its only stance is: in the end, what overcomes the situation is love. And love sometimes shows itself in the strangest, most bizarre ways."

He is tall and solidly built, looking somewhat younger than his 38 years, and though his demeanor has an edge of shyness to it, Moriarty's penetrating eyes reveal that much is going on beneath the surface. Asked about his personal views on Vietnam, the actor replies, "I'm not an intellectual, so I have no specific feelings about it." But his conversation soon reveals him to be a deep thinker and a wit besides, whose remarks are tempered as much by humility as by professional instinct.

"Whatever I could say about the war has been better stated by David Berry, the playwright. I'm able to show my emotional response to the war through Micah Bradstreet. ... I'm not trying to influence anyone in any way in particular. I do think the play tells the truth about Vietnam. So the more information people have, the better decisions they can make."

Moriarty's decision to become a dramatic actor can be traced to his undergraduate days at Dartmouth College, when he was overwhelmed by Paul Scofield's performance in *Love's Labor Lost*. Following graduation, he won a Fulbright Scholarship to attend the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art. In 1974, after years of perfecting his craft in theatres across America, he picked up the first of his two Tony Awards for his performances in *Find Your Way Home*. Equally skilled at television acting, he is the recipient of two Emmys, including one for *Holocaust*.

A Detroit native of Scandinavian and Irish ancestry, Moriarty attends Catholic mass regularly, and finds much inspiration in the Bible, both spiritual and literary. His chief hobby is music: he is a polished singer/pianist/songwriter who frequently performs in the city's leading nightclubs between acting

assignments. Asked whether he would consider teaming up with octogenarian blues singer Alberta Hunter at the Cookery in Greenwich Village, he replies with a laugh, "That's very heavy company. I'll cook and she'll sing." He usually practices in the morning. "I'll ramble over the piano and play some easy music. It's purely according to my libido. You might call it ad libido. Hey, not bad! How's that for an album title?"

Another of his talents is writing plays. Although hesitant to discuss this up-and-coming aspect of his career, Moriarty finally admits that one of his plays was recently read dramatically at the McCarter Theatre in Princeton, New Jersey, under the direction of Ben Levit. "It was none of my doing. I sat back, and it all happened before my very eyes. I was astonished, and pleased, and proud, and in no great hurry to see it produced except by this director — if he wants to."

Long a devotee of Shakespeare, Moriarty founded his own non-profit Shakespearean company, Potter's Field, in 1977. He and his group perform free each Sunday in Central Park near the statue of Sir Walter Scott, weather permitting.

In response to a question about the West Side, where he has lived for the past five years, Moriarty says that "you can walk one block and encounter everything the world should either be proud of or ashamed of." His favorite local restaurants include Coq du Vin on 8th Avenue and O'Neal's Balloon at 6th Avenue and 57th Street. "Pat O'Neal and I crack jokes about my career as a waiter. I worked at O'Neal's off and on for about four years. I was terrible! They kept me on out of sheer compassion. I guess I became an endearing lunkhead."

Other goals? "None that I'd care to mention," says Moriarty, smiling softly. "All the other ones are neurotic, and I don't want to expose them. I've done it too often. In my neuroses, I think, 'Gee, I'd like to do that or this.' But in my higher self, I have no unfulfilled needs."

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WESTSIDER LeROY NEIMAN
America's greatest popular artist

1-27-79

Like Norman Rockwell before him, LeRoy Neiman has the distinction of being one of the very few American artists whose work is familiar to practically everybody in the country — rich and poor, black and white, urban and rural, educated and illiterate.

This is as far as their similarity goes, however. Rockwell, who died in November, 1978 at the age of 84, was known for his meticulously detailed, placid portraits of American family life, while Neiman has built his reputation on action-filled scenes composed of bold splashes of color. Rockwell's career started and ended at the *Saturday Evening Post*; Neiman's began at *Playboy* and has reached its zenith in an entirely new medium — television. His televised mural of the 1976 Olympic Games was seen by an estimated 170 million people.

One of the most commercially successful artists in the world, LeRoy Neiman has spent the last 18 years living and working in a huge apartment/studio just off Central Park West. His original paintings command up to $50,000 each, but the larger portion of his work comes out in the form of limited-edition serigraphs (silkscreen prints). A single piece of silkscreen art generally yields some 300 prints, each of which sells for about $1,500.

Neiman's eye-catching style is admired everywhere. His posters and calendars are best-sellers in Japan; several of his painting are on permanent display at the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad. He was the official United States artist-in-residence for the last two Olympics and will be for the 1980 Games as well. Although best known for his sports pictures, Neiman is also a renowned portraitist who specializes in famous faces. He is attracted by drama and excitement of any kind, whether found in a tavern inhabited by the Beautiful People, in a heavyweight fight, in a world chess championship, or, as television viewers witnessed last January, in a Super Bowl. Neiman sat on the sidelines of that contest drawing pictures of the game in progress, using a computer-controlled electronic pen and palette. The pictures were then flashed onto the television screen.

"It's painting with light," explains Neiman one morning in his studio, taking a break from the half-dozen oils and acrylics he is working on. "It gives you the same sense of creation as any other art medium. You're building and creating an image of your own that wasn't there when you started. The only limitation you ever have in doing a work of art is yourself."

Starting this month, Neiman's work has become a regular feature of *CBS Sports Spectacular*. At the

beginning and end of each program, Neiman's paintings are interspersed with photographs of athletes to form a moving collage of colors and shapes. The artist has been contracted to make six or seven personal appearances on the program over the next year, in which he will demonstrate the art of drawing sports in action.

Neiman is a suave, sophisticated man who loves his work and loves to talk about it. Dressed in a fancy denim-style suit, with a long, thin cigar protruding from under his handlebar moustache, he expounds on a score of subjects as if he had all the time in the world. In the adjacent room, the telephone rings almost unceasingly. It is answered by his assistant, who calls out the message to him. More likely than not, it is a request for Neiman's artistic services.

"I sketch all the time," he says. "A sketch is not necessarily a study to me. It's a record — something to consult with. I sketch an awful lot in public. Because when I go someplace and I get bored, I sketch. Everybody forgives me for it. They think I have an uncontrollable desire to draw."

His style, says Neiman, "came out of nowhere. It happened very suddenly, about 1954, just before I started with *Playboy*." That magazine recently honored him with an award for being one of the five most important contributors in its 25-year history.

During his childhood in Minnesota, recalls Neiman, "I was always drawing pictures and getting special treatment at school — showing off, copping out of other things. ... I lived a couple of years in England and France." since moving to New York, he has been a constant Westsider. Central Park, says Neiman, "is the West Side's front yard, but the East Side's back yard."

Neiman's latest one-man show is an exhibit of approximately 50 serigraphs, etching, and drawings at Hammer Graphics on East 57th Street. Part of the proceeds from sales will go to the U.S. Olympic Committee.

"I turn most things down, because they're not stimulating and inspiring," says Neiman matter-of-factly. "Money isn't enough stimulus to do something I don't like. ... I work very hard. I fool around a lot too, but I don't go on vacations. I don't have hobbies. I put my vices within my craft."

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WESTSIDER ARNOLD NEWMAN
Great portrait photographer

12-1-79

When the *Sunday Times* of London decided to hire someone to photograph 50 leading British citizens for a show at England's National Portrait Gallery, the venerable newspaper caused something of an uproar by choosing an American for the job — Arnold Newman, one of the world's most important portrait photographers for the past 30 years.

The 50 portraits, whose subjects include Sir Lawrence Oliver, Sir John Gielgud, Sir Alec Guinness, Henry Moore, Lord Mountbatten and Harold Pinter, were exhibited last month at the Light Gallery on Fifth Avenue, and have just opened in London. Meanwhile, the book version of the prints, with extensive commentary, has been published this month as *The Great British* (New York Graphic Society, Boston, $14.95). The photographs, like those found in Newman's three previous books and in his hundreds of assignments for *Life*, *Look*, *Newsweek* and other publications, are far more than mere portraits. Rather, they are profound artistic statements, in which the background of the picture often symbolizes the person's achievement.

"I don't use props: I use reality," explains Newman, taking a break at the West 57th Street studio he has occupied since 1948. On the wall are pictures — he prefers that word to "photographs" — of Marc Chagall, Pablo Picasso, Eugene O'Neill and four American presidents; Newman has photographed every president since Truman.

Big, burly, mellow-voiced and casually dressed, Arnold Newman at 61 looks like an aging beatnik. His quick wit and ready laugh mask a perfectionism that has characterized his work ever since he turned to photography in 1938. His ability "to make the camera see what I saw" showed itself almost at once. In 1941 he held his first exhibition and sold his first print to the Museum of Modern Art.

"I could have made, over the years, a hell of a lot more money than I have, simply by doing more commercial work and cashing in on my reputation. But that doesn't interest me," he reflects, puffing on his ever present cigar. "I mean, money interests me, but I'd just see my life being wasted."

Specializing in portraits of artists, he studies the work of each subject intensely beforehand so that the essence of the artist will be distilled into the photograph, by subconscious as well as conscious effort. On the side, he does enough commercial work to support his own artistic efforts. But over the years, the two have somehow merged: "I'm forever being commissioned for things I'd give my eye teeth to do, and paid very well for it. Recently I went out to do a photograph strictly on my own of somebody I admired, and I hate the picture. Yet the day before I did a picture for money which I think is one of my best pictures in the last three years."

In 1953, he went to Washington to photograph 15 U.S. senators for *Holiday* magazine, including John F. Kennedy — then a political unknown who was sometimes labeled the Playboy senator. "Years later," recalls Newman, "I was photographing President Kennedy on the White House lawn. He turned to me and said, 'Arnold, whatever happened to that first picture you took of me?'

"I said, 'Well, Mr. President, we did 15 senators, and they found out they had one too many for the layout, so they dropped the one least likely to succeed.'

"And you have to understand: we were surrounded by secret servicemen, and Pierre Salinger, his press secretary, was there. Well I thought I'd get a big yack, because Kennedy had a marvelous sense of humor. But instead, his face went rigid. And I — I absolutely turned ice cold. The Secret Service men turned around and gave me a 'How stupid can you be?' look.

"A bit later I managed to get into Pierre's office and started stammering and apologizing. Suddenly Pierre started breaking out in laughter. I said, 'What the hell's so funny?' He said, 'He was pulling your leg! He's been walking all around the White House for the last 30 minutes, telling that story on himself.'"

After the assassination, Newman was called to the White House again to photograph the official portrait of Lyndon Johnson. "He could give an angel an ulcer. ... I didn't get paid for the picture, not even my expenses. It cost me a fortune."

Arnold and his wife Augusta have been married for 31 years; she runs the studio and works closely with him. Their two sons, Eric and David, are professionals in neurology and architecture, respectively. The Newmans' favorite neighborhood restaurants include Rikyu and Genghiz Khan's Bicycle on Columbus Avenue, and the Cafe des Artistes on their own block.

Asked whether he eventually plans to pursue other areas of photography besides portraits, Newman shakes his head. "The whole history of painting was changed by a man who used the same materials as everybody else did — the same brushes, paints, canvas, and subject matter," he explains. "So why do we say that Cezanne revolutionized painting? It's his ideas. I deal with ideas too."

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EASTSIDER EDWIN NEWMAN
Journalist and first-time novelist

8-11-79

"When you achieve a certain prominence on television," says NBC's Edwin Newman, "publishers come to you and ask you to write books. Then you go round in circles for a while, and finally say, 'Gee, I'd like to write a book, but I don't have the time.'"

Six years ago, the award-winning broadcast journalist decided to find out if he was bluffing himself. He spent seven months of his spare time writing a book called *Strictly Speaking: Will America be the Death of English?* Published in 1974 when Newman was 55 years old, it became the nation's number one best-seller for non-fiction. His follow-up book, *A Civil Tongue* (1976), was another best-seller.

Now Edwin newman has written his first novel, *Sunday Punch* (Houghton Mifflin, $9.95). Published in June, it has already gone through two printings in hardcover, totaling 60,000 copies. The *Atlantic* has described the book as "a Wodehousian excursion that is lighter than air and twice as much fun as laughing gas."

In a leisurely interview at his Rockefeller Plaza office, the author comes across very much as he does on television. His leathery features expand easily into a smile as he delivers, in his slow, concise, foghorn voice, comments that are as thought-provoking as they are witty.

Sunday Punch, he says, "is the story of an extremely thin, tall, British prizefighter named Aubrey Philpott-Grimes who comes to the U.S. to fight because he can make more money here than in Britain.

The more money he makes, the higher taxes he can pay, and Aubrey is a great believer in paying taxes. He is tremendously interested in economics, so that if he is brought to the microphone after a fight, he'll probably start talking about structural unemployment and floating exchange rates, rather than talking about fighting. ... The book allows me to comment on the United States from the view of an outsider."

His fascination with the cultural and linguistic differences of the U.S. and England dates back to the late 1940s, when Newman left his job with the Washington-based International News Service and moved to London. There, he found work as a "stringer" for the NBC network, and when he was invited to join the full-time staff in 1952, he remained at the British capital for five more years. In 1961, after serving as NBC bureau chief in both Paris and Rome, he returned to his native Manhattan and settled into his present Eastside apartment with his English wife, Rigel. The Newmans' daughter Nancy was educated entirely in England.

A harsh critic of the state of the language in America today, Newman is the head of the Usage Panel for the American Heritage Dictionary. He is always being sent examples of poor English. "Do you want to know what accountability is?" he says, his eyes crinkling with amusement as he takes a letter from his desk. "This is from a teachers' committee in Kalamazoo, Michigan. 'Accountability is a concept that, when operationalized, finds the interrelatedness and parameters of responsibility shaped by individuals within the system.'

"It seems to me there are two movements going on that affect language in the United States, and it's curious that they would be going on at the same time, because in a way they conflict with each other. One is the increasing use of jargon and pomposity, which can partly traced to the size of the government. As the government grows, this kind of language grows. ... The more technical they make the language sound, the more money they're likely to earn.

"Then you have the influence of the social sciences, where exactly the same thing goes on. People attempt to take familiar ideas, small ideas, and in some cases no ideas, and make them sound large by wrapping them up in grandiose language.

"The other movement that is going on is based on the notion that correct, specific, concrete language doesn't matter very much. What matters is that your heart be in the right place. ... This idea was thoroughly welcome to many people in education. For one thing, it means that you have less written work to correct. And also, of course, if you don't have to teach correct English, you don't have to know it."

During his 28 years as an NBC news correspondent, Edwin Newman has excelled in so many areas that he has become known as the network's "Renaissance man." One of the most quick-thinking ad-libbers on the air, he is frequently called upon to do live "instant specials" of breaking news. He moderated the first Ford-Carter debate in 1976, has hosted the *Today Show* numerous times, has covered six national political conventions and reported from 35 foreign countries. Each Monday through Friday, he is heard on both radio and television across the U.S. in a series of news briefs.

His biggest project at the moment is a two-hour, prime-time documentary on U.S. foreign policy, which is scheduled to be aired early in September.

"I think in some way," concludes Newman, "I fell into the right profession. Somebody said — I think it was H.L. Mencken — that you go into the news business because it gives you a front-row seat. And he might have added that not only does it give you a front row seat, but you get the seat free."

born 1-15-19

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EASTSIDER LARRY O'BRIEN
Commissioner of the National Basketball Association

2-16-80

Fame rests lightly on the shoulders of Larry O'Brien, who was raised on politics in his hometown of Springfield, Massachusetts and never sought elective office for himself, yet became one of the Democratic Party's most influential spokesmen for nearly two decades.

As a campaign manager, he propelled John F. Kennedy into the Senate and then into the White House. He served as postmaster general under President Johnson from 1965 to 1968, and was twice named chairman of the Democratic National Committee, a post traditionally given to the party's foremost political strategist. His name loomed large in the Watergate hearings, for it was O'Brien

whose office was broken into by the original Watergate burglars.

He was in the news again in 1974, when, having retired from politics, he published his autobiography, *No Final Victories*. Expecting to be out of the public eye after that, O'Brien was astonished to be offered the job of commissioner of the National Basketball Association. Now midway through his fifth season, he has not only resolved the major disputes that threatened the future of professional basketball, but has brought a new vitality to the sport.

The NBA's headquarters, a plush suite of office high above Fifth Avenue, is silent and practically empty on the afternoon of my appointment with the commissioner. A gregarious host, he talks about basketball and politics for nearly two hours in his effusive manner, while chain-smoking low-tar cigarettes. He is a hearty, husky man with a basso voice that rarely alters in pitch, and is as casual as a bartender.

Brought up in the town where basketball was invented, the son of Irish immigrants, he worked his way through law school by tending bar in his father's cafe in the daytime and taking classes at night. One of the most trusted of politicians, known for his uncommon organizational abilities and his gift for compromise, O'Brien is a fascinatingly long-winded conversationalist who speaks with many digressions.

"The sports commissioner is somewhat unique. First of all, you are paid by the owners, and you are expected to be as responsive as you can to the fans — to do everything possible to ensure that the game is presented in the best conceivable way to the fans, and the most exciting and interesting manner, because after all, this is business."

During the Kennedy and Johnson White House years, he served as presidential liaison to Congress and helped win passage of the Peace Corps, Medicare, and the Civil Rights Act of 1964. As commissioner, his authority is all-powerful. "It goes to supervision of every aspect of the game, on and off the court," he explains. "It goes to determining even what time games are played and who plays them."

Attendance in the NBA has risen considerably this year; O'Brien cheerfully attributes it to the resurgence of the Boston Celtics and the improvement of the New York Knicks.

Recently Dallas was granted a franchise to create a new NBA team, the 23rd in the U.S. "If there were further expansion beyond 24 teams," O'Brien predicts, "I think it would take on an international flavor. … There are a number of countries in Europe that are playing quality basketball at the professional level. I envision that by the mid-80s, you would find countries in Europe that could be competitive with us. Probably the first step would be only exhibitions, but I can see it reaching a point where you could give serious thought to establishing another conference perhaps."

Larry and his wife Elva have been married since 1944; their son Laurence III is a Washington-based lawyer. An Eastside resident during most of the last seven years, O'Brien recalls the Watergate break-in with grim humor. "We didn't have anything in the office anyway. We were practically bankrupt. I thought, maybe there's a typewriter missing. … I was a disbeliever. It took a long time for it to penetrate that this was real. … My best recollection of that period is that I was very depressed, in the sense of what effects it was having on our system of government.

"When I was on my book promotion tour, people would ask, 'How does it feel to be a politician?' as if it was a dirty word. I have always been proud of being a politician, and I've never felt otherwise. But I found that all of us involved in politics were painted with the same brush."

His mood brightens when the subject returns to basketball. Speaking of the recent backboard-shattering antics of "Chocolate Thunder" Darryl Dawkins, O'Brien reports that the star "said that he certainly could adjust his dunk shot to prevent further incidents."

The most difficult aspect of his job so far, says O'Brien, has been to enforce the compensation agreement that players and owners signed four years ago. "Compensation means that when a player has terminated his contractual obligations to a club, the new club that acquires him must make compensation to the other team, and work that out between them. And then if the two teams fail to reach an agreement, the case comes to me and I determine what compensation is appropriate. In making the losing club whole, I can assign draft choices, players, money, or any combination thereof. It's extremely difficult — weighing players against players, and deciding how much money is valid compensation. There's no sure way of doing it, unless you were Solomon or you had a crystal ball as to how it would turn out."

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WESTSIDER MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
Great lady of the movie screen

3-4-78

As recently as 10 years ago, most of the motion pictures filmed in this country had a single run at the theatres, and then were seldom seen or heard from again.

Television has changed that. Now, with longer broadcasting hours and the abundance of new channels, vintage movies are enjoying a second life, often with a bigger audience than the first time. Maybe that's why the name Maureen O'Sullivan is practically a household word even today. Between 1930 and 1965 she made dozens of films, ranging from Marx Brothers comedy (*A Day At The Races*) to classics of English literature (*David Copperfield*, *Pride and Prejudice*) to Tarzan films, in which she played Jane.

But unlike so many of her contemporaries, Maureen is neither dead nor retired. She maintains a busy schedule of acting, writing, traveling, and enjoying her status as a mother of five and a grandmother of many.

Maureen shows me around her large, beautiful apartment facing Central Park, right across the hallway from Basil Rathbone's last home. "I keep this part for the children," she says, indicating a section of several rooms. There are photos of her children everywhere, including a good number of her actress daughters Mia and Tisa Farrow. Mia lives in England and Tisa is in California, but they still get together frequently.

"I'm doing an autobiography now. It's about halfway done. My agent has the manuscript. But I'm not writing any more until I see if there's any interest in it. ... I started it two years ago, then put it away. I wasn't even interested in it myself. Then a friend of mine, John Springer, had me to lunch. He said, 'You ought to do an autobiography.' I said I had already started one. ... So I went back and worked on it some more, and condensed it into 10 pages. I had to do it myself — every word, syllable, comma."

She recently spent five weeks in upstate New York playing one of the leads in *The Glass Menagerie* by Tennessee Williams. The critics had nothing but praise for her portrayal of the ambitious mother, and one described Maureen's acting as "genius."

The stage is not the only place where Maureen employs her dramatic talents. Shortly after completing the Williams play, she went to Albany, New York to do a reading from *The Wayward Bus* for the state legislature. "They're trying to get a new bill through Congress to get money for a program for more halfway houses for women alcoholics," she explains. "I believe in that kind of thing."

One of the last plays she did in New York City was *No Sex Please — We're British*. It was a hit in London, and the preview performances were doing well enough in New York to call for an official Broadway opening. "Then [drama critic] Clive Barnes came to the producer and said, 'If you have an opening you'll have a disaster, because the critics won't like it.' And he was right. As soon as the reviews came out, the theatre emptied. In the previews, the audiences loved it. The critics made a big thing out of opening night. In London, I don't think the public pays that much attention to the critics. The average person there doesn't read the reviews."

Perhaps it's the singing lessons she has never stopped taking that account for her pure lyrical speaking voice, which is still as sweet as it was when she made her first film, *Song of My Heart*, nearly 50 years ago. Though Maureen's soft British accent gives no hint of it, she was brought up in Dublin, Ireland. While working as a young actress in England she was discovered by an American producer and brought to the U.S. to do her first movie with famed tenor John McCormack. After that her career blossomed.

Any comment on the Tarzan films for which she became famous? "I made five. They have been remembered. I'm glad to be remembered for something. Let's leave it at that."

These days, while Maureen is waiting to hear about her autobiography, she is working on some short stories. Two have appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "I have no special goals," she says. "One thing leads to another. Supposing my theatrical career came to an end, I'd like to open an antique shop in Vermont, and write, and paint — I always have — and sew. If you can do one art, you can do them all. It's different ways of saying the same thing.

"I'm a special type of grandmother. At the theatre, I like to take the children backstage. And in New York, I take them in a horse and buggy around the park, or for tea at the Plaza. In that way, I can bring color into their lives."

Maureen has been a Westsider for the past 15 years. "I'm very fond of Mal the Tailor, on 72nd near Columbus. And Mr. Walsh the florist. O'Neal's Balloon. The Pioneer Market. They're all on 72nd Street. That's my beat."

She walks toward the window. "I love this view. The park is different every time of the year. Now it's all covered with snow. Pretty soon the buds will be all over the trees." She smiles contentedly. "I really think that if I had to leave the West Side I'd leave New York. Because to me, this is New York."

Hannah and Her Sisters.

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WESTSIDER BETSY PALMER
Star of *Same Time, Next Year*

4-1-78

"Oh, do you take shorthand?" said Betsy Palmer as we sat down in her dressing room to chat between shows. "I could always read and write shorthand. I worked for the B & O Railroad as a stenographer before I went away to school and learned acting. I guess if I had to, I could brush up and go back to it."

It's most unlikely that she'll ever have to. Even if her Tony Award winning play, *Same Time, Next Year*, should happen to close, Betsy would find herself swamped with offers for choice acting roles. But her hit show about the lighter side of adultery won't be closing for a long time yet. It is currently being made into a film starring Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda.

"A lot of people think of me as a personality rather than an actress, and when they come to see me they expect to see that personality," says Palmer, who has one of the more recognizable names and faces on Broadway. "Mostly people know me from panel shows. It's been a double-edged sword for me. When they see me doing something that's really dramatic, they say, 'My God, she can act!'"

She has made countless appearances on *What's My Line?*, *Girl Talk* and *The Today Show*, but to most television viewers she is best remembered as the bright, beautiful, All-American girl who for 11 years was a panelist on *I've Got a Secret*.

During her years of TV stardom Betsy was doing plenty of serious acting — everything from Shakespeare to Peter Pan to Ibsen. She has made five Hollywood films and performed the lead in numerous Broadway shows, including *South Pacific*, *Cactus Flower* and Tennessee Williams' *Eccentricities of a Nightingale*. Few of her roles, however, have been as demanding as Doris in *Same Time, Next Year*.

To begin with, she and her co-star, Monte Markham, are the only characters in the play. Second, the play's action takes place over a period of 25 years, in which Doris goes through momentous changes. In doing this transformation smoothly, Betsy creates a character so believable and lovable that the audience forgives her for cheating on her husband, which she does one weekend a year in order to meet her lover George.

"Doing the play takes all my energy.I'm a single woman now, and have been for three years. But if I were involved with somebody now, it would take up a lot of my energies. So it doesn't bother me; when the time comes for me to be involved, I will be. Right now, I'm really quite satisfied to come here six days a week and have a fantasy life. It has all the good things in it and none of the bad things. ... It gives you such a rainbow of colors to express yourself within, that I find it terribly rewarding and gratifying. I am never bored with the show."

George, like Doris, is married and has three children, and he too goes through drastic changes of attitude during the time period from 1951 to 1976. But while George wins the audience's respect and sympathy, Doris steals their hearts.

"I get out there and I feel such love. All of a sudden they begin to adore her. They're watching her spread her wings and finally fly. ... The adultery is done with such taste. You see two people who really love their respective mates, and their children."

In her cozy backstage room at the Brooks Atkinson Theatre, which is decorated with Christmas lights, Betsy demonstrates an overbubbling friendliness and an extremely fluent style of speech. An interview with her is both a pleasure and a challenge, for she talks about each subject with an enthusiasm that makes it hard for anyone to interrupt and go on to the next question.

Her memories of those panel shows? "You know, we used to do *Secret* right in this theatre. We must

have done it here five, six, seven years easily. There are a lot of guys here now, on the backstage crew, who were here with *Secret*. It's nice to be working with them again. ... But I'm not interested in the past. The past is an illusion, as is the future."

Betsy has been an off-and-on Westside resident ever since she first came to New York in 1951. When doing *Same Time, Next Year* she is subletting a friend's apartment on Riverside Drive. Her 16-year-old daughter frequently comes down from Connecticut to spend time with her on the West Side.

"I've lived on the East Side but my preference is the West Side. Let's face it, Broadway's on the West Side. Where Broadway is is where my heart is." Flowers by Edith (69th and B'way) is one of Betsy's best-loved Westside establishments. "I've become very good friends with her. I've gone to her house to parties."

In response to an obvious question, Betsy scolds gently: "Never ask an actress what she's going to do next. Opera stars say, 'You know, I've got this opera lined up, then this one, then this,' but an actress doesn't usually know. ... I just hope that the next play I'm able to do will have a lot of humanity in it, like this one. It's not enough to get a bunch of laughs. You've got to be touched inside."

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WESTSIDER JAN PEERCE
The man with the golden voice

3-22-80

In December 1979, in a benefit concert at the Alvin Theatre, about a dozen Broadway stars of the past and present strode to the microphone to sing some of the songs they made famous. John Raitt, Alan Jones, Jack Gilford, Michael Moriarty, Delores Wilson and others received waves of enthusiastic applause from the packed house. But when a short, stocky, barrel-chested man with thick eyeglasses and a nose like Jimmy Durante's shuffled to center stage, the audience didn't merely cheer: it erupted. And when 75-year-old Jan Peerce finished his two arias, he was prevailed upon to give the only encore of the evening. Appropriately enough, his choice was "If I Were a Rich Man" from *Fiddler on the Roof*, the show in which he made his Broadway debut at the age of 67.

Although Peerce has been one of America's most beloved singers for almost half a century, it was not for sentimental reasons alone that he was treated with such acclaim that evening. He still has one of the clearest, strongest, sweetest tenor voices in the business, and his repertoire is enormous. Besides arias and showtunes, he performs ballads, German lieder, French contemporary songs, cantorial and oratory music with equal facility. In order to keep his voice in top form, he now limits his concerts to about 50 a year, but last summer, on a tour of Australia, he did 17 concerts in 21 days.

"I vocalize every day of my life, I keep observing the laws of decent living, and I face every booking as it was my first," he says in a recent telephone interview, contacted at his Westside apartment. "I believe in the adage that the show must go on, but you must not go out at the expense of your health, or impair the quality of your voice by singing against nature."

This fall will find him doing a one-man show at Carnegie Hall. In addition to his regular schedule of cross-country concerts, he makes cruises of the Caribbean several times each year aboard the SS Rotterdam.

His parents were Orthodox Jews who had immigrated from Russia, and they were able to afford violin lessons for him by taking in lodgers at the Lower East Side apartment where he grew up. Born under the name Jacob Pincus Perelmuth, he began his career working primarily as a violinist and bandleader in the Catskills. In 1929 he married his childhood sweetheart, Alice Kalmanowitz, and three years later was discovered by the great showman Samuel "Roxy" Rothafel, who hired him as a featured singer at the new Radio City Music Hall.

"People on Broadway said I belonged in opera," recalls Peerce, "and opera people said I belonged on Broadway. But when Roxy gave me my break, things began to happen. And then came Toscanini. He hired me to sing with his NBC Symphony of the Air. And when he accepted me, that sort of clinched things. People said, "If he's good enough for Toscanini, this guy must be good.'"

For 15 years, Arturo Toscanini preferred Peerce to all other tenors in the world. Meanwhile, in 1941, Peerce had joined the Metropolitan Opera. There he sang the major tenor roles up until 1968, when, after losing the sight in one eye, he retired from the Met and began to concentrate on recitals. In 1976 he published his memoirs, *The Bluebird of Happiness*, named after his recording that has sold 1.5 million copies. Peerce has made dozens of other recordings, including many complete operas.

A deeply religious man, long noted for his humanitarian efforts, Peerce is particularly supportive of Bonds for Israel. "My wife Alice is the only woman on the board of governors. She's the chairperson," he says proudly. "It's to help Israel build and keep building, and develop to the point where she belongs. She's growing beautifully, and she will grow even more."

The Peerces, who have two daughters and a son, maintain a house in New Rochelle as well as the Westside apartment that they have had for the past 15 years. Although Jan Peerce stopped playing the violin long ago, he is still a dues-paying member of the local violinists' union. "One day I asked them if they could give me an honorary membership," he chuckles, revealing his famous offbeat humor. "They said they were very sorry, they couldn't do it. I said why not, and they said, 'All our honorary members are dead.'"

Another time, when he was the guest of honor at a dinner party, the hostess, seated next to him, chatted with such energy that Peerce had trouble getting in a single word. He got his chance when the waiter brought around a tray of assorted salad dressings. The gabby woman asked, "Mr. Peerce, how do you usually eat your salad?"

"In complete silence, madame," he replied.

Of the dozens of conductors he has worked with, Peerce is quick to name Toscanini his favorite. "First of all, he was a great man, and second of all, he was a genius musically. He had no tricks, except that he had a certain vision about the music. He made everybody sing or play as the composer meant it to be. And that was the secret of his success. He was an inspiration to anybody who worked with him or under him."

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EASTSIDER GEORGE PLIMPTON
Author, editor and adventurer

2-2-79

It was an unusual statement to come from a man who has made a career out of fearing nothing. "I'm scared to death every time I sit down at a typewriter," confessed George Plimpton, who, in his 20 years as America's foremost "participatory journalist," has played football with the Detroit Lions, fought the light heavyweight champion of the world, pitched to major league baseball players, raced cars internationally, and performed with the New York Philharmonic as a percussionist.

"Sometimes you can do it, and sometimes it's not there," continued Plimpton, leaning back in the desk chair at his Eastside apartment. "It's very hard to work alone. There's the television set, and all these books, and your son and daughter in the next room. Sometimes I have to get away. So I go to bars and I sit in a corner and write. You're trapped in there. There's nothing else to do but write."

As we sat talking, the telephone rang frequently, and Plimpton, apologizing for the interruption, spoke to the callers with widely varying degrees of enthusiasm, but was consistently polite, urbane and witty. I noticed a hint of an English accent in his voice — the result of his early education at St. Bernard's School on the Upper East Side, followed much later by four years of study in England. It is easy to imagine him stepping into a boxing ring like an English gentleman, calmly lacing on his gloves for a friendly bout.

Which is precisely what he did in 1959 when, for the purpose of one of his countless stories for *Sports Illustrated*, he took on Archie Moore, then king of the light heavyweight division, for a three-round exhibition match in New York. Since that time, Plimpton has never lost his interest in boxing. A close friend of Muhammad Ali's who has followed the champion around the world, he made Ali the chief character of his book *Shadow Box*, which came out in paperback this month from Berkley. As with most of Plimpton's works, the story is told with an abundance of humor.

Currently at work on three new books, Plimpton emphasized that he writes on many subjects outside of sports. A lifelong friend of the Kennedy family, he has co-authored an oral history volume titled *American Journey: The Times of Robert F. Kennedy*. He is an associate editor of *Harper's* magazine and a regular contributor to the *International Food & Wine Review*. His first love, in fact, seems to be not sports at all, but the *Paris Review*, a magazine for up-and-coming serious writers that he has edited since its creation in 1953. One of the most important literary magazines in the English-speaking world, the *Paris Review* is published four times a year as a 175-page journal devoted almost exclusively to fiction and poetry.

His hair is mostly silver now, and there are creases starting to appear on his ruggedly handsome face, but Plimpton, at 52, is still the same larger than-life, charismatic figure he has been since he came

to national attention in 1961 with the publication of *Out of My League*, a book about his foray into major league baseball. *Paper Lion* (1966), which told of his brief career as a quarterback with the Detroit Lions, cemented his reputation as the nation's most realistic sportswriter. His other books include *The Bogey Man*, *One More July*, and *Mad Ducks and Bears*. As a lecturer, he is in demand all over the country. He and his wife Freddy have been married for 11 years.

Born in New York City, he grew up around 98th Street and 5th Avenue, attended Harvard University (where he edited the *Harvard Lampoon*), and spent three years in the Army before heading for England to study at King's College, Cambridge. During an Easter vacation there, he joined some friends in Paris to discuss the launching of the literary magazine he has guided ever since.

In 1979, said Plimpton with a grin, "I'm supposed to manage the New York Yankees for a day, and go through the whole procedure of being fired by George Steinbrenner. I hope it's followed by a beer commercial with Billy Martin."

Asked about his attachment to the East Side, Plimpton stressed his fondness for the city as a whole. "In the last couple of years, there's been an enormous rebirth of excitement about living in the city. ... I think Mayor [Ed] Koch has a lot to do with pulling it up. He seems to fit everywhere. If I saw him twirling up a pancake dough in a pizza shop on Broadway, or driving a 5th Avenue bus, or carrying a briefcase into 20 Exchange Place, I wouldn't be surprised. He's a quintessential New Yorker."

When my visit with Plimpton was about to end, I couldn't resist testing him with my favorite sports question: "Who was the only man to play for the Boston Red Sox, the Boston Patriots and the Boston Bruins?" He couldn't guess. The answer, I told him, was a guy named John Kiley, who played the national anthem on the organ.

But Plimpton got the last word in.

"Who was the only man to play for the Boston Bruins and the Boston Celtics?" he asked. I said I didn't know. He smiled and replied: "George Plimpton."

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EASTSIDER OTTO PREMINGER
Rebel filmmaker returns with *The Human Factor*

1-26-80

On the cover of his 1977 autobiography *Preminger*, he is described as "Hollywood's most tempestuous director" and "the screen's stormiest rebel." But today, at 73, the years appear to have caught up with Otto Preminger, the Austrian-born director and actor who came to the U.S. in 1935 and met success after success, both in movies and on Broadway.

He became the first producer/director to make major motion pictures independently of the giant studios, and with such films as *Forever Amber*, *The Moon is Blue* and *The Man with the Golden Arm*, won precedent-settling battles with censorship boards that established new artistic freedom for filmmakers.

Between 1959 and 1963 he produced and directed, in succession, *Porgy and Bess*, *Anatomy of a Murder*, *Exodus*, *Advice and Consent*, and *The Cardinal*. After that his career took a dip, and since 1971 he has released but a single movie, *Rosebud* (1975), which marked the screenwriting debut of his son *Erik Lee Preminger* and the acting debut of a New Yorker named John Lindsay, the city's former mayor.

In February, Preminger's 33rd film, *The Human Factor*, is scheduled to open in New York and across the country. Based on a best-selling novel by Graham Greene, *The Human Factor* is the suspenseful story of a black South African woman (played by fashion model Iman) who marries a white secret agent (Nicol Williamson). Filmed mainly in the English countryside, the movie deals with the agent's allegiance to the man who helps his wife to escape from South Africa. Persuaded to become a double agent, he ends up in Moscow, separated from the one person he loves. The novel's title underlines the fact that bureaucracy can never be all-powerful: there is always the human factor.

Preminger, seated at his huge palette-shaped desk of white marble in the lavishly furnished projection room on the uppermost floor of his Eastside town house, admits that he sank over $2 million of his own money into the picture when his signed backers failed to come through. "Everybody in Europe lies about money," says Preminger in his deep, German accented voice. "I originally wanted to sue them, but suing doesn't make sense unless you are sure they have money. So I inquired from my Swiss lawyer, and they didn't have money in Switzerland. You see, in Switzerland, the advantage of the

Swiss law is that is you sue somebody, all his assets are frozen immediately. ... Luckily enough, I had two houses that I wanted to sell in the south of France. ... At least I own the whole film. The question is now only: Will the picture be a big success as I hope, or not? That is always the main thing."

The nattily dressed Preminger, a tall, large man whose distinguished features and totally bald head give the opposite impression of his slow movement and somewhat frail appearance, revealed that the film's African scenes had to be shot in Kenya rather than South Africa "because they said they must see what I am shooting, and if they don't like it, they will confiscate it. They said, 'People in bed you can't shoot.' Then I went to Kenya, where there is a black government, and they didn't even ask for the script. They said I could have anything I want."

Asked whether any memorable events took place during the filming, Preminger snaps, "Even if there were, I don't remember. After I have made a picture and I have seen it maybe two, three times with an audience, I deliberately detach myself, because I don't want it to influence my next picture. As a matter of fact, a few months ago, my wife was dressing to go out, and I turned on the television and saw one of my old pictures. I recognized it, but we had to leave before it was finished. I still don't know how it ends."

As for Preminger's love life, he writes in his autobiography: "I have a reputation with women which is not entirely deserved, though it is true that I had my share of them, some of them stars."

In 1944 he had a three-week love affair with Gypsy Rose Lee that resulted in the birth of his son Erik Lee Preminger. The boy didn't find out the identity of his real father until the age of 18. They were reunited four years later, and liked each other immediately. Preminger legally adopted Erik, who is currently in Los Angeles writing a biography of his late mother.

Preminger and his third wife, a former costume designer named Hope Bryce, to whom he has been married since 1959, are the parents of 19 year-old twins, Victoria and Mark. An Upper Eastsider for two decades, Preminger includes among his favorite restaurants Caravelle, Le Cirque and 21, where agent Irving "Swifty" Lazar once broke a glass over his head that took 51 stitches to close.

An unabashed admirer of luxury, Preminger remains unruffled when questioned about how his fancy Eastside pad is in line with the philosophy stated in his autobiography that "my real reward is my work itself. Success matters only because without it, one cannot continue to work."

"I could live without it," he says with a shrug. "I like to give my family luxuries, but I could easily live in one furnished room and be also happy."

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WESTSIDER CHARLES RANGEL
Congressman of the 19th District

8-26-78

The dividing line of New York's 19th Congressional District twists and loops through upper Manhattan like a traveler who has lost his way. From the corner of 62nd Street and Central Park West, the boundary turns sharply at Amsterdam Avenue and extends northward to 164th Street, then follows the East River shoreline south to Roosevelt Island, taking in all of Harlem and a large chunk of the East Side.

This is the area that U.S. Congressman Charles Rangel has represented ever since he was sent to Washington in 1971, after defeating the colorful and controversial Adam Clayton Powell Jr. in the Democratic primary. Today, as firmly in control of the seat as Powell was during his height of popularity, Congressman Rangel stands virtually unopposed in his quest for a fifth term.

"I have received the Democratic endorsement, the Republican endorsement, and the Liberal endorsement," says Rangel one Friday afternoon at the towering State Office Building on 125th Street. "I am assuming that the Socialist Workers Party and the Communist Party will be filing. They normally do. In the last election I got 96.4 percent of the vote."

Whereas the late Powell had wide appeal only among the city's blacks, Rangel gained the support of many Harlem residents plus a large majority of liberal whites on the upper West Side. It was they who provided him with a 150-vote margin of victory over Powell in 1970. In the present 95th Congress, Rangel has had the most liberal voting record of any congressman from New York state. And while he has continued to give a great deal of attention to Harlem's problems of health care, unemployment and drugs, Rangel has recently had more demands placed on his time as a member of the powerful House Ways and Means Committee. The first black ever to serve on the committee, he is currently 11th in

seniority and will be seventh in the next Congress.

In his New York office, where he generally spends two days per week, Rangel appears surprisingly fresh and relaxed at the end of a working day. As we settle into the interview, the elegantly dressed congressman with the graying moustache and the rasping voice proves himself very much the politician. He uses each question as a springboard to launch into his favorite topics — for example, his access to President Carter.

Because of his various committee assignments and his strong support of most of Carter's policies, says Rangel, "I am forced to meet with the president more than probably many other members of Congress. I often stop by the White House on my way to the office." Rangel also likes to talk about Chip Carter, the president's son, who is involved in a project called City in Schools, designed to upgrade the neighborhoods outside certain schools. Chip has taken a special interest in Harlem, and one school in particular near Morningside Park. "I am confident that with Chip Carter's help, and with my help, Morningside Park will soon show some improvements. I hope that Columbia University will assist us too."

When asked about the unusual shape of the 19th Congressional District, Rangel says, "The reason for it is that as we find populations expanding, we don't find the size or the numbers of the members of Congress expanding. We used to have half a dozen members of Congress representing different parts of Manhattan. Now we're down to three — me, Green, and Weiss. If you break it down, you can see that Adam Clayton Powell's district used to be just Harlem."

As a member of the House Select Committee on Narcotics and Drugs, says Rangel, "I have gone to Moscow, to try to encourage them to do more in the area of controlling opium. I have been to Thailand for the same reason. ... That's one area in which I have great disappointment in this administration. I find efforts of Nixon's to be greater than Carter's. The Office of Drug Abuse was disbanded by Carter."

Another field in which he finds Carter at fault is health care. "I support Kennedy's proposal," said the congressman. "There's no question that, for anti-inflation reasons, the president has put his national health program on the back burner. But to think that any program could be directly controlled by economic needs rather than by the medical needs of the people is something I cannot accept."

The ultraliberal Rangel, one of the most vociferous supporters of U.S. Ambassador Andrew Young, still lives in the same building where he was born 48 years ago, whenever he's not in Washington. He dropped out of high school to enlist in the Army and spent four years compiling a distinguished service record, including a presidential citation and three battle stars. Once he returned to New York, Rangel completed high school, went to college, and entered law school on a full scholarship. He was admitted to the bar in 1960; in 1966 he was elected to the first of two terms in the New York State Assembly.

Married and with two children, Congressman Rangel believes that his future lies primarily in the Ways and Means Committee, which handles such giant concerns as taxes, trade, health insurance, social security and welfare. In order to maintain his popularity throughout the 19th Congressional District, he must continue to support those programs that benefit his constituents in both Harlem and the Upper West Side. How can this be done? "If we're going to use the tax system to make incentives for the business community to help the economy," he replies, "we need to bring the disadvantaged into the mainstream."

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WESTSIDER JOE RAPOSO
Golden boy of American composers

2-23-80

Sing, sing a song
Sing out loud, sing out strong
Sing of good things, not bad
Sing of happy, not sad
Sing, sing a song
Make it simple
To last your whole life long
Don't worry that it's not good enough
For anyone else to hear
Just sing, sing a song.

Joe Raposo wrote those words, along with their music, on a January morning in New York City, about 10 years ago. "It was," he recalls, "as succinctly and as economically and precisely as I could embody a

philosophy of life in a song. 'Sing' is my philosophy of life, period. … I remember leaving the studio and walking up Sixth Avenue saying, 'If that isn't a hit song, I know absolutely nothing about it.'"

The boyish, roly-poly, 40-year-old songwriter, whose incredibly crowded career has included the writing of five movie scores and more than 350 songs recorded by the likes of Frank Sinatra, Barbra Streisand, Tony Bennett and Tom Jones, was right about "Sing." When Karen Carpenter's single went platinum in 1974, that was only the beginning.

"It's one of the most recorded songs in the world," says Joe. "I think there are something like 180 versions of it, in just about every major language. … Lawrence Welk recently did this hit parade of songs of the decade, and the number one song of the decade was 'Sing.'"

We're riding in a limousine along Fifth Avenue. Joe has requested to be interviewed while he attends to some gift shopping. Because of a temporary leg injury, he has hired a limousine for the afternoon. As we go from store to store, Joe greets the merchants by name, then answers questions into a tape recorder while waiting for his merchandise.

Long noted for his musical versatility, Raposo grew up in Fall River, Massachusetts, the only child of a classical musician father and a piano playing mother. "I learned counterpoint at the age of 6 or so by wandering around the concert hall as my father rehearsed Mozart." His parents taught him piano, violin and bass viol. At Harvard University he began to write and direct his own musicals. Soon after moving to New York City in 1966, he had all the work he could handle as musical director, composer and lyricist for both television and the stage. He is the recipient of three Emmy Awards and an Oscar nomination. As a record producer, he has won four Grammy Awards.

"It's Not Easy Bein' Green," one of many songs he wrote for the *Sesame Street* TV show, has become the international anthem for the Girl Scouts of America. Another Raposo hit, "You Will Be My Music," brought Sinatra out of retirement several years ago. His *Sesame Street Fever* disco album has sold more than a million copies.

An album of all-Raposo music recorded by the Boston Pops in 1976 led to a commission from the Boston Symphony Orchestra for an orchestral and choral work. The result is a 12-to-14-minute oratorio titled *From the Diary of Johann Sutter*, about the man whose quiet farm became the epicenter of the California Gold Rush.

"It's the darndest story ever. Because it tells how a man who's a tremendous idealist came to this country from Switzerland to found a new utopian agrarian state, with cattle and fields of grain, and vineyards. … When the Gold Rush started, Sutter's whole society was ruined. And it is an incredible parallel for our time, in that our pursuit of material goods tends to make us forget all the natural, beautiful things that surround us.

"Sheldon Harnick has done a wonderfully literate libretto. It premieres this spring in Boston. Sheldon and I have been talking about the possibility of expansion, but we have a musical to write first based on *It's A Wonderful Life*, the Frank Capra movie."

At the same time, Raposo is collaborating with Hal David on another musical and writing songs for a sequel to *The Muppet Movie*. But with all his success, Joe admits to having "a trunk of songs that are unrecorded, and many of them I feel are right up on a par with anything I've ever done. But they sit there and nobody grabs them. You have to wait. … A lot of people think, 'Oh, if I only had the talent to write a hit song.' But writing a great song isn't enough: you have to get the right recording at the right time."

Apart from being a creative artist and a practical businessman, Joe has an active family life. Married for the past four years to beautiful Pat Collins of ABC-TV's *Good Morning America*, he has custody of two sons from a previous marriage. The eldest, 16-year-old Joseph, is already making waves as a bass player, both electric and orchestral. Joe and Pat also have a 3-year-old daughter of their own.

An admirer of President Carter since 1975, Joe wrote the music for Carter's campaign song the following year, and has done so again for 1980.

In his infrequent spare time Joe loves "tinkering — banging nails into things, and building stuff. I'm a pretty handy carpenter, a fair electrician." With a mischievous smile he adds: "As a matter of fact, sometimes I think I should go into that full-time, because the music business is chancy."

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WESTSIDER MASON REESE

Not just another kid

6-4-77

"Mason, I've got two very very important pieces of advice to give you," Milton Berle told the youngster when they first met. "Don't believe in Hollywood party promises; and practice, practice and rehearse."

Uncle Miltie's words have been a useful lesson for Mason Reese, the boy wonder of television. In 1973, at the age of 7, Mason skyrocketed to fame by winning a Clio Award for best male in a TV commercial. In the same year he co-hosted the *Mike Douglas Show* for a week and became a children's reporter for WNBC-TV. His picture appeared in *Time*, *Newsweek*, and on the cover of *TV Guide*. Mason's unique face and voice became known to millions.

Since that time, however, there have been a few disappointments mixed in with the triumphs. At 11, Mason is wiser and more philosophical about show business. Along with his parents, he has learned not to place faith in verbal agreements, as Berle cautioned.

The Reeses welcome me into their West End Avenue home. As I take a seat beside the "borgasmord kid" and look around me at the Chagall prints, Bill and Sonia, Mason's parents, pull up armchairs to listen in and help out.

But during the interview, Mason needs no more help with his answers than he did with his first audition at age 5, when he beat out 600 other children to become the spokesman for Ivory Snow. After that he endorsed such products as Ralston Purina, Thick and Frosty, and Underwood Meat Spread, winning a total of seven Clios to date. He's been co-host with Mike Douglas for three weeks and has appeared as a television guest with countless other celebrities.

One of my first questions is about children's rights. "I think children have enough rights as it is," he says. "They're with their families, they go to school, they have the pleasure of learning. … and they realize that when they grow up they'll be able to have more and more fun, as long as they don't go on a mad rampage when they're kids."

Which type of people are most likely to grab him or pick him up? "It's always the middle-aged Italian ladies and the Jewish grandmothers," he says authoritatively. "Some people don't want to treat a kid like a human being. They want them like a puppy dog; instead of petting, it's pinching."

When it comes time to talk about Mason's not-so-successful ventures, Bill — a producer of audiovisual shows and an expert in 3-D design work — takes over. He tells about the Broadway show that was written and ready to go, with Mason as one of the leads, that folded up and disappeared without warning or explanation. He tells about the ABC pilot titled *Mason*, which cost $250,000 to make and was never televised; about the movie offers that were never followed through; about the *Howard Cosell Show* — with Mason as co-host — that was canceled shortly after it began.

In spite of these setbacks, Mason recently did some Munchkins commercials for Dunkin' Donuts and will go to California this summer to do some ads for Birdseye frozen french fries.

While the Reeses remain optimistic about the future, they try not to build up their hopes on a new project unless it is something solid. For show business is, after all, a business.

Mason has lived on the West Side for all of his 11 years. "I don't seem to understand why everyone thinks the East Side is classier," he says. "I think they're friendlier people on the West Side, because people on the East Side get snobby. Most of my friends are on the West Side."

His favorite eating places? "I love the Greek restaurants — the Four Brothers (87th & Broadway) and the Argo (72nd & Columbus). Greeks are okay, aren't they mom? I like restaurants that are a little bit dumpy, without much decor."

When I run out of questions, I ask Mason if there are any other comments he wants to make. "I think you've asked what everyone else has asked," he replies honestly. And then with a smile: "Except that I've given you different answers.

"Wait, there's one thing," he goes on. "I'd like my allowance raised to five dollars." Then, leaning back on the, sofa looking as content as a man celebrating his 100th birthday, he adds: "I've really had no gripes in life. Except that I'd like people to stop calling me a midget, and to stop pinching me."

Some people who have never met Mason Reese in person unfairly assume that he is a spoiled brat with pushy, exploitive parents. In fact, Bill and Sonia are warm, creative people who are fully aware of the great responsibility they have in bringing up their extraordinary son. Mason is not only brilliant, but

a gentleman. He should be making movies, and with a bit of luck, he will be, soon. Having met him, I can only repeat — not improve on — the words of Tony Randall: "I tell you this with neither hesitation nor embarrassment. … I'm a fan of his for life."

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WESTSIDER MARTY REISMAN
America's best-loved ping-pong player

6-10-78

Marty Reisman was ready for *The Tonight Show*. But was *The Tonight Show* ready for Marty Reisman?

In a recent TV appearance, his name was announced and he started across the stage toward the desk of guest host John Davidson. Then suddenly he seemed to get lost in the floodlights. For a few seconds the television audience didn't know what was happening. An anonymous cameraman raced out of the wings to guide Marty to his destination.

"My gosh, that's never happened before," laughed Davidson. But Marty's humorous stumbling may well have been part of his act because, as America's best-loved table tennis player, he very often does things that haven't been done before. On *The Tonight Show* he returned shots with his foot and behind his back, broke a cigarette with his slam shot (that has been clocked at 105 miles per hour), and soon had Davidson sprawled across the table trying to reach shots that came back of their own.

At 48, Reisman (rhymes with "policeman") is still the nation's highest paid Ping-Pong player in exhibitions. The stunts that he has developed over the past 30 years make his games pure entertainment. But Marty is more than a player; he is a personality, a man with a thousand stories to tell, and an instant friend to the people who visit his table tennis center on 96th Street just west of Broadway.

"I feel I'm moving with the times," he remarks, late one evening at the center. "When from an athletic professional point of view some people would think about retirement, my career is on the point of fresh blossoming." He is referring to the fact that his autobiography, *The Money Player*, published in 1974, is now being converted into a movie script. And other things are happening. Several months ago his table tennis parlor was the scene of a unique recording session — a piece of music titled *Tournament Overture for Flute, Cello, Synthesizer, and Two Ping-Pong Players*, composed especially for Reisman. The event was followed by a regular tournament. And this fall Marty has a long-range exhibition tour lined up.

"I started playing on the Lower East Side, about 1942," he says. "A year later, at the age of 13, I was the New York City Junior Champion. … At 17, I represented the United States in the World Championship which was held in London, at Wembley Stadium. There were 10,000 people watching. I lost in the quarterfinals. … The next year I made it to the semifinals and received a rating of number three in the world."

That year, 1949, was probably the peak of Marty's career from a purely athletic standpoint, although he was good enough to win the U.S. Championship in 1958 and 1960. What distinguishes him from other players, however, is the variety and richness of his experiences in the world of Ping-Pong. For three years he toured with the Harlem Globetrotters as their star attraction at halftime. He spent several years in the Far East as well, and was in Hanoi when the French were defeated at Dien Bien Phu. Altogether he has played in 65 countries, and has picked up such titles as South American Champion, Canadian Champion, and British Champion.

He once taught the game to a chimpanzee; the chimp managed to return the ball up to four times in a row. "But the most astounding thing about him," recalls Marty, "was his short span of attention. When the ball was about an inch from his racket, he'd turn his head away and get smacked in the face."

As the title of his autobiography indicates, Marty has also been known to place a wager on occasion. "I've hustled when I've had to," he confesses. "But it hasn't been my way of life. I don't misrepresent myself. I play against the best players in the world, all over the world. Wherever I am, I create the drama, the action, the excitement, because of the large sums of money I bet." In one of his biggest hustles he flew to Omaha, Nebraska, under the guise of a baby crib salesman, to help a man who had been hustled himself. Reisman played for $1,000 a game and emerged from the contest 14 games ahead.

West 96th Street has long been a hotbed of table tennis activity. A Ping Pong parlor opened there in 1934, and Marty took it over in 1958. Today, many of the world's great players stop by for a game when

they visit New York. Dustin Hoffman, Walter Matthau, Bobby Fischer and Art Carney have played there also. Marty's regular customers range from 8-year-old boys to a man of 83 who plays twice a week. The center opens in the afternoon and doesn't close until 3:30 in the morning, seven days a week. "I live on the West Side and so do most of my friends," says Marty.

A man has been standing nearby during the interview; Marty introduces him as Bill, his former manager.

"Manager?" snorts the man with a gruff smile. "He can't be managed. Human beings can be managed, but Reisman is something different. If he says 'I'll be there at 3 o'clock' he might show up at 4 — the next day. But," he concedes, "if Marty didn't have those idiosyncracies, he wouldn't have those rare talents."

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WESTSIDER RUGGIERO RICCI
World's most-recorded violinist

3-3-79

It was Sunday, October 20, 1929. Four days later, on Black Thursday, Wall Street would be rocked by the biggest losses in its history and the nation would be plunged into its greatest crisis since the Civil War. But October 20 still belonged to the Roaring Twenties, and on that date the most highly publicized event to take place in Manhattan was a violin concert by a 9-year-old wunderkind named Ruggiero Ricci, who delivered a flawless performance of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto and was lauded as a genius by the city's leading music critics. That concert made Ricci's career; in the 10 years that followed, the boy virtuoso earned an annual salary higher than that of the president of the United States.

The story might have ended there, but unlike most prodigies, who burn themselves out early, Ruggiero Ricci has continued to grow in stature as an artist. Since the 1940s he has been considered one of the greatest living violinists, and, with more than 500 recordings to his credit, he is the most-recorded soloist, instrumental or vocal, in the world today. Especially in demand abroad, he has made five trips to Australia and three to the Soviet Union, where he was obliged to play nine encores at his debut appearance. Twenty of his concerts in West Germany were sold out a year in advance, and more than a dozen of his South American tours have been sellouts as well.

"I travel most of the year, except maybe a month off in the summer," says Ricci, a short, good-humored man of 60 with large, sparkling eyes, jet black brows, and a soft, slightly accented voice that sounds as if he were born in Europe. He sits curled up in a corner of the couch in his magnificent Westside apartment. "I dislike to travel. In the old days, there were a lot of airplane breakdowns, and we were always hung up in airports waiting for them to fix the plane. Today they have all these hijacking searches. You have to go through the machines; they have these enormous lines. And when you get to the hotel, there's a line a mile long."

He believes that Russian audiences are "the best public in the world. They don't applaud between the movements, like they do in New York. … It's always interesting to visit a place for the first time. I don't want to go to Russia so much anymore. We found out it's boring. There's nothing to do. And it's not much fun. There's no tipping, so the hotel service is very bad. It takes an hour to get breakfast; you can sit there and be completely ignored by the waiter. To make a telephone call: it's easier to go to the moon."

Ricci's repertoire, which includes more than 60 concertos from the 17th to the 20th centuries, is the largest of any violinist's now before the public. This calls for a lot of practice. "When you're a kid," says Ricci, "you hate to practice. And when you're a grownup, practice is a pleasure. It lets you escape all the other junk. … I don't have any trouble practicing in this building, because the old buildings have heavy walls. But if you want to practice in a hotel, that's hard. Sometimes you can use a mute. Or you turn on the television. Then they don't complain. If they hear a fiddle, they complain."

Ricci has two major concerts in New York this year. The first will take place at Carnegie Hall on Saturday, March 3, when Ricci will join such celebrities as Andres Segovia, Yehudi Menuhin, Jose Ferrer, Jean-Pierre Rampal, and Peter Ustinov for a historic musical program to commemorate the 15th anniversary of Symphonicum Europae, a foundation whose aim is to promote international understanding and cooperation by sponsoring performances in every country.

Ricci's other New York concert will mark another anniversary. It will be on October 20th — 50 years to the day since he took the city by storm. "The early concerts I remember very well," says the maestro, who was born in San Francisco to a family of Italian immigrants. "For most prodigies, the problem is

the parents. My father just wasn't every smart about how to handle me. Nowadays they don't have prodigies anymore because there isn't any profit in it. In the old days, a kid could get $2,500 to $3000 dollars a night. Everybody had their kid study."

None of his five children has turned out to be a prodigy, but three of them are already professionals in the performing arts. Ricci's slender, attractive wife, Julia, is an active participant in his career. Westsiders for many years, the Riccis enjoy such local restaurants as La Tablita, Alfredo's and the Cafe des Artistes.

Asked what he likes best about his career, Ricci says it is making recordings. "It's more leisurely. You don't have all the headaches. ... The newest development is direct-to-disc records. The music goes straight from the mike into the cutting head master, and there's no way to erase. If it's a 20-minute recording and you make a mistake on the 19th minute, you have to start over. I just finished recording the *Paganini Caprices* on direct-to-disc. It's coming out this month. The caprices are very rarely performed in public, because they're so difficult."

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WESTSIDER BUDDY RICH
Monarch of the drums

1-5-80

"Mediocrity has no place in my life," says fast-talking, hard-driving Buddy Rich, wrapped in a bathrobe at his luxurious Westside apartment. "Anybody who is expert at what they do, I admire, whether it's drumming, tennis, or whatever. If they do it at the top of their form, constantly, I become a fan."

Dragging deeply on his cigarette, the man whom critics and fellow jazz artists have frequently called the greatest drummer in the world — perhaps of all time — dismisses such labels with something approaching annoyance.

"I don't think anybody is the best of anything in the world. Babe Ruth's record was broken, Joe Louis was knocked out. ... I'd rather not be the world's greatest anything. I'd rather be what I am, which is a good drummer."

It is an unexpected statement to come from a bandleader and drummer known more for arrogance than modesty, but in an hour-long interview, Buddy's complex personality unfolds itself in all its richness, and he proves to be far more than a flamboyant, free-thinking musician who pulls no punches.

In Buddy's hands, a snare drum comes to life: it whispers, shouts, purrs, snarls, chuckles, gasps or roars, as the mood of the music strikes him. He began playing in 1921 at the age of 4, when his parents — vaudeville actors from Brooklyn — included him in their act and then made him the star. By the age of 7 he had toured the world as "Traps, the Drum Wonder." At 15, he was second only to Jackie Coogan as the highest-paid child performer in America. He began recording in 1937, joined bands headed by Artie Shaw and Tommy Dorsey, and finally formed his own band in 1946. Over the next 20 years, as both a drummer/bandleader and as the highest-paid sideman in the business, he made hundreds of recordings with some of the biggest names in the history of jazz — Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Oscar Peterson, Lionel Hampton, Count Basie, Harry James, Thelonius Monk.

Then in 1966 he formed his current band, the 15-man Buddy Rich Orchestra. In December he brought the band to the chic, newly remodeled Grand Finale on West 70th Street. Seated at his drums in the center of the orchestra, he effortlessly mixes snare, tom-tom, bass drum and cymbals in a whirling, benumbing mass of sound.

Back in his huge living room, which is decorated much like a summer house in Newport, Rhode Island, Buddy says that his nightclub gigs are rare. "We do about nine months on the road, which includes Europe and the Orient. All the cities of this country. Most of the tours I'm on are 90 percent concert halls and schools. ... The main reason is educational. It's good for the young people to discover all of a sudden that music isn't just a guitar and a drum and a bad out-of-tune singer. ... I think as young people become more sophisticated in their tastes, they begin to realize that jazz is just as high an art form as classical music."

One of his chief gripes about jazz in America, he explains in a voice as rough as sandpaper, is that "during the season you might see 15 or 20 award shows on television dedicated to country and western slop, but you'll never see a jazz presentation in its true form. When there's an extended piece of music, they usually cloud it up with dancing girls and trick lighting and anything that distracts from the music, instead of presenting the music as the attraction, the way they do in Europe."

Another sore spot is the 55-mile-per-hour speed limit. "I'm heavily into sports cars; I used to race long ago. I find that the restrictions placed on us today are insane, contradictory, and hypocritical. ... I don't know anyone on the highway who actually does 55 miles an hour, and it's just another way of making money for the state or the local community, and I think it's no better than a *ing stickup!"

He doesn't keep any drums in the apartment, and never practices. "I want my days to be as a man, and I want my nights to be as a working man. In the day, I exercise, I do karate — I have a black belt — and totally disengage myself from the person I am at night." His apartment is shared by Buddy's wife Marie and their 25-year-old daughter Cathy, a singer.

"My wife is just as beautiful today as she was the day I married her," Buddy says proudly. "She used to be in pictures, but she gave it up when we married. Now she's a wife and a female and a woman, and she's not into ERA and she's not into 'I got my thing man and you got your thing.' She's a woman, and wears dresses so that I know she's a woman. That's what I like."

He often performs free at prisons and hospitals, but refuses to give details. "I do these things for the good that it does for me," he asserts. "To have someone write about it takes the goodness away from it. I'd rather not have anybody know what I do as long as I know."

Buddy suffered a heart attack in 1959 and has had others since, but apart from giving up liquor, he has made few adjustments in his whirlwind lifestyle. "I really don't think of past illnesses," he declares. "I think I'm healthier and stronger today than I've ever been in my life. I smoke more now, and I run around more, and I do more exercise. I don't put too much reality into warnings about 'don't do this and don't do that.' Do what you have to do, and do it. If you cut out — it was time."

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WESTSIDER GERALDO RIVERA
Broadcaster, author and humanitarian

6-2-79

>From hundreds of local television stations across the nation, many personalities have risen up through the ranks to become national figures on network, but few have risen to far or so fast as Geraldo Rivera.

In 1969, the year he graduated from Brooklyn Law School, Rivera decided to become a poor people's lawyer, and over the next 12 months he took part in 50 trials, most of them in criminal courts. Then his career took an abrupt turn: in June 1970 he was offered a job at WABC-TV's *Eyewitness News*, and Rivera quickly accepted. His aggressive, probing style, matchless reportorial skills, and charismatic presence gained him the Associated Press' first-place citation as top newsman of 1971 — an award he received three more times in the next four years.

In 1975 he became the traveling co-host of *Good Morning America* on ABC network; in the 20 months that followed, his assignments took him to more than two dozen countries. Continuing his upward climb, he was next transferred to the *ABC Evening News* with Barbara Walters and Harry Reasoner. Finally in 1978, he was named to his present position — as special correspondent for *20/20*, ABC's weekly hour-long news magazine show.

Over the past nine years, Rivera's special reports have earned him virtually all the major awards in broadcast journalism, including several Emmys. It was one of his earliest documentaries, however, that brought him the most recognition. Titled *Willowbrook: The Last Great Disgrace*, the 1972 expose focused on the conditions at Staten Island's Willowbrook institution for the mentally retarded. The broadcast resulted in an unprecedented response from viewers. So many offers of assistance poured in that Rivera was able to set up a national organization known as One to One, whose goal is to give ongoing, individualized attention to retarded persons. Since 1973, One to One has raised more than $2 million, and helped to build almost 60 group homes throughout the New York metropolitan area, each housing approximately 12 retarded persons of the same general age range.

On June 6 from 8 to 10:30 p.m., One to One will present a TV special that will combine top entertainment with personal accounts of retarded people, their parents, and the role of the media in helping to shape public awareness. The entertainers include Paul McCartney and Wings, Neil Sedaka, Debby Boone, Ed Asner, Angela Lansbury and the Captain & Tennille. Geraldo Rivera shares the emceeing chores with his ABC colleague John Johnson.

"The show will be both taped and live," says Rivera in an interview at his West 60th Street office. "We've designed the program so that it's not a classic telethon where every two seconds they say, 'Please send us your money.'"

Among the more dramatic moments is a tape of the Seventh Annual Wall Street Charity Fund Boxing Match, which raised thousands of dollars for One to One. "For the first year, I'm not the main event," comments Rivera, who scored a technical knockout over his opponent in 1978. "My nose was broken last year, and they took out all the scar tissue. They decided that my nose had given enough for the cause."

He learned most of his boxing "just street fighting growing up." Born 35 years ago on the Lower East Side to a Puerto Rican father and a Jewish mother, he was christened Gerald Rivers and hispanicized his name while in college. There are no scars on his ruggedly handsome face. With his neatly styled hair, easy smile, and air of casual masculinity — one of his favorite outfits is a denim jacket over a T-shirt — Rivera could easily pass for a professional athlete turned matinee idol. Yet it is primarily his literary ability, combined with a sentimentality backed up by facts, that has made him a type of media folk hero. His documentaries have earned him 78 humanitarian awards.

In addition to his more than 3,000 news stories, Rivera has written four books, including one on Willowbrook. "I've been back there many times, and it still stinks — literally and figuratively," says Rivera in his customary vibrant tone. "But it's now a much smaller place. Willowbrook started with 6,500 people, and now it's well under a thousand. It has become, in fact, one of the better institutions. But institutions are not the answer. There's no such thing as a good big institution."

With his commitments as chairman of One to One, his heavy travel schedule for *20/20*, and his new daily commentary on ABC Radio, Rivera likes to spend free evenings at home with his wife Sheri at their apartment near Lincoln Center. A Westsider since 1975, he names the Ginger Man and the Cafe des Artistes as his favorite dining spots.

Asked about the biggest difference between his present career and his earlier career as a lawyer, Rivera says: "Now I have the power to cause positive change in a dramatic way. When you have an audience of tens of millions of people, it's a multiple in terms of influence and impact, and the effective delivery of information. As a broadcaster, I've found that one person can make a difference."

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WESTSIDER NED ROREM
Author and Pulitzer Prize-winning composer

6-17-78

The world has always been fascinated by artists who excel in more than one field. There was Richard Wagner, for example, who wrote the words and the music to all his operas. Cole Porter and Bob Dylan are two others who have proven their mastery of both language and composition.

But while these three men combined their talents to produce great songs,
Ned Rorem has employed his musical and literary gifts in a different way.
By keeping the two separate, he has gained a huge reputation as a
composer of serious music and also as a prose writer of formidable style.
In 1976 he won the Pulitzer Prize for music. And last month Simon and
Schuster published his eighth book, *An Absolute Gift*.

At 54, Rorem has become somewhat of a fixture on the New York artistic scene, who no longer sparks the controversy that he once did. But in Paris, where he spent nine years during his early career in the 1950s, Rorem was as well-known for his socializing as for his music. With his handsome, youthful good looks and boyish charm, his biting wit, and his wide knowledge of the arts, he became a close companion of many of the leading literary and musical figures of France.

His recollections of those years were carefully recorded in his first book, *The Paris Diary*, published in 1966 amid fanfare on both sides of the Atlantic. It was quickly followed by *The New York Diary*, which was more popular still. Since then, Rorem's books have appeared at fairly regular intervals, all of them either diaries or essays, or a combination of both.

In print, Rorem comes across as being somewhat disillusioned with life and art. In person, however, he is a warm, sincere host. With a tendency toward shyness that does not come through in his books. Rorem makes all of his remarks so matter-of-factly that nothing he says seems vicious or outrageous.

Leaning back on the sofa of his large Westside apartment, with one hand resting against his chin and the other stroking his pet cat Wallace, Rorem answers one of the first questions saying that yes, he is upset by the negative review that *An Absolute Gift* received in the *New York Times*.

"A bad review in the Times can kill a book," he explains. "It killed my last book. And I don't think it's

fair that they gave my new book to the same reviewer. He made some of the same statements that he did last time, with almost the same wording. But just today I got a very good review from the *Washington Post*. And I hope there will be something in the *New York Review of Books*. That's even more important than the *Times*."

Rorem is considerably more versatile as a composer than as a writer. His output includes five operas, three symphonies, and "literally hundreds of vocal pieces for solo voice and ensembles of various sizes. And instrumental music of every description." He is considered by many to be the world's greatest living composer of art songs. Generally he sets other people's words to music. Asked for the definition of an art song, Rorem says, "I hate the term. I composed dozens of arts songs before ever hearing the word. It's a song sung by a trained singer in concert halls."

The piece that won him the Pulitzer, surprisingly, was not a song at all, but an orchestral work titled *Air Music*, which was commissioned for the U.S. Bicentennial by the late Thomas Schippers and the Cincinnati Symphony. This summer the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy will premiere a new, major composition of Rorem's, *Sunday Morning*.

"I feel very, very, very lucky that I'm able to support myself as a composer of serious music," he says. "My income is not so much from royalties as from commissions, prizes, fellowships, and official handouts, such as the National Endowment of the Arts, and the Guggenheim Fellowship, which I now am living on."

Born in Indiana and raised in Chicago, Rorem began composing music at the age of 10. He was never attracted to pop music, and today he likes it less than ever. "Inasmuch as pop music goes hand in hand with high volume, I bitterly resent it," he says. "When the Met Opera gives a concert in Central Park the same night that the Schaefer Beer Festival gives one of their concerts, they're crushed like the runt beneath the belly of a great fat sow."

When a desire for more space and lower rent drove Rorem from Greenwich Village to the West Side 10 years ago, he feared that he was moving to "a big, nonartistic, bourgeois ghetto." He soon changed his mind. In *An Absolute Gift* he makes the statement: "From 116th Street to 56th Street, the West Side contains more first-rate artists, both performers and creators, than any concentrated neighborhood since Paris in the 1920s."

One of Rorem's favorite Westside businesses is Patelson's Half Price Music Shop at 160 W. 56th Street, right across from the stage door of Carnegie Hall. "It's the best music shop in America," he testifies. "They have everything or they can get it for you."

All of Rorem's books carry a fair amount of philosophy. But the only principle that the artist claims to have stuck by during the entire course of his life is: "I've never sold out. I've never done what I didn't want to do. … I've never been guided by other than my heart. And certainly not by money."

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WESTSIDER JULIUS RUDEL
Director of the New York City Opera

4-22-78

In 1943, Mayor Fiorello La Guardia made an announcement that the old Mecca Temple on West 55th Street would be converted into the City Center of Music and Drama. As a result, a new major company was born — the New York City Opera.

A young Jewish immigrant, Julius Rudel, who had fled Austria with his family not long before, immediately went to City Center in search of a job. He was hired as a rehearsal pianist, and in the years to come his talents blossomed forth in many areas. Working quietly behind the scenes, he became the Opera's indispensable Mr. Everything, who not only knew every phase of show production, but could be called on to conduct the orchestra and even take the place of a missing cast member on stage. Rudel's versatile musicianship and his personal charm did much to knit the company together.

In 1956 the New York City Opera suffered a financially disastrous season that led to the resignation of the distinguished Erich Leinsdorf as director and chief conductor. That was perhaps the lowest point in the company's history. The board of directors pored over dozens of nominations for Leinsdorf's replacement before they decided on the one person who had the confidence of everybody — Julius Rudel.

Twenty-two seasons later, he is still firmly in command, and the once struggling City Opera has risen to world prominence. Although its $8 million annual budget is much smaller than that of the Metropolitan Opera and the major houses of Europe, Rudel has been able to get many singers who are unequaled anywhere, and has staged far more new works by living composers than has Lincoln Center's "other" opera house.

Apart from its musical significance, the City Opera has become a sort of living symbol for the arts in America, flourishing in the face of financial hardships, and somehow emerging more creative, more artistically exciting because of those hardships. Why else would people like Beverly Sills and Sherrill Milnes perform at City for a top fee of $1,000, or even for free, when they can get $10,000 for a night's work elsewhere?

"We build loyalties," explains Rudel in his delicate Germanic-British accent, the morning after conducting a benefit performance of *The Merry Widow*. "A lot of our singers go on to other companies, but they come back. They don't forget us. The New York City Opera has produced more great singers than probably any other company in the world."

It is early, even for this man who begins his work as soon as he get up and keeps going till late at night with his multiple roles as music director, chief conductor, administrator, impresario and goodwill ambassador. Clad in his colorful dressing gown, his thick silver hair shining, he seems an entirely different person from the magnetic orchestral leader whose presence on the podium generally guarantees a full house. At his expansive Central Park West apartment, he is low-key and to the point, and fiercely proud of the City Opera's achievements.

"We try to look at every opera we do with fresh eyes, as if it had never been done before. We try to reexamine everything about the opera. Sometimes the tradition attached to a work differs from what the composer and librettist intended. … Tradition was defined by a famous conductor long ago as 'the last bad performance.' For example, in *Turandot* there's a character who had been traditionally [portrayed] as blind. But it makes no sense in the story for him to be blind, so we don't play him that way. We're restoring the classics, not changing them."

He jumps up to answer the telephone just as his wife Rita enters the room. A slender, dark-haired woman, she is a doctor of neuropsychology at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital and a devoted opera fan. "I'm Mrs. Rudel in the morning," she explains, smiling. She met Julius when they were both at music school. Today, while keeping a close friendship with many of the City Opera's singers, she maintains her own identity to the extent that her medical colleagues sometimes tell her, "I saw you at the opera last night," without realizing that her husband was the conductor.

The Rudels have lived on the West Side ever since they were married 36 years ago. "My wife sometimes says we live within mugging distance of Lincoln Center," says Rudel, his eyes twinkling with impish amusement. "But really, we're confirmed Westsiders. I don't think I ever use any form of transportation from here to the theatre, and I don't eat out much, because my wife is a marvelous cook. Time being so of the essence, we prefer to stay at home."

The City Opera's spring season continues until April 30. Rudel recommends three shows in particular: *The Saint of Bleecker Street*, *The Turn of the Screw*, and *The Marriage of Figaro*, which he is conducting. "I envy all the Westsiders who have the opportunity to come to us," he concludes. "Our seats in the upper reaches of the State Theatre are the best theatrical bargains in the world."

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EASTSIDER DR. LEE SALK
America's foremost child psychologist

5-5-79

At one time, the name Salk was synonymous with one thing only — the revolutionary polio vaccine discovered by Dr. Jonas Salk in 1953. In the 1970s, however, another national figure of the same name has emerged — Dr. Lee Salk, Jonas' younger brother, who is probably the most highly respected and best-known child psychologist in America today.

The most successful of his five books, *What Every Child Would Like His Parents to Know* (1972), has been translated into 16 languages, while his most recent work, titled simply *Dear Dr. Salk*, was published in March by Harper & Row.

A soft-spoken, highly energetic man who bears a close physical resemblance to comedian Phil Silvers, Dr. Salk recently invited me to share his thoughts in an interview at his Upper East Side apartment.

"What I try to do as a psychologist," he said, sitting in a large, circular chair in his spacious library, "is to use all the media to present what I consider useful psychological information that has been distilled for the consumer — to take the jargon out of it, and the ambiguity, so people can use it to deal effectively with their problems. While most people see me as a child psychologist, I'm really an adult psychologist who has focused on some of the most difficult issues that affect all people. ... In my initial years of practice, it became clear to me that most of the problems originated in childhood, and I felt that perhaps the front line of mental health is really in those early, critical years."

Since 1972, he has been writing a column titled "You and Your Family" for *McCall's* magazine, which has a readership of 16 million.

"I frequently deal with family concerns, including problems that have to do with older people," he explained. "I choose a different topic each month. Frequently the topic revolves around a number of letters that come in. The June issue, for example, has an unusually large column because we're dealing with sexuality. We get hundreds and hundreds of letters, so I can't answer them personally, but I do read them all. When I'm giving a speech across the country, I like to use airplane time to catch up on my mail."

As a television personality, he appears at least twice a week on NBC's *News Center 4*. His off-the-cuff manner is no deception: Salk does each of his broadcasts live, without a script, speaking spontaneously on a current issue.

His latest book, *Dear Dr. Salk*, answers questions ranging from the spacing of children to problems specific to teenagers. When asked how his approach compares to that of Ann Landers or Dear Abby, Salk replies: "I must say that they fall far short of what I'm trying to do. These people are not professional psychologists. They tend to sensationalize — to appeal to the voyeuristic tendencies people have. I'm not saying they don't help people, but they don't always provide people with knowledge.

"A good deal of what I say is not direct advice. In answering a question, I try to provide knowledge about the problem, which the person can use, to answer his or her own question. I really feel I shouldn't give people a series of do's and don'ts"

His knowledge is based on a 25-year career as a professional clinical psychologist. Following his graduation from the doctoral program at the University of Michigan, Salk spent three years teaching at McGill University in Montreal, then returned to Manhattan, where he grew up. He still maintains a private practice, and is on the staff at Cornell University Medical School, the Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic and the Lenox Hill Hospital.

Dr. Salk won the custody of his two children, Pia and Eric, in 1975 after a precedent-setting divorce trial in which it was ruled that he was "the parent that can best nurture their complex needs and social development."

A problem of many parents, he said, is not that they spend too little time with their children, but that "it's basically useless time, because they're not actively involved with the child." Salk himself makes a point of having breakfast and dinner with Pia and Eric virtually every day, and includes them in his social life whenever possible. "Their friends are frequently my dinner guests." Each summer he spends three months with them at an island retreat in Maine, while commuting to New York for his professional commitments. Dr. Salk enjoys cooking, and also likes to go to restaurants.

Dr. Salk's newest project is a 13-part series for public television, to be aired starting September 29. He will appear each week with three children to discuss such topics as love and attachment, divorce, and "making a family work." The programs, he said, "are geared to family viewing time, so children and their parents can watch together."

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EASTSIDER FRANCESCO SCAVULLO
Photographer of the world's most beautiful women

6-16-79

As Richard Stolley, the managing editor of *People* magazine, is fond of saying, every publication on the newsstand is actually two publications. One is the inner contents, and the other — far more important in terms of sales — is the front cover. A stunning cover can make the difference of tens of thousands of dollars in revenue for a national magazine, and that's why *Cosmopolitan* has engaged the talents of photographer Francesco Scavullo for virtually every one of its covers for the last 11 years.

He has done album covers and posters for Paul McCartney, Barbra Streisand, Donna Summer, Judy Collins and many others. Among the publications that rely on his most often for covers are *Vogue*, *Playboy*, *Glamour*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Redbook*, *Ladies Home Journal*, *People* and the magazine that started it all — *Seventeen* — which ran its first Scavullo cover in 1948, when he was still a teenager himself.

He never had any formal training in photography, but got plenty of practice during his Manhattan boyhood when he began taking pictures of his sisters and their girlfriends. Francesco delighted in applying makeup to their faces, running his hands through their hair, and dressing them in sexy gowns. He quickly made two discoveries — first, that there's no such thing as an ugly woman, and second, that the photographer and his subject must be personally compatible. Although he charges approximately $3,000 for unsolicited private portraits, Scavullo won't photograph anyone with whom he has bad rapport — and that includes all people who don't take care of themselves physically or abuse themselves with drugs.

A small, lithe man of 50 who walks with the gracefulness of a dancer and looks considerably younger than his years, Scavullo recently agreed to an interview at the town house on East 63rd Street that serves as both his studio and his home. Dressed in blue jeans, an open-neck white shirt, and Western boots, the chatty, unpretentious photographer sat back on the couch with his arms behind his head and a mischievous smile planted on his face. Asked about the large pills he popped into his mouth from time to time, Scavullo explained that they were vitamins and organic supplements.

"I'm very health-conscious," he said in a gravelly voice with a broad New York accent. "I don't eat meat, and I very seldom have even chicken or fish. I don't drink tea, or coffee, or alcohol — except for a little wine. … A lot of people stop smoking when they start working for me, because I hate it — all this pollution in the air of New York already. I think smoking is great if you live out in the West, and you sit on top of a mountain like in the Marlboro commercials."

As we were talking in his spacious living room, decorated with Scavullo's own paintings, a member of his staff came from the studio below and said, in reference to a woman who was being made up for a shooting session, "She's still not ready, Francesco." Scavullo sighed.

"A seating with a man takes 20 minutes," he remarked, "and with a woman it takes the whole afternoon. Makeup," he added, "is used more intensely in photography than it is in the street. I think women look best without any type of makeup in the daytime. Sunlight has a very bad effect on it. Some of the ladies going by on the street look like they're holding a mask a fraction of an inch away from their face."

He has never developed the habit of stopping beautiful women on the sidewalk, but, said a grinning Scavullo, "if I see someone wildly attractive walking by, I get excited. I might turn around and whistle or something."

Number one on his list of the world's most beautiful women is 14-year old Brooke Shields, who also lives on the Upper East Side. She is one of the 59 models, actresses, and other celebrities featured in his first book, *Scavullo On Beauty* (1976), which came out in paperback last month from Vintage Press. The volume is filled with life-size shots of women's faces, many of them showing the difference before and after the Scavullo treatment. It is accompanied by frank interviews dealing with clothing, diet, exercise, makeup, and related subjects. *Scavullo On Men*, his second book, was published in 1977. And he has two more in the works — a picture book on baseball, with text by Christopher Lehmann-Haupt of the *New York Times*, and a retrospective volume covering his photographs from 1949 to 1980. Both will be out next year.

A resident of the Upper East Side since 1950, he likes to dance until dawn at Studio 54 "whenever I don't have to get up too early the next day." Asked about his favorite local restaurants, he said he rarely goes to any, but that his entire staff orders lunch almost every day from Greener Pastures, a natural foods restaurant on East 60th Street.

Beauty, he believes, "is an advantage to everything — man, woman, child, flower, state. I mean, everything. Beauty is the most fabulous thing in the world. I hate ugliness." His advice to amateur photographers: "Get a Polaroid. It is a very flattering camera to use, because it washes everything out." He couldn't resist adding: "If you can't be photographed by Scavullo, have your picture taken with a Polaroid."

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WESTSIDER ROGER SESSIONS
Composer of the future

2-10-79

The story of Western music, from the baroque era to the present day, has been written largely by men whose contributions to their art were underappreciated during their own lifetimes. Serious music has a tendency to be ahead of its time, and must wait for the public taste to catch up before it can be accepted.

Such is the case with Roger Sessions. For at least 50 years he has been considered by the American academic establishment to be one of the most gifted and original composers of his generation. But his work has started to gain wide recognition with the general public only since the early 1960s. Today, at 82, he is comfortable in his role as the elder statesman of American concert music. Although relatively few of his works have been recorded — they place extraordinary demands on both performer and listener — Sessions continues to write music with practically unabated energy. His most significant official honor came in 1974, when the Pulitzer Prize Committee issued a special citation naming him "one of the most musical composers of the century."

Since his early 20s, Session has led a dual career as a composer and a teacher of music theory. A former professor at both the University of California, Berkeley, and Princeton University, he has published several books on his musical ideas, and now teaches two days a week at the Juilliard School at Lincoln Center. When I heard that his piano sonatas were going to be performed soon on West 57th Street, I called him to request an interview, and he promptly concurred. We met for lunch at La Crepe on Broadway, and over the meal Sessions revealed himself to be a man of wit, humility, and charm.

Speaking of his piano sonatas, which will be performed at Carnegie Recital Hall in February, March and April, Sessions commented in his slow, precise manner of speech that "the first one was composed in 1930, the second one was composed in '46, and the third one was composed in '65. One sonata will be performed on each program. … I have heard the young lady play one of them. She's going to come and play for me today. I'm helping her to prepare them. Because they're difficult and they take a lot of practice. Her name is Miss Rebecca la Becque. I just laid eyes on her for the first time last week."

Nearly half of his works have been composed in the last 20 years; some are quite melodic; others are so atonal and eery that to some people they suggest the rhythm of the universe itself, or music from the stars. One remarkable aspect of his compositions is that no two are even vaguely alike; another is that they come in so many different instrumental combinations. Besides his piano works, he has composed for violin, organ, cello, chorus and solo voice. In addition, there are his string quartets, his rhapsodies, his nine symphonies, and *Montezuma*, one of the most distinguished operas ever written by an American.

Why write in so many forms? "You might say I'm paid to," he explained, ordering a second espresso and lighting his pipe. "Generally when I write a big work, it's for a specific purpose." His eighth symphony, for example, was written for the New York Philharmonic to commemorate the orchestra's 125th anniversary.

When I asked Sessions whether he was concerned that most of his works are not available on albums, he said calmly, "I never have tried to get my works recorded or performed. I decided years ago that people would have to come to me; I wasn't coming to them. Things move a little more slowly that way, but one knows that everything one gets is perfectly genuine. … When I wrote my first symphony, Otto Klemperer said he wouldn't dare to conduct it. So I conducted it myself. It would be easy nowadays. Even the Princeton student orchestra played it a few years ago and didn't do too badly. Orchestra players get used to the idiom and people get used to listening. … The only thing is," he added with a chuckle, "I keep getting ahead in that respect."

He was born in Brooklyn in 1896 and moved to Massachusetts at age 3, but Sessions noted that "I do have some memories of the inside of the house." He wrote his first opera at 13 and graduated from Harvard at 18. >From 1925 until 1933 he lived in Italy and Germany, supported by scholarships. Shortly after Hitler came to power, he returned to the U.S., and not long afterward joined the faculty at Princeton, where he remained until 1946. Then he taught at the University of California at Berkeley for eight years before returning to Princeton, where he remained until his mandatory retirement in 1965. Since that time he has taught at Juilliard. He and his wife Elizabeth have been married for 42 years; they have two children and two grandchildren. Said the composer: "I learned that I had a grandson just a few hours after I'd gotten the citation from the Pulitzer Prize Committee, and the grandson was much more exciting — with all due respect."

A resident of Princeton, New Jersey except for the one night each week that he spends on the West Side, Sessions is now eagerly awaiting the performance of his ninth symphony. It was completed in October and will be premiered in Syracuse shortly.

In his Princeton study he is kept constantly busy composing new works, writing letters and correcting proofs. "I don't have any hobbies," he remarked at the end of the interview. "I like good books, but I don't get much time to read them. If I go a few days without composing, I start to feel a little bit depressed."

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EASTSIDER DICK SHAWN
Veteran comic talks about *Love at First Bite*

5-19-79

Dick Shawn's name keeps cropping up these days. The last time he made a big splash in New York was two years ago, when his one-man show, *Dick Shawn is the Second Greatest Entertainer in the Whole Wide World*, played at the Promenade Theatre for 14 weeks. But last fall, he gained millions of new fans with his sparkling appearances on the ill-fated network variety show starring Mary Tyler Moore, which folded after the third week. A commonly heard criticism of the show was: less Mary and more Shawn.

In George Hamilton's recently released film, *Love At First Bite*, Shawn plays the role of Lieutenant Ferguson, who teams up with a psychiatrist in order to make war on Dracula. Also he recently played the lead in the new Russell Baker/Cy Coleman musical, *Home Again*. But these are only a few of the highlights of Shawn's career, as I discover in an interview with the 51-year-old comedian at his plush Upper East Side apartment.

The word "comedian," he quickly points out, is not quite accurate. "I think of myself as a comedy character," he explains, relaxing on his couch with a plate of croissants and bacon that his pretty assistant has just brought him. "In *Home Again*, I played seven characters. … They ran out of money; it just closed out of town. It needs another four or five weeks of work. They plan to bring it back around September."

With his middle-age paunch and full head of tousled grey hair that resembles a bird's nest, Shawn has a definite comedic look about him, but he seldom smiles and never laughs during our long conversation. Still, his answers are both entertaining and revealing.

On Mary Tyler Moore's variety show: "That was a total mistake. They didn't know what they were doing there. I thought she was going to get the best writers and the best producers. But it was totally inadequate. I knew from the very first day that it wasn't going to work. … The whole concept was wrong. Variety isn't Mary's forte. You have to get yourself rolling around on the ground a little bit. She's such a nice, sweet girl that she doesn't come off as a clown."

The basis of all humor, believes Shawn, "is hostility. But it has to be sweet hostility. … I think people become comedians because they poke fun at pretentiousness. They usually come from meager backgrounds, and then they can look up and see the pomposity and the hypocrisy of many human beings. That's why there are no rich comics. A great many of them are Jewish or black — because as a kid they were told they were part of a minority group. They learned to have a sense of humor about themselves: they had to, in order to survive. Humor is their way of getting even with mankind."

Shawn's own background lends credence to his theory. Born Richard Schulefand in the steel town of Lackawanna, New York, he grew up in a family that was hard-hit by the Depression. While serving with the Army following World War II, he ended up in an entertainment troupe. "I was delighted," he recalls, "and when I got out, I decided to pursue it." In the early 1950s, he secured his first professional engagement as a stand-up comic in Bayonne, New Jersey, and was paid $25 a night. Since then, he has never been out of work, and has constantly used only his own material for his solo act — songs as well as sketches.

"I don't really do jokes," he explains. "I do situation characters. Although the thrust of my humor is serious, I have always taken chances. In my club act, for example, I always ended up pretending to die on stage, rather than taking bows. Two guys would come with a stretcher and carry me out."

Among his more memorable performances over the years: the successor to Zero Mostel in Broadway's *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, the freakishly funny beach bum in the Stanley Kramer film *It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*, and a cavorting Adolph Hitler in Mel Brooks' zany 1968 movie, *The Producers*.

Still, no project has gained him as much personal satisfaction as *The Second Greatest Entertainer in the Whole Wide World*. After the New York run, the show played to enthusiastic audiences in San Francisco and

Los Angeles, and earned Shawn awards for both Best Performer and Best Playwright of the Year.

An Eastsider for the past seven years, he names Elaine's as his favorite local restaurant because "the food is good, and there's a simplicity about the place the attracts me."

Shawn describes himself as "disciplined, but not as disciplined as I should be. Because my work is loose, I'm always adding or changing. Nothing ever stays the same. But comedy is a very rewarding profession. It's nice to know that something that pops into your head can cause a reaction from total strangers who are paying you money to be entertained. I think that's the ultimate."

Probably best-known for *The Prod ucers*.

EASTSIDER GEORGE SHEARING
Famed jazz pianist returns to New York

2-3-79

The scene was a Boston nightclub in the early 1950s. George Shearing and his quintet were scheduled to play the second set of the evening; the opening act was a piano/bass/drums trio. But as soon as the first group's pianist hit the keys, a groan went up from the audience. It was a bad box, as they said in those days. The management's promise of a tuning had not been kept.

The trio retired in defeat 15 minutes later, and the audience called for Shearing. When the blind pianist was led on stage, he announced, to everyone's astonishment, that he would open with a solo. But when he sat down at the instruments, a small miracle took place. The notes rang out with the clarity of crystal; Shearing's acute ear had told him which keys to avoid, and the precise amount of pressure to apply to the others so that the poor tuning would be camouflaged. Those who were present to witness Shearing's uncanny musicianship may never forget the experience. But attending any of his performances is hardly less forgettable.

He's now playing each Tuesday through Saturday evening at the Cafe Carlyle, 76th Street and Madison Avenue, and will remain there until March 3rd. His famous quintet is no more — the group was disbanded in 1978 after 29 years — but Shearing, accompanied only by bass player Brian Torff, proves himself a master showman as he performs his unique brand of jazz, tells funny stories between numbers, and sings in his lilting, playful manner.

"I'm on the road about 10 months a year," he told the Carlyle crowd the previous night, when I went there to catch his show. "And one thing I cannot tolerate is the mediocrity of hotels and motels in this country. Once, on my second morning in a hotel, I called up the room service and said, 'Could you please bring me some breakfast? I'd like two eggs, one of them poached and the other scrambled; two pieces of toast, one barely warm and the other burned almost to a crisp; and a pot of half coffee and half tea.' The person on the other end said, 'I'm sorry sir, I don't think we can fill that order.' I said, 'Why not? That's what you brought me yesterday.'"

The next afternoon I paid Shearing a visit at his new Eastside apartment, where he recently moved from San Francisco. An extremely amiable, witty, and knowledgeable man who speaks with a soft British accent, he guided me around the large, tastefully furnished apartment with great ease, showing me his braille-marked tape collection, his audio calculator and his braille library. He described everything, from the drapes to the furniture, as if he had perfect vision. Blind since birth, he is an expert bridge player and a fine cook.

"I've just started to take cooking lessons," said Shearing, stretched out n the sofa with a smile hovering constantly on his face. "My wife and I are taking the same course. It's at the Jewish Guild for the Blind. Naturally it's better for me to take lessons from someone who knows the idiosyncracies of cooking without looking. ... I'm very interested in taste. If I were to cook some peas, for example, I would be inclined to line the saucepan with lettuce and add a little sugar and mint."

Born 59 years ago in London, the ninth child of a coalman, he began plucking out radio tunes on the piano at the age of 6, and by his early 20s was considered one of England's finest jazz pianists. He moved to the U.S. in 1947, and two years later became an overnight sensation when his newly formed quintet recorded "September in the Rain," which sold 900,000 copies. To date, Shearing has recorded more than 50 albums. When he finally broke up his quintet, it was to allow himself more musical freedom. His playing is a combination of jazz, classical and pop that calls for much improvisation.

His most famous original composition, "Lullaby of Birdland," came to him "when I was sitting in my dining room in New Jersey, eating a steak. It took me only 10 minutes to write it. I went back to that butcher several times afterwards, but I never got the same steak."

A popular television personality, Shearing has appeared on all the major TV talk shows. In the past 15 years or so, he has also become a frequent performer with symphony orchestras, usually playing a piano concerto in the first half of the program and a jazz piece in the second half. Lionized in England, he returned to London last December and played a sellout concert at the 6500-seat Royal Albert Hall.

New York is where his American career began, and he decided to move back after spending 16 years on the West Coast, primarily because New York is far more centrally located for his extensive travelling. He chose the Upper East Side because "it would be difficult to realize we're in the heart of Manhattan, it's so quiet here." No sooner did he speak the words than, as if on cue, a baby in a downstairs apartment began to cry loudly. "Does somebody have a plastic bag?" he deadpanned.

One of Shearing's main interests — besides music, bridge and cooking — is business law. He once took a course on the subject "because I wanted to know what the other guy's rights are. If I know what his rights are, I know what mine are." Speaking of his many disappointments in hotels and motels, he said, "Misrepresentation and false advertising can be beaten at any time anyone wants to fight it. I have never lost a battle on this score yet."

He might have added, had modesty not prevented it, that he has also lost no battles in the game of life.

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WESTSIDER REID SHELTON
The big-hearted billionaire of *Annie*

12-22-79

Annie, the touching musical about seven little orphan girls in New York City at Christmastime during the Great Depression, has been the Broadway show against which all others must be compared ever since it opened in April, 1977.

That year it won seven Tony Awards. Later the movie rights were sold for a record $9.5 million. There are now companies performing the musical in Los Angeles, Boston, Atlanta, England, South Africa, Australia, Japan and Scandinavia. The album has gone gold. Still a sellout virtually every night at the Alvin Theatre, its tickets are the hardest to obtain of any show in town.

Two of the three leading characters — those of Annie and the cruel, gin sodden orphanage director Miss Hannigan — have been twice replaced by new performers. But Oliver "Daddy" Warbucks, the bald-headed billionaire with a heart as big as his bank account, has been played since the beginning by Reid Shelton, a Westside actor long known for his portrayal of powerful figures on stage — cardinals and kings, statesmen and presidents.

On December 23rd, just a few days short of its 1,200th performance, Reid will finally leave the New York company to star in *Annie* on the West Coast. He has no plans, at this point, of giving up the role that earned him a Tony nomination for Best Actor.

"I've had two three-week vacations and I've missed four performances in almost three years," says Reid in his dressing room on a recent afternoon. Easing his tall, bulky frame onto a sofa, he immediately reveals a personality that is warm, good-humored and eager to please. His broad, all-American features give distinction to his gleaming, newly shaved head. Reid shaves twice a day with an electric razor.

"My understudy plays Roosevelt in the show, and of course for the four performances that he's had to go on for me, he didn't shave his head," laughs the 55-year-old actor. "I've gotten the most angry letters from people saying, 'Well my God, can't you at least have the understudy shave his head? How dare you do that to us!'"

Asked about his qualifications for playing a billionaire, Reid says, "I don't know whether it's my look, personality, or what, but people have always thought that I've come from money. Actually, my family during the Depression was very poor."

Born and raised in Salem, Oregon, he began studying voice while a high school freshman, doing chores in exchange for lessons. After graduation, he was drafted into the First Cavalry Division of the U.S. Army, fought in the Pacific, then received his master's degree in voice under the G.I. Bill. Arriving in New York City in 1951, he got a job singing at Radio City Music Hall. From there he went on to many Broadway musicals, TV shows, films and recordings. His generous income from *Annie* enabled him, last year, to purchase the Westside apartment building in the Theater District where he's been living since 1956. "It's a rent-controlled building with 20 apartment units. This last year I lost four thousand dollars

on it because of oil and everything, but I have never regretted buying it."

Some behind-the-scene stories are as interesting as the show itself. Yul Brynner, for example, has refused to be photographed with Shelton: "Maybe he's afraid if the strobes hit our glistening heads simultaneously there will be no picture." Sandy, the dog, was discovered in an animal shelter just one day before he was due to be put to sleep. "It's that bored, I-don't-care quality that that dog has," says Reid, "that's so endearing to the audience. He lives with his trainer and owner, Bill Berloni, a marvelous young chap who found a whole new career for himself through the dog." And when the subject of orphanages comes up, Reid tells of a place called the Jennie Clarkson Home in Valhalla, New York, which he visited not long ago.

"It's not exactly an orphanage, but a temporary home for girls whose families can't provide for them. They have about 40 girls who stay in cottages with cottage parents, and they go to school there. The agency works with the family by trying to find the father a job or whatever, so the girls can finally return home. ... I was so impressed with the work they're doing. I'm trying to raise money for it."

He recalls visiting the White House to do a shortened version of *Annie* for the Carters. "We got back at 3 in the morning, totally exhausted, but the whole day was made worthwhile when Mrs. Carter sought me out and said, 'You know, I must tell you how much I appreciate your taking your day off to come down here and do this for us. It must be a real chore, and I do appreciate it.' It was just a wonderful, wonderful personal thing that she didn't have to do. It's something I will always treasure."

On another occasion, says Reid, Robert Wagner and Natalie Wood came backstage after a show. "Bobby just kept crying, and Natalie finally said, 'For God's sake, Bob, stop it.' But he couldn't. Even now, I'm terribly thrilled when people come back and say, 'You made me cry.' I'm proud of that. If I can touch some response in people, and maybe open up something that they didn't even know they felt, that's a tremendous plus in being an actor."

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WESTSIDER BOBBY SHORT
Mr. New York to perform in Newport Jazz Festival

6-23-79

To some, he is New York City personified — Bobby Short, the eternally youthful singer and pianist who has been packing in audiences at the Cafe Carlyle five nights a week for the past 11 years. Regarded as the foremost living interpreter of Cole Porter, Short has recorded eight albums, published his autobiography, lectured on American music at Harvard and performed at the White House. His many television commercials have gained him national recognition in the last year or so, but he is proudest of the one he did for the "I Love A Clean New York" campaign, showing him sweeping the sidewalk with his customary savoir-faire.

Six months out of the year, he holds court at the Carlyle, a supper club at Lexington Avenue and 76th Street, where eager fans plunk down $10 for each one-hour set. Backed up by a bass player and a percussionist, the smooth, sophisticated Short sits behind the keyboard in a tuxedo, performing popular songs from the early 20th century to the present day. Every word and every note comes out a finely polished jewel, leaving the audience with the impression that they have never heard the song before.

Four months out of the year, Short takes to the road, giving concerts from Los Angeles to Paris, often as soloist with major orchestras. The hottest and coldest months of the year — January and August — he sets aside for vacation, sometimes taking a house in the south of France, since he is well versed in the French language and is constantly seeking to expand his knowledge of gourmet cooking.

While in New York, he occupies a luxurious nine-room Westside apartment with 18-foot ceilings that formerly belonged to Leonard Bernstein. Here, in a vast living room with a complete wall of mirror, a fireplace and a virtual forest of green plants, I thank Short for the glass of wine that he offers me from a crystal decanter, and I begin our interview by asking about the show he's co-producing for the Newport Jazz Festival. Titled A *Salute to Black Broadway, 1900-1945*, it will take place in Avery Fisher Hall at 8 p.m. on June 24, and is one of the highlights of the 26th annual jazz festival, which runs from June 22 to July 1.

"It's the chance to try my wings at something new," says the jovial musician, in a somewhat gravelly, high-pitched voice marked by flawless diction. "Also, it's a chance to inform. I suppose I'm a frustrated professor of sorts. This show is a way of stating that, in fact, there were blacks involved in productions on Broadway as far back as 1900 — perhaps even further back. Many were performers who wrote their own material. Others were composers and lyricists whose writing was not confined to black performers. Some of them wrote for the Ziegfeld Follies."

As co-producer with Robert Kimball, Short has been "researching material to find out what's good, what's bad, what's important, and also who's around today that was in those shows." Among the performers to be featured: famed jazz singer Mabel Mercer, a longtime friend of Short's; Adelaide Hall and Edith Wilson, two of black Broadway's original stars; Nell Carter, the Tony Award-winning star of Fats Waller's *Ain't Misbehavin'*; Eubie Blake, still an active pianist in his 90s, whose currently running *Eubie!* is the fourth Broadway show he has written; special guest artist Diahann Carroll; and the Dick Hyman Orchestra. Of course Bobby Short will be on stage too; he'll do at least five songs out of his repertoire of 1,000-plus.

Slender, debonair, and looking more like 40 than his actual 54 years, Short has been playing and singing in public ever since he made his debut at the age of 9 while growing up in Danville, Illinois. From the age of 12 to 14 he was a child star on the vaudeville and nightclub circuit. Then he returned to Danville, completed high school at 17, and began his second career. Producer/songwriter Anna Sosenko got him a job at the Blue Angel in Manhattan; after that he worked in California and France before settling permanently in New York in 1956.

A perennial name on the best-dressed list, Short says that "today I've got a tailor in New York, a tailor in London, and I buy a lot of things in between. But I've grown more sensible over the years. I no longer buy all I can get my hands on."

His secret for staying young? "Be sensible. If you use the most intimate parts of your body to make a living — like your throat — you can't abuse it. You can't drink too much, and you simply cannot smoke." Extremely knowledgeable about restaurants, he lists the Russian Tea Room and Pearl's Chinese Restaurant as his favorites.

His "Charlie" commercial for a cologne by Revlon has made Short one of the most recognized figures on the streets of New York, yet he doesn't mind being approached by strangers. "It's part of what I do for a living," he muses with a smile. "It never stops. You have to learn to live with it or get out of show business. Fortunately, I'm a very social person and I like people. I understand the need to say hello to someone on the street — so I can't knock somebody for speaking to me."

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WESTSIDER BEVERLY SILLS
Opera superstar

9-30-78

Probably no opera singer since Caruso has made so great an impact on the American public as Beverly Sills. Even today, the mention of her name can automatically sell out a concert hall anywhere in the U.S. She has become bigger than her art, for while a few younger singers can reach the notes more easily, Sills generates a certain intense excitement into all her roles that makes every show she appears in not just an opera, but an event.

Her star vehicle this fall is an early 19th-century opera, *Il Turco In Italia* (The Turk in Italy), written by Gioacchino Rossini prior to his masterpiece, *The Barber of Seville*.

Il Turco, presented by the New York City Opera for eight performances in September through November, is a subtle comedy about a flirtatious, Sophia Loren-type character (Sills) with a jealous husband. The audience will miss none of the Italian humor because this production of *Il Turco* is in English.

"I love to do English translations," said Miss Sills last week in a telephone interview. "I believe the whole art of opera is based on communication. I don't see how people can appreciate a comedy in a language that four fifths of the audience doesn't understand. There's only snobbery about foreign languages in this country — not in Europe. In America, an opera is like a museum piece. But I think the great classics like *Boheme* and *Traviata* don't need to be translated because everyone knows what they're about."

She performs regularly with the New York City Opera even though the State Theatre-based company is able to pay only a tiny fraction of what singers receive at other great opera houses around the world. "I made my career with them," she explained. "I sing there because of loyalty, and because I love to." She has already made plans to retire from singing in 1980 and to become codirector of the New York City Opera with Julius Rudel, the present director.

Right now she is busy studying three other roles. On December 7 she will headline the Metropolitan Opera's new production of Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, which will run until January 20. In March she will star in a world premiere for the New York City Opera, *Miss Haversham's Fire*, based on the Charles

Dickens novel *Great Expectations*. In June she will go to San Diego to perform in yet another world-premiere opera, *Juana La Loca* by Gian Carlo Menotti.

Last season, Beverly hosted a popular television program called *Lifestyles*. This year, she said, "I'm doing something much bigger, as a result of that show's success. Unfortunately, I can't tell you what it is, because CBS will be making an announcement in mid-October."

Miss Sills said she has no plans for another book. Her first, the self portrait *Bubbles*, has sold 130,000 copies in hardcover and many times that figure in paperback since it came out a year ago. "Bubbles" was her childhood nickname. She was born Belle Silverman in Brooklyn a few months before the stock market crash of 1929. At 3 she did her first radio broadcast; at 7 she was the star of a regular weekly radio show. In her early teens she joined a touring musical company and spent the next 10 years on the road. Then she was accepted by the New York City Opera.

In her first few seasons with the fledgling company, she showed few signs of the fame that was to come. Meanwhile, she and her husband, newspaper publisher Peter Greenough, had become the happy parents of two, a girl named Meredith (Muffy) and a boy, Peter Junior.

Then the heartbreak struck. When Muffy was 2, it was discovered that she suffered from a serious hearing impairment. A few months later, the couple learned that their son was severely mentally retarded.

For the next year and a half, Beverly abandoned her singing career and spent all her time at home. When she returned to the New York City Opera, people noticed a distinct change. Somehow she seemed to have acquired a new dramatic power. In such roles as Cleopatra in Handel's *Julius Caesar* she dazzled both critics and public, and has done so ever since. In 1969, when she made her debut at La Scala in Milan — Europe's foremost opera house — the Italian press labeled her "La Fenomena."

Because of a long-standing disagreement with Rudolph Bing, the managing director of the Metropolitan Opera, it was not until 1975, after Bing's retirement, that she made her debut at the Met. The occasion caused the largest advance ticket sale in the company's history.

For the pat eight years, Sills and her family have lived on Central Park West. "I just feel that we get all the sunshine here," she said. Muffy has just started her freshman year at college in upstate New York and plans to become a veterinarian. Beverly's husband Peter divides his time among various business projects and the National Foundation for the March of Dimes.

Her advice for young singers trying to break into opera? "Keep auditioning," Beverly replied emphatically, "no matter how many times you're turned down. I tried out for the New York City Opera nine times before they took me. And auditions themselves are valuable: they give you the experience of a performance."

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GEORGE SINGER 46 years a doorman on the West Side

12-20-77

It's a wet, stormy night on the West Side; rain is pelting down without mercy, and the wind is whipping along the edge of the park like a tornado in a canyon. A taxi pulls up in front of the Century Building at 25 Central Park West, and at the same moment a man in uniform emerges from the building holding an umbrella to escort the woman passenger to safety. Anyone watching the scene would hardly guess that the doorman is 75 years old. But his age is not the only remarkable thing about George Singer.

During his 46 years at the Century — longer than any other employee or tenant — George has seen the entire history of the city reflected in the people who have come and gone through the entrance. He has gotten to know world-famous celebrities who have lived in the building, and has met countless others who came to visit — from prizefighters to presidents. He has watched the enormous changes of fashion, custom and law. And from the start of the Great Depression to the beginning of the Koch administration, George has remained the same calm, good-natured observer, seeing all but criticizing no one.

"I've been here since this was a hole in the ground," he says matter-of factly, puffing on a cigar in the outer lobby of the building, keeping one eye on the door. "It all started in 1930, when they tore down the old Century Theatre to put up a luxury apartment building. I got a job as a plumber's helper, lugging big pipes across the ground. After it was finished in 1931, I went to the superintendent and told him I helped build the Century and asked for a job. I simply had to get work, because it was during the

Depression and I had my wife and two kids. … I started as an elevator man and I worked up to the front door within a year."

In 1929 George had been earning $125 a week in a hat factory; in 1931 his wages were $75 a month for a 72-hour work week. "Our suits had to be pressed, our hair combed, shoes shined. We had to wear a white bow tie, white gloves. … If you looked cross-eyed at a tenant and he reported you to the office you were fired in those days."

During the 1930s, only about one-fourth of the apartments were rented. Among the residents was a Mrs. Gershwin; her sons George, Ira and Arthur made frequent visits. By the early 1940s the Century Building had become one of the most exclusive addresses in New York. Heavyweight boxing champion Jack Dempsey, Ethel Merman, Nannette Fabray, Mike Todd and theatre magnate Lee Schubert moved in during those years, along with many celebrities whose names are less familiar today — singer Belle Baker, sports announcers Ted Husing and Graham McNamee, and world champion welterweight boxer Barney Ross.

George recalls "sparring around" with Dempsey in the lobby at night. "He had a great sense of humor. When he came in late and found the elevator boy asleep he'd give him a hot foot." Ethel Merman, he remembers, "had three or four husbands. In between her husbands she used to go out with different men. She used to smooch with them in the lobby.

"In those days we took in Louis Lepke, with his wife and family," says George with a smile. "He always had three or four bodyguards with him. When he was here, he behaved himself." At other times, of course, Lepke was not so well behaved. He headed a group known as "Murder Incorporated," popularized the term "hit man," and was sent to the electric chair for his crimes.

More recent tenants include Robert Goulet, singer/Playboy playmate Joey Heatherton, and Ted Sorenson, a former presidential advisor who in the past year has been visited at the Century by both Jimmy Carter and Walter Mondale. Did George get a chance to shake the president's hand? "Yes. What's the big deal?"

George Singer and Estelle, his wife of 53 years, live in Trump Village near Coney Island. They have seven grandchildren and one great grandchild. George could easily afford to retire — in fact, he is sometimes jokingly referred to as "the richest man in the building" — but he chooses to keep working. "Why not work till 75 or 80 if you're able?" he says. "I think it's good for a person. Mr. Chanin, who owns this building: he's in his 80s and he goes to work most every day."

George continues to do the night shift as he always has — "I'd rather work nights. There's more money at nights. And you don't have the bosses around. … At night people are more in a free spirit."

How does George explain his continued success and good health? Does he have a secret he would like to pass on? "I smoke two cigars a day," he answers immediately, with a gleam in his eye. "That keeps the cold germs away. I never catch cold. It's the best medicine in the world."

Is George looking forward to Christmas? Aren't all doormen!

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WESTSIDER GREGG SMITH
Founder and conductor of the Gregg Smith Singers

1-28-78

What might you guess about a man who has composed 60 major choral works, toured the world with his singing group, and recorded 50 albums including three Grammy Award winners?

If you didn't know anything else about this man, you would probably guess, first, that he is rich. Then you might imagine that his door is constantly bombarded by recording agents trying to enlist his talents. And third, you would probably think that his name is a household word.

But Westsider Gregg Smith has all of the qualifications listed and none of the imagined results. This is because his music happens to be classical — a field in which, he says, "a record that sells 10,000 copies is considered a good hit." Conducting his choral group, the Gregg Smith Singers, who usually have anywhere from 16 to 32 voices, he performs works spanning the last four centuries of the Western classical tradition. Gregg writes most of the arrangements himself. Last year his sheet music sales reached 60,000 copies.

The Gregg Smith Singers specialize in pieces that have been infrequently performed or recorded. But

a more lengthy description of their music can only tell what it is, not how it sounds. Music speaks for itself better than any words can describe.

"None of the American composers of today are making a living," says Gregg, shaking his head. We're sitting in his spacious but unluxurious apartment near Lincoln Center. "It's a terrible struggle. When people talk about ghetto areas, let me tell you, no one is more in a ghetto than the American classical composer. We have more great composers in this country right now than any other country in the word, and the United States supports its composers less than any other country. … They want so desperately to perform their music. A composer does a piece and gets a performance in New York, and that may be the last performance it ever gets."

He leads me to a room lined with shelves, boxes and cabinets filled with sheet music, some of it in manuscript. This is where Gregg chooses each new selection for his group. He shrugs at the enormity of the task.

"There are at least 400 new American compositions here, waiting to be looked at. Probably at least 100 of them are of the highest quality. ... When we record this type of material, we don't expect to make a profit, even with the royalties over the years. Classical records are made because the music needs to be heard. It's a second form of publication. We do it as a means of getting this music out."

The same economic rule holds true when the Singers do a concert. Because of the large size of the group and the vast amount of rehearsal time needed to perfect new works or new arrangements, the box office receipts don't come close to meeting the expenses. The grants they receive from the National Endowment for the Arts and the New York State Council for the Arts are not always sufficient. "Like every one of the arts, it's a constant deficit operation. At this point, we're not nearly as strong in fund-raising as in the other aspects."

In spite of the financial pressures, Gregg does manage to provide his Singers with about 25 weeks of full-time work per year. His group has gone on a national tour for 15 consecutive years so far. The Singers have performed in every state except Alaska. They have made four tours of Europe and one of the Far East. Their typical New York season included four concerts at Alice Tully Hall and a contemporary music festival in one of the local churches. This year the three-day festival will be held in St. Peter's Church located in the Citicorp Center starting on April 20.

A native of Chicago, Gregg attended college in Los Angeles and founded the Gregg Smith Singers there in 1955. His talent as a conductor and arranger soon came to the attention of the late Igor Stravinsky, the Russian-born composer who was then living in California. The pair eventually recorded more than a dozen albums together. When Stravinsky died in 1971, Gregg was invited to Venice, Italy, to prepare the chorus and orchestra for the rites in honor of the late maestro.

In all his travels, Gregg and his wife Rosalind have found no place where they would feel so much at home as the West Side. "It's a great, wonderful community for the classical musician," he says. "It's one of the most vibrant, alive, sometimes terrifying but always exciting, places to live."

Perhaps Gregg's rarest quality is his unselfishness toward other American composers. His biggest concern seems to be: how will be manage to get all their works recorded?

"I have enough important recordings to do," he says in a voice hovering between joy and frustration, "to keep me busy for five years. That would mean literally hundreds of thousands of dollars." The money may come or it may not. But the worth of Gregg Smith, gentleman artist, is beyond price.

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EASTSIDER LIZ SMITH
Queen of gossip

3-8-80

Like most of the kids she grew up with in Fort Worth, Texas during the Great Depression, Liz Smith was star-struck by the movies. "They told me there was a whole world out there where people were glamorous, where men and women drank wine with dinner and wore white tie and tails and drove cars with the tops down and danced on glass floors," she recalls, smiling dreamily. Her soft, languid accent, dripping with Southern charm, echoes through the coffee shop at the NBC building in midtown. Despite her cordiality, she somehow gives the impression of being in a great hurry. And for good reason: Smith is probably the hardest-working — and certainly the most successful — gossip writer on the East Coast.

Unlike Rona Barrett, the queen of Hollywood gossip, Liz Smith does not have a large staff, but relies on a single full-time assistant and part-time "leg man" in California. Nevertheless, she manages to turn

out, each week, six columns for the *New York Daily News* (syndicated nationally to more than 60 newspapers), five radio spots for NBC, and two television spots for WNBC's *Newscenter 4*.

"The minute I get up, I go to work. I get up at about nine, and go right to work," says Liz. "I look at the paper right quick, and go right to the typewriter, and work till I finish the column at one. I work in my apartment because I would never have time to get up and dress and go to another place. I would never get to meet my deadline. ... I work all the time. I work a lot on the weekends because that's the only time I can even vaguely make a stab at catching up. ... I just about kill myself to get everything done. I don't know if it's worth it."

For all her complaints, Liz believes that gossip-writing is well suited for her personality. "I can't help it. I'm just one of those people who likes to repeat a tale," she explains. "I'd be reading every newspaper in America that I could get my hands on and every book and magazine anyway, even if I weren't doing this job."

When she was hired by the *Daily News* in February, 1976 to start her column, Liz was no stranger to the New York celebrity scene; she had already been in the city for 26 years, working mainly as a free-lance writer. "I made a lot of money free-lancing. Even 15 years ago, I never made less than $25,000 a year." Besides writing for virtually every mass market publication in America, she spent five years ghostwriting the Cholly Knickerbocker society column in the old *Journal American*. Her many contacts among the famous, and the resurgence of interest in gossip, also helped persuade *Daily News* editor Mike O'Neill that the paper could use a gossip column in which the personality of the writer came through.

Within weeks of her debut, Liz broke some of the sensational details of Woodward and Bernstein's *The Final Days*, which was about to be excerpted in *Newsweek*. She added the TV and radio broadcasts to her schedule in 1978, and avoids duplicating items whenever possible.

Her best sources, says Liz, are other journalists. "Because they know what stories are. I know a lot of very serious and important writers who have a lot of news and gossip and rumors and stuff that they don't have any place to put, so they're apt to give it to me. They have impulses to disseminate news; I think real reporters do feel that way."

Liz says that, generally speaking, she prefers writers to all other people. Asked to name some favorites, she bubblingly replies: "Norman Mailer. I just think Norman is a genius. Oh God, I love so many writers. My favorite novel recently was Peter Maas' book, *Made in America*. ... There's Tommy Thompson, who just wrote *Serpentine*. Nora Ephrom, Carl Bernstein are friends of mine. Norman Mailer is a friend of mine. Oh, I could go on forever."

An author in her own right, Liz wrote *The Mother Book* two years ago; it sold approximately 65,000 copies in hardcover and 200,000 in paperback. "It kind of wrote itself," she says modestly of the acclaimed collection of anecdotes about mothers. Someday she would like to try fiction; at present she is working on a book that she describes as "a history and philosophy of gossip and what it is and what it's all about."

An Eastsider for half her life, Liz says her neighborhood "has the lowest crime rate of any police district in New York." Most of the restaurants he frequents are on the Upper East Side. They include Le Plaisir, Gian Marino, Szechuan East and Elaine's.

For years she saw her therapist at least once a week; now she pays him just occasional visits. "It helped me enormously in writing. I quit having writer's block. I quit putting things off. I quit making myself miserable. I accepted my success, which was hard, because a lot of writers: they don't want to succeed. They don't think they deserve it. It's like people who don't want to be happy.

"Well, I mean you can be happy, you know, if you let yourself, and if you do your work. The most important thing in the world, I think, is to do your work. If you do your work, you'll be happy: I'm almost positive about it."

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EASTSIDERS TOM & DICK SMOTHERS
Stars of *I Love My Wife* on Broadway

2-17-79

As the Smothers Brothers, they were perhaps the funniest, most original American music and comedy

team to come out of the 1960s. Their 10 albums sold in the millions, and for three seasons they had the most controversial show on television, *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*. When CBS abruptly canceled their contract in 1969 for seemingly political reasons, they became a cause celebre by suing the network and winning a million dollars in damages. After 18 years of performing together as a team, they retired their act in December, 1976, saying that their brand of satire had been "stated," and that repetition would bore them. The brothers parted on friendly terms, each determined to make his mark separately as an entertainer.

This past Labor Day, they were reunited as a comedy team — not on television or in a nightclub, but on the stage of the Ethel Barrymore Theatre on West 47th Street, where they instantly breathed new life into the long-running musical *I Love My Wife*. Cast in the roles of two would-be wife swappers from Trenton, New Jersey, they insisted on being billed not as the Smothers Brothers, but as Dick and Tom Smothers. However, anyone who laments the demise of the Smothers Brothers act should catch the show before the six-month contract runs out on March 4. Dick Smothers, as Wally, a smooth-talking pseudo-sophisticate, and Tom Smothers, as his naive, bumbling friend Alvin, a moving man, wear their roles as if they had been written for no one else.

"I like theatre and I'm going to do more of it," said Tom, 42, during a recent dressing room interview after a matinee performance. His brother Dick, 40, had other plans. "As soon as this show is over, I have to go back to California and do some bottling for my winery. And I want to do more auto racing. I race for American Motors. As far as making a career in acting on Broadway: no. I think I could work at it and become a fairly decent actor, but while I'm making wine, I want to play in cabaret theatre and dinner theatre. It's fun, and it keeps you sharp. Broadway isn't a place you should learn. What we're doing is apprenticing on Broadway.

"But that's how we got our television show," protested Tom. "We'd never done a television show before."

In spite of the box office success of their Broadway debut, Dick cannot help feeling disappointed that, as always, he is cast as the straight man. His character Wally is a foil to the lovable, slow-witted Alvin. "There's not a whole lot to do with Wally," said Dick, pouring me a glass of his Smothers white Riesling wine. "The fact is, everyone is pretty locked in except for Alvin. We're all dancing around him."

Tom's only complaint about the show is that it has put a strain on his health, and especially on his throat. "This is the first time I've been close to the edge of anxiety healthwise," he confided, sipping hot tea with lemon. "As soon as I arrived n New York I got tonsillitis. Now I have insomnia. Antibiotics really drain your body. I've lost 15 pounds so far. It's a very demanding part physically."

Both brothers seemed very serious offstage, although Tom went through his full range of marvelous mug expressions as he answered the questions and posed for photos. Asked about how his current salary compares to what he has earned previously, he replied: "Broadway you do for love of the craft. The money is nothing to what you can make in film. You do it because not many actors can do theatre." Dick commented: "Some of the big stars in Las Vegas get 20 to 30 times what we're making. It's the prestige and the experience."

Tom and Dick were born on Governor's Island in New York Harbor. Their father, an Army major, died in the Philippines near the end of World War II. Their mother then took them to the West Coast, and when Tom was 12, she gave him a guitar. "I wanted to be a bandleader first, then a comedian," he recalled. "At San Jose State, I was in a trio, and we needed a tenor. So I got Dickie to come to school." While still in college, they played their first professional engagement as the Smothers Brothers at San Francisco's Purple Onion nightclub and got four encores. Before long, Jack Paar invited them on *The Tonight Show*, and their career was assured.

One thing that is particularly touching about Tom and Dick Smothers is the great affection they have for each other. They live in separate Upper East Side apartments about a mile apart, but Dick drives Tom to the theatre each day, and they frequently socialize together.

Tom's mind is currently on a 19th-century farce, *Nothing but the Truth*, which he plans to start rehearsing this fall and hopes to eventually bring to Broadway. Dick, meanwhile, is thinking more about the jeep he recently won in a celebrity auto race. "I'm going to drive it home to Santa Cruz," he commented, with obvious satisfaction. "It has four-wheel drive, bush guards, a roll bar, and heavy off-road tires. It's perfect for Manhattan."

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WESTSIDER VICTOR TEMKIN
Publisher of Berkley and Jove Books

1-26-80

Victor Temkin, who looks like a character out of Dickens and comes across with the gruff friendliness of television's Ed Asner, is sitting in his midtown office on Friday afternoon trying to deal with three things at once. The telephone is jangling, visitors are dropping by unannounced, and I'm throwing him questions about the publishing business.

What complicates matters is that Mr. Temkin is in the process of moving his offices to another floor; has ad and his staff of 80 are packing everything into cardboard boxes, and now it's impossible to find anything. But the short, pink-faced man with gold-framed spectacles takes it all in stride. He lights a Lucky Strike, props one hand against his chin, and explains how he got to be the head of Berkley Books, which has long been the paperback division of G.P. Putnam.

"I came to New York in 1960 as a lawyer. I became assistant U.S. attorney in '61. I stayed there till '64," he relates in short bursts of speech. "Then I went into private practice until September of 1967, when I got into the book business. I became house counsel at Bantam Books, and worked my way up, and later became a vice president. I came here in July of 1977 as president and chief executive officer.

"Since that time, we purchased Jove Books from Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. It's another paperback house. ... Berkley does largely reprints of hardcovers, but Jove does exclusively paperback originals. Together, the two companies put out about 300 or 325 books a year. Of these, 120 are from Jove."

Berkley Books, he admits, is one of the smaller paperback houses, perhaps sixth or seventh. But the company manages to get its share of best-sellers. At New Year's two were in the nation's top 10 — *Mommie Dearest* by Christina Crawford and *Nurse* by Peggy Anderson. *Mommie Dearest*, says Temkin, "is the first time we've had a story of child abuse at that level off society, which I think is a great thing for the people to read. It isn't only poor kids that get beat up, it's the rich kids too — just as badly."

In terms of sales and profits, he says, "There's no such thing as an average book. It depends on what you pay for the advance and what the cost of manufacturing the book is. ... I can have books sell 50,000 copies and make a profit, or I can have books sell a million copies and lose money. ... It's not hard to spend a million dollars on a book. That's easy to do. The hard thing is to find a book like *Nurse*, where you didn't pay the million for it and you can sell a million and a half. We jumped in and bought it early on, before it was a hardcover best-seller."

Berkley's hottest author at present is John Jakes, whose seven-volume Kent family saga has sold 30 million copies. Jakes' new book, *The Americans*, is scheduled to be out in February 1980. "The first printing is over three million copies," says Temkin. "We expect it to be a number one best-seller.. ... What a great success story. John has been around for many many years and he's written a lot of books but he's never had the commercial success until that came along. You can never tell in this business. That's why we're in it: You don't know what tomorrow's going to be."

Temkin, who anticipates losing money on seven out of 10 books he publishes, does frequently travels around the country on business, and makes it a point to observe what people are reading on buses and in bookstores. "I think kids today are coming back to books. Because it's the best form of entertainment there is for the money," he says. "I read a lot. I try to read two, three books a week. I have a rule that I don't read books by authors who are friends of mine that I am publishing, because I know it will be nothing but trouble. ... I can't tell them I don't like a book, and if I tell them I do like it, they may not believe me. But I like writers. I enjoy being around them."

A native of Milwaukee, Temkin lives on the West Side with his wife Susan and their 8-year-old twins, Andrew and Peter. Susan has a busy career as a caterer who runs her own cooking school for kids.

In December, 1977, Berkley brought out a book about the Jonestown tragedy, *The Guyana Massacre* by Charles Krause, which was written, published and distributed in a single week. "It's instant journalism," Temkin explains. "We're going to do a book late in 1980 about the 1980 election, to tell how and why it happened."

He laughs when asked whether his skills as a lawyer have been helpful in his publishing career. "No, I think I've forgotten most of what I know about being a lawyer. It's not the same."

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WESTSIDER JOHN TESH
Anchorman for WCBS Channel 2 News

2-3-79

"I've had a lot of luck in my career," says John Tesh of WCBS Channel 2 News."I enjoy working hard and I know exactly what I want. Who knows, 10 years from now I may not be that way. A lot of my friends are afraid I've gone too far too fast."

During the first 18 years of his life, when he lived in Garden City, Long Island, John was a top student, a star athlete, and a fine musician. After graduating from high school he left for North Carolina to attend the state university on a soccer scholarship. His goal — to become a doctor. But when John returned to the New York area in 1976 at the age of 24, it was not as a professional athlete or a physician, but as a television news reporter. Today, at 27, he is one of the most highly respected young broadcasters in New York. Throughout the week he appears regularly on Channel 2's 6 o'clock news as an on-the-scene reporter, and each Saturday and Sunday he co-anchors both the 6 o'clock and the 11 o'clock evening news. According to Tesh, his 6 o'clock weekend show is watched by more people than any other local news program in New York.

As if this job were not enough, last September John opened his own sporting goods store, Sports Stripes, located on Columbus Avenue at 75th Street, a few blocks from his apartment. The compact, brightly decorated store specializes in running equipment and is the only place in New York City where running shoes can be resoled on the premises.

When I stop by Sports Stripes one afternoon to talk with John over lunch, the first thing I notice is his sheer size. At 6 foot and 190 pounds, he makes a commanding presence. There is command in his voice as well; it is as deep and rich as a Russian bass-baritone's. He seems extraordinarily calm, and when I comment on this, he says that "there's not as much pressure in New York as there was then I worked in North Carolina. Here you're able to concentrate solely on your reporting. There you were concerned with logistical problems — shooting the film, developing it, editing it, selecting slides, producing the broadcast, and then anchoring it. … But I'm not as calm as I might appear. I think people at Sports Stripes and CBS think of me as frenetic."

His entry into broadcasting was totally unplanned. Halfway through college, he got a part-time job as a copy boy at a local radio station. One day the station's two newsmen called in sick, and John was asked to fill in. Instantly bitten by the broadcast journalism "bug," he decided to trade in his premed courses for television/radio production and political science.

"When I finished college," says John in his low-keyed manner, "I had the choice of going to medical school or continuing in broadcasting, so I felt l could go either way. I decided to stay in broadcasting for a while." After working at television stations in North Carolina, Florida and Tennessee, he was offered a job at WCBS.

"I would say that most correspondents try to get to New York, because the production is a lot better here. … I wouldn't like the anchor job without the field work," he adds thoughtfully. "I have been told that my forte is breaking news. Last year I won an Emmy for that. The same year I won an Emmy for outstanding reporting.

"Unedited, live television is what it's coming to. It's interesting, because it's come full circle. At one time, everything was live. Then for some reason it went so heavily into tape, and now it's back into live journalism. As the public becomes better informed, so changes the news.

"When Fred Cowan was holed up in a warehouse in New Rochelle, and he had killed at least one police officer and was holding several hostages, I was in a house across the street from there. We were reporting as it was happening. There were shots fired; I didn't realize until afterwards how intense it was."

Asked about which skills are required for live journalism, John says: "I think it's being able to explain quickly and concisely the situation at hand without becoming too involved in the situation. Becoming the eyes and ears of the viewer. Being able to ad-lib is actually what it is. [Walter] Cronkite is one of the great all-time ad-libbers."

A bachelor who lives alone, John still finds time for sports and music: "I get enough excitement out of the store and work so that when it's time to go home I like to be quiet. I have an electric piano, which I play with headsets. … I've run two marathons here in New York. I'm too big to be a good marathon runner, but I do train hard. My ambition is to find some race to win."

John says he likes the West Side to much that "my friends have to drag me to the East Side. I do all my shopping on the West Side because I figure, why shouldn't I help out my friends who live here by shopping at their stores?" When John decided to open his own store, he called up his boyhood friend Paul Abbott to run it. The pair were classmates from grammar school through high school.

John says he hopes to eventually open his own seafood restaurant — "on the West Side, of course.

This is where I plan to live for the rest of my life."

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WESTSIDER RICHARD THOMAS
John-Boy teams up with Henry Fonda in *Roots II*

2-17-79

Seven years ago, on Christmas Day 1972, CBS aired a holiday program titled *The Homecoming* about a family living in Appalachia during the Great Depression. All who were involved in the project went their separate ways after the filming, including a young actor from the Upper West Side named Richard Thomas. But it drew such a favorable response that CBS decided to turn it into a series. The rest is history: *The Waltons* became a hit and made Thomas a television superstar.

For five years he charmed his way into American homes as the beloved John Boy. Then in 1976 he decided to leave *The Waltons* in order to concentrate on his marriage, write poetry, do stage acting, perform ballet and make movies. On February 18, in what is certain to be his most closely watched performance to date, Richard will star in the first segment of ABCs *Roots II*, playing the son of a wealthy railroad lawyer (Henry Fonda) who marries a black schoolteacher. He will appear, to a lesser extent, on the two following evenings as well, before leaving the scene as a 54-year-old man.

In an interview at the New York School of Ballet at Broadway and 83rd Street — which is owned by his parents, Richard Thomas III and Barbara Fallis — he talks enthusiastically about his role in Roots II. "My character is an actual historical figure," says Richard. "He had just come back from college and didn't know what he wanted out of life. ... Obviously in 1892 or 3, his marriage was considered a disaster. His wife Carrie was Alex Haley's first teacher. Her school is still in Tennessee today."

Sporting a newly grown moustache, casually dressed, and still boyish looking at 27, Richard carries an air of tremendous confidence about him. Yet his voice changes to one of awed respect when he speaks of Henry Fonda: "The thing about working with someone like Fonda is that his presence is so strongly felt that you get caught up in watching him. It's really uncanny. I had to pinch myself to get back into the scene. And Olivia de Havilland, who plays my mother — she's extraordinary, too. We got along great."

Earlier this year, Richard Performed in the Los Angeles production of *Streamers*, and also made a TV movie for CBS, *Getting Married*, which was broadcast last summer. In the late fall, during one of his frequent trips to the West Side, he donned ballet tights to play the character role of Hilarion in the U.S. Terpsichore Company's production of *Giselle*, starring his 19-year-old sister Bronwyn Thomas, one of the most highly acclaimed young ballerinas in the city.

Richard's parents are both former principal dancers for the New York City Ballet. They were on tour in Cuba when he was born, and the first language he learned was Spanish. He began acting at the age of 7. Growing up on West 96th Street, he attended McBurney High School and Columbia University.

Although he moved to Los Angeles in 1971, Richard still considers himself a Westsider. "I just know it like the back of my hand," he says. "I'm not sure I could live without LA anymore, but whenever I'm here, I feel completely at home. There's a kind of underground chic on the Upper West Side that I kind of respond to. I'm very comfortable around Spanish-speaking people. I speak Spanish, and my wife is part Mexican. I like the Latin flavor."

He and his wife Alma have been married since 1975; they have a 2-year old son, also named Richard Thomas. "He talks a blue streak," comments the proud father. "Sometimes he gets very blue. You have to watch what you say around him."

In 1994 the young actor published his first book of poetry. Titled simply *Poems by Richard Thomas*, it won the California Robert Frost Award the following year. His second volume of poetry, *In The Moment*, is scheduled for publication by Avon early in 1979.

Another of his prime interests is music. "I'm a big operagoer," he says. "I'm really partial to Verdi and Wagner, if you have to get it down to two." He also plays the dulcimer. "When I go to Kentucky this week, I'm going to call on a man who's one of the great dulcimer makers in the United States."

The three-stringed mountain instrument, an important component in the folk music of Appalachia,

caught Richard's fancy long ago, during a visit to his grandfather's Kentucky farm, where he spent many summers as a boy. Both of his grandparents on his father's side are still living. Like an episode from *The Waltons*, the family often gathers at the farm on Thanksgiving Day.

The original *Roots* was seen by more people than any other program in the history of television, but Richard does not dwell on his important role in *Roots II*. He prefers to talk about the fulfillment he has found in marriage.

"I can't imagine not being married at this point," he says, the thick gold band gleaming on his finger. "If my marriage weren't happy, I couldn't make the right kind of career decisions. One supports the other. They're part of the same package." Does he expect to have more children? Richard smiles broadly and replies: "That's really my wife's department."

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EASTSIDER ANDY WARHOL
Pop artist and publisher of *Interview* magazine

4-7-79

He is the great enigma of American art. Some of his most famous paintings are exercises in monotony. His movies often put the viewer to sleep. As a conversationalist, he can be low-keyed to the point of dullness: speaking softly in a slow-paced, emotionless voice, he relies heavily on short sentences, long pauses, and an abundance of "ums" and "uhs." However, he has one asset that overshadows everything negative that might be said or written about him: his name happens to be Andy Warhol.

The only time I met Warhol in person was at a book publication party several months ago. He came by himself, spoke to hardly anyone, and spent most of his brief visit flitting quietly about the room, avoiding people's eyes and taking snapshots of the more celebrated guests. With his pale complexion, narrow frame, and hair like bleached straw, he looked not unlike a scarecrow. Everywhere he went, heads turned to catch a glimpse. That has been the story of Warhol's life ever since he rose to international prominence in the 1960s.

Although he did not feel like talking when I met him, Andy — never publicity-shy — agreed to a telephone interview at a later date. Reached at the offices of his *Interview* magazine off Union Square, he answered all my questions briefly, and in a voice so low that he could barely be heard.

Interview, the monthly tabloid-shaped magazine that he publishes, is Warhol's most visible creative project at the moment. "It's been going for about seven or eight years," he said. "I started it for Brigid Berlin. Her father ran the Hearst Corporation. She didn't want to work on it." The person on the cover of each issue is identified only on the inside, and many of the faces are difficult to recognize. Some are genuine celebrities, such as Truman Capote, who has a regular column. Others are young unknowns who have caught Warhol's fancy. The ultramodern layout includes many full-page ads for some of the most expensive shops in Manhattan. The interviews, interspersed with many photos, lean heavily on show business personalities, models, artists, writers and fashion people. In most cases, the "interviews" are actually group discussions — often with Andy himself taking part — that are printed verbatim. Even the most mundane comments are not cut.

The reason? "I used to carry a tape recorder with me all the time, so this was a way to use it," said Warhol. But in truth, the literal transcriptions are another example of the naturalism that characterizes much of his work. When he turned his attention from painting and drawing to filmmaking in 1963, he became notorious for such movies as *Sleep*, which showed a man sleeping for six hours, and *Empire*, which he made by aiming his camera at the Empire State Building and keeping the film running for eight straight hours.

According to Warhol, many people have turned down his request for interviews. "It's hard to get Robert Redford. ... We choose people who like to talk a lot." The type of reader he seeks to attract is "the rich audience. People who go to places like Christie's and Fiorucci's. ... It's fun to go to those places and get invited to parties. I love fashion parties. Shoe parties are even better."

His affection for shoes dates back to 1949, when, in his first year in New York, he got a job in the art department of a shoe store. His designs and magazine illustrations caught on so fast that within a year, he was able to purchase the town house on the Upper East Side, where he still lives with his mother. "But mostly I live with my two dachshunds. They've taken over."

Certain facts abut Andy Warhol's early life remain a mystery because he has always objected to questions that he considers irrelevant to an understanding of him as an artist. It is known that he was

born somewhere in Pennsylvania, sometime between 1927 and 1931, to a family of immigrants from Czechoslovakia named Warhola.

By his mid-20s, Warhol was one of the most sought-after commercial artists in the field. His silk-screen prints of Campbell's soup cans made him famous with the general public, and by the mid-1960s he was clearly the most highly celebrated "plastic artist" — a title he relishes — in the English-speaking world.

In recent years, his creative output has been reduced somewhat, as the result of the severe wounds he sustained in June, 1968, when a deranged woman shot him in his office. Nevertheless, he continues to mount gallery exhibitions, write books and paint portraits. The Whitney Museum (75th St. at Madison Ave.) will have a show of his portraits in December.

Asked about the East Side, Warhol said that one of his favorite activities is to go window shopping. "When you live on the East Side, you don't have to go far. Because usually everything happens here." When he goes to the West Side, it's often to visit Studio 54. "I only go there to see my friend Steve Rubell. Afterwards, we usually go to Cowboys and Cowgirls."

About the only medium that Warhol has not worked in is television. "Oh, I always wanted to, yeah," was his parting comment. "It just never happens. The stations think we're not Middle America."

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EASTSIDER ARNOLD WEISSBERGER
Theatrical attorney for superstars

9-29-79

What do Leonard Bernstein, Helen Hayes, Otto Preminger, Carol Channing, Truman Capote and George Balanchine have in common?

All are giants in the performing arts. And all are — or have been — clients of Arnold Weissberger, one of the world's foremost theatrical attorneys. Now in his 50th year of practice, the Brooklyn-born, Westside-raised Weissberger has been representing stars ever since a chance encounter brought Orson Welles to his office in 1936.

"Most of my clients are involved in making contracts that have to do with plays or films or television," says Weissberger on a recent afternoon. The scene is his small, richly furnished law firm in the East 50s. Dressed in a dark suit, with a white carnation in his buttonhole to match his white mustache, Weissberger looks very much like the stereotype of a business tycoon. "Part of my job," he continues, "is to be familiar with the rules of guilds and unions. And I have to know about the treaties between countries that affect the payment of taxes."

Smiling benevolently, his hands folded in front of him, the gentlemanly lawyer quickly proves himself a gifted storyteller. In his upper-class Boston accent, acquired during seven years at Harvard, he delights in telling anecdotes about his favorite performers. Not shy about dropping names, Weissberger drops only the biggest, such as Sir Laurence Olivier — a client who had invited him to lunch the previous day — and Martha Graham.

His work is so crowded that whenever he has to read anything that is longer than three pages, he puts it in his weekend bag. Yet Weissberger devotes an hour or two every day to one of several philanthropic organizations. At the top of his list is the Martha Graham Center of Contemporary Dance, of which he is co-chairman. "I consider her one of the three great seminal figures in the arts in the 20th century, and I prize her friendship enormously." The other two outstanding artistic figures of the century, he says, are "Stravinsky, who it was also my privilege to represent, and Picasso, who I did not represent."

He serves as chairman of the New Dramatists, a group that nurtures young playwrights; he is a board member of Fountain House, a halfway house for ex-mental patients; and he is chairman of the Theatre and Music Collection of the Museum of the City of New York.

On Monday through Thursday, Weissberger lives in a luxurious Eastside apartment that he shares with his longtime friend, theatrical agent Milton Goldman. Each Friday after work, Weissberger departs for Seacliff, Long Island, where he owns a house overlooking the ocean. Goldman and Weissberger, whose careers have run a parallel course during the 35 years of their acquaintance, travel widely each summer, generally spending a month in London, where both have many clients.

"Our interests are very similar, except that I am an opera buff, and Milton is not. He's a realist. I

started going to opera when I was 10 years old, so I don't mind if a 300-pound soprano dies of consumption in *Traviata*, as long as she sings beautifully."

An avid art collector, Weissberger buys only what he has room to display on the walls of his home and office. For the past 30 years his chief hobby has been photography. He has published two volumes of his work — *Close Up* (1967) and *Famous Faces* (1971). Although he has never taken a photography course, and never uses flash, he captures the essence of his subjects through his rapport with them. "I have discussed the possibility of doing a photo book of children I've taken around the world," he notes. "And now, of course, I have enough photos for a second volume of famous faces."

His vigorous appearance to the contrary, Weissberger claims to get little exercise. "I have one of those stationary bicycles at home, but I've never gotten round to using it. And I've got to do so before I next see my doctor, or I won't be able to face him. ... It's interesting how doctorial advice changes. I remember several years ago, it was not considered a good idea for people who were no longer young to climb stairs, and now my doctor says that climbing stairs is the best thing I can do for my constitution."

So closely connected are the various aspects of his life that Weissberger is able to say: "There's no demarcation between my workday and my play day. People ask me when I'm going to retire, and I say there's no need for me to retire, because I enjoy my work so much. I become part of people's lives. I become privy to their problems. It is, in many ways, an extension, an enhancement of my own life to be able to participate in the lives of my clients. I remember a few months ago, when Lilli Palmer was sitting right there, and I said, 'Lilli, what a lucky person I am. I'm having to do a tax return and I'm doing it for Lilli Palmer.' Because there sat this beautiful, charming, intelligent, lovely lady, and I was representing her professionally. For me, I can't think of any profession that could possibly be more rewarding."

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EASTSIDER TOM WICKER
Author and columnist for the *New York Times*

6-2-79

Something unusual was happening up ahead: that much he was sure of, although no sound of gunshots reached Tom Wicker's ears as he rode in a press bus in the presidential motorcade through the streets of Dallas on November 22, 1963. Gazing out the window, he observed crowds of people running about in confusion. Shortly afterward, outside Parkland Hospital, the full extent of the tragedy was announced to the world, and Tom Wicker, the only reporter from the *New York Times* who was present that day, rushed off to write the biggest story of his career.

Working feverishly through the afternoon, he came up with a 106 paragraph account of the day's events that dominated the *Times'* front page the following morning. In decades to come, students and historians will turn to Wicker's story on microfilm with perhaps a sense of wonder that it omits no facts of major importance, and contains virtually no errors.

Tom Wicker was writing for history that day, and largely as a result of his masterful performance, he was elevated the following year to the position of the *Times* bureau chief in Washington. In 1968, he was appointed associate editor of the newspaper, and in 1971, he returned to New York in order to concentrate on his column, "In the Nation." For the past 13 years, the column has appeared three times weekly in the op-ed page of the *Times.*

A tall, ruddy-complexioned, powerful-looking Southerner of 52 with a country-boy manner and a Carolina accent as thick as molasses, Wicker has managed to combine his lifelong career in journalism with an independent career as a book author. The most successful of his seven novels, *Facing the Lions*, was on the *New York Times* best-seller list for 18 weeks in 1973, while his most recent nonfiction work, *On Press: A Top Reporter's Life in, and Reflections on, American Journalism*, was published last year by Viking and will soon be released as a paperback by Berkley.

In an interview at his office in the *Times* building, the affable, articulate Wicker responds to an opening question about whether journalists are less accurate today than in the past by saying, "No, I don't think they ever were very accurate. It's hard to get pinpoint accuracy under pressure. I think that's an inherent weakness of daily journalism. But you have to consider that there are something like eight million words a day coming in here. It's very tough to double-check all of that by deadline. I think of journalism as being kind of like an early alert system."

In his column, Wicker has never been told what to write, never had an article killed or edited, and never been urged to conform to the *Times* editorial policy.

Some of his pieces look best in retrospect — for example, the three columns he wrote in September and October 1977 about the dangers of storing nuclear waste. The sympathy with which he treated the prison death of convict George Jackson in a 1971 column caught the attention of inmates everywhere, and during the uprising at New York's Attica prison later that year, he was called in as a mediator and official observer. His book about the uprising, *A Time To Die*, (1975), won him two major literary awards and was made a Book of the Month Club selection.

An engaging public speaker who travels widely, he spent two months in Africa last year. At present, he is preparing a long article on Richard Nixon that will appear in the *Sunday Times* magazine this August to coincide with the fifth anniversary of the ex-president's resignation.

Asked for his opinion on the seeming resurgence of Nixon as a public figure, Wicker smiles and says, "I'm sure Al Capone could have drawn a crowd the day he got out of prison. I don't think Nixon has been revived. He never was dead in that sense. He left the White House under a cloud, yet he retained, I am sure, millions of people who supported him. ... I myself have always discounted these reports that some future Republican president might appoint him a sort of roving ambassador. As far as his giving speeches at big colleges is concerned, I think that's all right. He may have made mistakes, but I myself would find it very interesting to read an article by Richard Nixon about foreign affairs. I think he's a man of intelligence and knowledge in this area."

For the past five years, Wicker has been married to Pamela Hill, vice president of ABC News and executive producer of the network's documentary productions. They live in a four-story brownstone on the Upper East Side. Though both enjoy cooking, their busy schedules call for many visits to local restaurants.

Wicker's next book is a historical novel about the American Civil War that he has been researching for several years. "It probably won't be completed until 1981," he says, "but I expect it to be the best book I have ever done. It's certainly the one I'm putting the most effort into. At the same time, the column is my first priority. That's the clock I punch. ... My experience is, the more you write, the better you get at it. It's a business in which you keep sharpening your tools all the time."

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EASTSIDER TOM WOLFE
Avant-garde author talks about *The Right Stuff*

10-6-79

During New York City's newspaper strike of 1963, a 31-year-old *Herald Tribune* reporter named Tom Wolfe visited California in order to write an article for *Esquire* magazine about the souped-up, customized cars and the crowd they attracted. When *Esquire's* deadline arrived, Wolfe was unable to pull the article together, so he typed out his largely impressionistic notes and sent them to the editor, who decided to run "The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby" exactly as written. Thus was Tom Wolfe established as one of the most important new talents in American journalism.

Today he is generally recognized as the foremost proponent of what might be called the nonfiction short story. The majority of his eight books are collections of factual articles written in the style of fiction. His latest effort, *The Right Stuff* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $12.95), is about the seven Mercury astronauts and the world of military flying. Over cocktails at the Isle of Capri, a restaurant not far from his Eastside apartment, the slender, gentlemanly, and slightly bashful author spoke at length about his new book and a dozen other subjects. Dressed in a one-button, swallowtail, yellow pinstriped suit — "it's kind of an early Duke of Windsor" — he poured forth his colorful phrases in a rich, soothing, mildly Southern accent that rang with sincerity.

"I began this book in 1972, when *Rolling Stone* asked me to go down to the Cape and cover Apollo 17. Somewhat to my surprise, I became quite interested in the whole business of: what's the makeup of someone who's willing to sit on top of a rocket and let you light the candle? And I ended up writing four stories for *Rolling Stone* ... in about a month. And I thought if I spent a couple of months in expanding them, I'd have a book. Well, it's now 1979 and here we are." He laughed heartily. "It was so difficult that I put it aside every opportunity I had. I wrote three other books in the meantime, to avoid working on it.

"I ended up being more interested in the fraternity of flying than in space exploration. I found the reactions of people and flying conditions much more fascinating. So the book is really about the right stuff — the code of bravery that the pilots live by, and the mystical belief about what it takes to be a hot fighter jock.

"Flying has a competitive structure that's as hotly contested as the world of show business. And the egos are just as big — in fact, in a way, they're bigger. … It's hard to top surgeons for sheer ego. I think surgeons are the most egotistical people on the face of the earth, but pilots usually make the playoffs: they're in there."

An excellent caricaturist who has published hundreds of drawings and mounted several major exhibitions, he confessed to being vain about his artwork because "I don't feel as sure of myself as I do in writing." A book of his drawings will come out in 1980. He also has a captioned drawing each month in *Harper's*, the magazine where his wife Sheila works as art director. Tom was a lifelong bachelor until they were married last year.

He arrived in New York in 1962, armed with a Ph.D. from Yale and three years' experience on the *Washington Post*. "I really love it in New York. It reminds me of the state fair in Virginia, where I grew up. … The picture of the East Side really is of the man living in the $525,000 co-op, leaving the building at night with his wife, both clothed in turtleneck sweaters with pieces of barbed wire and jeans, going past a doorman who is dressed like an Austrian Army colonel from 1870."

No relation to the novelist Thomas Wolfe, Tom Wolfe has written only one short piece of fiction in his life. He is now thinking about writing "a *Vanity Fair* type of novel about New York" as his next major undertaking. In the meantime, he is working on a sequel to *The Painted Word*, his book-length essay abut modern art that appeared in 1975.

"Another thing I'd like to try is a movie script," he added. "I've done one — a series of vignettes about life in Los Angeles. … But many talented writers just go bananas in trying to write for the movies. Because they're not in charge of what they're doing. All that a good director can do is keep from ruining the script. He cannot turn a bad script into a good movie. He can turn a good script into a bad movie. And often, I think, it happens, because the director is given a power that he simply should not have."

Another possible project, said Wolfe, is a second volume of *The Right Stuff*, to bring the story up to the $250 million Soviet-American handshake in 1975. The 436-page first volume has been received with acclaim. In the *New York Sunday Times* book review, C.D.B. Bryan wrote: "It is Tom Wolfe at his very best. … It is technically accurate, learned, cheeky, risky, touching, tough, compassionate, nostalgic, worshipful, jingoistic — it is superb."

* * *

An Interview with Tom Wolfe

from *The Westsider*, 11-22-79

Tom Wolfe, one of the most original stylists in American writing today, burst spectacularly on the literary horizon in 1965 with *The Kandy Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*, a collection of articles about contemporary American life written as nonfiction.

Wolfe's adoption of stream of consciousness, his unorthodox use of italics and exclamation marks, his repetition of letters, and his effectiveness in inventing hip phrases with nonsense words and classical references, helped establish an entirely new literary form — the nonfiction short story.

His reputation was cemented by such books as *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, *The Pump House Gang* and *The Painted Word*, a lengthy essay on modern art. Wolfe sometimes illustrates his work with pen-and ink drawings.

His latest book, *The Right Stuff*, deals with the age of rockets, the early astronauts and the world of military flying. Published in September 1979, it is a critical and commercial success that has already hit the best-seller list.

A tall, slender 48-year-old transplanted Southerner with a rich baritone voice, Wolfe speaks softly, chooses his word carefully, and exhibits a kind of schoolboy bashfulness when discussing his own work. A New Yorker since 1962, he lives on the Upper East Side with his wife Sheila, the art director of *Harper's* magazine. On the day of our interview, Wolfe is wearing his customary one-button, swallow-tailed, yellow pin stripe suit, which he describes as "early Duke of Windsor."

Q: What made you decide to write this book?

A: Back in 1972, Rolling Stone asked me to go down to the Cape and cover Apollo 17. That was the last mission to the moon. … Somewhat to my surprise, I really became quite interested in the whole business of what's the makeup of someone who's willing to sit on top of a rocket and let you light the

candle? And I ended up writing four stories for *Rolling Stone* in about a month. And I thought if I spent a couple of months in expanding them, I'd have a book. Well, it's now 1979 and here we are." (He laughs.) It was so difficult that I put it aside every opportunity I had. I wrote three other books in the meantime, to avoid working on it.

I ended up being more interested in the fraternity of flying than in space exploration. I found the reactions of people and flying conditions much more fascinating. So the book is really about the right stuff — the code of bravery that the pilots live by, and the mystical belief about what it takes to be a hot fighter jock, as the expression goes. I became interested in people like Chuck Yeager, who broke the sound barrier back in 1947. When the seven Mercury astronauts were chosen, they were not the seven hottest test pilots in America, although they were presented as such at the time. The arrival of the astronauts as a type completely upset the competitive hierarchy of flying.

Flying has a competitive structure that's as hotly contested as the world of show business. And the egos are just as big — in fact, in a way, they're bigger. . ... It's hard to top surgeons for sheer ego. I think surgeons are the most egotistical people on the face of the earth, but pilots usually make the playoffs: they're in there.

Q: Speaking of your other books: how do you manage to know all the hip phrases of the day? Do you spend a lot of time with teenagers?

A: At one time, people thought I was some sort of medium who hung around with children to pick up what young people were thinking and doing. Well, that interested me very much in the '60s, when suddenly young people were doing extraordinary things — things they had never done, which really boiled down to living lives that they controlled, sometimes in a communal way, going with their own styles, rather than imitating that of their elders. So it was fascinating. I made a point of learning about it.

Sometimes now I turn on the radio and I don't recognize a single song on the charts. Right now I have no idea what any of the top 20 singles are. And I have the feeling that it's probably not worth finding out, because we're now in a phase where we're just filling in the spaces of what was introduced by rock and the Beatles and the Grateful Dead and so on. There's nothing very new, I don't think. Maybe I'm wrong.

Q: How do you choose your clothes?

A: Right now I'm in the phase of pretentiousness. During the late '60s I had a lot of fun by making mild departures in style — wearing white suits instead of blue suits, things like that. That was very shocking and unusual in 1963. Suddenly things reached a point beyond which it really wasn't worth going, as far as I was concerned, when Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman appeared on the *Dick Cavett Show* in body paint.

There's one direction in which clothes can go that still annoys the hell out of people, and that's pretentiousness. If you wear double-breasted waistcoats, which I rather like, that annoys people. Spats more than annoy people: they infuriate people. Try it sometime if you don't believe me. They think that this is an affront. It stirs up all sorts of resentment. We're in a period now in which the picture of the East Side really is of the man living in the $525,000 co-op, leaving the building at night, both clothed in turtleneck sweaters with pieces of barbed wire and jeans, going past a doorman who is dressed like an Austrian Army colonel from 1870.

Q: Do you do a lot of drawing?

A: I have a regular feature in *Harper's*. I do one large drawing each month, with a caption.

Q: What's your artistic background?

A: I never was trained in art. I worked for a commercial artist a number of summers when I was in high school. And I learned anatomy from drawing boxers in *Ring* magazine. It was the only way I could think of to learn anatomy.

I've had two gallery shows of drawings. ... And I'll have a book of drawings coming out next year. I find myself very vain about my drawing. I guess I don't feel as sure of myself as I do in writing; therefore I'm always straining to get people's reactions to what I've drawn.

What I do mostly is caricature. I try not to make them too cartoony. This is a period that absolutely cries out for good caricature. Part of it is that the great caricaturists used to be people who were determined to be fine artists. Every artist, whether he was good or bad, learned anatomy very thoroughly. He learned how to render landscapes, buildings, and learned something about costume. So

the ones who didn't make it as easel painters might turn to doing caricature, and some of them were spectacular.

We all grow up thinking we're in an era of progress, because we have had so much technological progress. But it simply doesn't work that way in art and literature. We're living in an era — to use Mencken's phrase — of the "Sahara of the beaux arts."

I wrote about that in *The Painted Word*. In fact, I'm doing a sequel to that now. It will be an article for *Harper's* magazine. I'm moving into the areas of architecture and serious music and dance. It's very enjoyable to work on a subject like that after a long haul of writing about astronauts — essentially because it's easier.

Q: What do you like to watch on TV?

A: To be honest, my two favorite shows are *Mannix* — which, alas, is no longer except in reruns — and the *Johnny Carson Show*. I just think he's terrific. It was such a common currency among those in the general category of intellectuals to like the *Dick Cavett Show* and not the *Johnny Carson Show*. And that is so much the party line that it takes awhile to dawn on you that Carson is really extremely funny. Dick Cavett, he has a lot of talent, but when it comes to wit, and even in handling the language, he's simply not in Carson's league.

There are a whole bunch of shows, I must say, in which I simply don't know who these people are. A lot of general-circulation magazines today are really television magazines. *People* magazine is a television magazine. Look at these people. Who are they? Who are Mindy and Mork? I mean, I've never seen the show. And yet, they're obviously extremely well-known.

These magazines now, in an era in which general circulation magazines are in trouble, have hit upon this idea: all these people that are watching television will have the thrill of recognition if we write about the people they've seen on television. So *Sports Illustrated* will tend to give you a kind of a rehash of the game of the week or the fight that everyone saw on television. It's kind of funny. At first, television was always cannibalizing the printed word for material, and now it's suddenly turning around.

Q: Do you have any other major projects coming up?

A: For years I've been telling myself that I was going to try a *Vanity Fair* type of novel about New York, and I think I should probably try to make myself tackle that next. I've debated whether to make it fiction or nonfiction. My fiction writing has been confined to one short story that I did for *Esquire*. And I was surprised that it was harder than I thought to write fiction. I thought that I could sit down on a Sunday afternoon and knock out a short story, because you could make things up.

Another thing I'd like to try is a movie script. I've done one — a series of vignettes about life in Los Angeles. ... But many talented writers just go bananas in trying to write for the movies. Because they're not in charge of what they're doing. All that a good director can do is keep from ruining the script. He cannot turn a bad script into a good movie. He can turn a good script into a bad movie. And often, I think, it happens, because the director is given a power that he simply should not have.

Q: Do you feel a lot of pressure on yourself when you sit down at the typewriter, as being one of the trend-setters in American writing today?

A: It was terrible after my first book came out, and I suddenly got a lot of publicity I never dreamed I'd get. I was still working with the *Herald Tribune* as a general assignment reporter at the city desk. And I suddenly was made aware by publicity that there was something called the Tom Wolfe style. And this can really do terrible things to you. I wrote a whole series of just dreadful article because the first phase I went through was: "Well, I'll be damned. I have the Tom Wolfe style, I guess I'd better use it." And so I started writing these self-parodies. The second phase was: "I've got to stop this. It's self-destructive." And I would write something and a bell would go off and I'd say, "That's Tom Wolfe style. Now is that good the way I've used it there, or it is bad the way I've used it?" And this became very troublesome.

When I did this book, *The Right Stuff*, I decided I really was going to try to tailor my language to the mental atmosphere of pilots, and somehow make my tone what I have elsewhere called the downstage voice. You're writing in the third person about other people, but your own writing style takes on their tone. So I think the result is a book that seems different in style, and is sort of an experiment for me.

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WESTSIDER PINCHAS ZUKERMAN

Violinist and conductor

10-13-79

"Travel is not fun anymore," sighs world-renowned violinist, violist and conductor Pinchas Zukerman. "It used to be. Now there are all the checks and securities at airports, and the hotel standards have gone down. The old-style luxury hotel is gone. Now it's a businessman's Ramada Inn, kind of hit-and-run hotel. But you learn to live with it."

Since making his American debut with the New York Philharmonic under Leonard Bernstein 11 years ago, he has been a soloist with every major orchestra in Europe, and acted as both conductor and soloist for most of the leading orchestras in America. His schedule of 120 concerts a year is solidly booked until 1982, and he has a discography of several dozen recordings on four labels. For personal credits, Pinchas — or "Pinky," as he prefers to be called — has lived on the West Side for 17 years, been married to Eugenia Zukerman for 12 of those years. They have two daughters, one of whom is a skilled pianist.

The *New York Times* has called him "one of the world's leading violinists," the *London Times* has said he is "absolutely without peer," and the *Washington Post* has labeled him "the most versatile of all major musicians." Born in Israel, the son of Polish survivors of Auschwitz, he was invited to perform at the White House last year for Egyptian President Anwar Sadat and Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin. "I want to tell Sadat he should set up a recording studio inside the pyramids," he joked before the event. This year, Pinky's greatest honor was his appointment as music director of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, the only full-time chamber orchestra in America.

But the most astonishing thing about this burly, muscular man who speaks nostalgically of the "old days," may be his age. He's 31.

"I think I had as normal a childhood as one could expect from a talented boy that had to work," he muses in his living room overlooking the Hudson River. Serious one moment, clownish the next, he frequently punctuates his remarks with loud belly laughter. Pinky's sense of humor is one of the things that endears him to his close friend, violinist Itzhak Perlman, who lives six floors above. They were born three years apart, grew up a few miles from each other, and both came to New York with the help of violinist Isaac Stern to study at Juilliard.

The pair sometimes travel together for concerts, and according to Eugenia Zukerman, "they do things like imitate apes at airports." Eugenia herself is an extraordinary woman. Besides being a wife and mother, she is a flutist with an international music career of her own, frequently appearing in recitals with her husband. In addition, she is a highly talented writer who has written free-lance articles for many leading publications, and now devotes three or four hours a day to her first novel.

On October 19 at 10 p.m., and for the next three Friday evenings, Channel 13 will present a series called *Here to Make Music*, which documents Pinchas Zukerman's musical collaborations with Perlman, Stern and others. Zukerman's life story is told through the use of recordings he made before the age of 10, old photographs and candid interviews, producing a portrait that is often fascinating.

"I think music on TV is getting definitely better in America. They're ahead of the game at the BBC and in Europe, but they're quickly catching up here," he notes. "Sometimes they overcompensate with pictures for the sake of making a so-called 'interesting' show for the guy sitting with his slippers in the living room, drinking a glass of beer. They're afraid to leave the camera on the same musician for three minutes. That's why you've got this flute playing, and you see this horn player picking his nose."

When I ask Pinky about critics, the color rises in his cheeks. "Don't get me on critics," he warns, before launching into an unrestrained diatribe. "First of all, they're not critics as far as I'm concerned. They should be reporters. But they never report what goes on in the concert hall. The public stood up and clapped for 10 minutes. Say it, damn it! Don't say that bar 56 was not right in the Beethoven G Major Sonata. Who cares? It's so stupid!

"I'm a great fiddle player. They all say that. Fine. It's understood, it's granted. It's there. Okay. So instead of criticizing my fiddle playing, they say I'm becoming aloof, and this and that. … One week they tear me to shreds for my conducting. The next week I get these rave reviews. Now, how can one person be that different in one week? What do they think, that I'm a duet?"

Asked how much time he spends practicing, Pinky replies: "As much as I need to. I don't think about time. You either live music or you don't. … Music is an unending art form which demands your complete attention and perfection at all times. What a wonderful thing to be able to say — I'll be able to say it in maybe 15 or 20 years — that I have gone through all of Schubert's works. What an incredible achievement that is! I can tell you, it's a lot more satisfying than flying an airplane."

— THE END —

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK 100 NEW YORKERS OF THE 1970S ***

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