



Smithsonian Institution

National Museum of African American History and Culture

Playbill for Doctor Jazz

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Rubbing Elbows

by Anita Summer

NUREYEV CHOOSES THE RUSSIAN TEA ROOM-150 W. 57th St. When Nureyev arrived here, after defecting, he headed straight for the Russian Tea Room and was immediately "adopted" by the Russian-speaking staff. He'd sit along at the back, invariable ordering rare steak (sometimes topped with a poached egg). As his English improved, he worked his way up front, where he's now a familiar sight in his 19th century Russian student's cap, sitting with friends (including Lee Radziwill). He confided in the employees, who call him "Nurey-chilk," that "the food is better here than it is at home." He always has four glasses of tea, the last one with cream, and is hooked on the Cranberry Kissell dessert. Every evening, during his recent Uris engagement, a messenger collected his supper-soup de jour and Cotelette de Volaille (baked breast of chicken stuffed with chopped chicken). (Adjacent to Carnegie Hall, the Russian Tea Room has, for 48 years, been a favorite of the music, theatre and art worlds. It seats 180 and the Russian specialties start at \$6).

JOE FRANKLIN CHOOSES THE GOLDEN LION PUB-143 W. 44th St. When WOR-TV host and nostalgia buff Joe Franklin heart The Golden Lion Pub was run by Harry James, he hot-footed over there. "I'm Harry James' greatest fan, and I was curious to meet his namesake. The restaurateur doesn't know what to do with a trumpet, but he certainly knows how to handle a kitchen!" Franklin likes the Pub, because its "showcase" entertainment changes every night (with the waiters singing on weekends). "I'm always looking for new talent for my shows," said Franklin, "and have used some of their acts. Also, the relaxing atmosphere stimulates my thinking. Over late-night coffee I planned five commercials for Martin Paint Stores (my sponsor). I like the Pub's roast beef, moderate prices (no cover or minimum), as well as the acoustics." (The 111-seat capacity Golden Lion Pub stressed English fare when it opened 6 years ago. Now they favor steaks and chops, but retain an English flavor with fish 'n' chips, Watney's beer and their oak-panelled walls.)

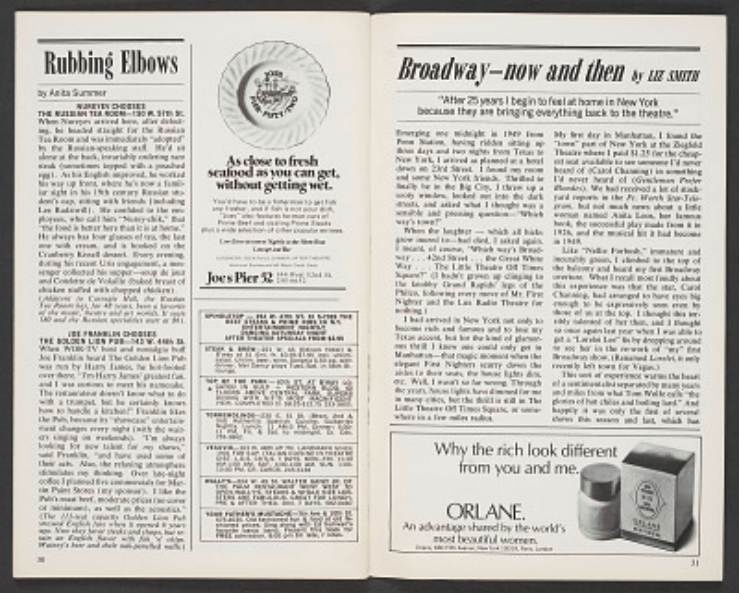
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[[image - plate with image of a ship and barrels, surrounded by the words "JOES PIER FIFTY TWO"]]
As close to fresh seafood as you can get, without getting wet.

You'd have to be a fisherman to get fish any fresher, and if fish is not your dish, "Joes" also features he-man cuts of Prime Beef and sizzling Prime Steaks plus a wide selection of other popular entrees.

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fashioned fun & food at old fashioned prices. Sing along with Ed
Sullivan's favorite banjo band. Present this book for FREE admission.
8:00 pm till late, 7 nites.

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Broadway-now and then by LIZ SMITH

"After 25 years I begin to feel at home in New York because they are
bringing everything back to the theatre."

[[column 1]]

Emerging one midnight in 1949 from Penn Station, having ridden sitting
up three days and two nights from Texas to New York, I arrived as

planned at a hotel down on 23rd Street. I found my room and some New York friends. Thrilled to finally be in the Big City, I threw up a sooty window, looked out in the dark streets, and asked what I thought was a sensible and pressing question-"Which way's town?"

When the laughter - which all hicks grow inured to-had died, I asked again. I meant, of course, "Which way's Broadway...42nd Street...the Great White Way...The Little Theatre Off Times Square?" (I hadn't grown up clinging to the knobby Grand Rapids' legs of the Philco, following every move of Mr. First Nighter and the Lux Radio Theatre for nothing.)

I had arrived in New York not only to become rich and famous and to lose my Texas accent, but for the kind of glamorous thrill I knew one could only get in Manhattan-that magic moment when the elegant First Nighters scurry down the aisles to their seats, the house lights dim, etc. Well, I wasn't so far wrong. Through the years, house lights have dimmed for me in many cities, but the thrill is still in The Little Theatre Off Times Square, or somewhere in a few miles radius.

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My first day in Manhattan, I found the "town" part of New York at the Ziegfeld Theatre where I paid \$1.25 for the cheapest seat available to see someone I'd never heard of (Carol Channing) in something I'd never heard of (Gentlemen Prefer Blondes). We had received a lot of stockyard reports in the Ft. Worth Star-Telegram, but not much news about a little woman named Anita Loos, her famous book, the successful play made from it in 1926, and the musical hit it had become in 1949.

Like "Nellie Forbush," immature and incurably green, I climbed to the top of the balcony and heard my first Broadway overture. What I recall most fondly about this experience was that the star, Carol Channing, had arranged to have eyes big enough to be expressively seen even by those of us at the top. I thought this terribly talented of her then, and I thought so once again last year when I was able to get a "Lorelei Lee" fix by dropping around to see her in the re-work of "my" first Broadway show. (Renamed Lorelei, it only recently left town for Vegas.)

This sort of experience warms the heart of a sentimentalist separated by many years and miles from what Tom Wolfe calls "the glories of hot chiles and boiling lard." And happily it was only the first of several shows this season and last, which has

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Why the rich look different from you and me.
[[image - jar and box with words "SUPER HYDRATANTE B 21 SUPER MOISTURIZING ORLANE PARIS - NEW YORK [[illegible numbers]] NET WT 1.76 OZ US 50g"]]
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