



## THE BROADWAY PRODUCERS

From a window in Brooklyn on a Christmas Eve, you sat at the age of eighty in a rocking chair, your eyes misting like the frost on the window pane through which you watched the snowfall of a winter night shroud the City. Surrounded by your children and eight grandchildren, and holding your dear wife's hand, you took another sip of egg nog and slipped into a state of sublime melancholy. Nat King Cole was crooning on the stereo and the kids were atwitter with the excitement of Santa Claus' visit, and cups of hot chocolate were being doled to carolers in the streets. When the music faded into a time-worn Broadway melody, a singular thought crossed your mind that could have only have been coined by Frank Capra: you have had a wonderful life. You look back on those early days in the thirties and forties and remember when you had been so taken by the theatre. Clutching your wife's hand, a tear rolled down your cheek, a smile crossed your face, and you start reminiscing on a Golden Era.

For if the truth be known, it was you who had taken the theatre. ***And you had taken it completely by storm.*** From a small investment in an acting company and working your way up as a stagehand, you had become one of the most famous and influential Broadway Producers of all time. You wrote, choreographed, cast and directed some of the best known plays and musicals ever to grace the stages and playhouses of 42nd street. The Robert Wise's of the world spoke of you as a mentor, and even Bob Fosse, after a few drinks, once credited you with being one of the most profound influences on his work. You remember how you got that first big break, when the rights to a revered British work fell into your lap one morning . . . a work that would a

cause a sensation among critics and the public alike, and make you a household name.

1. Was it Shaw's work that did ignite.  
A Broadway career that was so bright?  
You remember how you got your cue,  
By walking west on Montague,  
You passed Bill, Anne and Henry along the way,  
And country folk were left at bay,  
In the back of a bookstore of altitude,  
A coffee break did not preclude  
This once in a lifetime producer's chance,  
My Fair Lady was the was the perfect door,  
To bring your audience's first "Encore!"  
Find this play's literary *source*,  
And then to the clerk recite a small discourse,  
Find your actors, woman and man,  
To get this screenplay in the can,  
To get Eliza into gear,  
Pages 140 to 141 will find her ear.  
For a little help with atmosphere,  
Side one's first song will dispel your fear.
2. To follow the footsteps of your success,  
Back to the meeting square is your redress,  
Take the N/R to Whitehall station,  
To the origins of your vocation,  
There's a park that's *eveready*,  
*Energize* yourself and just be steady,  
A message is left but of cops beware,  
You can't wash that man right out of your hair,  
But before you adventure to and fro,  
At 25 Bridge, an animal's to go,  
Tom's equine tavern is up the way,  
At Whitehall, close to your next sub foray  
Only if you sing and drink to your old pop,  
To keep your performance from being a flop  
The tune's in your bag and on the recorder,  
And tis Bloody Mary's that you must order.

3. The truth be known, it wasn't heroics,  
That propelled you on to be so stoic,  
Your navy dad was a cross-dressing queen,  
At times his garb was a bit obscene,  
If you take the N/R north to Prince Street station,  
Walk a block or two to find your seat,  
You now pushed the envelope further,  
In the image of one Dr. Frankenfurter,  
Rocky Horror was soon born,  
But in spite of the critic's scorn,  
A cult film was soon refined,  
That kept your wallet fully lined,  
At a girly girl place up in Soho,  
Convention is quite the no no,  
There don your boa and your lashes,  
Where the culture of gender clashes,  
To reminisce about your play.  
It's time to do the whole display,  
To the next song that you hear,  
It's the time warp that you'll hold dear,  
To get the clue you must be deft,  
After all, it's just a jump to the left,  
And don't be cashing in your chips,  
Unless you put your hands on your hips,  
If you want that guiding star,  
That ticket stub cannot be far,  
As a tatted Jet I reckon,  
It's time to draw that secret weapon.  
Avoid the blinking arrows red,  
Maria cries, " Oh, Tony's dead! "For be careful not to compromise,  
Another team's emblemed disguise.

4. You must wear those tattoos now,  
Firmly stuck upon your brow,  
Or be turned away at the door,  
For not being Barrymore,

Into Shark territory,  
You're now in for a West Side Story,  
Follow now your Broadway ticket  
In the Village you're in the thicket,  
Though Wise he was to take the credit,  
Ask poor Linda for the final edit,  
At Spring and 6th you'll find the C,  
North to 14th/8<sup>th</sup> you'll soon be free,  
Your Broadway play was spectacularly good,  
Its sound soon echoed in Hollywood.  
If it's time to find the hub,  
Cab it and just lose the sub.  
And when you get there, in the back,  
Musicals are on the rack.

5. The shot that was heard around the world,  
Had little to do with flags unfurled,  
It was mostly Annie's gun,  
That gave the stage its Western fun,  
The '46 premiere was Merman's hit,  
But the Primadonna threw a fit,  
One singular note to the crowd fell flat,  
When your actress lost her cowboy hat,  
Retrieve it now at 519,  
But only with the appropriate chime,  
(next song!)  
The bartender is your contact there,  
Sing it well or best beware.  
But a mini-sample will not do,  
'Tis a real one near that hides the clue.  
If you think you might be losing,  
A local cab is at your choosing.  
To the street named after a different hat,  
Giddy up to another stat.
6. If you feel like a **sardine**,  
We just hope you're pretty lean,  
For a bonus point to catch,  
Photo George Cohan's dispatch,  
He stands north along the way,

Giving his regards to ol' Broadway,  
But at a place upstairs where George Burns drinks,  
To 'Ol Gracie I should think,  
You'll find Diego at a bar,  
A cabernet cannot be far,  
Sing along your order, you poor fool,  
To the song provided, without the drool,  
And ask for salsa or you won't get,  
The memory of one regret,  
You didn't produce McCardle's Annie,  
Her audition lies above behind ol' Sammy.  
Diego may be down below,  
Serving drinks to and fro.

7. Your location scouts were somewhat random,  
When building the set for the great Phantom,  
A Sunday venue had to double  
As an opera house without much trouble,  
The acoustic secret came on the right of the nave  
An open window the priests forgave,  
All the way up a flight of stairs,  
With a healthy set of prayers,  
Leroux's work that you sired,  
Came to life when Crawford was hired  
If it hadn't been for good ol' Bart,  
For Miss Brightman there would be no part.  
Or just try pew number one five six,  
Now that's a way to get your licks!

8. The Faustian theme about a baseball team  
In '55 drove your creative dream,  
It was the Devil Mr. Applegate,  
Who bought the soul to Joe Hardy's fate,  
Damn Yankees broke the sport barrier,  
By popularizing baseball everywhere,  
Though temptress Lola tried to find his love,  
His redemption was left in his lost glove,  
A Central Park foray,  
Is needed to find that baseball café,

If you take the suggested ride,  
More singing now you must abide,  
When you get to the final venue  
Tell them there that Lola sent you.  
But only if you cheerlead for the team,  
Your poms poms from Grease are the right means,  
And I think, that a rally song will take to you the brink,  
But one more effort is good I think.

9. As if you haven't done enough of it,  
Now back to 57<sup>th</sup> you must still huff it'  
The best choice is to walk east,  
And then south on Central at the least,  
Past merry horses and melted rink,  
The Dipway arch is not your link  
To get to transport more efficiently,  
A liberal bent would work terrifically,  
Your last musical was a hoot  
Past CPS you'll walk a block,  
At the B,D. F @ 57<sup>th</sup> punch the clock,  
To 42<sup>nd</sup> Manhattan bound,  
*A circle of light* does propound,  
Stroll 42<sup>nd</sup> East to the Reading Place,  
Two blocks to 5<sup>th</sup> you'll be an ace.
10. With "Jesus Christ" you wowed the stage,  
With "Cats" all over you were front page,  
Evita wasn't far behind,  
And Joe's Dreamcoat was so sublime,  
You finally agreed to declare your name,  
And upon impostors make your claim,  
Taymor, Wise and Hammerstein,  
Were simply fronts for your self-esteem,  
You are the toast of this Broadway town,  
It's time to enjoy your golden crown,  
Walk back to the B, D, F Q and go down,  
34<sup>th</sup> Street will be the Herald,  
A block west past shopping you now barrel,

At 33<sup>rd</sup> you are a spirit blithe,  
South to a Quaker point would be quite lithe,  
A deus ex machina sits and waits,  
At a station's pearly gates,  
And when you get to the end of infinity,  
Tell us your true identity.

**HOTLINE: (310) 779-3057 Marc**  
**(310) 489- 5031 Suz**  
**(917) 554 - 5858 Mark**

## LITTLE CLUES

### 1. In ear at Heights Books



Though some fifties' musicals you did despise,  
As a young boy one did mesmerize,  
The beauty of theatre caught your eye,  
When first you heard "Bali High"  
Your father was a Navy man  
Who lost his life in the Sea of Japan  
"South Pacific" became the seed,  
From which a taste for musicals did breed,  
Where the eagle has landed is a good start  
To discover what impelled your art  
Your "Lieutellen" dad inspired your course  
No time was left for sad remorse.

### 2. onefivethreepnce – Battery Park Eagle statue



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3. Ticket stub at Girls, Inc.



**WORLD OF VIDEO  
51 GREENWICH AVE.  
OKLAHOMA!**

4. Video at World of Video

Sound of Music ; Jane (Maria) gives clue to Cowgirl Hall of Fame at  
Or Medley of Oklahoma  
Oh What a Beautiful Morning  
Everything's Up to Date in Kansas City  
I'm just a girl who C'aint Say No .

“Hudson” and walk N/W up Greenwich and turn left on 11<sup>th</sup>  
and three and one half blocks to Hudson

5. In hat at Cowgirl Hall of Fame

Now that Annie found her hat,  
You reminisce about a place to chat,  
Enough about this Wild West Show,  
Go meet those who are in the know,  
What better place to contemplate,  
Then where theatergoers congregate,  
Go east again and Bleecker down  
At Sheridan Square the subway's around,  
Take the 1,2,3,9 north,  
To Times<sup>2</sup> you sally forth,  
If you find yourself in a stampede,  
Then it's East 44<sup>th</sup> that you should heed,  
But now go there west, young man,  
If Broadway is where you made your stand  
Next to Helen Hayes is the place,  
Where your memory finds its proper pace.

6. Behind panel of McCardle at Sardi's



**Annie went nuts with her gun,  
But Orphan Annie had much more fun,  
Annie's love of Bill was sort of sappy,  
The little orphan was child porn happy,  
addy Warbucks was all she wrote,  
Take the 7 East upon this bitter note,  
From the a station at 42<sup>nd</sup>,  
Your next production now does beckon  
And at Grand Central get the fix,  
When you go North on the 6,  
At 51<sup>st</sup> you should remark,  
That it's time to walk east to Park.**





7. On string from church window



**From Lexington and 53<sup>rd</sup>,  
West to Rock you are soon spurred,  
Take the B, D or F for just two stops,  
Then north to 57<sup>th</sup> for your next drop,  
Walk up to Central Park South to find a horse,  
From your location it's time for discourse,  
If it's not too hot you'll know,  
That horses travel to and fro,  
Since you're clearly in a hurry  
Catch a westbound horse with a surrey,  
There was no way to pre-arrange,  
Hope you have some spare change,  
If it's too hot there is no transport,  
Then *walk up West Dr. past Hecksher fort,*  
But if there's a driver you must sing,  
That famous Oklahoma! ring,  
On the next part of the tape,  
Is the song that you must ape,  
Prove to us with a quick photo,  
That you can sing accapella,  
Have the driver run you first,  
To the 66<sup>th</sup> Street transverse,  
But if it's raining there's that song,  
That Gene Kelly made so strong  
Get off the ride and walk east,  
Across Hecksher Fields you're sure to feast,  
With the Senators in 7<sup>th</sup> place,  
Only the Ballfield Cafe will avoid disgrace.**

8. In glove at Ballfield Cafe



**What was that hip Elton thing,  
That calls itself the Lion King,  
Hakuna Matata!  
What a wonderful phrase  
Hakuna Matata!  
Ain't no passing craze,  
Was it Julie Taymor who choreographed,  
The elephant and the giraffe,  
Or was it you behind the scenes,  
Who called the shots and intervened,  
A lion sits upon his base,  
Find him now to win the race.  
For problem-free philosophies,  
High-tail it now for no worries.**



Pick up your LIRR ticket from Otis Banks,  
With the coolers, you owe him thanks  
But first let us know with a quick call,  
The number of column pieces in that side hall.  
Where travelers escalate to the left of counters,  
Your hunt for justice will not founder,  
If you go to the left of the ticket counter,  
To the left of two women half unclad,  
On two walls your clue is had,  
Please let us know with a quick call,  
The number of column pieces in that side hall,  
You are the party animal on the train,  
Get on the right track without refrain.  
Upon one train car you'll soon alight,  
A switch at Jamaica will help your plight  
The first is the 8:48 Montauk bound,  
The change allows access to local towns,  
Westhampton Beach is where you'll aground,  
You find yourself finally partybound,  
Head straight to 14 Blueberry Court,  
With Westhampton Cabs you must resort.

9. At lion statue in front of NYPL



**Pick up your LIRR ticket from Otis Banks,  
With the coolers, you owe him thanks  
But first let us know with a quick call,  
The number of column pieces in that side hall.  
Where travelers escalate to the left of counters,  
Your hunt for talent will not founder  
To the left of two women half unclad,  
On two walls your clue is had,  
Please let us know with a quick call,  
The number of column pieces in that side hall,  
You are the party animal on the train,  
Get on the right track without refrain.  
Upon one train car you'll soon alight,  
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## SONGS

### 1. Bloody Mary

Bloody Mary is the drink I love,  
Bloody Mary is the drink I love,  
Bloody Mary is the drink I love,  
Let's have a toast comrades!

It's got that great tomato juice,  
That gets our team right up to spruce,  
The vodka you can just let it loose,  
Now that's one strong launch pad!

Bloody Mary is the drink I love,  
Bloody Mary is the drink I love,  
Bloody Mary is the drink I love,  
It ain's just a passin' fad!

Bloody Mary's just make me nuts,  
Bloody Mary's just make me nuts,  
Bloody Mary's just make me nuts,  
Now ain't that too damn bad!

Bloody Mary is the drink I love,  
Among cocktails it is well- thought of,  
It floats my mind to the sky above,  
It makes me such a cad !

### 2. Rocky Horror

### 3. Annie Get Your Gun

### 4. Cabaret

### 5. Oklahoma!



## New York City

I got to New York City on a Friday,  
By Saturday I learned a thing or two,  
For up to then I didn't have an idear,  
Of what the rally world was comin' to,  
I counted thirty ralliers huntin' by theirselves,  
Almost every time I tuk a walk,  
'Nen I put my ear to a cell telephone and a strange man started in to  
talk!

You lost? Yeah, lost!!!

Whut next?  
Ev'rything's up to date in New York City

I've gone about as far as I c'n go!  
They went and built a skyscraper eighty stories high  
About as high as buildin' orta grow!  
Ev'rything's like a dream in New York City!  
It's better than a magic mushroom show!  
Y'c'n get on the subway to make your trip complete,  
But don't be expectin' any kind of cushy seat!  
You c'n lose yourself in Times Square and never miss a beat,  
They gone about as fur as they can go! (Yes, sir!)  
The rally planners surely ought to know!  
Everythin's up to date in New York City,  
They got Broadway theatres where ya' might just find a clue,  
But with fifty cents you c'n see a fine peep show! (Or two!)  
A cowgirl there was cute and pink and pretty,  
On Hudson Street she sold beers with a throw,  
I could swear she was padded from her shoulders to her heel  
But she slapped me back when I tried to cop a feel,  
She said that all the hats above were absolutely real,  
You' ll get about as far as you can go! (Yes, sir!)  
That's all the rally planners have to know!!