



Long Island Teenagers Get With It at the Opening During the Weekend of Murray the K's World

## Murray's Mod, Mod World

Now what's happening, beezaby, is a huge and varied entertainment center for young people that opened over the weekend in a converted airplane hangar at Roosevelt Field that had served for a short period as a movie studio.

On hand for the opening were St. John's University freshman Charles McAnulla, 19, of Lynbrook, winner of the 1965 Newsday journalism internship, and Newsday reporter Bob Micklin. Their reports:

### Action

By Bob Micklin

Murray (the K) Kaufman was standing in a narrow corridor leading to the dressing rooms and offices at Murray the K's World. For the Friday night opening he was wearing basic white—white sweater, white shirt, tight white slacks flared at the ankles over brown leather boots—and as several adult well-wishers greeted him, he smiled and asked a bit anxiously how they liked his new wonderland.

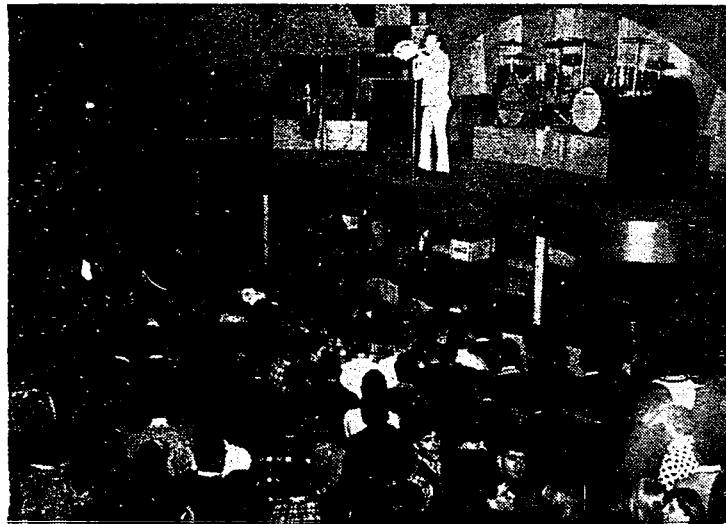
"Fabulous, Murray!" "Great!" "It's fantastic, Murray!" came the replies, the last from a woman who followed with a hug and a kiss. But Murray, a disc jockey with WINS until the station dropped music, still looked concerned. He suddenly dashed out onto the dance floor to see if the colored slides being projected on the 21 screens hung on the walls of the converted airplane hangar at Roosevelt Field were looking as planned.

When he returned, he seemed unrelieved. "I fought like a dog to get this thing going," he said, "and I still don't think we're ready. I really didn't want to open before May 1. You know, we have even more fantastic visual effects we're going to put in, but I've been at this for three months now, besides writing a book—it's called Murray the K Tells It Like I Is—and some TV specials, and right now I'm a little beat."

Earlier, almost 2,000 people had stood on line outside Murray's World, while a team of muscular "ushers" checked identifications to make sure no one under 18 was admitted. By now, at least 2,000 of them at \$2.50 a head, were jammed together on a huge, wooden dance floor, while outside part of the equally-large crowd turned away for lack of room peered in grimly through a plate glass window.

What they saw was a cavernous place covered on three walls with black and white squares and zebra stripes, with raised, curving platforms on two sides and a long bar at the far end. One platform is

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Murray the K, in white on stage in photo above, greets youths who flocked into the converted airport hangar at Roosevelt Field in Garden City to hear live music and dance. The couple in striped pants, photo below, draw a crowd of onlookers as they feel the beat.



Newsday Photos by Rala

# Action in Murray's Mod, Mod World...

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for the live entertainment, the other holds a battery of electronic equipment that lights the slide screens and produces the nonstop recorded rock n' roll.

Hanging in the center of the room is a circular platform, where a \$49,000 projector flashes closed-circuit television pictures of the dancers on a large screen over the bar, and where two other projectors reel off continuous "underground movies" that range from old newsreels of Lindbergh's famous flight from Roosevelt Field to Paris, to semi-nude shots of Marilyn Monroe.

And all of it—the blaring rock 'n roll, the TV images, the off-beat movies, the shifting pop-art slide projections—was happening simultaneously, while on the elevated stage, Murray the K and six "K Girls" were slipping and sliding through a relentlessly awkward dance routine. Murray, still in white, now also wearing his patented straw hat: the K Girls in tight gray slacks and tighter red jerseys, each one quite pretty and hopelessly untalented.

Most of the crowd on the dance floor had been standing, seemingly awed by the confusion, for more than an hour. A few were dancing wherever they could find space, mostly on the fringes of the mob. The rest just stared—at the screens, at Murray and his K Girls, at each other.

Then Murray appeared again on the stage platform and introduced "the swingin'est crew that ever came along—The Young Rascals!" This turned out to be an energetic group of young men

dressed in knickers, knee socks, blouses with Peter Pan collars and midget ties, and who screamed their way through several songs including an unintelligible version of Bob Dylan's "Like A Rolling Stone."

Up in the "VIP Balcony," where several dozen of Murray's friends mingled with public relations people and the press, Murray's wife "Jackie the K" was often the center of attention. A pretty brunet, she was also in basic white—slacks, shoes, filmy jacket and blouse—and trimmed in several places with white ostrich feathers. While some of the VIPs jerked, frugged and monkeyed around behind her, she kept her seat and her composure,

now and then posing for a photographer.

Later on, a gaunt, worried-looking man named Michael Myerberg, who is the producer of Murray the K's World and who tried unsuccessfully to turn this same hangar into a major motion picture studio a couple of years ago, stood on the control platform and surveyed the crowded dance floor.

"Well, what does it look like?" he asked. "Does it look like a success?" He had a need to know. Murray's World represents an investment of more than \$800,000, and Myerberg is hoping to make it pay off by taping a series of rock n' roll television shows here featuring Murray the K for national distribution.

By now, many of the youngsters were dancing, waving at the TV camera that spotlighted them on the screen behind the bar. Myerberg smiled briefly and spoke. "How do I feel? Well, to tell the truth, I guess I'm a little disappointed. You plan something creative like this, and work it all out, and it's exciting. An then it's completed and there's a let-down. The creative part is over."

At a turntable behind Myerberg, a heavy man with a cigaret in his mouth put another record on at top volume, and through a dozen loudspeakers suspended from the ceiling poured the droning sound of "The Bright, Elusive Butterfly of Love."