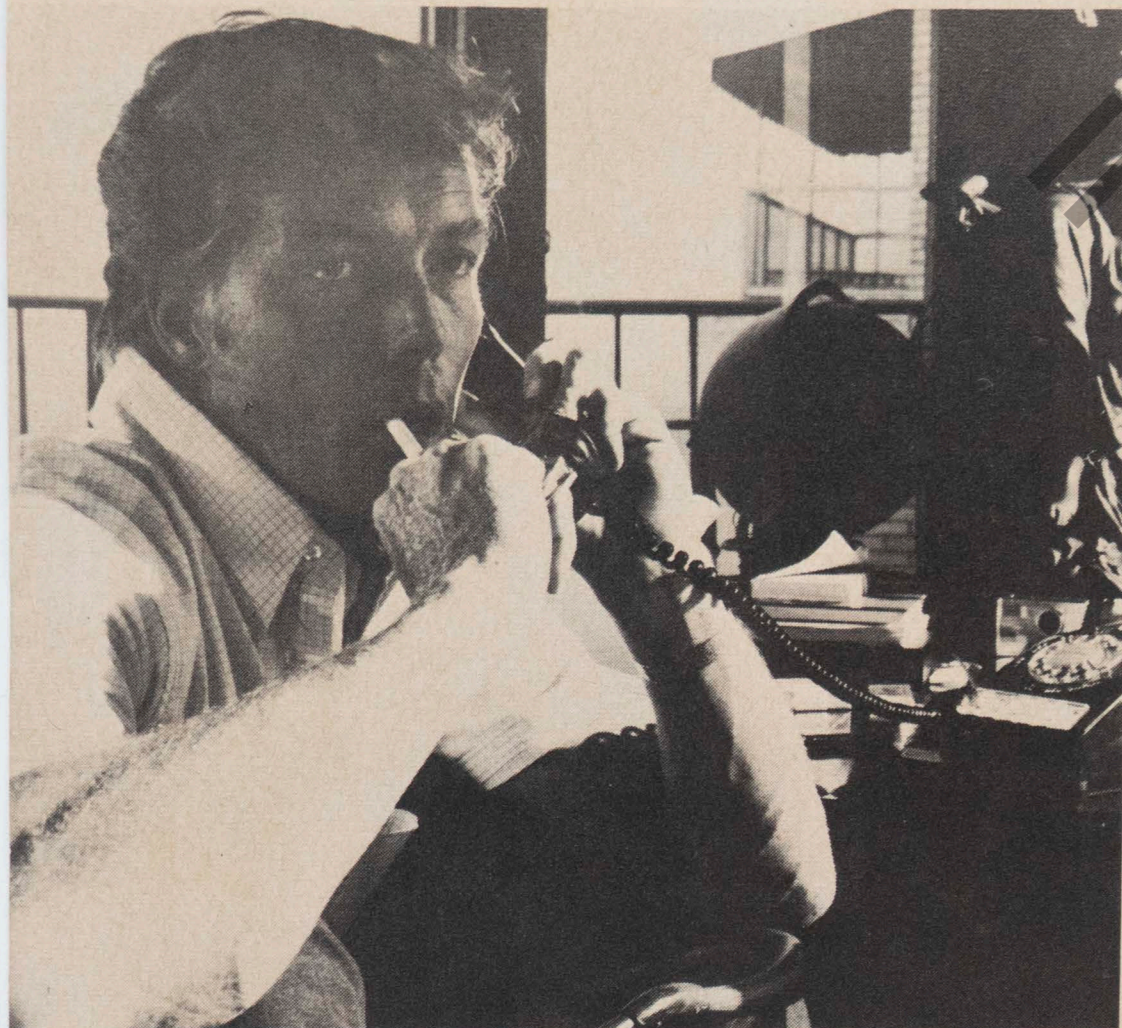




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Bob Crewe: Cavalier Man of the Month

WHEN THE foreign pavilions at the New York World's Fair were being dismantled not too long ago, the late multi-millionaire entertainment magnate Walt Disney put in an outsized bid for the wood panelling and the murals that graced the Indonesian pagoda. Disney failed in his desire to possess the beautiful art objects because of a higher offer made by a much younger entertainment magnate—one who has made his kill on songs and records, not cartoons and motion pictures, who is not yet as wealthy as a Disney, and who lives, works, entertains and “grooves” (to use one of his favorite words) to his own unique and demanding music.

Bob Crewe is a strappingly-handsome, freckle-faced, reddish-blond Irishman of a bachelor in his early thirties—he says “early” and he looks it—who bluntly calls his record production company Genius, Inc., and one of his publishing companies Genius Music Corp.—who has accounted for more than sixty hit disks, including the recent instrumental novelty *Music To Watch Girls By*. He writes lyrics, composes, produces and arranges without being able to read music. And he dwells in a “falcon's lair,” a three-tiered Fifth Avenue penthouse, which he himself designed and decorated at a cost of nearly half a million dollars. (It took two years to complete, during which he also paid rent on almost as luxurious a pad at the elegant Dakota apartments.)

The Indonesian wood panelling now decorates several rooms of Crewe's lavishly and massively furnished home in the sky. Sections of it are on the elevator doors opening onto the eighteenth and nineteenth floors. Complex silhouettes hang from the tall windows of his ornate bedroom; the bed is mounted on a raised platform with lighting underneath and a black mirror serves as the ceiling. The panelling frames two mirrors hanging over the tiled, rectangular bathtub, around whose sides stand flowering plants, French urns and Mexican vases. The entire apartment has the rakish splendor, not of a Hollywood movie set, but of a Fellini film: you expect at any moment to turn and find a group of weird characters performing an eerie rite.

The largest use of the wood panelling is in the nineteenth floor foyer in the narrow corridor to the master bedroom; part of the Indonesian murals are on the sliding doors of Crewe's clothes closet. But the most striking placement of the hand-carved panelling is in the music lounge, just off the entry foyer on the main floor, where the hides of four zebras warm the Oriental floor tiling. Here, the doors to the pagoda, together with its surrounding jambs, occupy a wall. When you ask where the doors lead, Crewe smiles and replies: “Wherever you want to go.” In actuality, the doors are flush against the wall and cannot be opened at all. But for young, multi-talented Bob Crewe, they are doors that now open on new vistas in the business world.

Youngest in the expanding complex of companies he controls are Crewe Group Films and Crewe Video Productions. The latter has recently purchased the TV rights to the fast-selling book *Birds of Britain* and Crewe is currently writing the score for a color special

Linda is her name and she's a beauty from Benidorm, a sleepy little town on the coast of Spain, which has been livened up in recent years by an influx of foreigners—students, writers, teachers. One lensman spotted Linda in a local cafe sipping sangria and asked her if she would pose. At first she opposed the idea, but finally she consented to it and we're sure you will agree that the results of that shooting, which show only a few of the moods of Linda, are well worth the initial argument.

Now Linda, her Spanish interlude over, has recommenced with great zest her studies in anthropology. Linda does everything with great zest, from dancing to cooking to thinking. She's beautiful.

