

Charlotte Curtis 3/27/83

## An Uneasy Ribicoff

**F**ORMER United States Senator Abraham A. Ribicoff of Connecticut is an elder in the Democratic party, a man of rare dignity and as staunch a supporter of its younger members as a grand seigneur is supposed to be. So it isn't that he doesn't genuinely like the array of Democrats running for President. He does, heaps praise upon them individually and considers each a friend. But what troubles him these early days of the 1984 campaign is that not one of the contenders has proposed what he considers a fully developed program for dealing with the nation's problems or a process by which the goals may be achieved.

"No one stands for anything," he complained the other day. "No one represents anything except generalizations. I know it's early, very early, but the homework has to be done. Each one can't just be against President Reagan. He has to tell us specifically what he, the candidate, is for."

The sartorially splendid Mr. Ribicoff was between appointments in his Park Avenue law office, to which he walks from his Manhattan apartment in all but the worst weather, and he was concerned not so much with winning the Presidency for the Democrats, though he wants that too, but with what he thinks will happen to candidates without concrete action plans.

"Some of those men are smart, ambitious and combative," he said, choosing his words carefully. "They are not going to let anybody get away without saying something."

If the Senator is right, the lesser-known candidates could attack, possibly destroy, the front-runners, forcing the party to nominate from among the darker, perhaps weaker horses. And in the fall of 1984, the triumphant nominee might still be out there on the hustings without a program, an easier target for Republicans and a disappointment to the voters.

"Whether you agree or disagree with President Reagan, his is the first landmark Presidency since Roosevelt formulated a series of social, economic and political solutions that continued to dominate the American scene, whether Democratic or Republican," he said. "He has had a consistent philosophy, a program. He's the only President I know who has kept his campaign promises, who has advocated and tried to achieve what he said he would."

"Now he's in the position of his predecessors," Mr. Ribicoff continued. "His program hasn't worked either. Unless he can make it work, he will be turned out in 1984."

If the Democrats win, they'll need a program even more. "You cannot govern without one," Senator Ribicoff said. Should they try, they could end up with another disposable President. "The world is actuated by hope and rising expectations," he explained. "No politician in recent decades has been able to fulfill these expectations. There is disillusion with the current leadership. The leader is turned out by

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**It's already time, the former Senator insists, for White House candidates to offer specifics.**

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the opposite side, irrespective of whether he's good or not."

Nationally, he said, this is destructive. "The Presidency has become so complex that it's virtually impossible for a President to know his job or carry out a program in less than two terms." And while he'd mind less if the Republicans were limited to a single term, he'd hate to see that happen to a Democrat.

"I know there are paradoxes and contradictions in this," he said, "and a lot of things can happen between now and 1984. But I also know the time's short and it's irresponsible to run for President without a program."

The Senator, of course, has a plan up his sleeve, and a not-so-secret plan at that. "Felix Rohatyn is the only person saying anything, who has a perception of what the problems are and what to do about them," he said. "He's the only one laying out an alternative, and it's there for the asking."

Mr. Rohatyn, of course, is the Lazard Frères investment banker widely credited with saving New York City from financial collapse. Senator Ribicoff said, "Somebody should go and see him."

Since he left government, the 72-year-old Mr. Ribicoff says he's had a thoroughly good time. He serves on corporate boards, chairs a Council on Foreign Relations-New York Bar Association retrospective study of the Iranian hostage crisis, and heads a city tax abatement policy study. Next month, well ahead of the deadline, he and former Senator James B. Pearson, a Kansas Republican, expect to tell the Senate, at its request, how its rules and procedures should be revised.

Though a Connecticut resident, Mr. Ribicoff and his wife spend a lot of time here. "We try not to go out more than three nights a week," he said. "But you know, you do."

And after 42 years in politics, rising from Connecticut legislator to Governor, then Senator, with time off to run the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, just what has the Senator learned that's important?

"Maturity," he answered. "You don't become mature until you reach that stage of life when you don't have to prove anything to anybody. More importantly, you don't have to prove anything to yourself either."



## By ALJEAN HARMETZ

HOLLYWOOD, Oct. 30 — Spurred by the successful returns of Alfred Hitchcock's "Rear Window" and Luchino Visconti's "Leopard" to the big-city art theaters, classics divisions at several Hollywood studios are looking into re-releasing old films.

the last month, "Rear Win-  
a 29-year-old film starring  
Stewart and Grace Kelly, has  
eaking art-house box-office  
in New York, Los Angeles  
other cities. The 20-year-old  
d," an Italian movie that  
urt Lancaster, has been suc-  
/ playing for eight weeks in  
k.

use of the expense of advertising, making prints and the slight risk of rich rewards, studios were to put an aging movie in regular theaters, even an art film, it must complete with comedies and dramas. "We don't charge us less for advertising 'Rear Window' or 'E.T.,'" said James. "Until recently was presidential Classics."

to Jane Alsobrook of 20th Century Fox is considering the 1962 Elizabeth Taylor film *Cleopatra*. Richard Burton "Cleopatra" film producer Mankiewicz film producer Miss Taylor's fourth husband, Eddie Fisher, a leading man, Mr. Burton is filming abroad. The film is for Fox because it is, even though it did not cost Fox's share of the film, but it is \$26 million.

tempts to re-release old  
been successful. The  
company failed with the  
of Rodgers and Ham-  
"Oklahoma!" Warner  
est broke even this fall  
ructed 1954 Judy Gar-  
"A Star Is Born" in To-  
ork, Los Angeles and

! movies never die.

seen on television and in film. In addition, hundreds of films, from "Casablanca" and "The Pacific" to "Charlie Chaplin's Mildred Pierce," are being shown in theaters throughout the month at repertory college series.

in 'A Star Is Born' to  
enters," said Dan Fell-  
t general sales man-

ager at Warner's. "And our five prints are booked to infinity."

The size of "Rear Window's" success — the movie has earned more than \$1 million in a few weeks at less than two-dozen theaters — is beyond Universal Classic's expectations.

Mr. Katz, the former head of the division who is a vice president of production at Universal, said he knew the film had the intrinsic interest to make it a good candidate for success.

"You're not going to fool the film buffs," he said. "'Rear Window' had an aura — out of circulation, not on television. It's a detriment if a film has been on television."

"Rear Window" was never on television because it was owned by Hitchcock, an extremely unusual occurrence in Hollywood, and he kept it out of circulation to increase its value. Universal Classics intends to follow "Rear Window" with four other out-of-circulation movies it recently acquired from the Hitchcock estate, "Vertigo," "The Trouble With Harry," "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and "Rope."

Mr. Katz said the 1958 "Vertigo," which stars James Stewart and Kim Novak, would be released next. "It's a slightly kinky movie, a little ahead of its time," he said. "We're toying with the idea of releasing it in Vistavision, the process it was made in."

Like "Rear Window," "Vertigo" will start at theaters that cater to film buffs. "You must satisfy your core audience first," Mr. Katz said. Universal is moving "Rear Window" to more mainstream theaters. In St. Louis, the studio will experiment by advertising the film on television.

"The Leopard," a three-hour-and-five-minute epic of 19th-century Italy starring Mr. Lancaster as an aging Sicilian prince, also had interest for film buffs because the complete Italian version had never been shown in America.

No matter how well "Rear Window" does, it is not likely to outrun a few films that are even older.

Disney, which has never allowed its animated movies to be shown on television, re-releases them to a new generation of children every seven years.

Last summer, the 46-year-old "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" sold an \$24 million worth of tickets, which is considered extraordinary. M-G-M's 1939 "Gone With the Wind" has earned more than \$50 million in rentals, selling \$100 million in tickets, during its reissues.

## Weekend makes Friday even better





Thomas Lanier Williams with his mother, Edwinna, and sister, Rose.

was a disaster. It closed in two weeks and did not come to New York.

Mr. Williams, however, brought it back in a revised version in 1957 as "Orpheus Descending" and as the Marlon Brando-Anna Magnani movie, "The Fugitive Kind," and in 1973 it was presented at the Circle Repertory Company.

To his amazement, Audrey Wood got him a job in Hollywood writing scripts for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at \$250 a week for six months. He wrote a Lana Turner picture, worked briefly on a Margaret O'Brien picture and, disdainfully, began writing an original screenplay, which was rejected.

Still under contract, in a house at Malibu, he began turning the screenplay into a play titled "The Gentleman Caller," which slowly evolved into "The Glass Menagerie." On March 31, 1945, five days after its author became 34, it opened on Broad-

way. For more than 35 years, the stream was unabated. He produced an enormous body of work, including more than two dozen full-length plays, all of them produced — a record unequaled by any of his contemporaries.

There were successes and failures, and often great disagreement over which was which. In 1948 there was "Summer and Smoke," which he wrote on Nantucket while sharing his house with his friend Carson McCullers (at his encouragement she was dramatizing "The Member of the Wedding"). It failed on Broadway, was a huge success in a revival Off Broadway and made a star of Geraldine Page, one of many magnificent leading ladies in Mr. Williams's works (Laurette Taylor, Jessica Tandy, Vivien Leigh, Maureen Stapleton, Anna Magnani).

There followed "The Rose Tattoo,"

more difficult to write. The turning point, as he saw it, was 1955, and after "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" there was a noticeable decline in his work. To keep going, he began relying on a ritualistic combination of ingredients — strong coffee, cigarettes, drugs and alcohol.

In the late 1950's, Mr. Williams undertook psychoanalysis, explaining, "I am no longer disturbed myself, I will deal less with violent material." His first postanalysis work was the 1960 "Period of Adjustment," a comedy that by common critical agreement was one of the slightest of his works.

He went back to his nightmares and reached further out for subject matter. In terms of subject and theme, he was a pioneer, working with dark, theater of the absurd or the theater of cruelty was fashionable.

"The Night of the Iguana," which

writing. In the 70's he was, characteristically, prolific, but success continued to elude him. "Small Craft Warning" had a comfortable run Off Broadway in 1972, and at one point, the author himself made his professional debut as an actor in his own play, assuming a small role.

"Out Cry" was a quick failure on Broadway in 1973 and "The Red Devil Battery Sign" closed in Boston, although it was subsequently presented in London. "Vieux Carré" had a brief Broadway run in 1979 (and will be revived next month at the WPA). Of his later plays, his most popular was the poignant "A Lovely Sunday at Creve Coeur" in 1979.

His last Broadway play was "Clothes for a Summer Hotel," a drama about Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald that proved to be one of his biggest failures. Though wounded by the criti-

cal, he was suffering with a shoulder condition.

Mr. Williams's secretary, John Uecker, who shared the playwright's two-room hotel suite, said that at about 11 P.M. Thursday he heard a noise from Mr. Williams's room, but did not investigate. Yesterday morning at approximately 10:45 he entered the room and found him lying next to his bed.

Mr. Williams is survived by his brother, Dakin, a Collinsville, Ill. attorney, and by his sister, Rose, who is in a nursing home in Westchester County.

"I always felt like Tennessee and I were compatriots," said Marlon Brando. "He told the truth as best he perceived it, and never turned away from things that beset or frightened him. We are all diminished by his death."

## A Playwright Whose Greatest Act Was His First

By FRANK RICH

It seems only too ironic that the last Tennessee Williams play to be seen on Broadway, "Clothes for a Summer Hotel" in 1980, was an attempt to exhumate the ghost of F. Scott Fitzgerald. For what writer more than Mr. Williams exemplified Fitzgerald's notion

that there are no second acts to American lives?

During the first half of his career, Mr. Williams produced a body of work that did and still does give our theater one of its few claims to greatness. Though Mr. Williams continued to write prolifically for the rest of his life, the second act of his career cannot be said to have happened.

Yet the sad fall, while tragic, in no way diminishes the glory of what came before. Such is the timeless power of Mr. Williams's major plays that he remains the most important and influential American playwright after Eugene O'Neill. He wrote at least two masterpieces, "The Glass Menagerie" and "A Streetcar Named Desire," as well as at least five other works, not all of them universally beloved, that are a permanent part of the international theatrical repertoire: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," "The Rose Tattoo," "Summer and Smoke," "Sweet Bird of Youth" and "The Night of the Iguana." There are shafts of light in many of the lesser plays, too, though they dimmed considerably as Mr. Williams's decline accelerated in the 1960's and 70's.

What Mr. Williams created at the height of his powers were vulnerable, lost, tortured people struggling for dignity, compassion and at least a measure of salvation in a world of almost apocalyptic cruelty. If that world was grotesque and nightmarish, it was nonetheless, as the famous Williams phrase had it, "lit by lightning."

That lightning was provided by Mr.

Williams's extraordinarily fecund and lyrical poetry, his mastery of dramatic moments and effects, and his ability to raise lowly characters to almost mythic size. If there is any literate person who has not encountered Amanda and Laura Wingfield, Blanche DuBois and Stanley Kowalski or Maggie and Big Daddy, his life is the poorer for it.

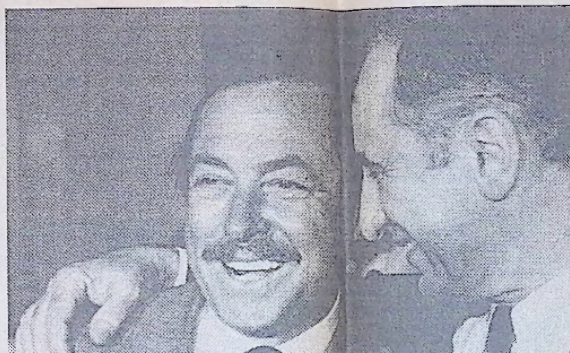
It is no coincidence that Mr. Williams's characters provided career highpoints for a remarkable array of actors, most (though not all) of them women: Laurette Taylor, Jessica Tandy, Maureen Stapleton, Barbara Bel Geddes, Geraldine Page, Marlon Brando and Burl Ives, among many others. The film versions of the plays performed the same service for such stars as Vivian Leigh, Paul Newman and Elizabeth Taylor.

### Daring Theatrical Innovation

The idiom of Mr. Williams's works is indelibly linked to the decaying post-Civil War South, but his themes belong to no particular place or time. Mr. Williams's characters live in terrifying fear of death; they are torn between aspirations of the soul and hungers of the body; they hope against hope that strangers will be kind.

Though Mr. Williams's use of homosexuality and nymphomania were once considered shocking, we see now that the sexual and neurotic components of his people are highly theatrical expressions of the ontological chaos that is man's universal plight. And even so, not all Mr. Williams's plays were psychosexual hothouses. The tone of "Menagerie" and "Iguana" is elegiac. There is humor in most of the plays, as well as an outright comedy in the 1960 "Period of Adjustment."

The daring theatrical innovations and psychological liberation that mark Mr. Williams's breakthrough plays were built on foundations laid by O'Neill and, of course, Freud. In turn, Mr. Williams has exerted an enor-



The New York Times/Larry C. Morris

Tennessee Williams, left, in 1937 with Elia Kazan, the producer.

mous influence on the generation of writers that followed him. Hardly a month goes by without the production of a new American play that is written in the patented Williams style sometimes referred to, for lack of a better term, as "poetic realism." Echoes of his voice can be heard in the works of Edward Albee and Lanford Wilson, to name just his two most prominent successors.

It took time for audiences to catch up with some of Mr. Williams's major plays, which often found second and enhanced lives in revised versions and revivals. Already there is a small critical community that champions the plays that were received poorly by critics and audiences over the past two decades.

In these works — among them, "The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore," "Slapstick Tragedy" and "The Seven Descents of Myrtle" — Mr. Williams indulged in explicit metaphysical symbolism and allegory; he experimented with surrealism, mysticism and the new techniques of the theater of the absurd. Though it

would be worth looking at some of these plays in better productions than they originally received — especially the autobiographical "Vieux Carré" of 1977 — they are unlikely to be rescued. Poorly crafted and sometimes self-parodying, they have more to do with the personal tragedies of Mr. Williams's declining years than with the grandeur of his talent.

Though he wrote an autobiography ("Memoirs") and granted many interviews, not all of Mr. Williams's own explications of his work and life can be taken at face value. But, along with his great plays, a fitting epitaph may be contained in the published afterword to "Camino Real" (1953).

"My own creed as a playwright," Mr. Williams wrote, "is fairly close to that expressed by the painter in Shaw's play 'The Doctor's Dilemma': 'I believe in Michelangelo, Velasquez and Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of color, the redemption of all things by beauty everlasting and the message of art that has made these hands blessed. Amen.'"

## The Voice of Williams In His Characters' Lines

Two speeches of Blanche DuBois from "A Streetcar Named Desire":

Having great wealth sometimes makes people lonely! A cultivated woman, a woman of intelligence and breeding, can enrich a man's life — immeasurably! I have those things to offer, and this doesn't take them away. Physical beauty is passing. A transitory possession. But beauty of the mind and richness of the spirit and tenderness of the heart — and I have all of those things — aren't taken away, but grow! Increase with the years! How strange that I should be called a destitute woman! When I have all of these treasures locked in my heart. (A choked sob comes from her) I think of myself as a very, very rich woman! But I have been foolish — casting my pearls before swine!

... some things are not forgivable. Deliberate cruelty is not forgivable. It is the one unforgivable thing in my opinion and it is the one thing of which I have never, never been guilty.

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Tom Wingfield's final soliloquy from "The Glass Menagerie":

I didn't go to the moon, I went much further — for time is the longest distance between two places —

Not long after that I was fired for writing a poem on the lid of a shoe-box.

I left Saint Louis. I descended the steps of this fire escape for a last time and followed, from then on, in my father's footsteps, attempting to find in motion what was lost in space —

I traveled around a great deal. The cities swept about me like dead leaves, leaves that were brightly colored but torn away from the branches.

I would have stopped, but I was pursued by something.

It always came upon me unawares, taking me altogether by surprise. Perhaps it was a familiar bit of music. Perhaps it was only a piece of transparent glass —

Perhaps I am walking along a street at night, in some strange city, before I have found companions. I pass the lighted window of a shop where perfume is sold. The window is filled with pieces of colored glass, tiny transparent bottles in delicate colors, like bits of a shattered rainbow.

Then all at once my sister touches my shoulder. I turn around and look into her eyes...

Oh, Laura, Laura, I tried to leave you behind me, but I am more faithful than I intended to be!

I reach for a cigarette, I cross the street, I run into the movies or a bar, I buy a drink, I speak to the nearest stranger — anything that can blow your candles out!...

— for nowadays the world is lit by lightning! Blow out your candles, Laura — and so goodbye...

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# Hers

Barbara Lazear Ascher



Francine Jetter

**W**HENEVER I see a baglady, I see myself slipping past the edge of time and space into an abandoned doorway. "We are all bagladies in our souls," says a friend who has certainly had her successes. She tells me of riding a bus recently when a baglady climbed on, heaving herself and her possessions through the door and up the steps. Some sense of pride or purpose, or both, pushed her past the seats reserved for the handicapped and elderly, down the aisle to the back where one long, overheated seat served as an inspection table for the contents of her bags.

The men continued to read their papers. "But the women became very tense, as if she were sending a current through them," my friend recounted. "We sat up straighter, drew our knees together and clutched at whatever was in our laps. When she got up to leave, there wasn't a woman on that bus who didn't turn to watch her safely down the steps, and gaze after her until she was no longer in sight. But she left behind a scent of vulnerability."

It is a fearful scent of our own. Not Proust's madeleines, but it sets off our imaginings. We can see ourselves rummaging through trash cans, reaching for a tin can because it will make a perfect cup, rejoicing in rags because they warm the feet. Even women with regular jobs can imagine this. Even those with five-piece place settings for 12.

The other day as I was walking up Third Avenue, I was startled by the rushed breath of a cough sweeping my ankle. It came from a mouth set among rags, sucking the last smoke from a used cigarette. Her head was propped against the doorway, her feet within inches of a man who stood reading the menu in Parma's window. If she had had a sense of whimsy, she could have stuck her bare, nailless toe into the cuff of his pinstripe pants.

His nostrils flared for a moment, took in the smell but failed to identify it as urine mixed with four layers of clothing mixed with twice-eaten food mixed with oozing sores. A veritable stew of womanhood. The scent of our own dependencies.

## Wealth provides no shield from the fear that someday we will be left alone.

We know that, like meteors, all that keeps us in orbit and shining — away from that doorway, those garbage piles — is our faith in gravity. In choosing love as the star to which we attach the heart's invisible threads, we shoot through the atmosphere, cling as we spin through the galaxy and hold on for dear life because we know that stars have quirks. Why, just the other day one that had lost its grip fell through the roof of a house in Wethersfield, Conn.

I've known other stars to fall into black holes in space. Sucked in, crushed and extinguished. Of course there was no escape. Nothing ever gets out of a black hole. And there is no help for it. No cosmologist can go in with forceps and yank out a star.

So we dig our toes into earth for a gritty hold. We collect antiques and achievements to plant ourselves in place. But we fall for love, we hope for eternity, and we see the evanescence of things, knowing that where we wish for monuments there are only mists.

If all goes well, our children grow and leave us. According to national statistics, the men we love will die before us or suddenly find commitment not to their liking. The more we open our hearts, which

seems to be the way with women, the more vulnerable we are if cast adrift. What we gather about us can be carried in bags. What we hold dear is easily mobilized.

No job can stay us. No wealth can shield us from the fear that someday we will be left alone, shot forth from our magnetic field. We see our hearts bend with the burden of bags, move with rhythm but without purpose, gather in the castoffs of strangers' lives because we have lost faith in our own.

Is this why Helen Frankenthaler paints big? Why Judith Jamison perfects her leaps? Why Rosalyn Tureck spins and spins and spins Bach fugues, preludes and fantasies? To weave herself into the fabric of his immortality? Is this why Lady Bird Johnson roots herself to the earth with wildflowers, and the astronaut Dr. Sally K. Ride offers herself up to space? Is this why I went to law school?

Perhaps. Certainly centuries of legal principle should hold me in place. (I even studied Talmudic law, just in case.) And certainly my heart would come to rest in an office with a river view and a secretary outside the door.

"Making it," "having it all," securing our futures have been motivated in no small way by our identification with the baglady. Our accomplishments, titles and pension plans were to protect us from the future we saw out of the corners of our eyes as we stalked the streets or rode the buses.

But in crowded theaters and on quiet walks we whisper of our fear, "We are held in place by wrapped rags and shopping carts."

When I decided to leave the practice of law, a concerned and careerless friend with grown children and an overworked husband called to register her distress: "If you become too involved with your husband and children there will be nothing left of you in the end. What about your autonomy?" She might as well have asked, "What about the baglady?" We both knew that was what she meant.

I did not tell her that no number of oil and gas deals or exciting victories in the New York Court of Appeals had banished the woman hovering above me like a Chagall clock. Walking home late at night with a heavy briefcase in my hand, I had often fallen into step with a baglady pushing her cart. I felt that I was walking with my future.

I understand my friend's concern. She assumed, as many of us have, that careers guarantee an end to dependency and vulnerability, which, in fact, are matters of the heart shying away from the brain's reaches like toads scurrying beneath leaves. They are the consequences of need and caring and kindness and generosity and tenderness — those things which are a woman's soul first and last, no matter how much power and prestige are pressed on top.

On Madison Avenue between 75th and 88th Streets you can see a baglady who travels with a cat. How she lassooed it and why it complied is a mystery. But I can guess why she captured and tethered it to her cart. That cat sits on top of her trash as its crowning glory, the ultimate find, a beating heart.

I imagine that in her dreams she forgets which is the self and which is the cat. He gives her a vision of herself as sleek and bound in fur. She gives him her scraps. Outside Parma they eat fettuccine Alfredo caught in discarded mussel shells.

Such is love.



# Stage: 'Lumière,' Life and Times of Frères Manet

By FRANK RICH

**E**DDIE and Beth love each other desperately, but there's a hitch: Eddie will never leave his wife, Gene, who is Eddie's kindly but nebbishy brother, also loves Beth, but she likes him only as a friend. Will Beth, if she can't have the dashing Eddie, settle for less by marrying Gene? Will Eddie leave his wife after all and come to Beth's rescue? Such are the timeless questions raised by "Lumière," the new play by Donald Marcus at the Ark Theater Company in SoHo.

But there's a hitch to "Lumière," too. Its characters are not named Eddie, Gene and Beth, and its setting is not, as one might assume, the New York of Philip Barry or Neil Simon. The two brothers in Mr. Marcus's play are none other than Edouard and Eugène Manet; the woman in the middle is Berthe Morisot; the setting is Paris in the 1870's. Or so the program tells us. Were it not for the period costumes and frequent references to art, you might not guess that "Lumière" wanted to be anything other than a by-the-book romantic comedy.

What the play truly aspires to be, however, is a journey into the heart of the Impressionistic movement during its early, revolutionary days. Unfortunately, Mr. Marcus never rises above the geometry of his love triangle, and he doesn't even serve that conventional story with the ingenuity and conviction it requires. In "Lumière," the big names can't disguise the fact that the characters otherwise have little definition or point. While there's nothing wrong with writing a play about famous people, it's a mistake to assume that the audience will find the famous fascinating just because they're famous.



Ken Schwesler

J. T. Walsh

establishment esthetic credo with his moneyed upbringing. Rather than examine these issues, the author just announces them. The play's six scenes are too episodic to allow the development of any thought or emotion, and we are often left instead to contem-

plate the creaky (and finally sputtering) narrative machinery that is used to send Berthe back and forth between the Manets.

The dialogue, while sometimes intelligent, can lapse into clichés. Berthe refers to Edouard as "the only man I have ever loved and the only man I ever will." When one character asks "May I speak frankly?", another replies, "I have never known you to do otherwise." Berthe's social-climbing mother, forever prattling on about this or that "impossible marquis," is an outright cartoon. At those times when Mr. Marcus decides to work in the requisite art history, the chat tends to recall Hollywood's old-time biographical movies. Complaining about his brother, Eugène tells Berthe, "Edouard made me sit for that picnic picture — he just wouldn't take no for an answer."

That moment aside, Eugène is the most interesting (even if the least famous) of the three principals. If we are ever moved, it is by his sad recognition that he is "not an extraordinary person" like his gifted sibling but, instead, a lost soul with "no real idea" of his role in life. William Converse-Roberts, who was the fiery John Macy in William Gibson's "Monday After the Miracle" earlier this season, is almost totally different in this role: he's shy, hesitant and quite poignant in his delineation of Eugène's lonely, circumspect existence.

J. T. Walsh is almost as good as his

## The Impressionists

**LUMIERE**, by Donald Marcus; directed by Irene Lewis; scenery designed by Kevin Rupnik; costumes designed by Richard Hornung; lighting designed by James F. Ingalls; sound designed by Caryll Bornstein; production stage manager, Rebecca Lynn. Presented by the Ark Theater, Mr. Marcus, Lisa Milligan and Bruce Daniel, directors, at 131 Spring Street.

Berthe ..... Conchetta Tomei  
Madame Morisot ..... Kate Wilkinson  
Mirella ..... Denise De Long  
Edouard ..... J. T. Walsh  
Eugène ..... William Converse-Roberts

brother. He underplays the canned bombast in those inevitable speeches, in which Edouard must rail against the Academy that rejects his radical paintings, and, by the end, he conveys, with red-eyed weariness, the obsessional siveness of his artistic calling. As the woman who so excites both men, Conchetta Tomei is cold and unconvincing. She seems to be posing even when she isn't sitting for one of Edouard's portraits; she never projects the imaginative fervor that led Berthe Morisot to champion Impressionism by organizing the fledgling movement's first rump exhibition.

Irene Lewis's staging contains no surprises, but Kevin Rupnik's garden studio set and James F. Ingalls's lighting are in the proper Impressionist spirit. One would like to rationalize the writing by calling it impressionistic as well, but I'm afraid that the correct adjective for "Lumière" is more plebeian — sketchy.

## Concert: Rachmaninoff

**T**HE Rachmaninoff Trio has had a checkered history. The violinist, Tatiana Feigin and her brother, Eugene Feigin, the pianist,

## BODY'S PURE LIST:

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BROWN PRODUCTION  
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MCT / MILO O'SHEA  
ODUCER BURTT HARRIS  
THE NOVEL BY BARRY REED  
D BROWN

## SELECTED THEATRES

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# Irwin Shaw, 70, Working and Still Independent

By HERBERT MITGANG

Special to The New York Times

SOUTHAMPTON, L. I. — When he was still in his early 20's and newly famous for his 1938 antiwar play, "Bury the Dead," Irwin Shaw was offered steady work and some fatherly advice by the head of the RKO studio in Hollywood: "Come out here, get married, get a house with a swimming pool. By the time you're 30, you'll lose your ideals—and then you'll be happy."

He declined the advice and struck out on his own to become the author of 12 novels, a half-dozen plays, eight collections of short stories, a couple of books of reportage and a number of forgotten screenplays. Today, he has a new young audience of readers who have seen the television series based on his novel, "Rich Man, Poor Man," and have noticed the lengthening row of his titles on the bookshelves.

And he has a house with swimming pool here in Southampton and another house in Klosters, Switzerland, where he and his wife, Marian, spend about five months of the year, and a grown son, Adam, also a writer, who lives in Spain, and he is fairly pleased writing about what interests him, and he did it all without being indentured to a movie studio.

Irwin Shaw's life — he'll be 70 years old on Feb. 27 — and independent writing career coincide with just about

half of this century's turbulence. He experienced some of its more extreme moments himself and put a lot of the experience down on paper. He lived in Brooklyn during the Depression and wrote a play, "The Gentle People." In World War II, he served as a private first class and later a warrant officer in the Signal Corps, which provided the background for his war novel, "The Young Lions." The Hollywood and television blacklisting period for writers and actors and directors in the 1950's has echoes in his novel, "The Troubled Air," and his current novels and short stories about changing American lives here and abroad.

## In a Cheerful Mood

He was seated at his desk the other day, casually dressed in a red polo shirt and blue sweater, red socks and loafers, puffing on a Punch cigar after lunch. The light from a glorious winter sky over the Atlantic side of Long Island filled his orderly workroom, outlining his solid frame and brightening his gray hair and leonine head. In a cheerful mood, he talked about some of the high moments he has experienced.

"There was the day I caught a winning pass at Brooklyn College," he said. "I started out as a tackle and then became a halfback and quarterback — I was the only one who could remember the signals." At one point he resigned as varsity quarterback to devote more time to his studies; in

those years an athlete had to be a scholar, too. A listener, of course, was reminded of "The Eighty-Yard Run," one of his best-known short stories.

With a twinkle, he said, "I shouldn't have done it, but when 'Bury the Dead' was put on in New York and the audience called, 'Author, author,' I went up on stage and joined the cast and felt great. Now, writing for the theater is such a hit-or-miss thing — you're supposed to bat a thousand. If a baseball player gets a hit one out of three times at bat, he's a star. It's almost an act of charity for a playwright. Imagine telling Sophocles or Shakespeare or O'Neill: 'One set and only three characters.'"

"Now," he said, "I'm pretty much devoting myself to novels."

In the Army, he recalled, there were two especially memorable days: "The greatest single public high moment was entering Paris with the Fourth Division and going up the Place de la Concorde with our helmets on, and capturing Germans, and heading for the Ritz Bar and the Dome, and drinking brandy when the city was free for the first time since the Nazi Occupation. The other great private moment came a few months after the war ended, and I got out of the Army and came home to my wife in the apartment we had on 74th between Second and Third and shed my uniform and said, 'I'll never have to put it on again.'"

In the last two years, after an illness and time in the hospital, he felt intimations of mortality. He has recovered, but the old quarterback no longer can move to his left with the grown-up writer-jocks in the Hampsons or go sliding down a slope in Switzerland. He leaves that to his son, who is an all-round athlete. But every experience counts for a storyteller. He put aside one novel and wrote another, "Acceptable Losses," which came out

a few months ago and was touched off by his brush with death.

Its protagonist confronts a threat that forces him to look back upon incidents in his life, searches himself and imagines mysterious human forces and presses on. Like his previous novel, "Bread Upon the Waters," it is set in the United States, and several critics considered it to be more intense than some of his earlier popular fiction.

That word, "popular," is something of a red flag for Mr. Shaw. "I cringe when critics say I'm a master of the popular novel," he said. "What's an unpopular novel? Can you beat the ending of the 'Odyssey' or the Gospels? They're enormously entertaining. Now I'm sometimes regarded as just a popular writer, but so were Tolstoy, Dickens and Balzac and the ghost looking over all our shoulders, Shakespeare."

Still, many of his old readers remember the Shaw who wrote such short stories in The New Yorker as "Sailor Off the Bremen" and "The Girls in Their Summer Dresses" and wonder if his style and themes have changed in recent years.

## 'More Generous Views'

"I think I've become more generous in my views. When you're young, you look at things directly. Now I have peripheral vision. I'm still trying to write clearly, and amusingly, without pretension, and avoiding rhetoric for its own sake, though I admire it in others when it comes off. You know, you get a little blasé, after the thrill of having your first stories published, and begin to carp at reviews or yell at your publisher, though I think 'Acceptable Losses' was published very well.

"But then you begin to add it all up and feel right again. My books are published in 25 languages, including



The New York Times / Roger Thurner

## Irwin Shaw

Icelandic and Macedonian. In March, I'll be going over to England, where 'Acceptable Losses' is being published. And I'm about to begin on my next novel. I have the idea and the title, but I'm trying to work out the form. The last novel emptied out my reserve. I have the feeling that the reservoir fills up until it overflows and then you begin writing something."

Mr. Shaw pointed to the Olivetti 44 manual typewriter next to his writing chair.

"I keep one here and another just like it in Klosters," he said. "I like to hear the noise of the keys striking the paper. And sometimes the keys get jammed and I have to stop, but I'm too old to change for any of the new machines. This one also has some keys with French accents on them for writing to friends in Europe and going over translations of my work. I'm also thinking of doing my memoirs — so much has happened — but first the reservoir has to fill up for the next novel."



# A Fairy Tale by Wilhelm Grimm Comes to Light

Continued From Page A1

words.

"As far as we can tell, the manuscript was in the possession of the family of this little girl," said Michael di Capua, editor in chief of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, which has purchased the 167-year-old unpublished manuscript and plans to publish it in about a year, with illustrations by Maurice Sendak.

Milli's family consigned the manuscript in 1974 to J. A. Stargardt, an auction house in Marburg, West Germany. It sold the work on June 12, 1974, to Martin Bresslauer, a New York dealer specializing in rare manuscripts and books who had outbid the Bruder Grimm Museum in Kassel, West Germany.

Mr. Bresslauer, in a telephone interview yesterday, said that he listed the manuscript for sale in his catalogue five years ago for \$21,000. "My catalogues are distributed among a small number of prospective buyers, and none of them was interested at the time," he said.

Mr. Bresslauer said that he then put the manuscript in a bank in New York. "I forgot all about it," he said, "because I have quite a lot of books. Earlier this year, Justin Schiller told me he was publishing a catalogue of children's books and asked if he could include this. I generally don't do that sort of thing, but I let them have it on consignment for \$26,000."

The Schiller company, a New York dealer specializing in early children's books, listed it for sale in its catalogue, along with some 200 other children's books, manuscripts and related drawings. "We knew that publishers would be very interested in it, and they were," said Raymond M. Wapner, a Schiller partner. Indeed, the catalogue description stated: "It is a tale that would be eminently worth publishing."

Farrar, Straus & Giroux moved quickly to purchase the tale, buying it, Mr. di Capua said, for a "substantial five-figure price." Mr. Wapner wrote to Mr. di Capua that each previous source "guarantees the letter to be as represented," and the Schiller company also guaranteed in writing that the manuscript has never



Wilhelm Grimm

been published, promising to refund the payment in full "if this is ever found not to be the case."

The first English translation of "Grimm's Fairy Tales" was published in London, between 1823 and 1826, and the tales have since been translated into dozens of other languages.

Because of the popularity of the tales, and because they are in the public domain, dozens of books include one or more stories. Earlier this month, Doubleday & Company published in paperback its critically acclaimed "Grimms' Tales for Young and Old," translated by Ralph Manheim, the first new translation of all 210 tales in half a century. A spokesman for Pantheon Books, which published "The Complete Grimm's Fairy Tales" in 1945, said that the book had been reprinted several times since then "and continues to sell and sell."

In 1973, Farrar, Straus & Giroux published "The Juniper Tree," a two-volume collection of 27 Grimm stories with illustrations by Mr. Sendak. The translator of the new story has not been chosen, but Farrar, Straus said that it planned to publish the book next fall or early in 1985. Mr. Sendak's illustrations for the new tale will be in color.

"I was fearful it would not be an exceptional tale, because usually when you make an excavation you don't expect to find Pompeii," Mr. Sendak said. "But there it was, wonderful, beautiful and touching. My major challenge is that they're so good as

prose, what can an illustrator do to complement them?"

The story tells of a mother who sends her daughter into the woods to save her from impending war. The unnamed child, variously referred to as "the child," "the good child," "the poor child" and "dear child," is led by her guardian angel to the hut of an old man who gives her shelter, and whose kindness she repays by serving him faithfully for what she thinks are three days but which are actually 30 years. When she finally leaves, he reveals himself to be St. Joseph and gives her a rosebud, saying that she will return when it is fully bloomed.

The guardian angel returns the child to her aged and still heartbroken mother. "They sat together the whole evening in great joy, then went to bed serenely and calmly," the story says, "but the next morning the neighbors found them both dead; they had blessedly departed this life, and between them lay the rose of St. Joseph in full bloom."

There are brief elements in the story of an earlier Grimm tale, "St. Joseph in the Woods," and like many of those other tales the new one does not admit to easy interpretation or analysis.

## Widely Respected Scholars

"You have to be careful about reading things into the Grimm stories, because they did not punctuate everything with morals or messages; that's why they are so good," said Mr. Sendak, a longtime Grimm admirer. "But this story seems to me to say that this brave, upright, God-fearing child is worthy of her mother's love. She acts as though she knows that, being an 18th-century child, nothing comes easy. In fact, St. Joseph seems to me to be more a mirror of the child's sterling character than important in himself."

Although known to the public primarily as storytellers, the Grimm brothers were widely respected grammarians and literary scholars who planned and produced the first volume of the 16-volume German dictionary. Jakob Grimm, one year older than his brother, is regarded as the father of modern philology — the study of language. His Grimm's Law, modified only slightly in ensuing years, describes the relationships in Indo-European languages. Wilhelm was a literary scholar and historian.

But their crowning achievement was their collecting and reworking of

the folk tales that they collected their sources into tell.

Jakob's love of words and Wilhelm's vivid style added up to a landscape of unforgotten wicked stepmothers and brazen liars, wily foxes and sanguinary wolves, gingerbread houses, creepy castles, evil forests, malevolent witches. But there is another dimension to the Grimm "German folklore was burdened by nationalism," said Professor Metz, "but the Grimms are innocent of that."

## An Educational 'Must'

The tales were addressed to children, according to Mr. Manheim, which is why they were translated "fairy tales." But, he said, "Tales for Young and Old" is much closer to the German title, "Kinder-und Hausbuch." Indeed, W. H. Auden, who ranked the tales next to the Bible in importance, described them as educational "must" for adults.

A recently published book, "Fairy Story Too Many," by John Ellis, contends that the Grimm tales originated in a literary tradition. Professor Ellis, who teaches German literature at the University of California, Santa Cruz, argues that the tales have little to do with German folklore and that the brothers' sources were not authentic folk storytellers and,



# Boston Bookshop's Birthday: Poetry and Dancing in Street

By LISA HAMMEL

**I**T was an unusual birthday party. But then it was for a very special celebrant — the Grolier Book Shop, which has been an institution here in Cambridge for more than half a century.

Louisa Solano took over the eminent establishment, the oldest extant poetry shop in America, in the summer of 1973. For Miss Solano, owning a bookstore had been a dream since childhood. On her 10th anniversary as proprietor she got permission to close off part of Plympton Street, around the corner from Harvard Yard, invited a few hundred customers, friends and poets, and held a party. There was a birthday banner and 56 blue and green balloons (for the 56 years of the shop's existence) and a Brazilian jazz band and Caribbean food and barbecued tidbits and the

## Oldest of its kind, it is still afloat.

owner's plump dog, Pumpkin, in an orange lei.

Guests danced or sat at tables covered with blue and white paper cloths listening to 12 poets, among them Joel Oppenheimer, William Corbett and Al (she uses only her first name), read their work from the sidewalk in front of the shop.

Louisa Solano was involved with books long before she set foot in the Grolier Book Shop. "I can't remember ever not reading," she said recently, over morning tea and sugar cookies in the backyard of an apartment she rents in East Cambridge. "I had an aunt who worked at Macmillan, and every Christmas she sent us huge boxes of books. I had a passion for them — not just the contents, but the feel, the smell."

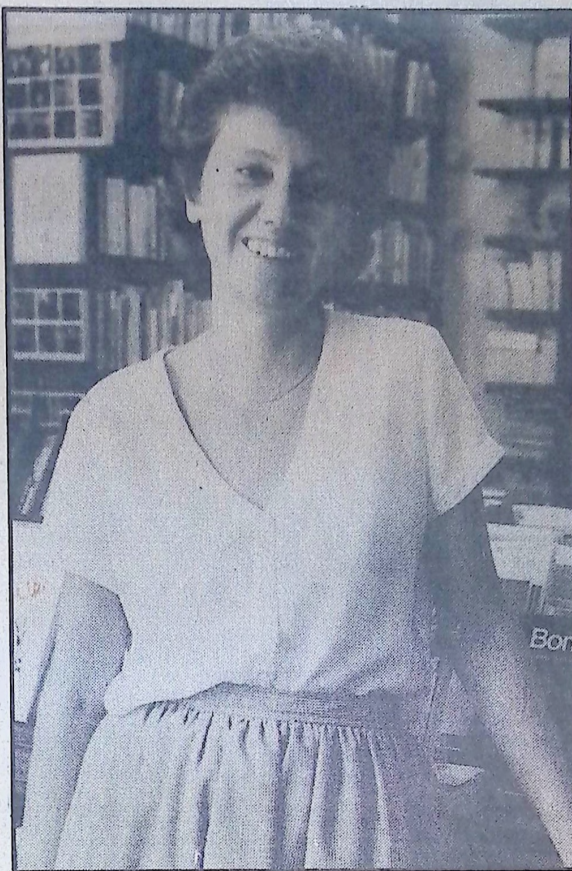
"When my sisters and I were children my father used to take us to Widener — that's the Harvard library — and let us run around the stacks. Oh, the smell of those stacks! I probably read a lot of things a child shouldn't. I fell in love with the Victorian novel because there were so many of them there. I read my way through the library."

Her father, Louis Solano, is an emeritus professor of romance languages and literature at Harvard. Louisa, the second of five daughters, thought at one time that she wanted to be a professor too. Then she thought about being a writer. She finally decided that she would be a bookstore owner; she had "a very romantic" idea of the occupation, she said.

"I had read 'The Haunted Book Shop' by Christopher Morley and that influenced me," she explained. "Owning a bookstore was like something out of Dickens. It was 'The Wind in the Willows' also — all it needed was the Rat padding around in his slippers."

She was 15 years old when she began working in the children's section of the Cambridge Public Library. One day an older friend from the library took her to the Grolier shop, which had been started in 1827 by Gordon Cairnie. It stocked an interesting mélange of poetry, avant-garde literature and "out-of-fashion novels by writers like James Branch Cabell," Miss Solano recalled. It had existed long enough by then to have acquired that engaging patina that good aging bookshops have. And Mr. Cairnie had made it the meeting place for local and visiting poets, who sat on a big sofa in the front window, arguing and talking amid the laden shelves and the framed photographs that still peer down from their high places on the walls.

"I walked in and felt I'd come home," Miss Solano said. For more than 15 years that store was her sustenance: "I worked at the public library until 5 o'clock. Then I'd tear over there. It was a 15-minute run for



The New York Times / Ira Wyman

Louisa Solano, owner of the Grolier Book Shop.

a teen-ager. I dusted the bookshelves and swept the floor and ran errands. And I listened and listened. I tore down Saturday mornings with a cup of tea for Gordon and sat on the steps of the bookstore waiting for him. I often drank the tea myself because his hours were very irregular."

As were his business habits. "His correspondence was stuffed under the middle cushion of the couch," Miss Solano said. "And bills he considered paying were stuffed into the back behind the pillows."

Gordon displayed some of the first paintings by E. E. Cummings," she said. "Howl' was read there by Allen Ginsberg. Conrad Aiken was constantly in. Ezra Pound, when he was at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, ordered his books from Grolier. And Lawrence Ferlinghetti wrote about the Grolier in his 1967 book of poetry, 'The Secret Meaning of Things.'"

"In the early days when I was there," Miss Solano went on, "the writers who came were in their 50's and 60's, scholars and gentlemen, all dead now. Those are the ones I vividly remember. Later, in the 60's, the younger poets began dominating." Among them, Miss Solano recalls, were William Corbett; James Tate, who won the Yale Younger Poets Award in 1966; the novelist Jim Harrison and the writer J. D. Reed. Not all were lovable. Sometimes the Grolier became "a rowdy drinking place for role-playing young men," she said, adding, "I have no more cute or glamorous illusions about poets."

In those days, for a job at Goodspeed's, a Boston store that specializes in rare books, and she became proficient at appraising, which she continued on her own until recently. She married twice and divorced quickly twice.

When Mr. Cairnie died 10 years ago she wanted to buy the store but had no money. With the help of the executor of the estate, 15 friends were found to guarantee \$1,000 each toward a \$15,000 loan, and she was in business.

She decided to purge the inventory and sell only poetry. "I'd always seen that as the main function of the

store," she said. "And in the 70's poetry publishing proliferated. A lot of small presses sprang up and many trade houses also began publishing poetry. It seemed to be an outgrowth of the 60's, when everybody was discovering themselves or God or poetry."

The store went from the 400 titles Mr. Cairnie carried in 1973 to the 9,000 titles in the current inventory — all books of or about poetry.

"There was a personal leaning too," Miss Solano said. "My apologies to the Brontës and Trollope and Dickens, et al., but I love poetry," she said, "because it has always been the underdog and because poetry comes the closest to portraying the human soul."

She lived with monkish frugality in the early years. "I ate peanut butter and rice and beans for five or six years — or I didn't eat at all, except when I visited family or friends," she said. "I wore blue jeans because I couldn't afford anything else — two pairs of blue jeans, an old jacket and four tops. I took home \$50 a week until four years ago. Then I went up to \$75. If this year works out well I might go up to \$175 a week."

In the first year her sales averaged 30 books a week; on a good day now she sells almost three times that.

She lives with four cats and the dog in a ground-floor apartment in an Italian and Portuguese neighborhood of Cambridge where almost everyone seems to have vegetables growing at the edges of the paved backyards. In the yard the grapes thickly clustered and ripening in a small arbor.

The bookstore is the center of her life — along with bel canto opera, an occasional "good Victorian novel," lots of poetry reading, working in the vegetable garden and visiting friends.

She writes only a little "bad poetry," she said, but she does not try to get it published. "It doesn't seem to matter," she said. "I'm a very happy woman with a cause — keeping this store and poetry visible so that people can see that all this poetry exists."



## NEW YORK Day by Day

### Koch Changes His Diet

Since being felled briefly by what he described as a "monster meal" of spaghetti, veal parmigiana and wine on Sunday night, Mayor Koch has been eating carefully.

Lunch on Monday, he said, was tuna fish. Dinner was salad and chicken with garlic. Breakfast yesterday was orange juice and coffee. Lunch was bluefish and coleslaw. Dinner last night was fish again.

What, then, was that plate of cookies doing on the coffee table in his office?

"That's my temptation test," the Mayor said, "which I've passed. I don't eat those. I leave them out for newsmen and deputy mayors."

At that, Deputy Mayor Kenneth Lipper helped himself to one.

### The Indirect Approach

When you're a white-collar worker, you can't shut down an assembly line," Bernice Krawczyk said yesterday as she stood with a line of chanting pickets in front of the Lincoln Savings Bank at 20 West 48th Street. "So you have to find another way to pressure a company."

Miss Krawczyk is the director of the publishing division of District 65 of the United Auto Workers, and the union was not only picketing but also withdrawing \$1 million of its money from the bank to voice its feelings.

The union had nothing against the bank. The protest was aimed against the publishing company of Harper & Row, where workers have been without a contract for five months. They say the company is trying to drive too hard a bargain.

The union was trying to put pressure on one of the bank's trustees, Dr. Kenneth B. Clark, who is also a director at Harper.

Dr. Clark, who is also emeritus professor of psychology at the City University of New York, declined to comment.

"As a tactic, I don't think it's successful," said Edward Miller, general counsel for Harper. "I think it's strengthening the resolve of the directors."

### Furry Offerings at the Bank

There was a little extra diversion yesterday for the people in the line that inched up to the tellers at the Chemical Bank branch at Madison Avenue and 52d Street — cages of dogs and cats.

The animals had been put there by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which is trying an outreach program for its adoption services. There was meowing, whining and some barking. "We

try to bring quiet dogs," explained Gurdon Metz, a volunteer, as she shushed a black curly-haired dog that began yapping. "A lot of barking is irritating to the bank."

"I'd like a nice orange kitten," said Suzy Algar, who works nearby. "but I already have a cat and a dog, and my husband would probably kill me if I brought another home."

A friend managed to get Mrs. Algar away and back to her office at Scribner's.

### Some Things Never Change

When everyone was much younger, the Pennsylvania Hotel's telephone number was PENNSYLVANIA 6-5000 and Glenn Miller's band made a hit song with that title. The Pennsylvania, at Seventh Avenue and 32d Street, became the New York Statler and now, under ownership of a group headed by the builder Abe Hirschfeld, it is the New York Penta. And the telephone number — you could try it — is 736-5000.

### Constitutional Views

Abortion should not have been made a constitutional question, Federal Judge Whitman Knapp said yesterday. It should have been legislated state by state, he said, but the Supreme Court decision legalizing abortion had created "polarization" that was "unhealthy for our country."

A decade ago, Mr. Knapp headed a commission that investigated the New York City police. Yesterday, with a search under way for a new Police Commissioner to replace Robert J. McGuire when he steps down at year's end, the judge was the first lecturer in a course on ethics at the New School. But not a single question was asked about the police after he brought up abortion.

He suggested respect for differing opinions, whatever the topic. Why should people criticize religious leaders who seek to change the law to curb abortion? If a clergyman testified against the death penalty, he said, "I don't suppose anyone would be upset."

But his audience was upset with his analogy. Letting legislatures, not courts, decide on abortion, someone suggested, would polarize society even more.

"Why should you bring religion into a question when the Constitution rules against it?" asked another.

"You and the Supreme Court feel one way," Judge Knapp said. "I feel another."

David Bird  
Maurice Carroll

## Columbia Enters New Era With Computer Center

By MAUREEN DOWD

Far away and long ago, before silicon chips, Robert Spinrad sat in the basement of an engineering building at Columbia University and built a primitive computer. The 21-year-old student was proud of his clunky black box, which could add and subtract, but his classmates were unimpressed.

"That was 1953 and people had no interest in computers," said Mr. Spinrad, now 51 years old and director of systems technology for the Xerox Corporation. "I may as well have been talking about the study of Kwakiutl Indians, for all my friends knew."

This week, Mr. Spinrad returned to a Columbia caught up in computer mania. He was one of 10 leaders in the field who gathered on northern part of the Morningside Heights campus to celebrate the completion of the university's \$5.6 million Computer Science Building.

The convocation was a pep rally of sorts, symbolizing Columbia's push to enter the top tier of schools for computer research, along with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Carnegie-Mellon and Stanford.

'We're Heading for the Top'

Founded four years ago, the computer science department has grown dramatically under its chairman, Dr. Joseph F. Traub. There are 4,500 students enrolled in courses, including 400 majors and 50 Ph.D. candidates. Government financing for research totals \$4 million a year.

"The atmosphere here is very enthusiastic and ambitious," Stephen Taylor, a Ph.D. candidate in the department, said. "We're heading for the top. We want to be the best."

Columbia became involved with the fledgling science in 1934, when International Business Machines sponsored a laboratory on the campus to explore the educational and scientific uses of machines.

Over the years, students in the laboratory conducted all sorts of experiments, from trying to grow diamonds to storing computer information in Wildroot hair tonic, which one technical report rated "a most satisfactory source of protons."

Making Robots 'See'

These days, the Columbia computer "nerds," as they are known, perform much more sophisticated maneuvers. In the gleaming new concrete building, with its mauve and gray Art Deco interior, students chat about algorithms, certain repetitive calculations, and linear integrated circuits as they "hack away" at terminals in all shapes and byte sizes with feline nicknames inspired by the Columbia lion mascot — Garfield, Heathcliff, Sylvester and Tom.

Some students work at terminals flashing psychedelic-looking images, part of a program intended to make robots "see."



The New York Times/Jack Manning

Dr. Herbert A. Simon, center, Nobel Laureate and a pioneer in artificial intelligence, receiving an honorary degree from Michael I. Sovern, president of Columbia

University, at celebration yesterday of the university's new Computer Science Building. At left is Dr. Joseph F. Traub, the head of the computer science department.

"The robots will even be able to tell if someone's in a good mood by checking to see if the corners of the mouth are set high and there are crinkles around the eyes," John Kender, an assistant professor of computer sci-

ence, said.

In their convocation speeches Monday and yesterday, the experts limned a brave new world filled with intelligent computers programmed in Isaac Asimov's first law of robotics:

Computers must never do anything to harm human beings.

"By 1988, there will be more microprocessors being produced than McDonald's hamburgers," predicted Dr. Arno Penzias, vice president of research for Bell Laboratories. "The Dick Tracy wrist radio is not that far away."

Dr. Penzias and others talked of pronouncing dictionaries, encyclopedias with film clips and computers in taxicabs offering weather reports, stock prices and theater tickets.

The president of Columbia, Michael I. Sovern, presented an honorary degree to Prof. Herbert A. Simon, a Nobel Laureate at Carnegie-Mellon. In his remarks, Professor Simon advised against worrying about whether computers would be smarter than their creators.

"If computers are brighter than a lot of humans," he said, "maybe they can solve some of the problems in energy and environment that people haven't been bright enough to solve."

Professor Simon has said for decades that in our time computers would do many things men can do, often better. They may even learn to fall in love, Professor Traub said, if they are constructed in the future with biochemical chips that would give them molecular memories.

Mr. Taylor, the student, was more dubious.

"Love?" he asked. "I think we're going to have to give them a bit more time."

## \$1 Billion More Urged for Schools

Continued From Page B1

testimony. "I like his style — the fervor and hope he expresses," Mr. Walsh said.

At the same time, Mr. Walsh, who is from Franklinville in the western part of the state, said it was unlikely that the Legislature would give Mr. Alvarado the amount of money he is talking about. Last year, for instance, the state increased education aid statewide by \$205 million. Of that increase, \$80 million went to the city, for a total of \$1.4 billion in state aid to the city.

The Board of Education's budget rose just under half a billion dollars in this fiscal year, and that was the highest increase in many years. "What is it that you want?" Mr. Alvarado said to reporters after his testimony. "Do you want quality education? If that is priority No. 1, then you respond to it. If it is not priority No. 1, you don't respond to it."

Mr. Alvarado did not tell the legislators how much his proposals would

cost, nor did they ask. He did mention it in a news release and discussed it when reporters asked about financing. The Chancellor said the omission was not deliberate.

His proposals included some that would cost little money — setting up volunteer corps of 300,000 "mentors" to work with high school students, for example — and other, more costly changes.

They included funds to improve staff training and for special education; for more guidance counselors and for an expanded full-day kindergarten program. Mr. Alvarado also wants to reduce the average elementary-school class size from 33 to 25, to purchase more computer equipment and to provide work experience for 300,000 high school students.

"Either we will pay now or we will pay more later," Mr. Alvarado said, citing the cost of welfare and unemployment benefits. "We are engaged in nothing less than a war — a war on ignorance. A war on mediocrity. A war on inequity in education."



# The New York Times

## Metropolitan Report

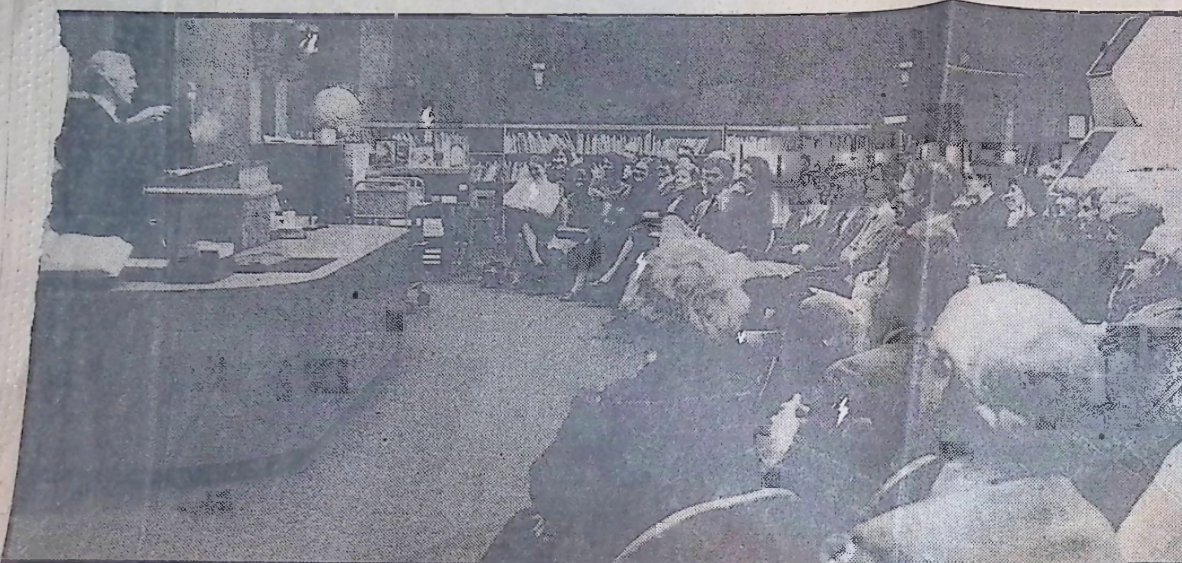
Business Day, Style, TV/Radio

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TURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1983

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New York, New Jersey, Connecticut



The New York Times/Dith Pran

### Students at Trinity Impress Visiting British Headmaster

By DEIRDRE CARMODY

Dr. John Rae — blue blazer, striped shirt, silver haired and headmaster of the Westminster School in London (founded 1560 by Queen Elizabeth I) — was talking the other day to parents, trustees and faculty of the Trinity School (founded 1709 by the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts).

Dr. Rae was enjoying himself immensely. He had just finished three weeks of teaching and observing at Trinity and he was talking about the differences between students, parents, faculty, administration, curriculums and manners at the two private schools.

"The other day a student brought his lunch to my class here," he said. "If that ever happened at Westminster, we would immediately hold a faculty meeting to discuss the fact that the whole structure of English civilization had been disrupted."

"Everyone Talks to Everyone"

The invitation to spend time at Trinity, which is on West 91st

Dr. John Rae, headmaster of Westminster School in London, addressing a group of parents, faculty and trustees at Trinity School in Manhattan. Below: Dr. Rae talking with Adam Ifshin, left, and Jonathan Greengrass, students at Trinity, in school's gymnasium.



### Schools Found in Contempt Of Order on Disabled Pupils

By JOSEPH P. FRIED

A Federal judge ruled yesterday that New York City school officials had failed to comply with his three-year-old order to provide all handicapped students with special-education programs and services "in a timely manner."

The judge, Eugene H. Nickerson of Federal District Court in Brooklyn, ordered a magistrate in his court to determine the extent to which school officials and their subordinates "are now in contempt of this court's judgment" on key issues.

He also ordered the magistrate, John L. Caden, to recommend measures to achieve compliance, declaring that the "city defendants' failure to comply with the judgment on these issues is manifest and extensive."

The judgment, in December 1979, covered all children in the city's public school system who had physical, mental and emotional handicaps, including those with learning disabilities.

#### Cites 'Misreading' of Order

Judge Nickerson accused the city's top school officials of what he said "can be described, charitably, as a clever misreading" of his 1979 judgment, of a subsequent plan to implement part of that judgment and of a state regulation involving who may refer apparently disabled children for evaluation for special programs.

He said the misreading of these items was the basis for the school officials' argument that they were "in virtual compliance" with the key parts of his 1979 order regarding prompt evaluation and placement, into appropriate programs, of students referred by teachers and others as possibly handicapped.

The city's Acting Schools Chancellor,

Richard F. Halverson, took issue with Judge Nickerson's ruling, saying that the school system had done a "fantastic job" in meeting the requirements of the judge's 1979 mandate.

"He is using very strong language," Mr. Halverson said after Judge Nickerson's 37-page ruling was made public. But, Mr. Halverson continued, "We have in the course of the three years of the case moved a special-education system which was not serving students — in which there were thousands of students on waiting lists — to a special education system in which all but a handful of cases have been resolved and children are entering special-education classes in conformance with state regulations as we understand them and with the law."

#### Appeal to Be Discussed

Mr. Halverson also stressed parts of the judge's decision that he felt were positive for the school system. These included the judge's refusal to order the system to hire 400 more people, at a cost of \$20 million a year, to increase school-based special-education support teams, and his refusal to order the hiring of an "independent data consultant" to help the court monitor the school system's compliance with the court's mandates. A spokesman for Mr. Halverson, Carol Brownell, denied that school officials had misread any of the items the judge cited. She added that a decision on whether to appeal Judge Nickerson's latest ruling "is still to be discussed."

In his 1979 ruling, Judge Nickerson ordered the city school system to meet state regulations providing for the

Continued on Page 28

### Call for Westway Study Upheld by Appeals Court

By ARNOLD H. LUBASCH

A decision that continues to block construction of the Westway project was issued yesterday by a Federal appeals court in Manhattan.

The unanimous 88-page decision said that Federal agencies had violated environmental-protection laws by failing to make a proper study of the effect that a key landfill, planned as part of the project, would have on fish in the Hudson River.

The Westway project consists of a highway and development from the Battery to 42d Street, replacing a major section of the old West Side Highway. Its cost has been estimated between \$2 billion and \$4 billion, with 90 percent to be paid by the Federal Government and 10 percent by New York State.

Michael J. Cuddy, director of the project, said recently that he expected



ter, Trinity's headmaster, after the two men met four years ago in London. They are both historians and quickly became friends.

They were particularly struck by the similarity between their institutions — both traditional boys' schools having recently turned co-ed, whose students, in Dr. Rae's words, are "affluent, urban, intelligent children."

"Everyone is so welcoming here," said the 51-year old Dr. Rae, who has been headmaster at Westminster for 12 years. "Everywhere, when they saw me they said, 'Hi!' and I would say, 'Hello.' By my second week, I was saying, 'Hi!'"

"I think it's wonderful that you



have time for people," he said. "In my school, it's all such a rush — you know, 'Jolly nice to see you; must go to a meeting now.' Here, there is all this congregating in the corridors, where faculty and students and everyone talks to everyone. In England, there's always a room to go to when you want to talk."

Dr. Rae has conducted the same senior seminar at Trinity on the his-

tory of ideas that he conducts at Westminster. On Thursday, Trinity students sat around a large table in a sunny room, discussing the theory of the German philosopher Oswald Spengler that every culture passes through a cycle from youth to maturity to death.

"Here, in New York — the center of Western civilization no matter

whether the French like it or not — is our culture going down in Spengler's terms?" Dr. Rae asked the class.

Opinions varied. Most said no. Almost everyone raised a hand, interrupted, spoke with animation and participated vigorously.

"The English have a rather arro-

Continued on Page 26

son River, particularly striped bass.

According to the decision, by the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, the agencies must make a proper environmental-impact statement concerning the fish before approving work or funds for the huge highway project.

The decision affirmed a substantial part of a series of rulings made last year by Judge Thomas P. Griesa in Federal District Court. But it reversed some of his rulings, including one that provided for a special master to oversee the preparation of the required environmental statement.

Statement Expected in Summer

Judge Amalya L. Kearse wrote the appellate decision with the concurrence of Judges J. L. Oakes and Thomas J. Meskill.

to have the impact statement completed next summer, clearing up the legal obstacles.

Government lawyers said late yesterday that they were reading the appellate decision and did not know if they would seek a review of it in the United States Supreme Court.

The decision was hailed by Albert K. Butzel, a lawyer for the Sierra Club, one of the environmental and civic groups that filed the suit bringing the case to court. He said he believed it would be impossible for the project to obtain the landfill permit necessary to go ahead.

"We are thrilled," Mr. Butzel said, noting that the appeals court had sustained the district judge's finding that the state and the Federal Highway Ad-

Continued on Page 47

## News Summary

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1983

### International

Moscow was accused of meddling in West Germany's general election next month by the Government of Chancellor Helmut Kohl. A spokesman for the Government said that it "regards with concern the massive and hitherto unprecedented manner in which the Soviet Union is interfering in the election and the internal politics of the Federal Republic of Germany." Bonn cited an appeal Thursday by the Soviet Foreign Minister, Andrei A. Gromyko, for Western European nations to disassociate themselves from the American position at the Geneva arms limitation talks and a Radio Moscow broadcast that predicted upheaval in the West Germany if Mr. Kohl's Christian Democrats won the March 6 election. [Page 1, Column 1.]

The United States has been hurt abroad among its allies by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's refusal to endorse the nomination of Kenneth L. Adelman as United States arms control chief, President Reagan said. He said the committee was "very irresponsible" in its refusal Thursday to endorse his nominee. He vowed to "do everything I can" to win approval of the nomination on the Senate floor. The committee sent the nomination to the floor with the recommendation that Mr. Adelman be rejected. [2:3.]

Talks on a preliminary cease-fire in South-West Africa between South Africa and Angola appear to have been sidetracked by the infiltration of an unusually large number of insurgents into the territory. At the third of round of talks that were over in only three hours, the South African representatives apparently made the point that Angola would be responsible for curtailing the military activities of South-West Africa People's Organization if a cease-fire were to hold. [3:1.]

### National

A jobs emergency bill was approved by the House Appropriations Committee in the first step toward passing such legislation. The \$4.6 billion package is a supplementary appropriation for the current fiscal year, which ends Sept. 30. The bill is scheduled for debate on the House floor next week. Congressional leaders hope to have it on President Reagan's desk by mid-March. [1:6.]

A study of the E.P.A.'s management by a professor of political economy is being considered by President Reagan, a senior White House official said. Prof. David F. Linowes of the University of Illinois may head a special committee to recommend changes in the Environmental Protection Agency that might prevent the troubles that have led to investigations by a half-dozen Congressional committees and the Justice Department. [1:5.]

The prime lending rate was cut by several of the nation's major banks by half a percentage point, to 10½ percent, the lowest level since November 1978. They responded to intense pressure by the Reagan Administration for lower bank interest rates. Most of the nation's banks are expected to join the cut next week. [1:2.]

Tennessee Williams died in Manhattan. The playwright was found dead in his apartment at a hotel. Officials said death was due to natural causes and that he had been treated for heart disease. He was 71 years old. [1:3.]

A strain on the V.A.'s medical funds is threatened by the number of War II veterans who will soon reach the age of 65, making them eligible for free medical care. Most of the 11.5 million veterans of the war will reach that age within the next few years. [1:8.]

Curtailment of the Supreme Court in decisions regarding access to abortion and other issues might be tolerated by President Reagan's nominee for Secretary of Health and Human Services. This was indicated by the nominee, Margaret M. Heckler, who hinted at Senate confirmation hearings that she might tolerate Congressional efforts to strip the Court of its power to decide, in addition to abortion, such issues as school prayer and the use of busing in school desegregation. Senators of both parties pleaded with Mrs. Heckler to give some assurance that she would resist proposals to curtail the Court's power, but she declined to do so. [6:1.]

John Cowles Sr., publisher, died at his home in Minneapolis. He was the publisher of The Minneapolis Star and The Minneapolis Tribune from the 1940's through the 1960's. His newspapers reflected his views on internationalism, education and religious tolerance. [11:3.]

### Metropolitan

99-cents-a-gallon gasoline is back in the New York area and other parts of the nation for the first time in four years. Dealers say they expect prices to continue to fall. In Texas, some stations are selling regular gasoline at 95 cents a gallon. In Oregon, prices are as low as 89 cents a gallon. The factors in the price decline, according to dealers and analysts, are that people are driving less, cars are more efficient, gasoline supplies are plentiful and world oil prices are falling. [1:3.]

An order to provide handicapped pupils in New York City schools with special-education programs and services has not been carried out "in a timely manner," a Federal judge ruled. Judge Eugene H. Nickerson of Federal District Court in Brooklyn issued the order three years ago. He instructed a magistrate in his court to determine the extent to which school officials and their subordinates "are now in contempt of this court's judgement" on key issues. [25:5.]

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### Quotation of the Day

"The Government regards with concern the massive and hitherto unprecedented manner in which the Soviet Union is interfering in the election and the internal politics of the Federal Republic of Germany." — Jürgen Sudhoff, a West German spokesman. [1:1.]

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### CORRECTIONS

A report in the Business People column on Feb. 16 incorrectly reported the residence of Arnold Bernhard's son and the son's connection with Arnold Bernhard & Company. He lives in Connecticut and has been a director since 1964.

An article Feb. 13 on Edward M. M. Warburg's election as an honorary trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art cited his cultural affiliations incorrectly. He was a founder of the Museum of Modern Art and a trustee and organizer of its film library.

SportsMonday  
The New York Times



# READING AND WRITING

By Anatole Broyard

## A Government of Critics

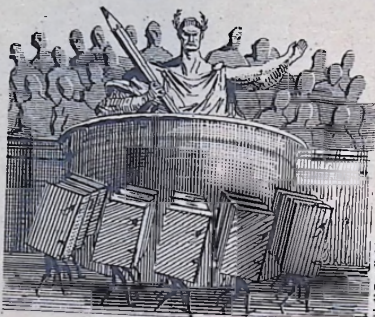
Shelley said that "poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world," but unless people learn to like poetry and to read it, the poet's legislation will probably remain unacknowledged. Thorstein Veblen thought that we should be governed by engineers, because they are experts in structures, and he saw government as a problem of designing structures for the regulation of society. Some of us, though, feel that we have been suffering from too much structure in government, or nothing but structure, based on other structures, innocent of a single human datum.

After reading Diana Trilling's "Mrs. Harris," after enjoying her extraordinary sense of texture, I'm ready to propose that we make literary critics the acknowledged legislators of the world. I would eliminate, of course, all those literary critics who talk about structure or who belong to the fatiguing school that goes by this name, and admit only those, like Mrs. Trilling, Helen Vendler, Robert Pinsky and the late Randall Jarrell, who are intoxicated with text and texture.

I was impressed by the insatiability, the ferocity, you might say, of Mrs. Trilling's curiosity, by her quality of close and sustained attention in our abstracted and inattentive age. It seemed to me that she rescued the esthetic, the moral and the passionate from the trash basket of the legal.

This, I thought, is precisely what we need now, when we are swamped in ambiguity and the law only compounds that ambiguity. It was not always so. Once upon a time, when two or more people had a difference of opinion, they and everybody else knew what it was about: a piece of property, a sum of money, a broken contract, a slander or an act of violence. The facts were apparent. Life was explicit, and it was a simple matter to apply whichever corrective measures justice required.

Now the issues are so much more complicated, so laden with symbolism, that they have to be read and explicated like a difficult experimental novel or poem. Consider, for example, some of the points raised by the trial of Mrs. Harris: Does respectability constitute extenuating circumstances in the same way that being poor or black does? Is a woman whose sexual appeal is fading a disadvantaged person? Is status a life and death affair? Does personal vulgarity, on the part of the defendant or the victim, make the difference between manslaughter and murder? Is temporary insanity an irresistible access of poetry? Is a crime of passion a higher form of justice, or



merely the act of an outraged ego?

I'm attracted to the idea of a government of literary critics because I think we no longer know how to read the text of our lives. We need help even to fill out the applications so many of our actions require. If we were governed by literary critics, we might at least be able to understand our own dossiers.

Imagine what a feeling of confidence it would give us if we knew what was going on in the world, instead of being forced to fall back on bad jokes, irony and resignation. There would be an immense epiphany, a collective sigh rising like a great "Om" over the entire country.

We need literary critics to look after us because we live in an age of symbols in which everything means something else and the word "meaningful" as it is used in politics means nothing. Under the literary critic, all this would be changed. There would be penalties for wanton imprecision. Expressions such as "meaningful," "hopefully," "you know" and "like" would be misdemeanors in a class with littering the streets or putting out garbage in inadequate containers.

We would have to learn to use our language seriously, for all seriousness begins with language. Not to speak or understand the local language well is like being a foreigner, an alien, in one's own country. In "The Democratic Idea in America," Irving Kristol observes that "once you surrender the liberty to speak plainly, you lose the ability to think clearly." A government of literary critics could be counted on to outlaw all euphemisms, especially in the field of politics, economics and psychotherapy. This would not reduce us to a rude bluntness; rather, it would prevent our speech from being blunted, or shunted away from what we want to say.

Mr. Kristol postulates a Presidential candidate who makes a realistic campaign speech, promising his supporters that if he should be elected "he hoped to effect some small improvements in our condition." I can imagine the literary critic's campaign speech. "The unexamined life is not worth living," he begins, "and if I am elected, you will take that examination. You will scrutinize your life and your world until they reveal themselves as pleasure, boredom, rage, and the thousand other shocks that flesh is heir to. You will put on record the vocabulary of your aspirations, the syntax of your sensibility, the metrics of your emotions, the good, bad or indifferent novel or poem of the self. And then we will set to work to revise. And revise. And revise." ■

"A powerful, suspenseful work of history... a naval version of *A Night To Remember*"  
William Hogan, San Francisco Chronicle

"Illuminating and evocative"  
Front Page Review by Richard Harwood,  
The Washington Post Book World

"A compelling story that may never again occur in the annals of seafaring"  
The New York Times

"A pulse-racing narrative"  
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Library Journal

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Archerfish, Boston Herald-American

"A powerful story of courage and heroism, related with great sensitivity and in accurate technical and historical detail."  
Adm. Horacio Rivero, former Vice Chief of Naval  
Operations and Commander-in-Chief of Allied Forces  
in Southern Europe, San Diego Union

"Compelling... (its) greatest value lies in its ability to re-create the fear the Japanese engendered with their desperation tactics—and the resulting American conviction that their adversaries were prepared to fight until every one of them had died in battle."  
The New York Times Book Review

THE KAMIKAZE MISSION  
OF THE BATTLESHIP YAMATO,  
APRIL 1945

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SPURR

GLORIOUS WAY  
TO DIE

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Published by Newmarket Press  
Three East 48 Street, NYC 10017

Distributed to the trade by  
The Scribner Book Companies, Inc.



NY Times 2/26/83

# Tennessee Williams Is Dead Here at 71

By MEL GUSSOW

Tennessee Williams, whose innovative drama and sense of lyricism were a major force in the postwar American theater, died yesterday at the age of 71. He was found dead at about 10:45 A.M. in his suite in Manhattan's Hotel Elysée on East 54th Street.

Officials said death was due to natural causes, and that he had been under treatment for heart disease. An autopsy was scheduled for today.

Author of more than 24 full-length plays, including "The Glass Menagerie," "A Streetcar Named Desire," "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" — the latter two won Pulitzer Prizes — and "The Night of the Iguana," he had a profound effect on the American theater and on American playwrights and actors. He wrote with deep sympathy and expansive humor about outcasts in our society. Though his images were often violent, he was a poet of the human heart.

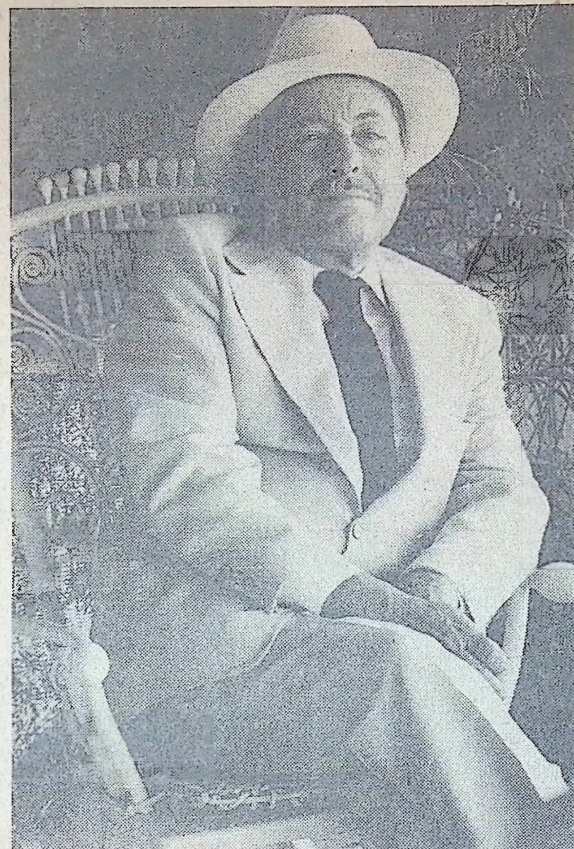
His works, which are among the

*Tennessee Williams was the most important America, playwright after Eugene O'Neill. An appraisal by Frank Rich, page 10.*

most popular plays of our time, continue to provide a rich reservoir of acting challenges. Among the actors celebrated in Williams roles were Laurette Taylor in "The Glass Menagerie"; Marlon Brando and Jessica Tandy in "A Streetcar Named Desire" (and Vivien Leigh in the movie version), and Burl Ives in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof."

"The Glass Menagerie," his first success, was his "memory play." Many of his other plays were his nightmares. Although seldom intentionally autobiographical, the plays were almost all intensely personal — torn from his own private anguishes and anxieties.

He once described his sister's room in the family home in St. Louis, with her collection of glass figures, as representing "all the softest emotions that belong to recollection of things past." But, he remembered, outside



© 1983 Martha Swope

Tennessee Williams in 1974.

the room was an alley in which, nightly, dogs destroyed cats.

Mr. Williams's work, which was unequaled in passion and imagination by any of his contemporaries' works, was a barrage of conflicts, of the blackest

horrors offset by purity. Perhaps his greatest character, Blanche Du Bois, the heroine of "Streetcar," has been described as a tigress and a moth, and, as Mr. Williams created her,

Continued on Page 10, Column 1



## Saroyan and His Plays Are Recalled at Tribute

By SAMUEL G. FREEDMAN

Five days before he died in 1981 at the age of 72, William Saroyan called the Associated Press to dictate his valedictory. "Everybody has got to die," he said, "but I always believed an exception would be made in my case. Now what?"

Last night, on the Broadway he had both adored and scorned, Mr. Saroyan lived again. In a night of tribute at the Circle in the Square Theater, actors brought to life his cavalcade of characters — those "poetic, funny, innocent dreamers," as one critic called them. And the people who knew Saroyan or who admired him from afar spoke of him, praising his talent, reveling in his eccentricities.

The tribute carried an implicit apology, too. The event was organized now because Broadway did not commemorate Mr. Saroyan at the time of his death, said Howard Stein, the chairman of the Oscar Hammerstein School of Theater Studies at Columbia University. The school sponsored the tribute jointly with the Circle in the Square and Columbia's Armenian Studies Center.

Their efforts come as Mr. Saroyan's works are rising out of decades of neglect, and the 600 persons who paid homage last night included the director Jose Quintero, the actresses Glenn Close and Mary Beth Hurt, and Lucy Saroyan, the playwright's daughter.

### Gained Fame at 26

"William Saroyan is one of the great talents of Western theater," Mr. Quintero said, "and I'm dismayed there's been no memorial, no celebration for him until now. A great man for the arts should be celebrated not because of the past, but for the future."

Mr. Saroyan certainly never looked back. He first gained fame at the age of 26 with his short story "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze" and — at one point writing a story a day for one month — went on to produce more than 40 plays and more than 60 novels, collections of short stories, memoirs and essays.

He won a Pulitzer Prize for his 1939 play "The Time of Your Life" and turned it down, saying businessmen should not judge artists. He argued with producers and directors, criticized critics, drank, gambled and, by his own estimation, made and lost \$2 million.

In explaining Mr. Saroyan, Howard Stein, the chairman of the theater arts school at Columbia, turned to the prologue of "The Time of Your Life": "In the time of your life," Mr. Stein read, "live so that in that wondrous time you shall not add to the misery and sorrow of the world, but shall smile to the infinite variety and mystery of it."

### He Was a Gambler

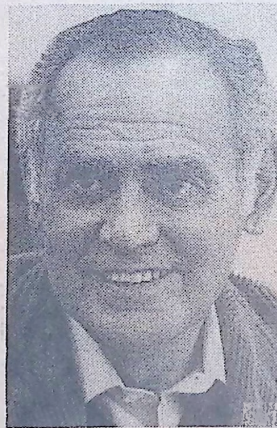
When Capalbo smiled as he recalled the infinite variety of Mr. Saroyan, he was both

Saroyan's 1958 Broadway play, "The Cave Dwellers." "He was a street person and a boulevardier. He was a gambler in every sense of the word. He was literally a gambler with money and he was a gambler when he said he didn't want anyone else to do his plays. He took over everything — producing, directing, financing, renting the theater. He wanted complete control and, unlike most people, he was able to get it."

Mr. Saroyan was a hero to his fellow Armenians. He exuded an immense pride in his heritage, spending his first earnings as a writer on a visit to Armenia and decreeing in his will that half of his ashes be returned to Armenia. They were interred in Yerevan, in the Armenian Republic of the Soviet Union.

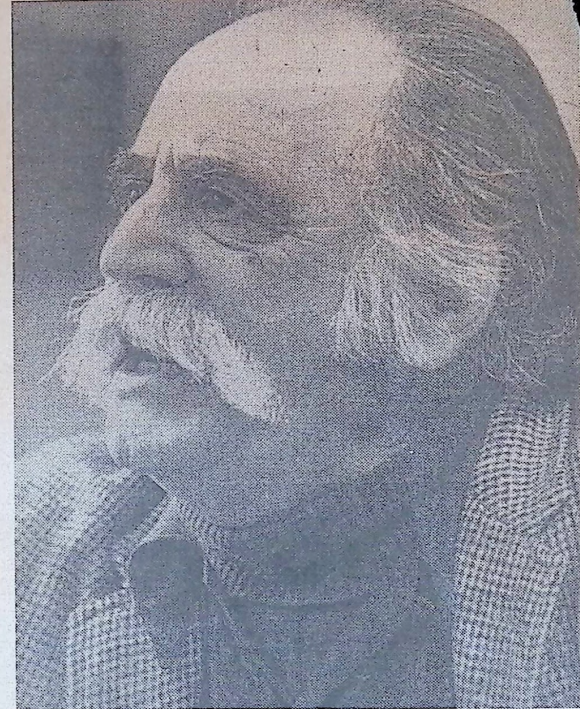
"He was like a symbol for us," said Jack Antreassian, an independent publisher of Armenian literature. "He gave us a tremendous boost and an identity. In the Armenian community, when he entered a room, he dominated people. When he talked, people listened — and he could talk for hours. People would cluster around him. He'd almost hold court."

But Mr. Saroyan somehow lost his hold in American literary and dramatic circles after such early successes as "The Time of Your Life" and "The Human Comedy," a film. In an age that sought social realism, Mr. Stein of Columbia said, Mr. Saroyan stuck to a poetic vision; when nihilism was the emotion in vogue, Mr.



José Quintero

The New York Times



William Saroyan in 1978.

United Press International

Saroyan remained optimistic. A typical Saroyan creation was the young girl in the play "The Beautiful People" who, rather than killing mice, fed and sheltered them.

### 'In Love With the Individual'

"The feeling that we responded to in Saroyan was a sentimentality, an optimism," Mr. Stein said. "He was affirmative. He was in love with the individual. It wasn't that he was naive about the world. His plays don't shy away from the violence, the ugliness. But he wanted to live in spite of it."

Mr. Saroyan's childhood, in fact, had its heartbreaks and deprivations. His father died when young William was 3 years old. His mother was forced to begin working as a maid and William lived in an orphanage for the next five years. Yet Mr. Saroyan saw his writing as a means of relieving, not reliving, misery. "The role of art," he once said, "is to make a world which can be inhabited."

Since Mr. Saroyan's death, his artistic star has risen anew. Britain's Royal Shakespeare Company last year presented a revival of "The

Time of Your Life," and Wilford Leach and Galt McDermot are now developing a musical version of "The Human Comedy" for the Public Theater. One number from the musical was performed at the tribute last night. Mr. Quintero has introduced his drama students at Brandeis University in Waltham, Mass., to Mr. Saroyan through a production of "The Time of Your Life." The students performed a scene from the show last night.

"Saroyan to them meant nothing at all," Mr. Quintero said. "They were surprised to find out about him. 'The Time of Your Life' is one of the most enchanting plays written in America. The man was in love with life and his plays celebrate life."

Mr. Quintero said he never met Mr. Saroyan, but corresponded with him for several years. Their major subject was Mr. Quintero's proposal to develop a musical version of "The Time of Your Life." Mr. Saroyan turned down the idea, but his explanation was vintage. "He resisted my idea," Mr. Quintero recalled, "because he said the play already had its own kind of music."

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# Smithsonian Musicians vs. Management

NY TIMES 2/11/83

By IRVIN MOLOTSKY

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10 — The Smithsonian Institution and the musicians in its performing arts program are involved in a disagreement over a proposed reorganization that sounds more like a labor-management dispute at a factory than a debate over the future of music at one of the country's most innovative and scholarly institutions.

The musicians say the plan, which splits the performing arts program's functions among several Smithsonian bodies, spells the end of highly regarded music projects, or at least their major curtailment; Smithsonian officials say it represents an attempt to introduce proper management.

If the musicians are correct, the Smithsonian's full range of music would be affected, from the Baroque to jazz, including chamber, 20th cen-

tury classical, country, black and theater music.

That the reorganization was unexpected can be seen in the hiring just three months ago of Jaap Schroeder, the virtuoso Dutch violinist, to direct the Smithsonian Chamber Orchestra. In addition, a new string quartet, the Smithsonian, was organized to provide a showcase for Mr. Schroeder and three principal players in the orchestra. The future of those ensembles is now in doubt, the musicians said.

Word of the reorganization was circulated to Smithsonian employees today in the form of an announcement by S. Dillon Ripley, the secretary of the institution, who said that the action was being taken "to assure that performing arts activities at the Smithsonian are correlated more closely with bureau programs and research interests, and to make better use of existing administrative structures for the management of such activities."

"It is crippling," said one musician. "It is not just a simple reorganization."

This was disputed by Phillip S. Hughes, under secretary of the Smith-

sonian, who was asked whether the program would be crippled. "I don't think so," he said. "We're reorganizing to integrate music, dance and the performing arts in general, and to get better management on a dollars and cents basis."

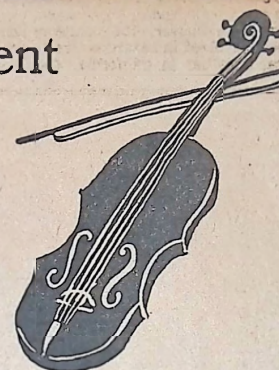
Mr. Hughes said that the Smithsonian music programs had lost \$2.5 million last year and said, "We are going to have to do some picking and choosing so that we don't lose so much."

## Letter From Arts Caucus

The musicians, who are concerned that the "picking and choosing" will eliminate most programs, have mounted an effort, which they acknowledge may be too late, to enlist support from members of Congress.

The Congressional arts caucus wrote to Mr. Ripley on Monday, saying: "We believe these major changes, if implemented, could weaken one of the museum's most valuable programs."

The letter, which was signed by the caucus chairman, Representative Thomas J. Downey, Democrat of Long Island, and its vice chairman,



Representative James M. Jeffords, Republican of Vermont, noted that in the last year, hundreds of thousands of visitors had enjoyed holiday celebrations, lectures, festivals and performing events on the Mall. Millions heard Smithsonian performances on the radio and on records, the letter added.

Patricia Mathews, a vice president of the Community Foundation of Greater Washington, said of the reorganization, "It is a major blow." She said it would reduce the amount and variety of music available to Washingtonians and tourists.



## Fewer Artists at Work

By IRVIN MOLOTSKY

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16 — Employment in the arts declined in 1982 for the first time since the Government started gathering statistics 12 years ago, the National Endowment for the Arts reported today.

"Obviously the recession has had an impact," said Harold Horowitz, the endowment's director of research, who culled the data from the findings of the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

Mr. Horowitz said 1,055,000 artists were employed in 1982 while 74,000 were out of work, for an unemployment rate of 6.6 percent. This was a decline of 7,000 jobs from the previous year.

The artist labor force includes actors, architects, authors, dancers, designers, musicians, composers, painters, sculptors, photographers, radio and television announcers and teachers of the arts in higher education:

### Lower Than Overall Rate

While the artists' unemployment figure was lower than the overall national unemployment rate of 9.7 percent, Mr. Horowitz acknowledged that the number of unemployed artists is likely to be understated because of the nature of the work and what artists might be doing when they cannot find work in their professions.

"The classic case is the taxicab driver who wants to be a singer at the Metropolitan Opera," Mr. Horowitz said. "He would be listed as a taxicab driver."

He added that the cab driver may have bread on the table and said of the compilation, "What it doesn't measure is whether people are happy in their work."

Figures supplied by Mr. Horowitz showed that in 1971, when statistics were first compiled, 648,000 people were employed in the arts. The number rose steadily through the decade, reaching 928,000 in 1979, 978,000 in 1980

and 1,062,000 in 1981 before falling back to 1,055,000 last year.

The highest jobless rate among artists was 37.3 percent for actors, an increase from 26.9 percent in 1981.

Mr. Horowitz noted that the data were compiled by monthly surveys of the Bureau of Labor Statistics and would not be as accurate as the overall unemployment figures because the artists' sector accounts for a smaller sampling and thus is subject to greater error. He said, however, that the picture suggested by the figures was probably fairly accurate.

"The marketplace is always shifting; it happens in the arts as well as elsewhere," Mr. Horowitz said. He identified one shift that could be significant: a decline in the number of musicians.

According to the data, the employment peak for musicians, including composers, occurred in 1977, when their number was counted at 167,000. This was broken down then into 154,000 employed and 13,000 unemployed, for an unemployment rate of 7.8 percent.

By comparison, the number of musicians in the work force in 1982 was reckoned at 160,000, of whom 149,000 were employed and 11,000 were unemployed, for an unemployment rate of 7.2 percent.

Thus, while the unemployment rate declined, there was an actual decline in the number of musicians, and Mr. Horowitz said that this was the more important figure.

"There are fewer musicians looking for work, so the decline in the unemployment rate is hardly a positive sign," Mr. Horowitz said.

According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics compilation, artists employed last year consisted of 23,000 actors, 94,000 architects, 69,000 authors, 17,000 dancers, 221,000 designers, 149,000 musicians and composers, 208,000 painters and sculptors, 93,000 photographers, 24,000 radio and television announcers, 37,000 teachers in higher education and 117,000 listed as "other artists."



# Books of The Times

## The Wounds of Vietnam

By ANATOLE DROYARD

**Charlie Company: What Vietnam Did to Us.** By Peter Goldman and Tony Fuller, with Richard Manning, Stryker McGuire, Wally McNamee and Vern E. Smith. Illustrated. 358 pages. Morrow. \$15.95.

We talk about "the lesson of Vietnam" as if we had already learned that lesson in full. But "Charlie Company," by Peter Goldman and Tony Fuller, suggests that many Americans have not yet learned what Vietnam may have meant to the soldiers who served there. While it was considered something like a spiritual obligation of thoughtful citizens to feel "demoralized" by the war, the men who experienced it at first hand did not seem to be entitled to that same demoralization. Though some of us are almost proud of the horror with which we heard the news reports from Vietnam, the horror felt by some of the soldiers who were actually there was regarded as morally inferior, as if a horror inspired by an idea was purer than one brought on by a fact.

Without apologizing for the terrible brutality of the war in Vietnam, "Charlie Company" raises the question of whether any war can ever be fought again with any sort of dignity. We may have lost the kind of human tone or pitch that used to keep our wars within certain boundaries. The book makes us wonder whether we can trust ourselves any longer, and whether the guilty feeling arising out of this loss of faith may not have been turned against the Vietnam veterans.

In 1981 and 1982, a team of Newsweek correspondents tracked down 65 of 162 men who served together in an Army company in the worst years of the war, a period bracketed by the Tet offensive of 1969 and the massacre at My Lai in 1969. The correspondents talked to these men about their experiences on the line in Vietnam and about their lives during the following 12 years back home.

The part about Vietnam may be familiar by now: the feeling of a terrible disorganization and absence of understandable purpose, the sense that this war was being fought without structure, that it could get at you anywhere, any time, anywhere. Though all wars have an element of insanity about them, these men talked as if the entire experience was like an all-embracing insanity. As one soldier put it in a letter, "We are the unwilling workers for the unqualified to do the unnecessary for the ungrateful."

There was no way, these men said, to digest such a war and no way, when they reached home, to spit it out. No one wanted to hear what they felt and they were condemned to keep it to themselves, like a wound that could not be treated. It was as if, they said,



Newsweek/Robert R. McElroy

Peter Goldman and Tony Fuller

people were ashamed of them, as if they had an unspeakable disease, as if "we were sneaking in the back door of the country at night."

They felt that what they had seen and done had separated them from their families and friends. They were "out of sync" with the world they came back to. Some of them couldn't get rid of the feeling of crisis, climax or emergency — couldn't settle down to the ordinariness of a job and marriage. They told stories of drifting from place to place, from woman to woman, as if they had forever lost the habits or rhythms of their species. They were treated to the irony of seeing the hostages being welcomed home from Iran as "heroes." Hadn't they been hostages too? they asked. Weren't they still?

Not all of "Charlie Company" can be taken at face value. It was to be expected that some of these men would distort or exaggerate what they remembered, and Mr. Goldman, Mr. Fuller and their team may not have sufficiently acknowledged this. Also, the authors' use of terms like "cannon fodder" and their habit of glorifying the enlisted men and deprecating their officers betrays a certain tentativeness.

These reservations, however, do not disqualify "Charlie Company." A careful reader will find more truth in it than most of us may care to take on. In fact, the story the book tells is so sad and so ugly that it might almost pass for a prize-winning piece of serious fiction. If it were, the men of "Charlie Company" might have received the attention and compassion they needed.



N.Y. TIMES  
2/26/82  
TV: Memories of a Small Town in Germany

By JOHN CORRY

"Now . . . After All These Years" is an intelligent, sensitive and compelling television documentary about Rhina, a small town in Germany, from which the last Jew disappeared in 1939. In a way, it is one more film about the banality of evil, although to dismiss it as only that would be an injustice. It also resonates with thoughts about the future.

The film, which will be shown by public television at 8 o'clock tonight on Channel 13, visits the people who live in Rhina today. The older inhabitants clearly remember the Jews: they were good citizens, although certainly not close friends of the Christians, and whatever happened to

them, however sad, was the handiwork of people who did not live in Rhina. Rhina knew nothing about it.

Other documentaries have explored recollections like this before, but "Now . . . After All These Years," which is part of Channel 13's "Years of Darkness" series about the Holocaust, moves beyond them. In New York, it visits some of the Jews who once lived in Rhina. Now they are in the Bronx, once more a minority, with memories almost too terrible to examine.

o

An elderly woman says that when the Jews of Rhina were rounded up for deportation, or worse, "the whole village was there watching." There is no

anger in her voice; she is simply saying that this is what happened. Other survivors have similar memories, but they are beyond blame and anger. Some, in fact, remember the charms of an older Rhina.

Then the film makers return to Rhina, where they show a videotape of the Jewish survivors. The older citizens of Rhina are outraged by the implications of the film; the younger people seem puzzled. Certainly no one seems repentant. Implicit is the terribly sad message that comfortable, bucolic Rhina has been inherited by the wrong people. The true heirs are alone with their memories in another country.





© Maurice Sendak, 1983

Maurice Sendak's preliminary study for the newly discovered fairy tale by Wilhelm Grimm, drawn at the request of The New York Times. It depicts a mother sending her daughter into the woods to save her from war.

## A Fairy Tale by Grimm Comes to Light

By EDWIN McDOWELL

After more than 150 years, Hansel and Gretel, Snow White, Rumpelstiltskin and Cinderella will be joined by another Grimm fairy-tale character.

The character, referred to simply as a little girl, is the central figure in a recently discovered tale by Wilhelm Grimm, who with his brother Jakob published the world famous collection of folk tales known as "Grimm's Fairy Tales."

The tale is the first addition to the 210 fairy and folk stories compiled by

the renowned German folklorists and published in two volumes between 1812 and 1815. Moreover, the work is thought to be the only original manuscript by either of the brothers Grimm outside the Bodmer library in Geneva.

"The new manuscript should also be of great interest to scholars," said Peter Demetz, Sterling Professor of German Languages and Literatures at Yale University. "The Grimms are among the major figures of 19th-century culture and civilization."

The tale, written in Wilhelm Grimm's crimped handwriting and addressed in 1816 to "Dear Milli," has an uncharacteristic introduction in which the author explains that two human hearts can find each other over great distances. He adds that although they have not met, he is already fond of her and knows that she would like him to tell a story. Whereupon he writes, "Once upon a time," and proceeds with a tale of about 2,500

Continued on Page C26, Column 1



# GOING OUT Guide

## THE-ARTS

John Sloan and Guy Pene du Bois are two American artists who looked at life in America — in New York, largely — during the first half of the 20th century. Sloan, through his work, depicted their own dramatic and satirical perspectives to it. An exhibition of 100 pieces of their work is now on show in the unusual, four-chamber gallery of the downtown branch of the Whitney Museum of American Art that is on the mezzanine around the rotunda of the Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall Street, at Nassau Street.

Here are paintings, drawings and things by both, Sloan in the western rooms and du Bois in the eastern rooms. Sloan's work is more identifiably New York in nature. One sees queues waiting to board in "Buses at Washington Square" (1925), or the busy crowd that are "Fifth Avenue Politics" (1905), and such vanished New Yorkiana as "Sixth Avenue Elevated at Third Street" (1928), showing pedestrians, all women, curious, crossing the street below, with the Jefferson Market Court looming in the background.

Du Bois applied his wit and satire

through Thursdays, at 9:30 and 11:30 Fridays and Saturdays. At tables, \$7 cover plus \$7 minimum; at bar, \$6 (includes one drink) cover, Sundays through Thursdays and \$10 (includes two drinks) Fridays, Saturdays.

## BIRD SONGS

There's a program today at the American Museum of Natural History, 77th Street and Central Park West, that should warm the hearts of lovers of both birds and music. It is a concert at 7 P.M. by Jocy de Oliveira, a Brazilian pianist who will play excerpts from the "Catalogue d'Oiseaux" ("Catalogue of Birds") by Olivier Messiaen, the composer who studied the songs of birds, learned from ornithological experts and took field trips and wrote the 13 pieces in this group as representations of songs, habits and colors of 77 birds.

On the program, part of the centennial celebration of the founding of the American Ornithologists' Union (at the museum), Miss Oliveira will play excerpts dealing with the black-eared wheatear, the golden oriole, the buzzard, the tawny owl and the wood lark.

Visitors may also look at the mu-



C4

THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1983

TONIGHT at 8; SAT. at 2 &amp; 8; SUN. at 3

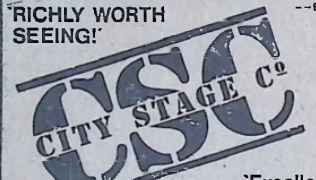

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# Stage: 'Forbidden Broadway'

By MEL GUSSOW

**V**INTAGE hemlock is on tap at Palsson's for the almost all-new 1984 edition of "Forbidden Broadway." This cabaret revue, conceived, written and directed by Gerard Alessandrini, is an iconoclastic mocking of sacred cows, fat "Cats" and the recycling center that operates under the alias of Broadway.

In its second year, "Forbidden Broadway" manages to remain up to date because of the simple fact that the theater insists on repeating itself. Who could have predicted that this season two of the show's timeliest numbers would deal with "Zorba" and George Abbott?

Early in the evening a Greek chorus of three meditates on the career of Anthony Quinn, to the tune of "Zorba's what he'll do/while he's waiting to die." Later the chameleonesque Patrick Quinn emerges as Broadway's nonplussed nonagenarian George Abbott holding a window card from "On Your Toes" and cribbing a melody from a rival revival. In a barrel-chested baritone he sings, "Ol' George Abbott," who just keeps rol-

**Diverse Targets**

**FORBIDDEN BROADWAY '84**, concept and lyrics by Gerard Alessandrini; directed by Mr. Alessandrini; production stage manager, Jerry James; executive producer, Sella Palsson. Presented by Playkill Productions Inc. At Palsson's Supper Club, 158 West 72d Street.

WITH: Fred Barton, Jan Neuberger, Marilyn Pasekoff, Patrick Quinn and Doug Voet.

lin' along—even as Harold Prince retires to an old directors' home.

Any show that would dare to make fun of the august Mr. Abbott would certainly be unrestrained in its assault on newer comers such as Jennifer Holliday. With a maniacal glee and pillows of padding, Marilyn Pasekoff turns into Michael Bennett's favorite "screamgirl," a hilarious follow-up to her screeching Ethel Merman. In a reprise from the original "Forbidden Broadway," the revue's version of Ethel Merman seems determined to shatter the eardrums of her singing partner, Mary Martin, played with coy indelicacy by Jan Neuberger.

While Miss Pasekoff needles cacophonous ladies, Miss Neuberger pinpricks Twiggy, Liza Minnelli and Julie Andrews, who returns to forbidden Broadway as Victor/Victoria.

Miss Neuberger once toured with Carol Channing's "Hello, Dolly!" and has brought back a rubbery-faced imitation of the irrationally lipstickied leading lady. Doug Voet, who often plays straight men to his quixotic colleagues—how do you imitate Leroy Reams?—climbs a wall of the cabaret to become a high-flying member of the "Cats" chorus. His memory is of a time "when actors played humans."

The troupe updates a few "Forbidden Broadway" golden oldies, such as "I Am a Kevin Kline," sung with hyperbolic narcissism by Mr. Quinn and "Don't Cry for Me, Barbra Streisand," in which Miss Pasekoff's Patti Lupone takes a passing shot at "Yentl."

Not all of the numbers are on the mark. A salute to Sister Mary and all others of her ilk arrives in a defrocked Broadway season, and though it is funny to see Mr. Quinn stiffly nailed to center stage to play the king in "Camelot," even the late "Private Lives" would have been more contemporaneous. By emphasizing musicals, the show also overlooks such possible dramatic targets as Mahatma Kean and Willy Loman meets "American Buffalo."

Wisely, Mr. Alessandrini stages his



Henry Grossman

**Marilyn Pasekoff in a routine from "Forbidden Broadway '84."**

revue at a fast clip, with the actors quick-changing costumes and characters, as the pianist, Fred Barton (the only holdover from the original company), rushes through show tunes, pausing to sing his own lament, "I'm Sick of Playing Their Song." Lesser moments slide by, and by the finale—a four-boa swipe at "La Cage aux Folles"—one remembers only the conspiratorial laughter.

## New Play Opens New Theater in Seattle

Special to The New York Times

**SEATTLE, Oct. 27**—A new American play opened in a new American theater here last night.

The theater is the Bagley Wright Theater, named for the founder of the Seattle Repertory Theater and a long-time contributor to it. The theater becomes the new home for the Rep—as it is known here—as the resident theater company begins its 21st season.

The play is the "Ballad of Soapy Smith," a new work by Michael Weller that examines the life of a high-powered con man whose exploits during the Alaska Gold Rush raised him to near legendary status among Alaskans.

Wayne Johnson, drama critic for The Seattle Times, called the new play and the theater a triumph. "In a time when most American playwrights tend to think small and achieve less," Mr. Johnson wrote, "it is rewarding and reassuring to see Michael Weller meet the challenge of writing a play with epic sweep that fills the stage with large characters and large important ideas."

Rep officials commissioned Mr. Weller, the author of "Moon Children" and "Loose Ends," to write a new play to open the new theater. Last spring an early version of "The

Ballad of Soapy Smith" was given a workshop performance by the Rep. Green Building With Red Stripes

The new \$10-million theater, designed by the Seattle architecture firm Naramore, Bain, Brady and Johanson, is an angular building in seven shades of green with thin red stripes around it and a neon sculpture near the top. Inside the 864-seat theater is a combination of rust-colored rugs and plum-colored seats.

It is a classic proscenium theater, avoiding the "thrust" stages popular in theater construction of the 1960's and 1970's. When planning began for the theater in the middle 1970's, officials toured many theaters in the country and in New York to get an idea of what they wanted.

W. Duncan Ross, artistic director for the Rep from 1970 to 1979, was a prime mover in the decision to have a proscenium theater. The effect is an intimate house with a steep balcony looking almost directly down on the stage. Peter Donnelly, producing director, said the theater was modeled after the Plymouth Theater in New York.

The new home represents the first time in its 21 years that the Repertory Theater has been all in one place. "We were like a series of cottage industries," Mr. Donnelly said. "At one

point we had things in seven different locations. The rehearsal hall was across the street, the box office was in another building, sets were constructed across town."

**Public and Private Funds**

The theater financing represented an unusual combination of public and private funds.

In 1975, a bond issue that included funds for a new theater failed by 808 votes. Two years later, however, a new bond issue with \$4.8 million for the theater passed by the highest majority ever for a public bond issue in Seattle.

But when the first theater was proposed its cost was estimated at almost \$15 million, three times the budget. The project was scaled back

and reworked, and the Rep board took on the obligation of raising about \$4.5 million to make the project possible. The fund-raising got a tremendous assist when 10 friends of Bagley Wright donated \$100,000 each on condition the theater be named for him.

"We are second only to the Seattle Seahawks in season ticketholders," Mr. Donnelly said with a smile. There are about 24,000 season ticketholders.

The drive to put on new works carries over into other parts of the theater. Next month, the Rep will have the premiere of "Shivaree" by William Mastroianni. It will be done in a small rehearsal theater, the Poncho Forum, a smaller theater within the new theater.

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## Dance: Eric Barsness Troupe

By JACK ANDERSON

**T**EACHERS of creative writing often warn students that, even though their subject matter might be boredom, they should take care to prevent their stories and poems from being literally boring. It's good advice that can be applied to creations in other arts than literature.

Take Eric Barsness's new "The Age of Reason," which Eric Barsness and Dancers presented Monday night at Dance Theater Workshop's Bessie Schönberg Theater. At times, its cast of five went through sequences of arm gestures and brushings of the feet that could have come from a ballet classroom. But they were performed in an automatonlike manner. At other times, helpless people fell into the arms of indifferent people and people treated one another with casual cruelty.

All this may have been an attempt to demonstrate that in our time art has grown mechanical while daily life is characterized by alienation, anxiety and boredom. But that's no great revelation. For decades, poets, playwrights and choreographers have treated this theme, often with imagination and eloquence. However, all Mr. Barsness did was to devise a few glum scenes, which he neither made striking to look at for their own sake nor provided with a social, political or philosophical context. The result was a boring work about boredom.

The accompaniment consisted of songs by Jill Kroesen performed, both live and on tape, with such sloppy diction and deafening volume that it was

difficult to follow the lyrics. However, Miss Kroesen was heard to moan that "a pederast's dream is peaches and cream" and "life isn't worth a dime." Well, that's her opinion.

The program also included "Crazy/Dilemma and Flight," which began as a solo for Mr. Barsness filled with tense walks and with clutchings of his face. Then, in a contrapuntal ensemble, four dancers adopted stiff poses that could have come from an archaic frieze or such a ballet as Vaslav Nijinsky's "Afternoon of a Faun."

Here, Mr. Barsness appeared to be combining depictions of a crazed state with references to a choreographer who suffered from a mental illness. Because the counterpoint was skillfully handled, one watched with curiosity to see what point Mr. Barsness would make with this material. But there never seemed to be one.