

GOING OUT Guide

LIFE-STYLES

John Sloan and Guy Pène 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, in the 1920's and '30's, and, through their work, applied their own dramatic and satirical perspectives to it. An exhibition of three-score 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 etchings 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 the queues waiting to board in "Buses on 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-

TEMBER 28, 1983

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many cases, were not even German.

But that argument is unlikely to affect the continued popularity of the tales. The foreword to the volume of tales translated by Mr. Manheim, who has also translated Günter Grass, Bertolt Brecht and Hermann Hesse, acknowledged that the Grimms improved on the stories that they claimed to have taken down faithfully. But the mark of their genius, he said, is "they make us hear the

Once upon a time there was a widow who lived at the very end of a village and had nothing except a little house and a small garden. Her children had all died, except for one, whom she loved very much. This child was a good and pious girl, was obedient to her in every way, and prayed in the evening when she went to bed and in the morning when she got up. And everything she did, she succeeded in, and when she planted something in her little plot in the garden, a patch of violets or a branch of rosemary, it would sprout and grow abundantly.

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Excerpt from the newly discovered Grimm fairy tale.

voices of the individual storytellers, and much more clearly, I am sure, than if they had been two tape recorders."

Theirs is a natural human voice, Mr. Manheim added, "speaking as someone might speak, and seldom if ever do we hear anything resembling the never-never, good-nursery, fairy-tale style prevalent in the English translations of these and other folk tales."



© 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

N.Y. TIMES
2/26/83

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.

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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.

"HAIL 'THE KING OF COMEDY'!"

All those who are serious about pictures, hail THE KING OF COMEDY!"

Gene Shalit, THE TODAY SHOW, NBC-TV

"EXHILARATING... Scorsese again confirms his reputation as one of the most authentic, most original voices of his film generation."

Vincent Canby, NEW YORK TIMES

"Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis sparkle in THE KING OF COMEDY."

PEOPLE MAGAZINE

"Not to be missed... De Niro's performance is out of sight."

Andrew Sarris, VILLAGE VOICE

THE KING OF COMEDY

ARNON MILCHAN Presents

A MARTIN SCORSESE Picture

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TONY RANDALL • DIAHNE ABBOTT • SANDRA BERNHARD

Production Designer BORIS LEVEN Music Production by ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Executive Producer ROBERT GREENHUT Written by PAUL D. ZIMMERMAN

Produced by ARNON MILCHAN Directed by MARTIN SCORSESE

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"MAGNETIC CLASSIC"

—Sheila Benson, L.A. Times

Charlotte Curtis

3/22/83

An Uneasy Ribicoff

FORMER 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

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

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."

New York City Ballet

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Nov. 15-Feb. 19



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Tickets: \$30.00, 23.00, 19.00, 15.00, 11.00, 8.00, 5.00, 3.00
Box Office open Monday, 10am-8pm; Tuesday-Saturday, 10am-8pm
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New York State Theater
Lincoln Center • 870-5570

For the 100th year, the
National Horse Show
gallops into the

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

Tennessee Williams, 71, Dies in His Hotel Suite

Continued From Page 1

there was no contradiction.

His basic premise, he said, was "the need for understanding and tenderness and fortitude among individuals trapped by circumstance."

Just as his work reflected his life, his life reflected his work. A monumental hypochondriac, he became obsessed with sickness, failure and death. Several times he thought he was losing his sight, and he had four eye operations for cataracts. Constantly he thought his heart would stop beating. In desperation, he drank and took pills immoderately.

He was a man of great shyness, but with friends he showed great openness, which often worked to his disadvantage. He was extremely vulnerable to demands — from directors, actresses, the public, his critics, admirers and detractors.

He feigned disinterest in reviews, but he was deeply disturbed by them. Unfavorable ones could devastate him. Favorable ones might corrupt him. The most successful serious playwright of his time, he did not write for success but, as one friend said, as a "biological necessity."

Frightened by Success

Success struck him suddenly in 1945, with the Broadway premiere of "The Glass Menagerie," and it frightened him much more than his failure.

He was born as Thomas Lanier Williams in Columbus, Miss., on March 26, 1911.

His mother, the former Edwina Dakin, was the puritanical daughter of an Episcopal rector. His father, Cornelius Coffin Williams, was a violent and aggressive traveling salesman who later settled down in St. Louis as manager of a show company. There was an older daughter, Rose (memorialized as Laura in "The Glass Menagerie"), and in 1919 another son was born, Walter Dakin.

"It was just a wrong marriage," the playwright wrote.

The familial conflict is made clear by instances from the son's art. His mother was the model for the foolish but indomitable Amanda Wingfield in "The Glass Menagerie," his father for the blustering, brutish Big Daddy in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof."

While his father traveled, Tom was



mostly brought up, and overprotected, by his mother — particularly after he contracted diphtheria at the age of 5. By the time the family moved to St. Louis, the pattern was clear. Young Tom retreated into himself. He made up and told stories, many of them scary.

In the fall of 1929 he went off to the University of Missouri to study journalism. When his childhood girlfriend, Hazel Kramer, also decided to enroll at Missouri, his father said he would withdraw him, and succeeded in breaking up the incipient romance. It was his only known romantic relationship with a woman.

In a state of depression, Tom dropped out of school and, at his father's instigation, took a job as a clerk in a shoe company. It was, he recalled, "living death."

To survive, every day after work he retreated to his room and wrote — stories, poems, plays — through the night.

The strain finally led to a nervous breakdown. Sent to Memphis to recuperate, the young Mr. Williams joined a local theater group.

Back in St. Louis, he became friendly with a group of poets at Washington University, particularly Clark Mills McBurney who, among other things, introduced Mr. Williams to the poems of Hart Crane. Crane became his idol.

In 1937, Mr. Williams re-enrolled as a student, this time at the University of Iowa. There and in St. Louis he wrote an enormous, and uncounted, number of plays, some of which were produced on campus. In 1938, nine years after he had entered college, he graduated.

Success seemed paired with tragedy. His sister lost her mind. The family allowed — with subsequent recriminations — a prefrontal lobotomy to be performed, and she spent much of her life in a sanitarium.

Life in New Orleans

At 28, Thomas Williams left home for New Orleans, where he changed his style of living, as well as his name.

He offered several reasons for the name change. It was a reaction against his early inferior work, published under his real name. It was a college nickname. It was because his father was from Tennessee. It was distinctive.

In New Orleans he discovered new netherworlds, soaking up the milieu that would appear in "A Streetcar Named Desire."

He wrote stories, some of which later became plays, and entered a Group Theater playwriting contest. He won \$100 and was solicited by the agent Audrey Wood, who became his friend and adviser.

"Battle of Angels," a play he wrote during a visit of several months to St. Louis, opened in Boston in 1940 and



way and changed Mr. Williams's life, and the American theater.

He was inundated with success — the play won the New York Drama Critics' Circle award — and he fought to keep afloat.

"Once you fully apprehend the vacuity of a life without struggle," he wrote, "you are equipped with the basic means of salvation." His art was his salvation. Apprehending, he wrote his second masterpiece, "A Streetcar Named Desire."

Opening in December, 1947, "Streetcar" was an even bigger hit than "The Glass Menagerie." It won Mr. Williams his second Drama Critics' award and his first Pulitzer Prize.

Never Stopped Revising

For many years after "Streetcar," almost every other season there was another Williams play on Broadway (and a one-act play somewhere else). Soon there was a continual flow from the stage to the screen. And he never

"Camino Real" (a flop in 1953, but revived as a classic at Lincoln Center in 1970), "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (his third Drama Critics' prize, his second Pulitzer), "Orpheus Descending," "Garden District," "Sweet Bird of Youth." Most of these plays have been seen again in major revivals.

In addition to the plays, he wrote two novels, "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone" and "Moise and the World of Reason"; short stories, such as "One Arm" and "Hard Candy"; a book of poetry, "In the Winter of Cities," the film "Baby Doll" and his "Memoirs." In his "Memoirs," for the first time he wrote in detail about his homosexuality but, as usual, he was restrained in dealing with his creative life, explaining that his art was "private."

As he became more and more successful, Mr. Williams lost his look of boyish innocence and became somewhat portly and seedy.

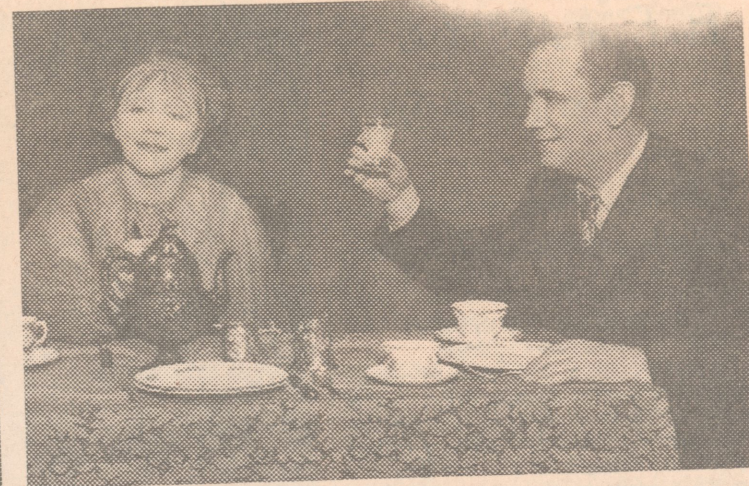
Gradually he found it more and

won a fourth Drama Critics' award for Mr. Williams in 1961, was considered a return to his earlier important work. As it turned out, it was his last major success.

After "Iguana," Mr. Williams went searching and seemed to fall apart. But at the same time he discovered religion. In 1968 he was converted to Roman Catholicism. And his last plays, though still dealing with grotesques, also dealt with salvation.

"The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore," which failed in successive years on Broadway and as an Elizabeth Taylor-Richard Burton movie entitled "Boom!," was an allegory about a Christlike young man and a dying dowager. His next three plays, "Slapstick Tragedy," "The Seven Descents of Myrtle" and "In a Bar in a Tokyo Hotel," also had minuscule runs.

Recovering from an illness, he plunged back to work, writing and re-



Eileen Darby-Graphic House; Zinn Arthur; M. A. Atwell Studio

Scenes from productions of three of Tennessee Williams's best-known plays: left, Marlon Brando and Jessica Tandy in "A Streetcar Named Desire," 1947; top, Laurette Taylor and Eddie Dowling in "The Glass Menagerie," 1945, and Ben Gazzara and Burl Ives in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," 1955.

cal reception, he continued writing, in his last years working with noncommercial institutional theaters.

"Something Cloudy, Something Clear" was produced Off Off Broadway at the Jean Cocteau Theater in 1981, and last year his final play, "A House Not Meant to Stand," had its premiere at the Goodman Theater of Chicago. That play, subsequently presented at the New World Festival of the Arts in Miami, deals with the physical and emotional disintegration of an older married couple in Mississippi.

In recent years, Mr. Williams divided his time between his apartment in New York at the Elysée and his house in Key West. He also kept an apartment in the French Quarter of New Orleans, the scene of "A Streetcar Named Desire."

Several weeks ago Mr. Williams had come to New York from Key West. According to a close friend, "He complained constantly of being ex-



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

He wrote stories, and later became plays, and entered a Group Theater playwriting contest. He won \$100 and was solicited by the agent Audrey Wood, who became his friend and adviser.

"Battle of Angels," a play he wrote during a visit of several months to St. Louis, opened in Boston in 1940 and 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-

Never Stopped Revising
For many years after "Streetcar," almost every other season there was another Williams play on Broadway (and a one-act play somewhere else). Soon there was a continual flow from the stage to the screen. And he never stopped revising his finished work. 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,"

his homosexuality but, as usual, he was restrained in dealing with his creative life, explaining that his art was "private."

As he became more and more successful, Mr. Williams lost his look of boyish innocence and became somewhat portly and seedy.

Gradually he found it more and 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, "If 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

about a Christlike young man and a dying dowager. His next three plays, "Slapstick Tragedy," "The Seven Descents of Myrtle" and "In a Bar in a Tokyo Hotel," also had minuscule runs.

Recovering from an illness, he plunged back to work, writing and rewriting.

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-

his house in Key West. He also kept an apartment in the French Quarter of New Orleans, the scene of "A Streetcar Named Desire."

Several weeks ago Mr. Williams had come to New York from Key West. According to a close friend, "He complained constantly of being exhausted and overworked and he said 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 ex-hume 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 was 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-



Tennessee Williams, left, in 1967 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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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 134,000 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, 96,000 photographers, 24,000 radio and television announcers, 37,000 teachers in higher education and 117,000 listed as "other artists."

Dance: Eric Barsness Troupe

By JACK ANDERSON

TEACHERS 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.

Smithsonian Musicians vs. Management

NY TIMES 2/11/82

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.

READING AND WRITING

By Anatole Broyard

A Government of Critics

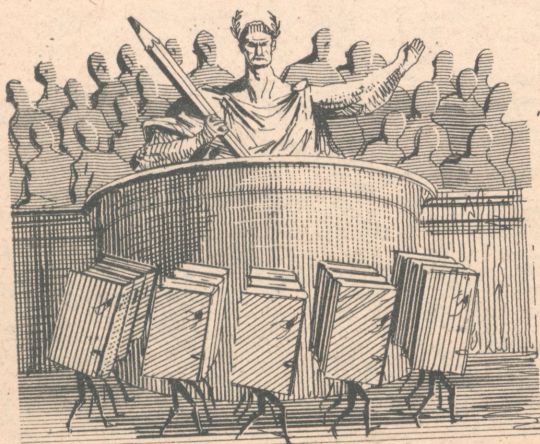
Shelley said that "poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world," but unless people learn to like poetry and to read it, the poet's legislation will probably remain unacknowledged. Thorstein Veblen thought that we should be governed by engineers, because they are experts in structures, and he 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." ■

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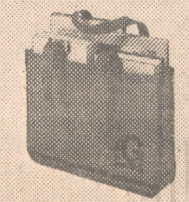
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A Fairy Tale by Wilhelm Grimm Comes to L

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.

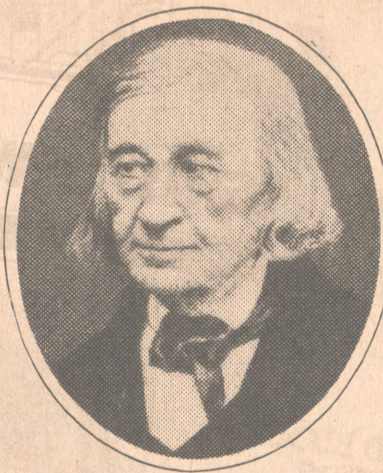
Milli's family consigned the manuscript in 1974 to J. A. Stargardt, an auction house in Marburg, West Germany. It sold the work on June 12, 1974, to Martin Bresslauer, a New York dealer specializing in rare manuscripts and books who had owned the Bruder Grimm Museum in Kassel, West Germany.

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 unforgiving wicked stepmothers and brazen diers, wily foxes and sang-wolves, gingerbread houses, creepy castles, evil forests, malevolent witches. But there is another dimension to the Grimm "German folklore was burdened with nationalism," said Professor Metz, "but the Grimms are inn-

An Educational 'Must'

The tales were addressed to children, according to Mr. Manheim, which is why they were translated as "fairy tales." But, he said, "Tales for Young and Old" is much closer to the German title, "Kinder-und Hausbuch." Indeed, W. H. Auden, 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,

Sutherland.
Kraus.
Elvira.
Plishka.



"Lucia"

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"Lucia di Lammermoor." Richard Bonynghe conducts.
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and love, despair, and murder drove
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For more opera listening, tune in Saturday after-

Boston Bookshop's Birthday: Poetry and Dancing in Street

By LISA HAMMEL

IT 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 Ai (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 1927 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 10-minute run for



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 years she got 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."

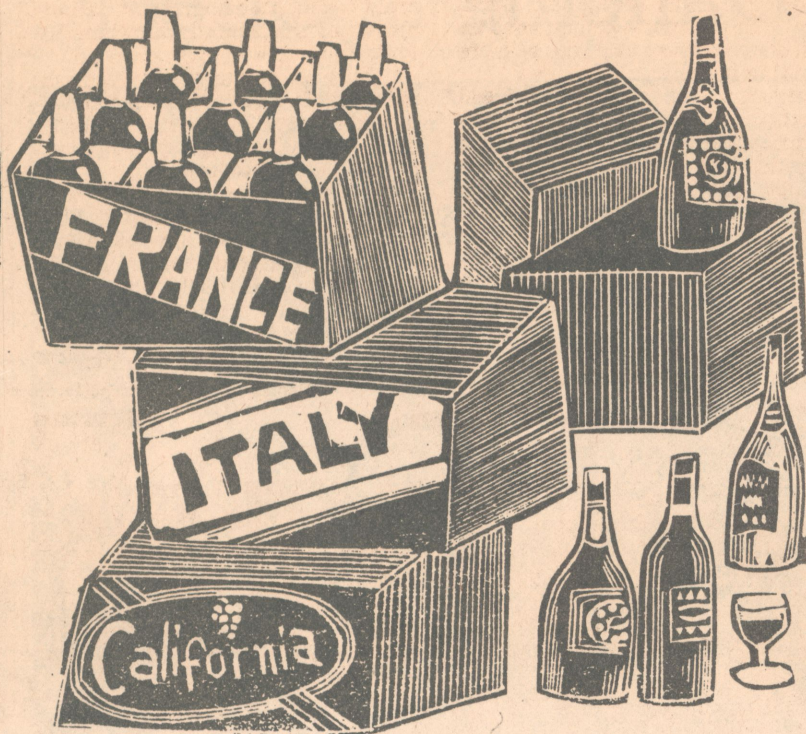
In the first year her sales averaged 30 books a week; on a good day now she sells almost three times that.

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 her landlord's yard the air smells winey from 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."

Talk



Randall Enos

chardonnay at a remarkable \$2.99. My preference was for the San Martin but the Weibel was certainly the best value and not a bad wine. All of them were worth trying.

A simple 1982 Muscadet de Sèvre & Maine from Surrey Liquors (19 East 69th Street) at \$2.19 was another good buy. No great depth to this wine but as an accompaniment for seafood it would be hard to beat at that price. A 1981 premier cru Chablis — Montmain — from Garnet was \$5.59, an excellent price for a genuine chablis, but our bottle was disappointing. Chablis fanciers might want to give it a second chance, however. The same is true for a 1982 Pouilly-Fuissé from a shipper named Lupé-Cholet and available at Surrey for \$2.19. It seemed oxidized but again, at the price, it would be worth trying another bottle.

A couple of French generic whites, one called La Chasse and another called Meribeau, both at Morrell and both \$3.99, were more than adequate entries in this big field, but there is so much discounting among these wines that a little shopping around is in order. One generic from France, called Clerc Blanc, from Sauvion & Fils, was \$2.99 at Sherry Lehmann (679 Madison Avenue, at 61st Street). This nonvintage wine is said to be all muscadet. It does have the light fresh quality muscadet is supposed to have. At the same store, a 1981 Vieille Ferme white, from the Côte de Lubéron, was attractive and fruity and cost \$3.49. There is, by the way, an attractive Vieille Ferme red, it is from the

Côtes de Ventoux and was \$3.49, also at Sherry Lehmann. The Vieille Ferme red was a Côte du Rhône for many years. Nearby Ventoux is a lesser appellation but this particular bottle contained a deep purple wine with good fruit and balance, just what one looks for in any Rhone wine.

One white Bordeaux entry, a 1981 Château du Grand Mouys, was reasonable at \$3.99 at Morrell, but probably no better than some simple Entre-Deux Mers widely available at a dollar or more less. Château Haut-Bailan 1982, a white Graves, had a bit more Bordeaux character. It was \$4.99 at Quality House (2 Park Avenue, at 32d Street). A single California white generic, Stag's Leap Wine Cellars Napa Valley White Table Wine, was pleasant enough and better than many other California whites around. It was \$4.50 at Garnet.

A couple of red generics proved to be good values. One was an old favorite, Fetzer Premium Red, nonvintage, at \$4.99 a magnum; another was Pedroncelli's Sonoma Red Wine, also nonvintage, \$4.50 a magnum, both at Acker, Merrall & Condit. Batonet, a nonvintage red from the respectable Burgundy house of Remoissenet was a good value at \$4.99, also at Acker, Merrall. A nonvintage French red in the Bordeaux style, Gastelloup, was easily worth its \$3.49 at the same shop. But so were two other wines there, and not just for their intrinsic qualities. Gastelloup is shipped by the Société Woltner, in Bordeaux. Also on the shelves was a Woltner Cabernet Sauvignon. It sells for \$4.49 a bottle or

\$7.99 a magnum. Wine enthusiasts will recognize the Woltner name. They are the family who owned, and are supposed to be in the process of selling, the illustrious Château La Mission Haut Brion in the Graves section of Bordeaux.

The Woltners have interests in both France and California now and, obviously, their wines from both regions show up side by side in the same stores. The cabernet, most likely another product of the California wine glut and purchased in bulk, is not bad for the money, but I'd rather go for the Beautour at about the same price or the Monterey Vineyards Classic Red at \$3.99 in most shops and as low as \$3.29 at Acker, Merrall.

Two groups that fared well were the small Bordeaux chateaus and the little-known Italian reds. The Bordeaux were Château Dillon 1979, at \$5.99; Château Noel 1981, at \$2.99; Château l'Orée du Bois 1979, at \$3.49, all at Morrell; and Château Haut-Guilraud 1981, from the Côtes de Bourg, just across the river from the Médoc, is \$3.99 at Acker, Merrall.

Even one of the best-known chateaus in Bordeaux, Château Gloria 1980, is available at Zachy's in Scarsdale (16 East Parkway, Scarsdale) at \$5.99. That seems to be a good benchmark figure at Zachy's. At the same price are Château de Sales, a lovely, soft Pomerol, and Château Meyney, a hard but long-lasting and intense St. Estèphe. Château Greysac, a widely available but still desirable Médoc, can be had at Zachy's for \$4.99, a great price for a well-known Bordeaux.

There are widespread values in Spanish wines around town, one of the best values being the Marques de Caceres red 1978 from Rioja, a full-flavored Bordeaux-style wine with a characteristic woodiness favored by Spanish winemakers. It is available at Sherry-Lehmann for \$3.49. Another good buy is Torres Coronas 1978 from the Penedes region southwest of Barcelona, a softer, fruitier dry red available at Quality House for \$3.99.

The Italian wines included a nonvintage Spanna, bottled for Acker, Merrall & Condit, at \$2.99; a 1979 Rinaldi Inferno, at the same shop for \$3.99; a Salice Salentino 1978 riserva, also at \$3.99, at Morrell, and again at \$3.99, a 1979 Spanna from Luigi Nervi, at Surrey for \$2.79. Astor had a 1979 Dolcetto d'Alba, called Dolcetto di Diano d'Alba, also for \$3.99. This wine, if they would ship it young, could be the Italian answer to Beaujolais. The 1979 was good, however, even though it wasn't of the current vintage. Also from Astor, an excellent Barbera d'Asti 1980, shipped by Mauro Osvaldo & Figli, for a most reasonable \$2.99.

Speaking of beaujolais, we picked up a couple of those too. The 1983 nouveau will be with us in six or seven weeks but there are some buys around in the still excellent 1982's. The Georges Duboeuf Beaujolais Villages at \$3.99 at Garnet was an excellent buy. So was the Château de Lachaize 1982 Brouilly at \$5; a 1982 Chenas from the Domaine des Roches Noires was an attractive wine at Acker, Merrall & Condit for \$4.99, as was another Beaujolais village, this one from the Domaine de la Teppe, at Morrell for \$3.49. Good, too, was a 1982 Chiroubles from Au Cellier du Beaujolais, at Surrey, for \$3.99.

For the uninitiated, Chiroubles, Chenas and Brouilly are three of the nine communes in Beaujolais entitled to put their names on their best wines.

We found a more than drinkable Côtes-du-Rhône, a 1982 Domaine Sainte-Anne for \$4.49 at Morrell, and at Astor, a Coteaux de Tricastin — a relatively new region to have its own appellation in France — a 1980 from the Domaine des Liones, for \$3.79. A George Duboeuf Côtes-du-Rhône, a 1982 from the Domaine des Moulins was exceptionally good and the price was right: \$3.25 at Sherry Lehmann.

As is always the case in this kind of adventure, a few wines come along that simply don't fit the usual patterns. One of these, this time, was a "nouveau Bordeaux" made last fall but obviously still good. Another was a Frontonnais wine, Château Bellevue la Forêt, from a region about 150 miles from Bordeaux that only qualifies as a Bordeaux by stretching a point. Both were at Morrell. The nouveau, called Château Demeuran, was \$3.99, and the 1981 Bellevue la Forêt was \$3.99.

One of the better wines we found



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New York, New Jersey, Connecticut



Students at Trinity Impress Visiting British Headmaster

By DEIRDRE CARMODY

Dr. John Rae — blue blazered, striped shirted, 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 Street, came from Dr. Robin Lester, 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

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.



have time for people," he said. "In story of ideas that he conducts at whether the French like it or not —

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 26

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 86-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, 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

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 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.

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 Street, came from Dr. Robin Lester, 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-

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News Summary

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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. [1:6.]

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 judgment" on key issues. [25:5.]

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SportsMonday
The New York Times

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.

Buffalo Working to Heal an Economy Hurt by Changing Times and Trends

By SUSAN CHIRA

BUFFALO — Everyone in this predominantly blue-collar city on Lake Erie seems to know someone who is out of work.

Here the economic statistics rapidly become names and faces — the husband or son who got laid off after 20 years in a factory, the neighbor who is fighting foreclosure proceedings, the parent who finds the heating bill is bigger than his Social Security check.

"The layoffs are hitting everyone," said 56-year-old Anita Cousineau of suburban East Amherst, whose husband was thrown out work by the closing of a General Electric plant six years ago. "Nobody's job is safe," said Mrs. Cousineau, who works as a housekeeper for the state.

With unemployment levels in western New York between 12 and 20 percent and Bethlehem Steel planning to close its Lackawanna plant by the end of the year, local workers are looking to the government for help.

Buffalo Mayor Voices Optimism

Mayor James Griffin of Buffalo, however, expresses confidence in the future. "We have to retrain people," he said. "We still have that skilled work force. We still have that kind of industry in our city. We could be making steel tomorrow if this economy picks up. I'm very optimistic."

Other political leaders have sought to reassure them with promises of Federal, state and local aid. Governor Cuomo recently said, "Buffalo will not go down."

But some residents say they are skeptical that the political activity will translate into better times.

The Rev. Robert K. Golombek of the St. John Kanty Roman Catholic Church

in Buffalo said he and many of his 3,000 parishioners do not have much faith that government will come through.

"You see the indignities that people have to suffer, and no one seems to give a damn," he said. "I talk to politicians, but I don't think a guy making \$60,000 a year can imagine what a guy feels like who can't even walk into a supermarket and buy \$25 worth of groceries."

Mr. Cuomo has asked President Reagan for \$60 million in Federal aid for western New York. Last Wednesday, the Reagan Administration approved supplemental unemployment benefits for 2,800 of 3,200 laid-off workers at the Bethlehem plant. This would give the workers 26 weeks of additional benefits when the regular 26 weeks of state payments are exhausted.

Three weeks ago, New York Congressmen and Federal officials announced \$1.9 million in aid for the area. The money — \$1.2 million to retrain unemployed workers and the remaining \$700,000 for studies to determine where further aid should be spent — should arrive within weeks, and state and local officials are pressing for more.

The Lackawanna closing — which would deprive 7,300 workers of their jobs, the city of Lackawanna of 66 percent of its tax base, and the local economy of nearly \$1 billion in revenues — has pushed the city to the brink of default and prompted concern among Buffalo officials that a default would add to their city's economic woes.

Lackawanna Bonds Unsalable

After the Moody's bond-rating service judged Lackawanna's bonds to be unmarketable, a task force of local government officials assembled by Lieut. Gov. Alfred B. DelBello traveled to Lackawanna to help its Mayor slash his budget and prevent default on \$3.5 mil-

lion of bonds that come due in May.

Officials say the Lackawanna closing is another in a series of plant shutdowns since the early 70's that stem from a broader economic problem — the area's reliance on heavy industry when the national economy is shifting toward service and high technology industries.

Buffalo, said George P. Smyntek, an associate economist with the State Labor Department, is "a model for the rest of the nation, because we are going through first what every place is going to experience."

Last fall, more than a third of those out of work had been unemployed for six months. As workers' unemployment insurance, contract benefits and savings ran out, county welfare rolls have nearly doubled in the last two years, to record levels. They now contain at least 210,000 of the slightly more than one million people in Erie County, according to Fred J. Buscaglia, County Social Services Commissioner.

Foreclosures and Shut-offs

Unable to pay mortgages, or for health insurance, food and heating, many of the unemployed are facing foreclosures and utility shut-offs.

The 22,000 unemployed auto and steel workers in the area also face a longer-term problem: how to find new careers now that the skills they spent years acquiring are no longer in demand.

State and local officials are trying to meet both the short- and the long-term needs. The \$60 million aid package Governor Cuomo has requested contains \$32 million in so-called Trade Adjustment Assistance payments to steel workers who have lost their jobs because of foreign competition, and \$5 million from the Federal Economic Development Assistance program for a revolving loan program to workers in need.



The New York Times / Joe Traver

The Rev. Robert K. Golombek of St. John Kanty Roman Catholic Church in Buffalo helping to prepare food for a church function. The parish plans to open a soup kitchen for the disadvantaged next month.

The aid package needs the approval of several Federal agencies, and aides to Governor Cuomo said it was too early to assess its chances.

Task forces are drawing up aid proposals and coordinating local efforts to help the unemployed and their families eat, pay heating bills and search for new jobs. The State Department of Agriculture and Markets hopes to begin selling surplus foods at low cost within a week. Local churches have established soup kitchens.

The Department of Social Services, which pays needy families' heating costs under the Federal Home Energy Assistance Program, is negotiating with local utilities to prevent shut-offs.

The State Labor Department has es-

tablished an unemployment hotline, sponsored a televised job fair, and held forums in several communities about state and local services for the unemployed, according to Douglas Winokur, district superintendent for the job-service division of the department.

But in the long term, officials agree, Buffalo must encourage high technology and service industries to replace its fading heavy industries.

Aid for Industrial Shift

To help restructure the area's economy, Mr. Cuomo has asked the Federal Government for \$10 million in funds to retrain workers, \$1 million for the local Erie County Industrial Development Association to find new uses for the Lackawanna plant, and \$10 million for local programs to encourage service and high technology industries.

Representative Jack Kemp, a Republican of Buffalo, and other New York Congressmen have also been lobbying for aid to western New York, as part of what Edward J. Rutkowski, the Erie County executive, called an "economic SWAT team." Russ Gugino, a Kemp aide, said Mr. Kemp's first priority was to persuade Bethlehem Steel to reconsider its decision in the light of new labor terms offered by the steel workers last week. Henry J. Nowak, a Buffalo Democrat, is drawing up a bill to extend unemployment benefits in areas of especially high unemployment, such as Buffalo.

Despite its bleak present, many local officials agree with Mayor Griffin that the area's long-term prospects seem bright. Robert E. Whelan, the city's Comptroller, said Buffalo's financial condition is good, with its bonds rated AA, its debt per capita reduced and its budget in the black.

Buffalo has undertaken redevelopment the idea of the awards because the mail response to the family idea was so strong — 750 letters" out of 33,000 received on all subjects since the Governor took office.

Following the first five awards in Manhattan, others are "in the works elsewhere," Mr. Johnson said.

Catherine's Pistols:

ment of its downtown with the aid of more than \$30 million in Federal grants, said Charles F. Rosenow, acting director of the county development association.

And with \$48 million in loans, the local development association has helped 40 developing high technology industries that created at least 1,500 jobs, Mr. Rosenow said. Buffalo is developing a vigorous financial industry, with banks such as Goldome and Marine Midland based here. Housing costs and worker salaries are substantially lower than those in other major urban centers, making Buffalo an attractive city for large companies, he said.

Mr. Rosenow also sketched long-term plans for downtown revitalization that include industrial parks and an entertainment district with a duty free zone to attract tourists.

For many families caught up in the lean years before Buffalo makes its industrial transition, government cannot change the fact that the flush days are over.

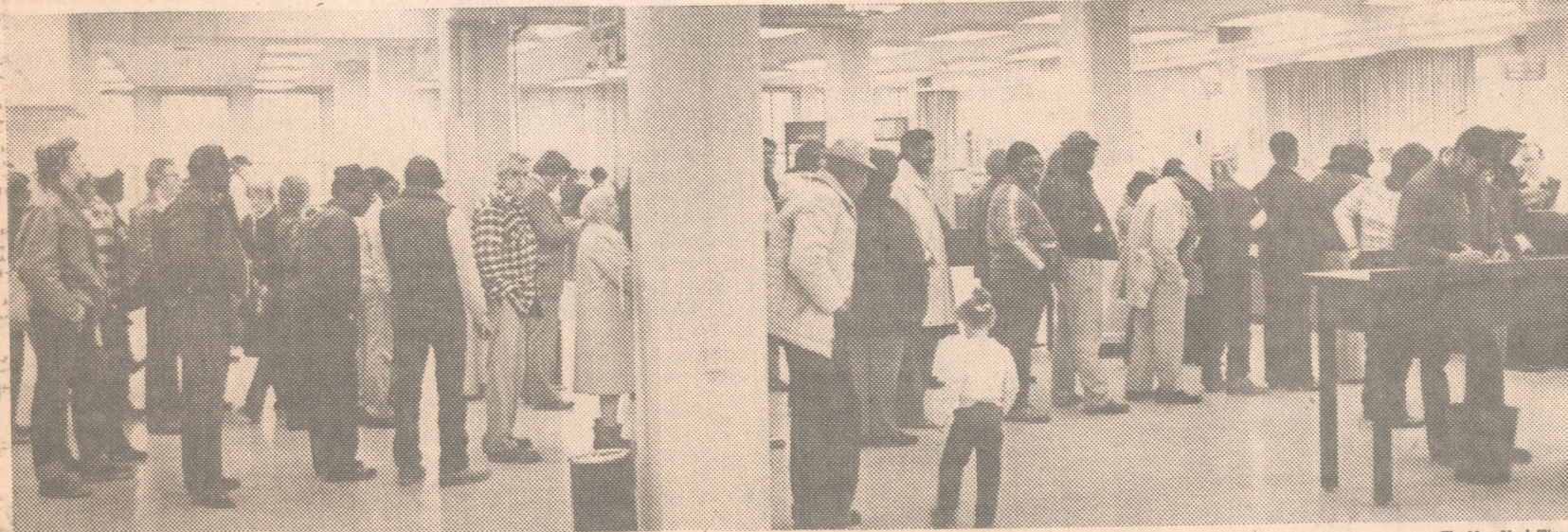
"There's only so much the government can do," said Joseph Bona, a Buffalo cabdriver who used to own a salvage company that had three employees. It folded as the steel-making industry collapsed. "A guy puts 15, 16 years in a plant, that's all he knows. There's no call for that kind of work anymore. But people will, like myself, learn to live without. They'll go back to work, instead of \$12 an hour, earn \$6 an hour. It's not easy, but you can learn."

Mrs. Cousineau, the state worker, was philosophical. "It's the times, you can't blame the government alone," she said. "I don't think it's ever going to be the way it used to be. We had good years. We just didn't know they were

The publicity when a woman of ownership. "Everyone had a story," Alice T. McGillion, a police spokesman, said yesterday. "Their grandmother came from Russia and such. It was pretty funny."

But John A. Schiff, a gun collector from Oyster Bay, L.I., said the pistols and other items were stolen from his Manhattan apartment in 1971. Records from the 17th Precinct bore him out.

He bought the pistols in 1936, Mr.



The New York Times

Unemployed workers standing in line earlier this week at a state employment office in Buffalo.

NEW YORK Day by Day

Aiming for Hard Covers

Book has often said his ad-

The book, now about 1,000 pages of transcribed dictation, was first offered around before the Democratic

March 1. The increase is based on "anticipated" cost rises for labor and materials, according to the railroad.

The increase to \$2.25 will also apply to other standard cocktails. Michelob and Lite beers will go from \$1.10 to \$1.25, Molson Ale from \$1.50 to \$1.75. The increases, the first since May 1982, could add about \$107,000 to current beverage-service revenues of \$2

the first winners of the New York Awards for helping establish a community shelter for homeless women.

The awards were given this week to Anne Davidson and Celine G. Marcus, co-chairmen of the Neighborhood Coalition for Shelter; Wolcott B. Dunham, a volunteer; David J. Stern, executive director of the Lenox Hill Neighborhood Association, and Eliza

Unemployed workers standing in line earlier this week at a state employment office in Buffalo.

NEW YORK Day by Day

Aiming for Hard Covers

Mayor Koch has often said his administration was not for sale, but now his thoughts about it apparently are going to be.

For several years Mr. Koch has spent part of his weekends taping his version of events, their meaning and his feelings about them. Now he wants it to be published. He has asked Allen G. Schwartz, his friend, lawyer, agent and his former Corporation Counsel, to sound out book publishers. Mr. Schwartz calls the book "a very intimate, very direct, personal political history."

"We've contacted a number of major publishers, and everybody likes it and is very interested," Mr. Schwartz said yesterday.

The book, now about 1,000 pages of transcribed dictation, was first offered around before the Democratic gubernatorial primary last year, which Mr. Koch lost. Mr. Schwartz said it was withdrawn then "for a lot of reasons," including the fact that "Ed's book, like Ed, happens to be very candid."

According to a report circulating in the publishing world, Mr. Koch might get an advance of up to \$200,000. Mr. Schwartz wouldn't confirm that figure, but he said the offers were "substantial."

The Cost of Commuting

The price of a martini to ease the Long Island Rail Road trip out of Penn Station will go from \$2 to \$2.25 on

March 1. The increase is based on "anticipated" cost rises for labor and materials, according to the railroad.

The increase to \$2.25 will also apply to other standard cocktails. Michelob and Lite beers will go from \$1.10 to \$1.25, Molson Ale from \$1.50 to \$1.75. The increases, the first since May 1982, could add about \$107,000 to current beverage-service revenues of \$2 million a year, the line says.

Some 80 afternoon and evening trains have bar service. The busiest among the 72 electric trains, according to the L.I.R.R., is the 6:30 for Huntington. But the busiest of all is one of the few diesel-powered trains, the 5:08 from Hunters Point Avenue in Queens to Port Jefferson.

The Family of New York

Five Upper East Siders are displaying new rings with three intertwined gold bands, marking them as

the first winners of the Family of New York Awards for helping establish a community shelter for homeless women.

The awards were given this week to Anne Davidson and Celine G. Marcus, co-chairmen of the Neighborhood Coalition for Shelter; Wolcott B. Dunham, a volunteer; David J. Stern, executive director of the Lenox Hill Neighborhood Association, and Elizabeth Rohatyn, the association's president.

The five led community efforts to start a shelter at the association's headquarters at 331 East 70th Street and to assist homeless men at a city-run shelter in the Seventh Regiment Armory, at Park Avenue and 66th Street.

"The family of New York" was an idea put forth in Governor Cuomo's inaugural speech on Jan. 1: "feeling one another's pain, sharing one another's blessings." A few days later, Peter Johnson of the Governor's press

office said yesterday, Mr. Cuomo "got the idea of the awards because the mail response to the family idea was so strong — 750 letters" out of 33,000 received on all subjects since the Governor took office.

Following the first five awards in Manhattan, others are "in the works elsewhere," Mr. Johnson said.

Catherine's Pistols: A Mystery No More

After 11 years of mystery, the ownership of two antique guns of ivory and steel with intricate gold floral patterns has been solved by the Police Department. The guns, seized in a South Bronx drug raid, were about to be destroyed last year.

Instead, they were taken to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where arms experts identified them as hunting pistols of Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia, and worth perhaps \$200,000. While the search went

on, they stayed on loan at the Met.

The publicity drew a dozen claims of ownership. "Everyone had a story," Alice T. McGillion, a police spokesman, said yesterday. "Their grandmother came from Russia and such. It was pretty funny."

But John A. Schiff, a gun collector from Oyster Bay, L.I., said the pistols and other items were stolen from his Manhattan apartment in 1971. Records from the 17th Precinct bore him out.

He bought the pistols in 1936, Mr. Schiff said, from the estate of Clarence H. Mackay of Broad Street for \$2,000. Mr. Mackay had bought them from Gustave Diderrich, a collector who exhibited them at the Brooklyn Museum in 1933.

At Mr. Schiff's request, the guns will remain on display at the Met for now.

Robin Herman
Laurie Johnston

Schools Found in Contempt of Judge's Order

Continued From Page 25

evaluation of handicapped or seemingly handicapped students "within 30 days of written notification that the child may have a handicapping condition and be in need of special education and related services." If a student is found in need of these, the judge ruled, "placement in an appropriate educational program and related services" must occur within the shorter of "30 days of evaluation or 60 days of referral."

The consolidated court cases that led to the 1979 court order were brought by a group of handicapped children and their parents and by such advocates of the students as United Cerebral Palsy of New York City. One of the lawyers for the plaintiffs, John C. Gray Jr., said his clients were "very pleased" with yesterday's ruling.

"It's clear that Judge Nickerson basically accepted our arguments on most of the points we raised," he said.

Agree Progress Was Made

During recent hearings before the judge, the plaintiffs' attorneys argued that "while substantial progress has been made" in the school system's provision of appropriate special-education

programs for its disabled students, there were still serious shortcomings.

Yesterday Mr. Gray agreed that the number of such students not evaluated or placed in appropriate programs within the state-prescribed deadlines was "probably considerably smaller" now than the "over 10,000" he said were involved in 1979. But the lawyer contended that the number now was more than the figure of "low hundreds" cited by Mr. Halverson.

Moreover, Mr. Gray charged, "thousands of kids" are not getting needed related services for the handicapped, such as counseling and physical, occupational and speech therapy.

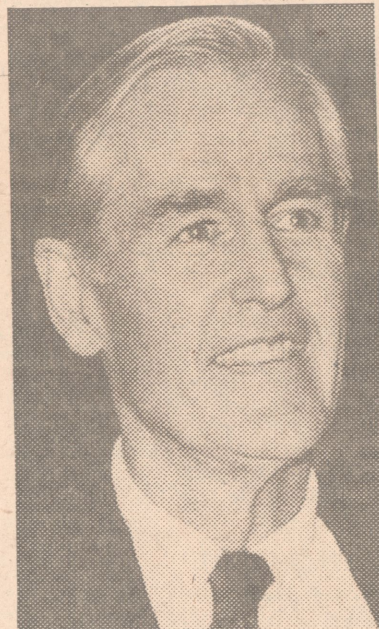
Compliance 'Not Yet Achieved'

Among the defendants in the various lawsuits involved were Frank J. Macchiarola, who recently stepped down as Schools Chancellor, and members of the city's Board of Education.

Judge Nickerson said that "all parties agree that as a result of this litigation, improvements have been made in according handicapped children their rights." But the judge found that "compliance has not yet been achieved even in the respects which the city defendants assert."

He said Magistrate Caden would "recommend what measures should be imposed on city defendants, and on which employees and agents of city defendants, so as to bring about compliance." The judge did not mention the possible measures the magistrate might decide on.

School officials said this week that 96,000 students of a total public school student population of 900,000 were currently in programs ranging from those for severely disabled residents of institutions to those for students who attend regular classes most of the day and special classes part of the day.



Judge Eugene H. Nickerson

Associated Press

Students Impress a British Headmaster

Continued From Page 25

gant belief that the children at the head of your classes here are not as academically strong," Dr. Rae said in an interview. "I don't think that's true. I've found the students here not only to be very bright, but extremely well-read. They actually have read the stuff they say they've read."

Some of his other observations included:

PARENTS: They are more involved here than in Britain. ("It is really anathema in the British private-school system to have parent involvement. We have this awful fear of interference. It is something we should be less stuffy about.")

HEADMASTERS: American schools are not dominated as much by a powerful head, who in Britain keeps even the trustees at arm's length. ("He's a sort of Louis XIV figure, 'L'école, c'est moi.'")

FORMALITY: There is more informality here. Westminster boys wear standard gray flannel suits. At Trinity, coats and ties are required, but seem quickly to be taken off and loosened as soon as class begins. ("At Westminster, they rise when you come in the room. Boys and girls here are a little more — what shall I say — flexible.")

CURRICULUM: "I won't comment on that, because I haven't pinned it down yet," said Dr. Rae. "Your

curriculum is almost as elusive as your dress code."

Dr. Rae, the father of six children ranging in age from 16 to 25, has also written many articles on education for The London Times, The Observer and Punch and has appeared on the British Broadcasting Corporation. He taught at Harrow before coming to Westminster. He says his experience here has left him with feelings of optimism about American youth, whom he finds less cynical than he had expected.

"If these are the boys and girls who are going to grow up and be influential, then I'm immensely optimistic about the future of the West," he said. "They are good."

The Region

Indictment Upheld Against Actress

WHITE PLAINS, Feb. 25 (AP) — A Westchester County judge has refused to dismiss a misdemeanor weapons charge against the actress Jennifer O'Neill that was filed after she accidentally shot herself.

The judge, Carmine Marasco, rejected the argument by Miss O'Neill's lawyer, Lawrence Maffei, that as a celebrity she had the right to protect herself and her family from the "lunatic fringe."

In a ruling Thursday, Judge Marasco refused to dismiss the indictment against Miss O'Neill, who is charged with illegal possession of a weapon, an unlicensed .38-caliber revolver. Conviction on the charge could result in a year's imprisonment.

Miss O'Neill, who is 33 years old, accidentally shot herself in the stomach on Oct. 22 at her home in Bedford Hills. John Lederer, 34, her husband and manager, is charged with criminal possession of a weapon, a felony with a maximum sentence of seven years in prison.

Act on Shoreham, Cuomo Is Urged

MINEOLA, L.I., Feb. 25 (UPI) — County Executive Francis T. Purcell of Nassau said today he had urged Governor Cuomo to intervene in the dispute between Suffolk County and the Long Island Lighting Company over operation of the utility's nuclear power plant in Shoreham.

Abandonment of the \$3.2 billion

Shoreham plant, as advocated by County Executive Peter F. Cohalan of Suffolk, "could have potentially disastrous economic consequences for Long Island," Mr. Purcell said in a letter to Mr. Cuomo.

"The possibility of Lilco's financial collapse as a result of the Shoreham situation raises the specter of a devastating loss of revenue to local governments on Long Island," Mr. Purcell said. The Nassau County Executive, a supporter of the Shoreham plant, observed that every day its opening is delayed is costing Lilco more than \$1 million in interest charges. He said these costs would ultimately be borne by Nassau and Suffolk consumers.

Mr. Cohalan has said the plant should not go on line because there is no way to evacuate residents if a serious nuclear accident occurred.

A Small Fire At Cagney Home

STANFORDVILLE, N.Y., Feb. 25 (AP) — A fire broke out today in the farm home of the actor James Cagney, but it was quickly doused and the 83-year-old star was unharmed, officials said.

The fire at the estate, in the Dutchess County town of Stanford, was reported at 9:24 A.M. The estate has four main buildings, and fire officials called out extra equipment, which was not needed.

The fire was limited to a room and part of the attic of the main house, officials said. There were no reports of injuries to anyone else.

The cause of the fire has not been determined.

LOTTERY NUMBERS

Feb. 25, 1983

New York Numbers — 912

New York Win 4 — 7460

New Jersey Pick-It — 738

New Jersey Pick 4 — 4310

Connecticut Daily — 255

Connecticut Play 4 — 4290

DO NOT FORGET THE NEEDIEST!

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 1986, 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

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"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."

W... 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 mewling, whining and some barking. "We

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

'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."

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 science, 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:

\$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.

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The New York Times / Jack Manning

Computers must never do anything to harm human beings.

"By 1986, 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.

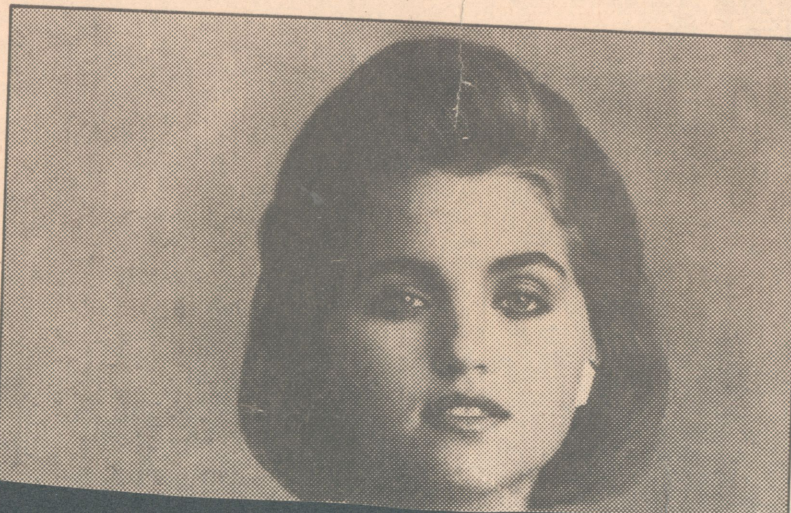
"If computers are brighter than a lot of humans," he said, "maybe they can solve some of the problems in energy and environment that people haven't been bright enough to solve."

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."

SAVE ON THESE SOFT, SEXY BRAS BY MAIDENFORM & WARNER'S.



Thousands Working in Sweatshops in New York

Continued From Page A1

may never have been eliminated to the extent that many in the industry and in the labor movement said it was.

But in the last 25 years, foreign-made clothing, manufactured with labor costs that are far less than those in the United States, has taken an increasing share of the United States market. This year foreign goods are likely to make up as much as 50 percent of the purchases of women's clothing in this country.

This increase has put intense pressure on American companies to reduce costs. And at the same time there has been a profound change in immigration to America, including a dramatic rise in illegal immigration. As a result, government and union officials say, thousands of sweatshops exist in New York and other American cities and employ tens of thousands of workers.

The competition from foreign goods has forced many retailers and manufacturers to seek the lowest possible labor costs in the United States, just as the change in immigration has brought millions of largely unskilled workers to America.

These changes created immense pressures on contractors, the people who run the shops where garments are sewn; manufacturers contract for the lowest possible prices, and sometimes contractors are caught in a vise.

"Jobbers can save as much using sweatshops as they would by importing garments from Hong Kong or Taiwan," said State Senator Franz S. Leichter, Democrat of Manhattan, who has been investigating the garment industry for several years.

Often, American companies produce the goods overseas, Mr. Chaikin said — foreign countries receive a constant flow of designs, patterns, machines and manufacturing techniques from America. "China uses patterns made

in America," Mr. Chaikin says.

Moreover, money for garment shops is often provided by garment industry trucking companies, which exercise important control in the industry. The trucking companies often determine which contractors get work and which do not, and some trucking companies are controlled by organized crime, according to law enforcement officials and Senator Leichter.

40 Percent Drop in Membership

Finally, today, the garment workers' union, once one of the most powerful unions in America, has shrunk greatly in size. It still has sizable financial resources, but its membership has dropped by about 40 percent, from 450,000 to about 280,000, in the last 10 years, and union organization of the industry has declined significantly.

In the 1950's, perhaps 80 percent of the industry was organized. Today, the figure stands at perhaps 25 percent nationally and 50 to 60 percent in the New York-New Jersey area, labor authorities said.

Union leaders such as Mr. Chaikin say the union has not lost its energy. He says it remains an important and vigorous voice in the American labor movement on both domestic and foreign issues. But executives in the garment industry, university observers and numerous union officers and staff members, generally younger people, privately lament what they say is lassitude in the union.

A Portrait Of the Sweatshops

The new sweatshops are in Chinatown, on Roosevelt Avenue in Queens, on Jerome Avenue in the Bronx, in Long Island City, in West New York and Jersey City in New Jersey and in other places — places where men and

women, including many illegal immigrants, toil at low wages, for long hours and often in hot, bleak, unsanitary and unsafe conditions.

This portrait of the shops has been drawn from observation of dozens of them in neighborhoods around the city and from interviews with people familiar with them.

In many cases, the minimum wage, \$3.35 an hour, is ignored. Employers, particularly in nonunion shops, pay few benefits, and often no overtime. Holiday pay is often late or is not given to workers. Sweatshops can be union or nonunion shops. The union label, while it generally means that garments that carry it have been sewn in shops with better working conditions than have clothes that do not, is no guarantee that government or contractual wage, hour and work place standards have been met.

Often garment industry workers must walk three or four flights to their factories, up dark, dingy, littered hallways. Elevators, when they exist, are often old and small and overburdened; it would take too long to wait for them.

Cloth seems to fly through the machines as the seamstresses make blouses, skirts, dresses, trousers.

The factories hum with the noise of machines — electric cutting knives, sewing machines, pressing machines. Radios play loudly, and there is the babble of foreign languages and the steam and smell of the food that workers often eat at their benches. Floors often are littered with cloth remnants and stacked with cut goods or rolled goods. The factories are hot or cold, depending on the season.

Workers can make \$5 an hour, particularly in union shops, although wages can run as low as \$1 an hour or, for a time, as high as \$9 an hour, because of the complicated piecework wage system that has almost always existed in the industry. The industry and the union consider this system efficient, and there is little effort to change it, although some critics and some workers say it makes the workers both slave driver and slave.

'Isn't That Ridiculous?'

Wages in a Chinatown shop are 50 cents for a skirt and 50 cents for a jacket, two workers said. For this, the workers said, they must, on a skirt, sew two darts, a waistband and a zipper, and make a slit; on a jacket, they must sew a pocket and do top stitching. They expect that their income will rise as styles change and they are given garments that are faster to sew — the more garments they can sew, the more they will earn.

The workers, both of whom had been in the garment industry for several years, said they were making about \$9 or \$10 a day. They said their employers altered the hours listed on their checks to make it appear as though they received the minimum wage.

"They see how much you make, and then they fix the hours to make it look correct," one of the women said. "Isn't that ridiculous?"

They said their shops were union shops, and that the union, the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, is important, especially because its contracts provide for hospital benefits, which the women and members of their

"The big retail stores dominate what gets produced now," said Dr. Emanuel Tobier, professor of economics at New York University and an expert on the garment industry. "They call the shots. And if they can get something cheaper overseas, especially if you're talking about a standard item, they'll buy it overseas."

A decade and more ago, because of strong legislation passed beginning with the New Deal, and because of the activities of the two major unions in the American clothing industries, the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union, the garment industry sweatshop had in large part disappeared in New York and many other cities in the United States, many experts say.

Federal legislation outlawed child labor in manufacturing and mandated overtime pay when employees worked more than 40 hours a week. Take-home work was essentially outlawed. By the early 1970's, said Glenn F. von Nostitz, a counsel to Senator Leichter, who with his staff has amassed a great deal of information on the industry, there were perhaps just 200 sweatshops in New York.

Profound Change to the Industry

But then came the increase in the importing of foreign-made clothing, produced at wage rates far below those in the United States, and the change in immigration, and this brought profound change to the industry.

Until the 1950's, almost all clothing purchased by Americans was made in America. Then, beginning in the mid-1950's, first from Japan and then from Hong Kong, foreign-made clothing began to find its way into the United States. At that time just one out of every 25 garments purchased in America was made abroad, and most were high-priced, fashionable items, such as Irish knits, British woolens and Italian silks.

But in the 1960's and 1970's, this flow of goods surged dramatically. In 1982, imported garments made up 41 percent of the women's and children's clothing sold in the United States, and, so far this year, the figure stands at about 50 percent. In 1982, for every 100 women's and children's garments manufactured in the United States, 70 others were imported.

The men's clothing industry is somewhat different, with more predictable styles and thus longer production runs, so fewer jobs have been exported in men's clothing.

But more and more in men's clothing, and in the textile industry, which supports the women's and men's clothing industries, imported garments are seizing markets, Mr. Chaikin and other experts say.

Yet, Dr. Tobier says, while much attention is given to the decline in heavy manufacturing — autos, steel and machine tools — almost no attention seems to be given to clothing manufacture, even though the women's and men's apparel industries, which despite losses employ 1.3 million workers, remains important. The garment industry, Dr. Tobier says, is "the forgotten stepchild of industrial policy."

Why are clothing imports so extensive? Because of the low wages and



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The New York Times

skills, flocked to big cities like New York, and a new work force thus appeared, eager for jobs and willing to work for almost any wages and under whatever conditions existed. This occurred just as American retailers and manufacturers were coming under pressures to cut manufacturing costs, and it was a situation that Mr. Mazur of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union called "perfect for sweatshops."

Many union leaders and other experts are convinced that because many garment industry workers are unskilled and are often women and immigrants who are members of minority groups, there is a widespread feeling that the wages and conditions under which they work are sufficient, and that no one, workers or outsiders, should expect more.

Today, according to Mr. Leichter, 3,000 sweatshops employing perhaps 50,000 workers or more exist in New York. Another 1,500 to 2,000 sweatshops, according to Mr. von Nostitz, exist in Los Angeles, several hundred in Chicago, and more in other cities, particularly cities in the Sun Belt with large immigrant populations.

Some experts, such as Mr. Tobier and Mr. Mazur, say these numbers seem high or cannot be documented.

Is There an Answer To the Problem?

Can contractors be expected to provide better wages and conditions when their prices are set by jobbers and manufacturers? If contractors reject rates offered by jobbers and manufacturers, the jobbers and manufacturers will simply place the work elsewhere, and the contractors likely will be forced out of business.

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The Reasons The Shops Exist

To understand why sweatshops exist, it is necessary to understand the structure of the American clothing industry.

The industry is made up of thousands of companies, many of them small and without extensive capital, and the men and women of the industry are constantly searching for the slightest competitive edge.

The deals that can be seen being cut on Seventh Avenue are merely the most obvious symbols of pressures, the frenetic activity, that characterize the industry. Pressure to cut costs, to save a dollar here, a dollar there, to produce goods quickly to get them in the stores in a matter of days to take advantage of a new trend — all this is immense.

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Why are clothing imports so extensive? Because of money. Men's and women's clothing can be manufactured abroad often at labor costs one-tenth of those in America. Here, a typical union worker in the women's garment industry makes perhaps \$5.50 an hour plus another 30 percent in benefits — unemployment insurance, hospitalization, life insurance — bringing labor costs to more than \$7 an hour.

Typical garment-worker wages abroad are 20 cents an hour or less in Sri Lanka, India or China, 40 cents an hour in Taiwan, Singapore or South Korea, \$1 an hour in Hong Kong.

A major new wave of immigration began in 1965, the third into the United States in 100 years. This surge was brought about by changes in American immigration laws and was heightened by a vast increase in illegal immigration.

The immigrants, legal and illegal and largely without job or language

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Is There an Answer To the Problem?

The sweatshop problem, like the garment industry, is extremely complicated, and at times it seems to raise questions for which there are no answers, or, at least, no sure answers.

If immigration were curtailed, and illegal immigration halted, would Americans do the garment shop work that immigrants do? Many contractors are often not in much better economic situations than their workers. If the union vigorously enforced its contracts, and government wage, hour, and work-place laws were enforced, this would drive up owners' costs. Could the owners, particularly in small shops, stay in business?

Is Mr. Mazur correct when he says most Americans have no concern whether a shirt, a pair of pants, a skirt or a dress is manufactured in a sweatshop or not, but only that it is of reasonable quality and available at a decent price?

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If imports were restricted, as the union proposes, would foreign governments retaliate and place limits on the importation of American products?

Senator Leichter and the union want state and Federal legislation enacted to combat sweatshops. Clearly, they say, many unscrupulous owners are severely exploiting workers who cannot protect themselves.

But Mr. Elias takes a different view of the matter, saying sweatshops have existed essentially since time began, and, probably, given the nature of human beings, and of business, cannot be eradicated.

"I'm opposed to the sweatshop, but I don't want a law about it," he said. "We got 500 million laws on the books. Who lives by them?"

Sweatshops, he said, "are the history of mankind."

Next: The enforcement problem, and proposals for change.



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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 1936 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 has the same fire in his left with the Rams.

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 the publisher, though I think 'Academy' was published very

"Lanner" is well researched, but it lacks passion and depth. Mr. Marcus does have



The New York Times / Roger Thurber

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.

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

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it has happened — but I
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Stage: 'Lumière,' Life and Times of Frères Manet

By FRANK RICH

EDDIE 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 Schwenker

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 Daryl Bornstein; production stage manager, Rebecca Lynn. Presented by the Ark Theater, Mr. Marcus, Lisa Milligan and Bruce Daniel, directors. At 131 Spring Street.

BertheConcetta Tomei
Madame MorisotKate Wilkinson
MirellaDenise De Long
EdouardJ. T. Walsh
EugèneWilliam 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 obsessiveness of his artistic calling. As the woman who so excites both men, Concetta 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

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

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WHENEVER 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 carefree 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.

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'

Carmen Capalbo smiled as he recounted the infinite variety of Mr. Saroyan. "He was both a wacky public figure and a serious playwright who wanted to be taken seriously," said Mr. Capalbo, who directed Mr.

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.

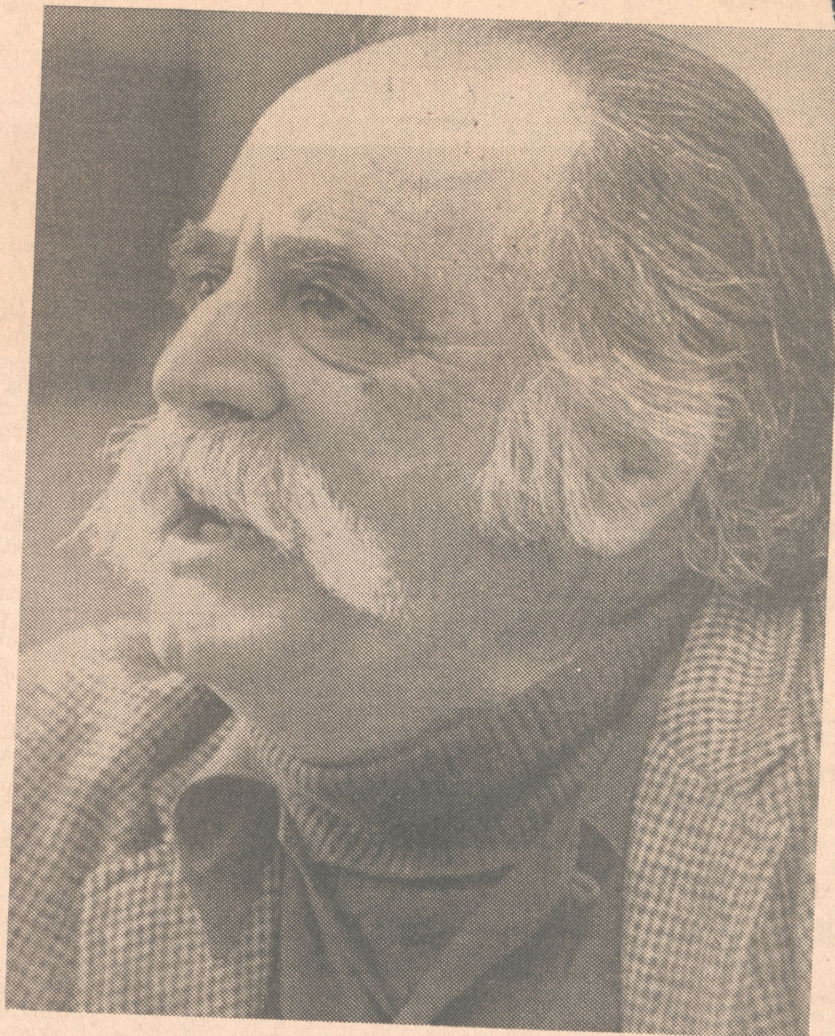
"He was like a symbol for us," said Jack Antreassian, an independent publisher of Armenian literature. "He gave us a tremendous boost and an identity. In the Armenian community, when he entered a room, he dominated people. When he talked, people listened — and he could talk for hours. People would cluster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

By EDWARD ROTHSTEIN

AIDA" and the Amato Opera hardly seem like an ideal match. "Aida," after all, is the grandest of grand opera, and cultural economics and showmanship being what they are, an opera company of any respectability would hardly touch the work without having an elephant or two on stage, monumental pyramids, slaves in rattling chains and a Nile River that threatens to flood at any moment.

Yet "Aida" is what the Amato at 319 Bowery is presenting on weekends through Dec. 4, and it is said to be the opera that this company has presented most often in its 35-year history — this, despite the fact that even a single elephant would have a rough time fitting on stage, and a second would undoubtedly crush the 100 or so listeners, as well.

So, with Anthony Amato leading a piano, winds and a few brass, Verdi's work became a chamber opera. Sets are cardboard; the stage itself seems only twice as high as the largest singer, and the great communal scenes crowded the arena to overflowing.

But everything is proportioned for the space. The cloth backdrops can give a feeling of expanse, and though there is no doubting the obviousness of the artifice — there is no pretense here to verismo stagecraft — everything was worked on with such taste and care that Verdi seemed not only to survive, but also even now and then to thrive.

The cast yesterday afternoon was one of a dozen different groups presenting the work during its run, and it would be heartless to quibble with the vocal tightness of one singer or the awkward breathing of another. Suffice it to say that by the end of the third act, James Engdahl's Radames was strong and forthright, Maria DiGiglio's Aida was impassioned, Beatrice von Roemer's Amneris controlled, John Sadler's Ramphis authoritative and Timothy Holley's Amonasro barrel-voiced and powerful, an imposing presence on a crowded stage.

Even given the limitations of some singers, the result was a performance that focused on character and plot rather than on spectacle — something that might satisfy even a larger house, with all its elephants.

Recital: Liora Hendel, Pianist

THE first three-quarters of Liora Hendel's all-Beethoven piano recital Saturday at the Metropolitan Museum of Art seemed a grim ordeal for both performer and audience.

The frequent memory slips were not half so disturbing as Miss Hendel's reserve. Even when these three

sonatas, the E minor (Op. 90), the "Apassionata" and the "Moonlight," went well, they had a neat, well-behaved quality that shied determinedly away from strong feeling of any kind.

Miss Hendel's wandering memory seemed, in a peculiar way, part of the same problem. One could not help feeling, in other words, that she was on the stage reluctantly and would have much rather been somewhere else. The pleasure of a public performance must originate in the heart of the player. From all appearances, neither Miss Hendel nor her listeners were having a very good time.

The Sonata in A (Op. 101), on the other hand, seemed part of a different concert. There were rough moments in the awkwardly difficult finale, but also present for the first time in the afternoon were a character and confidence — perhaps even an air of enjoyment — in Miss Hendel's playing.

Bernard Holland

**Nuevo Mundo Ballet
To Play at City Center**

El Nuevo Mundo Ballet de Caracas will present eight new dances at the City Center, where it will play from Nov. 15 to 20.

The 23-member company, under the direction of Zandra Rodriguez, a former American Ballet Theater principal dancer, and Dale Talley, a former Harkness Ballet principal, will dance new ballets by Choo San Goh, Eric Emmanuele, Carlos Carvajal, Carlos Orta, José Pares and Renato Megalhaes. The repertoire will also include works by Dennis Nahat, Hans Van Manen and Asaf Messerer.

Tickets range from \$12 to \$25, and will be available at the City Center box office starting Oct. 31. Information: 246-8989. Chargit: 944-9300.

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MEHTA, conductor

Theater: Al Pacino, 'American Buffalo'

By FRANK RICH

AL PACINO now has his performance down to a science in "American Buffalo." In the new Broadway revival of David Mamet's play — a recycling of the deservedly successful Off Broadway revival of 1981 — the actor seems to have precisely thought out every move and line. A charismatic fellow under any circumstances, Mr. Pacino may not disappoint his fans with the energetic, fastidious star turn he is serving up at the Booth. Theatergoers hoping to see Mr. Mamet's crackling drama, however, will find that Mr. Pacino's calculated display of technique has doused much of its fire.

That's too bad. "American Buffalo" is one of the best American plays of the last decade. The story of three small-time Chicago hustlers who try and fail to steal a cache of rare coins, it has little plot and few words (or sentences) of more than one syllable. But with such terse means, Mr. Mamet created a combustible and sympathetic portrait of inarticulate American underclass dreamers — men whose ambitions to make big money through "free enterprise" are as doomed as the buffaloes on the nickels they covet.

"American Buffalo" is so sturdy it can support radically different productions. In the 1977 Broadway staging, which starred Robert Duvall, the director Ulu Grosbard saw Mr. Mamet's setting, a junk shop, as a cage emblematic of the men's tragic sociological imprisonment: When the robbery fell apart, Mr. Duvall lashed out so violently that audiences shuddered at his crazed impotence. In the 1981 Pacino version, the director Arvin Brown approached "American Buffalo" from the reverse angle, seeing the junk shop as the characters' only real home. His lighter treatment illuminated the absurd futility of the would-be burglars' grandiose schemes, as well as the familial fellowship that allows the men to endure their isolated, fringe existence on capitalism's scrap heap.

By all rights, the production at the Booth should duplicate that one. Mr. Brown is once again the director (as he has been since this "Buffalo" first

began at New Haven's Long Wharf Theater). Marjorie Bradley Kellogg's set, though restructured for a larger proscenium stage, is essentially unchanged. The supporting actors — J. J. Johnston as Donny, the junk shop owner, and James Hayden as Bobby, his drugged-out young gofer — took over their roles at the tail end of Mr. Pacino's last New York run.

Nor has the production grown sloppy with wear and tear; like the star's performance, it runs like clockwork. And some of it still delivers. When Mr. Pacino and Mr. Johnston undertake a "crash course" in the value of old coins or attempt phone espionage to track down their elusive victim, they are pathetically funny. For all these grifters' hardheaded pontifications about the American way of business — crime being the only business to which they can aspire — they remain the gang that can't shoot straight.

Still, the heat and blood are gone. As Mr. Brown demonstrated before, "American Buffalo" is as much about friendship as about business. Teach, the volatile con artist played by Mr. Pacino, is desperate to win his cronies' approval: He'll do anything to prove himself the smartest, most manly guy on the block. It's typical of the decline in Mr. Pacino's once-vital performance that he now usually faces the auditorium rather than the other actors on stage. That's an odd stance for an insecure man seeking respect from his cohorts — though not for a star who wants to court an audience's adulation.

Teach's paranoia, at least, is still apparent in Mr. Pacino's sunken, insomniac's eyes and jittery gestures. But while those gestures have been edited down over two years — the actor no longer twists a rubber band — the surviving tics have become as codified as those in a Rodney Dangerfield routine. The rolling of the shoulders, the absent tugging at the belt, the smoothing of the hair — each arrives at regular intervals, as if recorded on a film loop.

By throwing such mechanical stylization on top of an already highly stylized text, Mr. Pacino saps the work's raw power: It's as fatal to "American Buffalo" as it is to a Pinter play when actors annotate rather than inhabit the characters. Even at the end, the star fails to burst through his rigorous routine: Teach's explosion of glass-smashing frustration seems too controlled to justify Mr. Johnston's muscular effort to restrain it.

The star's performance is echoed by Mr. Hayden, who did so well as the sensitive immigrant in Mr. Brown's "A View from the Bridge" last sea-



Al Pacino in David Mamet's "American Buffalo."

son. Playing the most lost and feral of Mr. Mamet's men, this young actor skillfully shows us a drug addict's weaving gait and unfocused expression. But where is the rest of the character? As with Mr. Pacino, Mr. Hayden's tightly conceived methodology — perhaps one should say Method — obscures the wounded man within. Only the rough-hewn Mr. Johnston, who first created the role of the junk dealer in Chicago in 1975, gives an authentic, unmannered performance — albeit one lacking both the majestic girth and decay of Kenneth McMillan ('77) or Clifton James ('81).

Maybe some newcomers can still enjoy the evening as a light rough-house comedy (most of the giggles now come on the four-letter expletives) or for the sight of Mr. Pacino in the flesh. For everyone else, this production is likely to prove as hollow as its characters' ambitions. Reduced to a star vehicle in which acting tricks drive out tension and feeling, "American Buffalo" is in every sense all business and no play.

A South African Dash of Hope

By SAMUEL G. FREEDMAN

Somewhere in the criminal records of South Africa there should be an arrest record from 1960 for one Michael Picardie — white student, age 24, suspected agitator. Mr. Picardie was detained without a charge after being seized at a demonstration against apartheid. His case was never legally resolved because, when the police released him temporarily, he fled his homeland.

Some 23 years later, Mr. Picardie has transmuted his memories and meditations on race relations in South Africa into a widely praised play, "Shades of Brown," now being produced by the New Federal Theater.

"There is something about South African theater and novels," the 46-year-old Mr. Picardie said, "which is passionate and sincere and interweaves politics and life. This kind of intensity is paralleled only, I think, in Russian literature. There was the same kind of struggling against oppression for Dostoyevsky in Czarist Russia."

With this play, Mr. Picardie has joined a growing number of dissident white writers from South Africa, some widely known in the United States, others not. The artistic children of Alan Paton, who wrote "Cry, the Beloved Country," these artists include the playwright Athol Fugard ("Master Harold" ... and the Boys) and the novelists Nadine Gordimer ("July's People"), André Brink ("A Chain of Voices") and J. M. Coetzee ("Waiting for the Barbarians").

Mr. Picardie's play personifies the South African dilemma — much of the nation's history, in fact — in its only two characters. Van Tonder is an



Michael Picardie

Afrikaner policeman, whose wife has inexplicably borne a black baby, raising the question of the couple's racial purity. For psychiatric help, Van Tonder seeks out Veldsman, a "colored" man (mixed-blood) who treats patients with a combination of science and folk medicine. Just as the two men seem to come to understand each other, Van Tonder kills Veldsman. Mr. Picardie's play struck many critics as difficult and awkward at times, but ultimately moving and powerful.

"I chose to write a play about racism," Mr. Picardie said, "to give people in South Africa — white and black — hope. The ending is violent, but there is hope in the way Veldsman maintains his dignity. He dies as a martyr, and there is a saying that from the blood of martyrs grows the tree of liberty."

In creating Van Tonder and Veldsman, Mr. Picardie drew extensively on the South Africans he grew up among. His parents ran some flats near Johannesburg where Zulu tribesmen lived during six-month work assignments in the city. "These black man-servants were dear to me," Mr. Picardie recalled. "When I was a child of 2, 3, 4 years old, I formed profound attachments to them and began my appreciation for Zulu culture."

Van Tonder is modeled on both Mr. Picardie's Afrikaner schoolmates and the Special Branch police who arrested the playwright as a student activist. Although some critics saw Van Tonder as a thoroughly loathsome character, almost inhuman, Mr. Picardie said he is meant to be more complex.

The Afrikaner Conflicts

"No one has ever attempted to investigate the conflicts of Afrikaner nationalism," Mr. Picardie said. "The Afrikaners themselves were a dispossessed proletariat after the Boer War. The British forced them into the interior, took their land. And the consequence of that has been bitterness and the coming together of right-wing forces — fascists, in fact. Yet I had close relations with Afrikaners who loved rugby, the outdoors, animals. They were warm, vigorous men, but they were fascists, too. Yet they are human beings who have to be understood."

Mr. Picardie's play, however, is hardly a retrospective reverie. After he left South Africa in 1960, he moved to England; he became a university lecturer, joined anti-apartheid groups and — after the death of the black activist Stephen Biko in 1977, while being detained by the Special Branch — began to write "Shades of Brown." The play was first performed in London in 1979. Mr. Picardie returned to Johannesburg, with his arrest record apparently dismissed or forgotten, for a South African production in 1980.

"When the managing director first saw the script," Mr. Picardie said, "he thought it would be censored and suspended on the ground of its 'subversive nature.' We went ahead anyway — and no one objected. There were Special Branch men in the audience, and they could've taken the play to the Publications Board to prosecute it and close it. But a friend of mine, an actress, said they enjoyed it, laughed at it. Part of that may've been sadistic laughter when Van Tonder beats Veldsman, but part, I think, is because they saw I understood them."

"Shades of Brown" will be performed tonight, tomorrow and Sunday at 7:30 P.M. and Sunday at 3 P.M. at the New Federal Theater in the Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand Street (598-0400). Tickets are \$5.

Availability of Broadway Theater Tickets

Following is the ticket availability, at press time, for Broadway shows on Friday, Saturday and Sunday:

A Chorus Line: Friday and Saturday night, balcony only; Saturday matinee, all sections.

American Buffalo: Friday night, orchestra only; all sections for all other performances.

Brighton Beach Memoirs: Saturday matinee, some orchestra and rear mezzanine seats only; rear mezzanine only for all other performances.

Cats: Sold out.

Dreamgirls: Friday night, rear

mezzanine only; Saturday matinee, all sections; Saturday night, sold out.

Edmund Kean: All sections for all performances. Closes Saturday night.

42d Street: Saturday night, sold out; some seats in some sections for all other performances.

La Cage aux Folles: Sold out.

My One and Only: Sold out.

Night, Mother: Saturday matinee, orchestra only; all sections for all other performances.

Nine: Friday night, all but orchestra; Saturday matinee, some in all sections; Saturday night, balcony only.

Oh! Calcutta!: All sections for all performances.

On Your Toes: Friday and Saturday night, mezzanine only; Saturday and Sunday matinee, all sections.

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial: All sections available for all performances.

Torch Song Trilogy: Saturday night, sold out; very limited seats for all other performances.

You Can't Take It With You: All sections for all performances.

Zorba: Friday night, mezzanine only; Saturday night, some rear mezzanine; all sections for other performances.

Star Vehicle

AMERICAN BUFFALO, by David Mamet; directed by Arvin Brown; settings by Marjorie Bradley Kellogg; costumes by Bill Walker; lighting by Ronald Wallace; production stage manager, Wally Peterson. Presented by Elliot Martin and Arnold Bernhard; a Long Wharf Theater production. At the Booth Theater.
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Stage: 'Forbidden Broadway'

By MEL GUSSOW

VINTAGE 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 nonplused 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 forbidding 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 lipsticked 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 Mastrosimone. It will be done in a small rehearsal theater, the Poncho Forum, a smaller theater within the new theater.

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