

dramatization of the Warren Commission report, *Oswald!*, will arouse much debate and controversy, as well as riots in the grand ballroom of the new Portman Hotel. What Barnes says about it will be a rave; what Simon says will not be.

The "Tony" Award committee, newly reconstituted to make sure that no one on it is involved in any way with the theatre (to avoid charges of prejudice), will be hopelessly split over its Best Play award between a new and sensitive work, originally presented off-off-off Broadway in a telephone booth, about a blind, deaf and one-armed mute who has difficulty expressing himself—and the regional theatre's candidate: a four-hour epic drama about a maladjusted transvestite electrician unable to cope with the strain of existence in Omaha, Neb.

The Actors Studio Theatre, now under Shelley Winters' artistic leadership in a well-equipped living room overlooking the Pacific in Malibu, will decide that no audiences are to be allowed to see their performances. (People watching tend to disturb the actors.) Undaunted, Joseph Papp—President-for-life of the New York International Shakespeare and Gilbert and Sullivan Festival (now performing *Boucicault* on various sidewalks of New York)—will decide not to disturb his audiences every evening by doing things on stage. His favorite director-in-exile, Andrei Serban, will

be on hand to direct the audience in and out of the theatre.

In the nation's resident repertory theatre movement—its actual numbers ranging from 500 to 5,000 depending on which mimeographed letter one reads—only one theatre will continue to retain an acting company, that being The Acting Company, whose one-night stands on the road will give the term "resident" an even more extended meaning. Its producing artistic director, John Houseman, will have completed the ninth volume of his memoirs. The Pulitzer Prize in Drama will be shared by Robert Wilson for the longest play and Richard Foreman for the one most lacking in clarity.

Everyone will blame the playwrights, the critics, the unions, the system. And there will be no new American plays, no decent directors, no trained actors, and lots of extraordinary designers, mostly from Yale, with fascinating and highly workable ideas about scenery composed entirely of computerized holograms, thereby cutting down considerably on production costs. The producers and theatre owners will be especially interested.

The situation even further down the road, say 15 years from now, is obvious. Only a carefully selected and screened number of non-musical plays will be permitted on Broadway (10 to 20 pro-

