

ductions, mostly musicals, comedies, imports and revivals) by order of the Mayor's Central Tourist Bureau. British plays will continue to dominate, presented by the National Royal Shakespeare, Ltd. All Broadway theatres will be required to have a minimum of 5,000 seats, built-in invisible microphones and a closed-circuit television screen so that the people sitting in the back half of the auditorium will be able to see the stage. In return, all regional theatres (some 15,000 by now) will be expected to present a Shakespeare, a Chekhov, a Neil Simon, a Stoppard or a Beckett (choose one), and one original script in order not to lose their good standing as a member of LORT. As theatre board members in such places as Washington, D.C. and Tulsa have always stated, "We want art, but we have to break even."

Off Broadway, of course, will continue to operate as an antidote to rising costs and expectations on Broadway. Its average budget will be a relatively low \$2 million. The Lincoln Center Permanent Revolving Committee of Artistic Directors (now numbering seven) will announce a season to be announced. And the avant-garde theatre will continue to be as experimental as ever, with such pioneers as Lee Breuer, Ellen Stewart and Richard Schechner still trying to come through with a successor to *A Chorus Line*. With the growing use by designers of three-dimensional projections, laser beams and ballistic missiles, advancing theatre technology will literally flash across the horizon: Instant Theatre, Total Instant Theatre and Instant Multiplex Theatre (triggered by the recent publication of Peter Brook's new opus, *The Empty Vacuum*) will replace Gordon Craig's old-fashioned notions about the Temporary Theatre and the Permanent Theatre as starting points for discussions of theatrical esthetics.

There will be such evolving forms as the Structuralist Theatre (which will stress the "Barthes Method" of acting and directing), the Semiotic Theatre, the anti-Semiotic theatre (Anti-defamation League, please note spelling), the Theatre of Frenzy, the Theatre of Paroxysm, the Theatre of Ecstasy and the You-Know-What Theatre.

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 a flock of new, talented designer-engineers, mostly from Yale, to whom verticality rather than horizontality will be paramount. In some cases, theatre stage houses will have to be rebuilt to accommodate their advanced ideas.

Finally, a period of time as long ahead as, say, 50 years, is more predictable still. Broadway will, of course, continue to be the fabulous invalid, although perhaps a trifle less energetic than previously (5 to 10 productions, mostly musicals, comedies, imports and revivals). Tickets for those lucky enough to buy in will be relatively inexpensive—a top price on weekends of \$888.88, including all taxes and penalties. Seats bought at the TKTS Booth atop the World Trade Center will still go for half-price. All ticket holders, including those who buy their tickets via Think-It, will be somatically sensitized during the performance, and wired for National Cable-Vis and isotape transmission if they specify.

In spite of translation difficulties, an Odets revival will sweep the country in 2034, resulting in 25,000 simultaneous hundredth anniversary productions of *Awake and Sing*. Especially worth noting will be an outdoor version of the play, performed in sign language by a group of Hopi Indians in New Mexico (their unique interpretation of "Twice, I weighed myself in the subway" will be considered especially moving). The Stanislavski System, once known as "The Method," will now be referred to as "The Thing" (from Inner Space). Together with the Old Actors Studio, which had to go underground around the turn of the century because of extreme pressure from the growing number of British artistic directors running American theatres, "The Thing" will eventually emerge stronger than ever as its followers rediscover O'Neill, O'Casey, Sam Shepard and Israel Horovitz.

In towns across the U.S., most theatregoers will also have the opportunity to watch televised 3-D performances of the Royal National Company, or the I Am a Berliner Ensemble Theatre on do-it-yourself micro-chip cable. Robert Brustein's most recent collection of his half-century's most significant reviews, *The Theatre: What Was It?*, will hit the bestseller lists briefly, before being filmed in empathetic "feelies" by Federico Fellini.

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. Talented youthful designers will, of course, continue to emerge, mostly from Yale, self-propelled lasers in hand and trajectories trailing. There will always be a theatre, albeit not necessarily on 45th Street, New York, NY 10036.

