

Makarova Tapped For 'Toes' Revival

By Lon Tuck

Natalia Makarova has been signed to play the role of the temperamental Russian ballerina in the Kennedy Center's revival of Rodgers and Hart's "On Your Toes," the center's chairman, Roger L. Stevens, said yesterday.

Makarova, a principal with the American Ballet Theatre, will be the star for four of the musical's six weeks in Washington; it is tentatively scheduled to debut Dec. 11, Stevens said. In the role of her pompous Russian partner will be dancer George de la Peña, formerly of ABT.

During the other weeks of the Washington run, the two Russian dancers will be performed by Valery and Galina Panov, Stevens said, because Makarova has unbreakable engagements in Europe.

"On Your Toes," which dates from 1936, is the story of a beleaguered Russian ballet company that is bailed out by an American upstart who creates a jazz ballet—George Balanchine's "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." This revival of the show, originally scheduled for the Eisenhower Theater, is being transferred

to the larger Opera House, which was left available during the period by cancellation of the American Ballet Theater season. ABT is in the ninth week of a lockout.

Makarova will rejoin "On Your Toes" for an open-ended Broadway run in February, Stevens said.

Makarova and the Panovs are themselves Russian dancers who immigrated to the West.

George Irving will take the role of the Russian ballet company's impresario in "On Your Toes." The other female lead has been offered to Betty Comden, Stevens said.

The only major role left uncanceled is Ray Bolger's old part as the American choreographer.

The revival will be staged by the two men who did the original in 1936, director George Abbott, 95, and Balanchine, 78. Stevens said Balanchine, who was hospitalized here during his New York City Ballet's recent two-week appearance, is recovering well. "If he needs assistance, Peter Martins will step in," Stevens said. Martins is a principal dancer and choreographer at the City Ballet and is regarded by many as Balanchine's heir apparent.

Performing Arts

David Gordon

The appearance of the David Gordon Pick Up Co. last night at Baird Auditorium was a signal event for the arts in Washington. Gordon is one of the last of those associated with the legendary Judson Dance Theater group, the moving force behind the dance revolution of the '60s, to perform here.

The concert revealed Gordon's place in the avant-garde as its resident metachoreographer. While much of 20th-century dance has aimed toward abstract dances that are simply about movement itself, Gordon has gone one better in making dances that are ultimately about the specific dances themselves. Each of Gordon's works folds in upon itself in reference and context to comment upon and feed new material into itself. This deep layering of images revolves and accumulates to produce a staggering multiplicity of messages and overtones.

In the same way, Gordon's company of winning performers do not dance roles, either characterized or abstract; rather, they perform as themselves. Or, at least they seem to. Though they use their real names and seem to present their real relationships and biographical details, it is not clear how much might be self-revelation and how much is theater; that is, how much this multiplicity might ultimately lend itself to duplicity.

One of the more unusual things about a Gordon concert is that the dancers do as much talking as moving. The puns and Shakespearean misunderstandings stress a movement/verbal connection: for example, to move back refers to a place in space as well as to a body part as well as to a verbal construction. This wordplay is most effective in "T.V. Reel," a dance structured like a game of "Rumors." Movements as well as words are passed on and changed ever so slightly, but significantly, until a new message results. This wit places Gordon as the avant-garde answer to vaudeville. He employs every device from the Marx Brothers' "Why a duck?" fractured misunderstandings to the old "John-Marche" routine. An anchor for this mélange is provided by the enthralling narrative presence of Valda Setterfield. When she is joined by Gordon, with his enigmatic, mesmeric smile, it is instant and magical rapport.

With the aid of slide projections, "Close-Up" vividly demonstrates the effect of context on the perception of movement messages. The simple device of changing costumes from dancers' practice clothes to elegant street clothes radically changes the "meaning" of a man's hand caressing a woman. "Double Identity" also pithily deals with the notion of what movement means: a reclining dancer is described as a woman abandoned/an abandoned woman/a fallen woman. The performers' autobiography is exploited in "Dorothy & Eileen," in which a single gesture suddenly changes the atmosphere from blase to deeply poignant.

This auspicious first presentation of this year's 9th Street Crossing Festival will be repeated tonight at 8.

—Suzanne Levy

Frank Ferrucci

A scaled-down, electronic version of the Afro-Cuban big band came down from New York for an evening of updated Cubop at Blues Alley last night. In an opening set of originals from its new album, the Frank Ferrucci Latin Jazz Ensemble was as attentive to structure in its arrangements as it was capable of cutting loose in polyrhythmic extravaganzas.

No Latin jazz group can get off the ground without a strong percussionist at its foundation. This role was superbly handled by Roger Squitro, who blended the hollow thump of congas, the sound of crackling wood, the tinkling of bells and the whistling of tropical bird in explosive combinations.

When the leader was at the Steinway, his combined orchestral and percussive approach resulted in some good interplay with reed player Greg Alper. When he turned to his electronic keyboards, it made for a rather thick texture that tended to obscure the horn. Guitarist Bill Washer's slashing attack and raw sound came off effectively as might a growling plunger-muted brass instrument.

This is a band with a concept that comes out of Dizzy Gillespie's 1940s collaboration with the late Chano Pozo. The ensemble can make a real contribution if it stays with the reasonably comfortable sound levels of last night.

Sergio Brendao was on electric bass and Portinho was at the drums.

—W. Royal Stokes

Amy Grant

For thousands of Christian teenagers, Amy Grant's concert at Constitution Hall last night turned out to be one big "Hallelujah Chorus." A passer-by, however, might have viewed the performance as part pop, part prayer and part PTL Club.

By anyone's standards, including Grant's, it was a strange sight to behold for frequent concertgoers. At different times during the evening, heads bowed in prayer, hands clapped in rhythm, outstretched arms sought spiritual grace, and the audience-turned-congregation joyously forged harmonies in praise of the Lord. "This is how church should always be," said Grant, and the crowd, not surprisingly, cheered.

What was surprising was the dimension of Grant's talent. At 21, she's not only a fine singer, with a voice that easily blends pop, rock and gospel styles to suit her own evangelical ends, she's also an extremely polished and poised performer. If the music Grant and her eight-piece ensemble performed wasn't particularly original or exciting, it was sincere and about as contemporary as this sort of ultra-positive pop music gets.

—Mike Joyce

Personalities

Roxanne Pulitzer's mother Marilyn Ulrich yesterday took the witness stand in West Palm Beach, Fla., during the divorce and custody battle between her daughter and son-in-law, newspaper heir Peter Pulitzer. She described the way Pulitzer and his 26-year-old daughter by a previous marriage acted around the house.

She said once when she was visiting she saw Pulitzer and his daughter, Liza, go into the bedroom, lie down and talk and laugh while she remained in the kitchen with her daughter.

The Pulitzers are battling over custody of their 5-year-old twin sons, Mack and Zack, and a family fortune that opposing attorneys estimate at between \$2.5 million and \$25 million. The trial resumed yesterday after a three-week recess.

Asked by her daughter's lawyer what part the children played in Pulitzer's life, Ulrich answered: "Very little. He played with them a few minutes a day at home. Rox would always make it a point to take the children to him."

Earlier, a psychiatrist testified that the Pulitzers' marriage was "sick" but Roxanne Pulitzer was "desperate" to save it.

In that desperation, testified Dr. Jose Almeida, Mrs. Pulitzer agreed to her husband's request to undergo treatment for drug dependency, even though she did not believe she needed it.

The psychiatrist said Mrs. Pulitzer told him she had used cocaine only four or six times at parties.

But in cross-examination, Pulitzer attorney Robert Scott showed him hospital records that said she had progressively increased her cocaine habit to three-quarters of a gram a week, accompanied by three-quarters of a bottle of champagne.

Frank Sinatra says he will give a fourth benefit concert for New York's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. In three previous concerts for the center, Sinatra has raised \$4.25 million. Entertainer Victor Borge will join him for the event, scheduled for January at Radio City Music Hall.

And Sunday night in Beverly Hills, where Sinatra was presenting the 1982 Scopus Award to his attorney, Milton Rudin, the doors were closed to actor Sylvester Stallone. Stallone was refused admittance to a private reception attended by Sinatra, Elizabeth Taylor, Cary Grant and other celebrities at the Beverly Hilton Hotel. Stallone left abruptly to join the less exclusive part of the party.

Clea Newman, 18, daughter of Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward, will make a final try to win this year's MacLay Finals for 18-year-olds and younger riders at the National Horse Show, which opens today at Madison Square Garden. Newman will be riding a horse called What's Up Doc? during the trials on Friday in Leonia, N.J., and is a strong contender for the finals on Sunday.

The 279-year-old cello stolen from Boston Symphony Orchestra veteran cellist Luis Leguia is not just any old cello.

It's "a part of me," says Leguia. "I put a lot of blood and sweat into it... and it has become an extension of me. A month from now when I don't see that cello in its usual spot, it's really going to hit me. You feel the loss of something like this for the rest of your life." The cello was crafted by Cremona master Giuseppe Guarneri. Leguia said he purchased it in 1966 for "a pretty penny."

Reviewed by
Gina Bari Kolata

The reviewer, a staff writer for Science magazine, is the co-author of "The High Blood Pressure Book: A Guide for Patients and Their Families."

Heroin addiction used to be called "the American disease." But no more. Starting in the late 1960s, it grew into a worldwide epidemic that

Book World

THE HEROIN SOLUTION.

By Arnold S. Trebach.

(Yale University Press, 331 pp. \$24.95)

shows no signs of abating and is, says Arnold Trebach, "enigmatic." No one knows why the epidemic began, no one knows how to prevent heroin addiction, and no one knows any magical cures for it.

Despite the title of his book, "The Heroin Solution," Trebach does not have an answer to the heroin problem. His aim instead is to trace the history of attempts to control the drug in this country and in England and to argue for more humility and more humaneness in our approaches to heroin addicts. He largely succeeds in this goal, writing a readable and fascinating book about a drug whose emotional connotation as "evil incarnate" complicates any attempts to deal rationally with it.

Trebach began his study of heroin in the 1970s, when as a professor at American University's School of Justice he looked into the Nixon administration's "war on crime." To his surprise, he found that not only was

Heroin: Who Needs It

the government investing large amounts of money to control crime, but it also was using most of its drug abuse funds for treatment and prevention programs rather than for law enforcement.

As his interest in drug addiction grew, Trebach founded and served as the director of the Institute on Drugs, Crime, and Justice in England. As a result of this experience, he decided to write his book. But, he says, his guiding philosophy on the problem of how to deal with narcotics addicts was formed when his first wife died of cancer in 1976. When he and his two sons helped his former wife during her final days, he came to appreciate that "human beings seek... altered states of consciousness through every conceivable means."

One reason so many attempts to treat narcotics addicts have failed, Trebach argues, is that no one acknowledges that perhaps heroin addicts really need to feel high, that methadone maintenance, for example, simply cannot give these people the experience they desire. "At this point we have reached the same sensitive point we faced in regard to heroin and cocaine for cancer patients: Is it ethical for doctors to deliberately provide euphoria for patients? Few doctors would answer yes, but if we are to attract addicts to treatment, that must be society's answer," he writes.

As for the question of why heroin addicts need the drug to alter their



Stallone, left, turned away by Bernie Safyan & a Pinkerton guard; by AP

The instrument, insured for \$125,000, was stolen Friday night from the coat room of Nino's Place at Maitre Jacques in Boston while Leguia dined. He had used the instrument to help the co-owners celebrate the restaurant's fourth anniversary.

While he was being strapped into a straitjacket and hung upside down 300 feet above the pavement, 21-year-old magician Pat Hazell said he had the feeling he would be trapped forever.

"I was a little scared. The perspective is a lot different as people are staring up at you, and I tensed up."

Hazell had completed Harry Houdini's famous inverted straitjacket escape, however, one minute and 12 seconds later on Sunday in the Omaha, Neb., Old Market, blocks away from the site where Houdini performed the same Halloween stunt in 1923.

A Buckingham Palace spokesman denied that erotic-movie star Koo

Stark spent Friday night at the palace with Britain's Prince Andrew. "It's an absurd story," said John Haslam. "That's all I'm going to say about it." The weekly News of the World reported that the couple rendezvoused at the palace while Queen Elizabeth II was touring the Fiji Islands and Prince Philip was on a visit to Japan as president of the World Wildlife Fund. Andrew, 22, and Stark, 25, have not been seen together since they returned separately two weeks ago from a Caribbean holiday. Last week the British media reported that the relationship was over.

The Rev. Jesse Jackson, president of Operation PUSH, was released from St. Joseph Hospital in Chicago yesterday after a one-week stay for treatment of a strained back and exhaustion. A hospital spokeswoman said Jackson was in excellent condition but will continue to have therapy for his lower back.

—Dianne Saenz

1923, Dr. Willis P. Butler operated a clinic in Shreveport, La., in which patients were given narcotics, usually morphine, in whatever doses were necessary to enable them to live responsibly without turning to crime. Patients who were unemployed or who had no place to live were found jobs and housing. Those deemed able and ready to be weaned from drugs were hospitalized for detoxification. The Shreveport clinic, however, was forced to close down by federal narcotics agents.

In England in 1971, a Catholic priest, the Rev. Terence E. Tanner, operated the ROMA Housing Association which gave addicts apartments and cash loans to help them start living normal, responsible lives while on drugs. Their drugs were supplied by doctors. Tanner's reasoning was that "ROMA is not specifically concerned with educating its residents to live without drugs. We try to help them live with them." But, in 1979, ROMA too had to close down when British doctors changed their narcotics prescribing habits so as to make it impossible for the addicts to get maintenance doses of heroin legally.

Trebach notes that nothing in the history of worldwide attempts to control the heroin epidemic even hints that a true solution to the problem is in sight. But perhaps the best thing to do is to admit our ignorance and admit that "there is no explainable cause and no complete cure—only amelioration, moderation, and middle level expectations." Our goal should be to reduce social harm and to try to contain the problem as much as possible.

'Falstaff's' Back With The Belly Laughs

FALSTAFF, From D1

offstage; it is carried laboriously up a flight of stairs to be emptied through a second-floor window. There are glass panes running right down the wall so that you can see the body tumbling through its long fall, almost all the way to the river which is presumably running backstage. It is a longer fall than Shirley Verrett should be expected to take on Friday night at the end of "Tosca," but Falstaff reappears—chilled, grumbling and bruised—for Act III, so the river must be functioning all right.

Elsewhere slapstick, sight gags and exaggeration abound, particularly in the antics of Bardolph and Pistol (Richard Croft and Saverio Barbieri) but also in the dialogues Falstaff (Thomas Stewart) has with Dame Quickly (Joanna Levy) and later with Ford (Michael Devlin). Some sort of climax in turmoil and visual comedy is reached during Ford's frantic search for Falstaff late in Act II. He has raised a small army to help him hunt, and they rush about the stage, armed with scythes, rakes, hatchets, mattocks and other farm instruments, looking something like a peasant insurrection searching for someone to hang. The audience rocked with audible laughter on opening night—something that happens rarely when opera is sung in a

foreign language.

As for the singing, it was generally good, seldom outstanding—though there were positive exceptions, chiefly among the lower voices, which also supplied most of the comedy. Stewart, in the title role, began well and grew steadily through most of the evening, reaching a splendid climax with his long monologue, "Mondo ladro," at the beginning of Act III. His tone was deep and rich, his articulation of the words splendidly clear, pointed and expressive, his emotional range wide and subtly nuanced, with body language carefully reinforcing the effect of the words and music.

Levy's portrayal of Quickly was very broad but multi-leveled; her lower register has great depth, dynamic range and expressiveness. She marshalled all of its resources (plus a mock-mournful facial expression and distraught gestures of her hands) to put a whole universe of anguish into her refrain, "povera donna." In terms of pure tone, agility and emotional impact, Devlin's Act II aria, "E sogno? o realtà?" was one of the evening's most impressive performances, intruding a tense moment of dramatic reality into the comic trickery of the plot and sounding, for its brief span, almost like something out of "Rigoletto."



Levy, center, as Dame Quickly conspiring with friends; by James M. Thresher

Karen Hunt and Neil Rosenheim were a charming and modestly comic pair of young lovers, if not particularly compelling in roles that give them relatively little scope. Rosenheim's voice, on opening night, sounded attractive but perhaps a bit small-scaled for the Opera House. Patricia Wells seemed to warm up rather slowly in the role of Alice Ford but was good in Acts II and III, and Delores Pegler filled the undemanding role of Meg Page with no problems and no special distinction.

Cal Stewart Kellogg paced the opera with a proper briskness and kept the balances generally clear, though some of the ensemble singing was a bit muddled last night—a problem that should clear up in later performances. The chorus sounded generally good in the musically exquisite and dramatically problematic final scene.

Kellogg's handling of the orchestra is subject to unfair comparisons, perhaps, coming so soon after Frühbeck's remarkable "Carmen." Orchestrally, "Falstaff" presents neither the riches nor the challenges of Bizet's score, and Kellogg handled it with ease most of the time, supporting the voices and bringing up some vivid orchestral comments as specified by Verdi during moments when the voices paused. There were occasional problems of imbalance—most unfortunately at the conclusion of "Mondo ladro"—but they were rare and brief.

The production enjoys excellent sets and costumes—a bit of lavishness made possible through coproduction with the Canadian Opera Company and a grant from corporate and private contributors (the Northwest Energy Company and Mr. and Mrs. John McMillan of Salt Lake City).

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