

Theater

**Earnest
'Mass'
Appeals**

Two Priests & Their Passions at Ford's

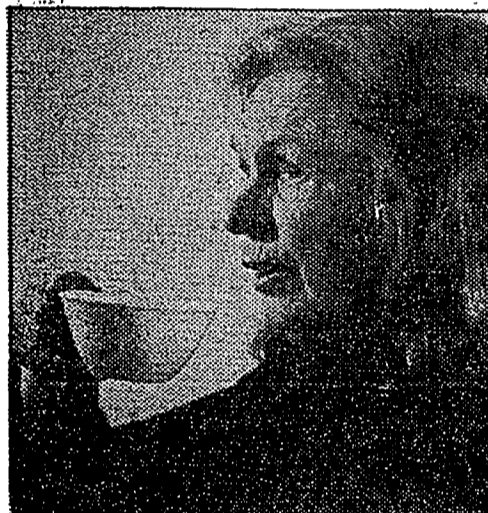
By Megan Rosenfeld

Much of the debate in the two-man play, "Mass Appeal," which opened at Ford's Theatre last night, deals with the fine line between truth and tact. Author Bill C. Davis has two men of the cloth from different generations arguing the question of selling out principle for popularity—mass appeal, if you will—but the serious moments of confrontation between the two men are, in a way slighted; the characters pull back for more jokes and the tears are quickly dried.

At times, it is an interesting case of a playwright who sometimes seems to have missed the message of his own play.

For most of the play, the technique works: It is funny without losing the issues of morality and survival that it puts on the table. But

See MASS APPEAL, C8, Col. 3



By Harry Natchayan—The Washington Post
Geraldine Fitzgerald: Taking risks and "saying yes to everything."

**Geraldine
Fitzgerald
Says 'Yes'**

Actress Directs Life With 'Mass Appeal'

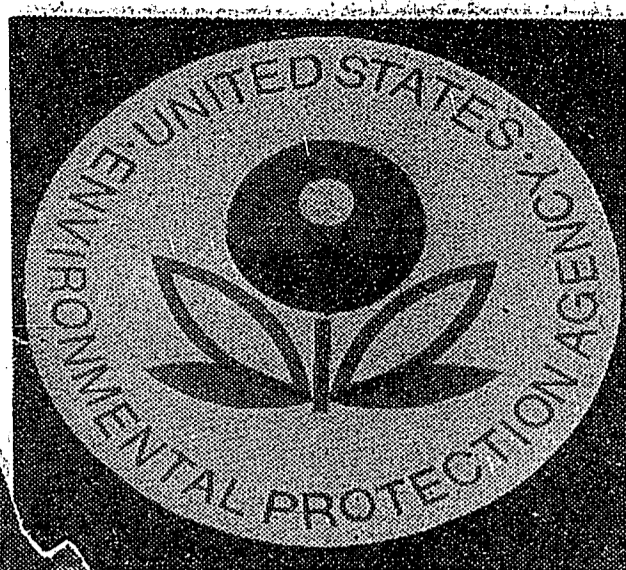
By Megan Rosenfeld

When Geraldine Fitzgerald was a young actress just starting out, she had occasion to audition for Noel Coward.

"The first thing he said was, 'If you should ever succeed, you'll have to change your name,'" Fitzgerald recalled. "Because you know, the people who put up the signs outside the theaters never have any Z's..." I said I was not going to change my name, and he said, 'Well, if you're successful, which I doubt, you'll have to bring your own Z with you in a packing case.'

Noel Coward, of course, was wrong—about Fitzgerald's name as well as her future. She has been acting since 1932, starting in her native Ireland and moving on to Broadway and Hollywood. A few years ago she made her debut as a director, and earned a Tony nomination for her

See FITZGERALD, C9, Col. 1



From the Years In Colorado to The Troubles In Washington, The Paradoxes Of the 'Ice Queen'

**The Rise & Fall
Of Anne
Burford**

By Lois Romano and Jacqueline Trescott

ON A RECENT flight to Charleston, W. Va., Anne McGill Burford, then administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, was sitting on the wing row with two aides. She was reading. The pilot walked up to her seat and looked out the window. She kept on reading. Then the copilot looked out. Then a stewardess. Burford continued to read. Her staff looked out and saw that fuel was leaking from the plane. Finally, Burford coolly looked up and said, "I think it is time to get concerned."

It was time again yesterday.

Burford resigned, saying her departure was "essential to termination of the controversy and confusion" surrounding EPA. At the same time, the White House agreed to give Congress full access to EPA documents on toxic waste disposal that have been at the center of the

dispute between the Reagan administration and Congress.

"I became the issue," Burford told The Denver Post last night. "I never came looking for that."

"Shoot, I can't even work anymore," she said, explaining her reasons for resigning. Dabbing at tears, her composure momentarily gone, Burford added: "That's not right. That's not good government. It's killing me."

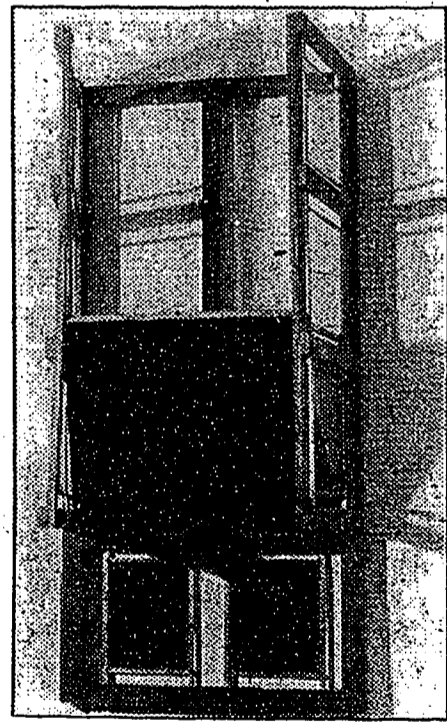
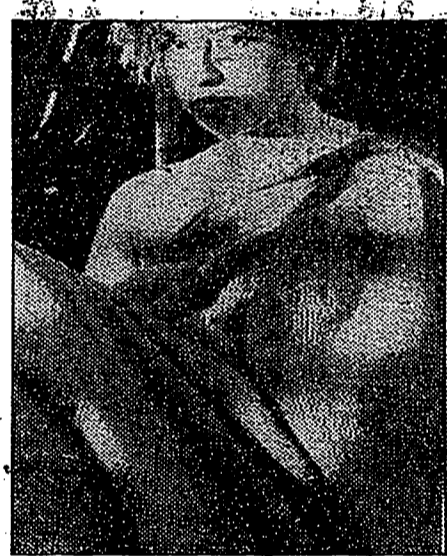
Burford defended her record at EPA. "You guys haven't printed it, but this president has a strong commitment to the environment, and so do I," she said. Hours after handing the president her resignation, she said, "I love that guy, I really do, and I'd be proud to serve him any place. I honest to gosh look forward to doing it."

Burford left after months marked by rumors and squabbles; by shredded documents; by nicknames for the controversy, such as "Sewergate" and "Wastegate"; by fir-

ings of EPA staff members; by the Justice Department first defending, then investigating, her; by President Reagan telling her to withhold the documents, but leaving her to pay the public price; by monikers such as "The Ice Queen," and the "Joan Crawford of the Reagan administration," along with stories that she was beginning to show signs of emotional strain.

Even her public composure started to slip. Two weeks ago, she went to a group of western conservative Republicans in Denver, asking them to appeal to the president to save her job. One person who attended the meeting said Burford was visibly shaken as she sought support. At a hearing last month before the Senate Environment and Public Works Committee, she was near tears. And one assistant administrator at EPA said her voice started to crack and her eyes welled during a recent private meeting.

See BURFORD, C15, Col. 3



Avant-Garde Airs

Affected 'Directions 1983' at the Hirshhorn

By Paul Richard

"Directions 1983," which goes on view today at the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, is a partly awful show. But its awfulness is useful: It includes work by the hottest of the younger art stars. One by one, they crash.

Julian Schnabel, David Salle and photographer Cindy Sherman have set New York awitwitter. So have Robert Longo and Jonathan Borofsky. They've been incessantly discussed, incessantly promoted. The Hirshhorn is the first Washington museum to hang their pictures side by side.

According to the gush put out by their champions, theirs is the new art that's revived the avant-garde. It didn't take long.

"The eureka moment," writes critic Peter Schjeldahl in Vanity Fair, came in 1979 when Schnabel, "who at 31 is still the most controversial artist in the known universe," first showed at Mary Boone's gallery. "Through the breach made by Schnabel's broad shoulders has come the torrent," Schjeldahl continues.

That torrent carried with it "media-related images" by Salle, Longo and Sherman that "had the feel of fire and ice, of emotional ferocity locked in gelid presentations." Rare indeed the artists who could survive such hype. These don't.

Longo is the best of them. His large figure drawings (based on photographs he took, but drawn by hired hands) are mysterious, graceful, chilling. Sherman is the weakest. Her play-acting self-portraits drip with ennui. Borofsky's giant flower painting, cloaked in bubble-wrap and duct tape, may well be the ugliest picture in the show, though Schnabel's Greek vase painting, "The Return from the Hospital" (1982), is not far behind. Perhaps this art, like wine, simply does not travel. Perhaps curator Phyllis D. Rosenzweig, who put the show together, subversively selected works that show these artists at their worst. At any rate, they do not have the look of masters. They cannot even bear the competition offered by the other artists—all of them less

See DIRECTIONS, C15, Col. 1

Photos courtesy Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden

Left, from top: Untitled photograph by Cindy Sherman, and "Dictionary for Building: Basement Window-Ground Floor Window" by Siah Armajani
Right, from top: "Untitled" by Robert Longo, and "Message" by Pierre Picot



**Status of
Surrogates
Murky**

Court Refuses to Allow Relinquishing of Rights

From News Dispatches

LOUISVILLE—A judge here said Tuesday that a surrogate mother may not relinquish her parental rights under existing laws—even though she may want to.

Jefferson County Circuit Court Judge Jack E. Mudd refused to allow the mother to terminate her rights, even though she and her husband, as well as the prospective parents of her child, were in agreement.

Last night, Mudd said he made his decision to draw attention to the fact that there is "no law in Kentucky dealing with surrogate parenting. Someone had to stop and take a look. We have a case in New Jersey or Michigan where a surrogate mother gave birth and they found that the donor was not the father... this thing is mushrooming."

Although Mudd, who is running for reelection this year, said the baby girl still is the legal offspring of the

See SURROGATE, C13, Col. 1

Capitol Punishment

The Loan Arranger

By Art Buchwald
Dunaway told Tinker and me the other day that the bank was going to foreclose on his house because he was unemployed and could not make his payments. He asked us if we had any ideas.

Tinker said he would go down to the bank with him and see if he could help him out. I tagged along to give Dunaway moral support.

"We're here today," Tinker told the vice president, "to restructure Dunaway's loan."

"And what exactly does that mean?" the VP asked.

"Dunaway is not able to pay on his note, and therefore we want to postpone his payments until he gets a job."

"We don't do that."

"The heck you don't," Tinker said.

"You people are restructuring loans

all the time. You do it with Poland every year."

"Poland's a country. Mr. Dunaway is an individual."

"You're doing it for Pan American Airways."

"Pan American Airways is a company."

"Why isn't Mr. Dunaway entitled to the same treatment you give Poland and Pan Am?"

"We can't foreclose on Poland. It would start a panic in world banking circles. And we have to give Pan American a chance, or we'll never see our money again."

"How much does Poland owe you?"

"Somewhere in the area of a billion dollars."

"Well, Mr. Dunaway only owes you \$50,000, and you have a better chance of getting that back from him than you have of getting your billion dollars from Poland."

"You're obviously ignorant as to the way banks operate. When someone owes us \$50,000 we take his house. When someone owes us over a million we have to work something out to make it possible for him to pay us back."

"Then what you are saying is that Mr. Dunaway doesn't owe you enough money to get any respect?"

"Don't put words in my mouth. What I am saying is that we don't restructure \$50,000 mortgage loans. It isn't worth our time to postpone the payments on them."

"Fair enough," Tinker said.

"That's why we've come to see you. We're not here to pay back the \$50,000. We're here to borrow another \$950,000, so we can owe the bank an even million."

I was tugging on Tinker's sleeve nervously.

The VP said, "You must be crazy to ask for a \$950,000 loan. What kind of collateral can you put up?"

"We'll put up the same collateral Mexico and Brazil did to get their loans."

"What do you know about Mexico and Brazil?"

"I understand each of them owes

you \$500 million and you can't get your money back," Tinker said. "I have it on good authority you are going to loan them more money so they can pay the interest on the money they've already borrowed. Mr. Dunaway is willing to work out a similar arrangement. If you loan him the money to pay the interest on his mortgage, we won't tell anyone about Brazil and Mexico."

"You can't threaten me," the VP said.

"That's what you think. According to my information, you have \$4 billion in loans outstanding to the OPEC countries. Now that the price of oil has plummeted, your OPEC clients have informed you they won't be able to meet their obligations. If word gets out that these loans could be in default, you'll have a run on your bank that will make the Penn Square debacle look like a church picnic."

"What do you want from me?" the VP said, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.

"We want you to give Mr. Dunaway the same financial courtesy you extended to Poland. Allow him time to get a job, and don't foreclose on his house until he gets back on his feet."

"I can't make this decision myself. It will have to go to the board of directors."

"Well, don't take too long about it," Tinker snarled. "You're not dealing with some banana republic."

When we got out into the street Dunaway was white, and I was shaking. "You shouldn't have talked to him like that," I said. "He was really mad."

"Don't worry about it," Tinker replied. "That's the only language bankers understand."

1983, Los Angeles Times Syndicate