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First Inklings of Fame

The class of 2020 has no idea what the future holds — and neither do we. Here's a look back at some icons starting on their paths to renown.

By Veronica Chambers and Jennifer Harlan

May 22, 2020

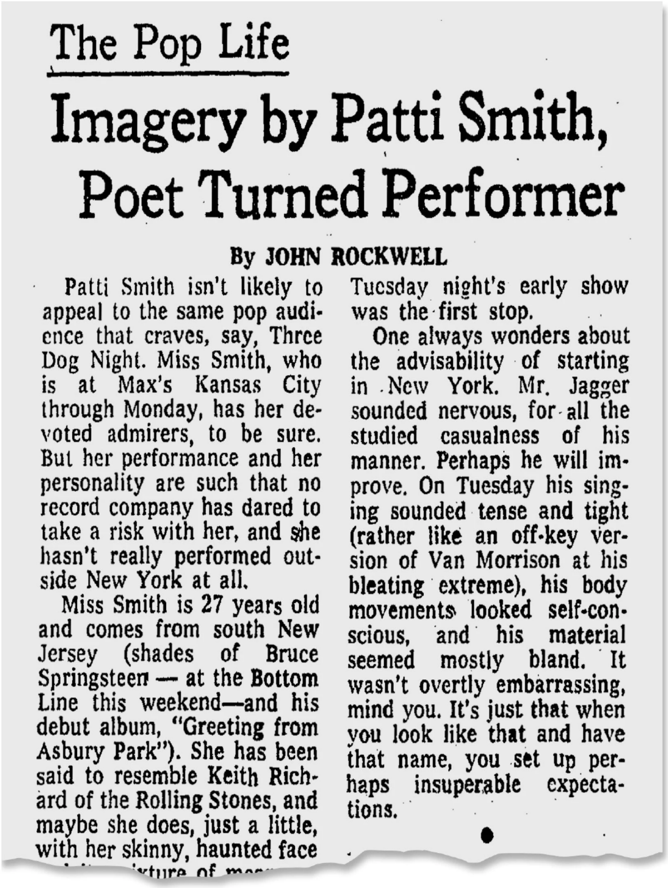
It is graduation season, and luminaries like Tina Fey, Oprah, Tom Hanks and Barack Obama are giving advice to graduates about starting their next chapter.

Of course, this year, in the midst of the pandemic, the gatherings of family and friends must happen online. Instead of hugging classmates and celebrating years of hard work with teachers and mentors, the class of 2020 is marking this milestone with socially distant Zoom parties and virtual speeches. But even in this uncertain moment, the messages — of hope, possibility, using the gifts you've been given — remain timeless.

About two years ago, the archival storytelling team at The Times began sifting through some of the millions of photographs — old-school prints, in paper folders — in our archives, a place we call "the morgue." We've uncovered a lot of treasures while exploring the paper's historical record, both visual and textual, but one kind of find has always stood out to us — the first, or nearly first, time that someone who became famous really caught the paper's eye. They're just starting to take steps down the path that will lead them to renown.

There is Mr. Obama, at age 28, when he becomes the first black president of the Harvard Law Review. There is Meryl Streep, age 27, who has starred in no fewer than six stage productions in her first year in New York. There is Eddie Murphy, at 19, fresh out of high school and a new cast member on "Saturday Night Live."

Sometimes our photographers captured these figures before they took that leap to stardom. Look at Patti Smith, in her blazer, crisp white shirt and a tie. It's months before the release of her debut album, "Horses." She is at a rally, not onstage. But in a crowd of people, she stands out like the star she will become. She's already very much Patti Smith.



The Pop Life

Imagery by Patti Smith, Poet Turned Performer

By JOHN ROCKWELL

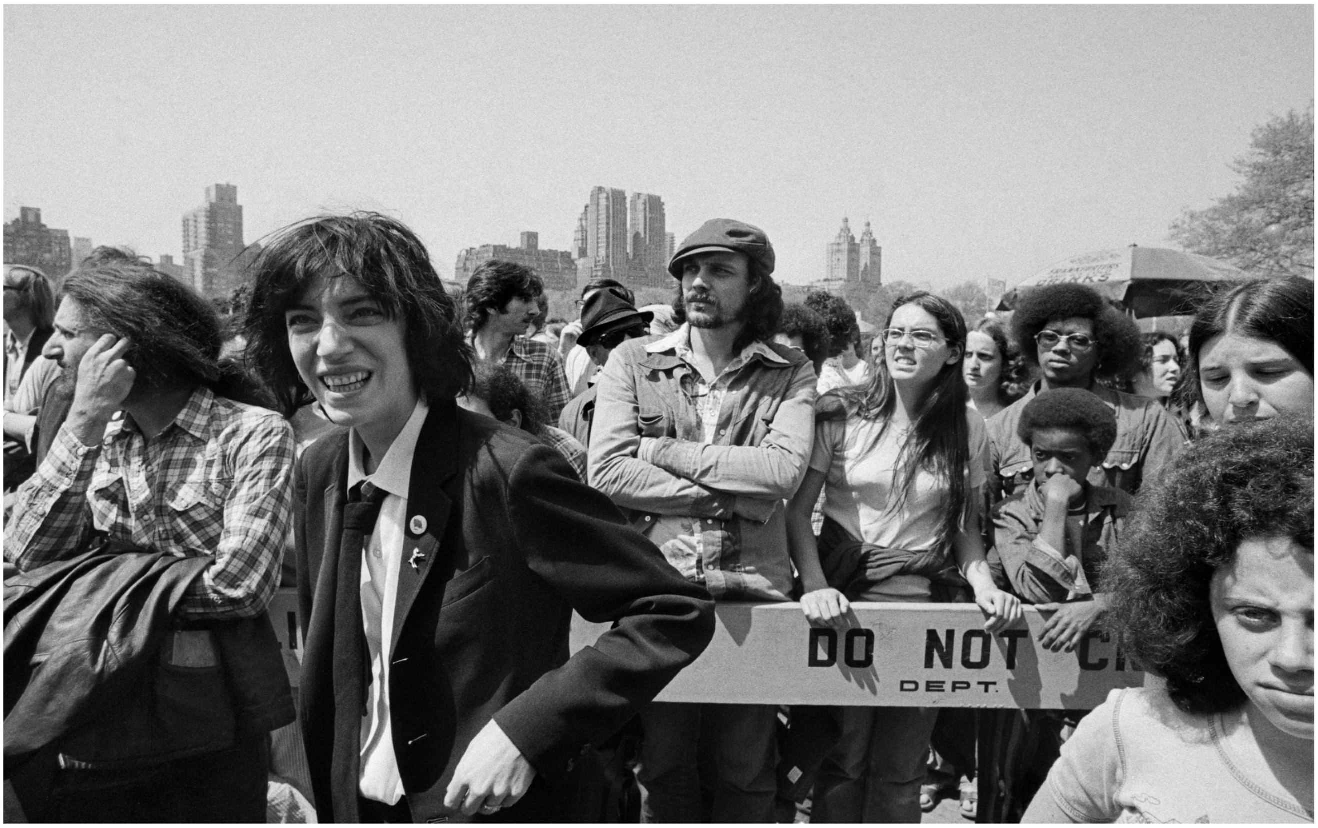
Patti Smith isn't likely to appeal to the same pop audience that craves, say, Three Dog Night. Miss Smith, who is at Max's Kansas City through Monday, has her devoted admirers, to be sure. But her performance and her personality are such that no record company has dared to take a risk with her, and she hasn't really performed outside New York at all.

Miss Smith is 27 years old and comes from south New Jersey (shades of Bruce Springsteen — at the Bottom Line this weekend—and his debut album, "Greeting from Asbury Park"). She has been said to resemble Keith Richard of the Rolling Stones, and maybe she does, just a little, with her skinny, haunted face

Tuesday night's early show was the first stop.

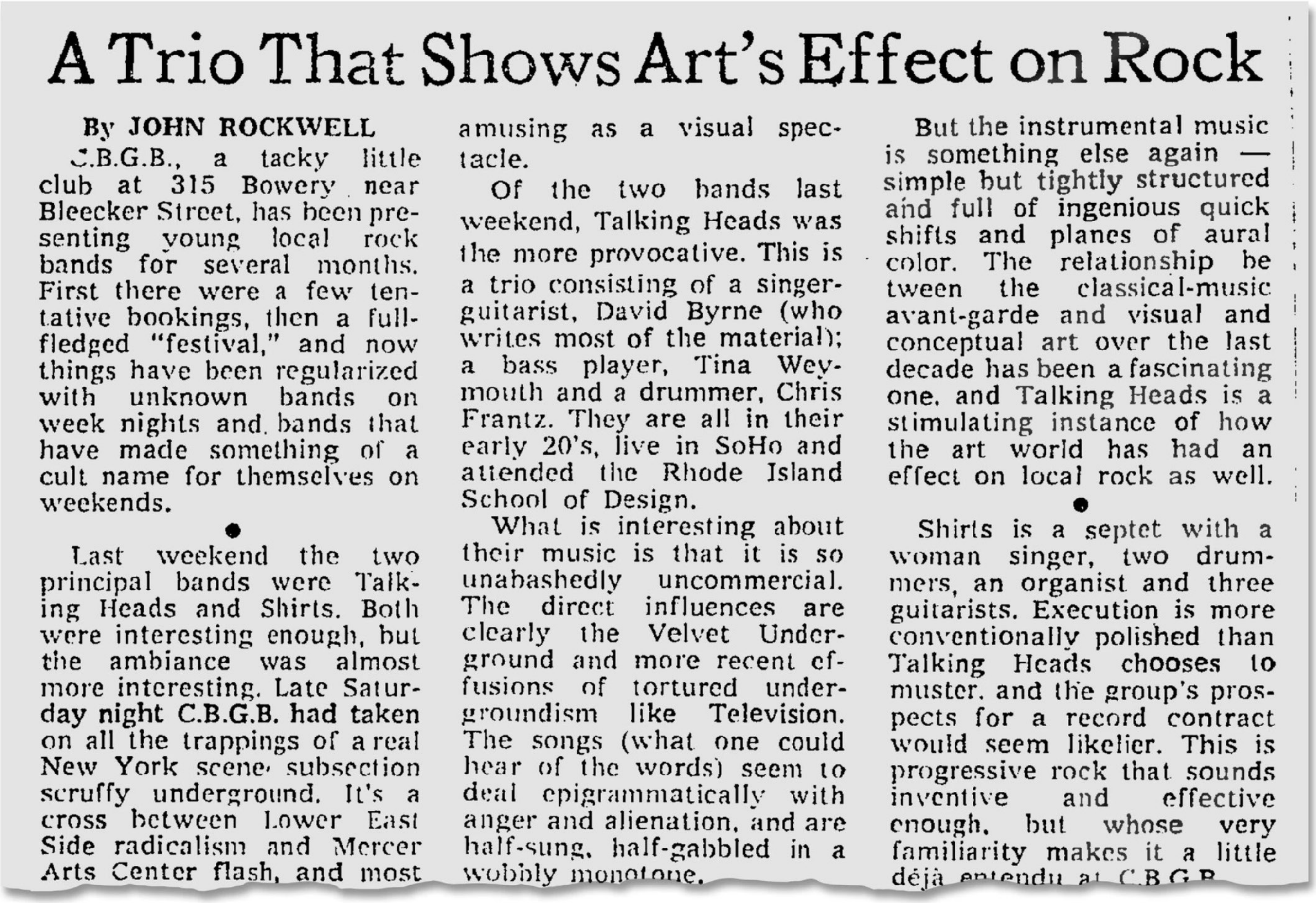
One always wonders about the advisability of starting in New York. Mr. Jagger sounded nervous, for all the studied casualness of his manner. Perhaps he will improve. On Tuesday his singing sounded tense and tight (rather like an off-key version of Van Morrison at his bleating extreme), his body movements looked self-conscious, and his material seemed mostly bland. It wasn't overtly embarrassing, mind you. It's just that when you look like that and have that name, you set up perhaps insuperable expectations.

A review of 27-year-old Patti Smith's performances at the New York nightclub Max's Kansas City in July 1974. The reviewer compared the poet-turned-musician's style to that of Lou Reed but declared "although Mr. Reed has managed to turn out some conceptually and verbally interesting material, he isn't in Miss Smith's league when it comes to words and ideas."



Smith at a rally in Central Park on May 11, 1975, marking the end of the Vietnam War. Her debut album, “Horses,” was released that fall. “It’s an extraordinary disk,” The Times said in its review, “and every minute of it is worth repeated rehearings.” Teresa Zabala/The New York Times

You flip through these photographs and see authenticity and passion. They are more than portraits of people who are on the verge of becoming very successful and very famous. There’s a pureness to these images. It feels like you are looking at people who are doing what they love, before the world was watching, and discovering who they are. This is a moment when things began to shift. They are in the process of becoming.



A Trio That Shows Art's Effect on Rock

By JOHN ROCKWELL

C.B.G.B., a tacky little club at 315 Bowery near Bleecker Street, has been presenting young local rock bands for several months. First there were a few tentative bookings, then a full-fledged "festival," and now things have been regularized with unknown bands on week nights and bands that have made something of a cult name for themselves on weekends.

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Last weekend the two principal bands were Talking Heads and Shirts. Both were interesting enough, but the ambiance was almost more interesting. Late Saturday night C.B.G.B. had taken on all the trappings of a real New York scene: subsection scruffy underground. It's a cross between Lower East Side radicalism and Mercer Arts Center flash, and most amusing as a visual spectacle.

Of the two bands last weekend, Talking Heads was the more provocative. This is a trio consisting of a singer-guitarist, David Byrne (who writes most of the material); a bass player, Tina Weymouth and a drummer, Chris Frantz. They are all in their early 20's, live in SoHo and attended the Rhode Island School of Design.

What is interesting about their music is that it is so unabashedly uncommercial. The direct influences are clearly the Velvet Underground and more recent effusions of tortured undergroundism like Television. The songs (what one could hear of the words) seem to deal epigrammatically with anger and alienation, and are half-sung, half-gabbled in a wobbly monotone.

But the instrumental music is something else again — simple but tightly structured and full of ingenious quick shifts and planes of aural color. The relationship between the classical-music avant-garde and visual and conceptual art over the last decade has been a fascinating one, and Talking Heads is a stimulating instance of how the art world has had an effect on local rock as well.

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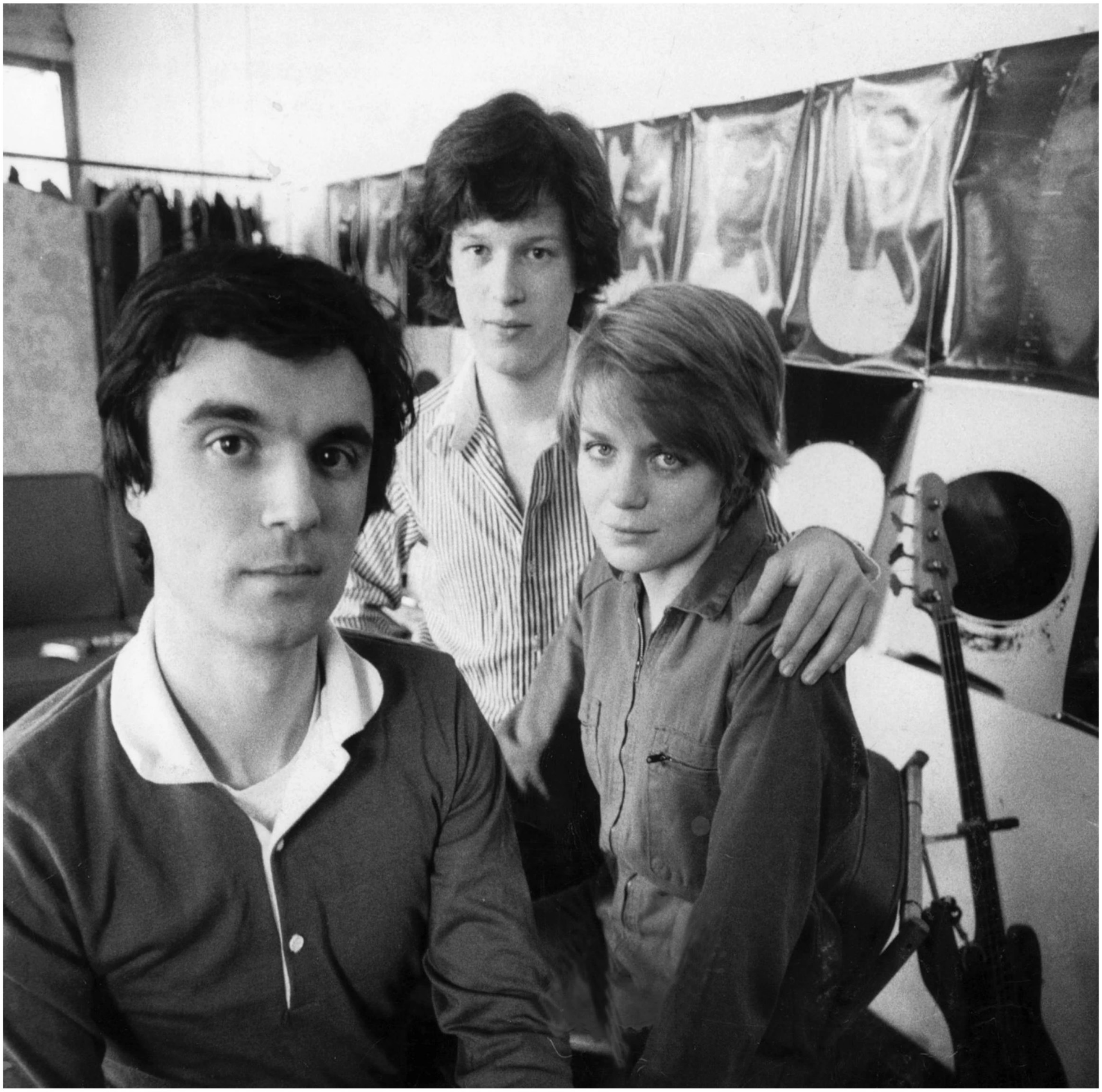
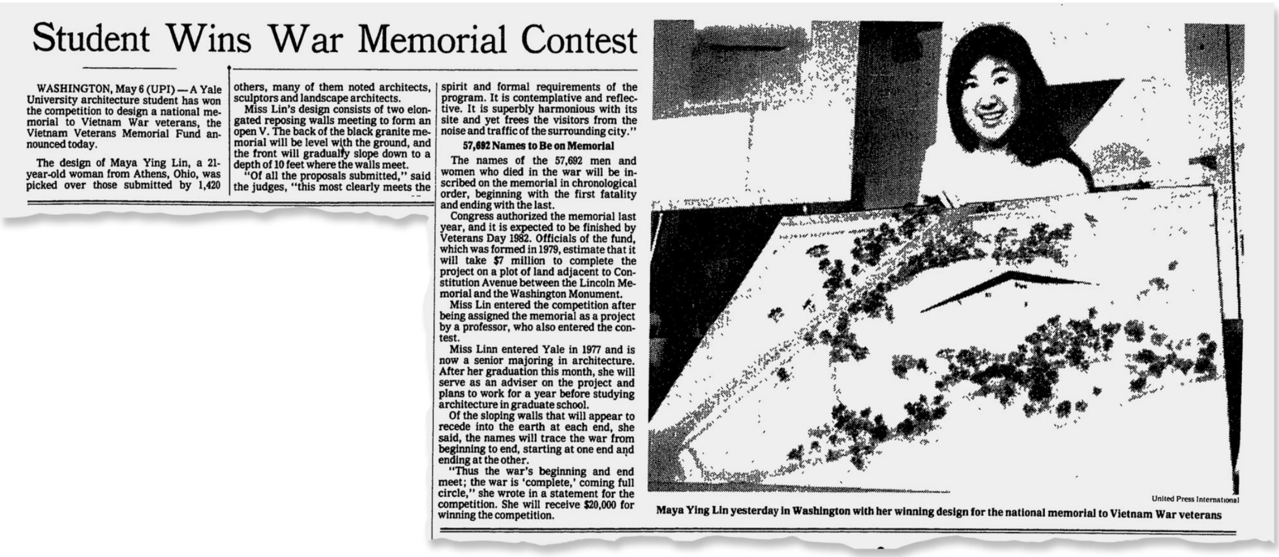
Shirts is a septet with a woman singer, two drummers, an organist and three guitarists. Execution is more conventionally polished than Talking Heads chooses to muster, and the group's prospects for a record contract would seem likelier. This is progressive rock that sounds inventive and effective enough, but whose very familiarity makes it a little déjà entendu at C.B.G.B

David Byrne, 23, and his fellow Talking Heads, Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz, burst onto the New York rock scene in 1975, fresh out of the Rhode Island School of Design. In a review of an early show at C.B.G.B., The Times called the group's music "simply but tightly structured and full of ingenious quick shifts and planes of aural color."



By March 1976, Byrne — left, with Frantz and Weymouth — had quit his day job at an advertising agency to pursue music full time. “I don’t like to think of myself as an artist playing at having a band,” he told The Times. “It’s gotten to the point where I think of myself as a performer — almost an entertainer. We take it very seriously, but it is entertainment.” Paul Hosefros/The New York Times



Student Wins War Memorial Contest

WASHINGTON, May 6 (UPI) — A Yale University architecture student has won the competition to design a national memorial to Vietnam War veterans, the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund announced today.

The design of Maya Ying Lin, a 21-year-old woman from Athens, Ohio, was picked over those submitted by 1,420 others, many of them noted architects, sculptors and landscape architects.

Miss Lin's design consists of two elongated reposing walls meeting to form an open V. The back of the black granite memorial will be level with the ground, and the front will gradually slope down to a depth of 10 feet where the walls meet.

"Of all the proposals submitted," said the judges, "this most clearly meets the spirit and formal requirements of the program. It is contemplative and reflective. It is superbly harmonious with its site and yet frees the visitors from the noise and traffic of the surrounding city."

57,692 Names to Be on Memorial

The names of the 57,692 men and women who died in the war will be inscribed on the memorial in chronological order, beginning with the first fatality and ending with the last.

Congress authorized the memorial last year, and it is expected to be finished by Veterans Day 1982. Officials of the fund, which was formed in 1979, estimate that it will take $7 million to complete the project on a plot of land adjacent to Constitution Avenue between the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument.

Miss Lin entered the competition after being assigned the memorial as a project by a professor, who also entered the contest.

Miss Linn entered Yale in 1977 and is now a senior majoring in architecture. After her graduation this month, she will serve as an adviser on the project and plans to work for a year before studying architecture in graduate school.

Of the sloping walls that will appear to recede into the earth at each end, she said, the names will trace the war from beginning to end, starting at one end and ending at the other.

"Thus the war's beginning and end meet; the war is 'complete,' coming full circle," she wrote in a statement for the competition. She will receive $20,000 for winning the competition.

United Press International

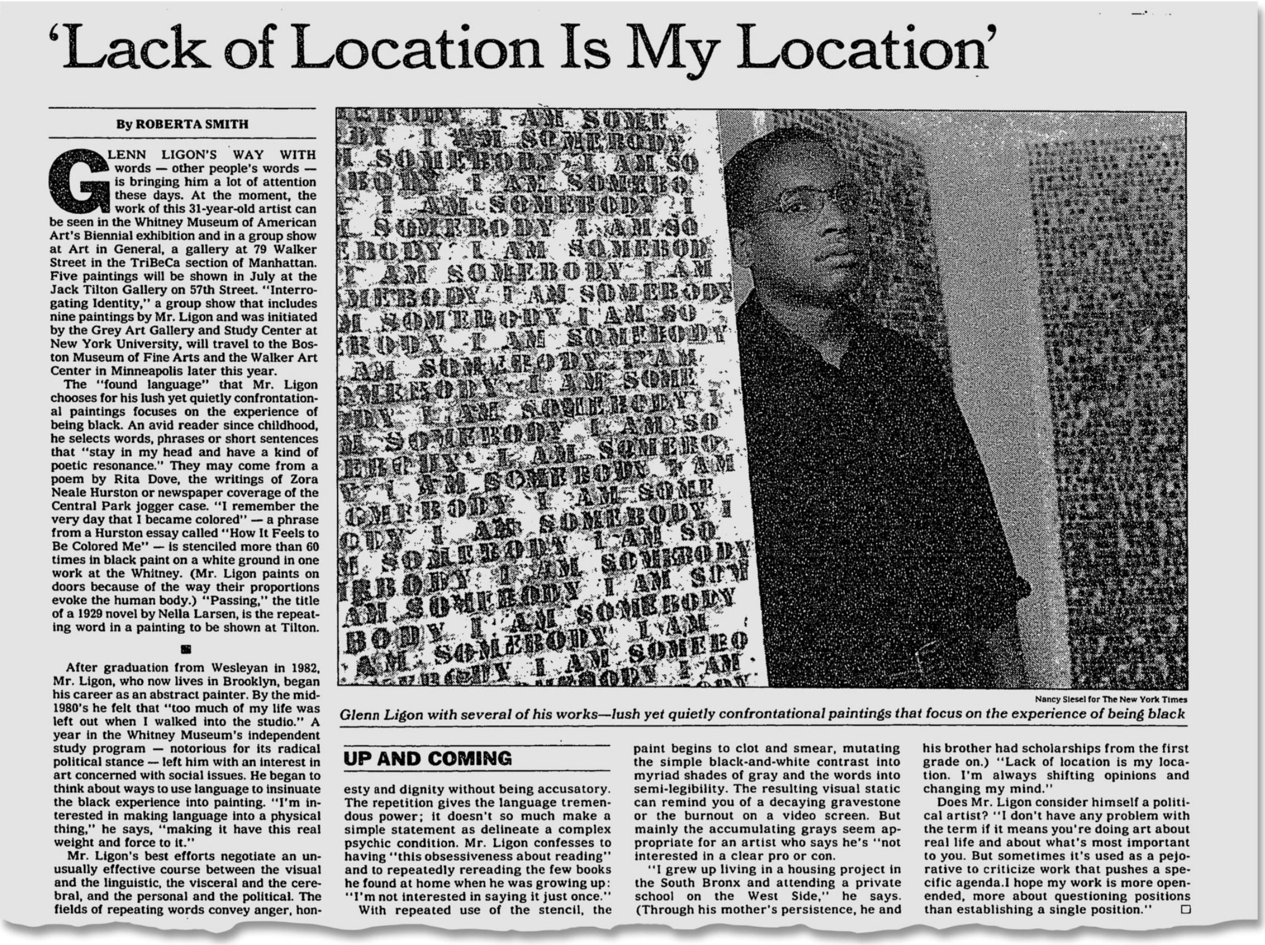
Maya Ying Lin yesterday in Washington with her winning design for the national memorial to Vietnam War veterans

Of the more than 1,400 proposals submitted for the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, the one by Maya Lin, 21, "most clearly meets the spirit and formal requirements of the program," the judges said in May 1981, calling her winning design "contemplative and reflective" and "superbly harmonious with its site."

Lin was a senior at Yale University when she won the design competition. "An undergraduate architecture major just scratches the surface of being an architect," she said. She planned "to spend her $20,000 in prize money to continue her studies at Yale," The Times reported in June 1981. Teresa Zabala/The New York Times

Some of these stories feel eerily prescient today. A 1991 article about the painter Glenn Ligon tells us that the artist is 31, with a coveted place in the Whitney Biennial and a group show at a gallery in TriBeCa. The headline reads, "'Lack of Location Is My Location.'" It is a phrase that might resonate with all the young people who had to leave school unexpectedly or are quarantining back home.

Shifts in one’s geography offer the opportunity to shift one’s perspective as well. As Ligon told the art critic Roberta Smith: “I grew up living in a housing project in the South Bronx and attending a private school on the West Side. Lack of location is my location. I’m always shifting opinions and changing my mind.”



‘Lack of Location Is My Location’

By **ROBERTA SMITH**

GLENN LIGON'S WAY WITH words — other people's words — is bringing him a lot of attention these days. At the moment, the work of this 31-year-old artist can be seen in the Whitney Museum of American Art's Biennial exhibition and in a group show at Art in General, a gallery at 79 Walker Street in the TriBeCa section of Manhattan. Five paintings will be shown in July at the Jack Tilton Gallery on 57th Street. ''Interrogating Identity,'' a group show that includes nine paintings by Mr. Ligon and was initiated by the Grey Art Gallery and Study Center at New York University, will travel to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis later this year.

The ''found language'' that Mr. Ligon chooses for his lush yet quietly confrontational paintings focuses on the experience of being black. An avid reader since childhood, he selects words, phrases or short sentences that ''stay in my head and have a kind of poetic resonance.'' They may come from a poem by Rita Dove, the writings of Zora Neale Hurston or newspaper coverage of the Central Park jogger case. ''I remember the very day that I became colored'' — a phrase from a Hurston essay called ''How It Feels to Be Colored Me'' — is stenciled more than 60 times in black paint on a white ground in one work at the Whitney. (Mr. Ligon paints on doors because of the way their proportions evoke the human body.) ''Passing,'' the title of a 1929 novel by Nella Larsen, is the repeating word in a painting to be shown at Tilton.

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After graduation from Wesleyan in 1982, Mr. Ligon, who now lives in Brooklyn, began his career as an abstract painter. By the mid-1980's he felt that ''too much of my life was left out when I walked into the studio.'' A year in the Whitney Museum's independent study program — notorious for its radical political stance — left him with an interest in art concerned with social issues. He began to think about ways to use language to insinuate the black experience into painting. ''I'm interested in making language into a physical thing,'' he says, ''making it have this real weight and force to it.''

Mr. Ligon's best efforts negotiate an unusually effective course between the visual and the linguistic, the visceral and the cerebral, and the personal and the political. The fields of repeating words convey anger, honesty and dignity without being accusatory. The repetition gives the language tremendous power; it doesn't so much make a simple statement as delineate a complex psychic condition. Mr. Ligon confesses to having ''this obsessiveness about reading'' and to repeatedly rereading the few books he found at home when he was growing up: ''I'm not interested in saying it just once.''

UP AND COMING

With repeated use of the stencil, the paint begins to clot and smear, mutating the simple black-and-white contrast into myriad shades of gray and the words into semi-legibility. The resulting visual static can remind you of a decaying gravestone or the burnout on a video screen. But mainly the accumulating grays seem appropriate for an artist who says he's ''not interested in a clear pro or con.''

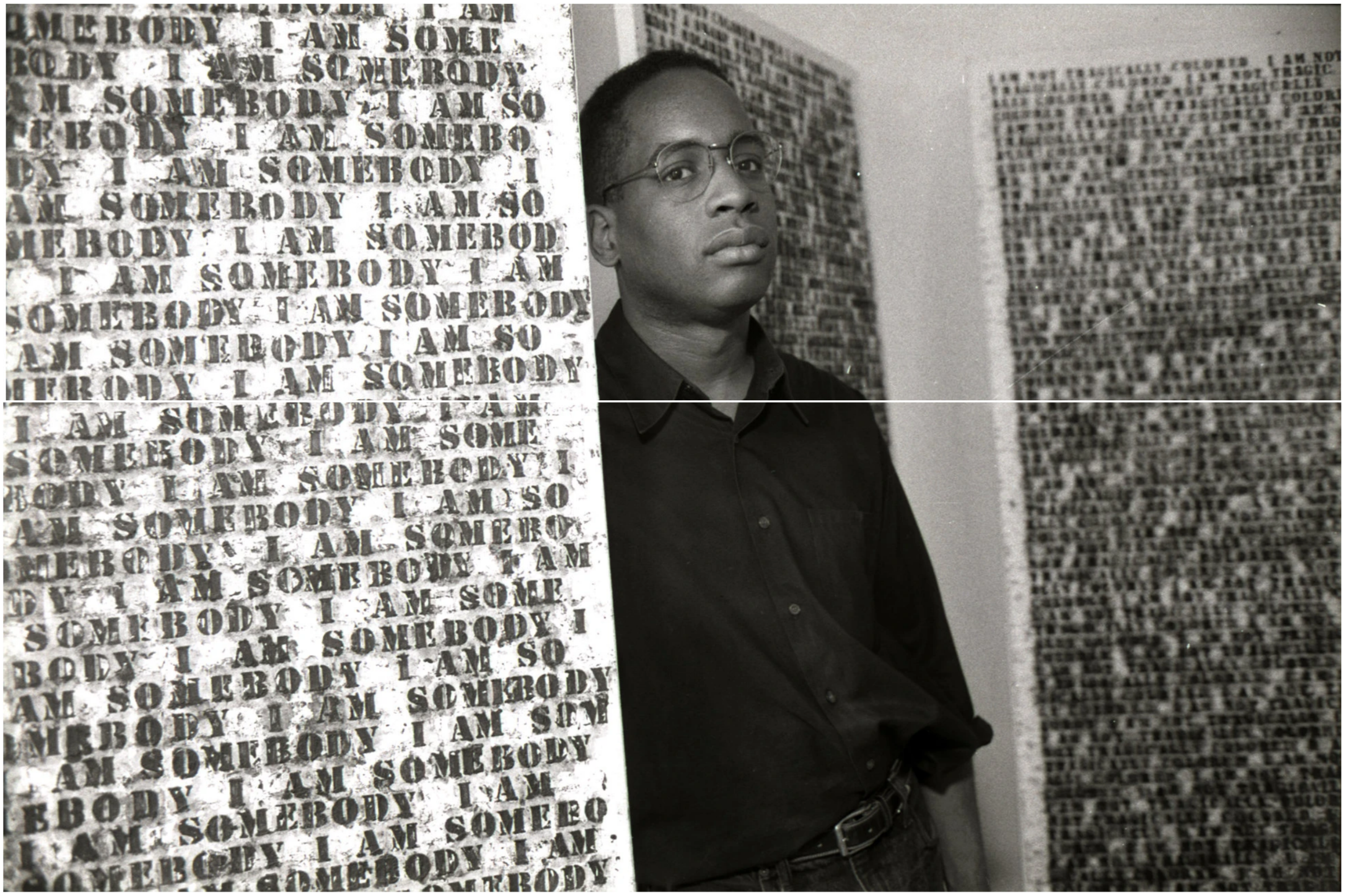
''I grew up living in a housing project in the South Bronx and attending a private school on the West Side,'' he says. (Through his mother's persistence, he and his brother had scholarships from the first grade on.) ''Lack of location is my location. I'm always shifting opinions and changing my mind.''

Does Mr. Ligon consider himself a political artist? ''I don't have any problem with the term if it means you're doing art about real life and about what's most important to you. But sometimes it's used as a pejorative to criticize work that pushes a specific agenda.I hope my work is more open-ended, more about questioning positions than establishing a single position.'' ☐

Nancy Siesel for The New York Times

Glenn Ligon with several of his works—lush yet quietly confrontational paintings that focus on the experience of being black

The artist Glenn Ligon, 31, with several of his pieces, which The Times called “lush yet quietly confrontational paintings” in June 1991.

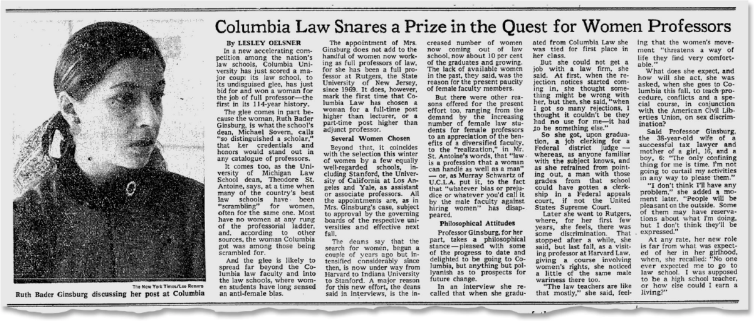


“I’m interested in making language into a physical thing,” Ligon told The Times, “making it have this real weight and force to it.” Nancy Siesel for The New York Times

We hope that these images and stories will be a reminder to our readers, whether or not they are part of the class of 2020, that there is a kind of magic that comes at the beginning of a journey. And while this particular moment is unlike any that most of us have experienced in our lifetimes, obstacles, hurdles and uncertainty are part of everyone’s story.

When Ruth Bader Ginsburg was hired as a professor at Columbia University in 1972, the headline read “Columbia Scores a Prize in the Quest for Women Professors.” What may have seemed at the time like a crowning achievement was in fact just one step in her long climb to even greater heights. And as anyone who knows the justice’s story can attest, that climb was not always a smooth one. Although Ginsburg graduated tied for first in her class, she told The Times, she couldn’t get a job at a single law firm.

“At first, when the rejection notices started coming in, she thought something might be wrong with her, but then, she said, ‘when I got so many rejections, I thought it couldn’t be they had no use for me — it had to be something else,’” the paper reported. May this be a comfort to those who will go job hunting in the months and years ahead.



Columbia Law Snares a Prize in the Quest for Women Professors

By LESLEY OELSNER

In a new accelerating competition among the nation's law schools, Columbia University has just scored a major coup: its law school, to its undisguised glee, has just bid for and won a woman for the job of full professor—the first in its 114-year history.

The glee comes in part because the woman, Ruth Bader Ginsburg, is what the school's dean, Michael Sovern, calls "so distinguished a scholar," that her credentials and honors would stand out in any catalogue of professors.

It comes too, as the University of Michigan Law School dean, Theodore St. Antoine, says, at a time when many of the country's best law schools have been "scrambling" for women, often for the same one. Most have no women at any rung of the professorial ladder, and, according to other sources, the woman Columbia got was among those being scrambled for.

And the glee is likely to spread far beyond the Columbia law faculty and into the law schools, where women students have long sensed an anti-female bias.

The appointment of Mrs. Ginsburg does not add to the handful of women now working as full professors of law, for she has been a full professor at Rutgers, the State University of New Jersey, since 1969. It does, however, mark the first time that Columbia Law has chosen a woman for a full-time post higher than lecturer, or a part-time post higher than adjunct professor.

Several Women Chosen

Beyond that, it coincides with the selection this winter of women by a few equally well-regarded schools, including Stanford, the University of California at Los Angeles and Yale, as assistant or associate professors. All the appointments are, as in Mrs. Ginsburg's case, subject to approval by the governing boards of the respective universities and effective next fall.

The deans say that the search for women, begun a couple of years ago but intensified considerably since then, is now under way from Harvard to Indiana University to Stanford. A major reason for this new effort, the deans said in interviews, is the increased number of women now coming out of law school, now about 10 per cent of the graduates and growing. The lack of available women in the past, they said, was the reason for the present paucity of female faculty members.

But there were other reasons offered for the present effort too, ranging from the demand by the increasing number of female law students for female professors to an appreciation of the benefits of a diversified faculty, to the "realization," in Mr. St. Antoine's words, that "law is a profession that a woman can handle as well as a man" — or, as Murray Schwartz of U.C.L.A. put it, to the fact that "whatever bias or prejudice or whatever you'd call it by the male faculty against hiring women" has disappeared.

Philosophical Attitudes

Professor Ginsburg, for her part, takes a philosophical stance — pleased with some of the progress to date and delighted to be going to Columbia, but anything but pollyanish as to prospects for future change.

In an interview she recalled that when she graduated from Columbia Law she was tied for first place in her class.

But she could not get a job with a law firm, she said. At first, when the rejection notices started coming in, she thought something might be wrong with her, but then, she said, "when I got so many rejections, I thought it couldn't be they had no use for me—it had to be something else."

So she got, upon graduation, a job clerking for a Federal district judge — whereas, as anyone familiar with the subject knows, and as she refrained from pointing out, a man with those grades from that school could have gotten a clerkship in a Federal appeals court, if not the United States Supreme Court.

Later she went to Rutgers, where, for her first few years, she feels, there was some discrimination. That stopped after a while, she said, but last fall, as a visiting professor at Harvard Law, giving a course involving women's rights, she noticed a little of the same male wariness there too.

"The law teachers are like that mostly," she said, feeling that the women's movement "threatens a way of life they find very comfortable."

What does she expect, and how will she act, she was asked, when she goes to Columbia this fall, to teach procedure, conflicts and a special course, in conjunction with the American Civil Liberties Union, on sex discrimination?

Said Professor Ginsburg, the 38-year-old wife of a successful tax lawyer and mother of a girl, 16, and a boy, 6: "The only confining thing for me is time. I'm not going to curtail my activities in any way to please them."

"I don't think I'll have any problem," she added a moment later. "People will be pleasant on the outside. Some of them may have reservations about what I'm doing, but I don't think they'll be expressed."

At any rate, her new role is far from what was expected of her in her girlhood, when, she recalled: "No one ever expected me to go to law school. I was supposed to be a high school teacher, or how else could I earn a living?"

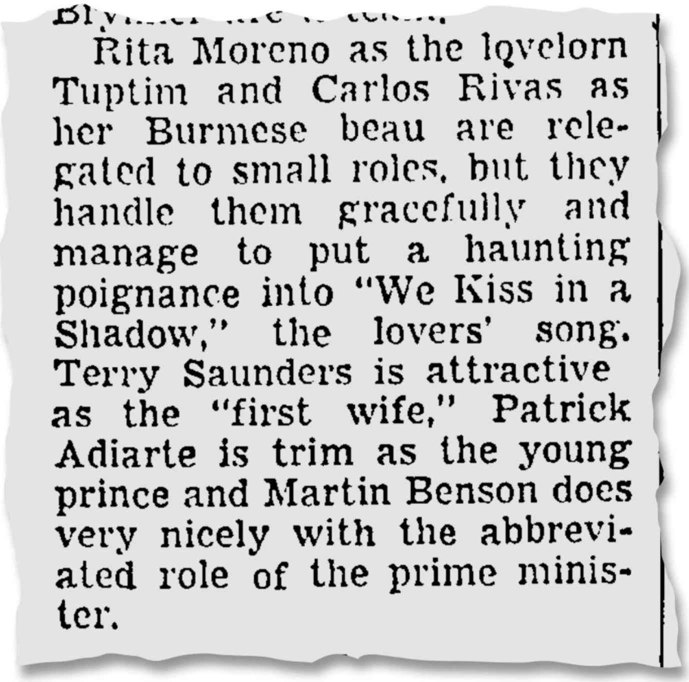
The New York Times/Lee Romero

Ruth Bader Ginsburg discussing her post at Columbia

Ruth Bader Ginsburg, 38, joined the faculty of Columbia University in 1972 as the first female full professor in the law school’s 114-year history.

“No one ever expected me to go to law school,” Ginsburg told The Times. “I was supposed to be a high school teacher, or how else could I earn a living?” Librado Romero/The New York Times

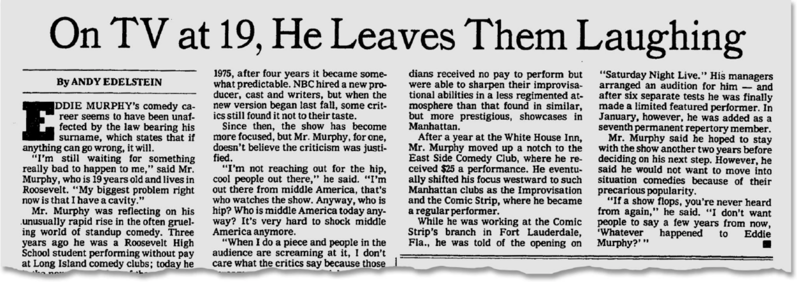
It is hard to quantify the role of good fortune in the lives of the people featured here. But they show that sometimes the breaks do come. Among the teeming cast of the 1956 film “The King and I,” Rita Moreno stood out to the Times critic Bosley Crowther, who noted that she played her small role with grace and “a haunting poignance.” Just six years later, she would win an Academy Award for her role in “West Side Story” — no longer part of the crowd but a bona fide star.



Rita Moreno as the lovelorn Tuptim and Carlos Rivas as her Burmese beau are relegated to small roles, but they handle them gracefully and manage to put a haunting poignance into "We Kiss in a Shadow," the lovers' song. Terry Saunders is attractive as the "first wife," Patrick Adiarte is trim as the young prince and Martin Benson does very nicely with the abbreviated role of the prime minister.

The Times film critic Bosley Crowther singled out 24-year-old Rita Moreno's performance in "The King and I." Six years later, she won the Academy Award for best supporting actress for her role in another musical film, "West Side Story." Moreno, who is Puerto Rican, was the first Latina to win an Oscar in any category.

Even after her Oscar win, Moreno, seen here in 1955, struggled to find work worthy of her talents. “I had just turned 30, and thought I had finally broken through as an actress. I was sure the Oscar would change everything,” she told The Times in 1975. “But I soon found out that it made no difference.” AF archive/Alamy



On TV at 19, He Leaves Them Laughing

By ANDY EDELSTEIN

EDDIE MURPHY's comedy career seems to have been unaffected by the law bearing his surname, which states that if anything can go wrong, it will.

"I'm still waiting for something really bad to happen to me," said Mr. Murphy, who is 19 years old and lives in Roosevelt. "My biggest problem right now is that I have a cavity."

Mr. Murphy was reflecting on his unusually rapid rise in the often grueling world of standup comedy. Three years ago he was a Roosevelt High School student performing without pay at Long Island comedy clubs; today he

1975, after four years it became somewhat predictable. NBC hired a new producer, cast and writers, but when the new version began last fall, some critics still found it not to their taste.

Since then, the show has become more focused, but Mr. Murphy, for one, doesn't believe the criticism was justified.

"I'm not reaching out for the hip, cool people out there," he said. "I'm out there from middle America, that's who watches the show. Anyway, who is hip? Who is middle America today anyway? It's very hard to shock middle America anymore.

"When I do a piece and people in the audience are screaming at it, I don't care what the critics say because those

dians received no pay to perform but were able to sharpen their improvisational abilities in a less regimented atmosphere than that found in similar, but more prestigious, showcases in Manhattan.

After a year at the White House Inn, Mr. Murphy moved up a notch to the East Side Comedy Club, where he received $25 a performance. He eventually shifted his focus westward to such Manhattan clubs as the Improvisation and the Comic Strip, where he became a regular performer.

While he was working at the Comic Strip's branch in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., he was told of the opening on "Saturday Night Live." His managers arranged an audition for him — and after six separate tests he was finally made a limited featured performer. In January, however, he was added as a seventh permanent repertory member.

Mr. Murphy said he hoped to stay with the show another two years before deciding on his next step. However, he said he would not want to move into situation comedies because of their precarious popularity.

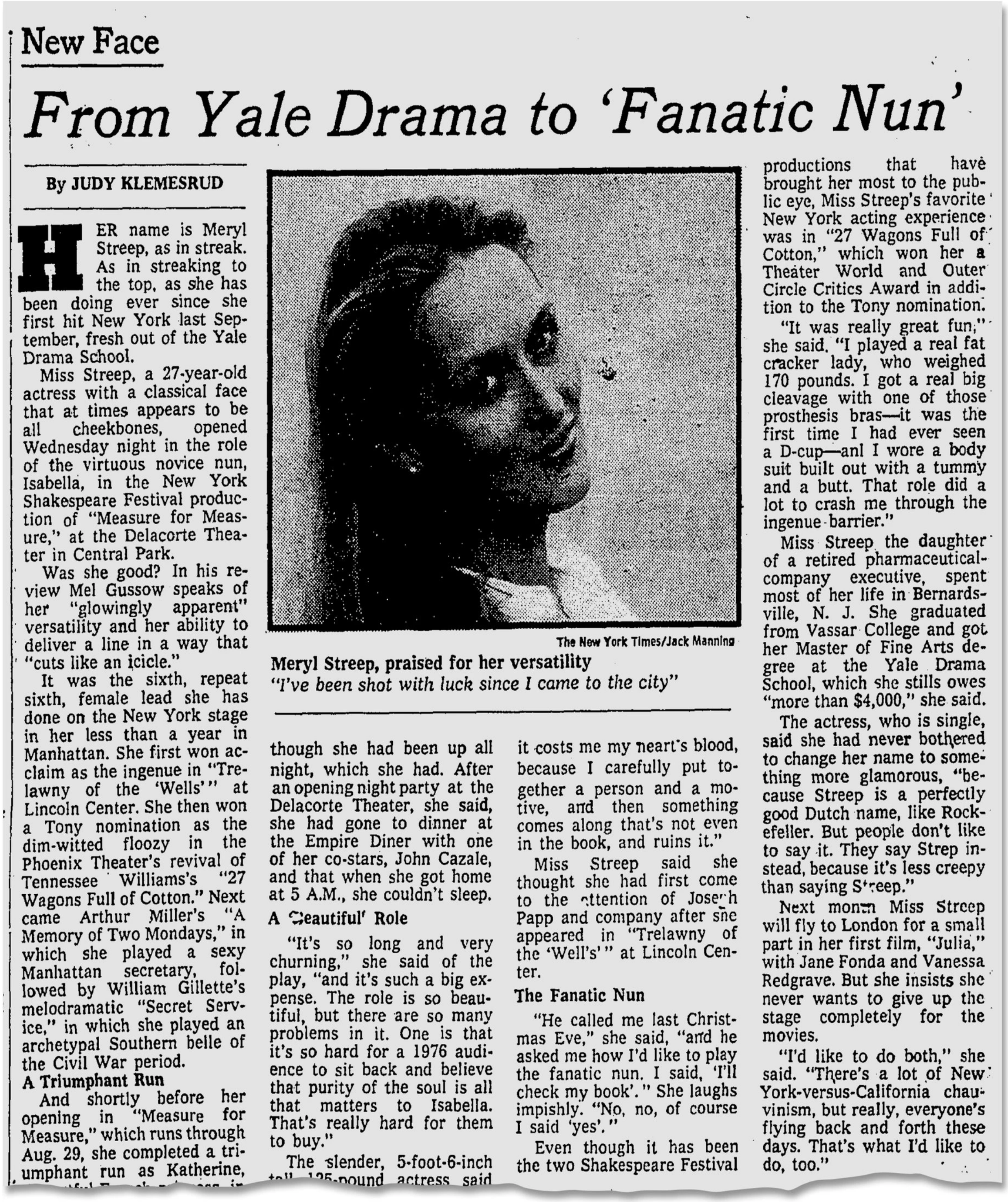
"If a show flops, you're never heard from again," he said. "I don't want people to say a few years from now, 'Whatever happened to Eddie Murphy?' " ■

In just three years, Eddie Murphy, 19, went from being a high school student performing unpaid gigs at Long Island comedy clubs to a breakout star of “Saturday Night Live,” The Times reported in 1981.

Mr. Murphy told The Times that he hoped to be on “S.N.L.” for at least three years. (He would stay for four.) “I don’t want people to say a few years from now, ‘Whatever happened to Eddie Murphy?’” he said. NBC/NBCU Photo Bank, via Getty Images

And their stories also remind us that those breaks don't just magically happen: Yes, there is a some kismet involved, but opportunities can also require work and sacrifice to bring them into being. While Ms. Streep marveled that she had been "shot with luck" since moving to the city, she also made the point of noting that, despite her success, she still owed the Yale School of Drama thousands of dollars.

The class of 2020 indeed has no idea what their future holds — and in this, they are not alone. "Every one of us is now being called to graduate, to step toward something, even though we don't know what," Oprah Winfrey told graduates in a virtual commencement ceremony on Facebook this month. The people in these photographs show us that if you move forward with confidence and conviction, greatness — whatever your version of that is — can follow.



New Face

From Yale Drama to 'Fanatic Nun'

By JUDY KLEMESRUD

HER name is Meryl Streep, as in streak. As in streaking to the top, as she has been doing ever since she first hit New York last September, fresh out of the Yale Drama School.

Miss Streep, a 27-year-old actress with a classical face that at times appears to be all cheekbones, opened Wednesday night in the role of the virtuous novice nun, Isabella, in the New York Shakespeare Festival production of "Measure for Measure," at the Delacorte Theater in Central Park.

Was she good? In his review Mel Gussow speaks of her "glowingly apparent" versatility and her ability to deliver a line in a way that "cuts like an icicle."

It was the sixth, repeat sixth, female lead she has done on the New York stage in her less than a year in Manhattan. She first won acclaim as the ingenue in "Trelawny of the 'Wells'" at Lincoln Center. She then won a Tony nomination as the dim-witted floozy in the Phoenix Theater's revival of Tennessee Williams's "27 Wagons Full of Cotton." Next came Arthur Miller's "A Memory of Two Mondays," in which she played a sexy Manhattan secretary, followed by William Gillette's melodramatic "Secret Service," in which she played an archetypal Southern belle of the Civil War period.

A Triumphant Run

And shortly before her opening in "Measure for Measure," which runs through Aug. 29, she completed a triumphant run as Katherine,

The New York Times/Jack Manning

Meryl Streep, praised for her versatility
"I've been shot with luck since I came to the city"

though she had been up all night, which she had. After an opening night party at the Delacorte Theater, she said, she had gone to dinner at the Empire Diner with one of her co-stars, John Cazale, and that when she got home at 5 A.M., she couldn't sleep.

A 'Beautiful' Role

"It's so long and very churning," she said of the play, "and it's such a big expense. The role is so beautiful, but there are so many problems in it. One is that it's so hard for a 1976 audience to sit back and believe that purity of the soul is all that matters to Isabella. That's really hard for them to buy."

The slender, 5-foot-6-inch tall, 125-pound actress said

it costs me my heart's blood, because I carefully put together a person and a motive, and then something comes along that's not even in the book, and ruins it."

Miss Streep said she thought she had first come to the attention of Joseph Papp and company after she appeared in "Trelawny of the 'Well's'" at Lincoln Center.

The Fanatic Nun

"He called me last Christmas Eve," she said, "and he asked me how I'd like to play the fanatic nun. I said, 'I'll check my book'." She laughs impishly. "No, no, of course I said 'yes'."

Even though it has been the two Shakespeare Festival productions that have brought her most to the public eye, Miss Streep's favorite New York acting experience was in "27 Wagons Full of Cotton," which won her a Theater World and Outer Circle Critics Award in addition to the Tony nomination.

"It was really great fun," she said. "I played a real fat cracker lady, who weighed 170 pounds. I got a real big cleavage with one of those prosthesis bras—it was the first time I had ever seen a D-cup—anl I wore a body suit built out with a tummy and a butt. That role did a lot to crash me through the ingenue barrier."

Miss Streep the daughter of a retired pharmaceutical-company executive, spent most of her life in Bernardsville, N. J. She graduated from Vassar College and got her Master of Fine Arts degree at the Yale Drama School, which she stills owes "more than $4,000," she said.

The actress, who is single, said she had never bothered to change her name to something more glamorous, "because Streep is a perfectly good Dutch name, like Rockefeller. But people don't like to say it. They say Strep instead, because it's less creepy than saying Streep."

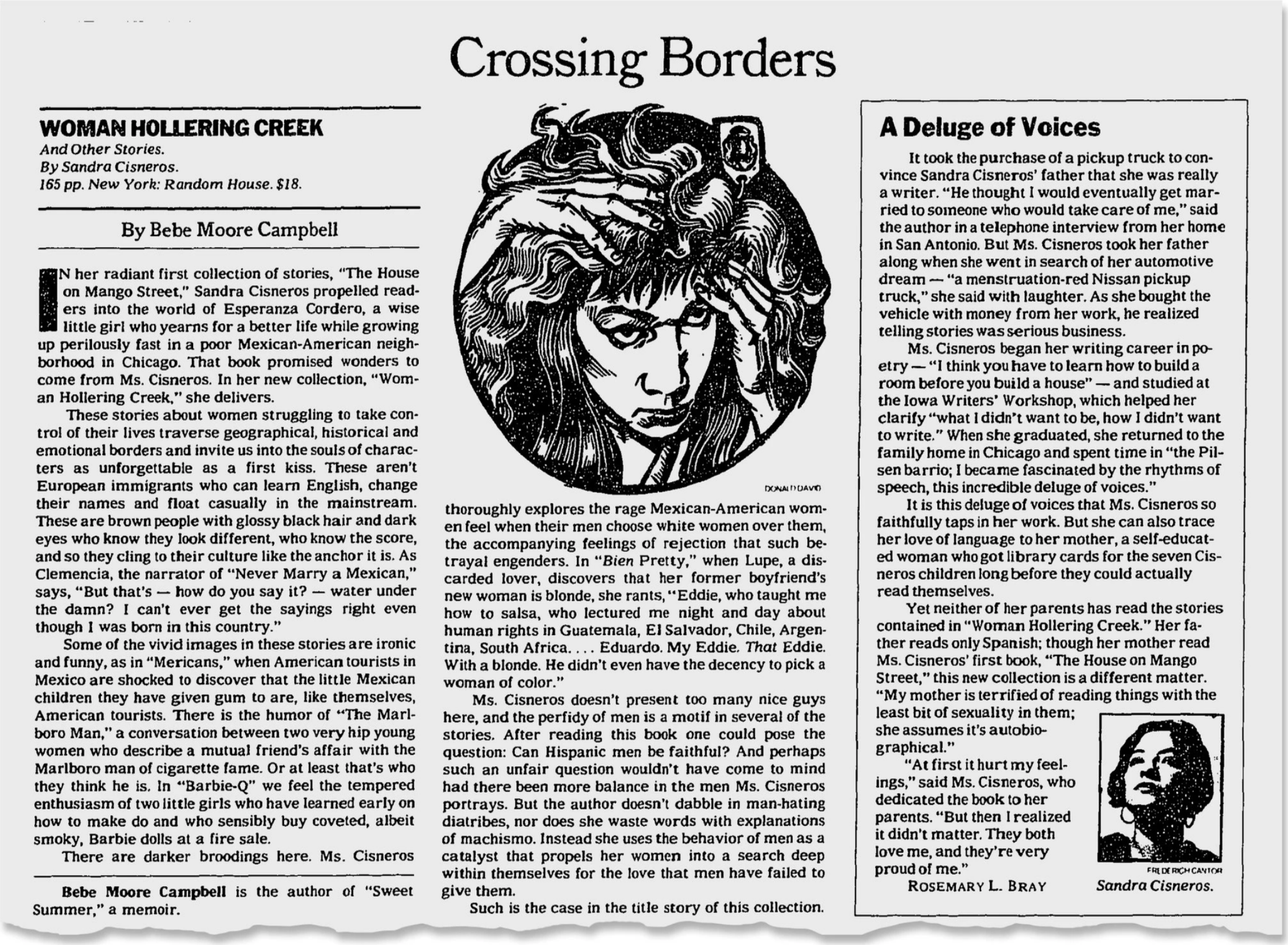
Next month Miss Streep will fly to London for a small part in her first film, "Julia," with Jane Fonda and Vanessa Redgrave. But she insists she never wants to give up the stage completely for the movies.

"I'd like to do both," she said. "There's a lot of New York-versus-California chauvinism, but really, everyone's flying back and forth these days. That's what I'd like to do, too."

Glenn Ligon Studio

“Her name is Meryl Streep, as in streak. As in streaking to the top, as she has been doing ever since she first hit New York last September,” The Times declared of the 27-year-old actress in August 1976. She was set to fly to London the next month to shoot her first film, “Julia.”

“It’s ridiculous,” Streep said of her remarkable run in her first year out of drama school. “It’s that thing where people say, ‘You’re in the right place at the right time,’ and I was.” Jack Manning/The New York Times



Crossing Borders

WOMAN HOLLERING CREEK

And Other Stories.
By Sandra Cisneros.
165 pp. New York: Random House. $18.

By Bebe Moore Campbell

IN her radiant first collection of stories, "The House on Mango Street," Sandra Cisneros propelled readers into the world of Esperanza Cordero, a wise little girl who yearns for a better life while growing up perilously fast in a poor Mexican-American neighborhood in Chicago. That book promised wonders to come from Ms. Cisneros. In her new collection, "Woman Hollering Creek," she delivers.

These stories about women struggling to take control of their lives traverse geographical, historical and emotional borders and invite us into the souls of characters as unforgettable as a first kiss. These aren't European immigrants who can learn English, change their names and float casually in the mainstream. These are brown people with glossy black hair and dark eyes who know they look different, who know the score, and so they cling to their culture like the anchor it is. As Clemencia, the narrator of "Never Marry a Mexican," says, "But that's — how do you say it? — water under the damn? I can't ever get the sayings right even though I was born in this country."

Some of the vivid images in these stories are ironic and funny, as in "Mericans," when American tourists in Mexico are shocked to discover that the little Mexican children they have given gum to are, like themselves, American tourists. There is the humor of "The Marlboro Man," a conversation between two very hip young women who describe a mutual friend's affair with the Marlboro man of cigarette fame. Or at least that's who they think he is. In "Barbie-Q" we feel the tempered enthusiasm of two little girls who have learned early on how to make do and who sensibly buy coveted, albeit smoky, Barbie dolls at a fire sale.

There are darker broodings here. Ms. Cisneros thoroughly explores the rage Mexican-American women feel when their men choose white women over them, the accompanying feelings of rejection that such betrayal engenders. In "*Bien* Pretty," when Lupe, a discarded lover, discovers that her former boyfriend's new woman is blonde, she rants, "Eddie, who taught me how to salsa, who lectured me night and day about human rights in Guatemala, El Salvador, Chile, Argentina, South Africa. . . . Eduardo. My Eddie. *That* Eddie. With a blonde. He didn't even have the decency to pick a woman of color."

Ms. Cisneros doesn't present too many nice guys here, and the perfidy of men is a motif in several of the stories. After reading this book one could pose the question: Can Hispanic men be faithful? And perhaps such an unfair question wouldn't have come to mind had there been more balance in the men Ms. Cisneros portrays. But the author doesn't dabble in man-hating diatribes, nor does she waste words with explanations of machismo. Instead she uses the behavior of men as a catalyst that propels her women into a search deep within themselves for the love that men have failed to give them.

Such is the case in the title story of this collection.

Bebe Moore Campbell is the author of "Sweet Summer," a memoir.

DONALD DAVID

A Deluge of Voices

It took the purchase of a pickup truck to convince Sandra Cisneros' father that she was really a writer. "He thought I would eventually get married to someone who would take care of me," said the author in a telephone interview from her home in San Antonio. But Ms. Cisneros took her father along when she went in search of her automotive dream — "a menstruation-red Nissan pickup truck," she said with laughter. As she bought the vehicle with money from her work, he realized telling stories was serious business.

Ms. Cisneros began her writing career in poetry — "I think you have to learn how to build a room before you build a house" — and studied at the Iowa Writers' Workshop, which helped her clarify "what I didn't want to be, how I didn't want to write." When she graduated, she returned to the family home in Chicago and spent time in "the Pilsen barrio; I became fascinated by the rhythms of speech, this incredible deluge of voices."

It is this deluge of voices that Ms. Cisneros so faithfully taps in her work. But she can also trace her love of language to her mother, a self-educated woman who got library cards for the seven Cisneros children long before they could actually read themselves.

Yet neither of her parents has read the stories contained in "Woman Hollering Creek." Her father reads only Spanish; though her mother read Ms. Cisneros' first book, "The House on Mango Street," this new collection is a different matter. "My mother is terrified of reading things with the least bit of sexuality in them; she assumes it's autobiographical."

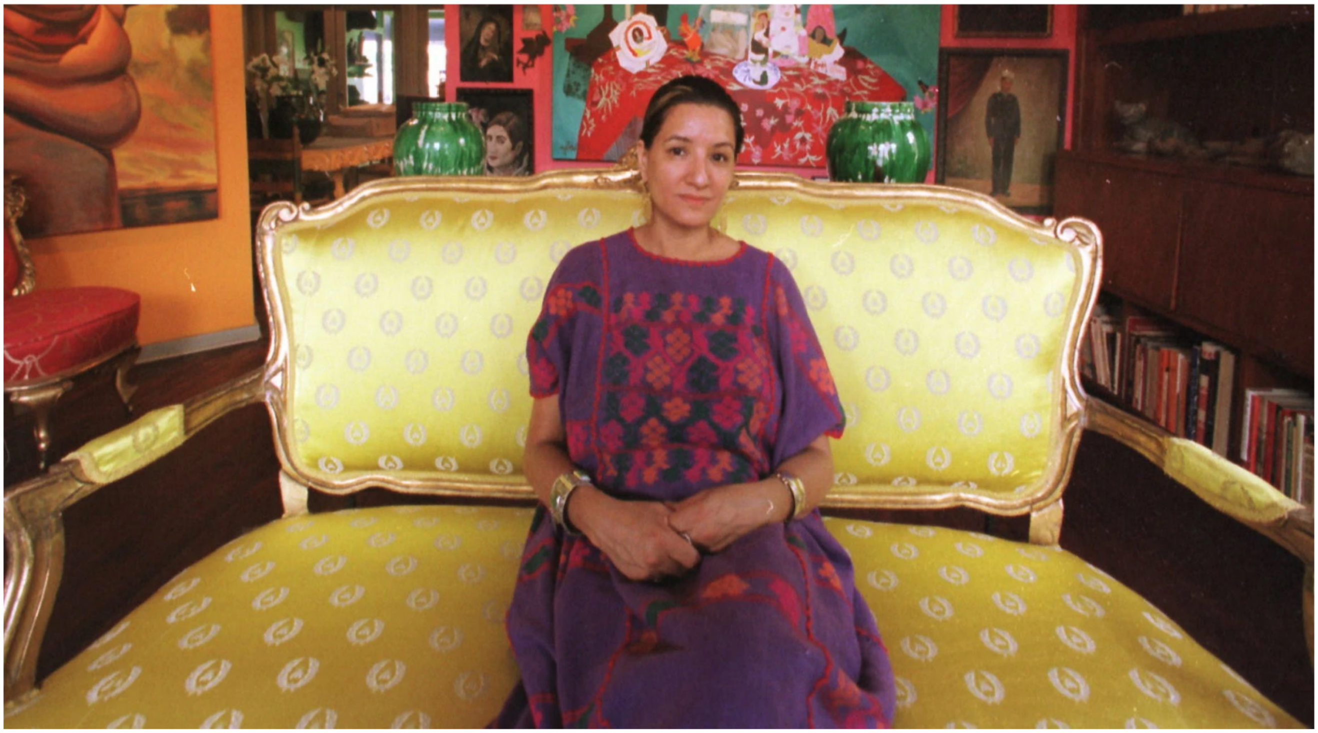
"At first it hurt my feelings," said Ms. Cisneros, who dedicated the book to her parents. "But then I realized it didn't matter. They both love me, and they're very proud of me."

ROSEMARY L. BRAY

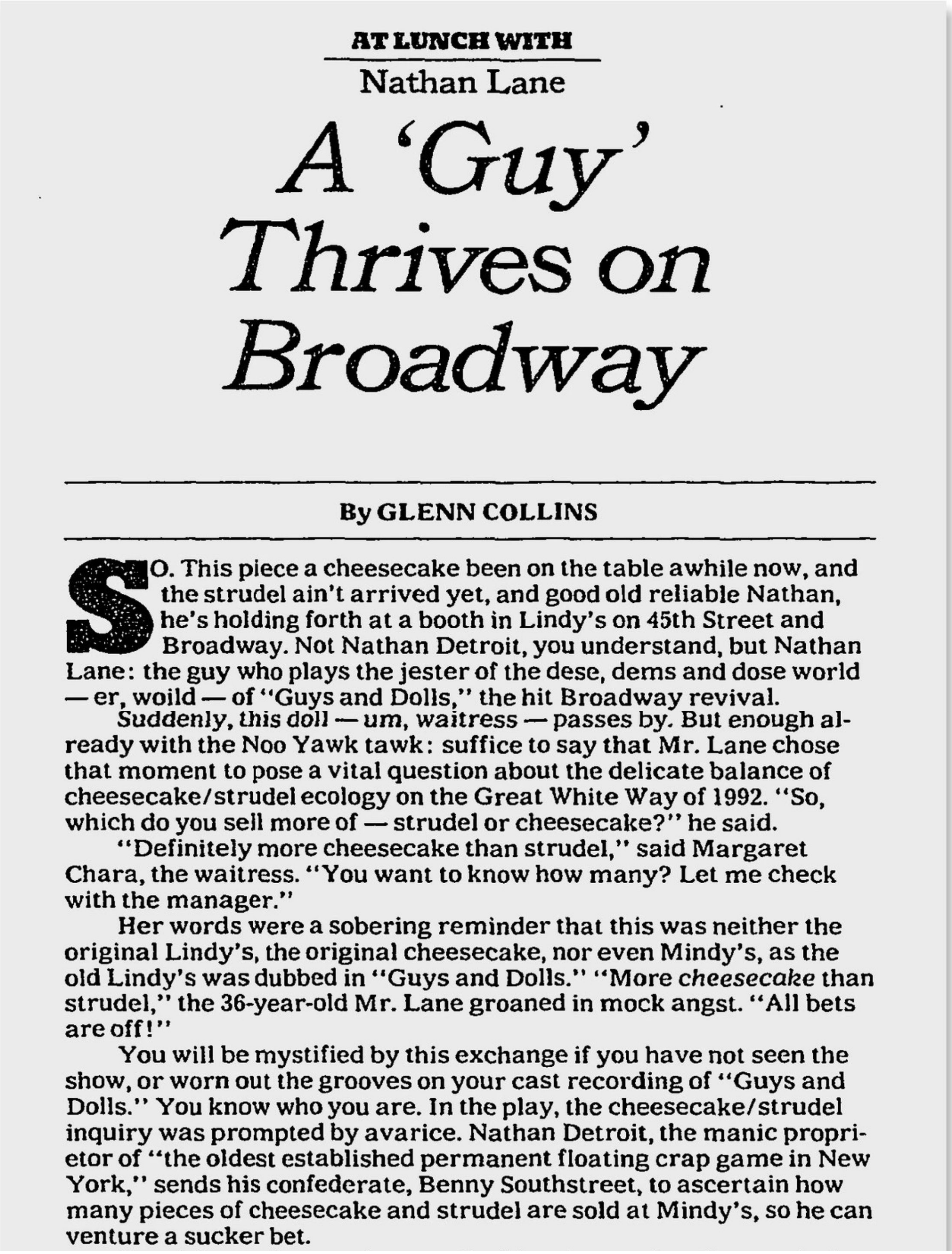
FREDERICH CANTOR

Sandra Cisneros.

In a 1991 review of Sandra Cisneros's "Woman Hollering Creek," The Times praised the Mexican-American writer's "radiant first collection of stories," "The House on Mango Street," which had "promised wonders to come" from the author. One thing the reviewer neglected to mention: Radiant though it was, when "The House on Mango Street" was published in 1984, the paper had not acknowledged it with a review.



By 1998, when a photographer took this portrait of Cisneros for The Times, she was well into her career and living in a bright purple house in San Antonio that was filled with books and art. "What the house is saying is, 'I'm very Mexican, and I'm proud of it,' and that it's another way of being American," she told The Times. Bryce Harper for



AT LUNCH WITH

Nathan Lane

A 'Guy' Thrives on Broadway

By GLENN COLLINS

SO. This piece a cheesecake been on the table awhile now, and the strudel ain't arrived yet, and good old reliable Nathan, he's holding forth at a booth in Lindy's on 45th Street and Broadway. Not Nathan Detroit, you understand, but Nathan Lane: the guy who plays the jester of the dese, dems and dose world — er, woild — of "Guys and Dolls," the hit Broadway revival.

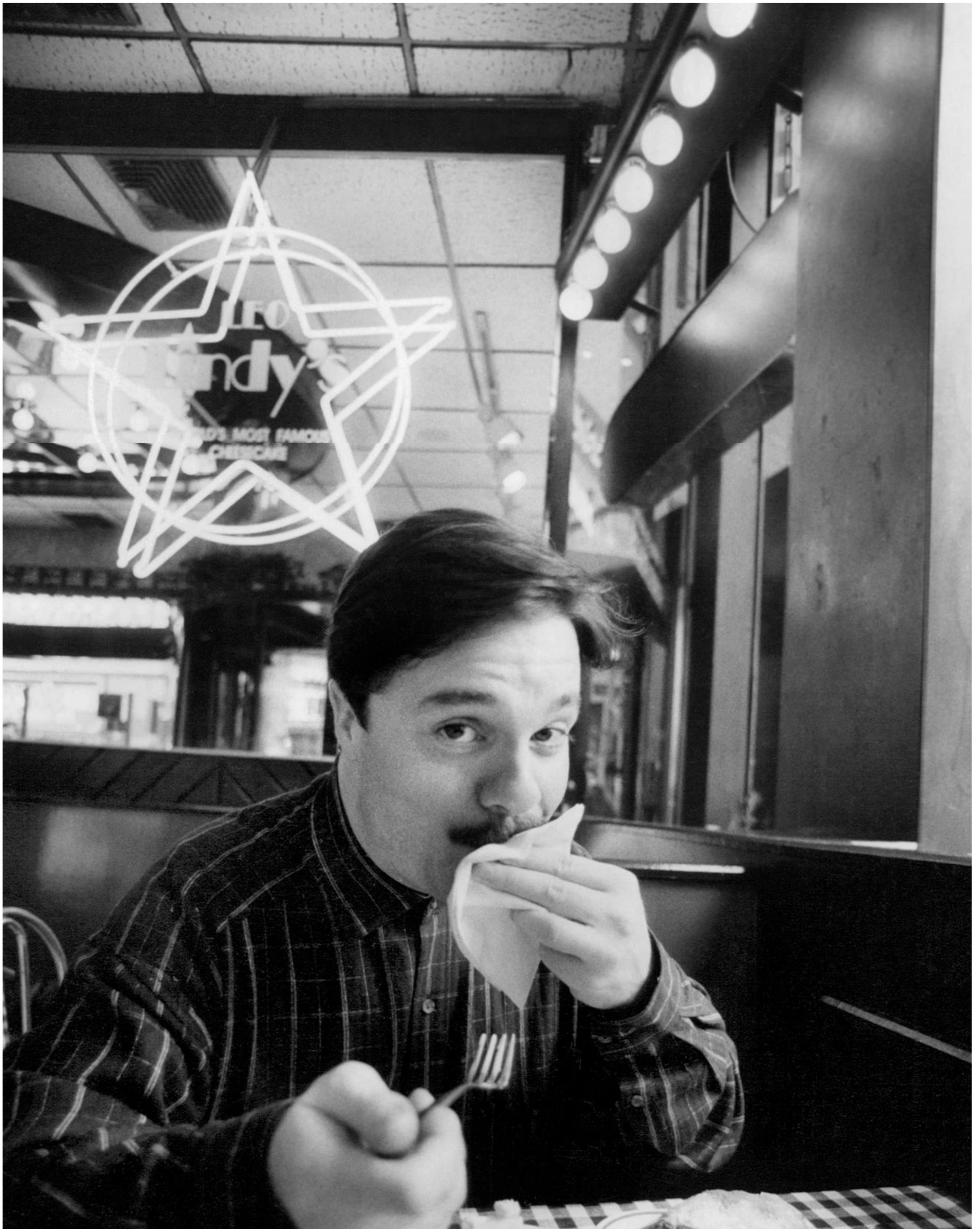
Suddenly, this doll — um, waitress — passes by. But enough already with the Noo Yawk tawk: suffice to say that Mr. Lane chose that moment to pose a vital question about the delicate balance of cheesecake/strudel ecology on the Great White Way of 1992. "So, which do you sell more of — strudel or cheesecake?" he said.

"Definitely more cheesecake than strudel," said Margaret Chara, the waitress. "You want to know how many? Let me check with the manager."

Her words were a sobering reminder that this was neither the original Lindy's, the original cheesecake, nor even Mindy's, as the old Lindy's was dubbed in "Guys and Dolls." "More *cheesecake* than strudel," the 36-year-old Mr. Lane groaned in mock angst. "All bets are off!"

You will be mystified by this exchange if you have not seen the show, or worn out the grooves on your cast recording of "Guys and Dolls." You know who you are. In the play, the cheesecake/strudel inquiry was prompted by avarice. Nathan Detroit, the manic proprietor of "the oldest established permanent floating crap game in New York," sends his confederate, Benny Southstreet, to ascertain how many pieces of cheesecake and strudel are sold at Mindy's, so he can venture a sucker bet.

After years of doing what he called "some of the most unsuccessful musicals in the American theater," Nathan Lane, 36, finally got his big break in the 1992 Broadway revival of "Guys and Dolls."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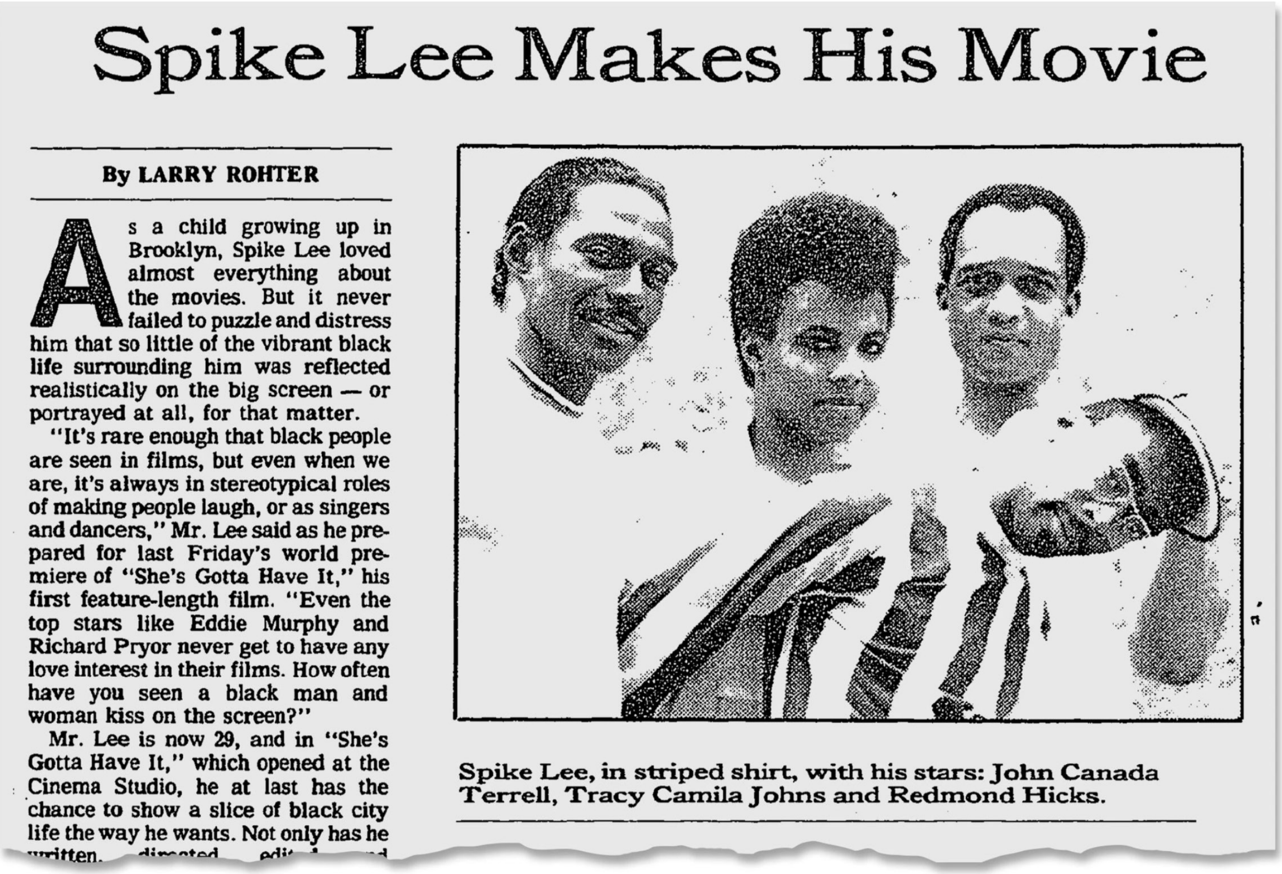
D'S MOST FAMOUS
CHEESECAKE

Glenn Ligon Studio



Spike Lee Makes His Movie

By **LARRY ROHTER**

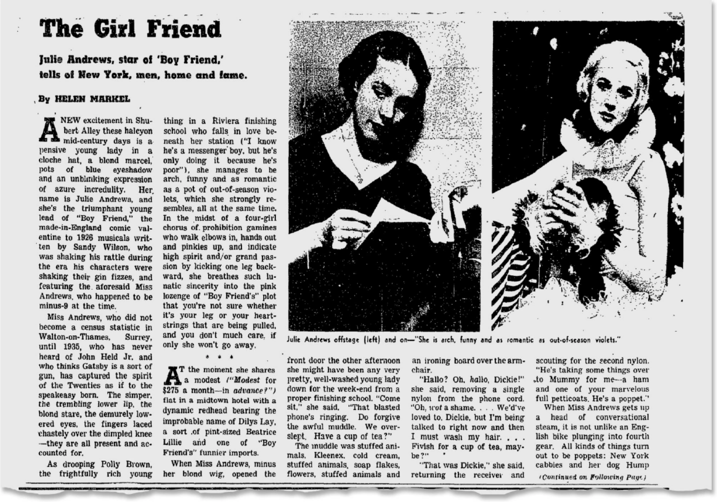
As a child growing up in Brooklyn, Spike Lee loved almost everything about the movies. But it never failed to puzzle and distress him that so little of the vibrant black life surrounding him was reflected realistically on the big screen — or portrayed at all, for that matter.

"It's rare enough that black people are seen in films, but even when we are, it's always in stereotypical roles of making people laugh, or as singers and dancers," Mr. Lee said as he prepared for last Friday's world premiere of "She's Gotta Have It," his first feature-length film. "Even the top stars like Eddie Murphy and Richard Pryor never get to have any love interest in their films. How often have you seen a black man and woman kiss on the screen?"

Mr. Lee is now 29, and in "She's Gotta Have It," which opened at the Cinema Studio, he at last has the chance to show a slice of black city life the way he wants. Not only has he written, directed, edit

Spike Lee, in striped shirt, with his stars: John Canada Terrell, Tracy Camila Johns and Redmond Hicks.

As a child growing up in Brooklyn, Spike Lee was frustrated that "so little of the vibrant black life surrounding him was reflected realistically on the big screen — or portrayed at all, for that matter," The Times reported in 1986. In his directorial debut, "She's Gotta Have It," the 29-year-old "at last has the chance to show a slice of black city life the way he wants."



The Girl Friend

Julie Andrews, star of 'Boy Friend,' tells of New York, men, home and fame.

By HELEN MARKEL

A NEW excitement in Shubert Alley these halcyon mid-century days is a pensive young lady in a cloche hat, a blond marcel, pots of blue eyeshadow and an unblinking expression of azure incredulity. Her name is Julie Andrews, and she's the triumphant young lead of "Boy Friend," the made-in-England comic valentine to 1926 musicals written by Sandy Wilson, who was shaking his rattle during the era his characters were shaking their gin fizzes, and featuring the aforesaid Miss Andrews, who happened to be minus-9 at the time.

Miss Andrews, who did not become a census statistic in Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, until 1935, who has never heard of John Held Jr. and who thinks Gatsby is a sort of gun, has captured the spirit of the Twenties as if to the speakeasy born. The simper, the trembling lower lip, the blond stare, the demurely lowered eyes, the fingers laced chastely over the dimpled knee—they are all present and accounted for.

As drooping Polly Brown, the frightfully rich young thing in a Riviera finishing school who falls in love beneath her station ("I know he's a messenger boy, but he's only doing it because he's poor"), she manages to be arch, funny and as romantic as a pot of out-of-season violets, which she strongly resembles, all at the same time. In the midst of a four-girl chorus of prohibition gamines who walk elbows in, hands out and pinkies up, and indicate high spirit and/or grand passion by kicking one leg backward, she breathes such lunatic sincerity into the pink lozenge of "Boy Friend's" plot that you're not sure whether it's your leg or your heartstrings that are being pulled, and you don't much care, if only she won't go away.

* * *

AT the moment she shares a modest *("Modest for $275 a month—in advance?")* flat in a midtown hotel with a dynamic redhead bearing the improbable name of Dilys Lay, a sort of pint-sized Beatrice Lillie and one of "Boy Friend's" funnier imports.

When Miss Andrews, minus her blond wig, opened the front door the other afternoon she might have been any very pretty, well-washed young lady down for the week-end from a proper finishing school. "Come sit," she said. "That blasted phone's ringing. Do forgive the awful muddle. We overslept. Have a cup of tea?"

The muddle was stuffed animals, Kleenex, cold cream, stuffed animals, soap flakes, flowers, stuffed animals and an ironing board over the armchair.

"Hallo? Oh, *hallo*, Dickie!" she said, removing a single nylon from the phone cord. "Oh, *wot* a shame. . . . We'd've loved to, Dickie, but I'm being talked to right now and then I must wash my hair. . . . Fivish for a cup of tea, maybe?"

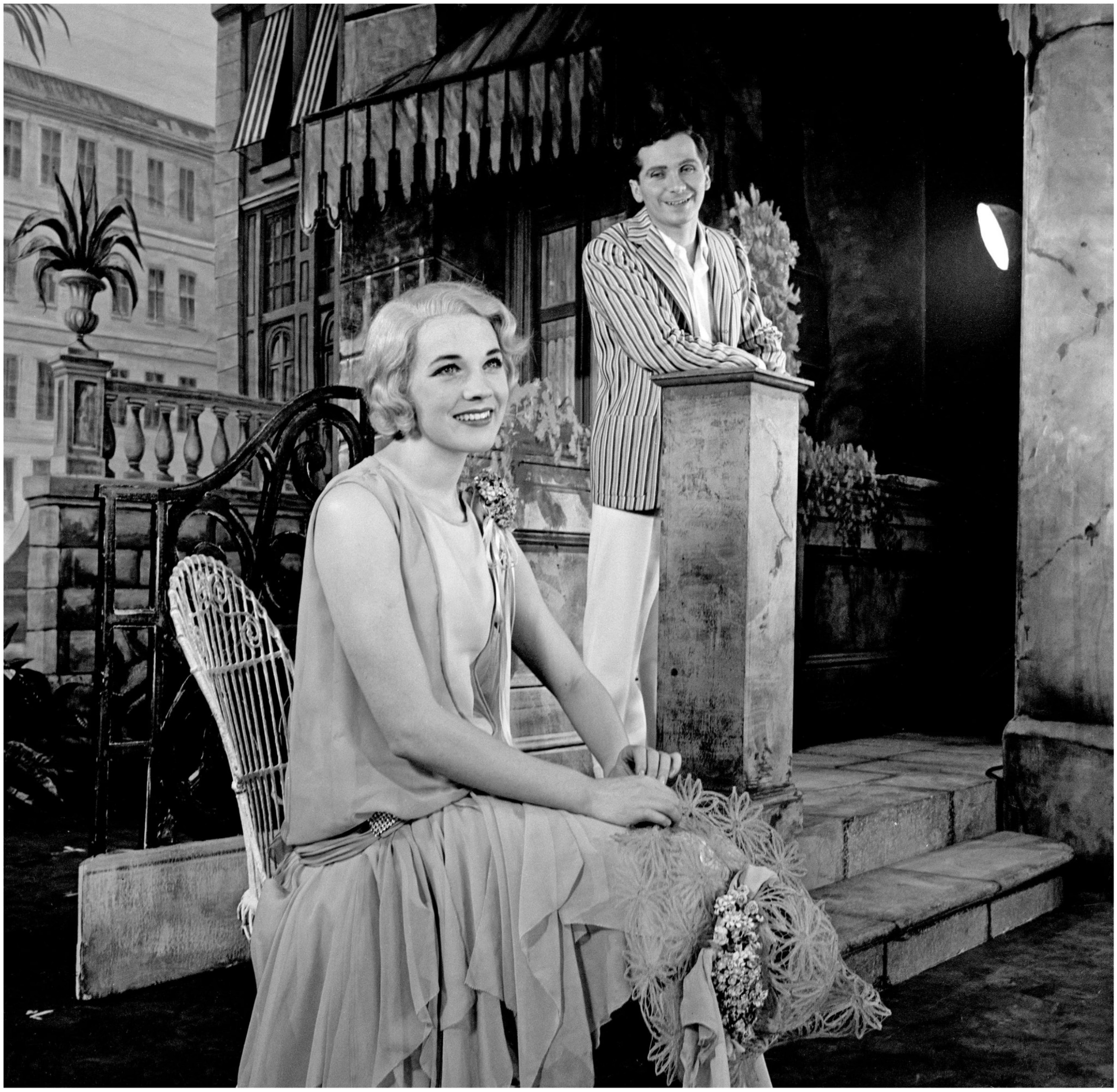
"That was Dickie," she said, returning the receiver and scouting for the second nylon. "He's taking some things over to Mummy for me—a ham and one of your marvelous full petticoats. He's a poppet."

When Miss Andrews gets up a head of conversational steam, it is not unlike an English bike plunging into fourth gear. All kinds of things turn out to be poppets: New York cabbies and her dog Hump

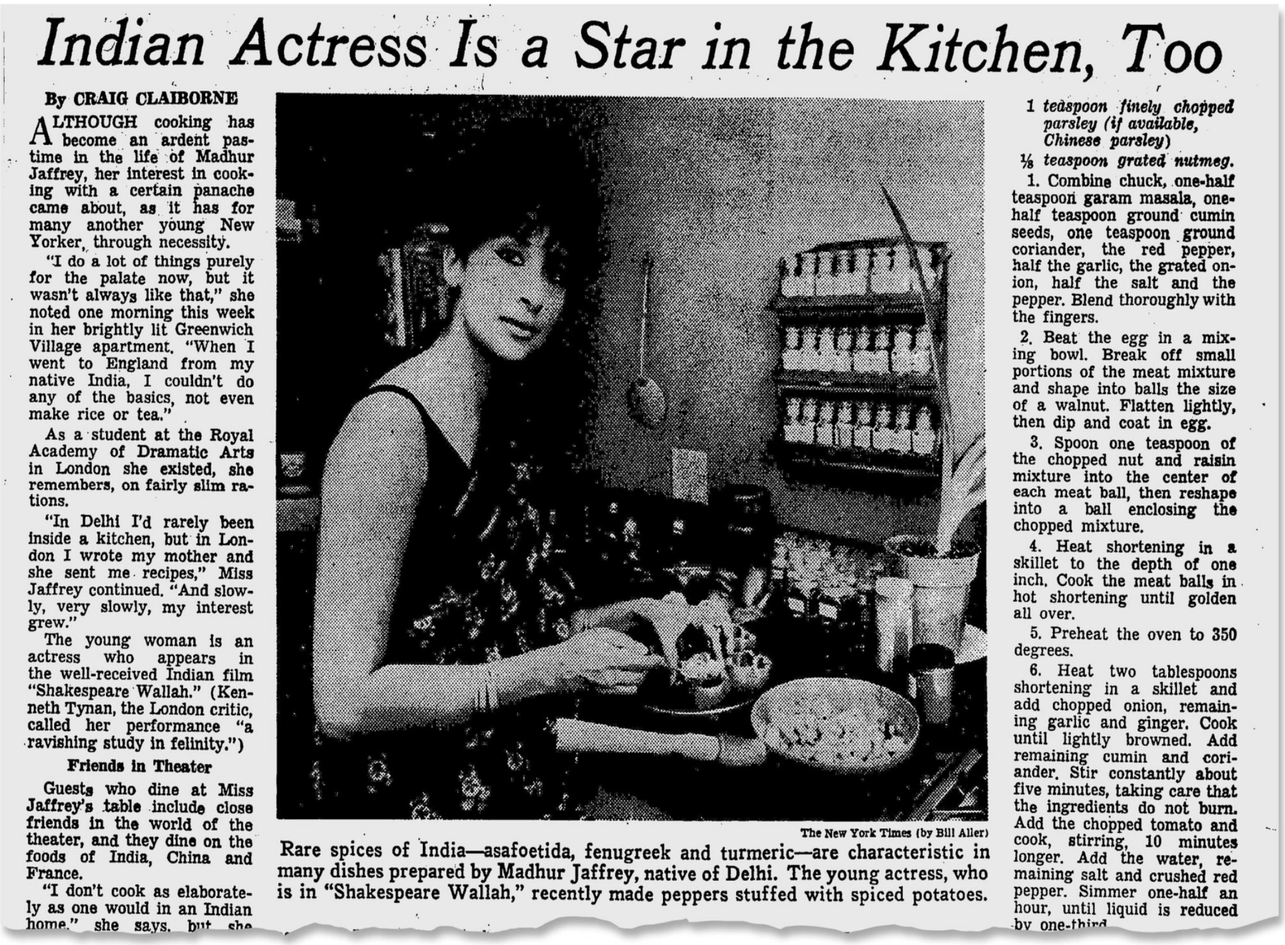
Julie Andrews offstage (left) and on—"She is arch, funny and as romantic as out-of-season violets."

(Continued on Following Page.)

American audiences were introduced to "a new excitement in Shubert Alley" in 1954. "Her name is Julie Andrews," The Times reported of the 19-year-old actress, who was the "triumphant young lead" in the musical "The Boy Friend."



Amid a "four-girl chorus of prohibition gamines," The Times said, Andrews "breathes such lunatic sincerity into the pink lozenge of 'Boy Friend''s plot that you're not sure whether it's your leg or your heartstrings that are being pulled, and you don't much care, if only she won't go away." Sam Falk/The New York Times



Indian Actress Is a Star in the Kitchen, Too

By CRAIG CLAIBORNE

ALTHOUGH cooking has become an ardent pastime in the life of Madhur Jaffrey, her interest in cooking with a certain panache came about, as it has for many another young New Yorker, through necessity.

"I do a lot of things purely for the palate now, but it wasn't always like that," she noted one morning this week in her brightly lit Greenwich Village apartment. "When I went to England from my native India, I couldn't do any of the basics, not even make rice or tea."

As a student at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London she existed, she remembers, on fairly slim rations.

"In Delhi I'd rarely been inside a kitchen, but in London I wrote my mother and she sent me recipes," Miss Jaffrey continued. "And slowly, very slowly, my interest grew."

The young woman is an actress who appears in the well-received Indian film "Shakespeare Wallah." (Kenneth Tynan, the London critic, called her performance "a ravishing study in felinity.")

Friends in Theater

Guests who dine at Miss Jaffrey's table include close friends in the world of the theater, and they dine on the foods of India, China and France.

"I don't cook as elaborately as one would in an Indian home," she says, but she

The New York Times (by Bill Aller)

Rare spices of India—asafoetida, fenugreek and turmeric—are characteristic in many dishes prepared by Madhur Jaffrey, native of Delhi. The young actress, who is in "Shakespeare Wallah," recently made peppers stuffed with spiced potatoes.

1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley (if available, Chinese parsley)

⅛ teaspoon grated nutmeg.

1. Combine chuck, one-half teaspoon garam masala, one-half teaspoon ground cumin seeds, one teaspoon ground coriander, the red pepper, half the garlic, the grated onion, half the salt and the pepper. Blend thoroughly with the fingers.

2. Beat the egg in a mixing bowl. Break off small portions of the meat mixture and shape into balls the size of a walnut. Flatten lightly, then dip and coat in egg.

3. Spoon one teaspoon of the chopped nut and raisin mixture into the center of each meat ball, then reshape into a ball enclosing the chopped mixture.

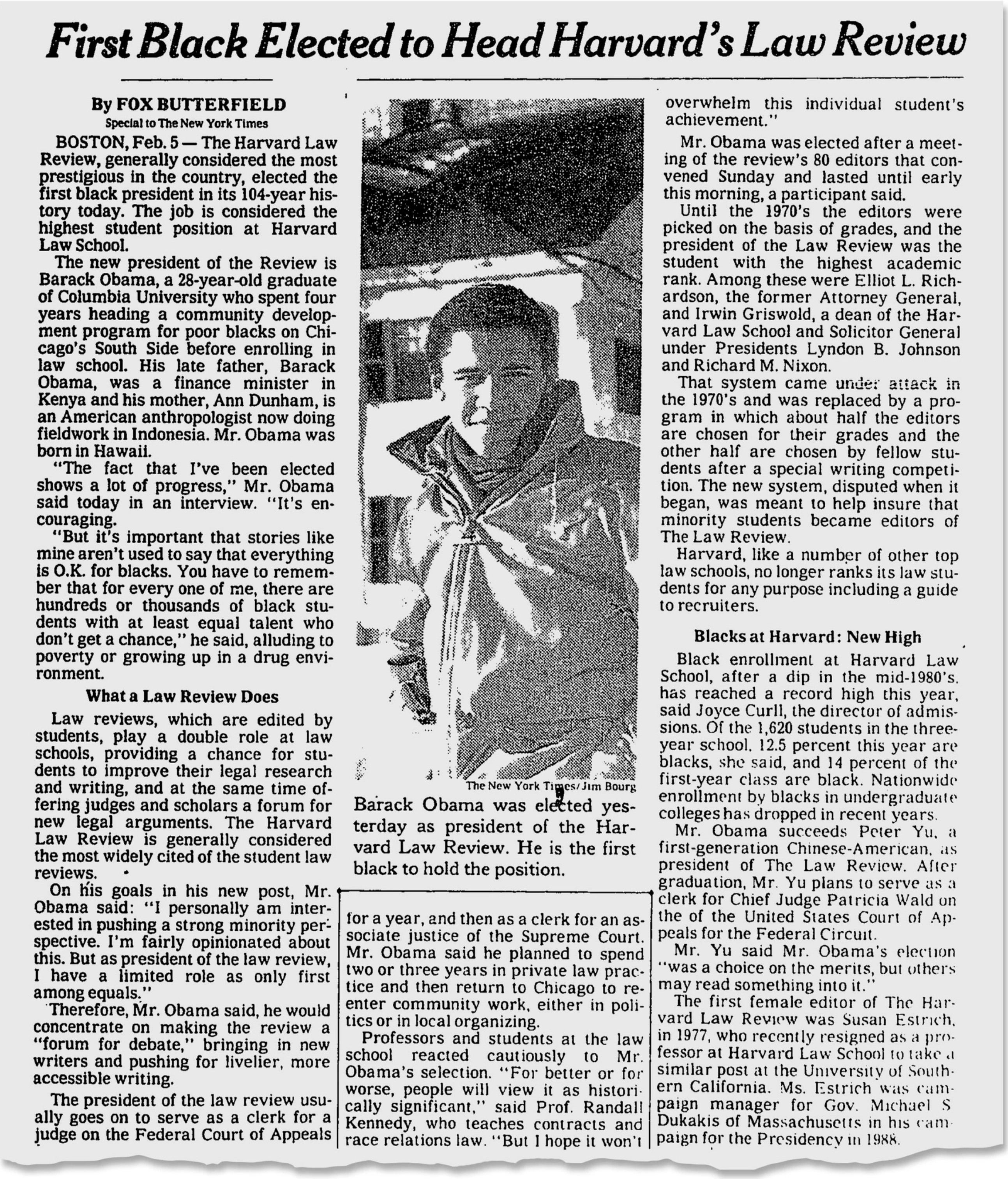
4. Heat shortening in a skillet to the depth of one inch. Cook the meat balls in hot shortening until golden all over.

5. Preheat the oven to 350 degrees.

6. Heat two tablespoons shortening in a skillet and add chopped onion, remaining garlic and ginger. Cook until lightly browned. Add remaining cumin and coriander. Stir constantly about five minutes, taking care that the ingredients do not burn. Add the chopped tomato and cook, stirring, 10 minutes longer. Add the water, remaining salt and crushed red pepper. Simmer one-half an hour, until liquid is reduced by one-third

"Although cooking has become an ardent pastime in the life of Madhur Jaffrey, her interest in cooking with a certain panache came about, as it has for many another young New Yorker, through necessity," The Times reported in 1966.

The 32-year-old actress, then best known for her critically acclaimed performance in "Shakespeare Wallah," would publish her landmark cookbook, "An Invitation to Indian Cooking," seven years later. Bill Aller/The New York Times



First Black Elected to Head Harvard's Law Review

By FOX BUTTERFIELD
Special to The New York Times

BOSTON, Feb. 5 — The Harvard Law Review, generally considered the most prestigious in the country, elected the first black president in its 104-year history today. The job is considered the highest student position at Harvard Law School.

The new president of the Review is Barack Obama, a 28-year-old graduate of Columbia University who spent four years heading a community development program for poor blacks on Chicago's South Side before enrolling in law school. His late father, Barack Obama, was a finance minister in Kenya and his mother, Ann Dunham, is an American anthropologist now doing fieldwork in Indonesia. Mr. Obama was born in Hawaii.

"The fact that I've been elected shows a lot of progress," Mr. Obama said today in an interview. "It's encouraging.

"But it's important that stories like mine aren't used to say that everything is O.K. for blacks. You have to remember that for every one of me, there are hundreds or thousands of black students with at least equal talent who don't get a chance," he said, alluding to poverty or growing up in a drug environment.

What a Law Review Does

Law reviews, which are edited by students, play a double role at law schools, providing a chance for students to improve their legal research and writing, and at the same time offering judges and scholars a forum for new legal arguments. The Harvard Law Review is generally considered the most widely cited of the student law reviews.

On his goals in his new post, Mr. Obama said: "I personally am interested in pushing a strong minority perspective. I'm fairly opinionated about this. But as president of the law review, I have a limited role as only first among equals."

Therefore, Mr. Obama said, he would concentrate on making the review a "forum for debate," bringing in new writers and pushing for livelier, more accessible writing.

The president of the law review usually goes on to serve as a clerk for a judge on the Federal Court of Appeals for a year, and then as a clerk for an associate justice of the Supreme Court. Mr. Obama said he planned to spend two or three years in private law practice and then return to Chicago to reenter community work, either in politics or in local organizing.

Professors and students at the law school reacted cautiously to Mr. Obama's selection. "For better or for worse, people will view it as historically significant," said Prof. Randall Kennedy, who teaches contracts and race relations law. "But I hope it won't overwhelm this individual student's achievement."

Mr. Obama was elected after a meeting of the review's 80 editors that convened Sunday and lasted until early this morning, a participant said.

Until the 1970's the editors were picked on the basis of grades, and the president of the Law Review was the student with the highest academic rank. Among these were Elliot L. Richardson, the former Attorney General, and Irwin Griswold, a dean of the Harvard Law School and Solicitor General under Presidents Lyndon B. Johnson and Richard M. Nixon.

That system came under attack in the 1970's and was replaced by a program in which about half the editors are chosen for their grades and the other half are chosen by fellow students after a special writing competition. The new system, disputed when it began, was meant to help insure that minority students became editors of The Law Review.

Harvard, like a number of other top law schools, no longer ranks its law students for any purpose including a guide to recruiters.

Blacks at Harvard: New High

Black enrollment at Harvard Law School, after a dip in the mid-1980's, has reached a record high this year, said Joyce Curll, the director of admissions. Of the 1,620 students in the three-year school, 12.5 percent this year are blacks, she said, and 14 percent of the first-year class are black. Nationwide enrollment by blacks in undergraduate colleges has dropped in recent years.

Mr. Obama succeeds Peter Yu, a first-generation Chinese-American, as president of The Law Review. After graduation, Mr. Yu plans to serve as a clerk for Chief Judge Patricia Wald on the of the United States Court of Appeals for the Federal Circuit.

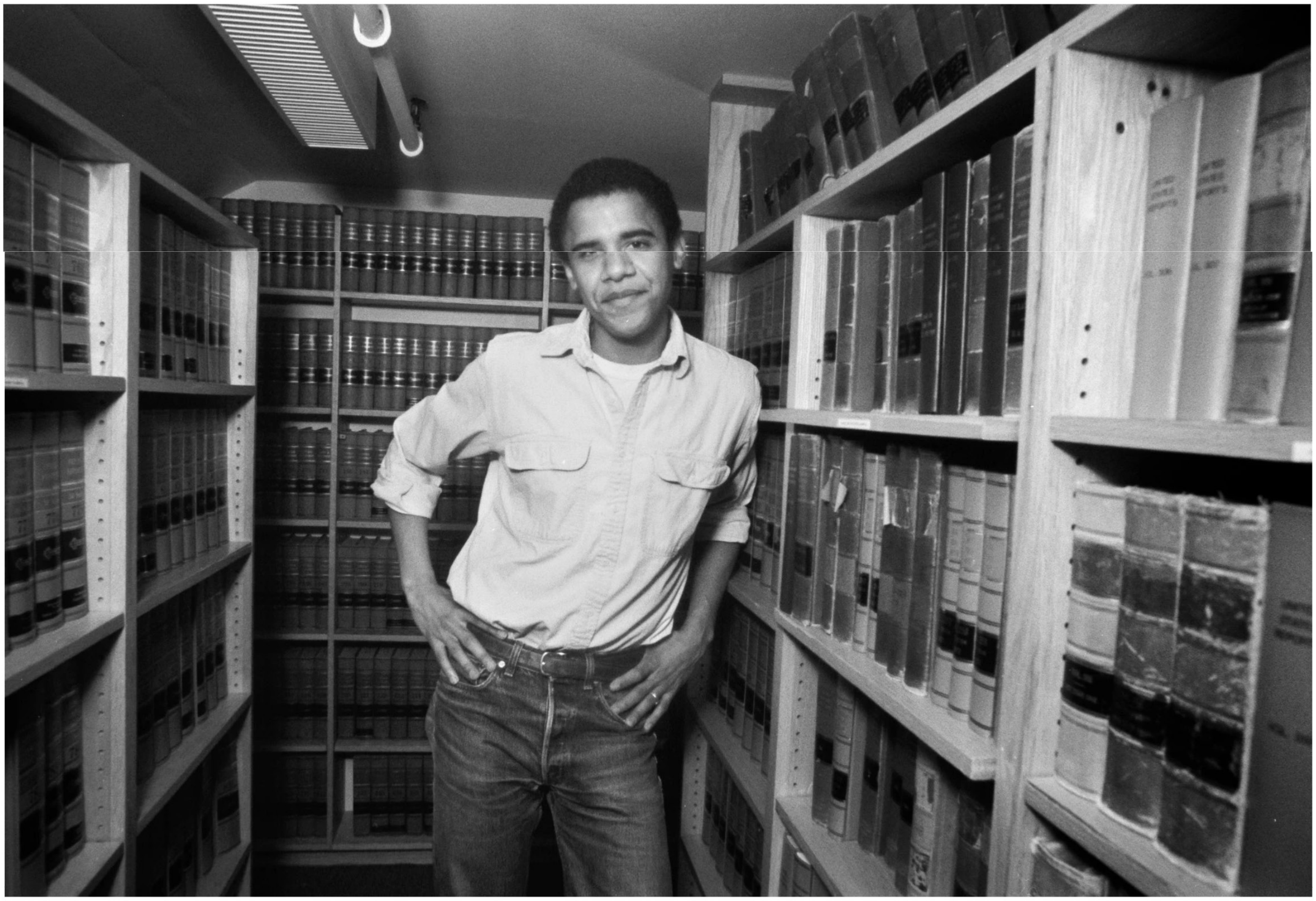
Mr. Yu said Mr. Obama's election "was a choice on the merits, but others may read something into it."

The first female editor of The Harvard Law Review was Susan Estrich, in 1977, who recently resigned as a professor at Harvard Law School to take a similar post at the University of Southern California. Ms. Estrich was campaign manager for Gov. Michael S Dukakis of Massachusetts in his campaign for the Presidency in 1988.

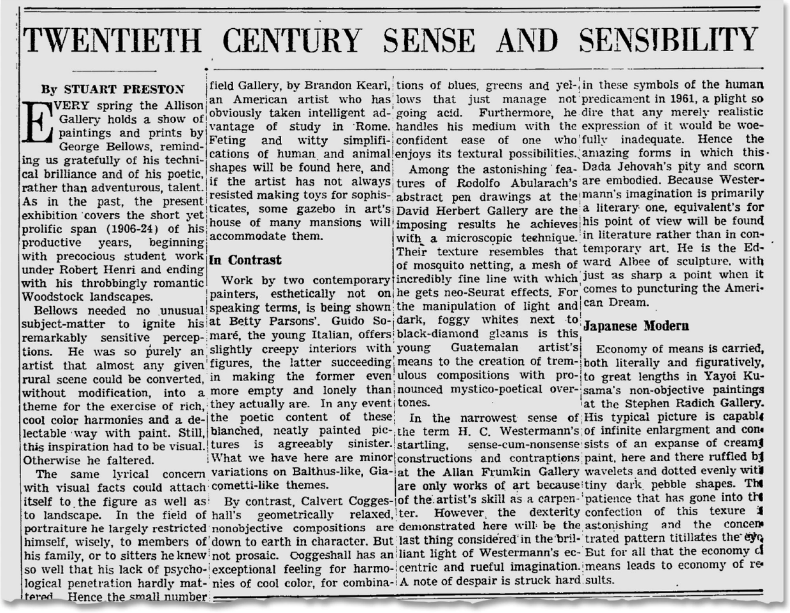
The New York Times/Jim Bourg

Barack Obama was elected yesterday as president of the Harvard Law Review. He is the first black to hold the position.

Barack Obama, 28, first appeared in The Times in 1990, when he was elected the first black president in the 104-year history of the Harvard Law Review. The rising senior told The Times that he planned to spend some time in private law practice and then return to Chicago to do community work, either in local organizing or in politics.



“The fact that I’ve been elected shows a lot of progress,” Obama told The Times. “It’s encouraging.” But, he cautioned, “You have to remember that for every one of me, there are hundreds or thousands of black students with at least equal talent who don’t get a chance.” Joe Wrinn/Harvard University, via Corbis, via Getty Images



TWENTIETH CENTURY SENSE AND SENSIBILITY

By STUART PRESTON

EVERY spring the Allison Gallery holds a show of paintings and prints by George Bellows, reminding us gratefully of his technical brilliance and of his poetic, rather than adventurous, talent. As in the past, the present exhibition covers the short yet prolific span (1906-24) of his productive years, beginning with precocious student work under Robert Henri and ending with his throbbingly romantic Woodstock landscapes.

Bellows needed no unusual subject-matter to ignite his remarkably sensitive perceptions. He was so purely an artist that almost any given rural scene could be converted, without modification, into a theme for the exercise of rich, cool color harmonies and a delectable way with paint. Still, this inspiration had to be visual. Otherwise he faltered.

The same lyrical concern with visual facts could attach itself to the figure as well as to landscape. In the field of portraiture he largely restricted himself, wisely, to members of his family, or to sitters he knew so well that his lack of psychological penetration hardly mattered. Hence the small number

field Gallery, by Brandon Kearl, an American artist who has obviously taken intelligent advantage of study in Rome. Feting and witty simplifications of human and animal shapes will be found here, and if the artist has not always resisted making toys for sophisticates, some gazebo in art's house of many mansions will accommodate them.

In Contrast

Work by two contemporary painters, esthetically not on speaking terms, is being shown at Betty Parsons'. Guido Somaré, the young Italian, offers slightly creepy interiors with figures, the latter succeeding in making the former even more empty and lonely than they actually are. In any event the poetic content of these blanched, neatly painted pictures is agreeably sinister. What we have here are minor variations on Balthus-like, Giacometti-like themes.

By contrast, Calvert Coggeshall's geometrically relaxed, nonobjective compositions are down to earth in character. But not prosaic. Coggeshall has an exceptional feeling for harmonies of cool color, for combinations of blues, greens and yellows that just manage not going acid. Furthermore, he handles his medium with the confident ease of one who enjoys its textural possibilities.

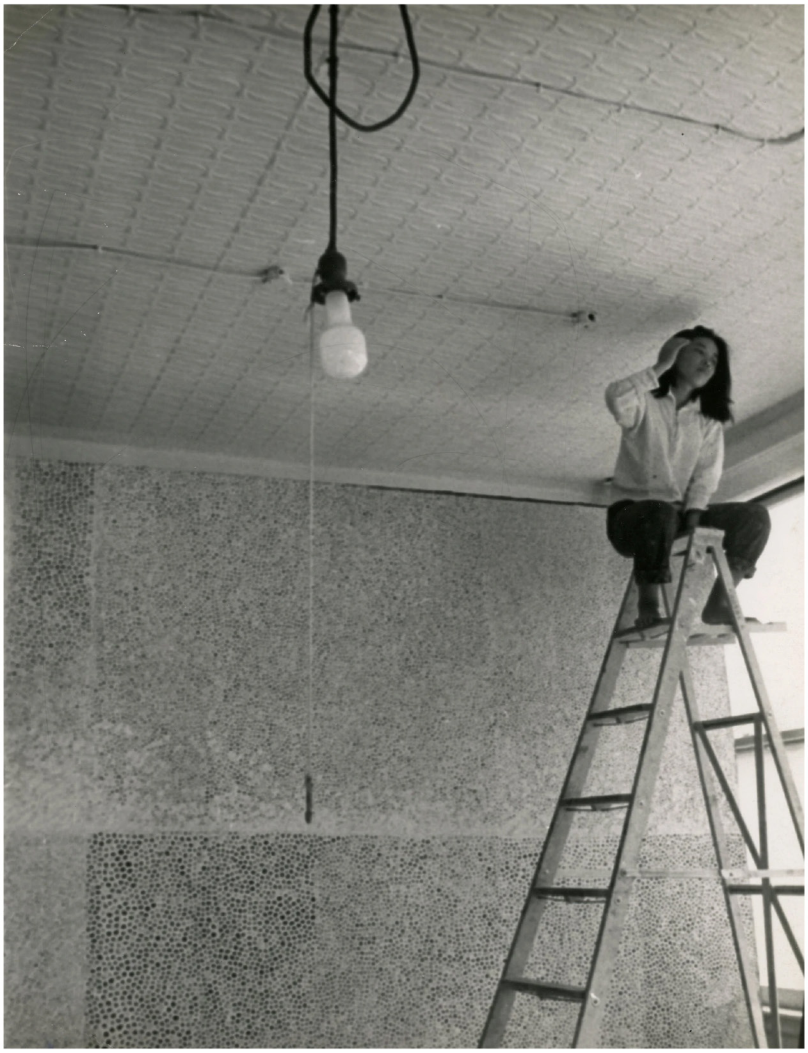
Among the astonishing features of Rodolfo Abularach's abstract pen drawings at the David Herbert Gallery are the imposing results he achieves with a microscopic technique. Their texture resembles that of mosquito netting, a mesh of incredibly fine line with which he gets neo-Seurat effects. For the manipulation of light and dark, foggy whites next to black-diamond gleams is this young Guatemalan artist's means to the creation of tremulous compositions with pronounced mystico-poetical overtones.

In the narrowest sense of the term H. C. Westermann's startling, sense-cum-nonsense constructions and contraptions at the Allan Frumkin Gallery are only works of art because of the artist's skill as a carpenter. However, the dexterity demonstrated here will be the last thing considered in the brilliant light of Westermann's eccentric and rueful imagination. A note of despair is struck hard in these symbols of the human predicament in 1961, a plight so dire that any merely realistic expression of it would be woefully inadequate. Hence the amazing forms in which this Dada Jehovah's pity and scorn are embodied. Because Westermann's imagination is primarily a literary one, equivalent's for his point of view will be found in literature rather than in contemporary art. He is the Edward Albee of sculpture, with just as sharp a point when it comes to puncturing the American Dream.

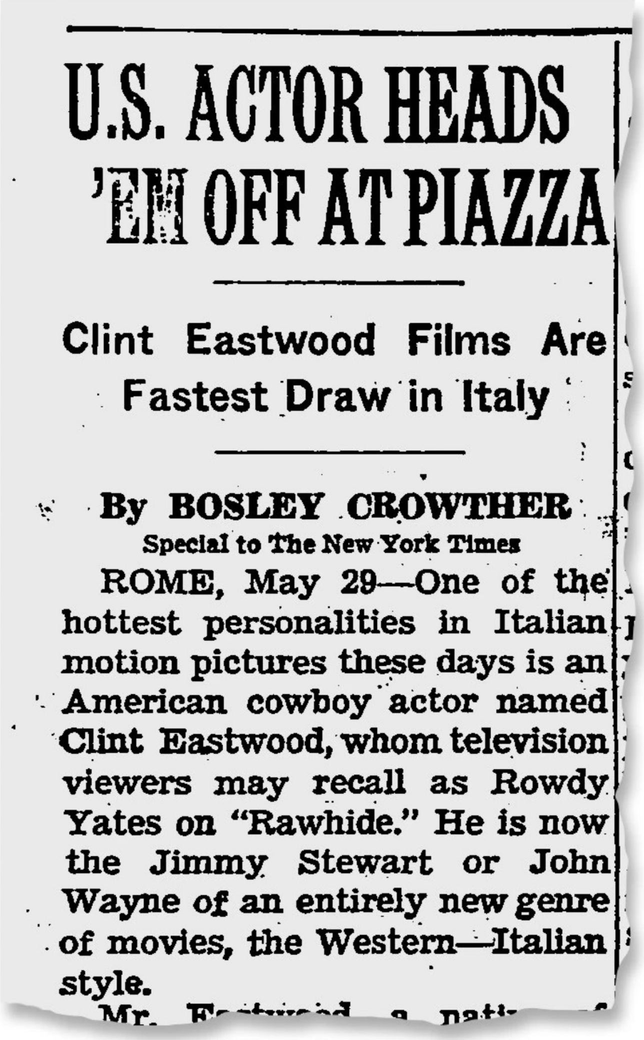
Japanese Modern

Economy of means is carried, both literally and figuratively, to great lengths in Yayoi Kusama's non-objective paintings at the Stephen Radich Gallery. His typical picture is capable of infinite enlargment and consists of an expanse of creamy paint, here and there ruffled by wavelets and dotted evenly with tiny dark pebble shapes. The patience that has gone into the confection of this texure is astonishing and the concentrated pattern titillates the eye. But for all that the economy of means leads to economy of results.

In its first review of Yayoi Kusama, in 1961, The Times praised the 32-year-old Japanese artist's work. "His typical picture is capable of infinite enlargement," the critic Stuart Preston wrote — assuming, erroneously, that the artist must be a man.



Kusama next to one of her large-scale "Infinity Nets" paintings in her New York studio in 1961. "The patience that has gone into the confection of this texture is astonishing and the concentrated pattern titillates the eye," The Times wrote that year. Yayoi Kusama/Ota Fine Arts, Victoria Miro Gallery, David Zwirner



U.S. ACTOR HEADS 'EM OFF AT PIAZZA

Clint Eastwood Films Are Fastest Draw in Italy

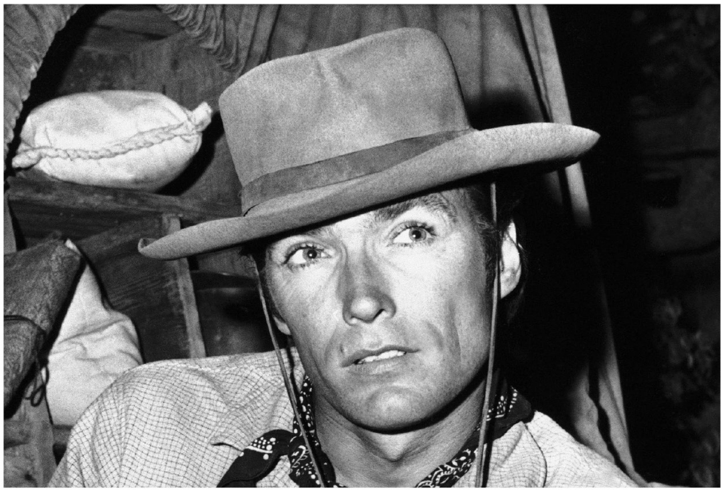
By **BOSLEY CROWTHER**

Special to The New York Times

ROME, May 29—One of the hottest personalities in Italian motion pictures these days is an American cowboy actor named Clint Eastwood, whom television viewers may recall as Rowdy Yates on "Rawhide." He is now the Jimmy Stewart or John Wayne of an entirely new genre of movies, the Western—Italian style.

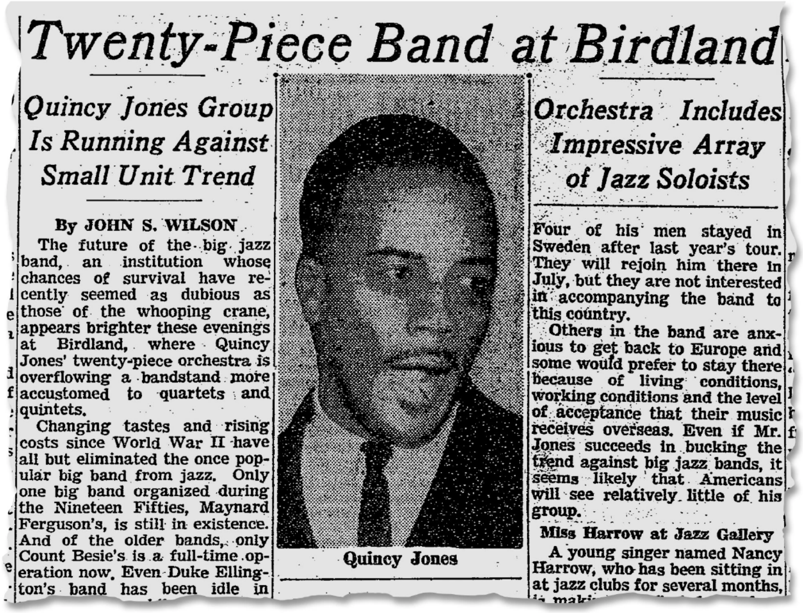
Mr.

Clint Eastwood appeared in The Times as early as 1958, in several articles about the television show "Rawhide." But it wasn't until 1966 that the actor, 35, earned more than a brief mention, when he emerged as the rangy anti-hero at the heart of Sergio Leone's "Dollars" trilogy.



Eastwood worked at a logging mill and as an Army swimming instructor before landing his role on "Rawhide." After spending several years and "250 TV hours" on the show, The Times reported, "he had about as much desire to make another Western as cattle have for the branding iron." But when "A Fistful of Dollars" came along, it was too good to pass up. It would make the actor, seen here in 1965, a star.

DFS/Associated Press



Twenty-Piece Band at Birdland

Quincy Jones Group Is Running Against Small Unit Trend

By JOHN S. WILSON

The future of the big jazz band, an institution whose chances of survival have recently seemed as dubious as those of the whooping crane, appears brighter these evenings at Birdland, where Quincy Jones' twenty-piece orchestra is overflowing a bandstand more accustomed to quartets and quintets.

Changing tastes and rising costs since World War II have all but eliminated the once popular big band from jazz. Only one big band organized during the Nineteen Fifties, Maynard Ferguson's, is still in existence. And of the older bands, only Count Besie's is a full-time operation now. Even Duke Ellington's band has been idle in

Quincy Jones

Orchestra Includes Impressive Array of Jazz Soloists

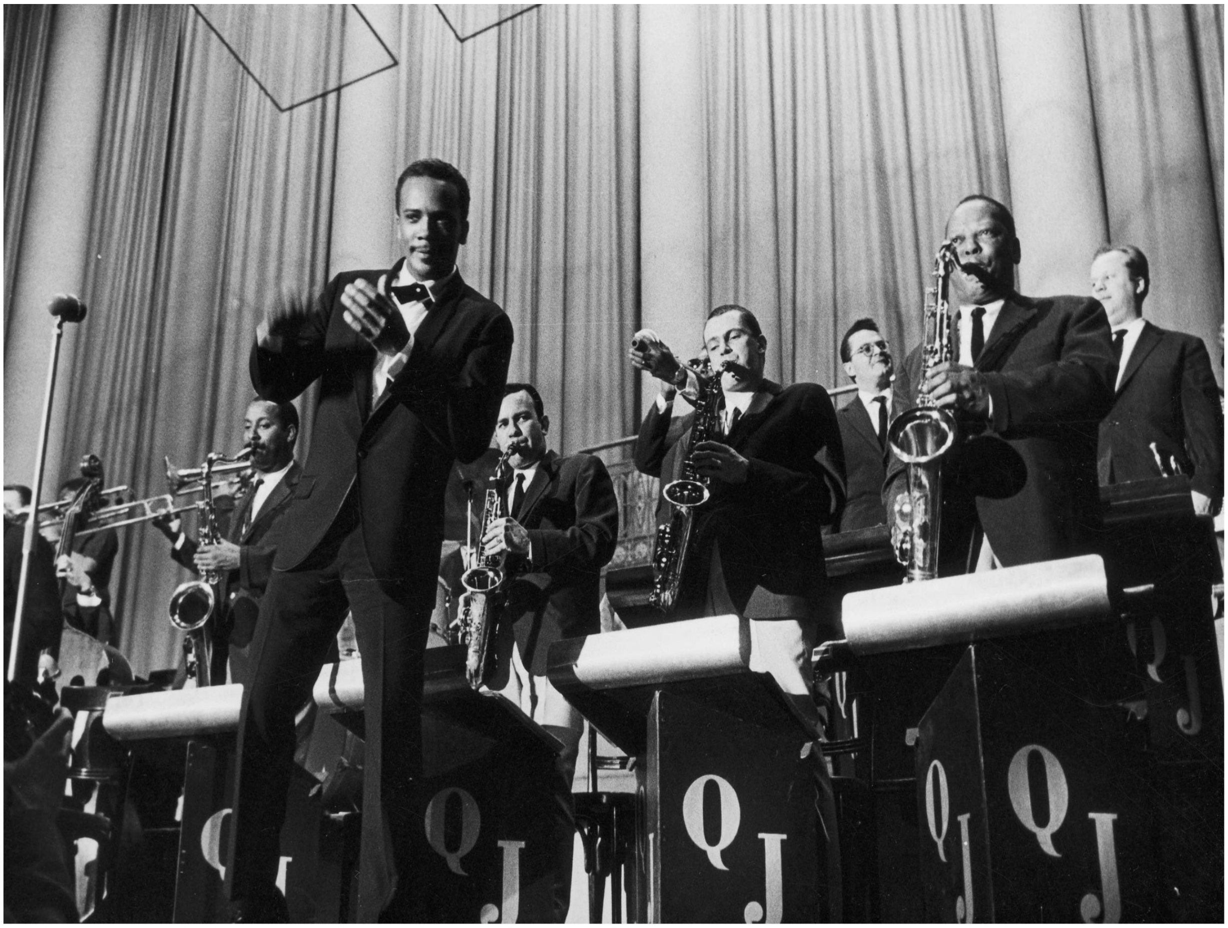
Four of his men stayed in Sweden after last year's tour. They will rejoin him there in July, but they are not interested in accompanying the band to this country.

Others in the band are anxious to get back to Europe and some would prefer to stay there because of living conditions, working conditions and the level of acceptance that their music receives overseas. Even if Mr. Jones succeeds in bucking the trend against big jazz bands, it seems likely that Americans will see relatively little of his group.

Miss Harrow at Jazz Gallery

A young singer named Nancy Harrow, who has been sitting in at jazz clubs for several months,

In a 1961 profile of the bandleader Quincy Jones, 28, The Times hailed him as a savior of the big jazz band, "an institution whose chances of survival have recently seemed as dubious as those of the whooping crane."



With his ensemble, pictured here in Vienna around 1960, Jones "has developed a superb group that bites into ensemble passages with clean, full-bodied precision without sacrificing the buoyant looseness that is essential if a band this large is to avoid ponderousness," The Times reported. Hulton Archive/Getty Images