

LETTERS

— or at least be responsible baby sitters to — the artist?

I'm not against fun, or camp, or nostalgia or cartoons. But when image is taken for the real thing, when the pose passes for emotion, when the two-dimensional is thought "capable of addressing adult-sized problems," then the very act of creation becomes a cartoon of itself.

And I beg to differ with Barry Keating, who name-drops Joseph Campbell to assert that superheroes are the mythology of the present. Oedipus, Prometheus, the "Iliad," all have a greater contemporary relevance than Spider-Man or G.I. Joe.

Myths are the poetic retelling of the grand scale of human events, endeavors and experiences, reshaped to fit our spiritual needs, never mind the facts: Camelot, Nuclear Winter, the Great Depression, Black Monday. The myths of our times swirl around us. Some are pure inventions: Citizen Kane, Captain Ahab; some are so real as to create their own horror and mystery: Hitler, Stalin; some will remain in our stories forever: Oedipus, Hamlet, Lear; and, happily, some of those momentarily exalted are destined to be forgotten altogether.

JAMES RACHEFF
New York

MARK MORRIS

Composerless Music?

To the Editor:

When it comes to composers, The Times apparently prefers to traffic in

the names of the dead rather than those of the living. Paul Montgomery's article about the choreographer Mark Morris ["Mark Morris vs. Brussels Press," April 29] mentions three works of Mr. Morris's Belgian season. They are "L'Allegro . . .," "Dido and Aeneas" and "Mythologies." The music of the first two works is dutifully ascribed to Handel and Purcell, respectively. The third is seemingly composerless. No music? Music by Mark Morris? Some damn piece of new music? No. Music by the undersigned.

HERSCHEL GARFEIN
Somerville, Mass.

'GHETTO'

A Deplorable Play

To the Editor:

I am the German translator of plays by Thornton Wilder, Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller et al. I am also a playwright of my own, a poet, an essayist and a critic. I am a member of the German Academy, and until recently was the cultural correspondent for the Swiss *Neue Züricher Zeitung* and *Die Welt*, West Germany.

Ever since I saw Mr. Sobol's "Ghetto" in West Germany, I have been looking for an opportunity to take issue with this deplorable play and its author.

Frank Rich was the first critic to do so, and I wish to congratulate him on his excellent job ["Sobol's 'Ghetto,' a Holocaust Drama With Music," May 1].

The Jews in Joshua Sobol's play painfully resemble certain carica-