

physical certainty—do indeed descend on some people as if ordained.

And now, as he leads a splendid cast in a production directed by Scott Ellis that the Roundabout Theater has imported largely intact from Williamstown, Mr. O'Donnell appears, if anything, more in control of a character who is blessed (and cursed) with being preternaturally in control. It's a remarkably complex and counterintuitive performance. You can't be naive and play naïveté so well; nor can you be conscience stricken and play ambivalence with such conviction.

The play, written by Mr. Miller when he was 25, was his first to appear on Broadway, where, in 1944, it closed after four performances. And from the current production you can understand why producers would take a chance on a youthful playwright and why audiences and critics were not so eager to join them. It is a serious, ambitious work by a precocious and perhaps over-reaching young writer, populated by characters with blunt purpose; a little slow moving, particularly in the opening act; and a little pedantic, particularly in the third (and closing) act. Reviewing the original production in *The New York Times*, Lewis Nichols said, with a yawn: "The Man Who Had All the Luck" lacks either the final care or the luck to make it a good play. But it has tried, and that is something."

What no one could have known of course is what Mr. Miller would go on to accomplish ("Death of a Salesman" was only five years away) and I can think of no other revival that is so enriched by retrospective knowledge. Anyone interested in Mr. Miller's career, which has had an extraordinary reconsideration in recent seasons, will be fascinated by the strong roots he planted in this early play.

Indeed, those who have seen any of the fine revivals of recent vintage on Broadway—including "Salesman," "The Price," "A View From the Bridge," "The Ride Down Mount Morgan" and "The Crucible," which is currently at the Virginia Theater—are likely to find their appreciation of those plays enhanced by a viewing of this one. Here are the issues of brotherly competition and fatherly betrayal that Mr. Miller explored again and again. (The scene in "Salesman" in which Willy Loman's egregious betrayal of his family is revealed to his elder son, Biff, has a clear antecedent here.)

Here are the admonitions against succumbing wholeheartedly to the lures of capitalism and against the sanctimony of ugly-Americanism. Here is the pained ambivalence of Mr. Miller toward the so-called American dream and the agony of a citizen playwright over a wayward national conscience.

All of these things were excitingly evident when I saw the production last summer, but a couple of other contextual elements weren't. One is the recent opening, 10 blocks north, of "Oklahoma!," the revived 1943 musical in which Rodgers and Hammerstein presented a far different picture of American than Arthur Miller ever has. The director of that show, Trevor Nunn (who is British) and the choreographer, Susan Stroman, have uncovered in it the more ominous underpinnings of the national character. But even so, "Oklahoma!" ends with a frontier trial that explicitly vindicates our hero, the symbolic and joyous triumph of expanding democracy.

Contrarily, at the conclusion of "The Man Who Had All the Luck," David Beeves, a man who has made a great life the way the founding fathers made a great nation, simply by landing in the right place and seizing the awesome opportunity, remains a self-doubter. He has just dodged one more bullet, and future prosperity, embodied by his newborn son, seems assured to everyone except himself.

In the aftermath of Sept. 11, David's uncertainty seems especially poignant and prescient, and especially opposed to the bull-headed optimism of "Oklahoma!," whose most comic character is a lovable peddler (American enterprise at work!) who happens to be from the Middle East.

In other words, this production of "Luck" has a fair amount of luck itself, at least in its remarkable timeliness. The rest of its appeal can be attributed to skill.

To begin with, the play is presented on Allen Moyer's handsome sets—the garage that houses David's auto-repair business and the home he takes over with his new wife after the death of her father—that share a vaulting back wall that suggests the unadorned roominess of the American plains. (The props include a magnificent automobile, a 1930 Marmont.)

And the play itself evinces the staunchness that has always characterized the construction of Mr. Miller's work. This is a drama with a fully thought-through dramatic arc and nine large roles, even though, like an apprentice carpenter, Mr. Miller banged in a few crooked nails. When the villainous father of David's fiancée is run over by a car, even the man's daughter shrugs and moves on without a sign. And the play's structure is long on fundamental theme-fulfilling and short on subtlety.

Several characters, for example, exist to make a single point, that most people succumb to a fateful flaw: J.B. Feller (Richard Riehle), a successful local businessman who invests in David's future, undermines his wish for a son with his drinking. Shory (Dan Moran), a wheelchair-bound veteran, curtailed his own sowing of wild oats with his penchant for whoremongering. Dan Dibble (Mason Adams), an elderly farmer who made a fortune raising mink, foreshadows his own personal calamity with a speech about the necessity of looking after your interests with unremitting vigilance.

All the actors are fine, and they've been welded into a nifty down-home-feeling ensemble by Mr. Ellis. Mr. Adams is marvelously crotchety and self-absorbed in the part, never more so than when he delivers this speech, which defends the principles of capitalism and mink farming. It's a set piece, much like the scene in which a baseball scout, played with the blunt and entertaining élan of caricature by David Wohl, explains his search for the source of a ball-player's incurable flaw. It's a grand character turn, and a fine use of the sport as a metaphor for the American soul.

Sam Robards, who plays Gustav Ebersson, an Austrian immigrant whose expertise and dreams become subservient to David's naturally endowed privileges, hits just the right notes of modesty and gratitude of someone who has bought into the fabled promise of our country. The early scene in which he enters David's garage and helps him repair the Marmont is a finely, sweetly evoked illustration of the forging of a lifelong bond.

The one new cast member is Samantha Mathis, who plays Hester Falk, David's fiancée and then wife. This is the play's only significant female role, which tells us something, I think, about the playwright's youth. Wisely, Ms. Mathis plays the part with the undemonstrative but cheering support of midcentury wifeliness, and as a couple she and Mr. O'Donnell are the image of a small town's favorite sweethearts.

The two of them, like the play itself, evoke another era altogether. As David's persistent fortune makes him ever more paranoid—he's convinced it's only a matter of time until fate cruelly catches up with him—she grows desperately helpless. In the middle of the 20th century it was crazy to think that a good-looking young American didn't deserve a golden existence, or that America was living under the sword of Damocles.

Wasn't it?

#### CLERGY HOUSING ALLOWANCE CLARIFICATION ACT

Mr. HUTCHINSON. Mr. President, I rise today to express my strong support for the passage of the Clergy Housing Allowance Clarification Act. This important legislation, of which I am a proud cosponsor, will affect the thousands of clergy throughout this country who tirelessly work for so many of us with little regard for their own financial well-being.

I have heard from countless Arkansans who are very concerned that if this legislation is not enacted, the 81-year-old housing tax exclusion for members of the clergy could be eliminated. This in turn would force a devastating tax increase on the many American clergy who can little afford to take on such a large financial burden.

I believe that this legislation needs to be passed today to ensure that clergy of all faiths and denominations can continue to receive the parsonage housing allowance exclusion. This bipartisan legislation was passed overwhelmingly in the House by a vote of 408 to 0, and I applaud my colleagues in the Senate for seeing fit to pass this bill with equal support today.

#### ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

##### RETIREMENT OF DEPUTY COMMISSIONER OF CUSTOMS CHARLES W. WINWOOD

● Mr. DORGAN. Mr. President, on May 3rd the Federal law enforcement community will lose one of its finest civil servants. Charles W. Winwood, Deputy Commissioner of the United States Customs Service, will retire after a very distinguished 30-year career.

Mr. Winwood served as Acting Commissioner from January to September 2001. During that time he continued his longstanding and persuasive advocacy of the need to modernize Customs automated systems through the creation of the Automated Commercial Environment, often referred to as ACE. I share his strong view that ACE is critical to enforcement and trade facilitation needs. Therefore, I was especially pleased almost one year ago when Mr. Winwood announced the selection of the contractor team that will make ACE a reality.

While he was Acting Commissioner, Mr. Winwood also had the difficult task of managing Customs through the critical days immediately following the attacks of last September 11th. He immediately put the agency on Level One Alert and set the course for the commendable job that Customs is doing today on anti-terrorism and homeland security efforts.

Mr. Winwood is a graduate of Indiana University of Pennsylvania and earned