

The Arts

"A Wedding"

By Susan Girolami

On the advertisement for the movie "A Wedding" three angels are depicted as the three monkeys of "see no evil," "hear no evil," and "speak no evil." This advertisement held true to its words.

The movie centers on a particular wedding and shows the viewer what really is behind all that glitter that weddings are so well noted for. But after all the comedy and all the laughs, it gets serious at the end, and the message that I came away with really made me think.

Carol Burnett plays the part of the bride's mother, Tulip, who is astounded at the wedding reception, not only by the way the rich live, but by a "fat man" who chases her and tells

her he is madly in love with her. Burnett fit the part in depicting a religious southern with a big family.

It was disappointing to find what little a part the bride and groom played in the movie. Is it not true that it is supposed to be their day? Desi Arnez played the groom and really didn't have much to say, so I find it hard to comment on his acting.

I think the movie is worth seeing if just to be entertained, and for the value of its message. Even though it is very confusing to follow, it "teases" the mind. And the next time you are invited to a wedding, I guarantee this movie will make you suspicious.

"My Fair Lady"

By Joan Kline

"My Fair Lady," the perennial Lerner-Lowe musical favorite, is at the Host Inn Theatre in Harrisburg until November 26.

The transformation of a poor, uneducated flower girl, "a billious pigeon," into a "lady" by Prof. Higgins is delightfully re-created by Prather Productions with Jack Mezzano directing.

Attractive Suzanne Ishee as Eliza Doolittle easily makes the transition from tattered and besmudged flower girl to breath-taking beauty at the ball. Her rendition of "Wouldn't it be Lovely" is indeed lovely and properly wistful. In counterpoint, her spark and spirit in "Show Me" displays an admirable range of acting and singing talents.

Morgan Phillips has the role of Prof. Higgins. One can hardly forgive Phillips for being too tall, too young, too handsome, too emotional and for having too fine a voice. It can be seen at a glance he is not the real Prof. Higgins. That is, he is not Rex Harrison.

Despite these shortcomings, Phillips wins his audience with his enthusiastic, if somewhat spasmodic performance. He garbles his lyrics occasionally but, considering the complexities of "Why Can't the English" and "A Hymn to Him," Phillips may be excused.

Mark Brandon as Col. Pickering provides an excellent foil for the flamboyant Higgins. His is a nice combination of proper British stuffiness and sympathetic kindness.

Stanley Bojarski's performance as Alfred Doolittle is without blemish. Bojarski, ably backed by a talented ensemble,

is delightful in his role. His stamina in simultaneously dancing and singing "With a Little Bit of Luck" is extraordinary.

Secondary roles are also satisfactorily performed. David Lutz exhibits a very pleasing and clear tenor voice as Freddy Eynsford-Hill. Lutz will have to work on his voice projection as his "On the Street Where You Live" is frequently overwhelmed by the accompaniment. This weakness is not too distracting in the intimate atmosphere of this theatre, but it may prove a detriment as his career progresses.

Limitation of the stage present no difficulties in this production. Dance numbers, choreographed by Jim Curtin, are lively and intricate. Set designs by David Shellenberger and scenery by Bud Clark are two-dimensional. An important ex-

ception is Higgins' library where much of the action takes place. An enormous painting, entitled "Phrenologie," hangs over the mantle. It depicts a human head complete with brain convolutions—an amusing keystone in this beautifully appointed three-dimensional set.

Costuming by Jack Mezzano is generally effective and, in the Ascot scene, is rewarded, as always, with enthusiastic audience approval.

The transformed Eliza, in a confrontation scene with Higgins, comments, "the difference between a lady and a flower girl is not how she behaves—but how she is treated." Perhaps the difference between a group of passive observers and an enthusiastic audience is how it is treated. The audience for "My Fair Lady" is "treated" very well indeed.

Sam Spade looked around the living room for an ashtray. As he stood blowing smoke through his nostrils, the woman brought one from the kitchen and handed it to him.

"Now mahm, tell me, when was the last time you saw your son?"

"Well, it was about two weeks ago. He was acting very strangely."

"Like what?"

"He kept mumbling something about a Tarnhelm."

"How do you spell that?"

"Like it sounds."

"Oh."

Sam wrote Tarnhelm down

The Maltese Tarnhelm

and then asked some routine questions about the young man's description, activities, and interests. He found out that he was a student at Capitol Campus and figured that would be a good place to start. He asked the boy's mother for a picture of him.

Spade showed the picture to some people on campus, but no one seemed to know where the young man was. He was about to give up when he saw a suspicious looking character slouching away from the water fountain. He looked at the figure as it turned, and realized it was the missing young man.

Sam ran after him and followed him into an office.

"Hey kid."

The young man looked up. "What do you want?"

"My name is Spade."

"You a Shamus?"

"Yeah. You know your mother's been worried for you?"

"I figured she would. But I've got work to do."

"Look kid, I've been looking for you for a couple of days and I want some answers. Now what's this Tarnhelm jazz all about?"

"Tarnhelm? Well it's a magic helmet-type of hat. It was made by a dwarf, a Nibelung, named MIME, from a stolen treasure called the Rhinegold."

"God!" Sam thought, "the kid's in on a jewel heist!"

"Anyway, when you wear it you can transform yourself at will and travel anywhere in the world on a wish."

"So how much is it worth?"

"Worth?"

"Yeah, this helmet."

"Oh. Well it really doesn't really exist. It's from the Ring of the Nibelung by Richard Wagner. It's a fictional creation."

Sam was totally confused now.

"Look, kid, what does this have to do with you?"

"I edit the Tarnhelm."

"You edit a helmet?"

"No, I told you there is no helmet. I edit the Capitol campus literary magazine, which is called the Tarnhelm."

Sam waited for a second to put all this together. He turned to the editor.

"What have you been doing these past two weeks?"

"I've been waiting."

Sam took off his hat, looked inside it, tapped it lightly, then looked inside again before returning it to his head. The editor stared at him in disbelief.

"What was that all about?"

"I don't know. Look, kid, what're you waiting for?"

"Short stories, poems, satire, photography, artwork, any creative endeavor on the part of a student or faculty member from Capitol Campus. This Spring about 500 copies will be distributed free."

"Who pays for the printing?"

"SGA."

"Sga?"

"No. Student Government Association. What we offer here is a rare opportunity to be published."

"Yeah. So where do you collect these great works of Art?"

"W129, that's the Tarnhelm office."

"Well I guess that wraps it up, but, kid, you oughta try to get home soon."

"Soon as I'm finished. Listen you want a cup of coffee?"

"No I gotta go find a falcon."

"A Maltese One?"

"Yeah. How did you know?"

Sam walked out of the Main Building forever changed. He made plans that night to enroll at Capitol and he published in Tarnhelm.

