movies...

Tallahas's here again in 'Here Today'

By Charles Foster Ford

This week the Entertainment Department argued about whether to send me to the opening of Tallahas Bankhead's new vehicle, 'Here Today,' or to the dress rehearsal of 'The Beaumont War,' by Plautus, at the Loeb Drama Center. I lost. The ancient Roman play may not have been much funnier than Tallahas, but it was probably nearer.

We have here a novelist, who has suddenly fallen in love with the bright young daughter of an Old Boston family. She loves him, but she is engaged to a Harvard Business School type, and her M'ma just would not understand. (If you hear echoes of 'The Philadelphia Story,' forget them. They're there, but they're awfully tired.)

Then we have the novelist's first wife, and her drinking partner and collaborator in writing plays. ('You are my intellectual companion, darling. I like to talk to you!') They barge into this vacationing clan of peripatetic Buchanan, and by and by, very, Very New York throw everything into a dilly. They querst the resource and reputation of a gentleman; then they contrive to murder the uncle they have repaid in $20,000 for fixing things; and then they die.

But that would spoil things. If you are reminded which体系, 'Man Who Came to Dinner,' forget it. George Oppenheimer is not another Kaufman nor a Hart, and no matter what she sounds like, Tallahas is not another Norty Welsey.

There is, I must admit, a good act and a quarter left, though since they are the final act and a quarter, it is doubtful if many people will stay long enough to see them. Tallahas fans and thespians over forty are exceptional, of course. Until Tallahas decides to forge an inscription in an insurance textbook, to queer the engagement, everything is tiresome and tired. After that point, there is a snap and a brightness to the dialogue, and vigor in its delivery. Those who go at all should resolve to stay to the end of Act Two, to escape what embarrassing foolishness they must endure until then.

There are a few people onstage who try heavily to give this tired old situation some serious comic acting. The author fights the every line of the way, but his attempt is admirable. The character of Tallahas, according to his 'real talent' companion, Stanley Dale, delivers his many punch-lines with no thought at all to his straight-lines, but then he sounds as though they were mean to be straight-lines anyway. I guess perhaps he has given up trying.

As the novelist Philip Graves, Peter Hobbs tries often to be dry, upbeat, satirist type of a sort, in so many of the plays, and able to make his store of witticisms and malapropisms and Old B=._-,cn Family. She loves him, but she

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The Science Teaching Center, which is sponsored by the Research Corporation and the American Chemical Society, has already provided several films, a student manual, and a series of experiments. These films, experiments, and the basic nature, are expected to be useful regardless of the course forms which evolve. In addition, preliminary studies indicate, some of which was used in connection with a freshman seminar last semester, have been prepared.

The Science Teaching Center was established at MIT in 1961 under the directorship of Prof. J. L. Friedman, professor of physics who died last August. Its director is Prof. Jerrold B. Santari.