ARTS

books:
Vonnegut & Wanda June

By Lee Giguere
Happy Birthday, Wanda June, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. (Dell, $1.95).

Kurt Vonnegut has given up writing novels in favor of the theater; his first play embodies many of the same elements that work in his fame and popularity as a novelist.

Neither the characters nor the plot are particularly impressive. Instead, the reader’s attention is grabbed by a series of episodes, each equally improbable and each presented with the same sharp wit.

The thrust of Vonnegut’s efforts in Wanda June are quite clear: he has chosen to ridicule the myth of the adventurer, the strong white male, aggressive in the world and with his women.

The play turns around Penelope, wife of a missing adventurer. Following the disappearance of her husband, Penelope has become the quarry of two other men: one a peace-loving pacificist doctor, and the other a vacuum-cleaner salesman who considers Penelope’s lost husband, Harold, one of the greatest men of all times. (Such an honor the hero receives, to be admired by vacuum-cleaner salesman.) Penelope’s son, Paul, conveniently despises both area, regarding them as "fairies." And Harold, for seven years, has been lost in the heart of South America, zonked out of his mind by "blue soup" fed to him by the natives.

The characters are all stereotyped, with the possible exception of Penelope. All the men, including, in a way, her son, are courting for her attention, and each appears as inept as the next.

Throughout all this, however, Vonnegut continues to close in on the image of the "great adventurer." His apartment cannot have doorbells; instead, there are foms roasting and hysterics laughing to announce visitors (devices which even Harold admires are fitting). The medical herb which Harold claims to have discovered, we learn, we actually discovered some fifty years earlier by a mild-mannered gardener. And, if the image still lingers, Vonnegut brings in his third wife (Penelope is his fourth; he picked her up while she was working as a carhop) who reveals that he was the hero of three other wives.

The play is tremendously funny, but the humor comes in individual lines rather than being developed and sustained by the structure of the play. Like much of Vonnegut’s other work, this is a slightly disjointed, much as is the rest of the world.

LITERARY ABILITY?

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CLASS of ’72 Yearbook Portraits

By Gene Paul
It’s the same old story you’ve seen before; Boy meets Girl and we watch the shifting tides of the 3 sided relation from Sunday to the next Bloody Sunday.

Sunday, Bloody Sunday is not a horror film, it is a British film (No Virginia, they are not always synonymous), done by the same man who did Midnight Cowboy.

The New York preview he admitted having a great deal of difficulty coming up with a title. There is not all he had difficulty with:

The overall quality of this film is so high that it is hard to find fault. Fault is there all right, but lost in a sea of no-fault dialogue, backgrounds, and plot.

The only substantial loss comes at several points in the film when its British origins result in dialogues and scenes which we haven’t the cultural basis to note.

When Schlesinger says he thinks US audiences might be ready for an examination of a homosexual who can (and does) go both ways, he may be right.

He’s given us Sunday, Bloody Sunday to prove ourselves on.

file:
They call me Trinity

By F. E. Schindler, Jr.

With a few modified references to the "right hand of the devil," he serves a drunken Mexican, and shoots two bounty hunters behind his back without looking. That’s the opening scene.

They Call Me Trinity is the name of the film, and the extent of the exposition, although not much else is needed either for the enjoyment or the understanding of this movie, which many are comparing to Cat Ballou. It lacks the pacing, some of the polish and most of the originality that director in the "funny-western" business, but it manages to be humorous if not hilarious.

I must first express the hope that the western comedy field will not become as crowded in the next few years as the spy-spoof field did a few years ago with the polish and most of the originality that director in the "funny-western" business, but it manages to be humorous if not hilarious.

Our hero, Vonnegut who considers Penelope’s lost husband, Harold, one of the greatest men of all times. (Such an honor the hero receives, to be admired by vacuum-cleaner salesman.) Penelope’s son, Paul, conveniently despises both area, regarding them as “fairies." And Harold, for seven years, has been lost in the heart of South America, zonked out of his mind by “blue soup” fed to him by the natives.

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