

Toilet bowl tragedies offer true acting test

"It's a mouthwash you could love." Could you say that with a straight face when you knew that millions would laugh at you and retch? That's what makes a true professional. I always have admired people who needed money enough to say such things on television.

It must be great training for actors. It usually is maintained that the best education for young performers is to work in a Shakespeare company or in summer stock doing Bertolt Brecht, Eugene O'Neill, Arthur Miller—the great plays by the great playwrights.

If you pause to think about it, that's all wrong, because the greatest plays surely must be the easiest to perform. It's easy to sound good when

you say, "It is the east, and Juliet is the sun" or "That was the unkindest cut of all." It may take subtle intonation to speak Shakespeare ingeniously, but it takes a French accent to speak it badly.

Novice actors should avoid great plays and seek out bad ones. Lousy lines can give them a sense of the challenge involved in conveying sense and personal feeling. Budding musicians can play Chopin without mistakes, but that doesn't mean they're ready for the concert circuit.

There are examples. Look at William Shatner, who played Captain Kirk in *Star Trek*. He started his career playing Shakespeare in Canada, and it didn't do him any good; when it came

time to deliver all that cornball space-age philosophy, he was reduced to inane punctuation and widened eyes.

I always had the sneaking suspicion that Dr. Spock wanted to knock him out with his Vulcan nerve-grip.

mark kieldgaard
you have my word

Look, on the other hand, at John Bernardino, star of the soap opera *General Hospital*, a perennial TV actor who recently challenged all comers to

an "acting contest." I don't know what in the world an acting contest is, but if one ever were held, I think Bernardino probably would hold his own. When you've been saying things like "Jessica, are you sure want the baby?" for ten years, "friends, Romans, countrymen" is pud.

It is the toilet bowl tragedies, the underarm soliloquies that test an actor to the utmost. The small-timers who bravely attempt "don't squeeze the Charmin" and "for the first time in years, I need a laxative" are those suffering spirits, dear friends, who raise my admiration even as their words turn my stomach. Have some sympathy for these poor devils, although they lay your soul to waste.

Segal's Love 'Blumes' again— In Glenda Jackson's garden

George Segal is having trouble with his love life lately. Segal and *Blume In Love* left the Cinema 1 theatre last week. Now he is back again, co-starring with Glenda Jackson, in a "bittersweet" love story, *A Touch of Class*.

Written, produced and directed by Melvin Frank (who has been writing, producing and directing various minor comedies since 1942), *A Touch of Class* is encumbered by what has to be one of the oldest plots in the world.

An American businessman living in London, Segal has a series of incredibly coincidental meetings with Jackson, a young British fashion designer who is more than happy to return his advances.

The two have a week-long affair in Malaga where, unfortunately for them, they fall in love and unfortunately for the audience the story turns to cliché. Segal isn't prepared to give her up but, as usual, the haunting image of his wife and children lurks in the background.

And as we have seen so many times before, there are the usual slip-ups such as, putting on a wrong sock, and coverups as he tries to keep his wife from finding out.

The best parts of the film are the crisp, well-handled comedy scenes in Malaga. Hoping originally for some simple no-strings sex, their relationship soon deteriorates. Arguing, shouting and insulting each other, their scrap eventually ends up in a good old-fashioned fight where he attempts to rape her but can't get his zipper down.

Segal and Jackson are a brilliantly matched pair, mostly because they actually don't fit

together at all. They are dynamic in their attraction for each other. Jackson gives more insight into her character, but Segal, a good actor who has never really hit it big, gives one of those enjoyable performances that wins a person over.

He is also director Frank's vehicle for what moralizing is found in the film. Segal is a sharp, classy executive at the beginning of the movie, but his amorous adventures lead him from one comic faux pas to another. When adultery is replaced with love after he returns to London,

greg lukow
key grip

his life is so frazzled that he becomes pitiable.

In spite of Segal and Jackson, *A Touch of Class* is only intermittently enjoyable. It deals with the comedy and tragedy of a love affair, but lacks the luster to liven up this age-old story.

This week's offerings in the Charlie Chaplin Film Series are *The Circus* (1928) and *The Immigrant* (1917).

The films begin at 7 p.m. and 9 p.m. Friday and at 3 p.m., 7 p.m. and 9 p.m. Saturday at Sheldon.



Mime Marcel Marceau stars in *The Mime of Marcel Marceau*, the free Lively Arts film in Sheldon Art Gallery Sunday at 3 p.m.

Zhivago weekend film

Julia Christie and Omar Sharif head the cast of *Doctor Zhivago*, last this week's weekend film at Henzlik Hall. The David Lean spectacular will be shown at 7 p.m. Friday, Saturday and Sunday for 75 cents.

Last Tango in Paris

is a genuine masterpiece of staggering proportions." —Edward Behr, *Newsweek*

Last Tango in Paris

is not a 'dirty' movie. The film is stark, sensitive and completely shattering in its intensity. Yes, by all means, see *Last Tango*." —Aaron Schindler, *Family Circle*



Unseasonably wet weather to clear by weekend

If the weather seems cooler and wetter than usual this month, it is, according to John Birdsall of the National Weather Service office in Lincoln.

Temperatures have averaged two to three degrees below normal for September, he said. The coolest recorded this autumn was 34 degrees on Sept. 18.

The average first freeze in Lincoln is Oct. 18, but it has occurred as early as Sept. 24 in

some years, he said.

The recent severe weather and extended rainy period was an indirect result of hurricane Irah located near the Baja Peninsula of Mexico, he said.

Warm, moist air was drawn north from the Gulf of Mexico by the hurricane and clashed with a cold front from the Pacific Northwest over southeastern Nebraska. It resulted in a series of tornadoes and thunderstorms.

Lincoln has recorded 5.94

inches of precipitation so far this month. That compares with an average of 2.58 inches.

Friday's forecast calls for gradually clearing skies with temperatures in the 70s. There is little chance of more precipitation.

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