

Sid Siegal Exhibition Now in Vardell

Works of artist Sidney Siegal, assistant professor of art at St. Andrews College, are being exhibited here in a one-man show through March - 31.

Mr. Siegal will show sixty drawings done in various media which he painted between 1955 and 1962. During this period he traveled in Venezuela and the Caribbean, and in Europe, Israel, and North Africa.

He has had one-man shows in Florida, a number of New York City galleries, and in Caracas, Venezuela. He is represented in the permanent collection of the Museo de Bellas Artes in Caracas, in the Lowe Gallery of the University of Miami, and the Peabody College Museum in Nashville, Tenn.

Graphic Exhibit

Original graphics in a variety of media, accompanied by plates, blocks, and other instruments employed in their production will be exhibited by the Ferdinand Roten Galleries of Baltimore, Maryland here at St. Andrews from March 5 to March 25.

The exhibit includes a selection of outstanding woodcuts, lithographs, etchings, and serigraphs which are displayed in combinations with the tools of their production.

Established in 1932, The Ferdinand Roten Galleries has one of the largest collections of graphic art in the country.

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Dudley's Stargazer

"People Who Need People"

A year or so ago a best-selling semi-fictional novel about drug addiction among the show business people in New York and Hollywood made a celebrity of and a fortune for its author, Jacqueline Susann. Now, in the form of a full-scale two-hour soap opera in DeLuxe Color, Panavision and all those other cinematic delights, a rough approximation of the same story, "Valley of the Dolls", is making a deep impression upon the minds of the nation's moviegoers.

But the director, Mark Robson, has attempted to build his picture on a screenplay by Helen Deutsch and Dorothy Kingsley that it is so trite and unrealistic as to be more pathetic than its characters. His cast is loaded with talent, the show swings with more music than just about any other made during the last year, and we are given a fine display of originality and genius from the art and photography departments; still the screenplay looms black and inferior over the other proceedings which make a noble attempt at seducing the audience into believing that there is nothing wrong with the film.

With the exception of Sharon Tate, who plays an art-film star on the road to legitimate acting and is at best mediocre, the performers all demonstrate a full frequency of emotion and depth in their portrayals. Patty Duke is the young ingenue, Neely O'Hara, an up-and-coming Broadway star who becomes so hooked on "dolls", or dope capsules, that she must be committed to a sanitarium. Barbara Parkins is career girl Anne Wells, from New England, who looks for happiness in New York and becomes deeply involved in a highly unplatonic romance with a confirmed bachelor, played by Paul Burke.

The bachelor happens to be a show-business lawyer, and as such shatters Anne's illusions of the entertainment world as he introduces her to a variety of less savory personalities.

Helen Lawson (Susan Hayward) happens to be one of these, an aging musical comedy star whose crass and celebrated ego refuses to have anyone or anything cast a shadow on her glory.

Two of the film's biggest assets are its photographic director, William H. Daniels, who knows better than most how to take full advantage of a camera and a few colored filters; and five songs by Oscar-winner Andre Previn and his wife Dory.

The problem with "Dolls" is that, although it's pleasing to the eye, the film has little to offer the mind. Unintellectual, yes, but not too bad a way to kill a few hours; still, if there happens to be anything better to do, do it.

One thing you could do, for example, would be to continue on up Main Street until you reach the house where "You're a Big Boy Now" is playing, and stop in and see the show. For this one, you see, is far more worthy of your attention: it is a comedy, and as original, off-beat, and downright funny a comedy as one is apt to find anywhere.

The big boy is a nineteen-year-old named Benard, who has never smoked, had a drink, taken dope, gone out with girls--he's simply a totally untainted virgin; and, as we all know, something must be done about that. (Don't argue; take my word for it. Something's got to be done, and this flick knows how to do it.)

So his understanding father sends him to live alone in an apartment. Mamma, of course, is utterly against such a rash and immoral act, but no one listens to her. Well they might have, though; for as soon as Benard is on his own he tries them all -- tobacco, drugs, alcohol, and women in the form of one Barbara Darling, a man-hating actress on whom he develops a crush.

Amy, an assistant at the library where our hero is employed by his father, comes to

the rescue, and she and Benard end the picture with a carefree romp through a pretzel factory. (Mad the film is, yes.)

Let us look for just a moment to the cast, which only happens to be made up of more people completely out of their minds than will ever again be assembled together. Peter Kastner, seen previously only in "Nobody Waved Goodbye", is the naive and unsuspecting Benard, fascinated by the world when he is finally confronted with its workings. He is sincere, winning, and wonderfully portrayed as a boy-next-door type who is somehow unique from everyone else you have ever seen.

Geraldine Page is the mildly hysterical mother, a role for which she won an Academy Award nomination. Rip Torn is the father, meek around his wife, imposing and powerful around his son, and in a panic when caught between the two. And the landlady in Benard's apartment building, Miss Thing, who keeps a rooster as bouncer for the house, is one of the most memorable roles Julie Harris has yet filled.

The girls in the story are played by Elizabeth Hartman and Karen Black. The former is the sensual go-go dancer and actress Barbara, and is frustratingly real as a superficially weirdo that almost sounds like a dear, protective female when she says things to Benard like: "You're gonna stay with me from now on!" The latter is the good girl, a charming brunette, who at times makes one believe that there are people in the world who might be as wonderful as she.

And let us applaud Francis Ford Coppola (director) and Andy Laszlo (photographer) for turning out such an endearing piece of handwork. Some of their sequences -- a mantage, for instance, of Benard's morning ablutions, and a kite chase through Central Park -- are true high points of Twentieth Century cinema.



Thomas MacGillivray Humphrey--New head of Economics program.

New Economics Prof to Head Program Next Fall

Thomas MacGillivray Humphrey will become assistant professor and chairman of the economics program at St. Andrews for the 1968-69 academic year. His appointment was announced this week by Dean Robert F. Davidson.

Humphrey, a native of Louisville, Ky. currently is an instructor at Tulane University where he is a candidate for the Ph. D. degree. He holds both B.A. and M.A. degrees from the University of Tennessee where he majored in business administration and finance. He also was a research assistant for the Bureau of Business and Economic Research at Tennessee. He is a member of Beta Gamma Sigma, honorary society for business administration.

Previously he taught at Wofford College, Presbyterian College and Auburn University. His fields of interest are international economics, price theory, macroeconomics, and welfare economics.

A veteran of two years' Army service, Humphrey is married and the father of three children. He is a Presbyterian.

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