



## Whatever Happened to Baby Snooks?

**D**URING the extra month of revisions taken by the creators of *Funny Girl*, someone must have realized that this new musical might better have replayed the highlights of Fanny Brice's career, using some of the songs and routines the late comedienne made famous. Or, failing that possibility, undoubtedly precluded by contracts made with composer Jule Styne and lyricist Bob Merrill, Isobel Lennart might just as well have fashioned a new libretto to fit the talents of the show's new star, Barbra Streisand. For while Miss Streisand bears much resemblance to Fanny Brice, she is actually a strikingly unique performer with her own eccentric personality.

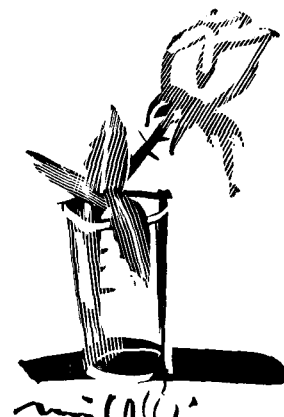
Although she begins the show in turn-of-the-century costume, twenty-one-year-old Miss Streisand is distinctly contemporary, a forlorn girl who deals with an unsatisfactory world by joking away pretense and romantic feeling. Adversity doesn't dissolve her into tears or helplessness, but rather toughens her outer shell and strengthens her resolve to make the world pay for the painful schizoid separation it impels her to adopt.

Miss Streisand's technique includes an extensive vocabulary of improvisation. She is mistress of the art of akimbo; time and again she punctuates a delivery by slouching a hip and flinging out an arm at an impossible angle. She is also adept at the well-timed moment of high

camp. The latter is best demonstrated when she arrives at Nick Arnstein's private dining room for the seduction she so eagerly anticipates. She enters and greets the conventionally romantic situation by flicking open a fan, smiling to dispell the conventional schmaltz and reach a more honest and extraordinary rapport, and languorously covering her face with the fan, Spanish-style. To top it off, she gives him a look that simultaneously punctures the tension and sustains the intention. Later she jokes to her overly suave, playboy dinner partner, played by Sydney Chaplin, "Most girls slip in such ordinary ways. Me, I do it *Borde-laise*."

Miss Streisand also has her own way of singing. It contains a little of Judy Garland's sudden, full-throated despair, some of Lena Horne's dramatic tenacity, and a good range, despite an unfortunate tendency to nasality in the upper register. Since she is involved in singing eleven of the show's sixteen musical numbers, it is hard to pick one outstanding song. Certainly the catchiest is "You Are Woman," whose melody does for "Glow-worm" what "With a Little Bit of Luck" did for "Listen to the Mockingbird."

*Funny Girl* also features Kay Medford as Fanny's mother and the versatile Danny Meehan as a friendly dance director. Miss Medford is particularly effective in the opening number when she challenges her neighbors' sung conten-



tion that "when a girl's incidentals are no bigger than two lentils, well, to me, that doesn't spell success." She replies with another question, "Is any nose with deviation, a crime against the nation?" Of course, both Miss Brice and Miss Streisand have already rewritten the book on nasal treason. Mr. Meehan is most amusing when he does a parody of the sort of vaudeville act in which a performer would be wildly applauded for simultaneously standing on his head and whistling a tune. A similar parody of a World War I patriotic number is staged with much more precision and force by Carol Haney than the original prototypes ever had.

Director Garson Kanin and production supervisor Jerome Robbins have managed to keep this tenuous little saga of Fanny Brice's deceptively easy rise to fame and her underplayed heartbreak at the loss of the man she loved neatly trimmed and relatively unflagging. However, the opportunity to see Miss Streisand as an emerging new star is what makes *Funny Girl* worth the casual theatergoer's notice.

The trend in serious musicals that start merrily and finish sadly, like *Funny Girl*, is reinforced by the earlier, now departed *Rugantino*, which ended with the protagonist being guillotined at the final curtain. Also, the current *What Makes Sammy Run?* is a musical portrait of a ruthless opportunist who betrays everyone, only to arrive at an empty, compulsive success. One can only admire the integrity of Budd and Stuart Schulberg for sticking to their bitter story and that of singer Steve Lawrence for bringing Sammy Click to life without softening the characterization. However, the bitterness of what is being said doesn't mix well with conventional pop tunes, the comic gags, and the escapist atmosphere that comprise traditional musical comedy. While stories of any depth can be set to music and performed—even with considerable deference to an audience's predispositions, musicals are more satisfying theater, when they maintain a certain homogeneity in their approach and in the extent of their compromises.

—HENRY HEWES.



"You know what has just occurred to me, Andy?  
I'm too old to fall in love with an older woman . . ."



## BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

### The New Tahiti

ASK ME not where they went to, but nearly four years have passed since the last time I visited Tahiti, and much has happened. For one thing, the French administration discovered the benefits of tourism, which it had hitherto viewed with a welcome it might have reserved for an outbreak of scarlet fever. The French have finally built an airport, and one can now land directly at Tahiti without having to shuttle 155 miles from the nearest strip at Bora Bora. The jets had come, and so had that other windstorm, Marlon Brando, leading the company that MGM had sent to film the remake of *Mutiny on the Bounty*. And if all that wasn't enough to jolt the island into the twentieth century, there was de Gaulle's announced intention to pop an atomic bomb in the nearby islands. Supply ships and companies of Foreign Legionnaires had beat me into town.

The day I landed at the new airport at Fa'a'a near Papeete—it was aboard one of the first runs of Pan American that has got landing rights, too—the drums were banging away in the waiting room, and performers were doing some dances

I had never seen before. "Have you come to witness the last days of Tahiti?" said my old friend Jeanne Winkelstroeter (SR, July 2, 1960), a long-suffering travel agent and *hôtelière*. "Look at this new airport! Look at these dancers! They're doing something they learned from the Cook Islanders who were here for Bastille Day. They no longer think their own dances are good enough."

THE airport was surely manufactured in Paris, and the fact that it is embellished with the work of local artists hardly matters. The artists were manufactured in Paris, too. While going through the customs formalities, I reflected on the last words of the purser aboard the plane. There is no tipping in Tahiti, he had explained over the loudspeaker. He said the local authorities hoped that visitors would not break the code. Then he said there would be a new tax on tourists payable on departure. It turned out to be better than \$4, and until the Metropolitan French raise their own departure tax—already an abomination—it is the second highest in the world

### Restaurant English

ONE of the pleasures of travel is foreign menus—reading them, that is. Breathes there a tourist with palate so dead who never to a waiter hath said, "*Garçon*, what does this mean in English?"

Many restaurants in cosmopolitan centers such as Paris, Rome, and Kabul attempt to help the struggling linguist with bilingual or even trilingual menus. These, alas, do not really solve the problem of what to order, but they do at least provide food for thought.

Connoisseurs of restaurant menu translations will treasure the following collectors' item, a genuine "first edition" from the Corral de la Morería, a well-known Madrid dining-flamenco establishment. The Corral caters to its international clientele with a menu printed in Spanish and English, as follows:

#### Spanish

Bullabesa al estile Pescador  
Pechugas Loren  
Pollo Chilindren  
Crema de Ave  
Escalopes a la parrilla  
Pollito (pieza) salteado al ajillo  
Chuleta de ternera Buena Mujer  
Cocott a la crema  
Escalfados Gran Duque  
Puding Morería  
Cesta de frutas  
Crep Susset

#### English

Bullabesa style fish  
Breast of chicken Loren  
Chilindren chicken  
Bird cream  
Grilled escaloppes  
Chicken (pieze) shute in garlic  
Veal cutled "Bonne Femme"  
Cocott creamed  
Eggs poached great duke  
Pudding Morería  
Fruit basked  
Crep Susset

—PATRICIA K. BROOKS.

### Noriko

\* Noriko Ieda brings to her duties as a Japan Air Lines Hostess a schooling in the graces that is classical in the widest sense. To the arts and ceremonies of Japan studied since childhood, she has added years of ballet and piano—with a preference for Chopin. \* In Noriko's kimono-clad grace, and her intuitive fulfillment of every wish before you have to ask, you enjoy JAL's unique interpretation of perfect airline service. It awaits you today on every JAL route—trans-Pacific, throughout the Orient, the world around. Make it a part of your



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