

allons au cinema

Everything Happens to 'B.J.'

By VINCE YOUNG
Collegian Reviewer

What ever happened to Baby Jane Nelson? Well, when she was just seven years old she was the "child star of vaudeville." When she was thirty she was Hollywood's greatest actress. Now, she's pushing the age of antiquity, and she's a mean old witch.

Baby Jane also has a sister, Blanche. She's crippled, though. She was run over by her big sister during one of Jane's more violent temper tantrums.

There's also a certain movie producer named Robert Aldrich who must have seen "Psycho" a dozen or more times. He's like Hitchcock with a touch of carbolic acid.

THIS GHOULISH Mr. Aldrich has just completed a macabre little exercise in horror entitled "Whatever Happened To Baby Jane?"

As our nasty Baby Jane we have Bette Davis; as our invalid Blanche we have Joan Crawford and as a cinema catalyst we have

a thoroughly nail-bite inducing script from a novel by Henry Farrell.

The situation is like this: Baby Jane and Blanche Nelson retire from the screen and take over a stylish Hollywood mansion by themselves.

Baby Jane blames her sister for being crippled, and a psychotic 30-year feud begins. This feud consists of several unspeakable acts committed by BJ against her helpless sister. She also picks on the maid—with an ice pick!

In the meantime, Blanche remains an invalid in her room. She doesn't have much chance to improve, however, for everytime

she gets in the way, Baby Jane kicks her back under the table.

As you can see, this is all very frustrating for Blanche, who is also getting tired of being fed fried rats for lunch every day.

THE BIGGEST trick of all, however, is how anyone could coax such horrifying performances out of Miss Davis and Miss Crawford. And the greatest trick is how Bette Davis, made up like The Great Pumpkin, manages to pull off the most chilling role of all.

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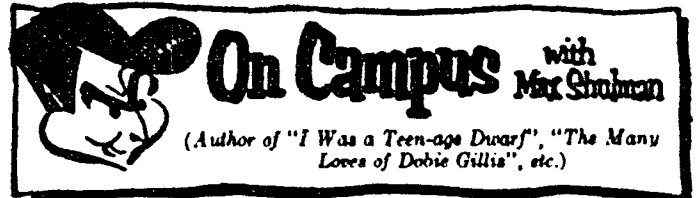
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GLOOM AT THE TOP

Oh, sure, you've been busy, what with going to classes, doing your homework, catching night crawlers, getting married—but can't you pause for just a moment and give thought to that dear, dedicated, lonely man in the big white house on the hill? I refer, of course, to the Prexy.

(It is interesting to note here that college presidents are always called "Prexy." Similarly, trustees are called "Trixie." Associate professors are called "Axy-Pixy." Bursars are called "Foxy-Woxy." Students are called "Algae.")

But I digress. We were speaking of the Prexy, a personage at once august and pathetic. Why pathetic? Well sir, consider how Prexy spends his days. He is busy, busy, busy. He talks to deans, he talks to professors, he talks to trustees, he talks to alumni. In fact, he talks to everybody except the one group who could lift his heart and rally his spirits. I mean, of course, the appealinglest, endearingest, winsomest group in the entire college—you, the students.

It is the Prexy's sad fate to be forever a stranger to your laughing, golden selves. He can only gaze wistfully out the window of his big white house on the hill and watch you at your games and sports and yearn with all his tormented heart to bask in your warmth. But how? It would hardly be fitting for Prexy to appear one day at the Union, clad in an old rowing blazer, and cry gaily, "Heigh-ho, chaps! Who's for sculling?"



No, friends, Prexy can't get to you. It is up to you to get to him. Call on him at home. Just drop in unannounced. He will naturally be a little shy at first, so you must put him at his ease. Shout, "Howdy-doo, sir! I have come to bring a little sunshine into your drear and blighted life!" Then yank his necktie out of his vest and scamper goatlike around him until he is laughing merrily along with you.

Then hand him a package and say, "A little gift for you, sir." "For me?" he will say, lowering his lids. "You shouldn't have."

"Yes, I should," you will say, "because this package is a carton of Marlboro Cigarettes, and whenever I think of Marlboro, I think of you."

"Why, hey?" he will say curiously. "Because Marlboros have taste, and so do you," you will reply.

"Aw, go on," he will say, blushing furiously. "It's true," you will say. "Moreover, Marlboro has a filter, and so do you."

"In my swimming pool, you mean," he will say. "Yes," you will say. "Moreover, Marlboro has a soft pack, and so do you."

"My limp leather brief case, you mean," he will say. "Yes," you will say. "Moreover, the Marlboro box has a flip-top, and so do you."

"But I don't have a flip-top," he will say. "But you will," you will say. "Just light a Marlboro, and taste that tasty taste, and you will surely flip your top."

Well sir, you will have many a good chuckle about that, you may be sure. Then you will say, "Goodbye, sir, I will return soon again to brighten your lorn and desperate life."

"Please do," he will say. "But next time, if you can possibly manage it, try not to come at four in the morning."

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