

allons au cinema

Boccaccio Revisited

By VINCE YOUNG

Collegian Reviewer

Be prepared for a movie experience quite out of the ordinary when you see the Italian film, "Boccaccio '70." If you're one of those who demand a heavy plot and a happy ending, then you'd better stay home and watch TV.

"BOCCACCIO '70" is not one but three separate stories directed by three separate directors: Federico Fellini ("La Dolce Vita"), Luchino Visconti ("Rocco and His Brothers"), and Vittorio DeSica ("Two Women"). The title stems from the fact that the film is a 1970 version of Giovanni Boccaccio's bawdy collection of adult fairy tales, "The Decameron."

The idea works well on paper, but it enjoys only partial success on the screen — the three directors' individual film styles each show up like Red missile bases in Cuba. Each third of the final 159-minute product is superb by itself, but superimposed with two other immensely different gems, they tend to place the viewer in a rather fickle emotional condition.

THE FIRST segment, Fellini's "Temptation of Dr. Antonio," is undoubtedly the best. With less than an hour's worth of film available, he has preached a rather potent sermon against people who find sex ugly and repulsive, using many of the same masterful techniques shown in "La Dolce Vita."

Visconti's "The Job," however, is something of a letdown. Nothing really happens during the first half of the story, but the audience is led to expect something ironic that never quite happens at all.

Back on the light side, "The Raffle" by De Sica places an extremely meek man in the winning position of a raffle — first prize is Sophia Loren! This final sequence vies with "Dr. Antonio" for top honors. Unfortunately, the truly bad fault is the English dubbing which must have been done by an illiterate.

TODAY ON CAMPUS

Lectures

Jean Mayer, lecturer on the history of public health at Harvard University, will speak on "Obesity: Physiological, Psychological and Social Aspects" at 8 p.m. in 121 Sparks.

Ingely Hansmann of the Harvard-Radcliffe Program in Business Administration will discuss vocational interests and post-college plans at 8:30 p.m. in 209 Home Ec South.

International Film

The International Film Committee will sponsor the showing of the 1951 Italian film "Umberto D" at 3, 7 and 9 p.m. in the Hetzel Union assembly room. Tickets are available at the HUB desk for 50 cents.

Other Events

Ag Hill Party emcee tryouts, 8 p.m., 105 Armsby.
Arnold Air Society, 6 p.m., Sim-

mons lounge.

Dairy Science Club, 7 p.m., 117 Borland.

Gamma Sigma Sigma, 6:30 p.m., 212 HUB.

Greek Week Committee, 6:45 p.m., 218 HUB.

Liberal Party, 7 p.m., 203 HUB.

Model United Nations, 9 p.m., 217 HUB.

Mortar Board, Scrolls and Chimes combined meeting, 6:30 p.m., Pollock dining hall lounge.



COMMITTEES: AN AGONIZING RE-APPRAISAL

To those of you who stay out of your student government because you believe the committee system is just an excuse for inaction, let me cite an example to prove that a committee, properly led and directed, can be a great force for good.

Last week the Student Council met at the Duluth College of Veterinary Medicine and Belles Lettres to discuss purchasing a new doormat for the students union. It was, I assure you, a desperate problem because Sherwin K. Sigafos, janitor of the students union, threatened flutly to quit unless a new doormat was installed immediately. "I'm sick and tired of mopping that dirty old floor," said Mr. Sigafos, sobbing convulsively. (Mr. Sigafos, once a jolly outgoing sort, has been crying almost steadily since the recent death of his pet wart hog who had been his constant companion for 22 years. Actually, Mr. Sigafos is much better off without the wart hog, who tusked him viciously at least once a day, but a companionship of 22 years is, I suppose, not lightly relinquished. The college tried to give Mr. Sigafos a new wart hog—a frisky little fellow with floppy ears and a waggly tail—but Mr. Sigafos only turned his back and cried the harder.)



He only turned his back and cried the harder

But I digress. The Student Council met, discussed the doormat for eight or ten hours, and then referred it to a committee. There were some who scoffed then and said nothing would ever be heard of the doormat again, but they reckoned without Invictus Millstone.

Invictus Millstone, chairman of the doormat committee, was a man of action—lithe and lean and keen and, naturally, a smoker of Marlboro Cigarettes. Why do I say "naturally"? Because, dear friends, active men and women don't have time to brood and bumble about their cigarettes. They need to be certain. They must have perfect confidence that each time they light up they will get the same gratifying flavor, the same Selectate filter, the same soft soft-pack, the same flip-top flip-top box. In brief, dear friends, they need to be sure it's Marlboro—for if ever a smoke was true and trusty, it's Marlboro. Get some soon. Get matches too, because true and trusty though Marlboros are, your pleasure will be somewhat limited unless you light them.

Well sir, Invictus Millstone chaired his doormat committee with such vigor and dispatch that when the Student Council met only one week later, he was able to rise and deliver the following recommendations:

1. That the college build new schools of botany, hydraulic engineering, tropical medicine, Indo-Germanic languages, and millinery.
2. That the college drop football, put a roof on the stadium, and turn it into a low-cost housing project for married students.
3. That the college raise faculty salaries by \$5000 per year across the board.
4. That the college secede from the United States.
5. That the question of a doormat for the students union be referred to a subcommittee.

So let us hear no more defeatist talk about the committee system. It can be made to work!

You don't need a committee to tell you how good Marlboros are. You just need yourself, a Marlboro, and a set of taste buds. Buy some Marlboros soon at your favorite tobacco counter.

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