

Editorial opinion:

Open the door

Just because you can't complete a program immediately doesn't mean you shouldn't take the first step.

The University Board of Trustees has been holding closed meetings for over 100 years. But because the Board cannot resolve differences on how far to open the door, the meetings have remained tightly closed.

The trustees should begin today to replace the air of distrust encouraged by their secrecy with one of openness. They can partially open the meetings to the public by inviting members of the press.

The Board has in the past voiced favorable opinions concerning open meetings. Both

President Michael Baker Jr. and Vice President William Ulerich have indicated they would like to open the meetings to the press and invited guests.

At the March 16 meeting, Baker said he did not want to move hastily in changing the present, century-old policy. However, the Board has given much consideration to the question of open meetings, and the press and public are awaiting its answer.

One of the main stumbling blocks in the past has been defining the term "invited guests" in deciding how open the meetings should be. But the general consensus of the Board seems to be that some sort of change is needed.

Although some Board members favor certain meetings that are more open than others, most trustees agree that the meetings should include members of the press, except when matters such as personnel are discussed.

The board can take that first step — opening the meetings to members of the press — and later expand the invitation list as they deem advisable.

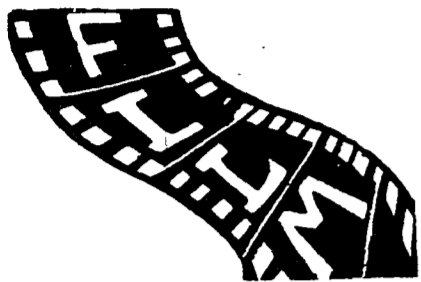
The board must begin now — at this afternoon's meeting.

Members of the University Board of Trustees: begin today to replace the air of distrust and secrecy with one of openness. Inspire public trust by opening your meetings to members of the press.

President Nixon:
UNCLE SAM ERVIN



WANTS YOU



REVIEWS: Now playing downtown

Sheila: bizarre suspense

By STEVE IVEY of the Collegian staff

Few movie mysteries are as bizarre or as well executed as "The Last of Sheila."

Boasting such fine performers as James Coburn, Joan Hackett, Richard Benjamin and James Mason, "Sheila" captures and holds the viewers in a web of suspense.

James Coburn delivers an outstanding performance as Clinton, the games-playing producer with a penchant for mild sadism. Coburn is perfect for the role, delivering sarcastic digs and taunting insults with relish.

Clinton's wife Sheila, a call girl turned columnist, was killed in a hit-and-run accident. A year later, Clinton invites the same six people who were present the night of Sheila's death to spend a week aboard his yacht in the Mediterranean.

Nightly games lend an air of suspense as Clinton forces the six passengers to play "The Sheila Green Gossip Game" at each port-of-call.

The gossip which involves secrets about all of the passengers, such as homosexuality, continues until a fatal "accident" occurs.

"Sheila" offers Coburn the chance to return to the double meanings encountered so often in his "Flint" films. "Sheila" is filled with so many hidden puns and double meanings that the second watching is more enjoyable than the first.

"Sheila's" bizarre suspense is offset by the black humor written, in by screenplay writers Anthony Perkins and Stephen Sondheim.

James Mason portrays Philip, the broken-down director, with real aplomb. He gives the role the low-key intensity needed to make it believable.

Joan Hackett is superb as Lee, the rich, devoted wife of Tom (Richard

Benjamin). Both performers are believable and are the keys to the film's successful suspense.

Dyan Cannon plays the role of Christine, a theatrical agent with nymphomania in her veins. She turns in a marvelous job of a woman in shock after she narrowly escapes being chopped into fish food.

The only really awful performance was by Raquel Welch as Alice, a plastic (or silicone) actress with no talent whatsoever.

Ian McShane plays the role of Anthony, Alice's husband. Although not a dynamic actor, McShane manages to make Anthony more real than Welch does Alice.

Producer-director Herbert Ross does wonders with a film that could have turned out to be a remake of Rene Clair's "Ten Little Indians."

The photography is excellent, although some scenes are done rather poorly. This is especially true of the scene in which Alice unburdens her soul to her secret lover, which comes off hokey and overly melodramatic.

The entire film is bizarre. The end song, "You've Got to Have Friends" as sung by Bette Wilder, is the peak of irony and adds just the right finish.

Overall, Billy Goldenberg's score is uninspired and lacks vitality and life. Fortunately, the fine acting by Coburn, Mason, Hackett and Benjamin more than compensates for any flaw in this film.

"The Last of Sheila" is a film that any Coburn fan will enjoy. For good clean suspense and mystery, as well as bizarre comedy, "Sheila" cannot be beat.

Class: strong actors

By DIANE NOTTLE of the Collegian Staff

A touch of romance, a touch of light comedy, a touch of jet-set sophistication. The three fit together like vodka, orange juice and Galliano to produce a small but intoxicating comedy called "A Touch of Class."

Produced, directed and co-written (with Jack Rose) by Melvin Frank, "A Touch of Class" is quite limited in plot but rich in other areas, notably the performances of George Segal and Glenda Jackson in the leading roles.

The "touch of class" in the title apparently is meant to characterize Segal as Steve Blackburn, an American insurance executive who lives in London, attends charity concerts with his well-bred wife, and is "never unfaithful to my wife...in the same city."

Enter into his chic world Jackson as Vicky Alessio, a divorcee with two children, who makes her living by stealing high fashion designs for mass production.

After a number of attempts to seduce each other in London, the two arrange a week together in Spain, only to be driven apart by arguments and then introduced

by Blackburn's unsuspecting best friend.

Eventually Blackburn realizes the two cannot continue their affair in secret and decides to break it up, spurred by his friend's question, "Do you love her enough to give her up?" Whatever that means.

Obviously the plot is neither very original nor very exciting. Yet the film is fairly entertaining, thanks to one or two other factors. Of these, the cast undoubtedly contributes the most.

Segal fits perfectly the part of the urbane, witty Blackburn. He is completely at ease with his role, at every moment from Blackburn's first attempt at a pick-up to the romance's final goodbyes. Moreover, he is absolutely charming throughout the film.

Jackson's performance is at least equal to, and probably even better than, Segal's. Her role mixes the type of independent woman portrayed by Katharine Hepburn in many of her films with the free-thinking female that has developed on the screen with the sexual revolution.

In "A Touch of Class" Jackson blends Hepburn's self-assurance, the polish and femininity of Diana Rigg, and the strong personal dominance of her own television characterization of Elizabeth I. The result is a character who, though sometimes frank to the point of brutality, is thoroughly likeable and thoroughly human.

While the script is lacking in general plot, it certainly offers an abundance of funny lines and comic situations. In this respect, too, "A Touch of Class" is reminiscent of the Tracy-Hepburn films in its witty repartee, its character types, and, most important, its comic treatment of the battle of the sexes.

Unfortunately, other aspects of the production are less interesting. The sets and camera work are adequate, although better work could have been done. Similarly, a number of bubble-gum background tunes by George Barrie and Sammy Cahn break up the dialogue but add little else.

"A Touch of Class" is a rather disappointing film, built as it is simply on the talent and charisma of Segal and Jackson. But their natural charm salvage some of its potential, turning what could have been a fiasco into a genuinely amusing film.

Dillinger: overly violent

By RICK NELSON of the Collegian Staff

The Supreme Court may be trying to cut down on pornography, but a more insidious form of perversion is still bringing movie producers money.

While watching "Dillinger," the audience wonders what possible social value the violence depicted in the film could have. The plot focuses on the demented gangster Dillinger and Melvin Purvis, the almost equally demented FBI agent who pursues him.

As the viewer watches Purvis chase Dillinger through scene after scene of gushing blood and writhing bodies, he just hopes Dillinger will hurry up and get it so the film can end.

"Dillinger's" story of gangsters in the 30's is reminiscent of "Bonnie and Clyde." In fact, for the first few minutes, the viewer feels he is watching a version of the '67 film with the names changed.

But further into the film, the viewer wonders what made "Bonnie and Clyde" so good and "Dillinger" so bad.

The acting in "Dillinger" is adequate. Warren Oats gives a convincing performance as Dillinger, and Ben Johnson provides a good portrayal of the formidable, bloodthirsty lawyer who vows to smoke a cigar over the corpse of every man he seeks.

But director John Milius fails to give the audience an opportunity to empathize or sympathize with any of the characters. Dillinger's grabbing a woman at a bar and taking her with him does not have the romantic appeal of Bonnie Parker jumping into the arms of Clyde Barrow.

Furthermore, the relationship between Dillinger and "Billy" is not developed sufficiently. She jumps from slapping his face to pleading that she be spared seeing him killed with no explanation of

the changes in her feelings.

Michelle Phillips gives an acceptable performance as Billy, but the part doesn't give her a chance to compete with Faye Dunaway's performance in "Bonnie and Clyde."

Billy does not take an active part in the activities of Dillinger's gang; certainly not a condition that would deny her a chance to demonstrate her acting abilities. But with the film centered so much on the violence of the plot and so little on individual characters, her performance is nothing more than a sidelight.

Also missing from this overly dramatic movie is the type of comic relief provided in "Bonnie and Clyde" by Estelle Parsons' performance. There are only a few poor attempts at jokes. (Dillinger comments on social security, "It could ruin the country. If people want money, they should go to work.")

The promise of an interesting supporting actress role suggested by Cloris Leachman's name in the advertisement is not realized, since she appears only in a small segment near the end of the film.

Her performance as a prostitute who gives Purvis the final clue he needs to track down Dillinger does nothing to lighten the plot.

A member of Dillinger's gang comments on learning of Bonnie and Clyde's death that lesser criminals ruin things for everyone else. "Bonnie and Clyde" certainly ruined any chance of success "Dillinger" ever had.

Letter policy

The Daily Collegian welcomes comments on news coverage, editorial policy or noncampus affairs. Letters should be typewritten, double spaced, signed by no more than two persons and no longer than 30 lines. Students' letters should include the name, term and major of the writer.

Letters should be brought to The Collegian office, 126 Carnegie, in person so proper identification of the writer can be made, although names will be withheld by request. If letters are received by mail, The Collegian will contact the signer for verification.

the **Collegian**

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