



Dear Scuttle,
What do you do about someone in the next room who plays the record player too loud? It's driving me out of my skull!!
Sincerely,

Going Deaf

Dear Going Deaf,
Tell him to keep it down or you'll put a muffler where his woofer used to be. Lots of luck.

Scuttle

Dear Scuttle,
A bunch of us are dying to know who you are. Why don't you just sign your real name to your column? Who are you?

The Curious Ones

Dear Curious Ones,
It's just as well you don't know—Not getting all you want is character building. Look at it this way—I'm doing you a favour!

As Always
Scuttle

Dear Scuttle,
One of the fellows in my class is driving me nuts. Every time he

sees me he comes up and puts his arm around me and says something like, "Hi lover, how are you today?" This is embarrassing, besides the fact that I don't like him. What do I do?

Bewildered

Dear Bewildered,
Next time he does this, grab hold of his hand, look him square in the eye, and say, "Is this your's by any chance?"

This should cool the hot daddy off quick, quick, quick!

Yours,
Scuttle

I have a very serious and embarrassing problem. This is my first year at U.N.B. and I am going out often with a very nice girl... from downtown. The trouble is that I was raised by my mother, and I love her very dearly. And every time I put my arm around my girl-friend, I think of Mother. What will I do?

Deep Waters

Dear Deep Waters,
Buy yourself a pair of scissors, go off the deep end, and do two things: (1) Cut the apron strings, and 2) cut the umbilical cord.

Scuttle

I have been at U.N.B. for 5 years and the experience has destroyed my ego. In all other cities of Canada girls have fought for my favours. Why have the girls here not shown their true natures?

An Introvert

Maybe their experiences have ruined their egos too.

Scuttle

How about a date? I'd like a personal interview.

Aforementioned Introvert
Dear Aforementioned Introvert,

O.K.

Scuttle

In reply to your uncalled-for criticism — YOU buy the peanut butter.

Scuttle

FILM SOCIETY REVIEW

by ROBERT KERR

"The Devil's Eye", an Ingmar Bergman fantasy-comedy about Don Juan returned from Hell, was, on the surface, a diverting and fascinating film. Like most European films it gave this North American audience the welcome relief of a picture that is well done, but lacking just enough polish here and there to avoid the slick impression of Hollywood efforts. The experimental endeavours and some of the ideas were good.

But as a Bergman picture, the noted Swedish director really ought to be able to do better. For one thing, he allows his actors to fall far short of what might be expected of them. In Heil they overplay their parts. While, since this is a fantasy, overplaying is not bad "per se", it is done as though directed to children, although the risqué nature of the film definitely rules out that such are the intended audience. Although their performances appear competent when viewed individually, the actors fail to react to one another, more so than can be justified by the failure of the story's characters to communicate.

The symbolism and dramatic intensity, which Bergman can use so well, are simply too vague and esoteric in this film. The soul-searching symposiums of the characters tend only to go around in circles. The proverbs and revealing statements are frequently only garnished platitudes. One suspects that Bergman didn't really have anything to say when he made this film, but went ahead anyway, hoping that in the midst of his masterful technique none would notice.

The satire tends to be heavy-handed and overly obvious. One wonders, in fact, if this is not a satire on morals and conventions, as typical pictures of the Bergman school are, but rather a spoof on the very film pattern of symbolism and inner-meaning that is Bergman's normal milieu. But, if this is the case, Bergman is declaiming his own art, and he is not yet the infallible master who can afford this. It seems that "The Devil's Eye" is merely a poor example of that art. PREVIEW: This Sunday, Nov. 4, the Film Society will be viewing a Russian film "Lady With the Little Dog". Ingmar Bergman has strongly recommended this picture as one of great beauty, with "sensualism as it affects all the senses."

They side by side in the moonlight.

She murmured as she smoothed his brow:

"Darling, I know that my life has been fast,

But I'm on my last lap now."



Dear Scuttle, See what I mean? —Bewildered

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