

# NOW SHOWING:

• By VNL •

## THE MOVIE *Maniac*

WELL, HERE are some types of girls a fellow invariably gets to escort to the movies in his lifetime. Of course some girls won't particularly cherish this piece after reading it, and I'll probably be waylaid by some rale femmes armed with some form of deadly or lethal weapon like the sharp point of an umbrella, hairpins, safety pins, or a freshly manicured female fingernail. But I have just lunked a Removal exam and resign myself to the cruelties of a cruel world. So,

arm nearest to her and pinches the lower part with quarter-inch long fingernails. She comes near to walloping your lower jaw with a neat uppercut. She's having the time of her life while using you as a punching bag, a pin cushion, and maybe a clothesrack too, for you're holding her sweater and handbag while she's holding a bag of peanuts! She giggles excitedly and throbs with pure unadulterated mirth, all the while taking pokes at you and giving you welts on the arm as if a swarm of mos-

this dame's got. But she goes on bawling like a leaking fire hydrant and now and then blows her nose, and the big man sitting in front of you looks back to see if you have bitten off part of her lips or something. Then at the last scene, when the villain get his due and the hero and heroine are united or reunited your girl's pleased as Punch . . . and then spends a full half hour at the Ladies' Room re-making her face.

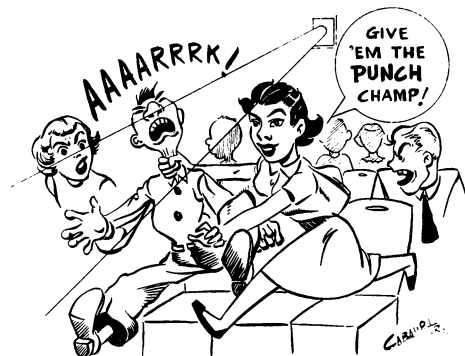
This next one is rather shared by both sexes of cinemaddicts. But for the girls, I'd say she's the female counterpart of the rig driver. At every suspenseful part she goes "Tch tch tch," and never fails to repeat some everytime the suspense hits the heartstrings. Like the happy type she splits with uncontrolled glee if the scene's funny, and if a scary part of the film suddenly flashes on the screen she's the first to jump and shout, "Eeeeeee! . . . Sus, da-oy!!!!" This one is when the movie is a mystery, murder, or suspense.

And, to prolong this expose, there's also the dictaphone, parrot or repeater. She repeats the last words of the dialogue like a lit-tanist. If the film's a musical she sings or hums the ditty along with the singer on the screen. And you never saw such an exhibition of dissonance, too!

Since we've gone this far we might as well add the type that reeks like a broken perfume bottle. To clear your beclouded nostrils you light a fag . . . and what does the sweet girl do? She instantly gasps for breath and coughs and coughs and fans the air frantically as if she's asphyxiated, and poor you, taking the hint, takes a last deep drag and reluctantly throw away the freshly lighted butt.

And now, to beat the ladies to the punch are some infuriated female pen pusher seems to retaliate by listing down some of the eccentricities of the male moviegoer.

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come on, ladies, one at a time. Form a line to the right and no crowding, please.

First off, we shall harp on the happy type. Imagine: you are sitting next to her inside a movie. The film is a technicolored musical comedy, the hero is a popular movie idol and his sidekick is a popular comedian. Now comes a scene where the lunnyman starts with the shenanigans. The crowd howls, doubles up in merry convulsions, everybody is wracked with spasms of hysterical laughter. And this is where your girl comes in. This dame doesn't only laugh, she swats the upper part of your

quitoses are giving you the works. Brother, she's really fractured! You look at her sheepishly, smile wanly, and half-heartedly say, "He he."

And of course there's the sad type, too. You are sitting beside her and the film is a tear jerker. When the hero or heroine is in a sad predicament and it seems there is nothing better to do than cry — cry she does, as if she was going to be shot at sunrise! She starts sniffling and digging for her handkerchiefs from the bowels of a bag cluttered with lipstick, nail file, coins, a small mirror, pins, chewing gum, etc. You look at her solicitously and wonder, gee, what a soft heart

"Lina, please come down. Let's meet the fishermen. Mother wants me to buy some **bindingen**."

Hand in hand the two either run or skip spritlike toward the beach, with the lightness and agility characteristic of vibrant adolescence.

Once on the seashore they would eagerly watch the approach of bancas, getting a better view of an exquisite picture.

After making their purchase, the little girls would still have time to wander on the beach. To feel the salty sand under their feet. The sun, a golden yellow, still was low in the eastern sky. And they would hang their baskets on a branch and race the length of the beach to the old schoolhouse. Scattered all over the beach were pretty, lovely, sea things. Shells aplenty. Shells horny and smooth. The sparkling sea water, shiny stones, and the deep blue sea.

Bertha used to be her classmate in the old days. There was that particular afternoon of long ago when darkness pervaded the mossy walls of the old schoolhouse. It was raining hard outside. The pupils submitted to the sullen atmosphere by crumpling their arms over their breasts, bringing their legs together to preserve so much body heat as possible. The door slammed open letting in a cold rush of wind. From the door emerged the dripping figure of Bertha.

"Bertha!" their teacher exclaimed. "How could you come in this rain?" But Bertha was unmoving. Tiny streams of rain water rolled from her bare legs on to the concrete pavement.

"Go back home, Bertha, and change into something dry and warm. Come back when the rain stops."

For her part, Lina understood the gnawing bitterness in Bertha's little heart at that moment. She knew how poor Bertha was. In their house, there was almost nothing she could wear to school. Poverty stalked in their dilapidated dwelling. In such a home Bertha lived a part of a large but indigent family.

Other girls were buoyant and gay, Bertha was seldom that. It was Lina who gave her gaiety and laughter with her companionship.

One day Lina learned her family was returning to the City. With much effort she told Bertha her sad story. "You will soon forget me,

Lina, because I am poor," Bertha sobbed.

"No, Bertha, no." I won't forget you. Never. Please don't cry anymore, Lina said as she embraced her passionately.

The last time she saw her, Bertha was standing near the bend, the wind blowing her curly black hair. Her tear-stained face was grave with sorrow.

There were times when Lina would dream of her. In her dreams Bertha would smile at her and showed her slimy, black-dotted jelly fish. How Lina would struggle to reach for Bertha's extended hand, only to awaken, that she had slipped from her clutches as slippery as the jelly fish she held.

From an adjoining room a key was turned. The clucking gave Lina a start: Other teachers were going home. Slowly she made for the door and left for lunch.

That afternoon, a senile looking woman came — leading Julito into the room.

"Good afternoon, Miss Rico," the woman greeted Lina. "Julito is my grandson. I'm taking care of him . . ." She faltered, searching her mind for the next words. Faint ripples twitched around her mouth, while her frail body shook momentarily.

"He was my son. The boy's father was my son. Honest, Miss, Bertha's husband didn't kill that man! I knew it all along. We can not fight a case in court without money. Cold money!"

"Bertha is dead, Miss. Poor child! A broken heart . . ."

Lina was not prepared for it. It struck her hard. To her the world seemed to have snapped from its orbit. Suddenly she gained composure.

"I'm sorry," Lina sighed, her voice sounded strange.

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I'm sure she won't forget or neglect to mention the boys who unflinchingly put up their feet on the back of the seat in front of them; or the inveterate chain smoker. Of the men, the most enthusiastic and omnipresent is the whistler or the clapper or shouter who whistles, shouts, or claps indignantly when the reel suddenly stops. Brother,

### WHAT DO YOU THINK? . . .

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in divorcing education from religion because if the former aims at man's physical or intellectual perfection the latter tends to enrich and harness his spiritual potentialities. Education and religion as one will undoubtedly cure man of the moral astigmatism which has disquieted him in the past.

● **Joe Ricamora** — College of Liberal Arts, says: I think its time we clamp down on the superfluity of youth by instituting religious education. It will do a lot towards tempering a youth gone wild in regard to sensualism and lempérance. A generation drunk



**Joe Ricamora**

with inordinate desires for material things but famished of God is a generation gone to the dogs. Well, before we are dumped into the kennel and while we can still help not joining the canines, let us do away with our sluggish systems and join hands in sweeping the cobwebs of indifference so that we may be nearer to God and farther from the dogs.

what a racket these guys create when the screen goes blank all of a sudden.

At the end of the film some guys inevitably turn around to look for some friends, stand up, or give forth clearly audible call whistles. This is called The Search. Others neglect to bring their own matches or lighters to ignite their butts. And these are the Pests.

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heard a guy remarking, "I envy that darned tractor!" Such vehemence! I reckon, there wouldn't be the present repugnance to anything connected with mud and rice puddies if there were 'em damsels to maneuver those things. Why, farmhands would come a-flocking!

...NENA VIVERA, the lone of the College of Engineering's motored stairway. What! Is the College that short of shirts? Or are they just plain bashful [tsk! tsk!]

...the amateur cowboys and their partners, square-dancing their feet off to the bumpy strains of "Buttons and Bows" and, boy, did the stage quiver like Hibok-Hibok was just a meter away. And would it swat with our physically dynamic gossoons up there in fancy western clothing — JAY VILLEGAS, MONCHING BLANCO, OSCAR VILLEGAS, RUDY SAYSON, JOE CERILLES, MAURICIO RIVERA, FRANCISCO JAPSON AND EDDIE PASCUAL with their equally brimming-with-life gals — ALICIA TABOTABO, CORAZON JIMENEZ, CELEDONIA JAVIER, FELICIDAD GILAY, and numbs and numbs of 'em.

...the gay dancing señoritas from gay Mexico — ANGELES TOMIMBANG, PAT, LILY, NENA, HELEN BOLT, ISOBEL, DALISAY de VERA, etcetera... etc. I'm mighty curious about the source of the identical fancy braids (Pardon me for exposing the racket!) because I could use a pair myself.

...CLARITA ASPIRAS, FE SISON, and the rest of the chained slaves come straight from a stinking Persian dungeon. And there was the "Oh — too... handsome bundle of a slave driver" (sigh) — CESAR SERAPIO. When you take a good peer at him you'd think he's incapable of even breaking such fragile thing as a glass but can he whip! Not that poor slaves minded tho the hair-pulling may surely have hurt more than just a little bit.

...MERCEDES ROSELLO, swinging it a la Carmen Miranda with the smooth Valenino-ish NESTOR MORELOS and such S.A.'s señoritas and señoritas as CELESTE RUBI, FRANK BORROMEO, LINDA DALOPE, LIBUNFACIL, VICTORIA ABAD, CESAR JAMIRO, JOVITA TRINIDAD, and the other dear-secretaries.

...EDDIE PASCUAL. He not only is incapable of stepping on your favorite corn when he swings you on a dance floor, but also, sister, when he starts to chant he can make you believe the latest bobby-sox craze Tony Bennett himself is right before you. He sure made a "song-hit" the last nite of the USC festival — really wow-ed the quadrangle spectators and I suppose, garnered just as much applause and encores as Tony Bennett. Fact is BSC's Eddie sings like USA's Tony...er... I mean, Tony sings like Eddie!



*Our Femmes*

**Elsa Prado  
Valmonte**

- Manila
- February 25, 1934
- Commerce II
- Poise & Glamour
- Excellent Pianist
- Record Playing  
(Modern & Classical)
- Bowling

#### WHAT IS RUSSIAN . . .

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##### Additional Evidence of Terrorism

This competent witness and writer portrays graphically on Terror that reigns in the U.S.S.R. She states that any moment the secret police may knock at the door and take you or your loved ones away without even letting you know what "crime" you or they are supposed to have committed; that the Soviet citizen can be arrested and shot or imprisoned without a trial; that he has no voice in the election of his government or of the local authorities who control his whole life; that he has no trade unions to protect him and he can be dismissed without notice by the factory manager, losing at the same time his room and his ration book; that there is no unemployment pay and only one employer, the State; that the State is employer, judge, jury, policeman, and landlord; that the worker is a helpless slave forced to work wherever and at whatever wage the government decrees; that he is forbidden to strike; that the so-called trade unions, far from protecting the worker, are but organs of the State used to compel him to work to the limit of his strength; that the penalty of striking is the living death in the concentration camp where the victims of the secret police do forced labor in conditions as horrible as

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The most irritating of 'em all are the conversationalists who anticipate the film's climax, and discuss the personal and professional life of the actor or actress (and, sometimes, of both, including some in the supporting cast), blotting out the dialogue on the screen with their unnecessary gabfest. These guys or dames exchange everything they know about Jeanne Crain's kids, Scott Brady's romances, all the movie stars' data, vital statistics, etc etc. . . . blah blah . . . bzzzzzz . . . yakity yakity yak yak . . .

And not only last but also the least — the Mismatched Persons! These characters prop their large feet on the back of the seat in front, settle down as comfortably as they could (that means slumping down deep into the chair and blocking traffic from the aisle) and go right off to sleep, snoring sonorously.

Well, there you are. If you know some other stunts — tell 'em to the theatre manager!

those which existed at Dachau and Buchenwald; that to be late for work renders the "free" worker liable to dismissal; that the interior passport system and the work certificate rivet the laborer to his job like a serf.