Fellini’s Roma cuts a deep slice into the beauty of Rome

by Jay Boyer

Spectrum Film Critic

A young child in a parochial setting, young Fellini views films in a way that is unobtrusive, but watching unabashedly theatrical folkloric singing, dancing, and schickling while a noisy, raucous crowd of elderly and diseased spectators in the "happy" amusement park: the pagoda of gaslight and the gaudy taste in entertainment is handled in terms of an old-fashioned" haven. No various stages do not contribute to the form; the most positive thing they do is watch.

It is not so in the present. Here and now, Fellini lives in his work as an act. He may not be acting in the word’s strictest sense, but in the nowadays' sequences the director himself is often on camera.

Out of the audience

The page of entertainment weaves the present and past together. While the war period was a time of passive observation, the modern world finds Fellini actually making movies. Instead of scenes of open-mouthed, brow-beaten people watching films, we see Fellini and his monsters of metal and glass, creating cinematic experiences.

A sense of controlled terror (very much like that of the war-time air-raids) is developed in a way that makes us understand darkness along a rain-drenched superhighway without any extra-systemic tricks, a feeling of motion is achieved. Under conditions of poor visibility, we fear the other drivers.

Darkness is imminent in the present, with most of these scenes being filmed in dark and shadowy settings. Glimpses of humanity shine through the darkness of technology and future exploration.

Fellini talks to critics of his films in an extra-systemic sequence and hears all their suggestions for what should be done. He believes a man should do what he can do.

The film-maker comes off very sagaciously. It must be good to make films; eventually, you get the last word.

Curled Gourd

Gore Vidal, of all people, makes a cameo appearance. He stays around just long enough to be comically cynical. There is something mildly unsettling about Vidal’s appearance in a Fellini film. Having the author of trendy prose like Myra Breckinridge preserved in a film of conscious universality is enough to curdle milk.

Though there are many dull stretches in the project, it is, in a very real sense, a three-ring circus. That is, there are three separate scenes involving intimate and large-scale events, all directly related to each other. The scenes are tremendously effecting in individual ways.

In one of them, a pugnacious parade of whom’s or whose is followed into the dust and dirt by its prospective clients. The camera follows them as they

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Projection of a life style

Woe is me a mop mop on a rebop. Let’s move our legs and see. A mop on a mop. Let’s step up and analyze that for a moment. Woe. Bring’s to mind Message from Albert (Albert Ayler – New Grass). Woe. Woe on the false people who. So. Me. I. Me. Choo Marx? Or simply a play on misery (meaning misery is a way of watching when you’re hip and proud, or just another dumb-ass trying to be (soulful, sweet), or maybe an unconscious reference to Fellini’s other ticks. In another sequence, Fellini even jokes about the fact that he is cinematically obsessed with these bizarre women in their repulsive truth. Their smiles and lies have the subtle grace of potato famine. Then, between bards and quicks, Fellini recalls Entertainment.

Al Green

The Women Poets in English is a literary gap. It is a good, infrequently read poetry for which we’d like to catch up on what they’ve missed in the last thousand years.


From a pastoral poet to Piety and Peasent The Women Poets in English is the first comprehensive collection of women’s poetry ranging from the renaissance to the decade. It includes the works of 139 poets from Great Britain, North America, Australia, and New Zealand.

This is a chronological collection with an emphasis on modern poets. In addition, there is an emphasis on any other aspect of poetry, such as theme or style. It seems to be an inclusive collection of writing where abundance of a certain form or theme results from conditions in the era of the writers, rather than from any bias on the part of editor Ann Stanford.

In such a chronology, it is interesting to watch the development of poetry in England and how it is changing times. For example, in 17th century, in the six-year period, it was very difficult for a woman to write and maintain respect in the society. Therefore, many women wrote poems concerning their own writing, their limitations, and their anger at the men who were trying to restrict them.

At times went on, women had a foothold in politics from which they could work effectively toward their own improvement, and poems began to focus on incidence to action rather than passivity. But this book is an artistic rather than a political statement, and the poems concerning the conditions of women were sea-pods in a garden of anesthetics, love, despair, ballads, and many unexpected themes.

This conveys, for instance, an excerpt from an instructional book of hunting, written in rhyme in the 15th century. There was also a poem of praise written to General Washington at the beginning of the American Revolution.

One of the more striking developments throughout the anthology was the changeover from the aesthetic theme, the personification and generalization of love, death, nature, etc., to nuances of personal emotion. In the late 18th century, a poem about night began: "Now Ev'ry victim..."

The next step in the rhyme is: "And Night leads on the dusk and shadowy hours... A modern poem on the theme of night begins: This is the light of the mind, cold and planetary...

The styles of the poems are as varied as the ideas, and in the earlier writings, Mr. Stanford is kind enough to speak wise from an overdose of sonnets. Early British writing is inseparable from its strict form, and consequently often gives the impression of having been chopped up, rearranged, and frozen in order to fit into the lines properly (The sea no more the swelling surge confines)....

But usually each individual poem has sufficient overall impact to confine the swelling surge of stuffiness. And of course poets were included, such as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who have a grace with words which sunder awkwardness.

The Women Poets in English is not only instructional in the development of poetry but manages to take into consideration the quality of the individual poem. Any poem might have been removed from the context of the book and been equally appreciated.

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