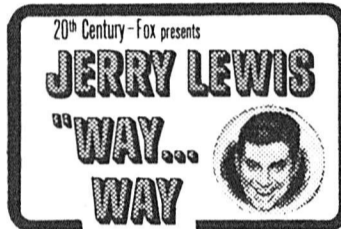


Anita Ekberg • Jerry Lewis • Connie Stevens

LE STEVENS • ROBERT MORLEY
 HOWARD MORRIS and Schmidlap • BRIAN KEITH as General Hattenby • DICK SHAWN
 ANITA EKBERG
 Directed by JORDON DOUGLAS • Written by WILLIAM BOWERS and LASLO VADNAY
 CINEMASCOPE • COLOR by DeLuxe
 THE PLAYBOYS OF "WAY... WAY OUT"



BET YOU'VE NEVER SEEN A MOVIE PRESS-SHEET BEFORE—Here's part of one, designed to advertise the new Jerry Lewis movie at the Capitol; we're reprinting it because our critic liked the film so much, and because we like Anita Ekberg so much.

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Calendar

The week before Christmas holidays promises to be a busy one for musical enthusiasts (and others too):

- SATURDAY, DEC. 10—Arthur Fiedler conducts the Edmonton Symphony in Jubilee Auditorium at 8:30 p.m.
- SUNDAY—The ESO appears again in Jubilee at 3:00 p.m. At *The Jazz Door*, P. J. Perry plays the saxophone in concert at 8:30 p.m.
- MONDAY—Film Society presents *The Suitor*, a French comedy, for members in Jubilee Auditorium at 8:15 p.m.
- WEDNESDAY—Handel's *Messiah* at Jubilee Auditorium, 8:00 p.m.
- THURSDAY—The university fraternities present Songfest in Jubilee at 8:00 p.m.

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films

I can't say my heart was high as I walked into the Capitol Theatre to see the Jerry Lewis movie there currently displayed, *Way Way Out*.

But as I left the theatre my face was wreathed in that implausible smile that spreads across critics' faces when they've found gold in what they'd thought was a slag-heap.

In other words, I'd discovered that *Way Way Out* is, in its own unpleasant way, a very good movie.

I understand that one English 210 lecturer this term had his class write essays on the possibility of turning Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* into a film. Anyone really interested should zoom down to the Capitol, because *Way Way Out* is an amazingly consistent piece of Swiftian satire.

Like *Gulliver*, it certainly isn't funny-ha-ha; it throws away scores of opportunities for rolling the audience in the aisles. But thus it achieves just the right grimness to succeed as a brutal, tasteless send-up of everybody's favorite brutal, tasteless nation, the U.S. of A.

Jerry Lewis plays an astronaut who has dodged duty for eleven years, which he has spent speaking on the women's club circuit and acquiring, in Robert Morley's immortal phrase, "a rotten reputation with women". Morley plays his boss, who has a grave problem: the American weather-station on the moon has to be staffed for a year by two people who won't go insane in one another's company.

The current pair on the moon, charmingly named Hoffman and Schmidlap, have been trying to kill each other for three months. Morley presses a button on his desk and we see them, unshaven and murderous, punching each other, tying each other up, weeping.

Not since Norman McLaren's *Neighbors* have I seen such a memorable image of man-to-man hatred.

Anyway, Morley's bright idea is to send up a husband-and-wife team, who presumably would be free from at least one of the tensions that have destroyed H and S. But at almost the last minute the Ideal Couple, married a fortnight previously, arrive back from their honeymoon hating each other with a mad passion.

Lewis is next on the list. So in three days he has to be married to some qualified girl and shot off to the moon.

The most likely qualified girl turns out to be Connie Stevens, scrubbed and sexless. But she has natural objections to the stud-book spirit surrounding her instant courtship.

These objections are partially overcome once Lewis turns slightly human under the threat of being married to the ugliest basso-profundo astronomess in the world. Miss Stevens agrees to the moon-marriage as a matter of form, but stipulates that the marriage not be consummated, at least not until the two of them know each other a bit better.

So off to the moon. Hoffman and Schmidlap are carried away (Schmidlap has a compelling monologue as he weaves fantasies around Miss Stevens' habits in the shower), and the love-birds have their first fight.

By this time I really didn't know how to take the film: could it possibly intend the utter blackness of its comedy? The next sequence convinced me that everyone concerned knew exactly what he was doing.

Lewis, shut out from his wife, disconsolately flicks the television switch, and the wall is filled with a great Frankenstein scene—the one where the townspeople are burning the pathetic, cowering monster.

Lewis flicks the switch again; cowboys are killing Indians. (This scene is returned to several times; as in *Texas Across the River*, a joke is made of predictability of the Indian's falling off his horse.)

Another flick, and a Southern senator is explaining (it's AD 2000) how much everyone in the South is for civil rights, "but you've gotta give us a little time . . ."

After that, I knew that at any rate I wasn't just being precious in taking the film seriously.

I've no more space, though I could summarize endlessly. The important thing is that the film carries through without a bit of sentiment, loveless, merciless; America's most recent finest hour, the Cuban Missile Crisis, is bitterly spoofed, and the lovers finally go to bed under a flickering distorted image of Robert Morley's face. After *The Knack*, it's the best film in Edmonton.

—John Thompson