

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF GREAT WORKS SUCH AS S.O.B. AND '10' COMES ANOTHER SHIMMERING EXAMPLE OF CINEMATIC ART. UNCLE STEVIE SPENDS A FEW MOMENTS POKING IT WITH A SHARP STICK.

SKIN DEEP (Director Blake Edwards)

Stevie! I hear you scream. "Why on Earth have you been to see a Blake Edwards film?!!?" Yes kids, I agree with you whole-heartedly. Blake Edwards is a wanker. All of the most recent films produced by his talentless blob of mucoid scum are little more than spectacularly dreadful sex farces, yearning to give the middle-aged reprobate the kindergarten thrill of seeing celebrities last seen on the Muppet Show parading bare bottoms all about the place and saying Fuck more often than necessary.

But wait. Laugh you may, but I gave this one a try because John Ritter is in it (half the university swoons as any remaining credibility fights squawking into the sewer). No, really. I've been wondering how long it would take Ritter to poke his way out of the zip-loc baggie of TV slapstick and into the mooovies and here would appear to be his chance to justify my trust. In the end, he does actually manage to survive the course, but heavens to Betsy! What a brutal and foetid course it is.

Zack Hutton is a wealthy writer that has had it all. At the moment he's got a bit of the old writer's block but no matter, because he's otherwise diddling anything he can get his paws on.

Chicks can't get enough of him!
Just a quick chat at the bar, a
glance across the restaurant and...
PTOOOIEEE! their knickers are
flying across the room at the speed
of sound. Crikey! After that we're
into the old crap of 'tortured and
over-bonked artist-findshimselfand-attempts-to-make-good-withloved ones' schtick and bloody
painful it is too. Rather than
explore any of the other talents of
his star, arch toss-pot Edwards
allows Ritter to stumble around
just as stupidly as would be
expected of a slightly more risque
Three's Company with more
than the usual budget.
Edward's direction and general

Edward's direction and general style are so bland that there is absolutely no redeeming feature. I found myself comparing the movie to a display case full of plastic food hermetically sealed in a germ-free environment. At best, his standard approaches the sort of visual work mistakenly caught on one of those appalling afternoon T.V. soaps that are so popular in North America. It's that bad.

The supposed coup de grace of the piece is the glowing condom scene. Here, Ritter and enraged

boyfriend engage in a bit of wrestling, their presence indicated only by the presence of a fluorescent green and iridescent orange rubter respectively. As they tussle, phosphorescent erections wobble all over the blackened screen as the audience goes absolutely mental with hysterics. Why? Everyone expects this to happen anyway, having been primed by the last weeks preview. I check my watch again, noting that even though the film hasn't been through more than an hour yet, I seem to have been here forever.

To his credit, Ritter gets the opportunity to make us chuckle at least twice. One of these occasions occurs when, quite by chance (following another 'Babe' actually) into a health club, he bumps into an ex-girlfriend (Julianne Phillips) that insists that she give him a complimentary session of electro-therapy. Imprisoned in the apparatus, our Zack receives a little more than he should, meaning that his departure is associated with manic spasmodics reducing him to a series of convulsions and fits that continue and finally climax (oops!) with his mercedes making a violent rear ending into a city bus.

Edwards tries in vain to create a compromise between a character from Brett Easton Ellis and Dudley Moore, but at every fence he falls flat on his face. The ending is so abysmally ordinary

that I could barely contain a hugely contemptible HUFF! that got me a steely eye from the ape behind me that had earlier be hooting and whistling at the grotesquely muscled monster that Ritter got consumed by earlier in this shameful garbage. Just before the credits roll, all the major characters in the film, concubines boyfriends, relatives, all, converge on Zack's local bar to cele brate the launch of his new book. Zack gets back with his wife (damn! there goes the plot!) and everybody floats around in a nauseous ether. It's as if at this point, even Edward's patience runs out with the film, deciding to stop the mega-mutant from embarrassing him any further. Even the film score is quite

bnoxious. The music accompa-

nying the risible sensitive sequences of the movie actually sounds as if it is being played on my archaic ghetto blaster which is currently in desperate need of a new motor. It warbles and distorts so badly that by the end of each

burst my companion had to dig my fingernails out of the seat with a shoe-horn.

Skin Deep is not absolute SKUNK-VOM but it is so damed close to making this level of excellence that is truly frightenine.

Here Citiths



David Harquail

For Board of Govenors Election Days Monday, March 20

Workshop Productions
Presents ...
The Caucasian Chalk Circle



Memorial Hall March 16, 17 & 18 8:00 pm

Students \$2.00 Adults \$3.00

The Caucasian Chalk Circle

Directed by: John Ruganda



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