

# 3-D OR NOT 3-D

by Pete Reeder

He was a small man of about 60 years. Partly bald, mousey-grey hair and glasses. He seemed like a man who'd put in his share of work and was ready for retirement and a grandchild to bounce on his knee. But Arch Oboler is far from ready to call it quits. He talks like a man who has had his mind made up about what to do for a long time.

Arch Oboler is a member of that group that so many people seem to find somewhat mysterious and at least awe inspiring. He's a Hollywood producer but a very different kind of producer.

He views Hollywood as primarily orientated to the, "almighty dollar" we all know and love. His views tend to lead him toward the feeling that it is better to say something and say it artistically than simply to grind out the usual mixture of sex and violence that is sure to make money at the box office.

But Mr. Oboler is also very realistic when he clearly states that the problem of sensationalism versus art is a difficult one to compromise.

He doesn't believe people will pay to see an arty movie. Violence suits them better. By trying to set a new trend, by making a movie purely for the sake of the art, a producer is fighting the current. Not enough people will swing with him.

Hollywood is a business with all the ethics and scruples of any money-making organization. But he feels a true sincerity in Hollywood's approach to the Negro. It isn't a case of simply trying to soothe its own conscience or that of the country or trying to be "up to date".

"I think they're really concerned. It's good business too, but there is true sincerity in trying to give the Negro a fair chance. It can't be done with militancy. It takes time. But it's a true and honest feeling."

But how long will it be before they are willing to allow a Negro to kiss a white girl or go as far as to make love to her, or vice versa, without fear of losing money over it? That's something we'll have to wait for alright. And when it happens, will it just be a gimmick to sell more tickets because it might be controversial?

Candian actors are in high regard with Mr. Oboler. He feels they are superior to the young American actors who are churned out at a regular rate bearing all the phony trappings that are used to make them overnight sensations. We have a much better training ground with our small theatre groups and our roving bands of players. "The best training ground in the world." William Shatner and Lorne Green strike him as two good products of our environment. And the CBC even comes in for a few good words. "The CBC used to put out in a week more drama than the American networks put out in a year."

Television itself is very destructive. It's "subliminal". We're continually assailed with wave after wave of violence. Or might this just be an attempt to get more people into the theatres? I don't think so. Again, it's just a matter of putting out what will sell best.

Arch Oboler has been in the entertainment business since before World War II. His first efforts were in the old hay days of radio when it was the centre of culture in millions of homes across America. He wrote over 800 radio plays and was famous

for his series *Lights Out* which ran in the same tradition of mysterious eeriness as *Inner Sanctum*.

Mr. Oboler was here in Toronto this past week promoting his latest product in the realm of three dimensional viewing. The movie is called *The Bubble* and is running downtown at the Downtown theatre, naturally.

It too is another science fiction story with a few new twists added. After seeing the movie it's a bit hard to believe it took fourteen years of research and testing to make it possible.

When three dimensional viewing came out back in the 1950s and in occasional bursts since then, it created a stir in the industry but soon died out. After seeing the movie *The Bubble*, although it was entertaining, it was easy to see why it never really caught on.

Mr. Oboler has called this new effort "4-D", the fourth dimension being time, referring to the time it took to perfect his new system. Essentially, it's the use of one movie projector instead of two to produce a three dimensional image; but you still have to wear the special polarized glasses as in the old system. They're comfortable however, not a great nuisance.

This "Space Vision" process is a well worked over one, but it still has one or two draw backs to the viewer. The screen seems to have a continual shadow along the top which is a bit of a nuisance to the eyes and double vision was there occasionally, depending on the angle of viewing mainly. Beyond these minor points, the technical aspects of the movie were as well refined as any normal, flat picture.

*The Bubble* deals with a young married couple who are placed in a perfect world of blue skies and no rain or other forms of natural hazards. But it is also a museum-type world where samples of different architecture and different people all exist as unthinking exhibits, and all are placed under this huge plastic bubble (ah hah!). The couple, (Mike Cole, now of the Mod Squad, and Deborah Walley) and their friend who flew them all in under the bubble as it was being put down, (Johnny Desmond), are the only ones who know what is really going on; the only ones who aren't zombies. Sound familiar?

After a half dozen "chilling" experiences they dig their way

out from under the bubble while the giant, never-seen force that put this museum together after destroying the rest of the world, vanishes. Not a trace. Which is a nice change from the ever lovin' beast that usually slurps up dozens of people before being zapped with a tiny H-bomb or something. It leaves the ending of the story a bit hanging, but it's a minor point after everything else. In other words, as long as the hero makes it, who cares about being neat and tidy about it? Right gang? Right!

The acting is, through-out the movie, steady and solid but the real star is the 3-d effects. There are some great scenes that are really clever and ingenious. One of these has a saloon dancer's foot come out on a kick and end up in front of your face, right under your nose. Another has a tray of beer float out so close that you can reach out and touch the glasses. If this could be perfected to the point where you could take a drink and then put it back, Mr. Oboler would have his fortune made.

There are times however when he resorts to a re-doing of some scenes simply to add another 3-d effect to the movie in the time allotted. This repetition of action does more harm than good by reducing the effect of the originality. The only truly pointless scene however is a supposed shock treatment in which Halloween type masks float out to you in procession, followed up by a spider dangling over your head. Scares hell out of the girls but is strictly a Micky Mouse effect. And then of course is the usual presence of eerie music. I kept looking for Boris Karloff to step around the next corner.

All in all however, I found it to be a very entertaining movie. If you've never seen 3-d you should get down to see it. You may not again. If no new or original concepts are used in the next movie of this type, it will simply be a passing novelty. Which is why it didn't last long before, most likely. It needs variety or it'll die for sure. Hockey, as Mr. Oboler agrees, would be fantastic in this process.

But get down and see it if you can and don't try using your press card; they'll just laugh and then charge you the \$2.25. They even tried to keep my two bits in change. But the glasses are yours to keep forever. Oh joy!

## Copyflow

by Bill Novak

Walking into a residence washroom the other day, I was slightly surprised to see a four foot high cloth dummy of a student, which hangs from the ceiling. The corpse-like figure sported a twelve-inch phallus, decidedly perpendicular to the rest of his body. This particular addition was a tightly rolled and clearly marked copy of *Seer*, the Winters College newsmagazine.

As soon as the lady in the library told me that the 'W' on my ATL card meant I was in Winters College, I reconsidered the whole issue. I've been reading *SEER* every week, as I read all the other college rags lying around the various common rooms. But with *SEER* there was a difference — it was actually a clever and relevant paper. I was reading a few good articles and many bad ones. But very few of them were boring. Hardly any dealt with the university's obsession with abbreviations and anagrams like YSC, JCR, OML, CUS, SAC, NATO and equally ambiguous terms. Instead, the writers were concerned with issues and expressions.

I especially liked the numerous articles by Mr. Cramer, who handled a good variety of subjects in a clever and lively way. Unfortunately, he's no longer with the paper. Nor is Gladstone, who was less fun and less clever. Wendy Dennis is still writing in *SEER*, and she seems like a good person. Every issue, especially the most recent one, has been varied, highly creative, and consistently worth reading. The parody on "After Four" was a classic.

But I did not write all this merely to praise the *SEER*. If you read this column, you might even agree with me that *SEER* is one of the few exciting things on campus. What I'm upset about is that this highly refreshing and imaginative product is in danger of having to stop printing for financial reasons. One is indeed tempted to suspect that support might be more forthcoming if their content were more run-of-the-mill and irrelevant.

I really don't care about the facts of college and politics. I don't even care about what's happening on campus. But I do care about *SEER* — for all the confusion and paranoia over there — and the collapse of that paper would represent the ultimate shame. So help them.

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