'DAMN YANKEES' DISPLAYS SOME HOT ENTERTAINMENT

By LOUIS BELL and JIM KUTTLER

To the galactic realm of star-gazers and avoidists of study and clean living now add the names of two unknown refugees from the Halls Wiess. In witness to our utter cynicism and obloquy for the creature cinema we here offer our first in an exciting new series of gross and sundry Flak-in-the-pan previews. (**The key to our reknown as critics.)

Arty Interests

In the interests of art, and especially in our enthusiasm for a worshiping public, we promise to hold with the traditions of the infamous propaganda paper for which we write and keep our articles pared down to the barest and crudest essentials. Any suggestions you have would be appreciated, first of all because the custodian is short on paper, but mainly because no one else will write us a letter.

Louis Bell: Plot line; Jim Kuttler: Punch line.

In Order To Confuse

In order to confuse you from the very beginning and to incite action at the bureau of false advertising, we offer here for the first time an innovation in campus-type reviews, an unrestricted yahoo for a first-rate flick. The object of our affection is (par-donez-nous) "Damn Yankees."

This galloping show has everything: Gwen Verdon on a stick (broom) and usually out of costume; an orgy-type dance number ("Two Lost Souls") replete with wallowing and wiggling; a Devil who really is; Tab Hunter at a minimum (and negligible when he does pop up); and plenty of old gimmicks from the same company's "Pajama Game" to keep the spice spaced.

"Fortissimostest"

The musical numbers are mez-ozoarty and fortissimostest, the hottest being that infamous "Lola" song-and-dance in which our ghoul Gwen shows that even at 172 (years, not pounds) a well-preserved seductress can make your date sweat blood and you sweat your net. (Apologies to open-minded Rice girls and infuriated English profs.)

"Shoeless Joe" is terrible but it won't put you to sleep. Ray Walston, with his Tom Lehr leer, can't be upstaged by a very clever intrusion on his "Good Old Days" bit, and makes Hell look like the suavest. (No, we don't use a dictionary.)

Racing Down—Hell

Miss Vernon is wicked in the best way, and puts the bite in Lili. The whole melee is well-played, and if the beginning seems a little slow, the pace goes racing down-hell if with a surplus of chortles and knocks at Methodists, wives, and Yankees.

An uneven color balance sometimes makes one want to scream: well, why not? Everybody else is. Also after your money:

"Ride A Crooked Trail" — Maudlin Murphy shootin' it up again. (The movie, that is.)

"Oedipus Rex" — A winner. English majors: go! Uncultured scientists: no!

"Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" — If this one is a dog, it's a hot one.

"This Angry Age"—Anthony Perkins, take it or leave it.

"The Fly" — Sophisticated creatures, excellent acting, tension and clinchin', shot plot.