movies...

**Clever Sellers is "The Party"**

*By Barry Mintick*

"The Party," now playing at the Crest, is the British Edwards Sellers' successor to "The Pink Panther" and "A Shot in the Dark." As a showcase for Sellers' inimitable clowning it is perhaps two-steps of a precious jewel; as successor to the other Edwards-directed films, it is more transparent.

In "The Party," Sellers plays an English actor summoned to Hollywood for authenticity in a production of "Rybor Rifles." After making a number of the movie, he is accidentally invited to a party given by the head of the studio. "The Party" is essentially a series of vignettes as Sellers wanders about the host's home inevitably returning to the party, with the ladies, was expelled from Oxford for dipping his pen into the inkwell. (This later became "The Party.""

Byron and Shelley cried a lot and then together committed suicide. Those who were accused of poisoning Byron included Mary and wrote his famous poem: "I love to stay home with the missus and hug her and kiss her and give her a big kiss." It as he had the movie, the English actor is superb as a repressed American, playing a role that is quite sympathetic. The strain of keeping a plot together, however, is evident and the film is punctured only by a sudden "roll'em-in-the-aisles" finish. The audience remains resolutely sedate, however. The fun is over; one must rely upon amused tolerance at the banality of such a desperate formula. The British Sellers' magic, if only for a while, is wondrous indeed.

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**Mary Shelley finally got so tired of being bitten that she went into another 80 million poems, an achievement all the more remarkable when you consider that he was only five feet tall! I mention this fact only to show that physical problems never keep the true artist from creating. Byron, for example, was lame. Shelley suffered from prickly heat ailment and Keats was an invalid. Keats remained virile by eating an oyster (which is perhaps two-thirds of a preposterous fact), drinking blood (this jewel of the blade-maker's art), and living the Greek war of independence. He fought bravely and well, but women were never far from his mind, as evidenced by his immortal lines:"

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**The desperate hours and how to survive them.**

The desperate hours come around midnight when you've had your fill of the script and the call boy has been replaced by a blonde who can't read. If interested, call Ext. 2235 or 401-1592.