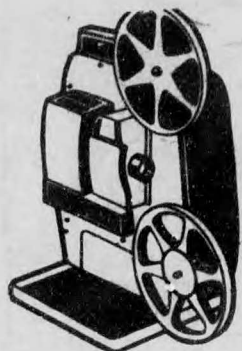


MOVIE

REVIEWS



SAVE THE TIGER



By DANIELLE THIBEAULT

What can you say about a movie you didn't like? Let's be objective!

Jack Lemmon plays Harry Stoner, a Los Angeles dress manufacturer dangling at the end of his rope. He's well over forty (been 23 years in the business), his creditors are at his back because payments are too slow (a couple of years too slow) and he can't even declare bankruptcy because a careful study of the books would reveal a touch of discrepancy in the figures. You see... to keep the workies doing just that, there's been some juggling of the books.

(People in the know would probably refer to it as FRAUD - a FELONY no doubt and most embarrassing situation for a "respectable" and "successful" businessman).

But all is not lost yet, for there may be relief on the way: a plant in Florida, a well-paid arsonist and a fire-insurance for 100 thousand. Sounds interesting? It's playing Harry's tune right now. "That could tie us over for ONE MORE season, at least", he is caught saying to his associate. But that old guy wants nothing to do with it. He suggests the loan-sharks. Harry is violently opposed-they have terribly unrealistic interest rates (200

percent) and they're mean when the payments aren't as prompt as they would like them to be. And Harry knows he's nothing close to prompt in the payment of his debts. So he decides to 'follow the piper' and makes a deal with the arsonist. The fireman will look into the deal and report back for a last O.K.

One can't keep from hoping that he'll cancel the deal, that he will find a 'miracle' solution to his problem. But Harry is too busy reminiscing. He's from the era of the Big Bands (Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Goodman and the like), the 'Great Ol'Tunes', Durocher, the great 'winding' baseball pitchers and the greatest war of them all:

W.W.II. Each day is an endless string of: "They just don't make things like they used to"...Why, when I was a kid..." and "Those were the good ol' days. His only flirt with REALITY is a one-night-fling with a 20 year old hitch-hiker who propositions him ("For nothing better to do", she says). When he picks her up one early morning. Even during a grass party at her place, he eventually drifts back to his "Great Old Days", reminiscing about the war buddies, the jazz greats, the baseball heroes from way back and good ol' - fashioned America.

To those of us under thirty (the post-war babies crowd) it is

difficult to feel anything but irritation toward the disillusioned dreamer. He's the victim of society, a wino, an Ol'Fool for which we have but veiled and short-lived pity. He's unadaptable, non-reformable, he's not part of today and so we shake our heads and pass him by. Like the kid in the baseball park, we say to Harry Stoner: "Minister, you can't play with us". We don't even like the movie about you. Not after you decide to go ahead with your plans to burn the factory in Florida and collect the insurance. Maybe the folks would like to reminisce about the Good Ol' Days. Not us, we're too busy living TODAY.



shamus

By DANIELLE THIBEAULT

Once in awhile, you like to see a movie that isn't great or marvelous or terribly bad either. SHAMUS is one such movie. It's not the best role that Burt Reynolds was ever beaten around in, nor is it the best excuse Ms. Cannon ever had to roll around in the sack (not unaccompanied, may I add), but it may become, in the long run, the best piece of small time enjoyment you'll come across (this weekend, anyway).

The story, in typical Reynolds style is flagrantly un-James Bond-ish, except of course, for the presence of an attractive specimen of the female species, the virility symbol of any half-decent cop (beneath every virile male lies a sexy dame). He is nothing of the well groomed, neatly dressed, well mannered investigator with the bottomless expense account. To those of you who are familiar with the type of characters often portrayed by the hero, you might like to know that he comes on as sexy as ever, even without the type

of spiced language he likes to throw around.

His style is lighter, easier to follow and his temper is watered down some (you have to be cooler when the man with the dough is running the show, I guess). He lives above a rundown factory, in an apartment he shares with two cats, a king-size pool table (which serves also as a bed), two shirts and over a dozen different kinds of firearms. The telephone (a must to every private eye) hangs from the ceiling (in a basket, of course) and is lowered by an ingenious pulley system. Not exactly the Royal Suite at the Beaverbrook but different anyway, and right down Reynolds' alley.

He's a charmer (you have to be if you can convince a rich heiress played by Dyan Cannon to share your pool table) and he'll have you believing he's the best cop on the block as he bungles his way through a most typical plot of crossing and double-crossing. He snoops around a lot (that's his job, remember), fights a lot, gets his

share of bumps and bruises, runs a lot too (you can only take so much of this roughing up and survive) and lives to wrestle (non-violently, I assure you) the beautiful Dyan to the pool table.

Ms. Cannon gives a pleasant performance as the beautiful rich lady who counter-hires the Sexy Snoop. When, one night, she ends up at his pad, \$30 short on his first week's salary (even a rich heiress doesn't carry the likes of \$115 in pocket money), he's suavely suggests they settle the difference on the pool table. She bursts out laughing (oh! that memorable laugh) and replies: "I always wanted to see if I could fit my feet in the side pockets" (don't knock it till you've tried it).

By no means a Superproduction or the best skinflick of the year, this movie is recommended by me for your enjoyment or as a temporary escape from the trials and tribulations of student life. If nothing else, you'll love the way she laughs (Dyan Cannon, of course).

Photo by Luis Nadeau

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