

This movie is a "Lemmon"

Save the Tiger is a tedious morass of clichés

By DEREK DOREY

If serious intent made for superior film-making, then *Save The Tiger*, (now at the Uptown) would be a fine film. Unfortunately the result is a tedious morass of clichés about the state of American society.

The film describes the 36 hour spiritual odyssey of a middle aged American business man named Harry Stoner (Jack Lemmon). Over the day and a half we watch his business and his life fall to pieces. His memories of dead World War II buddies and the equally dead Brooklyn Dodgers beset him, counterpointing the immoralities of Harry's everyday life. Seeking some sort of alternative he picks up an incredibly boring "hippy chick" and stays the night. In the morning he returns to his world seemingly resolved to its morality.

This already cliched plot could perhaps have worked for a director with a subtler hand. Billy Wilder has done superb work with Lemmon using a similar formula (Avanti, his latest film is an example) but director Joe Avildson and scriptwriter Steve Shagan are relentlessly heavy-handed. We know we are watching an important film because everything from Vietnam to violence in the streets is discussed at the breakfast table. The characters pity themselves so much that it is difficult for us to. And for all the conscience probing Harry supposedly undergoes his return to the business world indicates a subtle tone of acceptance. Harry's alternatives (ie. American's alternatives) are as meaningless as what he has now.

Pretending to be hip the film supports the sort of conformity Richard Nixon would approve of. If the smugness and cynicism of this film is indicative of what we are to see from this generation of film makers then we are in trouble.

Lemmon considers film most important to date

By DEREK DOREY and WOLFGANG LAMERS

Jack Lemmon appeared at the premiere of his new film *Save The Tiger* at the Ontario Science Centre as part of a large publicity drive put on by Paramount films.

After the showing, Lemmon answered questions from the audience and then met privately with the student press. He appeared in person much the way one imagines him to be from his films. Cigar in hand he answered, with wit and charm, questions that were for the most part unrivalled in their banality. Lemmon has grayed slightly since he played Ensign Pulver but he retains the boyish sense of humour that has made him one of the best comic actors of the sixties.

Lemmon told the audience that he thought *Save The Tiger* to be his most important film to date. Lemmon himself was one of the film's financial backers though the only other role he played in the making of the film was as an actor. He said that the dramatic role he played was an interesting change

from the comic roles he usually plays. He said the film gave him a chance to make a meaningful comment on American society.

The student press conference gave Lemmon a chance to be more open about himself, his career, and the people with whom he has worked.

On the Jack Lemmon personality: "I guess I play the all American Schmuck . . . but I don't consider myself to be a personality actor like Bogart or Stewart."

On acting: "Acting is putting myself into the shoes of the character I'm supposed to play."

On Marilyn Monroe: "She was very shy . . . She had a sort of mystical relationship with the camera. You would think she had been just terrible in a scene but then when you saw the rushes she was perfect."

On Billy Wilder: "One of my best friends and a great director . . . I enjoy working with him."

On his future plans: "I have no plans to do a film . . . I might like to do some theatre but I have nothing planned."



Wolfgang Lamers photo

Actor Jack Lemmon was at the Ontario Science Centre recently to meet the student press and answer questions about his new film, *Save The*

Tiger. Unfortunately the movie lives down to the actor's last name.

Manfrog croaks

By LYNN SLOTKIN

Almost nothing lands with such a resounding 'thud' as satire that fails. This was proven by the Vancouver group, Manfrog, in concert at the Toronto Actor's Studio.

The format was interesting. A public relations man (really a member of the group) for Vancouver appeared saying he was here on a speaking engagement. The Manfrog group was also here for an engagement, so the two decided to join forces, with the p.r. man acting as master of ceremonies for the group.

The master of ceremonies introduced each skit, which dealt specifically with Vancouver and generally with Canada. He gave each one a glowing build-up. The group then proceeded to break and try to satirize everything he said. The format had promise for some biting humour but it was never realized.

The group depicted the police as bullies, and 'on the take.' People who looked like hippies (whatever that means) were constantly being ostracized and victimized. People on welfare were shown not to be responsible for their unfortunate situation, but victims of the system.

The rather shocked reaction of the master of ceremonies to each condescending skit was good for some humour but that's all. There was no bite, and little humour to the unrealistic, totally black picture the group painted.

It is hoped that the concert on Sunday by the Gary Morgan Quintet will be a better showing than this one.

The Toronto Actors Studio has an interesting club which offers its members discounts at several theatres, cinemas, and shops. For more information about the club and concerts call 923-9151.

Come to our
staff meeting
at 1 pm today



**Good Eats
Pizza in our time**

By HARRY STINSON

Many a time and oft among the youthful and otherwise university populace is heard the cry . . . "Hey gang, let's send out for a pizza", at which point, the vegetating horde rouse themselves from before the boob tube and leer imploringly at each other to pay for the leathery platter that might or might not arrive within the fortnight, steaming more reminiscently of dry ice than of hot tomato sauce. But as the Snake-oil peddler of yesteryear would crow, there is yet hope . . . why not make your own?

Yes, my friends, just toss an envelope of miracle yeast into 3/4 cup of lukewarm water, stir in a tsp. sugar, and let bide for 10 minutes. Then mix some flour into the water/ yeast in a mixing bowl until it becomes somewhat difficult to continue. Turn out onto a floured board and knead all the flour you can into the dough (the basic kneading action consists of pushing away from you with the palm of your hand in the centre of the ball of dough, folding it back over, giving it a quarter turn to the right and leaning into it again . . . push away, fold, turn, push . . . grunt, ugh, push . . . grunt, urf . . . push . . .)

Roll it into a ball, plop into a greased bowl, set in a warm place (perhaps a pan of warm water), cover and let rise until double in bulk (15-30 minutes). Trundle it back to the board and beat in more flour (push, turn, push . . . more, more . . .). Soon you will be tired, at which point roll the dough out on a cookie sheet (greased). It should end up about 1/8 to 3/16 inch thick. Spread liberally with pizza sauce, spaghetti sauce, or tomato paste.

While it was rising, you and your drooling cronies should have been frantically rooting through the cupboards, shelves and root cellar, compiling a suitable (or interesting) collection of toppings. Among the most popular of course are mozzarella cheese, mushrooms, green pepper, onion, salami and/ or pepperoni, black olives even. Other cheeses you might want to try are parmesan, romano, swiss, cheddar, gruyere, havarti: another important element is the spices and herbs. Oregano, garlic, and onion salt are basics, then play with pepper, basil, sage, rosemary, thyme, marjoram, parsley. Ranging a little further afield, dry mustard, bacon, pimento, cayenne, chili, curry, and bean sprouts (not altogether please) are possibilities: many people like the salty tang of anchovies.

Some short cuts may be taken by using ketchup instead of spaghetti or pizza sauce, or tomato paste. Don't, please, buy the ready-grated supermarket pizza cheese, or the topping packets, kits, or cans they are the ultimate rip-off and not even tremendously tasty.

For a change, you should try a cottage cheese pizza — with onions, salt, basil, sage, perhaps curry, and fresh sliced (or shreds of canned) tomato. Ground meat (well broken up) can be spread on most versions (pre-cooked meat of course).

And a pizza need not stick to standard white crust either use whole wheat flour instead, and top it with the regular gunk, or branch into the likes of a 'Western' with shredded, or cubed ham or other meat and cheddar or Swiss cheese (this might go well with the hamburger format). Season with oregano, marjoram, onion salt, mustard, and whatever else strikes your fancy.

When it comes, down to it, home made pizzas are just as fast, better tasting, more customized, cheaper, more fun, and potentially much bigger. They also allow you to use leftovers by secreting them in the sauce and pretending to be novel and creative. (One more thing — bake at about 450 for 10-20 minutes, check it often until it gets the way you like it.)

York students quit to produce books of poetry

By JOHN OUGHTON

Eldon Garnet and Rolf Harvey were both studying English at York last year. Each of them has since published a book of poems; it is hard to know whether to attribute their accomplishments to their courses at York, or to the cessation of them.

In any event, Garnet's *Angel* and Harvey's *The Perfect Suicide* each merit some praise. *Angel* is a beautifully produced book, one of the first to come from Press Porcepic, while *Suicide* is, like most of New Press' publications, interesting only for its contents.

Garnet's poetry is more "experimental" in form than Harvey's. He generally uses short line lengths, and explores the field of serial poems with the powerful *Waiting* in 31 parts, and "Can't Leave Arch Prints". The imagery of the poems is often fragmented, sometimes to the extent that the reader cannot understand the poem's conversation.

In terms of content, much of *Angel* is occupied with the myths and combats of heterosex. It's difficult to know when Garnet is being ironic with lines like "nighttime my penis/ mountain of their eyes/ grows with warm breaths." The mask of sexual superman dominates many of the poems, and doesn't always produce the mental tumescence that successful sustained images do.

Many of Garnet's other images are violent and unexpected,

however, and convey the radical view of society and tradition which they are meant to. A few instances of sloppy proofreading are evident in *Angels*, but you don't find many nicely illustrated hardcovers for \$3.50.

Harvey's *The Perfect Suicide* focusses on the many signs and sources of death in the big city business of life. The lines quoted on the back over exemplify the deceptively simple approach of Harvey: "Look over there/ a man is digging a grave/ in the ocean./ Each wave ticks against his shovel,/ his tears are blinding him in his work." A number of the poems are that good; Canadian Pastoral '71 is a brief, imagistic statement of exactly what white Canadians have done and are doing to native Canadians.

Harvey sometimes draws his images from very contemporary sources, as with the "sine curve" in *Moirra* and *Leda*. Only occasionally does his sense of what is poetically interesting fail him as it does with *Meaning*, an attempt at reworking Lao Tse's concept of space and silence as the true source of form which never gets past being an attempt.

The Perfect Suicide on the whole shows that Harvey has a careful ear and a distinctive voice, two of the sine qua nons of all poets. It's \$2.50 from New Press.