

You are what you eat by Susan Grant



The glorious tradition and spectacular spuds

Continuing on in the glorious pie tradition, this week's recipe is potato pie. This pie is delicious and worth the effort, it is also fairly cheap. For those who care, it is also kosher, as are all my recipes since I'm a veggie. Occasionally I will compromise myself and print a few

meatie recipes, but since these are usually more expensive I feel justified in stressing vegetarian delights.

For this pie you will need a vegetable grater. You will probably already have one, but if not you can buy one quite cheaply.

Have ready 3 potatoes, 1 onion, grated cheese, 2 eggs, 1 c. milk, salt, ½ tsp. pepper, 2 tbsp. parsley, ½ tsp. paprika, ½ tsp. dry mustard and some butter.

Chop the onion and cook in butter until tender and transparent. While this is going on, peel your potatoes and grate them coarsely. Grease your pie pan with butter and press the grated potato into the sides and bottom of the pan. Sprinkle some salt on this. Then grate up whatever kind of cheese you have, swiss is best, but cheddar will do well. Use as much cheese as you have, up to a cup. Spread the cheese over the potato and the onion on top of the cheese.

Beat the two eggs with the milk, ½ tsp. salt and the rest of the spices. Pour this mixture over the cheese and onions and bake for 40 to 45 minutes in a 375°F. oven. It's done when the edges of the pie are golden and a knife inserted in the center comes out clean. Let it cool for 10 minutes and then enjoy!

Most of the recipes in this column are will be, my own, or one of my relatives', but some are stolen (as was this one). This one happens to come from *Cooking What Comes Naturally*, by Nikki Goldbeck. This is a very worthwhile book and a good investment if you have a couple of dollars to spare.

If anyone has any details or suggestions, please feel free to get in touch with us at *Excalibur*.

Director falls off 'the edge' of excess

by Colin Smith

"*The Edge*" is the work of avant-garde animator and director Walerian Borowczyk, who came into prominence at the 1958 International Avant-Garde Film Festival in Brussels with his surrealist short "*Dom*", which captured one of the top two prizes (the other was awarded to the then-young Roman Polanski's "*Two Men And A Wardrobe*").

Both Polanski and Borowczyk were part of the Polish film renaissance under Gomulka, a movement that later died under Soviet repression. Both men now live and work in the West. Over the years Polanski has managed to keep up his peculiar and high brand of quality in his films.

On the basis of "*The Edge*", Borowczyk might be better off returning to Poland.

"*The Edge*", actually made in 1976, could have been comfortably postponed until about 1980. It's an empty sex film, combining a lifeless screenplay (by Andre Pieyre de Mandiargues), compensatory overheated direction (by Borowczyk), minimal acting ability

by the two stars (Sylvia Kristel and Joe Dallesandro), and a rock-classical-whatever hodgepodge of a score that undermines the entire project with its fervent inappropriateness.

The plot is straight from the melodrama dept. A happily married young man (Dallesandro) leaves his happily married young wife and young son for ten days to sell wine in Paris. Once there, he (for no good reason) begins an affair with a romantically psychotic young prostitute (Kristel). Naturally, she falls in love with him.

But she disrupts the affair at film's end and reveals her sexual psychosis, by performing a nasty bit of oral sadism on the hapless young man, who pursues her in vain through the Paris streets (he is sexually psychotic too, but you'd never know it thanks to the sketchedness of the screenplay).

For the climax, he returns to his hotel, reads the letter from home he's been ignoring for ten days, learns that his son drowned in the family pool and his wife committed suicide, and promptly drives out to the countryside to shoot himself.

The dense storyline is finally laid low by the ridiculous rendering of it. Director Borowczyk summons up a few vivid images when it comes to large yellow balloons, labels, pools and German shepherds, but cannot otherwise bring visual spark or coherency to his work. The music, when it isn't howlingly ridiculous, stresses obvious ironies.

Bernard Dailencourt's photography is good, but the director hurts his efforts by jacking the camera around pointlessly to hide the inner sterility of the script (usually in bad films of this sort the camera is left to linger on inert heads --- but not here. Nude or clothed, actors-actresses' genitals are tracked instead, which does *not* allow for much character expressiveness). Similarly, the moody lighting is used purely as a masking effect.

Scraping the barrel's bottom, we find two things: the acting performances and the Ontario censor. Sylvia Kristel has a few moments that are effecting-touching (her scene in the women's toilette; her humiliation at the hands of her pimp) but Joe Dallesandro shuffles through his role so monotonously that he instantly betrays his training with the Andy Warhol film entourage.

And as for the sex, the Ontario censor has seen fit to cut approximately six to eight minutes out of the bedroom scenes, presumably to keep people from savaging each other in the theatre aisles.

What little continuity the film had is now absent, and the cutting of the climax has transformed a scene of possible power into an ambiguous guess. If any relevance, interest, passion, or character motivation existed in the Kristel-Dallesandro sex scenes, they were eliminated in the cutting; hence, the censor (on our behalf) has ably transformed what was probably once a tedious erotic drama into merely a tedious drama.

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