

## Danielle Thibeault reviews:

### "The Longest Yard"

I sure hope you've seen this movie cause it's surely a nice way to close up the season. It's not a great movie by any means but it's a damn good one.

It stars none other than the first male model to appear in a suggestively daring state of undress on the centerfold of Cosmopolitan: Ta-da! Burt Reynolds. And he's as gorgeous as ever.

Now you mustn't get me wrong; my hero-worshipping deities don't include this great hunk of a man but then I always like to give credit where it's due. And I think this movie and this actor deserve it.

It is, above all, an entertaining movie. It won't keep you tickled-pink with laughter for an hour and a half (but then what movie has succeeded in that lately). But it'll make you feel that you surely have not spent your money unwisely. And if you're a student and like all others, you're a bit low on cash and you're just begging to get away from the nerve-wracking tensions of last-minute cramming and essay deadlines, this is the movie for you.

If you think the movie is about a football, you're a bit off the track. The more exciting and action-packed portion of the movie is concerned with a football game but that only comprises about one third of the movie. The rest is what the movie is all about.

Without giving away too much of the plot let me explain: For one thing, the game is not your average run-of-the-mill, easy-going friendly football game. It's between the guards and the cons and it takes place (as you've probably already

figured out) in prison.

Now, you may ask, how did Paul Crew (our darling Burt Reynolds) get into such an unfriendly establishment? Well, men always blame their troubles on women and this is no exception.

The woman is a rich girlfriend (whose name I forget), a good specimen of a woman scorned, whose wrath has descended upon the ungrateful boyfriend. She didn't like his walking out on her and so if she's not going to have him, nobody will. He runs off in her brand-new silver-toned sportscar which he then dumps in the harbour so she's got the perfect tools to nail him with and she uses them.

I'm not going to tell you any details because you've got to see this movie, now or later. And giving you too many clues would ruin it for you. So get off your butt and go see it. Now! If it's no longer playing at the Cinema, that'll just be par for the course, but don't despair it's bound to show up on T.V. sometime in the future or in a theatre near you.

And remember, when you're seeing this movie, that Burt Reynolds does all his own stunt-work (Ouch!) so give him at least credit for that much.

Take care and if you see any good movies during the holidays, spread the good word, cause they are few and far between.

### "My Name is Nobody"

A Ridiculous Movie I Have Seen

There are "spaghetti-westerns" and there are "spaghetti-westerns" and Sergio Leone gets the award for the most ridiculous movie I have seen in '74 for his entry: "My Name is Nobody". It's the kind of movie that makes you wonder if Henry Fonda is hard up for cash.

Jack Beauregard (Henry Fonda) is a pretty good gunslinger who has become prey to a silly game cooked up by "Nobody" (Terence Hill). Nobody has grown up in the shadow of his hero and plans to immortalize the man for posterity by setting him up alone against the Wild Bunch; a discordant collection of more than 150 meenies (I counted about 70 or so).

But Beauregard doesn't want to play. He's on his way to New Orleans to catch a slow boat to Europe and away from this crystal egos and short tempers. He ends up as the target anyway and Nobody gets his way. Goody, goody gum-drops!

This movie is an insult to any entertainment-seeking citizens. It's the product of one of the worst "hatchet-job" to come out of a production room. It's confusing, discontinuous and totally disconcerting.

It also contains too many of those redundant and overly-emphasized scenes of super-fast action shots that Kung-Fu movies are usually riddled with. All I can say is: I'm glad I didn't have to pay to see that movie and I suggest that you don't waste your money on it either. Here's to hoping it will no longer be playing by the time this paper hits the stands.



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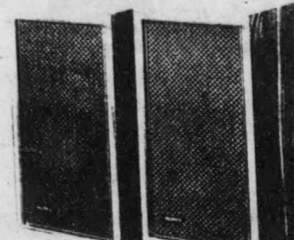


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*Wrack n Roll*  
by Alex Party

I MAY BE PERFECT BUT WE  
ALL HAVE OUR HARD TIMES  
[AN EPIC POEM]

One of those weeks when putting pen to paper demands more energy than imagination. Possibility of not writing anything at all, even essay. Two new records. VAN MORRISON and KING CRIMSON. Hear RETURN TO FOREVER at CHSR. Monday nite. Better write. Amplifier doesn't work, typewriter busy. Use other stereo, longhand in dusk. Van's

singing "Linden Arden Stole the Highlights". VEEDON FLEECE. William Blake and the sisters of mercy are looking for it. Why do I do this? Two great records but enough to trigger suicide. Van's personal problems help voice. As emotional as ASTRAL WEEKS. Jazz. Intense. Must get lyric sheet: mouth of marbles. Strings like Lennon, no. better. Hear the bows creak. Voice breaks. Guitar break. Real soul,

blowin' wonder. Down record. Not code but for sure cryptic. Sisters of mercy. William Blake. Should do cover art. Don't pull no punches. Contemplating blah blah. Does anyone read this. Can anyone? Did I say something? Big hens? Scuse the puns. I'm OK. In the morning. Never read Donleavy and listen to Morrison

together. Write the masses. With VEEDON FLEECE Van Morrison has produced another contemplative masterwork, his best since ASTRAL WEEKS. Assisted by such well known musicians as... Bullshit. I like this. No justify. Sisters of mercy. Join priesthood. Write the masses.

Fallen angels. King Crimson. RED. Black album, not starless. Shiver vertebra. I'm code. Crypt for sure. Daemonic. 20th Century Schizoid Man pales in shadows. Dusk. Horro flicks. Black. Beauty. Red. Is black. Is RED. Oh god. Shakespeare for Friday Stats tests. Bruns deadlines. Calm down. Berserk. Hours of fear interspersed with flashes of ecstasy. Fall of the

Incas. Second listen. More jazz. Heavy metal bebop roc. No typo. Switchblade. Hypo. Hyper. Fallen Angels. New York. One more Red nightmare. Dark. Scatter rhythms, Bruford firebombs. Excellent stuff this is. Straight as a doorknob. Fripp must be contorted. Everything under control? Dante. Sabbath or Crazy World laugh as Firesign when hell bought at

Bookstore. Of course. Write the masses. Once again Robert Fripp and group take us on an unguarded tour of the nether regions of musical psychology. Chromaticism. Peculiar keys. Must justify. Play only after midnight and on summer solstice. Dark side of

the Druid. Fiendish bass. Devices. "Starless" explains. Bible Black. This all calculated. Collected works of... Power. Calculators. Stats test on Friday. Stress and student. Babbling vegematics. Honest, no, wait...

Chick Corea's new RETURN TO FOREVER. Relaxing. Pretty. Everything to counter-act a depression. Feel better. Check Crimson again. Symphony for me. Calculations. Best laid plans. December again. Oh no. Tests. Essays. Dead. Lines. Will it print? Honest Sheryl. I'll be better after the

Whosmas rest cure. No not permanent. Only slightly warped. Do some poetry. Do some painting. Dedicated to the one I. Cut. chop. finis.

How'm I gonna write my Shakespeare now? Se me in January. Normal. Well, usual, anyway...