

Danielle Thibeault reviews

The Man with the Golden Gun

If you're expecting the hard-hitting action, grandiose background and thrilling car and boat chases of "Live and Let Die", this new James Bond movie is going to be more than a disappointment. "The Man With the Golden Gun" is purely feeding on the success of its predecessor because it hardly contains, on its own, enough excitement to be a credit to Ian Fleming's ideal.

Roger Moore presents a sheepish performance of the famous agent 007 and is not above petty sarcasm and lack-luster humour in his encounter with his new opponent.

Christopher Lee stars as Scaramanga, the "Man with the Golden Gun." His trade mark is a custom-made, specially engraved bullet bearing the name of his intended victim. His price runs into the seven digits and his weapon - need I say - is a golden gun. Scaramanga also bears a strange physical trait - a third nipple - which is the source of such comments as "How titilating!" and "Ti for tat!". And if that doesn't extract a groan from you, there is of course the presence of Ms. Goodnight, dear James' sweet! but dumb aide.

She's portrayed by Britt Ekland and spends most of her movie time cooing "Oh! James" and riding in the trunk of a car that transforms into a plane. That last bit of

metamorphosis should at least provide for a couple of impressive exclamations.

If you're wondering what has caused special agent Bond to emerge from his proper English surroundings and rub elbows with the lower classes of Hong Kong, let me just say that a top English scientist intending to defect is offering a special solar energy reactor cell to the highest bidder.

He has made arrangements to sell to the English but the Chinese want him dead. Scaramanga has that contract but he wants the solar energy component cell so that he can cash in on the value of this amazing little gadget. It's the crucial component cell of a solar energy transformer and its owner would undoubtedly be assured unlimited wealth and power in view of the present worldwide energy shortage.

There are few gadgets in this movie and the chase scenes in no way compare to those of its predecessor. The dialogue is clunky and downright corny and the acting is shallow. The script falls prey to the fashion trends and includes several scenes of badly executed confrontations making use of various martial art techniques. Roger Moore falls several notches lower in my esteem for his performance in that one.

As for Christopher Lee, the style of his performance remains the same in this feature as in all his previous starring roles: he's cold, senseless and a true picture of a villain. One can but despise him as Scaramanga but I guess that's what the role is all about. His mistress, portrayed by the delicious Maud Adams, offsets him quite nicely as a living symbol of his utter disrespect for others' feelings. But then what can you expect from a villain.

A familiar character on the set is Clifton James in a return appearance as Sheriff J.W. Pepper. A demonstration drive leaves him fuming and raging in his proper style. But even he falls short of his hilarious performance of "Live and Let Die". The bad script is the real culprit here though.

All in all, "The Man With the Golden Gun" is a pretty bad movie whichever way one looks at it and it's a shame after the successful presentation of its predecessor "Live and Let Die". Even the intro leaves much to be desired - and that's a letdown.

I would suggest that you save your money to see Jeremiah Johnson, unless you decide to view it out of special interest. The entertainment quota is pretty low in this one.



MIKE HOGAN

Upon being granted the great supreme qualitatively superlative privilege to scratch down a few thoughts re photography, I decided to look over past "Telephoto" write-ups to get some ideas. Now that I've decided not to bother, I'll write down some general thoughts.

How about this "Telephoto" bit? Is it worth 600 words? I've been wondering.!! Maybe its not relevant enough -- a la X-15. What I mean is, maybe some thoughts on general photography would be a little more appropriate.

Well, what is photography? I like to call it an art. How come? Because photography is a medium of exchange, a way to point out what you feel about something, no matter how small and/or insignificant. It gives you a chance to express yourself towards people but also offers a challenge to you to get people to see what you want them to see.

Quoting good ole X-15: "What's wrong with pictures of the family pet?" In my opinion, there's nothing wrong with pictures of your family pet, but maybe they could be a little more interesting, look, instead of shooting Homer [your cat] sitting there on the kitchen floor licking his chops [or his ass or whatever.....] get right in there and shoot a close up of his face [or his ass or.....]. I think maybe you get my idea -- eh? If you don't agree with what I suggest, then fine. After all, photography is for the photographer [primarily]. You don't go around showing your bad photos to people - you show your good stuff. I think you'll basically agree with my suggestions regarding stimulating interest in your photos.

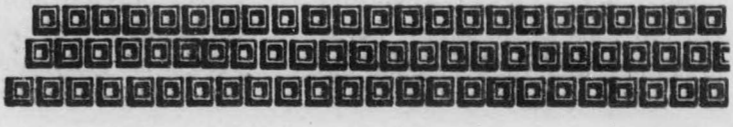
Maybe you think I'm contradicting myself. I've said that you should photograph to please yourself and then I went on to suggest methods to get people's interest in your photos, so as to please them. If that's what you think, then take a look at your last year's photos - are you getting tired of them? If you are, then you're failing to keep your own interest in your photography, the true test of a really good photo is its ability to look better each time that you see it.

That's what photography's all about, in my opinion -- making something interesting "Ad infinitum", the shots taken by the pros have something that catches your eye. That's why the advertisers pay \$160 per day plus expenses for the Pros - because when you see that bottle of Smirnoff's on the back of your Time Magazine you just know you'll get the jag that goes with it [and maybe even the guy or girl -- whichever you prefer ??]

There's nothing magic about those pictures either. Just a lot of skill and practice and practice and practice....the key word is imagination. I remember an asshole who once said that he had 'tried all the tricks' and that he found photography rather boring. Bullshit! He just met the limits of his lazy fleabit brain. I know of people who have spent all of their lives at photography and who still keep trying new approaches. There is an infinite number of ways to shoot any subject -- remember that!

Anyway, if you're interested in hearing more about general photography: tricks, lighting, film, etc, then drop us a line and let us know.

Catch ya later.



Danielle Thibeault reviews

Jeremiah Johnson

Ask anyone who's seen it! Jeremiah Johnson is truly a good movie. It's not a great movie mainly because this title is mostly reserved for the more action-packed, though often bloody, bestseller-based superproductions.

It starts Robert Redford in the title role of an ex-army soldier who decides to head for the Rockies in the search of something he could never find. In his quest for that "something" he travels many a picturesque but merciless mile meeting up with kindness and cruelty, love and hate, honesty and despair.

Amidst the cold, the hunger and the near-despair emerge such characters as the Grizzly Hunter "Bear Claws", so vivaciously portrayed by Will Geer and the slightly-touched Del Que who could probably weasel out of a noose if he

ever got caught. There's also a young boy and a "Flat Head" Christian squaw for whom he builds a house with the intent of settling down for awhile.

There are also the different tribes of Indians who shared the mountain land before the big treaties were signed. Their pride, their customs and their conditional tolerance of the white man are, I believe, as carefully depicted in this movie as I have ever had the pleasure of witnessing on the screen.

It's an easy movie to follow, though by no means is it dull. It is full of that vigour that carries Jeremiah Johnson along the tortuous path through the Rockies and more adventures and adventures than most men experience in a lifetime.

As a pilgrim in his own time, he charts new horizons, both mental

and physical in search of a meaning for his life and in his travels, he becomes richer of his experience than a man laden with gold.

The acting is moving and involved, the script well balanced in quiet moods and heart-stopping action. The scenery and photographic enhancements provide the more subtle effects in the portrayal of the quiet but majestic language of nature with which Jeremiah becomes so familiar.

The dialogue is sparse but pleasantly sprinkled with the light narration and roguish Rod McKuen-type songs of Robert Redford. The story is moving in its simplicity.

It's good entertainment and well worth the time and the money. Ask me, I've seen it.

University Theatre Arts to present Oedipus the King

University Theatre Arts under the direction of Alec Stockwell will present the W.B. Yeats adaptation of Sophocles' Oedipus the King at the Fredericton campus of the University of New Brunswick in Memorial Hall Monday February 17 at 8 p.m.

The cast will face an unusual challenge in this production of the classic Greek tragedy. No costumes or props will be used, making

the creation of atmosphere an integral part of the performance.

Director Alec Stockwell is working with UTA for the first time since his appointment in November, 1974 as artist-in-residence to UNBSJ and the City of Saint John. A 1971 graduate of the University of Windsor School of Dramatic Art, he has an extensive background in many aspects of live theatre. He chose an untraditional approach to

this play to provide greater scope for what he terms the "unique talents" of the company.

Appearing in Oedipus the King are Wayne Best in the title role, Chris Cooper, Bryan Disher, Jim Donovan, Lynn Hopps, Kevin McCormick, Maureen McQuinn, John Morgan, Paul Mortimer, and Christine Whipple.

Tickets are \$1.

FEBRUARY 14, 1975

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Johnny hart



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