

Danielle Thibeault reviews
'The Golden Needles'

Someone treated me to a movie that I didn't especially want to see last weekend. Personally, I'm glad he did. For one, it doesn't happen much these days, secondly it wasn't a bad movie at all. The feature was "The Golden Needles".

It starred Burgess Meredith in the role of a wealthy but rapidly aging man who cannot accept the inevitable end. He's sent lovely Elizabeth Ashley on an exhausting tour of Hong Kong antique shops in an effort to procure himself an ancient statue with almost miraculous powers.

The "Golden Needles" appears as golden figure transposed with 7 acupuncture needles which, if used in the proper sequence and on the indicated parts of the body, will bring the patient freedom from all

ills and pains. However, should even one needle be made use of improperly, the subject would most certainly be assured of a violent and painful death.

Now Ms. Ashley has spent most of the \$300 thousand dollars entrusted to her by her employer and she is finding it very hard to meet the demands of the latest owner of the "Golden Needles". She decides instead to turn to Don Mason, (Jo Don Baker) an American (in Hong Kong) who just happens to be an expert "cat burglar". With a promise of \$30,000 and a night with Ms. Ashley he sets himself to the task only to find on delivery no money and no lady. Well, that's what you get for trusting a dame, I guess.

But Don despairs not and off he sets in search of his pretty

ex-employer. He enlists the aid of a buddy who just turns out to be none other than Jim Kelly, karate expert. It's probably useless to tell you that he gets a good chance, during this movie, to demonstrate his skill in the martial arts.

It's a funny movie in parts, and just for that, I think it's worth seeing. Ms. Ashley is always a sight for sore eyes and...oh! that s-e-x-y raspy voice of hers. Jim Kelly's quite entertaining for his bit but gratefully, his presence does not overshadow the plot.

And Jo Don Baker is quite the leading man for the wide-eyed Liz. Very rugged and clumsy, he offsets his co-star quite nicely, leaving behind most of the "Walking Tall" -type of hero. It's good to see those two (Baker & Ashley), bummin' around together in this movie.

Danielle Thibeault reviews
"Idaho Transfer"

"Idaho Transfer" is one movie which left me a bit dumb-struck. And if you asked what made me feel this way, all I could say would be: "that ending! that ending!" And since I'm not going to tell you about the ending I guess that's not much help.

First, I don't think I would recommend this movie to anyone but the very blasé and those desperate for something to see.

It's directed by Peter Fonda and I don't think it's well acted at all. The dialogue is poor quality and the speech of most of the actors is very sluggish to say nothing of their acting abilities. They appear disjointed at the best of times and for a bunch of kids stranded in the year 2030 with no hope of return, they seem a trifle too casual and

blasé. The scenery should please the mountaineers and hikers, though.

The plot is mainly centered on a secret transferring device used by a government sponsored research center, apparently without the approval of its authorities.

The device has been built to transfer a group of youngsters to the year 2030 so they can escape the oncoming catastrophe predicted before the turn of the century, thereby perpetuating the race.

Complications arise as the government starts investigating the special project. Their subsequent shutting down of the center leaves 13 young people stranded, some against their will, 56 years in the future.

Reality quickly sets in in the form of food shortages, illness and despair. Their realization that the transfer has resulted in sterility for all members of the group rapidly sends others into complete bewilderment. The rest just keep on travelling around the country hoping to find others with whom they can spend their few remaining years of their uprooted lives.

It doesn't leave much more to say because I don't want to give away the punch lines. It's indeed got an almost unbelievable ending (I'm still shaking my head at that). But apart from that, it's got very few other redeeming values.

It's probably a good idea to forget this one and save your money for Carnival Week.

Stephen Baird,
'street singer',
to entertain all
week at SUB

Boston's street singer no. 1 sings songs by Pete Seeger, Eric Andersen, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Tim Hardin, and John Denver, as well as his own songs and stories about frisbees, eating seagull, and Colorado on dulcimer, autoharp, 6 and 12 string guitar. Also included are classical selections and traditional rag time songs with a tambourine on his foot and a kazoo in his mouth.

"Scores of BC students listened to his entertaining stories and joyous music played on five different instruments on the grass... In mid afternoon, Baird moved to McElory where he packed the foyer."

Street Singing at Boston College
 "Stephen Baird has a closeness and rapport better than anyone including Pete Seeger."
 Me and Thee Coffeehouse

Just a couple of comments of the many received. Four years of singing on street corners proves beyond a doubt his worth.

Baird will be playing in the SUB all next week, so drop in anytime, Monday through Friday, and enjoy an earful.



Wrack'n Roll
 by Alex Nary

A small group of friends were sitting around the other night, discussing music over their cups of honeyed tea. The conversation had meandered through various forms of "artistic endeavour" and had rested on music because of a frivolous suggestion by one of the company. He had proposed going to see April Wine ["just for a laugh, you know..."], a proposition which met with little success. The general consensus was that hard rock had stagnated to the point of being insufferably boring. One of the members of the gathering had a solution to this ennui, though. He had been carrying around a satchel of L.P.'s all day and proceeded to display a sampling of rather excellent music that had been neglected in the heavy metal days of the early seventies.

The first album to be played was John Martyn's SOLID AIR. One of the finest unknown records of all time, SOLID AIR's charm lies in Martyn's rough voice and polished guitar work. The album has a breathy, late night ambience to it, augmented by the jazzy vibes, piano and occasional sax backing. The music floats along in perfect stereo, the production is also flawless and the musicianship is always subtle and restrained. Martyn, more than anything else, displays great class in his unique jazz-folk sound. The friends agreed that the music was so fine that it compelled the listener to feel fine too. The mark of a great album is its ability to project its own atmosphere - SOLID AIR passes that test with ease and elegance.

The next record additional was Mark Volmon and Howard Kaylan's first duo issue THE PHLORESCENT LEECH AND EDDIE. Mark and Howie led the Turtles through the sixties, and then joined Frank Zappa for four albums and 200 MOTELS. Their "solo" efforts combine the two influences, and end up somewhere comfortably in the middle. The first record is very sixtyish echoing the Kinks, the Who and that whole school of English commercial rock. The lyrics are mostly bland, but contain some interesting twists. The most outstanding feature of the music, and also of their second album [FLO AND EDDIE] is Aynsley Dunbar's solid and imaginative drumming. Don Preston also contributes some fine, impressionistic keyboards. The mood of T.P.A.E. is characteristic of the best Southern California pop.

Before the young man with the records left, he played another John Martyn record, BLESS THE WEATHER, which again displayed remarkable taste and grace. It isn't quite up to SOLID AIR's standard, having been recorded earlier, but is also pretty, restrained and relaxing.

As he walked home through the crystalline chill of the New Brunswick midnite, the youth song snatches of SOLID AIR, stopping only to kick himself for not going to see Yes in 1974 and thereby missing Martyn, who was their opening act.

After arriving at his abode, he tossed together a late snack, played a couple of tunes on his discordant Harmony, put on the new Jethro Tull album, and passed out before the first song was through.



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