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e Buzz of the Crash

BY DAVID LEES

If Princess Lea was too revealing to Jabba the Hut in Return of the Jedi, or if the fatherless home in ET made you uneasy, don't even look at the poster for Crash. Conversely, if you've heard about the movie and it sounds like just the type of thing you are interested in spare humanity, use some self control and avoid seeing it. In fact, if you fit any of these descriptions I advise you to stop reading this review right now.

For those who are left, the movie is about James Ballard (James Spader) and his lover (Deborah Cara Unger). The pair compel each other to pursue sexual relations with others. In each there is a craving for something more.

That is, until James loses control of his car and slams into an oncoming cat, the crash sending a body through his over at the woman passenger in the other car who has ripped open her dress revealing a breast.

In the hospital, James' lover urges him to pursue sexual relations with the woman, played by Holly Hunter. With bolts and rods running up and down his leg, he meets her while revisiting the wrecked cars. The two have sex in a replacement car - identical to the one he wrecked.

Fuelling his growing passion, she introduces him to a group of people who help him try to reach the ecstacy he is beginning to crave — the crash. Elias Koteas and Rosanna Arquette play two of theses characters who drive James further into the violent fetish, which soon grips his lover as well.

Why does someone make a movie like this? David Cronenberg (Naked

windshield. Hurt and shocked, he looks Lunch, Dead Ringers) could have the same fetish as James, and therefore would want to promote the lifestyle. This is unlikely since the filmmaker couldn't read the entire book the movie is based on - written by J. G. Ballard — without being disgusted.

Cronenberg may be attempting to gain a reputation as the sickest filmmaker of all time; an expert on everything perverted and obscure. Such a title would secure him a place in cinematic history.

It's just as likely that Cronenberg did it for his audience. What does it take to drive you from the theatre? Maybe the mention of sex purely for the pleasure of sex, or the sighting of the first nipple. Perhaps it's the appearance of a vagina. Oh, you might enjoy that. Some adrenalin rush from a car chase, that'll warm you up. And after the

crash?

Mutilated bodies seeking anal love. Don't leave the theatre yet ladies and gentlemen, I can see there are still some people left who want it. Do you want it so bad you would crash and die for it? No, that can't be all. Tear up the rest of the people on the highway too. You'll only come harder.

Wait until you see it in the theatre. Cronenberg taunts the audience with distorted music, preparing us for the demented visual images yet to come. Quiet, soft, almost breathing sounds ease us into his world.

If you want to get into Cronenberg's world to test and push yourself, go ahead. You don't have to own up to it. If someone asks if you've seen it, lie. If they wanted to know what it was like, just tell them, "It was revolting."



Everyone got involved in these numbers — the audience was laughing at all the humorous moments and oohing and ahhing during the weird and intense moments. This interaction is what dancing is really all about, not how many piques a dancer can do without stopping.

Classical ballet is challenging because there are millions of rules about what the finished product should be like. Contemporary is challenging simply because it has no rules. The Royal Winnipeg Ballet's contemporary pieces outshone the classical ones every time. So all things considered. I think a name change is in order. Perhaps the group should be called "The Royal Winnipeg Contemporary Dance" at least until they do some more work on the presentation of their classical pieces.



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In this section, three dances: Pas de Deux romantique, Sentinel and Tarantella were performed. The couple dances (Pas de Deux and Tarantella) were especially enjoyable. With just two dancers on stage, the ballerinas were able to capture a little more of the emotional expression I had been anticipating.

The Tarantella, where the dancers used tambourines to speed up the pace of the dance, was exciting to watch. The two dancers increased the speed and intensity of their dance without any outward signs of tiring. The quick lively pace of the dance also left me invigorated and ready to see the third section.

The final section of the ballet was by far the best. Entitled Miroirs, it consisted of five modern dances. The dances were original works by Mark Godden. His skilful use of movement brought night moths to life in the first dance and made bells ring in the final number.

On top of the incredible technique in this section, the dancers' emotions radiated from their bodies. This final section of the production made the ballet well worth seeing.



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