

was much more interesting. The almost pastoral theme of the first movement was transformed into a majestic and triumphant march of heraldic trumpets and Norwegian patriotism. The second movement, introduced by cellos and bass violins was at first wistful and then vigorously percussive with enigmatic starts and stops throughout. The final movement, that which accompanies the return of the brother heroes, is proud and dramatic, full of martial flourishes. The orchestra performed well, losing the tentativeness which marred the Mendelssohn, especially with regard to the horn section.

Soloist Peter Zazofsky took center stage next to perform the little known Chausson Poeme on violin. Zazofsky met his violin like a lover, caressing the instrument to exalt the melancholy spirit of Chausson's tone poem. After the intermission Zazofsky played selections for the oeuvre of Fritz Kreisler, a violin virtuoso of the early twentieth century, most of which draw upon traditional gypsy themes. It was at this point of the program that Maestro Mayer's intent became clear: each successive piece played by orchestra and soloist were of increasing emotional depth and complexity. The first Kreisler

piece, Tambourin Chinois, was frothy and almost delicately dull. It formed an ideal introduction however, to the second piece which was bright and active, full of earthy folkiness and full-blooded romance. Zazofsky only got better on the third and fourth pieces, seducing the audience with a sunny courtship, fine fingering and an exhilarating solo.

Zazofsky followed with Sarasate's Zigeunerweisen, demonstrating a dazzling technique through the central dance section and the very difficult simultaneous bowing and plucking demanded by the piece.

The orchestra regained the spotlight at this point to play Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance, the perennial high school graduation march. While the orchestra played very well, this selection seemed somehow to violate the perceived agenda of emotional complexity. The concert's mood, established by the soloist not five minutes before, fell by the wayside. Maestro Mayer's finale was three sambas by transplanted Canadian composer Harry Freedman. An unusual choice for full orchestra, the Spanish humour of these pieces was a polite, light capper to the evening.

## e falls like Black Rain



Michael Douglas and Andy Garcia encircled by 'cycles in *Black Rain*.

class, with an abundance of separate motifs running, and the viewer is left wondering what the direction of the movie is. The graphic violence throughout the movie is shocking in its realism to even the most jaded of viewers—but comparable to what is found in other Hollywood movies of this genre.

Aside from these faults, *Black Rain* is a surprisingly good movie, pulling through in the end. The mood and setting are incredible,

with megalithic skyscrapers looming overhead and casting a perpetual darkness on the crowded, narrow streets below. The action is knife-edged and gripping in its intensity. The acting is top notch, with Ken Takakura pulling off a first rate performance, highly convincing in his role. The verbal sparring between him and Michael Douglas is humorous at times, poignant at others, and watching the relationship develop throughout the film is both pleasant and rewarding. Go indulge yourself and see this movie.

## Acting aside, Shirley Valentine fails

**Shirley Valentine**  
Famous Players Theatres

review by Sue Goddard

I'm sorry, but I didn't like this movie as much as I was supposed to. I was informed by everyone that I would love it. I didn't. Shirley Valentine is about a middle aged wife and mother (Shirley Valentine Bradshaw) who slowly comes to realize that she has lost touch with the young extrovert that she once was. She is trapped into a mundane, middle class housewife existence, unappreciated and misused by her husband and children. Her life seems bound to continue on this dreary path when her best friend wins a trip for two to Greece and convinces Shirley to come along. Away from her tight, grey world, Shirley begins to change. She starts to reevaluate her priorities and realizes that she should be one of them. Part of this process is helped by Costas, a Greek bar owner who Shirley has a fling with and who helps her "fall in love with life".

The actors portraying the characters do a great job. Pauline Collins does a fine representation of Shirley Valentine. She is comfortable and believable in the role which is none too surprising as she has been playing this character on the stage in London and New York. Tom Conti also has a fine performance as Costas Caldes, the laid back, philosophical Greek bar tender. The two actors are compatible and they are the best part of the film.

My problem is with everything else. First

of all, the format of the movie is slightly disturbing — Shirley spends a great deal of time speaking directly to the audience. This aside technique is initially interesting, but after the first twenty minutes it tends to distract from the action going on between the characters. I realize that the movie was adapted from a play and that in that sense this type of performance would be necessary. But I feel that it tends to detract from the film's continuity.

Another aspect that I found distracting was the plodding pace of the film. Basically, it's divided into two parts — the time in England and the time in Greece. The English portion of the film seemed to drag on forever. It had moments of hilarity but these are spanned together by stretches of needless, misused space. The time in Greece was a bit better paced but for the most part the action was pedantic and predictable.

I have one final complaint with the flick, but this is due more to the "generation gap" than it is a fault of the film. This movie is a coming of age for a middle-aged housewife. I realize that she grew up under a different set of social norms, and that expectations for women were more constricted in that time. I tried to repeat this to myself during the film but I just couldn't help feeling that she should have walked out of the situation a hell of a lot sooner. I sent my mom to this movie, she found it more inspiring than I did. She also resented my opinion of this movie.

So if you're a better, more open-minded person than me you should spend seven dollars on Shirley Valentine.



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