

## REEL REVIEWS

by Christie Walker

"SOPHIE'S CHOICE" is among other things, a showcase for the versatile talents of Meryl Streep, an actress who has never impressed me a great deal before now. Her portrayal of a haunted, enchanting Polish immigrant in 1947, is the real spark behind Alan J. Pakula's extraordinary collection of motives and moments.

The story is a chamber piece set to the haunting music of Marvin Hamlisch and adapted from the best selling novel by William Styron. It tells the unbelievable story of three likeable, yet flawed people: Sophie (Meryl Streep), Nathan (Kevin Kline), and Stingo (Peter MacNichol). Their inevitable friendship, which takes place when Stingo, a naive, southern boy moves in to the huge Brooklyn house where Sophie and Nathan also live, is a series of bizarre meetings, hilarious encounters and deep, dark secrets.

Narrated by an obviously older, less idealistic Stingo, a hopeful writer, "SOPHIE'S CHOICE" pulls the viewer through the emotional traumas of all three characters. It is relentless, absorbing and fascinating in its detail.

One is never sure exactly through whose eyes we see these people; Stingo's perhaps, because he is more like us than Sophie and Nathan, two glamorous, outrageous children of the times'. But like Stingo, when Sophie, whose entire life, it seems, has been made up of choices, makes her final choice, we are left lost and uncomprehending.

The tragedy of "SOPHIE'S CHOICE" is the tragedy we all must face someday: when the road divides, which way do we go, and who do we take? As Stingo learns, the answer isn't always there for us to discover.

### Rain Tomorrow

Rain tomorrow,  
Splintered glass,  
Answer questions,  
And laugh and laugh. . .

Snow in your eyes,  
Crushed ice,  
Dive into drops,  
And pretend to cry. . .

And who needs time?  
And who needs God?  
Me, I'm just happy,  
To see you glad;  
So forget me now,  
And forget you saw,  
Me broken in pieces  
On the floor.

Clouds overtake,  
Spill the dreams,  
Scratch the mirror,  
And bleed and bleed. . .

Death in my skin,  
A shower of tears,  
Let's skip the "miss you's",  
And just walk away. . .

And who needs love?  
And who needs the choice?  
Me, I'm just satisfied,  
To hear your voice;  
So erase my photos,  
I'll be okay,  
And destroy the film,  
By a week on Friday.

Tomo

