

Night of the shooting stars

Showing tonight in Tilley Hall 102

The last time I recommended a movie to someone was "Round Midnight" to my friend Roland in Ottawa this summer. Now Roland is not a jazz fan and ordinarily he doesn't go to any films with subtitles because, as he says, it's annoying to have to read the words while trying to concentrate on the movie. I knew these things about Roland, but I went ahead and recommended the film to him anyhow, sure that if nothing else Roland would empathize with the leading character's fondness for drink. Of course it was a mistake. "Round Midnight" was Roland's number one worst watch all summer. The plot dragged. Some of the actors spoke French. French. And on top of that all the elevator music. Roland stayed until the end only because he's the kind of guy who, when he's paid his six bucks, well, he's paid his six bucks.

So why am I breaking my promise to myself and recommending "Night of the Shooting Stars," this time to complete strangers? Because "Shooting Stars" is one of the most exhilarating, mesmerizing films around, yet of the sort that often comes and goes unnoticed. It might be even more risky, I felt, to keep the secret than to pass it around. Moreover, I know I'm on safer ground with this one. There's not as much elevator music, and if, like Roland, you've had bad experiences in the past with subtitles, don't worry about it. The movie is so hypnotic, so dazzling that after a while you won't even realize the actors are speaking

Italian. Loosely, "Night of the Shooting Stars" is about the effects of war on human community, and the interrelatedness of personal, historical and mythological realities. The setting is a small Italian village and the surrounding countryside near the end of World War II. The Americans are coming, but the



Germans haven't quite left. Concerned for their lives, a handful of the townspeople make off under cover of the night for fields and farmland. One of them is a spunky sixyear-old girl, from whose memory the events of the time--exaggerated, intensified, become so real it's breathtaking--are culled.

Above all, "Night of the Shooting Stars" is a great story told in an idiosyncratic and riveting manner. Almost anything you'll pay six bucks for this season will curl up and die beside what you'll get for three bucks here. Friday and Saturday nights, 8 p.m. in Tilley Hall.

RANDY CAMPBELL

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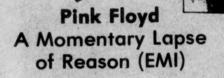
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Well ... I don't know about that. I found that a number of the compositions here are simplistic to the point of being throbbing and written to a military two step (e.g. "Signs of life" and "Learning to fly"). Furthermore what are essentially basic melodies are poorly covered and filled out by a number of layered synthetic noises as if to compromise for inadequate song-writing.

One redeeming feature is the continuing excellence of

Dave Gilmour's ice pick lead guitar shedding moments of relief on tracks like sorrow which are otherwise bogged down by a lot of artifical mumbo jumbo put to poor use. Our Dave's vocals however are another matter. On previous solo albums Gilmour has been clever enough to appreciate the limitations of his flat delivery by letting a richness of melody and superb guitar

craftsmanship make up for a singing style which might otherwise drag a song down in the gutter. Here though, balanced with the aforementioned drudgery that is prevalent on the album the effect is almost soporific.

Of course the intention of all Floyd albums is that of a barely discernible common concept and generally to convey the impression of 'Gee kids! ain't we just the clever chappies?" which supposedly rubs off on the impressionable listeners. On this point they fail quite badly. Witness for example "A New Machine"



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