

# COMING ATTRACTIONS

## Art

**I won't make a picture unless the moon is right ...:** Through Nov. 9 in the Upstairs Gallery at the Scales Fine Arts Center. This exhibit focuses on early architectural photography of North Carolina. Free. Ext. 5585.

**Pelton and Porter: The Panoramic View Past and Present:** Through Nov. 9 in Scales. This exhibit is a showcase for the panoramic photographs of North Carolinians Herbert Pelton and Benjamin Porter. Their works are contrasted and compared. Free. Ext. 5585.

**Willie Birch:** Through Jan. 21 at the Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art. This New Orleans-based artist presents his papier-maché sculptures and paintings which promote racial consciousness. \$2. 725-1904.

**Intimate Stranger:** 7:30 p.m. Fri. at SECCA. This film will be followed by a discussion with the filmmaker. \$3. 725-1904.

## Clubs

**Ziggy's:** Tonight, The Johnsons. Fri., Last One Standing. Sat., The

Connells and Sunbolt, \$10. Tues., The Jim Rose Circus Sideshow. 748-1064.

**Cat's Cradle:** Tonight, Jawbreaker and Smoking Popes, \$5. Fri., The Goats and Brickbat, \$7. Sat., Poi Dog Pondering and Abra Moore, \$8. Mon., Son Volt and Carpetbaggers, \$6. Tues., G. Love and Special Sauce, \$7. Wed., Joe Ely, \$12. (919) 967-9053. Cat's Cradle is located in Carrboro.

## Movies

**Eat Drink Man Woman:** 8 p.m. Sat. in Tribble A-3. Directed by Ang Lee. This film takes a look at the difficulties faced by a modern Chinese family. Free.

**Raise the Red Lantern:** 4 p.m. Sun. in Tribble A-3. Directed by Xiong Yimou, this Chinese film focuses on the tumultuous relations of a man's four wives. Free.

**Trouble in Paradise:** 8 p.m. tonight at the Horse's Mouth Coffeehouse, 424 W. 4th St., Winston-Salem. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Free. 773-1311.

**Do the Right Thing:** 8 p.m. tonight in Pugh Auditorium. Directed by Spike Lee. Free. Ext. 5585.

**Apollo 13:** 8 p.m. and 11 p.m. Fri. and Sat. and 3 p.m. and 8 p.m. Sun. in Pugh. Directed by Ron Howard, this

blockbuster film stars Tom Hanks and Gary Sinise. A lecture from Apollo 13 astronaut Ken Mattingly will precede Friday's 7 p.m. showing. \$2. Ext. 5585.

**Kids:** 8 and 11 p.m. Mon. through Thurs. in Pugh. This controversial film which documents the harsh realities of adolescent life is not playing anywhere else in Winston-Salem. \$3. Ext. 5585.

## Music

**Iona:** 8 p.m. Fri. at The 4th Fret, 418 W. 4th St. This Celtic trio from Virginia features vocals and rich instrumentation. \$8. 727-1038.

**New Century Saxophone Quartet:** 8 p.m. Tues. at Crawford Hall. This ensemble will perform as guests of the School for the Arts. \$5. 721-1945.

**Lauren Randolph:** 8 p.m. tonight in the Benson Food Court. This talented singer/songwriter writes beautifully melodic tunes. Free.

## Miscellaneous

**A. J. Jamal:** 9 p.m. Fri. in Brendle. This comedian is sure to tickle your funny bone. Free.

# Mallrats

From Page B5

For T.S. and Brodie, all of the solutions to life's problems can be found in the mall. They know every store inside and out. Their intimacy with this "monument to consumerism" makes the audience want to avoid malls at all costs, in the same way that *Clerks* must have repelled people from applying for Stop-N-Go jobs.

Neither *Mallrats* nor *Clerks* have found much success at the box office due to their very slim range of appeal. Both movies are aimed at teenagers. The movies' frank treatment of sex and young relationships are a turnoff for more mature audiences.

Smith primarily focuses on the things that simultaneously confine and define our lives. His characters are people who do nothing but go to the mall, collect comic books, play Sega and watch MTV. Basically, they are losers whose only knowledge about real life comes from what they see on television or at the mall.

The climax of the movie occurs when the local cable company produces a live broadcast of the game show *Truth or Date*, a spoof of MTV's *Singled Out*. The two separated couples use this cheesy show as a forum for working out the problems in their relationships.

Though *Mallrats* doesn't touch *Clerks* in terms of brilliant dialogue or clever wit, it manages to shed light on a section of America that has been swept into the corner. Smith's treatment of disillusioned youth is a fairly

accurate study of brats with nothing better to do.

Unfortunately, Smith's insight does not find much support from his crew of actors and actresses, who turn some scenes into TV sitcom-level performances. That, by the way, is the only reason that Doherty is in the movie at all. *90210* and Kevin Smith are worlds apart and should be kept that way.

Looking past its shortcomings, *Mallrats* is a solid teenage comedy. It looks as if John Hughes has handed the torch of adolescent angst to Kevin Smith, and the transition has come off relatively smoothly.

It would be unfair to expect Smith to top his amazing first movie simply because he had more resources available this time around. At the very least, he has given us something to watch for the next time we venture to the mall.

# Videos

From Page B5

Bela Lugosi is the consummate Count Dracula. No one else has the poise and charisma to be a vampire with the possible exception of Tom Cruise as Lestat in *Interview With the Vampire*.

His main asset in this role, however, is a screen presence that immediately attracts your attention. Some credit is due to the makeup artist; even in black and white, he is unnaturally pale.

One aspect of note is the almost complete lack of a soundtrack. Modern audiences usually don't appreciate how appropriate music can subtly but effectively heighten the mood of a scene.

At several points in both of these movies, a scene could be far more suspenseful and scary with a little violin music.

Of course, it could also help if the movie actually showed gory details. For example, *Dracula* never even shows the Count biting someone on the neck or the resulting wound.

Remember, this was 1941, in the days before a rating could presume to protect young virgin minds from processing any harmful violence or sex.

But, for those whose minds can handle an unrated movie, these two are a chance to see true cultural icons before Madison Avenue used them for selling sugar-coated kid's cereals.

Locating copies of these might prove to be a challenge. The smaller video rental joints usually don't have much selection among black-and-white films. Blockbuster Video or West End Video might have one or the other; however, don't expect to be able to get them both.

# Talented students merit praise

SETH BRODSKY  
OLD GOLD AND BLACK REVIEWER

Music at its most successful is music at its most intimate. You may hum to yourself, or you may participate in the din of a thousand-part Chinese Red Army Chorus, yet despite all parameters of privacy, volume and occasion, the art of sound will sift through mind and body and wrench its mighty digits around your soul.

That your peers may present such wonderful musical experiences to you is truly one of the greater gifts which this school offers; that students may do it well is priceless.

Two recent student concerts reminded me of music's paradoxical ability to intimately connect in a variety of venues and how much more powerful this intimacy can be when communicated by one's chums.

Last week, Brendle Recital Hall offered two such experiences, playing host to the Fall Choral Concert as well as senior Karlie Anderson's solo piano recital.

Overseen by Brian Gorelick, the director of choral ensembles, the Choral Concerts have become a beloved institution at this school, and they are certainly one of its best.

Last Tuesday's concert featured the Concert Choir and Choral Union in a diverse program ranging from Mozart to Andrew Lloyd Webber.

The Choral Union, consisting of 54 students and meeting twice a week, adeptly performed the first half of the program with selections from Handel and Mozart.

Though the pieces by Handel were sung with conviction, it was the selections from Mozart's *Vesperae Solenned de Confessore* which truly shone; in particular, the second selection, a *Laudate Dominum* featuring

senior Betsy Grinwis as soprano solo, was performed with a meditative intensity bordering on transcendence.

Grinwis sang absolutely beautifully, her luminous vocal line seeming to float above the entire audience.

It was music-making at its most inspired, a perfect synchronism of the enthusiasms and talents of all the performers into one sonorous body; the effect was intoxicating.

The second half of the concert was devoted to the Concert Choir, smaller than the Choral Union but of a slightly more serious bent.

Their performance was not as even as the Choral Union's, but they excelled in works such as Debussy's *Dieu, qu'il la fait bon regarder*, breathing an air of spaciousness to the French composer's unmistakable tone of resigned sadness.

To traverse great musical distances, and go now from the joyously immense solidarity of the chorus to the poems of a lone bard upon the stage, pianist Karlie Anderson gave her senior recital of Beethoven, Bach, Debussy and Chopin.

It is the unspoken task of the solo performer not simply to perform well, but to convince the audience. Just as the actor must convince the spectator that he is the character being portrayed, so the musician must inhabit the world of the music being played.

Anderson was as magnificently credible as any one of the formidable musical presences on her program; she possessed the blessed ability to match great music with great performance.

In Anderson's hands, every gesture of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3, carried a cohesive narrative weight; she gave tremendous lucidity to the Sonata's transitions, from her shattering performance of the slow

movement to the enjoyably endearing pranks of the rondo-finale.

Bach's *Italian Concerto*, immediately following the Beethoven, requires a superhuman level of concentration to play, which is not unusual in Bach's music.

Anderson conveyed the sense of sheer musical authority prevalent in Bach's works with complete conviction, giving the impression of inevitable motion and austere stillness with a great delicacy, thus letting Bach's disclosure of artistic truth speak for itself.

The three Debussy pieces which initiated the concert's second half were equally possessed by their own soul.

They provided a wonderful foil for the first half, serving as wafting, surreal codas of release for the innate tension of Beethoven and Bach, and preparing for the monumental Chopin *Fantasy, Op. 61*.

The *Fantasy* was one of Chopin's last large-scale works, living in a wholly individual Romantic world of epic narrative. Such a breadth of scope can be a nightmare for the performer, crumbling from a dramatic logic to mere episodes.

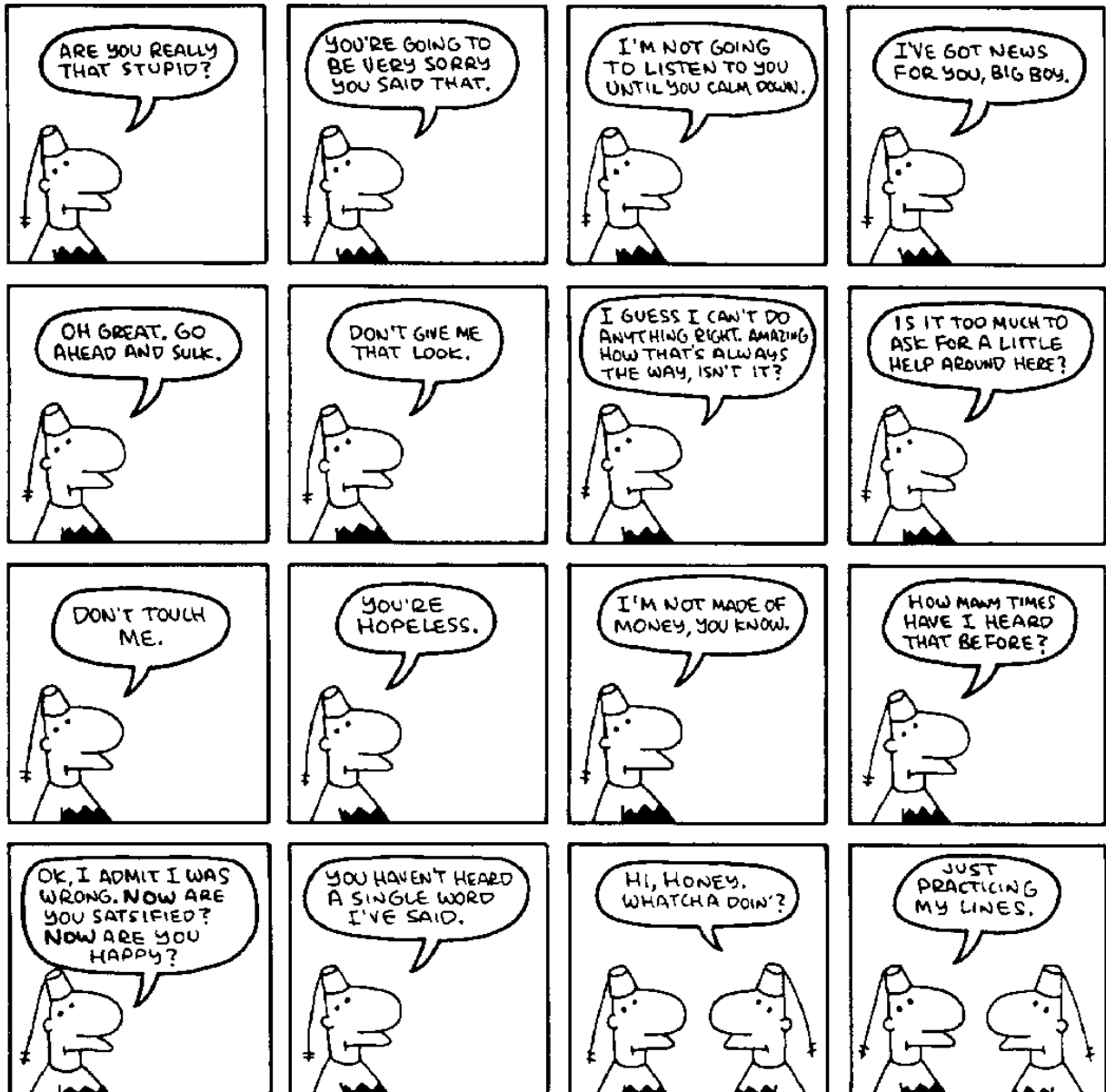
Anderson, however, took on the challenge of contouring the *Fantasy's* immense architecture with total confidence, and succeeded beautifully.

Her interpretation could have convinced the listener that the musical story was as much about her as about the composer himself.

Both performances were two wonderful concerts of complete musical authority with a consistently superior level of quality.

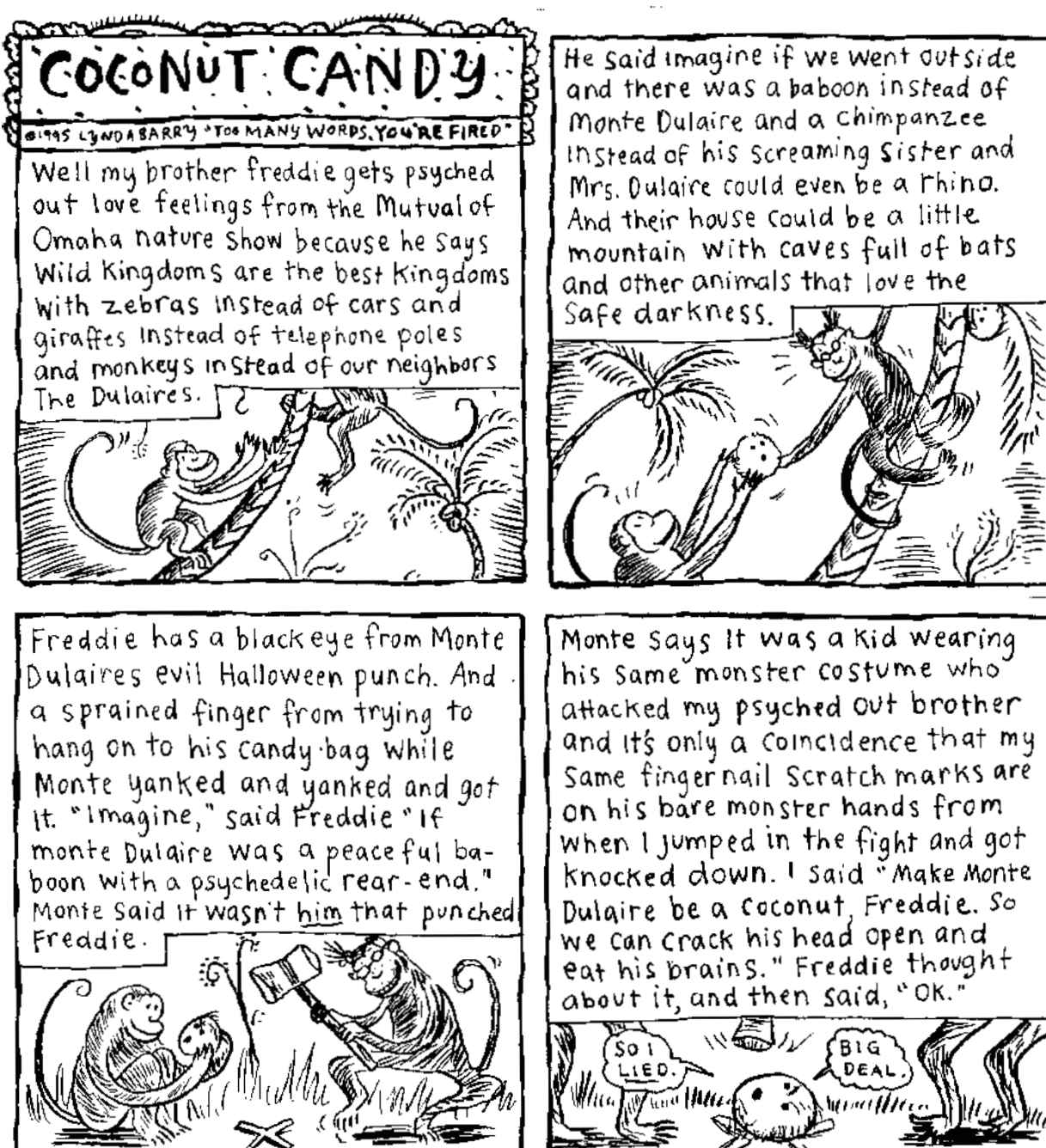
Whether from a massive group or a single person, we should rejoice in the beautiful musical gifts the students at this institution have to offer.

# LIFE IN HELL

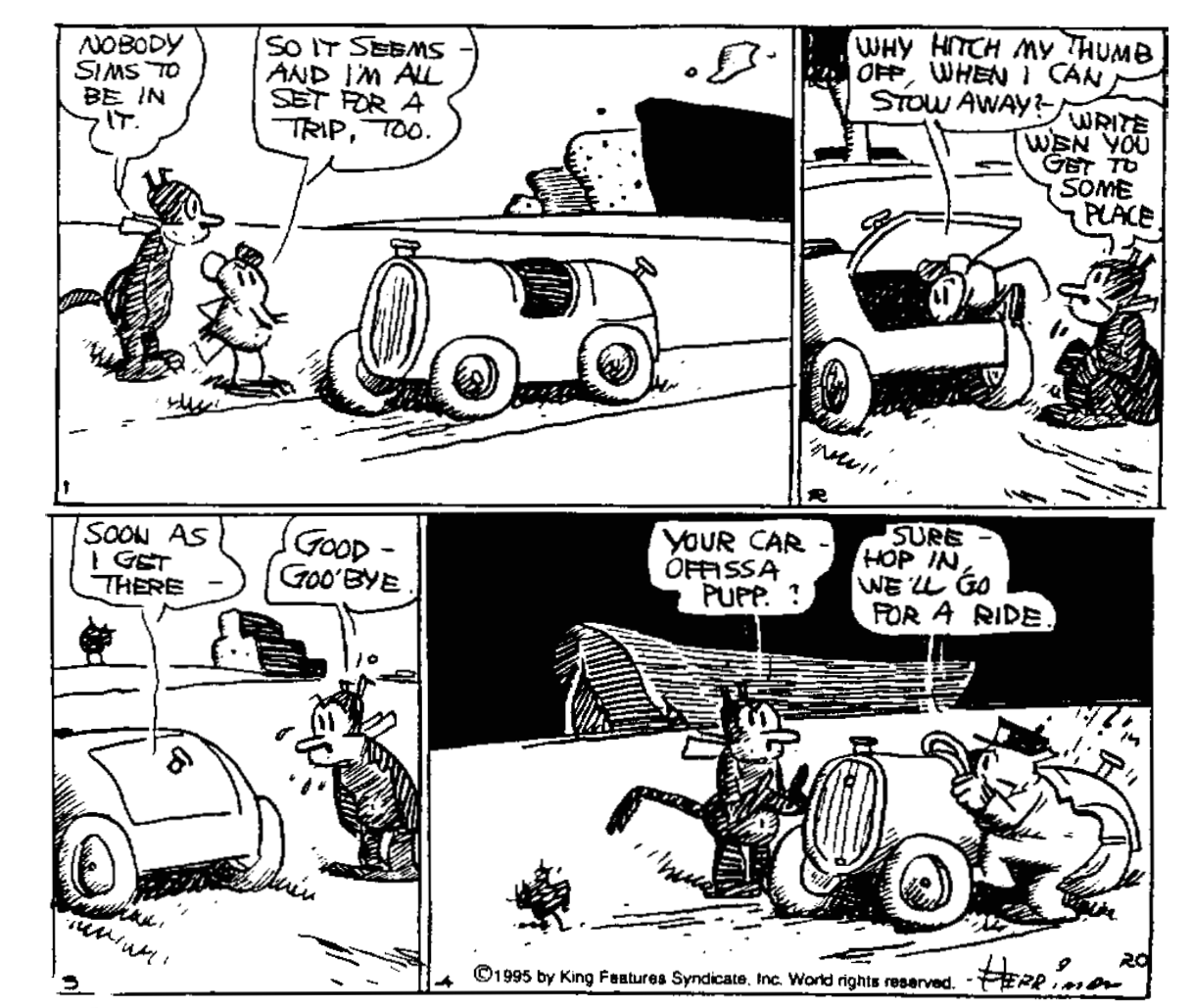


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# Ernie Pook's Comeek by Lynda Barry



# Krazy Kat and Ignatz by George Herriman



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