

'Outside the Bubble'

DANCE

Moscow Ballet's Great Russian Nutcracker

The Moscow Ballet proudly presents the Great Russian Nutcracker for one spectacular performance only. The ballet is on Nov. 3 at the DeVos Performance Hall at 3:00 p.m. Tickets range from \$18.00 to \$38.00 and for more information please call 456-3333.

MUSIC

William Tell Overture

The Symphony will perform the music of Adolphus Hailstork. Plus, a rare treat for all Beethoven fans, hear his lively Triple Concerto, the only piece of its kind. Also, audience members can see if they can listen to Rossini's William Tell Overture without thinking of a masked man on his white horse shouting "Hiho, Silver, AWAY!" Performances are Nov. 1 through Nov. 2 at 8:00 p.m. at the DeVos Performance Hall. Admission ranges from \$10.00 to \$52.00. For more information please call 454-9451.

Billy & The Hillbillies

Grand Rapids Symphony presents Billy & The Hillbillies with John Varineau, Conductor as part of its Pops Series. Billy and the Hillbillies isn't your average bluegrass band—it's a comedy act by four guys who happen to have extraordinary instrumental chops and a go-go ball front man. The symphony runs from Nov. 8 through Nov. 10 at the DeVos Performance Hall at 8:00 p.m. on Friday and Saturday and 3:00 p.m. on Sunday. Tickets range from \$15.00 to \$52.00 and for more information please call 454-9451.

Evening of Serenades

Grand Rapids Symphony presents Evening of Serenades with David Lockington, Conductor, Suzanna Dennison on the Clarinet, and Martha Bowman, Bassoon as part of its Casual Series. It takes place at the St. Cecilia Music Society, on Nov. 14 at 7:30 p.m., and Nov. 15 at 8:00 p.m. Admission prices are to be announced. For more information on the event call (616) 454-9451.

Europe, North by East

The Grand Rapids Cantata Choir presents Scandinavian, Baltic and Czech music by Edvard Grieg, Arvo Pärt, Léos Janáček, Otto Olsson and more—choir, strings, harp and organ. Guest organist: Nicolas Palmer, Organist, St. Robert's, Ada. They will be playing at the St. Robert of Newminster Catholic Church, in Ada, on Nov. 24 at 3:00 p.m. Admission prices are \$10.00-\$15.00. For more information call (616) 575-SING.

THEATRE

'Saturday Night Fever' by Broadway Theatre Guild

Featuring those unforgettable hits of the Bee Gees, Saturday Night Fever is strutting into DeVos Hall direct from Broadway and London. Feat. all the streetwise New York story of an ambitious and talented Brooklyn kid with a burning desire to make it big in Manhattan. This musical features many old-time hits. Ticket prices are \$25.00-\$65.00. The play is in the DeVos Performance Hall on Nov. 12 through Nov. 17 at 7:30 p.m. on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday; 8:00 p.m. on Friday and Saturday; 2:00 p.m. on Thursday and Saturday; and 3:00 p.m. on Sunday. For more information call (616) 235-6285.

The Man Who Came to Dinner

The Man Who Came to Dinner is a comedy by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman (authors of You Can't Take It With You). It's part of Cornerstone University's 2002-2003 theater schedule. Show times are Nov. 15, 16, and 21-23 at 8:00 p.m. at the Victor M. Matthews Auditorium. Admission is \$8.00 for adults, and \$6.00 for students and seniors. For more information call (616) 222-4000.

Pacific Overtures

This musical by Stephen Sondheim tells the story of Japan's 'opening' to the west by Commodore Perry in the 1850s through a mix of traditional Kabuki and contemporary Broadway. For more information, visit www.actorsspectrum.org. Play runs Nov. 14 through the 16, shows at 8:00 p.m. at the Spectrum Theatre. Admission ranges from \$15.00 to \$19.00. Please call 234-3946 for more information.

Annie

For the holidays, get set for fun with their irresistible littered head and her faithful dog Sandy. Come and see Annie, Sandy, Daddy Warbucks, Miss Hannigan, and all those lovable orphans. Playing at the Grand Rapids Civic Theatre from Nov. 14 through Dec. 14. Show times are 7:30 p.m. Wednesday, 8:00 p.m. Thursday and Friday, 2:00 and 8:00 p.m. Saturday and 3:00 p.m. on Sunday. Admission ranges from \$10.00 to \$26.00. Please call 222-6650 for more information.

HONORABLE MENTION

West Michigan Harvest Dog Cluster Show
You know what, we don't even know what this is. But hey, a dog cluster could be very amusing. The show is Nov. 8 from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. at the Delta Plex. Admission for adults is \$5.00, \$3.00 for children and children under five and senior citizens are free. For more information please call 559-8000.



by ryan fuller & jeni gort

The Film Arts Committee Corner

BY THOMAS MILLER
Staff Writer

When even the Hollywood-translated title contains a swear word, a movie is likely to be somewhat raw. "Amores Perros" certainly doesn't disappoint on that score, but it would hardly be possible to depict the biggest city in the world without a certain amount of crudeness. Moreover, when the disparities between rich and poor are so monstrous they are in cities such as Mexico City, perhaps brutal depictions are necessary and moral.

The movie is a triptych of three very different sets of lives. One section centers in on Octavio, who descends into the dog-fighting underworld to be able to elope with his brother's wife. In the next segment, his story meshes violently and unexpectedly with that of

Daniel and Valeria, upper-class and morally bankrupt. Daniel has just abandoned his family to be with Valeria, a model, but an accident maims their relationship. Once again, a dog is the thematic center of the section. The final section deals with an aged revolutionary-turned-assassin who, in conjunction with his discovery of Octavio's dog, has a sudden, terrible insight into his own condition and reaches a certain redemption.

Uncontrollable forces tear apart families, destroy the characters' lives and transform them. The film is a heart-wrenching portrayal of a modern city whose colossal, impersonal weight grinds human lives into dust. The vast forces of modernity reduce people to dogs, but this movie contains a transcendent compassion for both. It depicts love and, finally, redemption for even the miserable strays.

Tom Petty mourns trends in music

BY BOB DE VRIES
Guest Writer

Conventional wisdom states, "Don't bite the hand that feeds you." But Tom Petty is pissed off, so he doesn't care much for conventional wisdom. The latest album by Petty and his band, titled "The Last DJ," is a direct attack on the commercialization of music.

Musically, "The Last DJ" is the same old Petty that has released 13 albums since his 1976 debut. Throughout his career Petty has stuck with the formula that has worked: Blues rock guitar riffs and his trademark high-pitched, whiny-sounding voice.

Lyrical, "The Last DJ" is nothing like anything that Petty has ever recorded. Petty has no reservations

about telling people what's on his mind. In the song "Joe," Petty attacks the CEOs of record labels. Joe the CEO brags how he can create a star out of anyone: "Bring me a girl, they're always the best/ You put 'em on stage and have 'em undress/ Some angel whore who can learn a guitar lick/ Hey, that's what I call music."

Petty also attacks musicians who sell out in the song "When Money Wasn't King." He tells a story of a young musician who changes from an underground rock and roll star to a mainstream sellout who sings commercial jingles.

To the uneducated music fan, this might seem slightly hypocritical. Petty has been a major label star for his whole career. He has made hundreds of millions of dollars selling his records. He still tours and concert tickets regularly sell in the \$40-\$60 range. How then, you ask, can Petty rip on artists who sell out when he has made more money than most musicians can even imagine?

Petty has seemingly based his career on not selling out. In 1982 Petty found out that the record label was going to use his release "Hard Promises" to raise the standard CD price from \$8.98 to \$9.98. He refused to release the album unless the price change was nixed. He even threatened to change the title of the album to \$8.98 to ensure that his fans would not have to pay excessively for his music.

The title track attacks radio stations who tell their DJs what to play. He says: "There goes the last DJ/ Who plays what he wants to play/

and says what he wants to say/ hey, hey, hey/ There goes your freedom of choice/ there goes the last human voice/ there goes the last DJ."

There has been a considerable amount of backlash towards Petty since he released the album. Many radio stations refuse to play "The Last DJ" because they feel that their DJs are being wrongfully attacked. When asked about his song being banned in a recent interview with Rolling Stone, Petty said, "I don't really give a flying f--- about any of it. I've tuned out. But I was elated when my song was banned. I mean, nothing could have complimented me more than to hear they just banned it at such-and-such a station because it's anti-radio. Now, in 2002 to have a song banned that doesn't have a dirty word, doesn't advocate violence -- it's fascinating, you know. Like, what are you afraid of?"

He went on to say that his album wasn't anti-radio, but anti-greed and anti-commercialization. The message in "The Last DJ" rang true to me because I can see what Petty is complaining about. He is talking about radio stations such as WGRD, radio stations that claim to be "modern rock" stations but have no problem playing "musicians" such as Eminem. I can't imagine that overnight all of WGRD's DJs became huge Eminem fans. "I remember when the radio meant something," said Petty. "We enjoyed the people who were on it, even if we hated them. They had personalities. They were people of taste, who we trusted. And I see that vanishing. I thought it was a good metaphor to start the album."

The rest of the CD has pretty much nothing to do with Petty's disgust with the record industry. Most of the songs are exactly what you would expect from Petty. From the soft, piano driven "Dreamville" to the gritty prayer for the world's children in "Lost Children," it is his strongest release since 1994's "Wildflowers."

I strongly recommend "The Last DJ" to any fan of Tom Petty or classic rock in general. Petty probably wouldn't even mind if you downloaded all the songs—it's just another way to get back at the record companies.



FILE PHOTO

The current state of music breaks Tom Petty's heart and he speaks out against it in his new CD, "the Last DJ."

FESTIVAL: two nights of Calvin musical talent

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1
vidual applause, eliminating audience favoritism and a large chunk of time, and each performer or group of performers produced one or two polished numbers and then it was quickly on to the next section. I agree with the notion that the best performers leave the audience wanting more. And this was the case with many of the sections. There were also two intermissions so that even the tepid music lover can stand to sit there and listen to their roommate, son or daughter.

The festival started with the attention grabber: all of the choirs combined with the orchestra and organ performed the well-known and well-loved hymn "All Creatures of Our God and King." The audience was prompted to join in on the final verse over the powerful descant sung by the sopranos. It was a powerful moment, since an audience seldom has the chance to be surrounded by choirs performing a song in unison, and to also be asked to join in.

As far as group performances I believe that the Women's Chorale and the Capella were the highlights of the night. The Women's Chorale ended their two song set with the traditional Mexican song "Las Amarillas," which was given depth with the chorale member's own rhythmic clapping. The hand-made percussion fit perfectly over the stream of Spanish lyrics to make the song a standout in the concert. Percussion in the choir performances seemed to be a theme that wove its way through the concert. In the Capella's singing of the Nigerian folk song, "E Oru O," the choir was accompanied by a whole percussion section that included the bongo drums.

They did such a good job that when I closed my eyes I could not even tell that this Nigerian folk song was being sung by white Midwestern college students. Well, I almost couldn't tell.

While the group performances were all solid and well-practiced, I would say that I pulled the most enjoyment out of the solo pieces by Eunice Tong, Kathryn Cartledge and Lin Xu.

The best of the best to me were the piano solo by Eunice Tong and the accordion solo by Calvin's very own world class accordion performer Lin Xu. The piano piece performed by Tong, "Pour les degres chromatiques," had a mechanical beauty to it. It was flawless in technique and, I am sure, difficult to play on any scale. Lin Xu's performance was my personal favorite moment in the concert.

He amazed the audience right from the start with his ridiculously quick finger work on the keys. Once he had the audience's trust, I began to sense him almost toying with them by stopping and starting his tangents of notes on a dime, only to begin them again with an excited and yet impish look on his face.



PHOTO BY JEFFREY SCHIRA

The close-up view of the interworking of the Calvin Orchestra and the Fall Music Festival.

'The Truth About Charlie'

BY BARBARA PEZET
Staff Writer

According to an article in "Entertainment Weekly," Jonathan Demme, director of such wonderful films as "Philadelphia" and "Silence of the Lambs," once showed an old movie to his friends and family and, upon viewing it, decided that no one would mind if he remade it.

Well, he was wrong. Labeled as "the greatest Hitchcock movie that Hitchcock never made," "Charade" was as stylish and eternally classy as its two stars, the incomparable Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn. The only movie that these two perfect icons ever did together, it is considered a classic by many film buffs. And now it's been remade into a film starring those two equally perfect mega-stars, Mark Wahlberg and Thandie Newton of "Mission: Impossible 2" fame).

Hmm.

"The Truth about Charlie" is a mystery/thriller that takes place in Paris, France, and revolves around Regina Lampert, a recent widow, whose now-dead husband, Charlie, supposedly stole from the United States government during some confusing



FILE PHOTO

Regina Lampert (Thandie Newton) and Joshua Peters (Mark Wahlberg) previously played by Audrey Hepburn and Cary Grant are characters from Hitchcock's "Charade," now re-made into "The Truth About Charlie."



FILE PHOTO

and complex mission. We don't understand what it was about, but then, we're not really supposed to. All we have to know is that Charlie and some friends took a bunch of diamonds and then Charlie double-crossed his buds. And now those friends are after Regina, believing that she has possession of the money.

So three scary (and racially diverse)

people are after her, and who should come to her aid but a handsome stranger by the name of Joshua Peters, played by the dashing Marky Mark. He's always there when she needs help, no matter where she might have run off. She could be in the middle of a deserted flea market, and just when she's a bit frightened, he appears out of nowhere. I find that a bit creepy.

Also aiding Regina through these difficult times is Mr. Bartholomew of some made-up U. S. agency, played by the well-cast Tim Robbins. Robbins obviously saw the original and gives us his very best Walter Matthau impres-

revelation comes new questions. The only one we can really trust Regina herself—but she keeps on trusting everyone else, even when she learns they lied to her. Newton valiantly tries to take over for Hepburn; she is so graceful, unusually beautiful, and elegant, it's not really surprising that Demme chose her for the role in this dumbed-down version.

Which it most certainly is—it has to be, if Mark Wahlberg thinks he has a chance of stepping into Cary Grant's shoes. He tries to be suave and debonair, and fails so totally and completely. (And I had pure hatred for his stupid black beret. Yecch.) Even when he's not trying to emulate Grant, Wahlberg has never been this bad. He's at least been believable in past roles. He must be somebody's nephew, because there's no other way he got the part. Talent had nothing to do with it—although it may have to do with looking great without a shirt.

I am a hardcore Audrey Hepburn fan, and "Charade" is a favorite of mine, so any remake falls short. But this is a dismal even it was a completely original movie; Demme seems so concerned with updating everything from the first film that he can't make it his own and just



FILE PHOTO

destroys what could have been something rather entertaining.

Save yourself the money and wasted time—just go out and rent "Charade." If you're really desperate to see it, go ahead, but you have to see the original. If you like the new version better, I hereby promise to pay back the cost of renting (late fees excluded) and will try to not insult you to your face.

Rachel Zylstra plays for alma mater

BY RYAN FULLER
A&E Co-Editor

For me, attending a Christian music concert is as enjoyable as listening to President Byker drone on about "worldview" during opening convocation. So when I was given the opportunity to attend the Out of the Grey concert to review a burgeoning singer, Rachel Zylstra, I was a little hesitant.

I don't remember the last time I attended a concert just to hear an artist opening for the main act, but this was the case last Saturday when I saw Rachel open for Out of the Grey. There was a lot of fervor concerning this concert, despite the fact that it was overshadowed by the Fall Music Festival, because Zylstra is a Calvin alumna who graduated last June. Obviously, she attracted some attention from students and parents during Parents Weekend, and there was a good turnout for the concert.

In her relatively short prelude for Out of the Grey, Zylstra demonstrated what a remarkably talented musician she is. As a singer, songwriter, and pianist, her talent and style are similar to Vanessa Carlton. Her strong, yet eloquent voice delivered a range of amazing vocals in songs that varied from upbeat and inspirational to mellow love songs. Not only does she have an amazing voice, but she is also a good entertainer, which may stem from the

I made a practical suggestion?"

Zylstra played at a few venues over the summer after graduating from college, including the Folk Music Festival. She will be playing at the Four Friends coffee house here in Grand Rapids on Friday, December 20. She is also on campus quite a bit, she told me, "to check my e-mail five or six times a week."

With all of her talent, she is still undecided about her music career. "It's all still up in the air," she said. In addition to attending her performance at the coffee house, I recommend picking up her CD. You won't be disappointed.



PHOTO BY TRILLISA M. PERRINE

MTV crosses the line

BY JOSH GHENA
Guest Writer

Only after watching "Jacka**": The Movie" would three guys and one girl have the guts to urinate right outside the theater on a cinderblock wall.

All day I could feel the excitement build up inside me. As the evening drew near I found this glee begin to overflow into my dinner conversation, leading us into a food fight. My anticipation for our evening plans was brought to a head by the time the last carrot landed.

We filed into Studio 28, I with an empty popcorn bucket on my head, only to learn that the final show was quickly selling out. Luckily one of us made it to the front and bought the last ten tickets.

As I walked down the red flowing carpets in the hallowed cinematic corridor, I could taste the nostalgia of the great film comedies surrounding me. Surely "Jacka**" will soon be joining the ranks of the all-time great slapsticks like "Tommy Boy," "Billy Madison," "Dumb and Dumber," "Animal House" and "Caddyshack."

So as you can see, my expectations were quite high for this movie, and let me tell you, "Jacka**" did not disappoint. As I walked into the theater I could smell the testosterone; the audience was upwards of 90 percent male.

Never have I laughed so hard while watching a movie. Every scene prompted you to think, "What could they possibly do next?" and each time the suspense did not let down.

While I was leaving the theater an hour and a half later, with tears in my eyes and a split side, I saw four people, one of which was a female, peeing on the wall, and I stopped. What did I just watch?

By attending this movie I basically paid to see three episodes. The antics of the cast remain faithful to the television show, but are far more grotesque. One of the tamer stunts was when members of the cast ran around a Japanese city in panda suits, terrorizing the locals.

The film accomplished its goal: it was an hour and a half of sheer ridiculous humor. No plot. No reason. Just humor. But at what cost? With each new movie, with each new television show the line gets stretched.

The line that was once so clear and steadfast in the entertainment industry is now blurred and constantly being changed and moved. Family entertainment has shifted from "Leave it to Beaver" to "The Osbournes." As society has

changed so has the entertainment industry; or is it as the entertainment industry changes, so does society? Does society determine entertainment or does entertainment determine society?

Not too long ago, I remember watching the ever-popular Bob Saget host "America's Funniest Home Videos." What could be better than watching a man getting hit in the groin with a golf ball? Is this not the essence of "Jacka**"? It is nothing more than a super, over-the-top, testosterone-fed "America's Funniest Home Videos." Such a harmless show has now been turned into one of most controversial things on the boob tube. With each passing year there is a war raging between the different groups within the entertainment industry, each trying to outdo the next, and "Jacka**" is the direct result of such ferocious competition.

I'll admit that I thought the movie was absolutely hilarious. No doubt about it, it's one of the funniest things I have ever seen. But now I ask myself, did this movie completely erase the line in the sand, the line that for the last thirty years that has been gently nudged and stretched? Was "Jacka**" the knockout blow for standards? Did this movie just open the floodgates? What daring producer will next brave the water that MTV has jumped into head first?

Where are we going and what are we taking with us? The entertainment industry has reached a major crossroads, and the question is where they will go from here. "What could they possibly do next?" and each time the suspense did not let down.

Just maybe this movie is nothing more than that, a movie. No line has been destroyed, or maybe the line is already gone. Stupidity has always been a money maker in the industry. Look back at the Three Stooges, the Marx Brothers and Monty Python. Just maybe "Jacka**" is nothing more than another stupid humor comedy. Conceivably we could look back at this movie in twenty-five years and say one of two things: "Jacka**" crossed the threshold in modesty and morality and charted the way for a new era in humor, or "Jacka**" was nothing more than a ridiculous, hilarious movie, with no purpose and no effect. Only time will tell.



FILE PHOTO

Nine guys on a voyage of curiosity, stupidity and all around maleness to live up the average Joe's life.