

Splendid film keeps audience enthralled



Courtesy of the Samuel Goldwyn Co.

A resolute Henry V, the King of England (center, Kenneth Branagh), leads England to battle.

By John Payne
Senior Reporter

Irish-born actor Kenneth Branagh recently spoke of his recent production of William Shakespeare's "Henry V."

"I wanted to make a popular film that would satisfy the Shakespearean

movie REVIEW

scholar, as well as the filmgoers who liked "Crocodile Dundee."

That statement gives a good indication of this impressive film as it plays out across the screen. It is a splendid period piece that never forgets to be entertaining.

It's amazing that Branagh, a relatively unknown actor, would want to take on the enormous task of reprising Lawrence Olivier's role -- while making his directorial debut. Even more amazing is the fact that he was able to pull it off so beautifully.

The story begins as young Henry, newly-crowned King of England, prepares his royal subjects for an invasion of France. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Charles Kay) convinces Henry that he has legal claim to the

French throne. When spies are found among the King's noblemen, war ensues.

And the magnificent way that Branagh has captured the English army's campaign across medieval France makes for an enthralling movie. But unlike Olivier's "Henry," Branagh's is not an epic. The sets and costumes are not lavish, and by keeping this remake small in scope, his works on much more of a personal level than its predecessor.

Branagh has chosen to pay tribute to the warriors, rather than glorifying the war, and for that he should be commended.

At one point in the story, Henry's expeditionary forces are attacking the French town of Harfleur. The soldiering cries out to the remaining French troops that his men will leave no woman unraped and that "every naked infant would be pitted upon spikes" if the troops do not surrender.

The battle scenes are as gruesome as those of any war picture, yet for every moment of carnage, there are a dozen of poignancy.

Brief flashbacks of Henry's life

SeeHENRY on 7

Film's motives hard to understand without novel

By Troy Falk
Staff Reporter

"We did everything just like grown-ups would, why didn't it work?" snivels Piggy.

The highly advertised movie from a novel most had to read in junior high school is here -- "Lord of the Flies." The opening scene depicts the kids in the ocean attempting to climb aboard a life raft.

One major difference between the novel by Sir William Golding and the movie is that the pilot lives. He is severely wounded and has a high fever, so he plays a passive part. His only significant part is when he becomes another area for Jack and Ralph to fight over.

Balthazar Getty does a very con-

vincing job of portraying Ralph. He shows how a compassionate young boy is thrust into the role of leader. The part of Jack is played by Cris Furrh. He does a great job of portraying a boy who has given in to his personal desires of power.

Getty and Furrh do an exceptional job of showing the friendship between Jack and Ralph deteriorating with time and Jack's desire to gain control of the group.

Simon does an average job of showing his slow transgression from normalcy to a psychosis, which is explained in great detail in the novel. Granted, one does not see him very often. In the movie, what ultimately does him in is his given responsibility of watching over the pilot.

The twins do a great job of dealing with problems as one person. The way they cope with problems is to talk to each other as if talking to themselves.

To add to Simon's deteriorating

movie REVIEW

psyche, the pilot runs away in a state of fevered delusion. He ends up being the monster in the woods. In the novel, the monster is simply a figment of the group's paranoia.

Jack and his hunters break off to form their own group and eventually all of the kids follow him except Ralph and Piggy played by Daniel Pipoly. Piggy's character is true to

the novel. He is fat, snobbish and annoying, yet one feels for him.

The movie shows some of the best use of film settings and background music. "Lord of the Flies" was filmed on location in Jamaica. The camera crew really went into the jungle to shoot some of the scenes.

One warning: There is a lot of gory violence. It all is necessary but still gruesome. The movie shows everything from the pig's head being cut off to putting it on a pig pole. The one scene of Piggy being hit on the head with a boulder is particularly mortifying.

The best example of the entire cast working together is the scene in which Jack and his hunters play the game of catch the pig. They run around their

campfire and chase one boy and pretend to kill him.

As the group's hysteria builds, they see something running toward them and all panic and rush out to kill it. It was only Simon running up to tell them the secret behind the monster.

The one complaint with "Lord of the Flies" is there is no actual lord of the flies that talks to Simon. Without reading the novel, understanding the motives and thinking behind each of the characters would be difficult. This is unusual -- most movies are a pale reflection of the book; in this case one must read the book to completely understand the movie.

"Lord of the Flies" is playing at the Douglas 3 Theatre, 13th and P streets.

Fanzines perfect outlet for angry punkers

By Bryan Peterson
Staff Reporter

Weirdo counter-culture types have been inflicting their views on the world as long as culture has been with us -- but the fanzine is a fairly recent phenomenon, particularly suited to the world of photocopyers. A sort of magazine with no standards whatsoever.

Fanzines got pretty big in the '60s with all the political upheaval and surges of grungy underground music that record labels would not touch.

Fanzines connected people and helped form communities which helped ease a sense of outrage and isolation common among counter-cultural types.

Since then, fanzines have been put out by fans of just about every phenomenon in pop and underground culture: Star Trek, drugs, comics, science fiction, short-lived music fads -- the list is endless.

And as soon as there was punk rock, there were punk-rock fanzines. The first ones, with names like Sniffin' Glue or Search and Destroy, mirrored the chaos and apathy which marked the first days of punkdom.

The punk fanzine is the perfect outlet for the prototypic Angry Young Punk. The writer or editor can use bad words, plagiarize and just generally be obnoxious, but it is a fairly safe enterprise because no one really seems to care most of

the time.

I should know: I've put one out for over four years.

So punk is now 15 years old and the worst has happened -- it has become an institution, its own culture complete with its own subdivisions and counter-counter-cultural forces.

With more punk fanzines available than ever, it is time for Fifth Column to take a little wander through some recent creations. What follows is a not-so-random sampling of "punkzines" I have stumbled across lately.

Any column on punk fanzines should include Maximum Rocknroll (PO Box 288, Berkeley, Calif. 94701), one of the longest-running, most exhaustive and consistently good punkzines in the world.

MRR expanded to a 128-page format more than a year ago and now sells for \$2. It is an essential vehicle of communication, ranting and discovery for isolated punks worldwide.

Every issue is full of "scene reports" complete with band gossip and complaints about apathy within the scene.

The 'zine opens with a lengthy section of columns and letters which is followed by plenty of band interviews and an also-lengthy review section which covers music, videos, books and, of course, fanzines.

The endless discussions concern-

ing skinhead violence, whether punk is dead, whether MRR should take ads from racist or sexist bands and the like get tiring, but MRR is simply indispensable for uniting tiny pockets of punkdom around the world.

Where MRR has universal appeal (of a sort), many punkzines cater to a fairly restricted audience. Take THE RAZOR'S EDGE, where punk and Krishna consciousness come together in a bed of Karmitic slamming.

The Razor's Edge comes out of Brooklyn, New York (PO Box 400271, NY 11240) for \$1. Issue No. 2 (24 pages) features an interview with Ray Cappo of Youth of Today, one of America's premiere straight-edge bands.

The concerns of this 'zine go beyond living without drugs and alcohol: There also are vegetarian recipes and related material, as well as pieces on brainwashing, social revolution and the "Prison of the Material World."

Although The Razor's Edge borders on being little more than a recruiting tool filled with ads for Swami Prabhupada's writings, the goal of finding a meaningful life in a materialistic, object-oriented society seems to be a common one among Krishnas and punks (or some of them).

Another 'zine which represents the crossing of two subcultures is the relatively new Homocore from

San Francisco (PO Box 77731, Calif. 94107). The most recent (and biggest) issue is No. 5, still for \$1.

So what does a 'zine by/for gay punks contain? All the usual punkzine stuff: letters, reviews, articles, comics, classifieds and outrageous covers -- but all from a gay perspective.

Homocore is a little heavy on its local crowd, but its print run has expanded into the thousands and its readers hail from ever more distant areas.

"You don't have to be a homo to read or have stuff published in HOMOCORE... being different at all, like straight guys who aren't macho shitheads, women who don't want to be a punk rock fashion accessory," reads an introduction reprinted from the first issue.

The 'zine, along with concert benefits and political activism, is only one part of creator/editor Tom Jennings' world. Jennings wrote an article for Martin Sprouse's book "Threat by Example" in which he described his bulletin board system (FidoNet) as the "world's largest amateur computer network," one used by more than 250,000 people.

And that, from the creator of one of the more controversial underground publications. But don't worry -- Homocore is mailed in a plain envelope "to accommodate your oppressive environment."

the
fifth
column
album review