

# 'State of Grace' displays inspired finish

By Julie Naughton  
Staff Reporter

When the going gets tough, the tough go to gangster movies.

There are at least four gangster movies out this fall, more than any other time in recent history. Each

## movie

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film is full of blood, guts, revenge killings and various mobs.

"State of Grace," a sometimes beautiful, sometimes gritty portrayal of Irish mob life in New York's Hell's Kitchen, joins films such as "GoodFellas," "Miller's Crossing" and "The Godfather, Part III" in the mob movie onslaught of the fall.

"State of Grace" is the story of Terry Noonan (Sean Penn) and his relationship with the Flannery gang, Hell's Kitchen's most notorious Irish mob. It also is the story of an Irish mob far more ruthless than any faction of the Italian mob.

Terry Noonan returns to his childhood neighborhood after an absence of several years and meets up with his former friends, members of the Flannery gang. Among these friends are

Jackie (Gary Oldman), Stevie (John C. Reilly) and Jackie's brother, Flannery gang leader Frankie (Ed Harris).

Terry also meets up with his former girlfriend, the beautiful, gutsy Kathleen (Robin Wright). Kathleen is Jackie and Frankie's sister and tells her brothers off often, in a manner that would get other people knocked off.

Noonan allies himself with the gang, learning secrets not entrusted to other people. What he learns nearly gets him killed, as he struggles with his feelings for his old neighborhood and his feelings for the law.

The film's chilling climax takes place, appropriately, on St. Patrick's Day. The emotionlessly violent scenes of death — and thank God, the killing of the film's most ruthless anti-hero — are interspersed with scenes of the innocent, traditional New York City St. Patrick's Day parade. As the Irish march past St. Patrick's Cathedral, the audience sees Irish mobsters inside a nearby pub get shot and killed. As the Irish march further and the young Irish girls twirl their batons, we see Terry fight for his life. It is an inspired finish on the part of director

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Courtesy of Orion Pictures

Jackie Flannery (Gary Oldman), left, Kathleen Flannery (Robin Wright) and Terry Noonan (Sean Penn) in "State of Grace."

# 'Franz Liszt' offers graceful, dramatic strings

By Julie Naughton  
Senior Reporter

For an orchestra without a conductor, the Budapest Chamber Orchestra "Franz Liszt" certainly displayed a great deal of direction Saturday night.

The orchestra, performing at the Lied Center for Performing Arts, demonstrated teamwork, fire and drama during its two-hour program.

The orchestra began the evening with String Quartet in D Minor, D. 810 ("Death and the Maiden") by Franz Schubert, adapted for string orchestra by Gustav Mahler. The first

movement, Allegro, was an authoritative musical drama that began with a command for attention.

This gave way to the second movement, variations on Schubert's song, "Der Tod und das Mädchen" ("Death and the Maiden.") The second movement, Andante, consisted of a lyrical interpretation of the theme, with five variations.

This was followed by Scherzo, Allegro molto, a lively yet rough interlude, and finally by the last movement, Presto. Presto, a tempestuous finale, was played with drama and

flourishes by the orchestra.

After a brief intermission, the orchestra continued with Felix Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 10 in B

## concert

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minor. The one-movement symphony for string orchestra passed much too quickly, as the orchestra began with the solemn Adagio and finished with the classic, youthful Allegro.

The orchestra finished with Divertimento for String Orchestra, Sz. 113,

Béla Bartók's World War II-time composition. The first movement, Allegro non troppo, was delicate, light in texture and beautifully executed; the second movement, Molto adagio, was somber, at times dramatic.

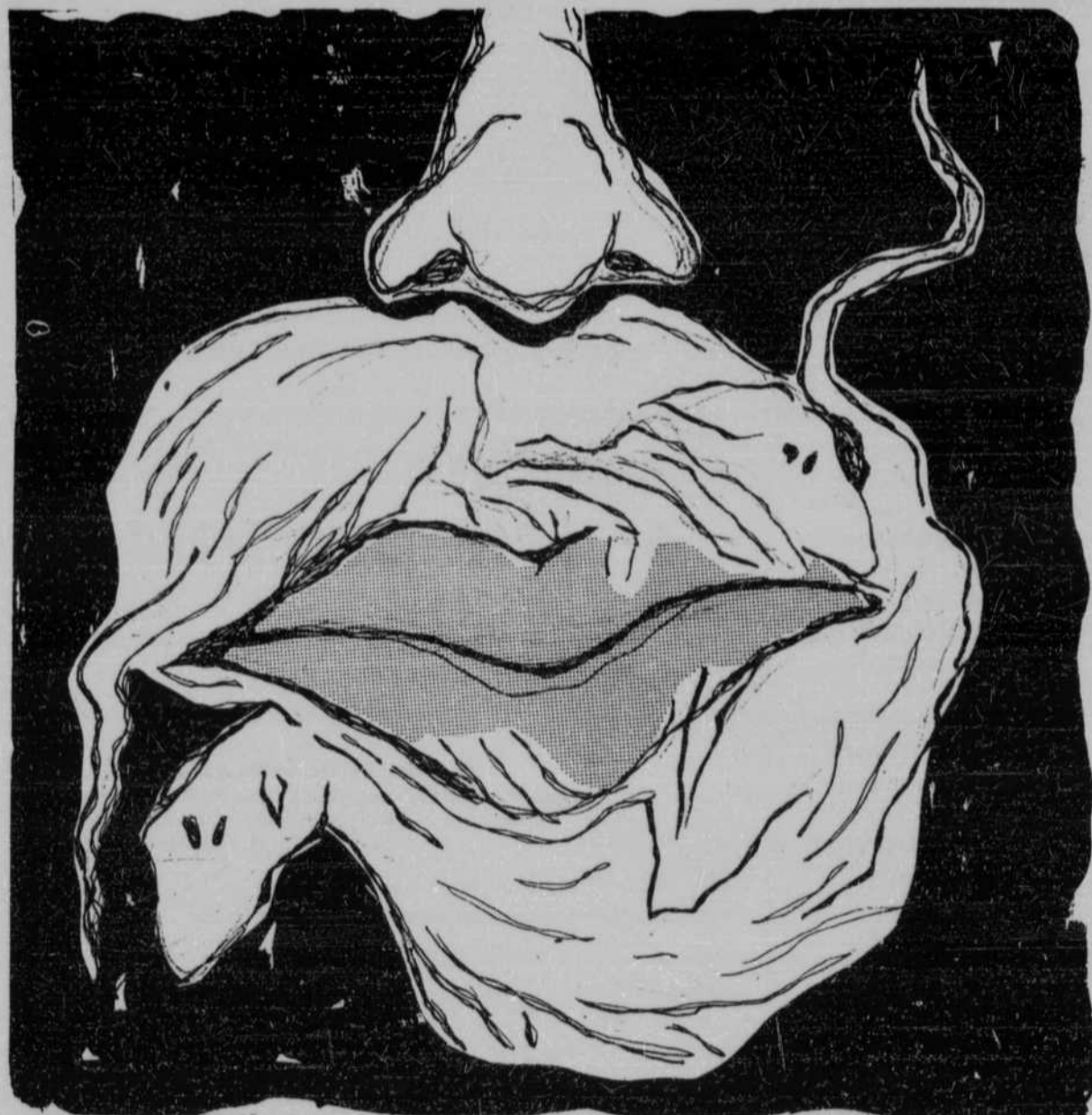
The orchestra's rendition of the final movement, Allegro assai, was lively and beautiful, with rustic folk overtones.

The orchestra's elegant, well-executed renditions of these pieces made them a pleasure to listen to. The 17-member chamber group, guided by concertmaster Janos Rolla, is made

up of nine violin players, three viola players, three violoncello players and one contrabass player.

Rolla is the closest thing to a conductor that the group has. Although he did not conduct, he guided the group with the tiniest gestures.

The Budapest Chamber Orchestra "Franz Liszt" takes their name from the famous Hungarian composer. Although Liszt never composed a work for strings, his name is inseparable from Hungarian music, and the orchestra chose to honor one of their best-loved musicians in this way.



Paul Chandler/Daily Nebraskan

# Growing a beard really not worthy of a column

The first time I shaved was perhaps the biggest day in my arduous journey to manhood.

It figured even more prominently in my transformation from boy to adult male than my first sexual en-

I took this not as an admonishment but as a green light. In order to have a ZZ Top beard, I only needed to start shaving early and often.

I was very covert about my early shaving efforts. I was at that sensitive age where I was afraid that my parents would discover I was going through puberty. I guess I thought they'd be mad or something.

My dad usually wore a beard so the only razors we had in the house were my mom's Bic shavers. What a blow to a boy in the throes of puberty, to attempt his first shave with his mom's equipment.

I didn't even need shaving cream at first. After a shower, I'd just sneak a shaver from the medicine cabinet, run it over my exceptionally unhairly face and await the inevitable rush of testosterone that would soon course through my veins.

Now, about 10 years later, I put very little stock in my maleness. My feelings about being male approach indifference before they approach pride. I usually go for the title human since I think it says more about who I am. Real touching, I know, but when they're passing out the dirty names, I'll take idealist.

I now think shaving is a chore. Most people wouldn't think about it but I have to shave every day and it's really a hassle.

As I write this, I am sporting a beard. Occasionally I grow tired of the shaving ritual and just let the hair on my face grow. Grizzly Adams I am not, so usually it doesn't grow in very thick.

This time around, however, I just



Jim Hanna

counter. Of course that's not saying much since the first time I boiled water on my own was about as significant as my first sexual encounter.

To my adolescent mind, the first time I shaved my face to baby-bottom smoothness marked the biggest step toward manhood I had taken thus far in my life.

I didn't even need to shave the first time I set razor to my face. A fine, soft fuzz of almost invisible hair lived on my upper lip and you could only see it if the light hit it just right.

But I was growing impatient. We had already seen our films about puberty and sexual development in fifth and sixth grade and I was waiting for the telltale signs to come along that would prove I was becoming an adult.

My voice hadn't changed, there was no hair on my chest, and my first wet dream was still several night-times away. Something had to give.

I watched an episode of "Leave it to Beaver" where Wally started to shave. In it, Ward warned Wally that each time he shaved, his whiskers would come in thicker and more stubbly.

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