

Buckhorn

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As suggested by someone in the audience, turn everything else up, naturally. After all, there's nothing better than *really good music played really loud*, and you can weed out those people who were just there to be seen.

And were Buckhorn out drinking in the beer garden and living up to their beer-label name with the rest of the kids?

"We found that we end up playing better when we don't touch the stuff," Axon said.

Even at a beer garden. And even with a name like Buckhorn. Buckhorn will next be playing tonight at John Henry's with *Sow Belly* and next Friday at the WOW Hall with *Hitting Birth*. The band will soon make a four-song demo tape available for purchase at several local music stores.

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PLANT

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also have less equipment to unload and set up.

There are eight people assigned to each bus, but Robert Plant was not on any one of them; he flies from city to city. Chris said most of his time on the bus was spent "talking about food and playing cards," but Mark said that they hadn't really played cards yet.

When asked about their personal lives Chris and Mark both responded that they were not married. "I left my girlfriend in Africa and came on this tour," Chris said. They said that Plant is sympathetic to their "forced-celibacy" plight. "We had a 10-day holiday in Hawaii, and Robert flew all of our wives and girlfriends out to be with us," he said.

Before parting company Chris and Mark gave us a hint as to where Robert Plant might be, so we headed up to Room 610 in the Hilton.

We expected to find a hallway full of groupies and hear wild parties going on, but the hall was quiet. The only person we found up there was the hotel concierge, who told us a couple of excellent Grateful Dead stories. He informed us that Robert Plant was not staying there.

So we headed back to the huge, gray buses and knocked on the door of the second one. It was there that we met Nate, who was to be our nemesis for the rest of the evening.

Nate is a rather large man who tried to be very threatening. He's actually a very nice man. He was in Eugene earlier this summer setting up for the Grateful Dead concert. Nate was extremely guarded about his exact occupation. "I'm not sure what I do, they just pay me," he said. Nate's traveling companion was Scott, the lighting man who "quit med school to do this." Nate and Scott's bus was an exact replica of the bus used by Chris and Mark.

By now we were anxious to get into the show, which was about to begin. Silva Concert Hall was filled to capacity with people of every age, creed and economic background.

On our way into the show we met Dot Kane, a local resident who is related to Plant by marriage. "He's a very nice man, very polite," she said.

The lights went out, the incense was lit and the show began. Plant played songs from every period in his musical career from Led Zeppelin to the Honeydrippers to his newest solo effort, *Fate of Nations*.

Plant was backed by a band of superb musicians. Innis Sibun, who just joined the tour to replace Kevin MacMichael, played guitar. Francis Dunnery, formerly with British cult fave It Bites, played lead guitar for many of the Led

Zeppelin tunes. Dunnery has also been signed to a solo deal with Atlantic.

Also on guitar, mandolin and keyboards was Phil Johnstone, who has toured with Plant before and is a contributor in the songwriting process. Plant's longtime bass player Charlie Jones, who is, incidentally, Plant's son-in-law, also joined him on stage.

The show rambled on for three hours, and Plant did not even stop to take a breath. The band, which is made up mostly of youngsters in comparison, had to stop for water and rest, but Plant gave the audience more than its money's worth.

The backdrop had a mystical feel to it, and the lighting conveyed the ethereal sense Plant is famous for.

After the show it was time to continue our search. We headed out to the back of the Hult Center, where huge white trucks were waiting to pack up the equipment and head to San Francisco.

Before the show we had befriended Jason Faulk, a local police cadet, who was doing backstage security for the Hult Center. He was very good at his job, and he had been given strict orders to keep us out of the backstage area. We had already tried in vain to get backstage by following Scott and had blown our cover as cool reporters.

Faulk finally relented and let us wait with the other fans. At first there were many people, but as the minutes wore into hours, the crowd dwindled. Soon we were down to just six people. Two guys from local bands who had met Plant before the show and a married couple, who were long-time Plant fans.

As we waited, Skate, whose real name is Glen, recounted the history of the Seattle band Alice In Chains for us. Actually, he tried to tell us he was once a member of Alice In Chains, but we didn't fall for it.

We tried absolutely everything, even helping the pizza guy deliver pizzas backstage, but our quest for Robert Plant turned up dry. We had a great time learning about the people who made his performance here possible, though.

There was a very happy ending to the story of Geraldine Peabody, the woman reporter Ed Klopfenstein interviewed last week who hoped to meet Plant. Saturday, as Plant was leaving for San Francisco, Peabody got a chance to tell him how much she admired him.

"It was exciting, but it was more of a relief after all the work that we put in. It was great to be there with a man who wrote the music that I enjoy, and who is responsible for so many of the things in my life in the last year," she said.

REVIEW

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Keep dreaming. *Demolition Man*, the latest in a long line of humdrum action flicks, falls prey to all action cliches in an attempt to anesthetize the audience. Even worse, the action isn't interesting enough to save the weak plot. The audience finds itself too distracted by the gaping plot holes and insipid futuristic gags to actually care who gets axed and who doesn't. Besides, why should we care when we can predict how it will end?

The film stars Wesley Snipes as Simon Phoenix, a psychopathic killer in the year 1996 who has an insatiable appetite to destroy everything he sees. Sylvester Stallone plays a cop named John Spartan whose sole mission in life seems to revolve around catching Phoenix.

He does — except Phoenix rigs an explosion to make Spartan look guilty for the inadvertent murder of about 30 of Phoenix's hostages. Plot hole No. 1: For some reason, the police choose to believe a deranged sicko like Phoenix when he claims Spartan is responsible for their death. As a result, both Spartan and Phoenix are sentenced to a cryogenic prison.

Switch to 2032, when Phoenix is inexplicably allowed a parole hearing. Naturally, he escapes. Afterward, we learn his escape was planned by the leader of San Angeles, who has designed this

futuristic society to be free of everything that makes America great: crime, profanity, violence — and individualism.

Why did he thaw Phoenix? Because he wanted him to kill the leader of the rebels, Edgar Friendly, played as a cross between a concerned individual and a stand-up comic by Dennis Leary. Plot hole No. 2: Friendly is seen as a threat to this plastic society, yet as we learn during a sudden Leary stand-up routine in the middle of the film, all he wants to do is smoke cigarettes and read *Playboy*. With those rights, he will be happy. For this they defrost a mad dog, psychofrenzied killer?

The ineffective police force, which has no concept of what violence is, then defrosts Spartan to help catch Phoenix. Plot hole No. 3: While the prisoners are frozen, they are supposedly rehabilitated. Thus when they get out of the deep freeze, they will have learned to interact peacefully within society. But the movie never explains, if it's possible to rehabilitate them in their sleep, why they can't be rehabilitated in two days of cryogenic frost? What good does it do to freeze someone for 30 years if he doesn't know he's been frozen? What can he learn about the cruelty of his crime if he can't interact with society?

Those are only a few of the film's obvious leaps in logic. There are a few positive things to say. Snipes, who has proved

himself as both a dramatic actor in *Jungle Fever* and a comic actor in *White Men Can't Jump*, proves his worth as an action star as well. He is the best thing about this film. His hyperkinetic energy jumps off the screen (as opposed to Stallone's all-around lack of charisma — big surprise).

Snipes is the only actor in the film who can overcome the script's weaknesses.

Sandra Bullock does an uninspired turn as Lenina Huxley, one of the future cops who helps defrost Spartan. She and Spartan make futuristic love, recalling a far more clever scene in Woody Allen's *Sleeper*.

As a matter of fact, none of the scenes from 2032 create a fresh image. The future has been depicted in countless films, from *2001: A Space Odyssey* to *Freejack*, and nothing in *Demolition Man* fascinates us enough to make us care, least of all the future slang, designed to show us how detached society has become but instead only makes the audience cringe. For instance, "Murderdeathkill" is the police term for murder, and "be well" is used in place of "take it easy."

The film also includes a horribly blatant endorsement of Taco Bell being played on commercials all over television. The makers of *Demolition Man* committed a seemingly endless array of bad judgments. Viewers would do well to avoid making their own. Don't go see this film.