

FRIDAY, 2/24

7:30p.m. \$0

ANNE FEENEY
CONNIE COHEN

PETER WILDE

LAURA KEMP

10:00p.m. \$6

LOVE LODE

REDRUM

JET'S RIDDLE

DOCTOR FRED &

THE LOVE

SURGEONS

SATURDAY, 2/25 FREE

BUCKHORN

BILLY JACK

BLIND LEMON

PLEDGE

SUPER G

SUNDAY, 2/26

No Music

Free Pool

MONDAY, 2/27 \$2

Jazz

Free Pool

TUESDAY, 2/28 \$6

THE PALADINS

WEDNESDAY, 3/1 \$4

DOG IS DEAD

CHEMAKILL

FOODBED GOSPEL

THURSDAY, 3/2 \$4

SLEEP CAPSULE

SPOKE POKER

FRIDAY, 3/3 \$4

TRUMAN'S WATER

DOSE

BIG GULP

HER #13

SATURDAY, 3/4 \$4

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CINEMA

Guns aren't blazing in 'The Quick and the Dead'

GREG HAMILTON
For the Oregon Daily Emerald

If Clint Eastwood was dead, he'd be rolling over in his grave right about now.

The Westerns that Hollywood has been cranking out this past year have been abysmal. Films like *Tombstone*, *Wyatt Earp* and *Bad Girls* offer a strong argument for the retirement of the Western as a current genre.

The Quick and the Dead is no exception.

Borrowing heavily from the thematic success of *Unforgiven*, *The Quick and the Dead* is a valiant but unsuccessful foray into the dark side of gunslinger justice.

Directed by comic/horror maven Sam Raimi (*Army of Darkness*, *Darkman*) and co-produced by its star Sharon Stone (*Basic Instinct*), this latest attempt at tickling the tumbleweeds seems to have all the right ingredients. Revenge, gun-fights galore and Gene Hackman as the bad guy. Sound familiar? Well, don't get your chaps in a knot. Just because it sounds like a six-shooter, doesn't necessarily make it one.

Set in a dust bowl town, Sharon Stone ambles in on her horse, a vision of jaded beauty and vengeful purpose. She's on a mission, and woe be unto the careless cow jockey who crosses her path.

The town she rides into is run

The Quick and the Dead

Sharon Stone, Gene Hackman

Director: Sam Raimi

Rated: R



by a local thug-king played by Hackman, who sets up an annual gunfighter showdown to kill off his enemies and solidify his position as town despot. Everyone is there for the challenge, which offers a hefty cash prize to the individual with the fastest draw, which always seems to be Hackman for some reason.

Stone's motivations are decidedly different though. With the help of occasional flashbacks and surly stares directed at Mean Gene, the audience might be quick to surmise a hate in the air. It's revenge that she's after, and you know what they say about a woman scorned.

Paybacks are a bitch.

Hackman doesn't seem too worried; he's busy making a mockery of one of his former colleagues (Russell Crowe), who opted for the priesthood as a means to pay for his former killing days. Crowe is a handsome young buck, and Stone's character takes notice early on, saving him from a spur of the

moment hanging orchestrated by Hackman. Following the quick-save, Crowe and Stone are brought together in mutual hate for Hackman, which proves to be the crutch that the film later leans on.

At this juncture, all signs are pointing up. The characters have been introduced and the premise seems solid. But that's where it stops. With the exception of Hackman, the bulk of the characters are a muddled mess.

Among the characters in the periphery are such marquee names as Lance Henriksen (*Aliens*) and child phenom Leonardo di Caprio (*Gilbert Grape*). Both add a slight tinge of flavor, but never really get a chance to develop. Henriksen gets shot too soon, and di Caprio just isn't convincing enough.

The big believability problem however, lies on the shoulders of Stone, who tries too hard to be understated and overly mysterious. Whether she's puffing on a cheap smoke or handing out surly stares, Stone is too obvious in her vengeful state. She ham-handedly delivers Eastwoodesque one-liners with all the sincerity of a broken record.

At one sorry point, she breaks down in frustration over Hackman's seeming indestructibility, and completely destroys her hard-ass composure. While this human side of the gunfighter

might work with another more convincing actress, Stone handles the transition like an amateur.

After all of the daily show-downs have cleared the slate, the primary characters are left to fulfill their predictable duty. The film tries to throw a curve at the end, but by that time the audience should be wise to the obviousness of the plot. It's the usual slam-bang ending; no surprises here.

It's unfortunate that Raimi got stuck with directing such a dog. In the past, he's successfully brought in a grim comedic sense that mixes well with his over-the-top feel for action. There are moments in the film that are vintage Raimi, wild camera angles and the usual dark humor, but they might be too few to keep a Raimi fan interested.

It also seems like Stone may have used her producer credit to meddle with the story and stifle Raimi's flair. Her character lacks the quirkiness and energy that usually are the trademark of a Raimi film, and that sullen mood seems to drag at the film's pace.

Whoever's responsible, the simple fact remains that film suffers from marginal acting and a host of clichés that leave it limping like a plugged horse.

And ya'll know what to do with a plugged horse.

— CHRIS METZ
Oregon Daily Emerald

MUSIC

Slash's Snakepit release just a light version of Guns N' Roses sound

Life used to be so simple. People did what they wanted to for the most part without fear of any possible negative consequences.

This care-free spirit is the basis for the evolution of Slash's Snakepit.

"I got together with these guys," Slash said, "and it had such a fresh energy to it."

The "guys" are the latest in big-time band side-projects that happen by accident and whose ultimate reason for being is to get back to basics — the basics of rock n' roll.

If taken in the right context, the record comes off as a free-wheeling jam session turned official — with a CD to show for it.

"Snakepit's not really a solo project, but it's my gig," Slash said. "It's supposed to be the kind of thing that whenever we feel like it."

"Once I got started and wrote the material, it just sort of flowed along. And the next thing we knew, it was a record."

With this in mind, *It's Five O'Clock Somewhere* is a collection of hard-rockin', bluesy



It's Five O'Clock Somewhere
Slash's Snakepit

★★★

Slash throws the title of songwriter on his rock n' roll resume with admittedly loose and semi-humorous songs about girls, his obsession with L.A. and drug-love combinations.

On *It's Five O'Clock Somewhere*, Slash rips through his trademark chugging, up-and-down the neck guitar riffs that have been the calling card for the Guns N' Roses sound for the better part of the last decade.

But in the end, all the things that help

cuts that showcases the lead guitarist's knack for combining the two.

And the lyrics are nothing one would mistake for Shakespeare (Please don't feed the pigeons/Out of the same sad bag of tricks/I've heard it a million times/You make me sicker than the wine you drink).

make the record so appealing as a simple jam session gone mad, eventually catch up to Slash. For the true Guns N' Roses fan, *It's Five O'Clock Somewhere* comes across as a G N' R Light — great fun, less Axl.

The first couple of listens may be enough to make the most ardent Slash supporters cringe at his choice in lead singers. It's hard not to compare Eric Dover's Marlboro/Tesla-esque howling to that of the legendary Axl Rose and his orgasmic bridging of annoyance and brilliance. After all, other than the noticeable absence of Rose and Guns bassist Duff McKagen, Snakepit is G N' R.

But ultimately Snakepit is to rock n' roll what light mayonnaise is to a BLT.

"With the Snakepit thing, it was 'Let's get together and make a bunch of songs and just go have a good time.'"

Enough said, Slash.

ADVERTISING: 5:05, 7:20, 9:35 Nightly Sat & Sun Mat 2:30 (\$3)

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