

Don't bother staying up until 'Dawn'

By Jesse Bohrer-Ciancy
Editorial Columnist

Someone once said that if you have a room full of monkeys and give them enough time and paper, they will eventually hammer out a copy of *Hamlet*. Well, the same holds true that if you give two idiots \$18 million bucks, they will make a film called *From Dusk till Dawn*.

The imbeciles in question are none other than a certain Mr. Quentin Tarantino and a certain Sr. Robert Rodriguez.

I admit that I went into *From Dusk till Dawn*, with a ton of expectations, and two hours later I came out feeling like a person who has an incompetent lover — unfulfilled and mad as hell.

First off these two yahoos are two of my favorite filmmakers. I naturally expected them to deliver. From Tarantino I wanted kick-ass dialogue, crazy plot twists and that secret ingredient that is just pure Tarantino, i.e. what gave *Reservoir Dogs*, *True Romance* and *Pulp Fiction* that 'zing' that makes you want to belt out a Viking "YAWLP!" at the top of your lungs because the film was that cool.

CINEMA REVIEW

From Dusk Till Dawn

Directed by: Quentin Tarantino
Playing at Cinemaworld

★★

From Rodriguez I expected to see some of the best action sequences this side of Hong Kong film master John Woo. The action sequences in *El Mariachi* and *Desperado* are barely controlled choreographed mayhem and chaos.

They blow you away. They go far beyond the Stallone/Schwarzenegger macho crap where the good guy never got a scratch. Rodriguez's direction was intense. Needless to say I wanted something with the bite of pit-bull and the kick of White Lightning. Instead I got a rabid Chihuahua and a luke-warm Bud Light.

The whole premise of this film is of two brothers in crime, Seth (George Clooney) and Richie (Tarantino) Gecko, making a run for the border after a robbery and a jail break only to end up in a biker bar full of

vampires.

Along the way they kidnap a fallen preacher (Harvey Keitel) and his two kids played by Juliet Lewis and Eric Liu. The film is more a cross between *Natural Born Killers* and George Romero's *Night of the Living Dead* than anything else.

Violence? You would think that Tarantino and Rodriguez thought that they had invented it. Sex? Um, well, Tarantino's character is a sex offender and all-around sick freak, and the head vampire is Ms. Salma Hayek, who may quite possibly be one of the most exquisite and alluring women on the face of the planet.

As for the acting, well it isn't all that bad, if you don't count Tarantino that is. I applaud him for at least trying to act, but he needs to stick to what got him noticed in the first place — directing, writing, and hilarious cameo appearances where he usually goes off on something totally bizarre. Clooney is the same pretty boy he is in *ER*, but with a tattoo and a serious homicidal attitude.

And I am glad that he doesn't squint so damn much as per his

bad habit in *ER*. Juliet Lewis is finally in a role where she isn't epitomizing white trash again. I can see it now, Juliet Lewis as Tonya Harding in the *ABC Movie of the Week*.

I wouldn't know what to do first, puke or shoot the sicko who would make such an atrocity.)

Harvey Keitel actually plays a warm-fuzzy part for once, resplendent with a beard and everything. That is until he becomes, as Clooney puts it, "a mean mother%#@!\$* servant of God." Ah yes, pure Tarantino dialogue.

The film starts out with promise after the Geckos plug a Texas Ranger and an unfortunate store clerk. After this they walk out the front arguing, oblivious to the fact that the entire store behind them blows up.

Unfortunately that scene and the very last one are the only really interesting aspects of the film. Would I recommend it? Depends, if you are a fan of either Tarantino or Rodriguez, or really bored. Go see it to see what those two nitwits are up to. If not, you won't miss much.

Watch 'Friends,' guzzle Diet Coke, suck down the hype

NEW YORK (AP) — Who's gonna drink the Diet Coke?

That's the question on everybody's lips, at least the Aspartame-admitting lips whose owners Coke courts with its latest ads.

The solution to the riddle Coke poses is one of your friends from NBC's sitcom *Friends*: Ross, Phoebe, Chandler, Rachel, Monica and Joey.

But here's a better riddle: Who's had it up to here? Who's gonna say "Enough!"?

Answer: I, for one. Enough! Enough puff! Of course, mine is a feeble outcry against the thunder of cross-promotions, product tie-ins and hucksterism that will rise to a deafening roar this weekend with Super Bowl XXX.

For instance, a notable part of Sunday's international bazaar masquerading as a football game will be *Friends* and its oh-so-friendly tie-in with Diet Coke.

A special hour-long episode will air Sunday right after the Super Bowl. Better yet, if the *Friends* character on your bottle cap turns

out to be the one who drank the Diet Coke on one of the neighboring commercials, you win a big prize. Or something like that.

Is the episode good? Is it funny? Will Ross kvetch endearingly? Will Monica flash her navel? You'll have to see for yourself, since no review copy was available.

But all that is beside the point. This is not a program, it's an event. A sales event. Who's gonna get pitched? It's gonna be you.

So make sure you're tuned in. And have plenty of Diet Coke on hand. A merging of amusement with consumption: life's perfect state.

It's simple. The show serves as a draw that delivers you to the commercials. Meanwhile, your hope of winning something draws you to the commercials that accompany the show. A six-pack of soda. A six-pack of characters. Back and forth, yin and yang. It's all merchandise. It's all merchandising.

Granted, things can get more complicated. Coca-Cola and the program's other adver-

tisers demand a vast audience to see their commercials. NBC wants to guarantee sufficient vastness to justify the huge price it is charging them for advertising time (reportedly 50 percent above *Friends*' usual rate of \$400,000 per 30-second unit).

Therefore, Sunday's episode of *Friends* will take no chances. As an added audience draw, it is pitching extra-special guest stars.

You'll see Brooke Shields, whose life's role, after all, is that of star.

Also, look for truly big stars like Jean-Claude Van Damme and Julia Roberts, whose presence on the small screen will certify that, since they don't really do TV, this TV show must be exceptional.

How many more things can the cast of *Friends* sell? They have hawked milk, long-distance phone companies and Windows '95 and, of course, themselves.

And now Diet Coke. So don't just sit there and watch *Friends* Sunday night. Watch it with Diet Coke.

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