

Pulse Editor:
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Hot Picks
StopSignGo! rock concert
Saturday, June 26
7 p.m. \$5 admission
WOW Hall

Thursday, June 24, 2004



RYAN NYBURG
BUDGET RACK

Memorable phrases let emo bands say it all

The non sequitur lends itself to clever, unexpected titles that fans favor

Non sequiturs have risen to prominence in this country. You can find them everywhere, whether in the names of rock bands, in the comic pages, in political speeches or even in your own home. It might be a sign of our Attention Deficit Disorder-afflicted culture's need for cheap, disposable entertainment, or the information age need to convey as many ideas in the least space possible. As a political statement "Damn the predicate" just doesn't have the same kick as "Damn the Man," but why fight the zeitgeist? If this is the direction the culture is going, why not just make the best of it?

I find it interesting that the group that has most fully seized on this trend is emo bands. There seems to be nothing that those sensitive young men like more than a self-sufficient sentence, and though I have become increasingly bored with the trappings of that genre, I must admit that they've crafted quite a few clever non sequiturs. A few of my favorites: Texas is the Reason, Drive Like Jehu, Boy Sets Fire and I Love You But I've Chosen Darkness. I'm sure that not all of these groups are technically "emo," so if you feel insulted by their inclusion here, let me just admit now that you are much smarter and better-endowed than I am. Good, now we can move on.

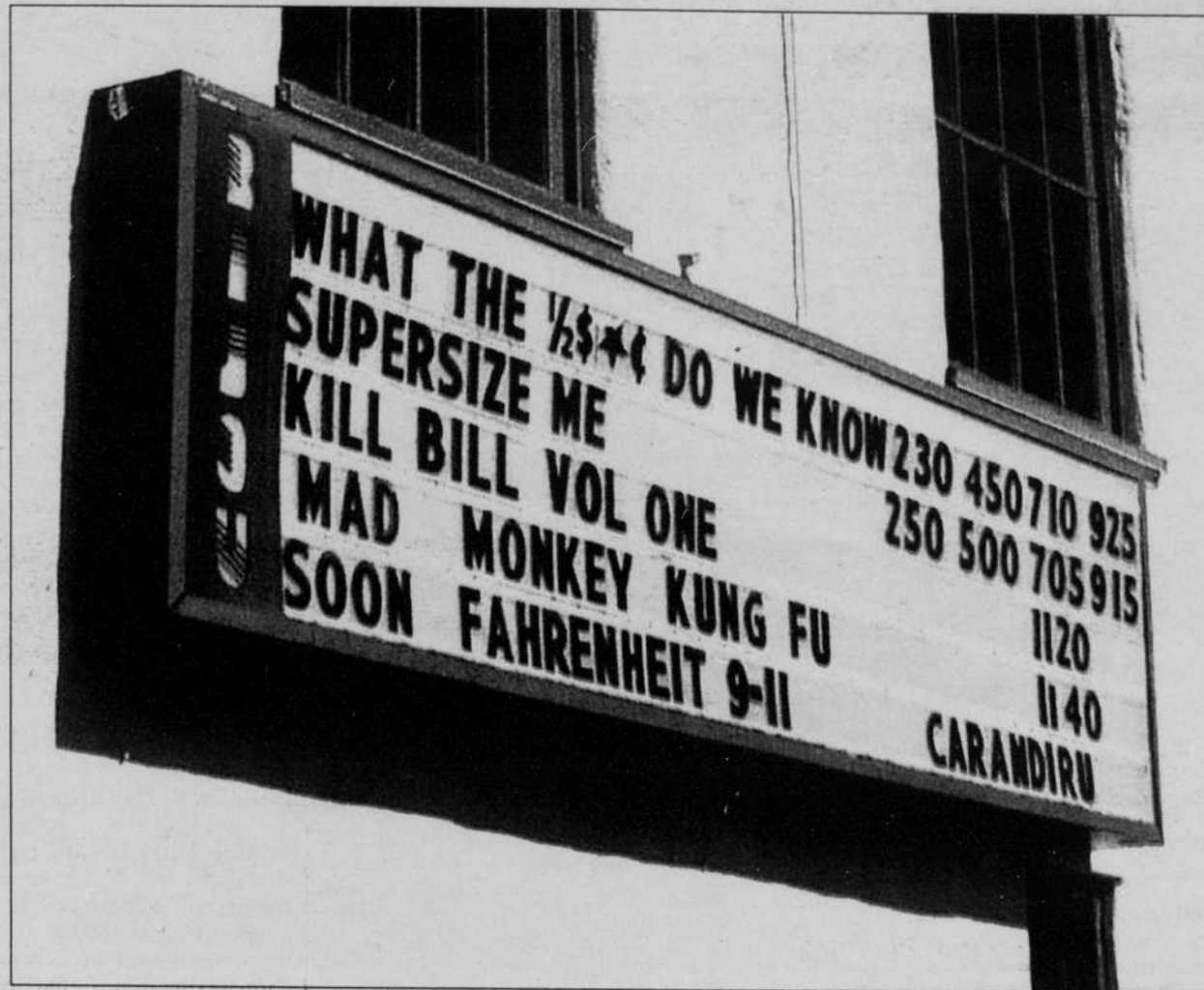
For all-time best non sequitur usage by a rock group, it's hard to beat the Liars. These snotty little noise-makers have come up with some killer stuff: Their two albums are titled "They Threw Us All in a Trench and Stuck a Monument on Top," and "They Were Wrong So We Drowned." Their songs run the same gamut of absurdity, with titles such as "Atheists, Reconsider," "There's Always Room on the Broom," "Fins To Make Us More Fish-Like" and "Mr. You're on Fire Mr."

Digging even deeper into the cultural detritus, we can begin to find the origins of non sequitur madness (at least in the form we use it in now) in the 1960s comedy troupe Firesign Theatre. The group's acid-baked comedy sound-scapes contained a few of the best examples of the form, with album titles such as "Waiting for the Electrician or Someone Like Him," "How Can You Be in Two Places at Once When You're Not Anywhere at All?," "Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me the Pliers!," "I Think We're All Bozos on This Bus," and my personal favorite "Everything You Know is Wrong."

It is obvious that the non sequitur

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MOVIE NIGHT



The Bijou Art Cinemas holds special late-night screenings of cult films every Friday, Saturday and Sunday. The shows have drawn varying attendance.

Ryan Nyberg
Pulse Editor

Bijou lures late-night crowds

For only a few dollars, night owls can watch a kung fu flick, concert film or cult hit

RYAN NYBURG
PULSE EDITOR

Late weekend nights lend themselves to bizarre behavior. Being awake in a world that is asleep and having the freedom that comes with a lack of obligations the next morning can motivate people to do things they might otherwise not. This might be why film-going is a popular alternative, providing a safe haven for those who want thrills without the spills.

Late night cult films reached a heyday during the 1960s and 1970s, with Texas drive-ins and New York City grind houses.

Now Eugene's Bijou Art Cinemas is trying to become a part of that tradition with late night offerings of cult, trash and exploitation films, as well as other oddities from across the cultural spectrum.

The Bijou did late-night shows for years, according to manager Louis Thomas, giving films a second run just as they got out of the larger theater chains. But that practice ended when the Cinemark Movies 12 in the Gateway Mall began showing second-run films exclusively.

"At the prices they were charging, we simply couldn't compete with them," Thomas said.

But near the end of 2002, the Bijou's management decided to give the late-night shows another go, but with a twist.

"We started coming up with the kind of cult films that people still want to see on the big screen," Thomas said. "We've shown martial arts films, 3-D movies and recent cult films."

The Bijou isn't just interested in offering films though. According to Thomas, the theater is trying to make seeing the films as much of an event as possible.

"We've had musicians perform before concert films, we've had martial arts displays before kung

fu movies, things like that," Thomas said. "We're planning on having free popcorn and poster giveaways sometime in the future."

The shows so far have met with scattershot popularity.

"The newer cult films do the best business," Bijou projectionist Morgan Nilsen said. "Films like 'Donnie Darko,' 'Fight Club' and 'Ferris Bueller's Day Off' have done really well."

Other films that have been shown as part of the Bijou's late night series include "Pulp Fiction" and "Taxi Driver," as well as concert films of artists such as Miles Davis, the Beatles and Black Sabbath.

The Bijou's management is also working to screen movies by local filmmakers. But Thomas said that so far the showings have not received high turnout.

"We showed a local documentary a couple of weeks ago," Thomas said. "It was poorly attended, but we still have hope in the idea and are looking

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Albums fall short of greatness

Releases by acts such as I See Hawks in L.A. are worth a listen despite shortcomings

RYAN NYBURG
PULSE EDITOR

Is rock dead yet? Some would say yes, in the abstract sense, yet new albums keep coming out every week. Unfortunately, from what can be gathered from the current offerings, there isn't a lot affirming the continued necessity of good ol' rock 'n' roll.

The first is from the hyper-hyped emo outfit My Chemical Romance, titled "Three Cheers for Sweet Revenge." These boys crunch a little harder than most

bands in their niche, but in the end dull riffs and overwrought lyrics don't add up to much.

The album has one saving grace — or one fatal detriment, depending on your point of view. Some lyrics border on self-parody, suggesting that the band is aware of the

CD REVIEW

supreme silliness of its music. This perceived irony can be infuriating: If the band members know how stupid it sounds, then why are they doing it? And if there is no deliberate irony, then some of these lyrics are even more awful simply for being in earnest ("Say good-night to the heart you break and the

all cyanide you drank").

Even more irritating is that it sometimes works. Coming so close to being good is worse than just being outright bad, because it means the band will probably keep trying, and more than likely failing, until it gets it right.

Los Angeles-based indie rockers the Bloody Lovelies suffer from a similar dilemma: They seem to be about as good as they're going to get. Their latest release, "Some Truth and a Little Money," follows a pretty basic formula of piano-driven rock structured around vocal melodies borrowed from a wide array of influences. The melodies are the real stand-out ingredient in the mix, because both the lyrics and the instrumentation come off as dry.

There is nothing out-and-out bad



Courtesy

Alt-country band I See Hawks in L.A. will perform at Cafe Paradiso on July 2.

about the music, which is all pleasant and rather inoffensive. But "pleasant" and "inoffensive" are not the most gripping of qualifiers. Pretty good just isn't good enough.

But at least the Lovelies can write complete songs, something

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