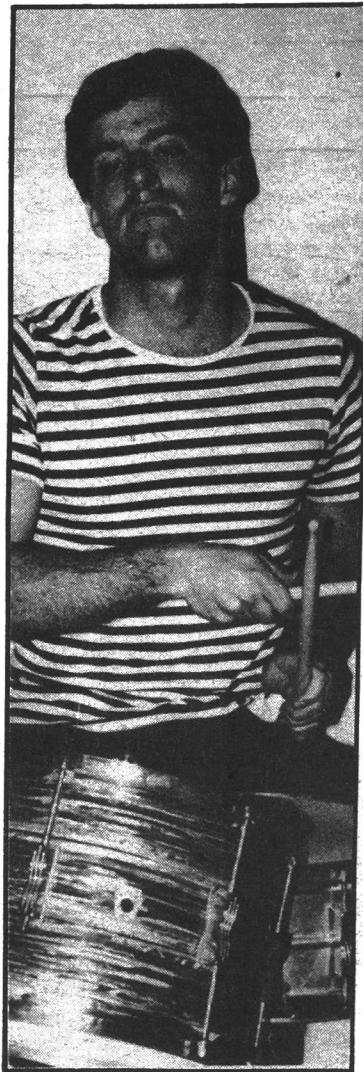
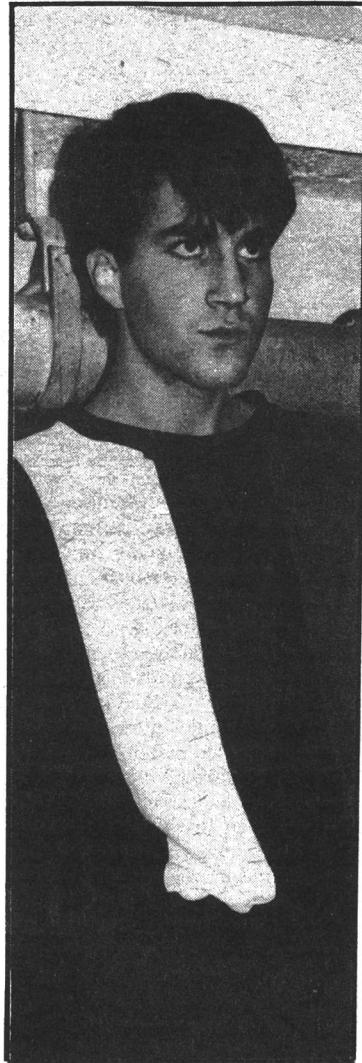
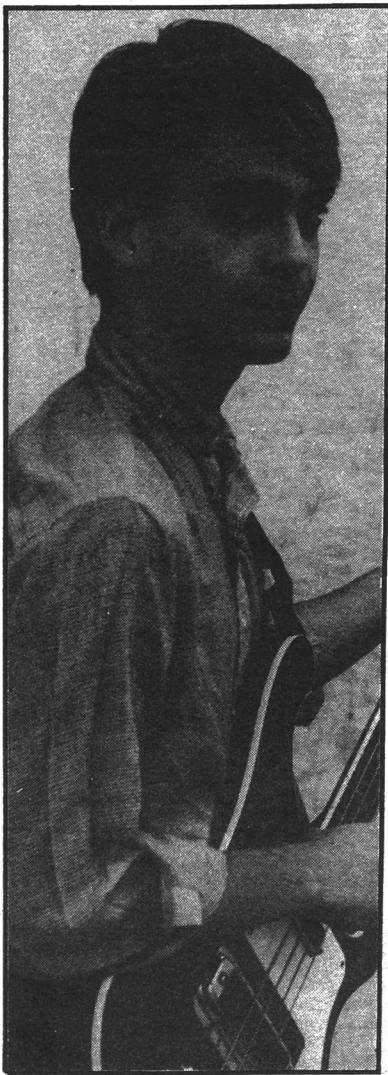


# AFTER HOURS

The Yale Daily News Weekend Section

February 22, 1985

## The Go Code:



Garage Band

# Up from the basement: Go Code

BY PAUL MUENZEN

There's a new band at Yale. Frustrated with the current music scene on campus, four sophomores have formed their own dance band that is guaranteed to inject sorely missed life into Yale's monolithic public party attitude.

Their name is right out of *Dr. Strangelove*, and they pride themselves on high volume, upbeat lyrics, good-time energy, and that all-important quality so lacking in the usual band-for-hire SAC fare — pure danceability.

They're all trained in classical piano, yet they're a band from the basement, a cross between garageland and the residential college system. In the words of guitarist John Spurney, his fledgling band plays "brash, harsh, thrashy dance music."

They're the Go Code, and they want to be Yale's band.

After their first campus appearance — a one-hour gig in which they warmed up for Beauty Constant at a JE SAC party three weeks ago — the Go Code is quickly solidifying a busy performance schedule.

JE SAC was so impressed that they quickly signed the Go Code to a March 1 performance, and this time the band will be the main attraction. They are already taking offers from other interested college SAC chairmen, and are being seriously considered for the Yale College Council's annual Spring Weekend Concert. But band members are wary that a combination of sudden popularity and too much exposure may wear out their promising welcome.

"There are now only two bands on this campus," lead singer Phil Auerswald said, adding that "if you play too often people will get tired of you quickly."

But what do the Go Code members

think of their chances as a dance-oriented band playing like a fury at Yale? After all, this is 1985 MTV ("In the Year of Our Video"), an era when most people would much rather watch music than dance to it. According to the Go Code, audience participation in their music is but one solution.

"People (at the JE gig) were really getting into our act," said drummer Nick Bennett. "I mean, they were reacting to us so positively, dancing and yelling en-



couragement to us. And we only played for one hour."

"It was funny," Bennett added. "At Yale a lot of people don't want to see other people doing something that they can't do."

"It's the first show I've ever done where I didn't feel like we really had to impress our audience," Spurney said of the show, which he termed "not as musically tight as we usually are." Bennett said that the audience reaction he saw at that show convinced him that the Go Code stands apart from other bands.

## THE ONLY BAND THAT MATTERS

In its present form, the Go Code has been together barely four months, but already members are aware of the alternative image they want to project. They hope to differentiate themselves from what they call "the other campus band" (Beauty Constant), to express their musical philosophy as the opposite of what campus bands traditionally represent.

"We wanted a band for people," Spurney said. "We saw musicians here who'd formed bands for themselves, but none of us want (the Go Code) for ourselves." Spurney feels that he and his three close friends constitute a new force which is moving away from current dance band attitudes.

"Face it, rock and roll has always been the joy of excess — volume, intensity, sex — you name it. That has always made for great audience excitement, and the audience is important," Spurney said. "The other bands here are not like that; the Go Code is."

"Although high energy is a top priority with us," Spurney added, "we like to think of our approach to music as a medium of energy and ideals."

Perpetually animated, constantly opinionated, Spurney's energy sometimes borders on overkill. He is the band's guitarist and the adrenaline guru of Go Code's soon-to-be-mythic zaniness, a glowing roman candle who is proud of his sensitive songwriting.

## RUDE BOY

One of the founding members of the Go Code, Spurney began playing classical piano when he was very young. When his family moved from their home in Washington, D.C., to Lake Placid so that his father could manage the 1980 Winter Olympics, Spurney rebelled.

In what he termed a "very defiant gesture," he dropped the piano and started playing guitar, then lost interest and stopped playing the instrument altogether. After the Olympics, his fami-

Like his instrument, Thornton is quiet when the music stops, but his musical personality lives and breathes when he guides songs from behind his bass guitar.

Like Spurney, Thornton made music a life-obsession when he was very young, training for a year on classical piano before discarding that instrument for the ten-string bass. He practiced classical music for a few more years, then bought an electric bass guitar and joined a jazz band when he was 12. By sophomore year of high school, Thornton had formed his own band, the successful Chicago-based



Photographs by Alex Diehl

ly moved to New Orleans, and Spurney quickly picked up the guitar again, playing in several bands before entering Yale.

As a freshman, Spurney began recording demo tapes of his own compositions, and "generally sat in my room all pissed off that I wasn't in a band," he said.

"I can't live without being in a band," Spurney continued. "For me, being in a band is like being involved with a girl. And as far as being a Yale student is concerned, my musical activity definitely comes before schoolwork," he said. "If it comes down to doing the reading for a class or recording a demo tape, I record."

## CAN'T EXPLAIN

The Go Code began taking shape one day when Spurney walked past another student on Cross Campus who was carry-

group, A Fine Mess.

"We were pretty good for that age," Thornton said, citing the extended play record that his band recorded while still in school. "My involvement in that band made it a very hard decision for me to come to Yale, because I wasn't sure if I wanted to leave that scene."

## NEW HAVEN CALLING

During freshman year Thornton played for the Jazz Ensemble, the Precision Marching Band, and the Yale Symphony Orchestra. Despite those credentials, he values his role in the Go Code above the rest.

"This band is more important to me because it's a much more personal experience. You can get lost in things like the Symphony, and the audience is much more distant there than with something like the Go Code," Thornton said.

*'Face it, rock and roll has always been the joy of excess — volume, intensity, sex — you name it,' Spurney said.*

ing a guitar case. A conversation about music followed, and soon Spurney asked the bassist if he had some time for a quick jam session. After pounding out a few chords, Spurney decided to see just how good the bassist really was. Spurney strummed the opening notes of The Who's "Can't Explain," and when bassist Joe Thornton kicked in, Spurney knew he was dealing with raw talent. He had met his musical match.

"The guy was great," Spurney recalled. "I mean, I expected him to do the standard rhythm that practically every bassist plays (picking a simple motion on his guitar), but he went off. He was incredible."

If Spurney is the Go Code's jet fuel, Thornton is their coolant. Contained and impassive, Thornton does not instigate as Spurney does, but waits for the pervading hilarity to die down before offering saner words.

Having decided to form a band, Spurney and Thornton auditioned 15 singers, eventually choosing Phil Auerswald, a Washington, D.C. native with only a year and half of singing experience. Despite the fact that he is Spurney's roommate, Auerswald said that their friendship had no bearing on the success of his audition.

"Besides," Spurney cut in, "none of the other people who tried out moved around like Phil does."

## QUADROPHENIA

Like Spurney and Thornton, Auerswald played piano for a short time, eventually devoting the rest of his creative energies to riding a scooter through downtown Washington. He was asked to join a local band "pretty much because they liked my scooter," Auerswald said.

Since coming to Yale, Auerswald has

# prepares to take Yale by storm

perfected his musical talent by "filling the role of (Spurney's) main demo tape critic."

A singer chosen, Spurney and company pressed their efforts to find a drummer, but this proved no easy task; Yale has never been famous for its percussionists.

"This school is devoid of drummers," Spurney said, adding that only two auditioned. They finally picked Nick Bennett, a musician who originally auditioned as a singer. Bennett had never been behind a drum set before. What's more, Bennett was also trained in classical piano. The whole scenario fits Go Code's character.

And no one was more surprised than Bennett himself.

"I wanted to sing for this band, then I figured I would play keyboards," Bennett said. "But they needed a drummer, and the ones who auditioned were pretty terrible. So I tried out and they like it and here I am."

After years of playing piano in clubs and shows throughout New York City, Bennett had to decide whether or not to pursue a musical career.

## CAREER OPPORTUNITIES

"I wasn't too psyched about all the

hours of practice I'd need to be a great classical pianist, so I kind of gave up on that idea," Bennett said. He wanted to continue playing music; however, so he auditioned for his friend's new band as a singer and, well, you know the rest.

"It's weird because with the piano I'm used to sitting down in front of an instrument over which I have so much control," Bennett said, adding that at the JE gig he "just came out and went out of control" on the drums.

Although his fellow band members consider him quite good for a drummer with so little experience, Bennett said

that he is "an infinitely better piano player than drummer."

"The Go Code does not need keyboard now," he added, "even though I would much rather play it."

Although most of the music they played at JE was cover material, the quartet built up a considerable store of originals that they will introduce into their shows a little at a time. They claim that once people hear the Go Code's originals, they'll be sold on the band.

"Our music is fun, it's upbeat, and it's powerful," Auerswald said.

continued on page seven—

## Books =

# 'Steely Blue': a middle aged fireman matures

*Steely Blue*

Dennis Smith

Simon and Schuster

\$15.95

BY ELIZABETH ROURKE

Steely Byrnes is a fireman in New York City. He is a bigot, a chauvinist, and a hothead, but a sympathetic character nonetheless. This unusual hero forms the center of Dennis Smith's latest novel, *Steely Blue*.

Smith, himself a fireman for eighteen years, has written a complex, strongly realistic novel about an unsophisticated middle-aged fireman whose crude understanding of the world does not provide answers to the problems he must face in the course of the book.

Byrnes' enraged reaction to a traffic fine gets him arrested and he calls on a childhood friend, Jack Haggerty, Chief of the New York Fire Department, to bail him out.

Haggerty, a smooth-talking workaholic, has risen

quickly to the top of the fire department hierarchy, and is now poised to become commissioner.

The successful Haggerty is a reminder of what Byrnes could have been were he more driven and hence Byrnes reveres him.

While Haggerty calculates the odds of becoming commissioner and fulfills the ceremonial duties of a fire department chief, Byrnes tries tentatively to patch his broken marriage and brings women he picks up in bars back to his small apartment, which he calls the "poverty pad."

Steely Byrnes' character is fully-realized. Although he is crude, brutal, and in many ways blind, he retains the reader's sympathy. Throughout much of the novel, Byrnes is a man overwhelmed by circumstances; a prisoner to people, events, motivations, and emotions beyond his control. He lives by lessons learned in childhood: male supremacy, and absolute loyalty to old friends, like Haggerty.

When Steely is confronted with a new female firefighter, he reacts with derision. But the woman, Kathy Ryan Angelli, a gorgeous, sexy redhead (are heroines ever unattractive?) eventually wins his grudging respect.

A fatal accident, in which Angelli is implicated, provides the catalyst for Byrnes to examine his old prejudices and loyalties. The decision he finally makes is a measure of how much he has learned about reconciling himself with the world he lives in. It is a different world from that of his childhood, when men did men's jobs, the Irish, Italians, and Jews knew who they were, and life lacked ambiguity.

Smith's sense of place and character, his ear for the idle gossip of the firehouse, and the loaded words of men and women in bars give *Steely Blue* a gritty, realistic tone which is only accentuated by his atypical hero, alienated from his family, disillusioned by the institutions he'd dedicated his life to, and faced with the betrayal of his best friend, Haggerty.



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**Friday****Events**

Samuel Rachlin will speak and show "Russia and the Russians," Morse Master's House, Master's tea, 2:30 p.m., FREE.  
 Professor Robert Pack, professor of English, Middlebury College, will read his works in progress, JE Great Hall, 3:30 p.m., FREE. Refreshments will be served.  
 Orthodox Services, Yale Hillel, Branford Memorial Room, 5:30 p.m.  
 Reform Services, Yale Hillel, Dwight Hall Chapel, 5:30 p.m.  
 Conservative Services, Yale Hillel, Branford Memorial Room, 5:30 p.m.  
 Shabbat Dinner at the Kosher Kitchen, Yale Hillel/Young Israel House at Yale, 305 Crown Street, 6:45 p.m.  
 "The Remaking of Human Beings," Dr. Tom Wright, Yale Christian Fellowship, 263 Street Hall, 8 p.m.  
 The Alley Cat Champagne Jam, featuring the Yale Alley Cats and the Whiffenpoofs of 1985, JE dining hall, 8:30 p.m., \$3 in advance or at the door.  
 "Play It Again" Jam with the Dukesmen of Yale and Whim'n'Rhythm of 1985, Branford dining hall, 8:30 p.m., \$3 in advance or at the door.  
 "Judaism and Pleasure: If it feels good is it wrong?" Rabbi Mordechai Swiatycki, Yale Hillel, Friday night forum, 9 p.m., FREE, refreshments will follow.  
 Saybrook Folk Festival, Saybrook SAC, Saybrook dining hall, 9 p.m.-1 a.m., Free w/SAC, \$1 w/o SAC.  
 "Please do not discard sanity in toil. Get out of the bathroom and . . . dance," to benefit Aurora, Dwight Chapel, 9 p.m.-1 a.m., \$3, sushi will be sold.  
 "Essentially Ellington," a Jazz Cafe night, Pierson SAC, Pierson dining hall, 9:30 p.m.-1 a.m., \$3 w/SAC, \$4 w/o SAC.

**Movies**

"Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," Yale Medical School Film Society, Harkness auditorium, 7:30 & 10 p.m., \$1 w/YMSFS card.  
 "Heaven Can Wait," Spectrum Films, SSS 114, 8 & 10 p.m., \$1 w/SFS card.  
 "That Sinking Feeling," Yale Film Society, LC 101, 7, 9 & 11 p.m., \$1 w/YFS card.  
 "Sanjuro," Yale Law School Film Society, Law School auditorium, 8 & 10 p.m., \$1 w/YLSFS card.  
 "Chimes at Midnight," People's Flicks, Berkeley dining hall, 8 & 10:30 p.m., \$1 w/PF card.

**Theater**

"The Cat in the Castle," by Bill Solly, Dramat Children's Theater, Davenport Little Theater, 8 p.m., \$1 for children, \$2 for adults.  
 "Gimme Shelter," a trilogy of plays by Barry Keefe, Nicholas Chapel, Trumbull College, 8 p.m., \$3 in advance, \$4 at the door.  
 "The Song of Songs," Silliman Dramat, Silliman Dramatic Attic, 8 p.m.  
 "Winners" and "The Private Ear," TD Dramat, TD Dining Hall, 8 p.m., \$3.

**Saturday****Events**

Perspectives on Worker Ownership, a conference at SOM, 8 a.m.-5:30 p.m., various events, for more information contact SOM at 6-8427.  
 "Where is the Real Me?" Rev. Fleming Rutledge, Yale Christian Fellowship, 263 Street Hall, 9:30 p.m.  
 Egalitarian Minyan, Yale Hillel, 35 High Street, 10 a.m.  
 Orthodox Minyan, Yale Hillel, Branford Memorial Room, 10 a.m.  
 Resistance & Solidarity in the U.S. and Central America, gathering at war memorial New Haven Green, The Pledge of Resistance, 12 noon.  
 Shabbat Lunch, Yale Hillel, Kosher Kitchen, 305 Crown Street, 12:45 p.m.  
 Saturday Vigil Mass, St. Thomas More Chapel, 268 Park Street, 6 p.m.  
 Lunar New Year, Yale in China, Morse Common Room: reception, 7:30 p.m.; show, 9 p.m., dance, 10:30 p.m., \$2, additional \$1 for dance.  
 "Rock and Roll, A Search for God," Dwight Hall, 7:30 p.m.  
 "The Renewal of God's Image," Dr. Tom Wright, Yale Christian Fellowship, 263 Street Hall, 8:15 p.m.  
 Dance Party, sponsored by Coalition Against Apartheid, music by WYBC, 9 p.m., \$2.50.  
 Freshman semi-formal dance, Silliman dining hall, 9:30 p.m.-1 a.m., \$2 per person.

**Movies**

"Caves: The Dark Wilderness," Peabody Museum auditorium, 2 & 3 p.m., FREE.  
 "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," The Many Faces of Sherlock Holmes, British Art Center lecture hall, 2:30 p.m.  
 "Laura," Yale Medical School Film Society, Harkness auditorium, 7:30 & 10 p.m., \$1 w/YMSFS card.  
 "North by Northwest," Spectrum Films, SSS 114, 7:30 & 10 p.m., \$1 w/SFS card.  
 "That Sinking Feeling," Yale Film Society, LC 101, 7, 9 & 11 p.m., \$1 w/YFS card.  
 "Taxi Driver," Yale Law School Film Society, Law School auditorium, 7, 9, & 11 p.m., \$1 w/YLSFS card.

**WEEKEND CALENDAR****Sunday****Events**

Meeting for Worship, New Haven Friends meeting (Quaker), Faculty Room C, 9:45 p.m.  
 Sunday Mass, St. Thomas More Chapel, 268 Park Street, 10 a.m., noon, and 5 p.m.  
 University Public Worship, Rev. John Vannorsdall, Battell Chapel, 11 a.m.

**Movies**

"Caves: The Dark Wilderness," Peabody Museum auditorium, 2 & 3 p.m. FREE.  
 "Triumph of the Will," Yale Medical School Film Society, Harkness auditorium, 7:30 & 10 p.m., \$1 w/YMSFS card.  
 "The Maltese Falcon," Yale Law School Film Society, Law School auditorium, 8 & 10 p.m., \$1 w/YLSFS card.

**Theater**

"The Fantasticks," a romantic musical comedy, Calhoun Dramat, Calhoun Cabaret, 8:30 p.m., \$3.50 in advance, \$4 at the door, call 6-5533 for information.  
 "Little Shop of Horrors," Stiles Dramat, Stiles dining hall, 8:30 p.m.  
 "Winners" and "The Private Ear," TD Dramat, TD Dining Hall, 8 p.m., \$3.  
 "Song of Songs," Silliman Dramat, Silliman Dramatic Attic, 8 p.m.  
 "The Cat in the Castle," Dramat Children's Theater, Davenport Little Theater, 1 and 3 p.m., \$1 children, \$2 adults.  
 "Fool for Love," by Sam Shepard, Berkeley Dramat, Berkeley Dining Hall, 9 p.m.  
 "Gimme Shelter," a trilogy of plays by Barry Keefe, Trumbull Dramat, Nicholas Chapel, 2 and 8 p.m., \$3, \$4 at the door.

**Music**

Miriam King, violoncello, recital of works by DeFalla, Bach and Beethoven, Parker Hall, 435 College St., 4 p.m.

**Sports**

Men's Basketball vs. Cornell, Payne-Whitney Gym, 7:30 p.m.  
 Men's JV Basketball vs. Choate, Payne-Whitney Gym, 5 p.m.

**Announcements**

Men's Basketball vs. Cornell, Live at 7:20 p.m. on WYBC, 640 AM.

Auditions for the Yale Dramat Experimental Theater Shows: "The Three Sisters," dir. Bart DeLorenzo; "The Fitting Room," dir. Maria Burton, Fence Club & 1 Hillhouse Ave., sign-up in the Dramat Green Room. LAST DAY FOR AUDITIONS.

Submissions for the Trumbull Review are now being accepted, Trumbull Master's Office, until 2/28.

Deadline for Junior Year Abroad applications, 200 UCS, 1 Hillhouse Ave., 5 p.m.

Auditions for 'Easter,' a play by August Strindberg, Saturday & Sunday, 1-4 p.m.

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# 'Little Shop': secret life of plants

BY ELISABETH MALKIN

Audrey II is a "strange and interesting plant" whose ambitions extend far beyond the flower shop on Skid Row where its destitute breeder, Seymour, first nurtures it. This contraption, concocted probably from foam and wire, is unarguably the star of the show. "No shit, Sherlock," it sneers, when Seymour, in wide-eyed, looselimb'd horror guesses his carnivorous plant's global plan.

Presented by Ezra Stiles Dramat in collaboration with Berkeley, Calhoun and Branford Dramats as well as Heritage Musical Ensemble, *Little Shop of Horrors*, with its superbly rundown set and straightforward costumes, has thankfully rejected the supershow tradition, in favor of a flawlessly rehearsed musical evening of macabre yet wacky humor.

Jonathan Rabb as Seymour, who gains fame and fortune through his unclassified botanical oddity and who of course gets Audrey, the woman he loves, appears to have no skeleton at all as he trembles in the presence of his own monster. When he discovers that Audrey II, who is looking rather droopy, has a predilection for human blood, he grimaces and timidly sticks a cut finger into the plant's mouth.

It is that mouth which allows Audrey, who becomes Seymour's girl by the second act, to find "somewhere that's

green," her heart's desire. In a charmingly deadpan manner, Laura Ekstrand paints Audrey's image of paradise: the little development off the interstate where the houses are so neat and pretty because they all look alike. Her squeaky Brooklyn accent is so effective that if she had anything more to say, the audience would flee.

Ward Wheeler, who plays Audrey's former boyfriend, lousy violent Orin, is the funniest and most relaxed of the cast. He also plays all the bit parts in the show. As Orin chronicling the lucrative uses to which he has put his sadism, he takes off his leather jacket in mid-song to reveal a spotless white dentist's shirt. He meets a hysterical end, attributable to the nitrous oxide he gulps before extracting teeth. In a later number Wheeler changes costumes four times. As an old lady fawning over her gardening hero, Wheeler makes sure to expose his belly button before rushing off to change into the next costume.

Three back-up singers, "The Girls," provide a fascinating commentary on the events. "Da-doo," they wail first. "What a creepy thing to be happening," they sing later, bopping across the stage. The Girls, with all the vitality of the street, submit to a brief attack from Orin and in turn assault poor Seymour when he cannot decide whether or not to accept the fame thrust upon him by his evil plant. Jana Hearn, as the grinding and swing-



YDN-Tim Vasen

Jana Hearn (Ronnette), Sarah Avery Condon (Chiffon), Ward Wheeler (Orin), and Sue Park (Crystal) with Audrey II, the man-eating plant in *Little Shop of Horrors* at Stiles Dramat this weekend.

ing Ronnette, is especially snappy, aided by Vincent Brown's lively choreography.

Unfortunately, the excellent singing and the playful musical arrangements are lost in a sound system that lets very few words come through when more than one instrument is playing. Nor does this performance have quite the vigor and spark which its polish and preparation

should have given it.

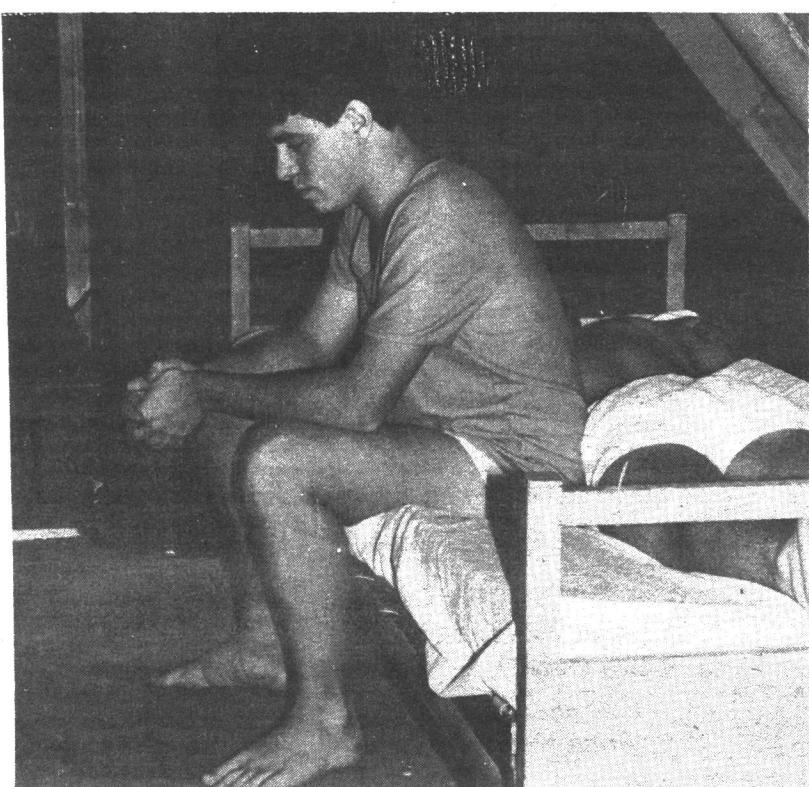
But in the end, Audrey II carries the show. And when this plant is hungry, it is at its best. "Feed me," it demands with a distinctly rock beat, of a squeamish Seymour. And if the plant gets its way, even Cleveland and New York, like Audrey, will find their own place that's green.

# 'Song of Songs' a steamy success

BY GARDINER HARRIS

An enactment of the Old Testament book *The Song of Solomon*, *The Song of Songs*, created by Ira Sachs and Elsie

Stern, is a conglomeration of seven distinct scenes which, although sometimes troubled, are surprisingly refreshing.



YDN-Tim Vasen

Mark Gerisser and Kit Winter (left to right) in *The Song of Songs* this weekend at the Silliman Dramat.

*The Song of Songs* is a biblical love poem with tender, often luscious sexual imagery. The play tries to capture the sexuality of the poem in short, highly charged scenes that both arouse and intrigue the audience.

In producing *The Song of Songs*, the players have taken on quite a challenge. In two of the seven scenes, a man and a woman make love while murmuring to each other the beautiful lines of the King James Bible.

The first of the seven scenes, enacted by Charlotte Sussman and Lou Weeks, is wonderfully playful. Sussman and Weeks, overcoming tremendous obstacles, create a comfortable and arousing intercourse that pulls the audience into the lilting, deep rhythms of the poem.

Tom Augst and Alexandra Natapoff, the performers of the second heterosexual scene, are not as successful in making the poem sound believable. But Augst and Natapoff have given themselves the more difficult of the two tasks: they are nearly naked. Imagine yourself in their position: You are exposed, you are making love while reciting King James English, and you have an audience. Now, try to look comfortable. Tough.

Mark Gevisser and Rachel Dretzin also have difficult tasks. Their expressions of love are purely abstract and, for Dretzin, angry. These abstractions are less powerful than the two steamy scenes that frame them. Gevisser, however, has a soothing accent that is enjoyable to listen to.

Rachel Chapman and Aliss Naude are, respectively, a dancer and a sculptor. These two talents define their means of expressing their inward love. Chapman's performance is better than Naude's. Naude's actions and dialogue are detached and, therefore, not convincing.

Dominique Dibbell enacts a pulsating, troubling scene at the end of the show. She performs it in a shallow pool. As she dreams about her love, she slowly laps at the water, forming radiating circles of waves between her legs that create the impression that she is masturbating. The dark, disturbed water mirrors the anxious character of Dibbell's part. Hers is a good performance of some difficult passages.

Sachs and Stern have created seven different environments in which to interpret *The Song of Songs*. They are not all equally convincing, but their combination creates a successful whole. Directorily, Sachs and Stern have done well to help their actors become comfortable with a difficult script.

Like the Bible, the set design has many authors. It is generally good, although the area used for the fourth scene is too far upstage. The audience should be able to participate in the intimacy unfolding between the two characters. The use of a microphone during this scene further estranges the audience.

*The Song of Songs* is an ambitious, successful production. The poetry of the King James Bible together with a rhythmic sexuality create a moving theatrical experience.

**Theater**

# Sam Shepard's desert chronicle

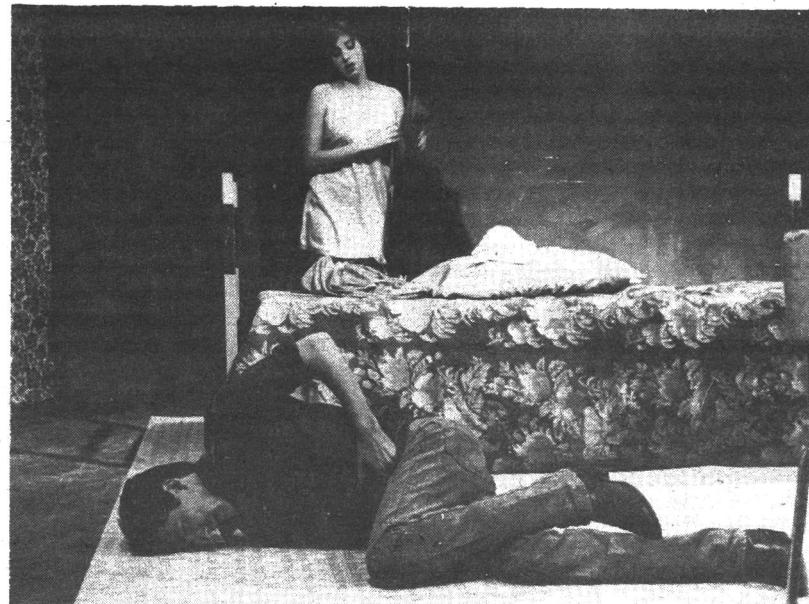
BY MARTIN KIHN

Badly stung by criticism that his female characters were as two-dimensional as stage flats, Sam Shepard took up his angry pen and wrote *Fool for Love*. The real coup is that May, the play's archetypal Motel Heroine, has almost as many lines as Eddie, its Main Cowboy — who acts as though his parents spiked his baby formula with tequila. It takes place in a motel room, and the play has more padding than the mattress on the bed. One of the reasons for its recent off-Broadway success is that, like the Defense budget, Sam Shepard's reputation has gotten fatter every year.

Its beginning is better not described — just imagine an endless desert of dialogue, not broken by a single cactus-needle of wit. May (Carla Power in the Berkeley Dramat production) has been living alone in a Western motel and Eddie, in a fiesty mood, decides to come back, presumably to practice roping the bed frame. As May says, "this ain't a Mercedes Benz type of motel." She pretends to be indifferent to him, and she also pretends to be on the wagon. But she soon falls off the wagon, because she is about as witless as a lasso. May gets all flustered in the face of her cowboy; everything she does is a parody of self-assertion. Carla Power lacks the proper ruggedness and weariness; but there is enough weariness in the dialogue to compensate.

As Eddie, Ed Vesneska, Jr., is tough and slim. He swigs down the (presumably) colored water in the tequila bottle as though it was the real thing, and always teeters on the edge of being stir-crazy. Even if he does look like a Bowery Boy dropped into a cactus plantation, he fills the enormous cowboy boots Shepard has set out for him proudly.

Halfway through the play, a gardener named Martin (Bradford Martin), slinks through the door. He is late for his date with May because he forgot to turn on some sprinklers at a local high school — hardly an upwardly-mobile type of guy.



Carla Power as May and Ed Vesneska, Jr., as Eddie in *Fool for Love* at Berkeley Dramat this weekend.

May retreats into the bathroom and Eddie toys around with him. This is the play's best scene — a kind of peak before the fall — director Emily Pachuta handles it beautifully.

The motel room is a cage, and the characters are not fools for love, but animals. An old man (Alan Brown) sits downstage throughout the play, watching everything with a funny look on his face — probably because the set is so oddly shaped, with an incongruous cafe table in the foreground. What he represents is not clear, but he is certainly a heavy drinker. That he is also a funny man, as played by Alan Brown, is part of the play's irony: he has left lovers behind him who killed themselves. And during the play's seemingly endless conclusion, it emerges that he is, in fact, the long-lost father of both May and Eddie. Or that he might be. It sometimes seems as though Sam Shepard was as confused as anyone else about these things, or as drunk.

# Garage Band

—continued from page three

"It's very cool at Yale to be all-around critical of everything just because it is," Bennett said, adding that the Go Code's songwriting will work against this tide "and still remain popular."

Spurley agreed. "Cynicism is very fashionable now, but my songs are about the exuberance of living," he said. "Of course, like everyone else I get into a 'this-sucks-that-sucks' mood, but that never finds its way into my songs."

## NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS

In the meantime, the Go Code practices in an old bomb shelter in Pierson College (they were asked to leave Hendrie Hall's soundproof room after Director of Yale Bands Thomas Duffy called the Go Code "without a doubt the loudest musical ensemble I have ever heard").

The ceiling is so low (six feet) that Auerswald can't stand up straight when he sings, and the other three must re-

main seated. The acoustics are dangerous, and a thick film of dust covers everything.

Nevertheless these four close friends are there two hours a day, seven days a week, relentlessly honing their craft; they are pursuing a sound that is setting them apart from live music that Yale students are used to — and tired of. And for the most part, they manage to keep Yale and its deadlines from obscuring that goal.

They're musicians with sensitivity in the age of synth, a band with vision in the era of video.

They're the Go Code, Yale's newest party alternative.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Shortly before press time, the Go Code announced that they will continue without Phil Auerswald. Spurley will assume singing duties as of March 1, when the band performs at JE.

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## PHOTO PRINTS

*While You Wait*

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# 'Paradise': hamburger heaven

BY JACOB WEISBERG

The American landscape has made a comeback. A whole generation of film makers seems to have just discovered the peculiar beauty of highway vistas, boarded up hot dog stands, and neon vacancy signs. Ironically, the likes of Wim Wenders and Werner Herzog have been the ones gawking from the Chevy window; American directors know what the inside of a Dairy Queen looks like. But the Germans never get it quite right. So it's with great rejoicing that we should herald the release of Jim Jarmusch's *Stranger Than Paradise*, a real American film.

Shot in soft black and white, *Stranger Than Paradise* is comprised of very short takes, surrounded by prolonged blackouts. The camera seldom moves; a character will walk out of the frame and back into it. The silences are long and the pauses painful. Thus the film is realistic and unrealistic at the same time — the shots seem like slices of contemporary life but the whole texture of the film has the feel of another era. The characters seem to be dressed for the '50s in fedoras and fuzzy sweaters.

Maybe it is supposed to be the 1950s (the occasional Chevette on the highway can be blamed on low budget). Or maybe the characters know what's hip. Hip, in fact, is half the point of the film.

Willie (played with transcendent hipness by Lounge Lizard John Lurie)

moved to the new world from Hungary ten years ago, but has decided that it's not cool to be Hungarian anymore. When he gets word that his 16 year-old cousin Eva (Eszter Balint) is coming to stay with him, Willie's equilibrium is disturbed. She upsets him by not understanding football, TV dinners and by playing Screaming Jay Hawk's "I Put a Spell On You," on her cassette recorder. But Eva turns American with frightening rapidity, and wins Willie over by stealing him Chesterfields. The two are clearly kindred spirits: in a rare burst of affection Willie buys Eva a dress. "I think it's kind of ugly," she says; later she throws it in the trash.

A year later, Willie and his friend Eddie (Richard Edson), who has a crush on Eva, get caught cheating at poker. Packing up their "winnings" they borrow a car and head for Cleveland, where Eva lives with her Hungarian aunt and works in a hot dog stand. She takes them out to scenic Lake Erie, which in the now is merely a white expanse. "Well, this is it. Lake Erie," Eva says. It's lines like these — funny and gently ironic — that make *Stranger Than Paradise* so charming. The dialogue is sparse enough to give each utterance tremendous weight. You can hear the audience quoting the characters all the way home.

A few scenes later, the three are walking along a deserted strip of Floridian beach. "Have you ever noticed," Eddie



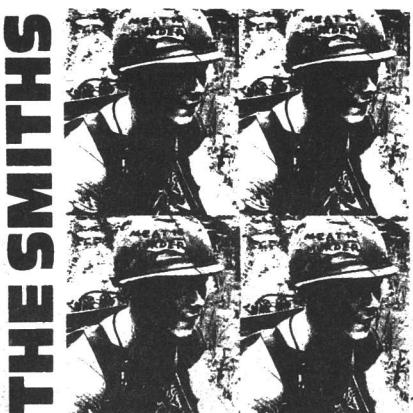
Richard Edson (Eddie), Eszter Balint (Eva), and John Lurie (Willie) visit Florida's sunny beaches in Jim Jarmusch's *Stranger Than Paradise* now playing at York Square.

remarks, "that every time we come to a new place everything looks the same." Eddie is right: Florida is the same bleached gray of Lake Erie. And it's this sense of bouncing around a dingy country with nothing to do that leaves a slightly hopeless feeling at the end of the film.

But the hopelessness is always mixed with humor. *Stranger than Paradise* is relaxed and you're at the end before you know it. There are a few laughs, some great tunes, and, like any good car ride, a lot to look at out the window.

Records =

## Smiths' new album is a killer



Meat is Murder  
The Smiths  
Sire

poetry in pop, citing the singer's use of words like "charming" and "gruesome." And, let's not forget the deliberate understatement of the group's name — a mini-rebellion against rock's traditional emphasis on individuality. These guys are God.

All derision aside, *The Smiths* was an excellent debut, but a bit repetitive. Side two's collection of singles made it the more entertaining side.

By comparison, *Meat is Murder* is something to shout about. Far and away the best thing to date by The Smiths, it is sure to be one of the brightest albums of '85. Their willingness to experiment with unfamiliar genres — rockabilly, and white funk — elevates them above the sameness that infested their first l.p. Also, their self-production handily emphasizes their musical and vocal virtuosity; guitar and bass parts leap out at you, and Morrissey's bag of vocal tricks, from his impassioned yodels on the opening cut, "The Headmaster Ritual," to his disarming trademark falsetto on "Well I Wonder," is most engaging.

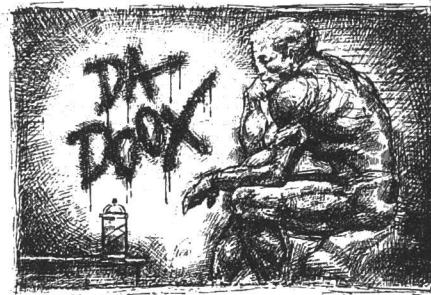
Guitarist Johnny Marr, who composes the band's music, deserves a blue ribbon. Each song possesses individuality and presence, as if — God forbid — this were a "Greatest Hits" compilation. The single, "How Soon is Now," which also appears on *Hateful of Hollow*, an interim collection of singles and demo tapes, is great. So what if the vibrato guitar part is a deliberate bow to psychedelia? It's the freshest tune to hit college airwaves for some time. Another cut, "I Want the One I Can't Have," a brilliant reworking of "This Charming Man," rivals its pro-

BY ALEXANDER SMALLLENS

The Smiths have been the "next big thing" for a long time now. And why not? They seem to be the perfect band for the '80s: take a stripped-down yet full sounding pop combo, add a dash of ringing, majestic guitar figures a la early Cure or R.E.M., and top it all off with vocalist Morrissey. His lilting voice and innovative sense of melody lend a melancholy aura to their songs.

Last year's barrage of Smiths singles and their self-titled debut album brought kudos from everyone. The stand-out single, "This Charming Man," was an upbeat tribute to... who knows, but it was really catchy. People were also bowled over by Morrissey's lyrics — *New York Times* critic Robert Palmer heralded the Renaissance of

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