

# ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

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Jon Waller/DN

Trombonist Gene Watts (left) and tuba virtuoso Chuck Daellenbach sport their sneakers at Saturday's Lied Center performance of Canadian Brass.

## Brass ends season on light, playful note

By Eric Shanks  
Staff Reporter

Saturday's performance of the Canadian Brass at the Lied Center for Performing Arts was, to say the very least, uplifting.

Composed of two trumpets, a French horn, a trombone and a tuba, the five-member ensemble played the final performance of the Lied Center's 1994-95 concert season with a touch of class, and considerably more than a smattering of tomfoolery. Their antics inspired uproarious laughter throughout the performance.

Of particular note was the playful rivalry between the group's founders, tuba virtuoso Chuck Daellenbach and trombonist Gene Watts. Both took turns giving humorous monologues introducing the various selections.

Watts, always the most objective and humble, was at times aloof to the fervent competitiveness of his counterpart. At other times he jokingly pleaded with the audience to agree with him that Daellenbach was quite the fool.

Daellenbach, the all-too-eager target of Watts' coy mockery, feigned humility and persisted in praising the vital, too oft "unrecognized," importance of the tuba.

After entering from the back of the theater somberly playing the New Orleans funeral dirge, "Just a Closer Walk With Thee," the ensemble moved toward the stage. It was as if they were leading a funeral procession to the edge of town for a burial.

Members changed positions throughout the evening. With the exception of Daellenbach, whose tuba's

girth prevented him from the mobility of the others, the ensemble used the entire stage as well as some seating areas. Sneakers worn by the members proved to be an essential part of their performance.

One of their most memorable selections was Samuel Barber's "Adagio (for strings)," a brooding selection recently made famous by the Oliver Stone film "Platoon." The ensemble also performed classical traditional selections including "Giovanni Gabrieli's Canzona per sonare No. 3", complete with stately choreography begun with trumpeter Fredrick Mills standing up and simply walking around his chair.

After symbolically beginning the season's final performance like a New Orleans-style funeral, the ensemble ended their performance with the lively ragtime march, "Tiger Rag."

The piece was a fitting symbolic return from the graveyard after burying the departed 1994-95 season.

Daellenbach, undaunted, would not be outdone. The encore featured ... you guessed it, tuba virtuoso Daellenbach.

Daellenbach blew loud bursts in obvious attempts to display his dominance and virtuosity. While pretending to ignore him, ensemble members traded melodies and jockeyed for position on stage. Characteristic of his eagerness, Daellenbach made every attempt to outmaneuver them. He completed his solo performance by twirling his tuba 360 degrees while still playing his part.

It was, to say the very least, an uplifting finale to the unwelcome end of a successful season.

## Poetry readings planned

By Bryan Peterson  
Staff Reporter

Rhythm & the Rhyme, a series of readings by local poets, will debut Sunday, May 14, at Le Cafe Shakes, 1418 O St.

Conceived as a means of introducing and uniting people who write, listen to or publish poetry, each performance will feature two scheduled readers followed by open mike time.

Lincoln poets Cinnamon Dokken and Robyn Larsen began organizing the readings two months ago. Although both have read and been published in the local area, they said they felt the need for more communication among local poets and publishers.

"It is very open to people who are students, people who are not students, younger and older members of the community," Dokken said. "We want to offer people a wider range of expression."

Kristi Truex, manager of Le Cafe Shakes, has coordinated five prior readings at the cafe.

See RHYTHM on 20

## Control your destiny, turn off the radio

By Jeff Randall  
Film Critic

When filmmakers run out of ideas and decent scripts, all too often they fall back on the audience-drawing power of big stars.

And when the makers of "Destiny Turns on the Radio" hit that obstacle, they did exactly what was expected by turning to director and Oscar-winning screenwriter, Quentin Tarantino.

Unfortunately, the word "actor" didn't appear in that job description, and for good reason. Tarantino has a lot of talent behind the scenes. But when he is put in front of the camera, the quality of his work tends to approximate a downward spiral rather than a shooting star.

In "Destiny Turns on the Radio," Tarantino has taken the role of Johnny Destiny, a mysterious and mystical gambler who may or may not be the physical embodiment of Lady Luck (with a few anatomical corrections).

Dylan McDermott stars as Julian, a recently escaped convict who makes his way back to Las Vegas to find his girl, Lucille (Nancy Travis), and his partner in crime, Thoreau (James Legros).

But there are two problems in Julian's plan: Lucille has a new boyfriend, casino owner Tuerto (James Belushi), and Thoreau lost the money he and Julian stole three years earlier to a mysterious figure who happens to be none other than

### The Facts

**Film:** Destiny Turns on the Radio

**Director:** Jack Baran

**Stars:** Quentin Tarantino, Dylan McDermott, Nancy Travis, James Legros, James Belushi

**Rating:** R

**Grade:** F+

**Five Words:** Tarantino vehicle runs outta gas.

Johnny Destiny.

When Julian discovers all of this information, madcap fun is bound to ensue. But unfortunately, all that results is 1 1/2 hours of unbelievable dialogue, mediocre acting and camerawork that resembles prime-time television rather than a feature film.

One of the film's few bright spots is found in a cameo by comedian and occasional actor Bobcat Goldthwait as an undercover police detective who uses the alias Mr. Smith.

But Tarantino and the other actors give lackluster and often degrading performances that leave little or no impressions on the audience. Especially questionable is Belushi's continuous habit of genital grabbing (was that an ad lib?),



Courtesy of Savoy Pictures

Sparks fly when old flames Lucille (Nancy Travis) and Julian Goddard (Dylan McDermott) reunite in "Destiny Turns on the Radio."

which provides little humor and only sinks the quality of this film to new lows.

Throughout most of the movie, the audience is left with incomplete characters who have no viable reason for being involved in any relationships with each other. The audience subsequently has no reason to develop relationships with them

either.

The final verdict — Quentin Tarantino should stick with directing, writing and the occasional monologue appearance. James Belushi should keep his hands on his desk. Bobcat Goldthwait should be in more movies. And, audiences everywhere should avoid "Destiny Turns on the Radio."