

# Gilmore's Golf Shot Misses Tee; Barkers Humor Is Just Right

What can you say about a movie with an unbelievable storyline whose few bragging rights include slapstick physical comedy and juvenile sarcasm? It was okay.

Adam Sandler's second attempt at tackling the big screen in "Happy Gilmore" is pretty much just what you'd expect from a Saturday Night Live cast member turned movie actor — outrageous antics and pratfalls stretched almost painfully into an hour and a half long skit. The movie doesn't deserve to be trashed completely; it does have some extremely comical moments, but it also has its share of comedy gone awry.

**SARAH SHOWFETY**  
**Movie Review**  
**"Happy Gilmore"**  
**C**

Adam Sandler plays Happy Gilmore.

an aspiring hockey player who gives up his lifelong dream when he realizes that a career in golf would be more profitable. Reluctantly, Gilmore trades in his jersey for a more sophisticated uniform of sweatpants and flannels, enters his first club tournament and — guess what — wins a spot on the Pro Golf Tour. That happens, right? Gilmore's charisma and lack of inhibition quickly transform him from uncouth outsider to blue-collar cult figure, while he manages to hold rank with the real pros.

Gilmore cruises through his stint on the tour, picking up women and endorsements effortlessly. Sandler plays Gilmore well, if you can say he is acting (it's not inconceivable that Sandler does all this stuff in his free time). But if you're looking to see any classic personalities like Opera Man or

Canteen Boy take shape in the movie, well, it doesn't happen. Lee Trevino, Kevin Nealon and Bob Barker make cameo appearances in "Gilmore," but only Barker adds anything significant to the humor of the film. The other cast members are people you know you've seen in other stuff but weren't memorable enough to engrain their names in your head. Gilmore's nemesis McGavin is played by Christopher McDonald ("Quiz Show"), and Gilmore's mentor, Chubb Peterson (Carl Weathers) who was Sly Stallone's opponent in the first four "Rocky" movies. If you're willing to tolerate insane predictability, Sandler's childish taunts masquerading as comedy, there's still hope for you to enjoy the truly funny elements of "Gilmore." Cinematic masterpiece it's not, silly and braided comedy, it definitely is.



When Bob Barker and Happy Gilmore (Adam Sandler) team up, the friendly game of golf becomes a contact sport.

# Yeti Say That Rocking Is 'Most Natural Thing to Do'

The trio's dedication and cohesiveness were key in releasing their first CD.

BY WENDY MITCHELL  
SENIOR WRITER

Yeti bassist Mike Beck and drummer John Lohr admit to enjoying a rousing 4-hour chess marathon and the occasional Mozart CD. Guitarist/vocalist Christian Fisher does primitivist-inspired paintings in his spare time.

Don't let these guys fool you: They're not completely refined and sensitive. Their self-titled debut CD is evidence enough that they aren't afraid to rock, hard. The CD shows the trio's darker side, lyrically and musically; recurring images of flesh and organs punctuate questions of abandonment and control in failing relationships. "I've always thought this album could be a soundtrack for a dark psycho thriller," Beck said.

In an age largely inspired by lo-fi indie rock or instrumental experimentation, it's not always easy to simply rock, especially in Chapel Hill. But Fishersaid, "It's the most natural thing to do, for us."

He said the stigma against hard rock these days was primarily targeted against "stupid, pointless rock." Which they're not.

After playing together for three years, the trio have become more comfortable with each other and their sound. Fisher said, "Being together for a while, we've solidified our style, who we are."

They recorded *Yeti* over several days around July 4 at Wavecastle Studio in Hillsborough with producer Caleb Southern. Southern also produced their May 1994 7-inch "Vacuum/Mountain."

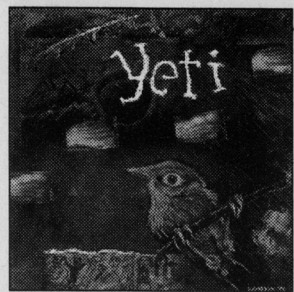
They said the CD's material was a little more original than the single, and the production wasn't as glossed.

Fisher said prior recording experience was helpful: "We knew what we wanted to do with our respective instruments and how we wanted it to sound rather than just going in and saying, 'Well, whatever works.'"

Beck agreed that pre-production planning was essential to the finished product. "It's a good representation of what we do live," he said.

But there are some differences between *Yeti* recorded and live. The CD's "rock" shifts to "RAWK" as the knobs edge closer to 11. Fisher said, "(The CD) is more subtle; you can hear the vocals. The live shows don't always have a whole lot of nuance."

Fisher said he preferred having an element of spontaneity and rawness on stage. That's not to say the live shows are unbridled noise — they still have the selective restraint that adds detail to *Yeti*'s sound. Their next local show will be Monday at



the Lizard and Snake, with Quatro opening. During Spring Break (Beck's a senior majoring in history) they have planned a Southeastern tour which probably will stop in Columbia, S.C., Athens, Ga., Savannah, Ga., Pensacola, Fla., and Gainesville, Fla.

Following that, they'll work on songs for a couple of months and head out for a more extensive tour in May.

With the CD out only a few weeks, they've already discovered some perks. Lohr said, "It's easier to get shows." In addition to the practical, Beck said releasing a CD was a symbolic step for *Yeti*.

"It shows dedication on our part," Beck said. "It's something we've been doing for three years now, and we're putting it out independently. It's giving us a lot of respect. We're getting a lot of good feedback."

Not completely content with their current accomplishments, *Yeti* said they would be excited to record again, and they're shopping the CD to labels large and small.

Fisher said the band was working on new songs, which are in a slightly different vein.

"I think we're experimenting with different kinds of heavy, as opposed to brooding, slow, dark, rocking heavy work," Fisher said.

They say the songwriting process is "pretty democratic." Fisher brings in a riff and some lyrics, and Beck and Lohr write their parts. Beck said, "We go over and over it for a few days, maybe even a month, before everybody's happy with their part."

Lohr added, "Or we ditch it." Thus far, they estimate they've abandoned about 30 songs.

The process also is influenced by a variety of musical tastes. Beck is the classical fan, also listening recently to Bob Mould, Neil Young and the Minutemen. Fisher enjoys the soul of Foxy 107, as well as anything from the Jesus Lizard to Nick Drake. Lohr sticks to Dinosaur Jr. and Dr. Dre.

They practice about once a week, which proves to be enough since the three share a closeness and friendship that extends beyond *Yeti*. Lohr said, "We learned how to play our instruments together. We've never had to adjust to somebody that we don't know."

Beck said that all the members' perseverance and dedication to the band made them lucky. "A lot of bands form, and everybody's had previous band experience," he said. "But this was our baby, and we've watched it mature."

# Harvey Milk Lurches From Nausea to Vertiginous Panic

Harvey Milk. Not your normal band. Let's just start with the name of the album, their first album, *My Love is Higher Than Your Assessment of What My Love Could Be*. Etioliated, elided and obtuse, hidden in the strangled clauses of grammatical nausea, is a sentimental regret which.

Puppy Love, stronger and harder and faster than your parents think it could or even should be.

Yet, rising like a major fifth above the loving insinuation comes a frothing, scarlet, mad-as-hell wave of unrepentant anger.

This band has rediscovered irony, only this time, they brought machine guns.

Can you see Travis Bickle saying this to his child love? Gasp, choking terms lurching from between clenched teeth?

Well, that's about the sum and glory of Harvey Milk — banal, frustrated and sure as hell gonna do something about it.

Listening to *My Love is Higher Than Your Assessment of What My Love Could Be*, one lurches from ennui to nausea to sheer vertiginous panic, as chords and skeleton drums strip away the lucidity of speech, leaving fragile, quivering jelly.

We begin with a drone. The sound of far off sirens, announcing the arrival of the B-52s and the napalm.

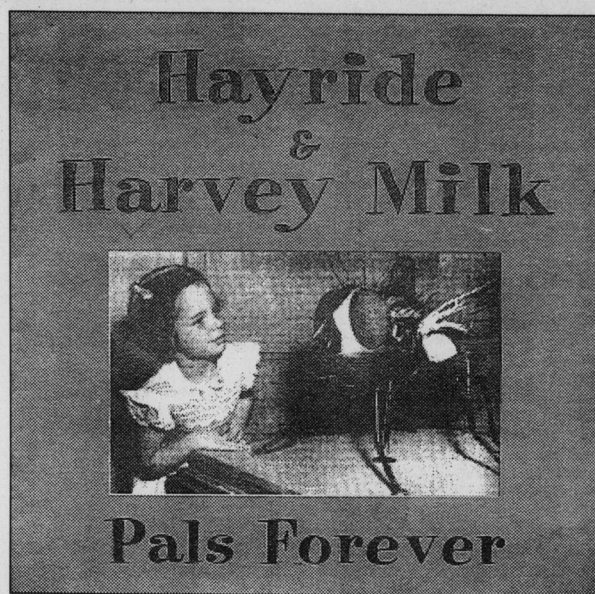
The quiver of cymbals in the eviscerated air, ripples through the air.

That drum sound a computer makes when you've hurt its feelings. Your skin crawls.

You wait. The sirens burn a hole in your forehead, for three and a half minutes, a steady simmering drone.

But this is not the way the world ends, not with a bang but with a whimper.

And then the "music" of *My Love is*



*Higher Than Your Assessment of What My Love Could Be*, the predictable components of guitars, powerchords and feedback, slurred into fury. Yet, rather than the avalanche of sound, the long introduction leads us to expect, the guitar grunts inarticulately. A fractured pressure on the string, lost in the blur of a feedback loop. On Codeine, but more broken by your assessment of his love, chords crash and tumble off each other, a random, non-causal avalanche of structures which would never have been out of place on the soundtrack of "Eraserhead." Alongside the industrial weight of their sound, Harvey Milk posit a set of erasures and lacuna in their music, refusing to co-

here to simple melody. Impossible to listen to, and even more difficult to ignore, this strange and wonderful world, slides with oiled grace into the crannies of your heart, those places that the Foo Fighters just couldn't reach. And suddenly, a tender place visits us. In the sweet strings of "The Anvil Will Fall," a village green preserved, except its "Village of the Damned." Sheer, satin beauty, lost in velvet decadence. Not too often, Creston Spears the guitarist sings modulated loudspeakered

words of grief, and then the sledgehammer kicks in. The end of all meaning. Having recorded an album previously with Bob Weston, technically this is the second effort by Harvey Milk. This one was perfected with the efforts of hyperkinetic dwarf David Barbe from Sugar. This album is released on Sugar smack's label. More reason of course to run our to purchase this fine piece of Southern musical history. Support dem local bands! The four year old trio from Athens Ga., which is kinda local, pulls off the caper with a consummate professional ease, yet preserving the fragile tenderness of adolescent love loss that Lou Barlow knows so well. Opening for Shellac about and year and a half about, they proved their stuff, although they have yet to return to the Hill. Until they do, this sliver of lethargic grace and damnation will have to be your 2 a.m. lullaby.

**Yeti with Quatro at Lizard and Snake Cafe on Monday**



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