

A few screws loose – opera hits sour notes

By Michael Johnson
Whalesong Staff

Okay, so I'm no opera expert, certainly no more qualified to criticize than the next theater buff. But after attending Opera to GO!'s *Turn of the Screw* at the Juneau Elks Hall, I feel a journalistic obligation to inform UAS that it was, in my opinion, no good.

But first, what was pleasant about the performance. The premier I attended was fantastically priced (free). Can't say I didn't get my money's worth. The stage setup was impressive: there was little room to work with, but the props perfectly complimented the limited space. The governess' singing was fabulous, as was the male ghost's. The orchestra did a fine job, too, but the acoustics of the Bingo-hallish room took a heavy toll on ultimate sound quality. In truth, the entire

production progressed smoothly, particularly for the first performance.

I am reluctant to give away plot details, (partly because I don't want to ruin the story, partly because I don't want to bore you to death), but someone dies at the end. The death is disappointingly un-tragic because the character who died sang flat throughout.

I encourage everyone to attend this production who is a lover of the arts, bored with 15 bucks to burn on a ticket, or have never before attended an opera. Truly, operas offer a unique experience and are enjoyable, if nothing else, simply for the spectacle. And so what if *Turn of the Screw* has a few screws loose; it is a reflection of us, it is the exquisite product of a phenomenally obscure town.

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between all of this chaos with the 'Edster' there were sporadic bouts of fun with Robert. Don't get excited, he is from the Petri dish also.

I met Robert at the Governor's Inaugural Ball and things went wonderful. You know that Geico commercial where the woman is spinning the lizard around and they're riding the bike together? Yeah, that was us. And there was no horizontal mambo to complicate things and mess the whole thing up. Of Course his Royal Eddieness was not kosher with this because after all, wasn't I supposed to have the candles lit, some Barry White playing and be draped in my silk chemise just in case he called? Since Edward obviously does not live in the Matrix, I chose to take things as far as they could go with Robert. Unfortunately, I hit the love glass ceiling way too early for my taste.

You see, Robert leaves in less than a month to go on an exchange and, I don't know, I must have been sleeping or something, but before I knew it, our relationship had been labeled and all of a sudden I was having his love child and he saw us 15 years from now shuffling around each other and not having nearly as much fun as we are now. So he decided to cut off fun. The whistle blew, Dixie had peed in the pool, so everybody out. I ruined the fun for everyone, so we had to get out. No more splashing and canon balls. Fun's over.

Robert called less, hung out less and just plain old tried to be my friend less. What can I say, more heartache for me. Just this past week-end, Robert celebrated his birthday and did he include me? No. I saw him walk by Pel'Meni's with a group of people that he doesn't even like. God forbid he should spend time with me and begin to care! What's really discouraging is that, before this birthday fiasco, I poured my heart out, and told him how I felt. He reciprocated too, telling me that he had become distant because he's leaving soon and he knows how easily he gets attached, and he didn't want to be in another continent and missing me too much. Well, once again I order something and they serve me up a plate full of crap. You can't abstain from having feelings for someone. Not calling or avoiding them is not going to override what's in your heart. I never said, "Let's get married."

I just meant, "Can't two people who care about each other as friends just hang out?"

I don't get why people feel that it's okay to gut my emotions like a fish. I have decided not to work at salvaging anything with Eddie. He is a juvenile with too much AA potential. As for Robert, his whole speech - about us hanging out because he thinks I'm really cool, but not being intimate in any way - was like fireworks. It looks really good when you first see it, and you are so awestruck. Then it fades and all you have is emptiness where something was once very beautiful.

I'm going on a hike this Sunday with a spry young intellect named Phillip. I'm not expecting anything. I just want to see the nature of Juneau and he was the first guy willing to get up off his I-only-bathe-every-few-days ass and take me. Who knows, he could be the white knight in disguise, but once again, you'll just have to wait and see.

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Case in point: "Homer Badman," a November 1994 episode that sends up tabloid television before it ANYTHING GOES

"We go after everyone," says Yeardley Smith, the voice of Lisa Simpson. "Nobody's safe."

Over the years, "The Simpsons" have taken on corporate greed, the excesses of local television, gun culture, feminism, gay and lesbian issues, sex, environmental themes, the commercialization of rock 'n' roll.

And since it exists in toon world, the show seems to be able to get away with far more than a live-action comedy could. It's hard to imagine any show with real people doing an episode like the recent one in which Marge gets her breasts enlarged and turns all the men in town into drooling morons.

THE CAST

The core characters -Homer, Marge, Lisa, Bart, Maggie - are great. But "The Simpsons" cast has now expanded to more than 60 residents or sometime-residents of Springfield. That includes such memorable characters as Mr. Burns, the ultimate capitalist who runs the local nuclear power plant; Moe, the scheming and scamming bar owner; Kent Brockman, the unctuous local TV anchor; and the immortal Krusty the Clown,



By Joshua Edward

Uneducated, unsophisticated, uncultured? Get rid of those nasty prefixes in one fell swoop by attending Theatre in the Rough's *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare (abridged)*. Playing Thursdays thru Saturdays, February 27-March 2, 8 p.m. at McPhetres Hall. Tickets available at the door or at Hearthside Books. Saturday, March 1 offers Juneauites the opportunity to see the classic Rock Hudson Doris Day sex-farce *Pillow Talk* on the big, no, make that medium, screen. Showing at the Backroom cinema at the Silverbow Inn downtown, it promises vintage 50s tongue-in-cheek-innuendo-laden fun. Call for details.

Former downtown gastronomical standard *BaCars* returns to fill the glaring vacancy they left when owners Barry and Carlene left to cook for the "fast ferry" between Ketchikan and Prince of Wales Island. Finally Juneau residents will once again be able to get a great breakfast downtown! Located in the former "Café Myriad" at 228 Seward Street, the food will be worth waiting for, if their former incarnation is any indication.

Since we're all adults, I feel no compunction recommending the *Eros and Art* exhibition at the Juneau Arts and Humanities Council gallery downtown. If you can't look at tasteful nudes without snickering, this probably isn't the place for you. The exhibit will be on the walls through Thursday, February 28. Our own SAC offers *Beginning and Advanced Climbing Orientation* for anyone interested in learning the ropes (hee hee). Sessions are February 26 and 27 from 1:30-3 p.m.. That's about it for hip events in ol' Juneau town this week kids. If it's sunny, go for a walk on the beach, if it's snowy build a snowman, if it's rainy, sit and pout...

the nightmare of kids' TV.

THE OPENING

Each week, "The Simpsons" slightly changes its opening sequence, often to hilarious effect. The changes are usually made to the opening bit (Bart at the blackboard doing penance) and to the closing bit (the family all jumps onto the couch to watch TV.) One classic blackboard line: "A burp in a jar is not a science project."

AND FINALLY...HOMER

D'oh!

Homer is the Everyman of his generation. He can be the dullest tool in the box. He's always coming up with some scheme. He gets punished by God. He has his excesses. (Bring on that Duff beer!) But in the end, he loves his wife, he loves his kids and almost invariably does the right thing.

Woo-hoo!