

April 2, 1992

THE REBEL YELL

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# 'White Men Can't Jump' shoots and scores

by Robert Hollowood

Writer/director Ron Shelton turns in another story about jokers in jockstraps in *White Men Can't Jump*. Whereas his last sporting effort, *Bull Durham* centered on a minor league baseball team, the focus of *White Men* falls on the public basketball courts of the Los Angeles area.

Wesley Snipes (*New Jack City*, *Jungle Fever*) stars as Sidney Greene, a trash-talking hot shot who makes his living playing street basketball among other odd jobs. His goal is to get

## MOVIE REVIEW

### White Men Can't Jump (★★★1/2)

Starring Woody Harrelson, Wesley Snipes and Rosie Perez. Directed by Ron Shelton.

his wife and child out of the neighborhood they live in.

Woody Harrelson is Billy Hoyle, a compulsive gambler, who hustles unsuspecting players wherever he goes. His hustle is simple and surefire: he's white and his opponents think, white men can't play

basketball. Billy is on the run from some New Jersey knee-busters whom he owes \$8,000.

In tow, he brings his girlfriend Gloria, a Jeopardy hopeful who spouts enough useless information to be the new Encyclopedia Britannica spokesperson. Unfortunately, she is played by Rosie Perez who takes the film down a notch with her relentlessly grating whine. Whoever cast her in this role made a grievous error.

Snipes' multi-faceted character carries most of the film with wit and class. The rest of the cast gives lackluster perfor-

mances with Harrelson repeating his "Cheers" character for film. Tinkering with the Woody character slightly as he did in last year's *Doc Hollywood*, the only apparent difference is Billy is stupid, not naive.

The film has the look of a good script rushed through production. Gone are the style and texture of *Bull Durham*, and in place are high highlights and an overall bleached-out look. The highlights, however, don't help Snipes as he ends up a featureless blob, underexposed in most scenes playing against Harrelson.

Shelton, thankfully, doesn't try to repeat the *Bull Durham* formula, but mixes new elements with a sport as the background to end up with a story about people and their relationships.

*White Men* is overly long at two hours and repeats itself several times for the people who didn't catch things the first time around. It could have been cut to 90 minutes and yet, despite its flaws, *White Men Can't Jump* is a slam dunk as compared to other recent comedies. It delivers laughs.

# Nymphs show potential as underground giants

by Daniel W. Duffy

The Las Vegas date of a West Coast swing for the gutter-dwelling band Nymphs, was a sort of homecoming for the band's bass player, Cliff D.

"I spent a couple years here, it's kinda home," Cliff said. He lived in Vegas about four years ago and worked at Tower Records. He tried to start some bands in the area, but nothing panned out, so he took his show to Los Angeles and hooked up with Nymphs.

Cliff described Nymphs as an "alternative crossover" band. He said he hopes the band can expand their horizons beyond alternative radio like Jane's Addiction did. "We're not in college radio forever," he said. "We've got our base there."

The band has had a somewhat dark cloud over their heads as of late due to the outrageous antics of lead singer, Inger Lorre. From urinating on a record executive's desk to live oral sex on stage during some of their shows, Lorre is making a name for the band in a manner that would make Madonna blush.

"It's a backhanded compliment," Cliff commented. "It (the controversy) gets you noticed, but at the same time, people come and expect a stunt." Above and beyond any stage antics, Cliff went on to say, "The music has to come first."

Nymphs stormed the stage at the Shark Club Sunday night in true Las Vegas fashion. Lorre looked like she was on a lunch break from Cleopatra's Barge with a full pink feather showgirl ensemble. She wore a pink-sequined T-shirt that spelled out "media whore," combined with a pair of snazzy black velvet pants to complete the look. The rest of the band, drummer Alex Kirst and guitarists Sam Merrick and Jet, dressed in post-modern Bohemian and skater garb.

The band opened with "Wasting My Days," showing off the psycho blues of Lorre's eyes and the deep pit of her vocal range. Nymphs continued the jam with "Cold," and "Imitating Angels," all from their debut self-entitled album. After "Angels," Lorre proclaimed in an adrenalin trance, "All of you women, follow your

dreams."

In between songs, Lorre passed out candles to those in the front and created a gypsy-church ambiance. The band then broke into probably the most-known and well-received song of the set, the brooding "Just One Happy Day."

Song by song, Lorre proceeded to disrobe until she was left wearing only pants, boots and pasties, upholding the promise of something shocking at each and every Nymphs' show.

After the song "Revolt," Lorre told the crowd, "If you don't revolt, at least vote." Nymphs then concluded with the songs "Heaven" and "Supersonic."

Lorre was so overwhelmed by a young lad who had jumped up on the rail to sing back-up during "Supersonic," she french-kissed him with a passion. The odds-on favorite guess is the young man was her boyfriend, the same one whom she's had rather steamy endeavors with on-stage during recent shows.

The only real disappointments of the concert were the



photo by Michelle Fournier

Inger Lorre of Nymphs shocked the Shark Club last week

lack of the song "2 Cats" and the fact Lorre's voice kinda gave out during the last few numbers, leading to a somewhat abbreviated set.

Cliff expressed dissatisfaction with the band's perfor-

mance that evening and went as far as to say, "We (the band) sucked." If that's the worst Nymphs ever sound, they have a bright future in the world of subterranean rock.

## 'Torrents of Spring' flow to UNLV

The UNLV International Film Program presents the 1990 Polish film with English subtitles, *Torrents of Spring* at 7 p.m. tonight in John S. Wright Hall Room 103. The PG-13 rated film stars Timothy Hutton, Nastassja Kinski and Valeria Golino.

*Torrents of Spring* is director Jerzy Skolimowski's sensuous adaptation of Ivan Turgenev's tragic 19th-century story which explores the darker side of romantic love.

Hutton's character is an idealistic young Russian aristocrat who falls passionately in love with two women. *Rain Man's* Golino is the demure baker's daughter who breaks off her engagement to become Hutton's fiancée. Kinski is the manipulative married beauty who seduces him.

Told in flashback, and filled with imagery, *Torrents of Spring* is a screen translation of a portrait of a lonely man.

## UNLV Chamber Chorale make road trip to Pahrump

The UNLV Chamber Chorale will present a concert in Pahrump as part of their spring concert season Sunday at 4 p.m. at Pahrump Valley United Methodist Church. The concert is free and open to the public.

The 24-voice ensemble, conducted by David B. Weiller, sings a varied program of sacred and secular music which includes works by Thomas

Welkes, Claudio Monteverdi, Johannes Brahms and Francis Poulenc. A portion of the concert program features many American spirituals in "Songs of Lamentation, Hope and Deliverance."

Founded in 1985, the Chorale maintains an active schedule of appearances. This spring, the Chorale has been selected as one of only three university choirs in the west-

ern states to perform at the western division convention of the American Choral Directors Association in Hawaii.

Weiller is in his eighth year on the university faculty where he serves as director of choral studies and assistant professor of music. He was the 1987 recipient of the UNLV Williams Morris for Excellence in Teaching in the College of Arts and Letters.