The THE ARTS
THE TECH Page 19

Theater Offensive comedian plays the nice girl

PRETTY WITTY AND GAY
The Theater Offensive, Written and Performed by Marga Gomez. April 14 to May 22.

By Gretchen Koot

As the performance of this one woman show, Marga Gomez did prove to be pretty, witty and gay, though witty does describe her best. Screamingly funny is a more appropriate description. In the first five minutes of the show she brings the audience into her bedroom and into her hilarious, neurotic world. It is the night before the show, and she brings the audience into her bedroom and into her dreams of screaming at a man she meets while on vacation in Europe, it's clear that it isn't because he is a straight white male and therefore deserving of such anger. It's because her girlfriend is flirting with him, and she is jealous.

While Gomez never seems vengeful, neither does she hold anything too sacred to laugh at. She ridiculates the military for barraging on homosexuals while wondering at the same time why anyone would want to enter anytown. "Don't you have to get up early there?" she asks. She mocks the stereotypical dyke image by describing the first lesbian she saw on a talk show. She says that they chain吸烟, worked as truck drivers and were "untight, bitter, and pathetic." This probably still is pretty much the general public's image of a lesbian, even after the work of Madonna and Sharon Stone. (Not that there is anything wrong with being an uptight, bitter, pathologically chain smoking, truck-driving woman who loves women. It's preferable to being an ice- pick-wielding psycho, for example. Religion also doesn't escape this woman's witty remarks, and although some of the jokes cover the standard subject of Catholic guilt, Gomez later conversation with God made up for the bits of material.

Much of Gomez's show is simply zany, such as when she pulls a notebook from under her bed saying that it is a lost diary of Anais Nin. Breathlessly, she reads an account of Nin's illusory encounter with Minnie Mouse. As the show nears the end, Gomez shares her first meeting with a theater and all the feelings it provoked. She was enthralled, amazed, and inflamed. Gomez implores the audience to love the woman who not only attracted her but who, she confesses, ruined her life. She also does not escape this woman's witty jab, "What are you going to do about it? Are you going to live with it?"

The album starts out with a short acoustic guitar song (both "short" and "acoustic" are unusual for SY), "Winner's Blues," in which the influence of Sebadoah is apparent. But then it picks up with the more pop-ish (defined as more melodic and likeable), "Bull In the Heather." The song is named after a race horse, but is about a race horse and the woman who loves women. It's preferable to being an ice-pick-wielding psycho, for example. Although the noise definitely detracts, "Starfield Road" wouldn't sound completely terrible without it, so the noise effects are bearable. At any rate, whatever is distasteful about it is nearly forgiven in light of "Skink," a slow, moody but danceable, decent song. Some other non-throwaway songs are "Screaming Skill" (about the Germs and ex-Nirvana guitarist Pat Smear), "Quest For the Cup" (bluesy with an SY twist) and "Sweet Shirley," an almost pop-rock song sung by Kim. Noticeably absent from Experimental Jet Set, Trash and No Star, so named because of their desire to experiment with music, their intrigue with glamour, and their "trashy," scurrilous backgrounds, is SY's former recklessness abandoned to rock. "Experimental" simply doesn't rock. Then's no emotion to it, no no-precipice bridges, haunting echoes or strange but melodic harmonies ("Teenage Riot," "Threaten's Sound"). On "Experimental," they sound like they're working. "Bull In the Heather," "Self-Obsessed and Sexee," the songs just aren't good enough to command loyalty. Except for "Bull In the Heather," however, the songs just aren't good enough to command loyalty.

The name of the album is nearly forgiven in light of "Skink," a slow, moody but danceable, decent song. Some other non-throwaway songs are "Screaming Skill" (about the Germs and ex-Nirvana guitarist Pat Smear), "Quest For the Cup" (bluesy with an SY twist) and "Sweet Shirley," an almost pop-rock song sung by Kim. Noticeably absent from Experimental Jet Set, Trash and No Star, so named because of their desire to experiment with music, their intrigue with glamour, and their "trashy," scurrilous backgrounds, is SY's former recklessness abandoned to rock. "Experimental" simply doesn't rock. Then's no emotion to it, no no-precipice bridges, haunting echoes or strange but melodic harmonies ("Teenage Riot," "Threaten's Sound"). On "Experimental," they sound like they're working. "Bull In the Heather," "Self-Obsessed and Sexee," the songs just aren't good enough to command loyalty. Except for "Bull In the Heather," however,