

# ENTERTAINMENT

Technique • Friday, March 26, 2004

## Tisk Tisk...Tish?

Southern rock and blues band Tishamingo releases self-titled CD. Is it worth the money? **Page 28**

## Beesball comeback

Baseball ends its ACC losing streak by beating Wake Forest. How did they fare with Georgia? **Page 40**

# Not quite Clerks, still feels like Smith

The usually silent funnyman sits down with the Nique regarding his latest film *Jersey Girl*

By Jason Allen  
Staff Writer

Director Kevin Smith's work doesn't automatically conjure up ideas of love and devotion to children. His characters have unknowingly participated in corpse sex in *Clerks*, given meaning to *Chasing Amy*'s "fingercuffs" and outraged the Catholic Church with *Dogma*.

Yet, Smith ventures into different territory in *Jersey Girl*, attempting to create a film that pleases both his hard-core devotees and mainstream family audiences while keeping Silent Bob entirely behind the camera.

With the overpublicized Bennifer relationship since terminated, Ben Affleck and Jennifer Lopez's other movie partnership finally sees a theatrical release.

Thankfully, Jenny from the block receives minuscule screen time. New Jersey denizen Ollie Trinke (Affleck) makes his living manufacturing B.S. as a public relations flak who spins the trivial movements of celebrities into newsworthy material.

A December 1994 relationship with New York City gal Gertrude (Lopez) blossoms into an engagement and pregnancy. By the moment J. Lo. wails, "I've always been thin and now I'm a disgusting pig," be forewarned that relief is just around the corner.

Suffice it to say that eventually, poor Ollie finds himself raising his daughter as a single father, but he can't juggle both the stresses of a child and his job's press conferences. How will the BMW-driving big shot handle the adjustment of moving in with his suburban elderly father to bring up a little girl?

Now embarking on a regional press tour after taking a break from journalists over the course of his last



Kevin Smith directs Ben Affleck and Liv Tyler in his latest film *Jersey Girl*. Smith was in Atlanta recently to promote his new film, which takes a backseat to his usual controversial comedies. Be happy though; J. Lo has a small part.

two movies, Kevin Smith chain-smokes Marlboro Ultra Lights, flicking ashes into a drinking cup resting on the table at the Ritz.

He holds the cigarette as a prop, gesturing with his hands enthusiastically for emphasis while he speaks and ignoring the annoying low-key jazz music pumping through the overhead speaker. As arguably the worst part of his itinerary, the interviews and

barrage of tape recorders nonetheless engage the always-outspoken director.

He nods his head in agreement as if listening to and comprehending a question before it has been finished, running his fingers through

frizzy, windswept hair. The thirty-three-year-old straddles his chair in reverse, tilting backward, rocking, and even getting up on his knees without missing a beat.

His mallrat outfit consists of a red, white and black jersey and a pair of calf-length jeans that don't quite reach his slip-on checkerboard shoes. Black-framed glasses circle his eyes, and a scruffy beard covers his cherubic, less doughy face. Thanks to Dr. Atkins, the noticeably slimmer Smith has lost fifty pounds since last April.

The inspiration for *Jersey Girl* came from Smith's own family while raising a daughter, and he admits that he lacks the creativity required to come up with material not from real life.

His wife, told that she was the

muse for the project, responded after reading the script, "It ain't a Valentine to me. I die in the first fifteen minutes and you wind up with Liv Tyler somehow."

As more of a representation of the fatherhood experience, only a single, true Smith household event made it into the final cut. What might seem insignificant "until you have a kid, a daughter particularly, is you do have to wipe from front

to back."

Knowing the inevitable baggage brought into an onscreen match-up of Lopez and Affleck, Smith still doesn't question his decision.

"In retrospect, would I have gone a different way even in a post-*Gigli*

See *Jersey*, page 31



"In retrospect, would I have gone a different way even in a post-*Gigli* climate...?"

Kevin Smith  
Writer/Director

# Atlanta's Indigo Girls release new true-to-self CD/DVD



By Frank W. Ockenfels/Sony Music

The Indigo Girls have a long history of producing women-centric folksy rock. Their new album has an optional DVD with live footage.

By Hillary Lipko  
Staff Writer

The Indigo Girls have always been a bit of an anomaly in the music industry. They were singing female-centric and politically conscious folk music back when the airwaves were dominated by brooding rock music performed by bands that were predominately male. In spite of this, the Atlanta duo found a niche audience and a record contract.

Fifteen years and over a dozen live and studio releases later, the

Indigo Girls continue to offer the same rootsy and insightful music that first won them their devoted audience. *All That We Let In* has been met with mixed reviews from

"The limited edition release of *All That We Let In* is a must-have for any Indigo Girls fan..."

fans and critics alike, but all seem to agree that the Girls deserve praise for staying true to their musical roots in an industry that often demands slick production and user-friendly lyrics.

That said, it should be kept in mind that *All That We Let In* is not an album that is best enjoyed through

See *Indigo*, page 29

## Super headliners planned to perform

Many big-name concerts will go on sale this Saturday. David Bowie will be here May 8, and tickets range from \$38 to \$98. Better Than Ezra will be at the Roxy May 22, with tickets only \$20. For the Old-Schoolers, Hall and Oates will resurface June 28 and tickets will go from \$40.50 - \$55.50. The Dave Matthews Band will be at Hifi-Buys Amphitheater July 27 and tickets are \$40 for the lawn or \$57.50 for reserved seating.

## DramaTech opens new production

DramaTech theater opens their new production today. *Pippin* is the story of a young prince who is trying to find the shortcut to a happy life. He tries to find it in the world through war and bodily temptations, including overthrowing his father King Charlemagne. Ultimately Pippin discovers this happiness is readily available in the simple life of his home. *Pippin* is playing in the DramaTech Theatre, located in the same building as the Ferst Center. The show runs March 26-27, 31, and April 1-3. *Pippin* will also run in the Ferst Center for the Arts April 8-10.

## Ladies First Tour comes to ATL

Flogging Molly will appear with Throw Rag at the Roxy Saturday, March 27. The show starts at 9 p.m. and tickets are \$17.50. For a completely different sound, check out the Verizon Ladies First Tour, featuring Beyonce, Alicia Keys and Missy Elliott. That show is at 6 p.m. March 28, at Philips Arena. Be ready to empty your pockets, though, as tickets start at \$62.50 and go to \$77.50.

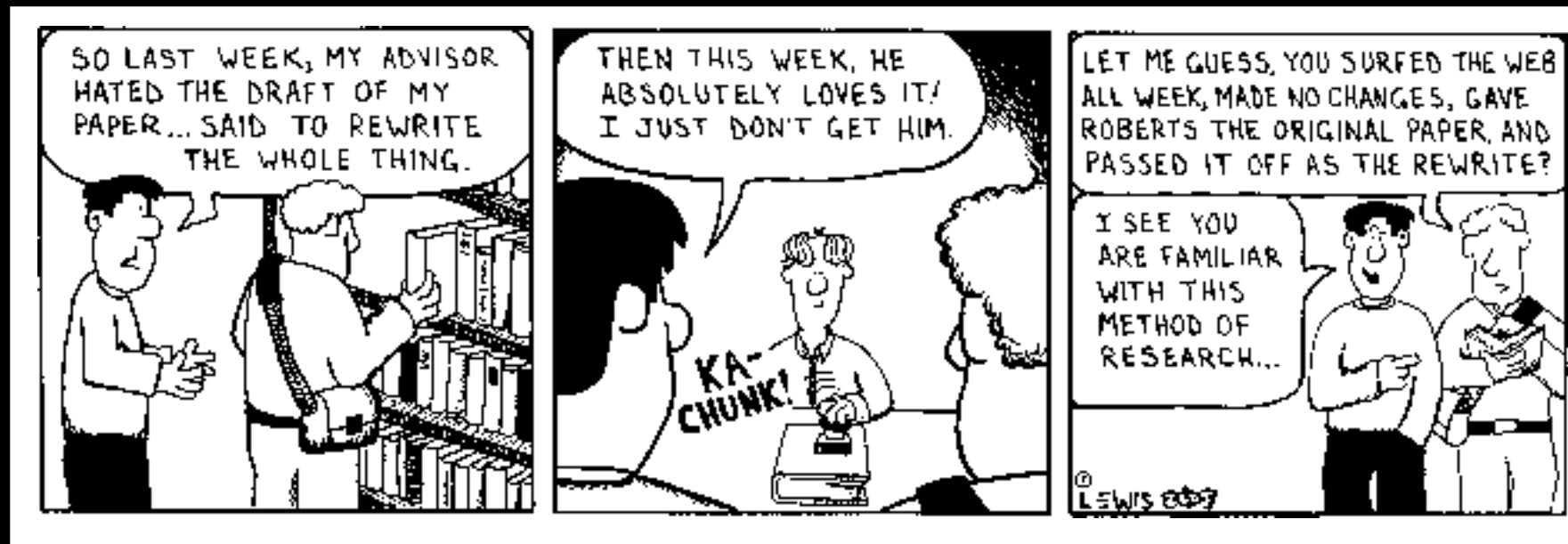
## We all thought he fell off face of Earth

On Sunday, March 28, comedian Pauly Shore will perform at The Punchline at 7 p.m. and 9 p.m. Shore is returning to the stand-up routine that launched his film career and is fresh off his directorial debut for the film, "You'll Never Wieve in this Town Again," a dark comedy with multiple cameos. Tickets are \$25. Head to [www.punchline.com](http://www.punchline.com).

## Make sure to watch Cirque Du Soleil

Cirque Du Soleil is opening its Atlanta show Alegria this weekend. This human circus features amazing acts and lively performances. The performance will run through April 18. Shows are generally at 4 p.m. and 8 p.m., but check [www.cirquedusoleil.com](http://www.cirquedusoleil.com) for a complete list of times. Tickets start at \$50 and run to \$190 for VIP seating. The show will be at the Cumberland Galleria.

## Q.E.D. Original Comic Strip



by Brian Lewis (gtg043f@mail.gatech.edu)

technique  
meetings...tuesdays  
@7...room 137 flag  
building...free pizza

# Hanks, Wayans deliver empty comedy with *Ladykillers*

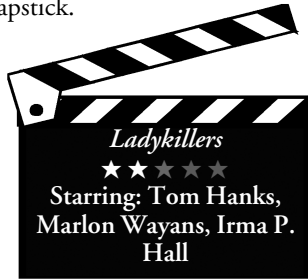
By Jason O'Neal Miller  
Contributing Writer

I tried to laugh when it felt appropriate. I searched for some gracefully framed arrangement within redundant images and narrative. But I could find no evidence of Joel and Ethan Coen in *The Ladykillers*, which opens this weekend and stars Tom Hanks.

The remake of the 1955 British film of the same name began as a writing project (to be directed by Barry Sonnenfeld) for the brothers, and is the first of their eleven projects for which they share directing credits. Their previous ten projects credited Joel as director and Ethan as producer.

Despite writing, directing and producing credits, the Coen brothers have obviously been diluted by

both the original material and a long list of producers. The sensation of their comedy has always been subtly fantastic, neither dry nor slapstick.



*The Ladykillers* foregrounds this maturity with an excess approaching gimmick. There is no sense of depth or focus. Something proposing humor is exaggerated in close-up and repetition. Any intended profundity retreats toward childish scam of likeness to the heist's hollowed plot.

This embellishment denies the replay value that the subtlety of *O, Brother, Where Art Thou* and *Fargo*. I cannot count how many moments I have spent quoting *The Big Lebowski*. I would entirely attribute the transparency of *The Ladykillers* to the collaboration of producers if not for the comparably clumsy *Intolerable Cruelty* (also collaborative and adapted). There is an obvious discomfort towards unfamiliar material.

But their movies have always been pleasantly awkward. This competence develops naturally from devotion to their characters. The difficulty of both *Intolerable Cruelty* and *The Ladykillers* is awkwardness without affection. The filmmakers do not love their char-

"The last thirty minutes feels like a six minute clip seen five times over, and the payoff is terribly disappointing."

acters and neither does the audience. Even the cuddly Marva Munson (Irma P. Hall) is treated as delusional and overzealous.

Tom Hanks plays Professor G.H. Dorr, Ph.D. (whose excessive initials would be hilarious if not pointed out so blankly by Munson's friend), a conniving, puffing erudite and mastermind of the mini-heist.

He rents a room from Munson, whose open-earthed basement is ideal for tunneling into the cash vault of a nearby floating casino. He and his team pose as period instrumentalist musicians to retain use of the base-

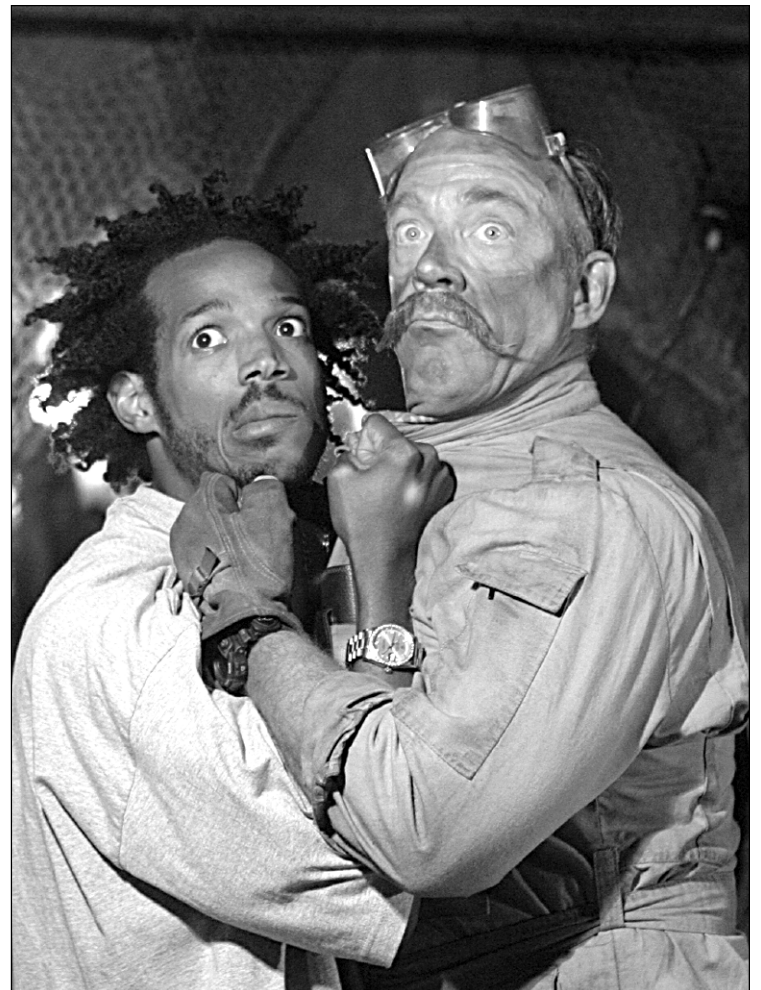


Photo Courtesy Buena Vista Publicity

**Marlon Wayans plays the not-so funny "inside man." Most of the comedy for the film comes from the interactions between Wayans and his landlord.**

ment. Again, his intelligence and affinity for Edgar Allen Poe would be a rich texture if not caricatured by reiteration.

This cartoon does not seem Hanks' fault, but it is rarely the central character for whom we watch a Coen movie. Dorr's consorts are unbearably magnified versions of a Coen supporting cast. Gawain MacSam's (Marlon Wayans) wit is too obscene to endure. Mr. Pancake (J.K. Simmons) and his life-partner Moun-

tain Girl (Diane Delano) have IBS (Irritable Bowel Syndrome) and excessive facial expressions to prove it. Lump (Ryan Hurst) is too stupid to be stupid and even the passively quieted General (Tzi Ma) is annoying when verbal. Where is the Steve Buscemi of *Fargo*, the John Goodman of *Lebowski* and the John Turturro of *Brother*?

The Coens also have difficulty  
*See Ladies, page 29*



Photo Courtesy Buena Vista Publicity

**Tom Hanks plays Goldthwait Higginson, Ph.D., a parading professor who is really the brains behind the predictable heist in *Ladykillers*.**

## sliver box

"Now isn't it ironic that AdBlock is advertising in a pop up ad"  
I'm so glad my girlfriend is a raging virgin.  
I'm gonna pistol whip the next guy who miss spells Shenanigans!  
So "sliver girl," do you regret admitting your gender yet?  
can we possibly give sam nunn any more awards?  
anyone with a star trek desktop background is a major loser  
My box of tissues and I hate allergy season. Stupid Pollen!  
That 16 is Saweeeeeeet  
GREAT Game guys! You know how to win AND keep it exciting to the very last second!  
Jack is my hero!  
If I had known that the NSBE conference was so cool, I would have gone all four years even though I'm NOT an Engineer!  
Someone's going to make Martha Stewart their bitch when she's in prison.  
where did the payphones go?  
Oh yeah Sweet 16 baby! How sweet is is! Good luck guys! Y'all are awesome! Go Jackets!  
It's wonderful that we are continuing our dance to San Antonio and UGA is at home watching with envy!  
apple sauce: its a sauce ie an accompaniement toa food, then why eat it plain?  
Putting in automatic flush does not make the restrooms in the library better....what they need is new restrooms entirely...  
...the library restrooms look like the "blacks only" restrooms from before the civil rights movement  
ATTENTION TECHNIQUE: please take a look at the MSE computer cluster before making the "Best/Worst of Tech" issue of the Technique....  
...if there is a computer cluster worse than the one in the MSE department (Love Building 1st Floor) i would like to see it ya right....drop day during dead week....now you know good and well Tech will never have that  
A girl phoned me the other day and said "Come on over, there's nobody home." I went over. Nobody was home.  
Way to go nique - MARCO'S PITA IS AWESOME!!

# Theme Crossword: Right Time, Wrong Place

By Robert Zimmerman  
United Features

ACROSS

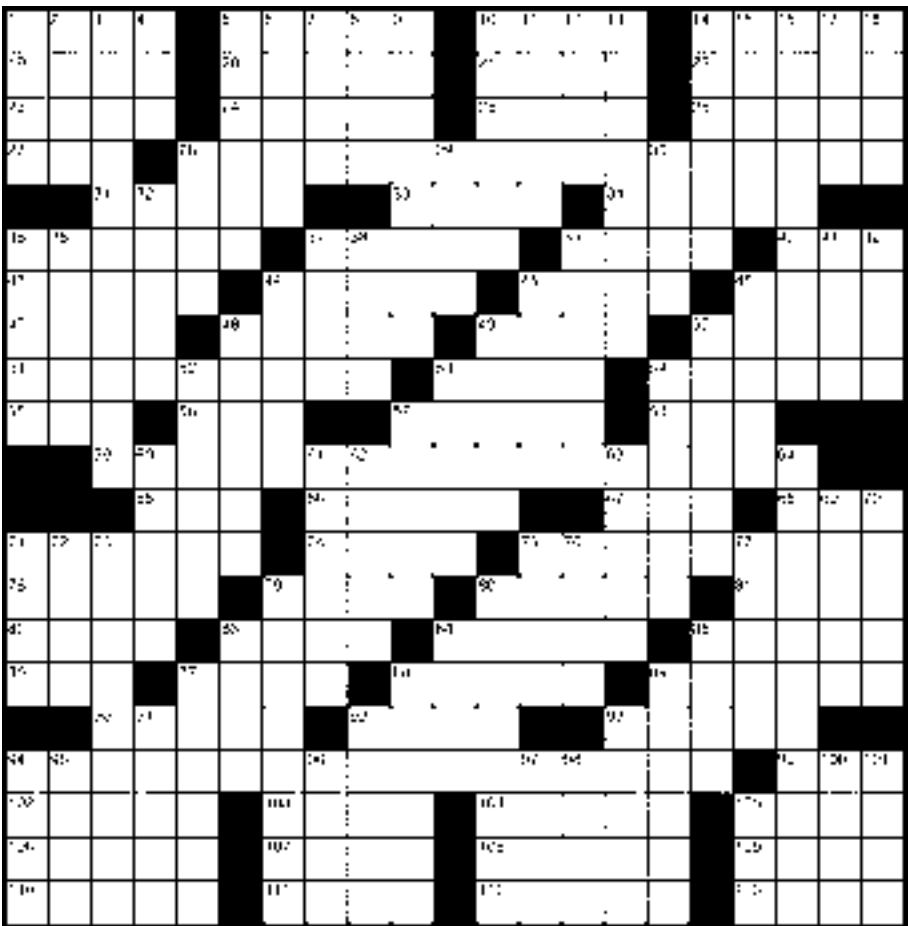
- 1. Shortage
- 5. Layers
- 10. Tennis Hall of Famer
- 14. "Little Women" girl and namesakes
- 19. Succulent plant
- 20. — and the Chipmunks
- 21. Eschew
- 22. Of a space
- 23. Hit
- 24. Usual weather
- 25. Irishman, e.g.
- 26. Tex-Mex fare
- 27. — Juan
- 28. Start of a quip by Charles Schultz: 5 wds.
- 31. Bores
- 33. Superman's alias
- 34. City in Panama
- 35. Accounting entry
- 37. Set loose
- 39. Mellow
- 40. "No —, ands or buts"
- 43. Start of a toast
- 44. Managerial group
- 45. Subtle
- 46. Shade of blue
- 47. Inventor's name
- 48. Directive from a dentist
- 49. Tor
- 50. Eat noisily
- 51. Heavy canvas
- 53. Ember
- 54. Sales pitches
- 55. Watch
- 56. — Grande
- 57. Nobleman
- 58. Bar bill

- 59. Part 2 of quip: 5 wds.
- 65. Field plant
- 66. Make expiation
- 67. Inlet
- 68. Fitting
- 71. Gorgeous girl
- 74. Rests a little
- 75. Godsend's relative
- 78. Divert
- 79. Schusses
- 80. Item for a collector
- 81. Crumbly cheese
- 82. Scene
- 83. Parti-colored
- 84. Do a certain dance
- 85. Pale color
- 86. Sellout sign
- 87. Sapient
- 88. Skull cavity
- 89. King or Lombard
- 90. Nab
- 92. Md. neighbor
- 93. Light-beam source
- 94. End of the quip: 5 wds.
- 99. Whiz
- 102. Sawyer of TV
- 103. Something sticky
- 104. Express
- 105. Bite on
- 106. Young eel
- 107. — meridiem
- 108. Raines and Fitzgerald
- 109. Shrek, e.g.
- 110. He's Austin Powers
- 111. Benefit
- 112. Film spools
- 113. Suds

DOWN

- 1. Colleen
- 2. — breve
- 3. Opposing position
- 4. Beer bust item

- 5. Prestige
- 6. Bulging vessels
- 7. Tel —
- 8. Duration
- 9. Tennies
- 10. Move up
- 11. Pane of stamps
- 12. Battleship part
- 13. Very attractive
- 14. Bracelet
- 15. Sister of Clio
- 16. Method
- 17. Tee-hee cousin
- 18. Niche
- 28. Blue flag
- 29. Nosebag filler
- 30. Slangy denial
- 32. Perfect
- 35. Go after
- 36. Kind of race
- 37. Trotter
- 38. Ill-considered
- 39. Theater district
- 41. Roll up
- 42. Weakens
- 44. Flowering state
- 45. Money in Basel
- 46. Excuse
- 48. Unyielding
- 49. Horse-drawn carriage
- 50. Tics
- 52. Devise
- 53. Items for a numismatist
- 54. Audio system
- 57. Dinner fare
- 60. Contain
- 61. N.Y. player
- 62. Reserved
- 63. La Cosa Nostra
- 64. Seedless fruit: 2 wds.
- 69. Corolla part
- 70. Vestige
- 71. Singing voice



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- 72. Arab VIP
- 73. Sterilization device
- 75. Nonpareil
- 76. Annoys
- 77. Burning
- 79. Joke of a kind: 2 wds.
- 80. Conspiring one
- 83. Spotted rodent
- 84. — colada

- 85. Endure
- 87. Directs
- 88. Oozed
- 89. Loving touch
- 91. Dogpatch resident
- 92. Kind of finish
- 93. Not widespread
- 94. The same
- 95. Something sometimes

- gilded
- 96. — — avail
- 97. Function
- 98. Fortune
- 100. Concern
- 101. Spouted vessel
- 105. Sailor

See Solutions, page 36

Looking to get involved  
on campus?

Join the Technique  
staff.

# Tishamingo's self-titled album provides quality southern rock



Photo Courtesy Innerstate Records

**Tishamingo maintains a satisfying sound throughout their album. The band has planned to appear at the Atlanta Dogwood Festival April 4.**

*By C. Jason Mabry*  
Senior Staff Writer

Tishamingo presents rock with an infusion of blues and enough twang to ground the music deep in the southern rock tradition but with the swinging excitement of a modern swing band. The quartet features guitar duels, a raspy, drawling voice and plenty of soul. With slide guitar, the occasional banjo and ragtime piano, Tishamingo delivers a feel-good album and a pleasant departure from typical rock music.

Cameron Williams heads up the band with lead vocals. Jess Franklin and Stephen Spivey support with guitars. The band's members have been longtime friends. Tishamingo hails from the swampy wetlands around Tallahassee, Florida.

The band's influences range far and wide, with many greats represented. Tishamingo, however, is cer-

tainly not out to copy. The entire self-titled album, best stated in the track "Way Back Home", is "something you've heard before, something you remember," but a pleasant

**"None of the album's twelve songs feel like filler material, and coming in at just under an hour, the experience is just long enough to relax..."**

mix of styles nonetheless.

The band might be aptly described as a slightly mellower version of the Kings of Leon (see *Technique* issue August 29, 2003.)

After a few listening sessions, the disc becomes familiar enough for a straight play on the stereo while lounging around and zoning out. None of the album's twelve songs feel like filler material, and coming in at just under an hour, the experience is just long enough to relax without desiring a change of scene.

Perhaps the cover art provides the clearest view of the overall aura. The small shack, under an impressionist sky over a swamp, complete with an acoustic guitar beside a wooden rocker depicts the down-home juice flowing from Tishamingo's instruments, a flavor both new and familiar all at once.

*The band will be in Atlanta for the Atlanta Dogwood Festival April 4, and will return to play at Smith's Olde Bar Saturday, April 24. For more information on the band, visit [www.tishamingo.com](http://www.tishamingo.com)*





Do you want to see your name printed in the newspaper? Come write for us! We still have three issues left this semester. Weekly meetings are on Tuesdays in Room 137 of the Flag Building. Come visit and we'll give you free pizza!

## Jersey

from page 23

climate, knowing what I know now? No," Smith said.

He feels her performance hit the mark and extracted better work from Affleck, because audiences feel his loss when she's out of the movie. Lopez also led to the crucial choice of Raquel Castro as the daughter because of their physical similarities.

Probably most important, however, is the fact that Affleck no longer spent his free minutes flying off to New York or L.A. in between shooting, like he did during *Dogma* because of his Academy Awards schedule.

He was instead entirely focused with his girlfriend around, because "if he wasn't on the set, he was in the trailer with her f—ing his brains out."

The make-or-break point for this movie is the casting of the titular Jersey girl once she reaches elementary school. Castro's debut role arrives just in time to resuscitate the proceedings with her natural comedic flair and beaming, gap-toothed smile.

The youngster drew praise from her director for her innate ability, but he acknowledges that he sometimes had to carefully instruct the child actor about line delivery.

Referring to the other half of his dynamic duo in previous films, Smith comments, "Mewes is the same way. There are just some days where it's like, 'Wow, he got it without me really telling him how to do it.' Then there are days where you're putting your hand up and working his f—ing mouth."

Castro approved of her version of the movie much more, one in which Affleck disappears early and she's raised by Lopez, who became her pal. Smith reports that Castro had some difficulty at the beginning being affectionate with Affleck, but "she would've flat-out made out with J. Lo."

According to Smith, George Carlin's always wanted to be an actor but has been typecast as a comedian. When the director approached Carlin about a major part in mind

for *Jersey Girl*, the funnyman demanded, "As long as you're gonna write me a role, write me my dream role. I've always wanted to play a clergyman that strangles six children."

While Grandfather Bart manages not to kill anyone, Carlin skillfully alternates between his crotchety stand-up persona and that of the doting Pop.

Liv Tyler shines brightly as Maya, the bookish but cute psychology student that mans the counter at the video store. Tyler took the exact dialogue composed in Smith's word processor and pleasantly surprised him with a soft character that laughs at her own jokes and differs strongly from the razor-edged persona he had envisioned.

Warned that Tyler and Affleck were already paired before in *Armageddon*, Smith realized he'd "have to cut the asteroid scene out of this picture."

He simply determined they had poor chemistry in that end-times affair after watching "the scene where he's whipping animal crackers down her blouse and shit like that," Smith said.

Not so on the set of *Jersey Girl*, when a half-day shoot resulted in what Smith trumpets as more believable than anything in their earlier work. When the actors reacted unhappily with the negative characterization of that blip in their filmographies, Smith did a turnaround and pronounced, "*Armageddon*'s the best!"

No stranger to a little controversy, Smith still stings from knowing that Ellen DeGeneres exited during a screening of *Chasing Amy* and remembers he "wanted to walk out of *Finding Nemo* to pay her back but I liked it too much," he said.

The lesbians didn't picket his movie that deals with a flip-flopping member from their ranks, unlike the response of the Catholic League to *Dogma*. Smith appreciated the free advertising and one day even assisted the protestors, none recognizing him because of the decades-older crowd that didn't know their own enemy.

He joined the group, in the end



Photo Courtesy Miramax Publicity

**George Carlin returns for another chance to shine in a Kevin Smith film. Smith jokingly recalls that Carlin wanted to play a child-strangling clergyman. He instead settled for the grandfather of the title character in *Jersey Girl*.**

"making passersby more curious about what we're doing here in the first place and possibly bringing more people into the theater," Smith said.

With such a history, Smith senses he's selected *Jersey Girl* as the right movie for the right time in the current climate of near censorship.

"It wasn't even that great of a boob," but Janet Jackson's Super Bowl fiasco that preceded the more recent removal of Howard Stern from certain radio markets signals a crack-down on indecency.

In Mel Gibson's *The Passion of the Christ*, "If you had [Jesus] in that movie going 'f— this,' people wouldn't be going. They'd walk out in droves, but they're happy to watch him get f—in' flogged and beaten and bloodied up. It's weird how puritanical the country can be," he said.

When the family-targeted *Jersey Girl* went for approval, the filmmakers were initially slapped with an R-rating because an executive was uncomfortable hearing a discussion about self-pleasuring in the presence of his teenage daughter.

Smith strikes back, "Nothing wrong with masturbation, dude. It's the best f—ing thing one could do with themselves, I think. Or with somebody watching."

Smith's careful to emphasize that he's only taking a break from the genre that made him a famous movie geek.

"I'm sure I'm gonna wind up upside down jamming porno into a f—in' VCR again sooner or later," Smith said.

His ever-present *Star Wars* nods are a comforting home to him, "kind of like Pavlovian response references" because of the laughs they generated when he first inserted them in *Clerks*.

Silent Bob's monologues of George Lucas material amount to nothing more than stealing to get applause, "but Jay and Bob f—in' light saber fighting—that's just me wanting to light saber fight. You're kidding me. If I write this, you'll give me a light saber and put the laser on it and shit like that and sound effects?" he said.

Smith would eventually like to

take a few weeks and make another small run-and-gun movie, possibly a *Clerks* sequel that evolves into its own separate concept. However, he's not the one trying to keep the production costs down, and his partners nearly went crazy operating on shoestring budgets.

*Jersey Girl* overall suffers from too many cliché bits, whether it's the highly overcooked scene witnessed by a relative lurking in the shadows or a race-against-the-clock grand finale that segues into a neatly-wrapped conclusion.

The man who spends nights in his office too busy to care for anyone else discovers where to find true happiness. The heart that pulls this through, Castro's beaming Gertie, appears only after the languid exposition, but the film's belly laughs make slaving through the tedious "drama" worthwhile.

*Jersey Girl* gets by as an unabashed father-daughter love story with the fingerprints of Kevin Smith's prior outings entering at just the instances when the sappiness might be too much to handle.