

ENTERTAINMENT

Technique • Friday, March 24, 2000

Fu Manchu on the road

The next time you head off down the highway and are looking for some tunes, try *King of the Road*. Page 19

On shoulders of giants

Oasis returns after some troubling years with a new release and new hope for the future of the band. Page 21

Passion from the mouthpiece all the way to the back row

By Alan Back

Living at a 15-degree tilt

Spend five minutes, or even five seconds, talking with trumpeter Arturo Sandoval and you get an idea of just how dedicated he is to his art. Whether working as a recording artist, composer, professor, or amateur actor, he knows full well where his inspiration comes from and does everything in his power to pass that spark along to anyone who will listen.

It's been nearly four decades since he first picked up a horn, decades that have seen him leave behind one successful career and begin another in a new country. The story shows no signs of ending soon though, and fans all over the world are glad for it.

Born on the outskirts of

Havana, Cuba, in 1949, Sandoval began studying classical trumpet at the age of 12, and his early experience included a three-year enrollment at the Cuba National

"I don't have to ask permission to anybody to do what I have to."

Arturo Sandoval
Jazz Trumpeter

School of the Arts. However, jazz would prove to be a stronger calling, and in 1973 he helped start what would ultimately become Irakere, a band that won worldwide renown for its melding

of jazz, classical idioms, and traditional Cuban styles.

During a 1977 visit to Cuba, bebop master and Latin music enthusiast Dizzy Gillespie heard the young upstart performing with Irakere and decided to begin mentoring him. In the following years, Sandoval left the group in order to tour with both Gillespie's United Nation Orchestra and an ensemble of his own. The two formed a friendship that lasted until the older man's death in 1993.

"He helped me so much, and it's unbelievable how good he was to me. He was like my spiritual father, and I was very lucky because we were very good friends. It's a privilege, an honor and a privilege, to meet your

See *Sandoval*, page 18



Courtesy of Katie O'Connor / FERST CENTER FOR THE ARTS

Arturo Sandoval was a longtime collaborator with Dizzy Gillespie, expanding his mentor's visions for fusing bebop and Latin jazz. At the Ferst Center on March 29.

'Romeo' full of fast, furious fights

By Will Raiman
Romeo

MPAA Rating: R
Starring: Jet Li, Isaiah Washington, Russel Wong, Delroy Lindo, Aaliyah
Director: Andrzej Bartkowiak
Studio: Warner Brothers
Running Time: 120 minutes
Rating: ★★★★★

Romeo Must Die is the latest retelling of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, with enough changes to avoid offending any English professors. As tensions grow between the Chinese and African-American gangs in Oakland, the younger son of the Chinese gang leader is killed, and the elder son (Han, played by Jet Li) arrives from China to find the culprit. Soon Han is caught in the middle of things, and becomes a target for both sides.

Jet Li will be familiar to American fans who recognize him as the martial arts dynamo who beat the hell out of Mel Gibson in *Lethal Weapon 4*. Before his American debut, Li had starred in nearly 30 action movies in China, including the popular *Once Upon a Time in China* movies, and *Fist of Legend*. If you have seen Jet Li fight, you know that he is like Jackie Chan on speed, without a sense of humor. If you haven't seen Jet Li fight, then you should.

One of the producers of *Romeo Must Die* is Joel Silver, who has a double-handful of producer's credits under his belt for movies such as *The Matrix*, and many of the *Die Hard*, *Lethal Weapon* and *Predator* films. I put *The Matrix* first because the fights in this movie will no doubt remind you of the high-flying bouts in that film.

In fact, the characters spend as much time flying through the air and kicking as they can without the benefit of living in the computer generated world of *The Matrix*. Obviously, this is a fight-driven movie, and it brings a lot of new flavor to the martial arts genre. Look

for some innovative computer effects, unusual fight locales, great improvised weapons (including the occasional person being slung around), and blinding speed.

Having established that *Romeo Must Die* is a great action movie, let's look at where it falls short. The acting isn't bad, but that's because there is very little of it going on. The characters are fairly shallow stereotypes, with straightforward goals and motivations. After seeing Delroy Lindo shine in *The Cider House Rules*, I would have expected him to put a bit more into his character, the leader of the black gang. Instead, the character turns out to just another gangster trying to make good, but instead tripping over his own pride.

The other problem with the film is the rather thin plot. Perhaps they should have stuck more closely with Shakespeare's version—at least then

they would have had an excuse for not being original. As Han searches for his brother's murderer, he stumbles upon a subplot involving the use of scare tactics by the gangs to acquire real estate.

He also becomes involved with the daughter (Aaliyah) of the leader of the black gang. Whether there is romance between the Romeo and Juliet characters is never quite clear. They seem to get along pretty well, and some romantic tension was probably intended, but it just never seems to happen.

Of course, all these bad things I just told you about the movie are completely irrelevant. *Romeo Must Die* is a masterful action movie. As any good action fan knows, plot, characterization and acting all take a back seat to a great fight scene. There are even a few guns, as well as a great car chase. This is one you must see on the big screen.



By Kharen Hill / WARNER BROTHERS

Lethal Weapon 4 dynamo Jet Li is back to chop, kick, and flip his way through Warner Brothers' *Romeo Must Die*, a movie with action to spare!



By Theo Fridlitz

If you didn't see John Hammond (above), Charlie Musselwhite, and Booker T. Jones sing the blues at the Ferst Center, you really missed out.

Can't beat these 'Blues'

By John Parmer and Nick Kelling
The original Blues Brothers

What do the Blues have to do with St. Patty's day? Well, nothing, but those who escaped the hangover bite of the Irish holiday and caught *Blues Night Out* last Saturday evening were privy to some incredible music. The show at the Robert Ferst Theatre was a collage of blues ranging from the classic Mississippi delta blues to the fusion of soul and blues emerging out of Memphis, Tennessee. John Hammond, Charlie Musselwhite, and Booker T. Jones hammered out a solid three and a half hours of pure American blues.

John Hammond opened the show up with an enthusiastic performance. With a mixture of slow Delta blues and honky-tonk slide guitar and harmonica, Ham-

mond's wailing was reminiscent of the legendary Robert Johnson. Charlie Musselwhite followed up with a heavily harmonica-based sound. Accompanying Musselwhite's harmonica and voice were a piano player that got hearts racing, and a guitarist that shook the soul of everyone listening.

Blues classics touched up with a guitarist that could both patiently bend out the notes like B.B. and rip into an all out rock-and-roll sound made for a lethal combo. Charlie Musselwhite, with his sound and demeanor, would make the likes of B.B. King and Muddy Waters proud to be associated with the blues. Musselwhite, a true blues master, was backed by a great band that was capable of interpreting classic delta blues with a unique rock sound.

See *Blues*, page 20

Sandoval from page 17

hero and become good friends with him,” Sandoval said.

While the orchestra was touring Italy in 1990, he decided to defect to the United States—and the hero was there to help him out, pulling a few strings to get him and his family safely onto a plane out of Rome. They received political asylum and began a new life in Miami, but at a high price; he was blacklisted in Cuba, and his records could not be sold or played on the radio, a ban that continues to this day. He has since managed to bring his other relatives out of the country as well.

Oddly, he asserted, he gets very little exposure on the air in his new hometown: “I never hear myself on the radio in 10 years I’ve been living in Florida...and I’m doing the same s— I’ve been doing for 40 years! Practice, a lot of respect and love for the music, and play every day with

all my heart.”

Even without a boost from radio play, Sandoval has a respectable stack of laurels to rest on—if he ever *does* rest, that is. In his professional career, he has received 13 Grammy nominations and won four times, including honors for his work with Irakere and the United Nation Orchestra. His most recent win was for the 1998 album *Hot House*, which scored in the Best Latin Jazz Performance category, and came on the heels of the granting of his second petition for American citizenship. (An earlier application was denied.)

To celebrate his status as a full-fledged U.S. citizen, he combed through the annals of contemporary pop and picked 11 of his favorites to make over in his own style. The result, last year’s *Americana*, shows off a more subdued, lyrical side of his sound as he plays songs made famous by artists such as Janet Jackson, Sting, and Roberta Flack.

The disc’s substance and style

may both come as a surprise to those who only know the man for his devastating, rapid-fire playing that often soars into the uppermost reaches of his instrument’s range.

“[Dizzy Gillespie] helped me so much....It’s an honor and a privilege to meet your hero and become good friends with him.”

Arturo Sandoval,
on his famous mentor

Other artists might have worried that fans would see such a project as an act of selling out—trading artistic inspiration for commercial success—

but not Sandoval. For him, the music comes first.

“People and critics in general are always going to have something to say, which is okay. I respect your opinion, but when you have yours, I’m going to have mine as well. Mine is, whatever I like that sounds good to me, I have to record it. And if I record it, that means I like it...I don’t have to ask permission to anybody to do what I have to,” he explained.

This lifelong drive to find the best music within himself and others has paid off handsomely. He has to his credit a string of well-received Latin jazz albums, three straight years’ honors as Cuba’s top instrumentalist (1982-84), classical performances all over the world (including a recent trumpet concerto recording with John Williams), and countless engagements as a lecturer and educator.

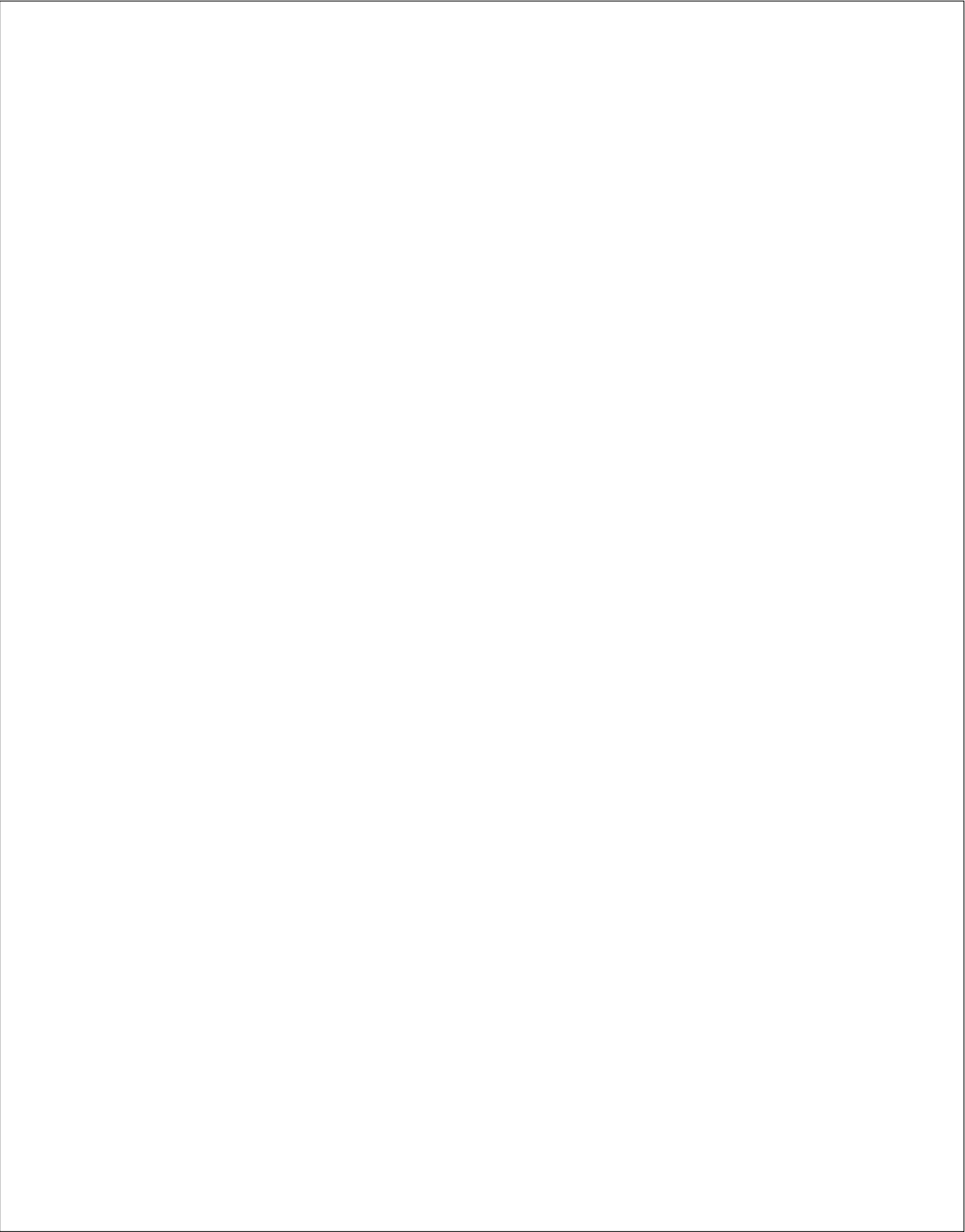
When not on the road, he holds a professorship at Florida International University in Miami, giving private lessons and leading classes

and rehearsals. Having a top-caliber jazz performer as an instructor is bound to put stars in a few students’ eyes, but in Sandoval’s opinion, dedication is the key to bridging the gap between them and himself.

“It depends on the student and how much you respect what you’re teaching, how much you value that,” he stated. “If you do it for a student—in one hour of class, the span of 40 years, trying to survive in the business—not everybody will have the concepts to respect that...And I believe it depends also on how much love you have for the music itself. I think that’s very important too; when you really love the music, you’re going to respect everything a little bit more in general.”

Student praise, awards, and critical acclaim are all well and good, but when your life story gets picked up and made into a movie, you know you’ve truly arrived—and now Sandoval has. Andy Garcia, himself

See Sandoval, page 20



‘King of the Road’ is a fitting title

By Jonathan Purvis
Entertainment Staff

Artist: Fu Manchu
Album: *King of the Road*
Studio: Mammoth Records
Genre: Rock
Rating: ★★★★★

Fu Manchu’s latest, *King of the Road*, is quite possibly the best soundtrack for driving ever made. Every song on the album revolves around the road, with titles such as “Hell on Wheels,” “Boogie Van,” and “Drive.” My appreciation for the album came only after a road trip. You just find yourself moving your head back and forth, sticking your hand out the window and blaring the music up as loud as it goes. *King of the Road* should be in every driving enthusiasts CD collection.

King of the Road is driven by heavy, fuzzy guitar riffs with simple, sometimes monotone lyrics. The guitar is the standout of the album—

each song has a unique sounding riff that sticks in your head. Fu Manchu has some of the best fitting solos ever written, each one slipping in at key points in the song. The best on the album is probably “No Dice,” a song inspired by Jeff Spicoli from *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*. The solo holds the feel of the song, rather than just being the guitarist’s turn to show off. The singing of Scott Hill could be the only drawback. I personally like his voice, but some of my friends that accompanied me for the test drive did not.

The album starts with “Hell on Wheels,” a song that really sets the tempo. Hill chants “Hell on wheels / is no big deal” as the guitar drives hard. Each following song is good, following the Fu Manchu template set by their other albums. My personal favorite is “No Dice.” It starts with another great riff, and lead guitarist Bob Balch is pretty much playing his own thing everytime Hill is not singing. Balch really wails on

this song, the best display of his amazing talents on the album.

King of the Road includes a cover of the song “Freedom of Choice” by the 80’s band Devo. After conducting a website survey to find out what songs fans wanted covered, Fu Manchu chose Devo’s song and Foghat’s “Slowride.” “We thought people would expect us to do ‘Slowride,’ so we went with Devo,” said Hill. The cover is a great song, although I have not heard the original. It would have been interesting to hear their take on “Slowride,” another great driving song.

Fu Manchu made another step up with this album. The CD was produced, engineered, and mixed by Joe Barresi, the man who also produced Queen of the Stone Age’s self-titled CD. Barresi seems to have helped Fu Manchu take yet another step up from 1997’s *The Action Is Go*. This album is arguably the best Fu out yet, making it an excellent addition to any collection.



By Alex Obleas / MAMMOTH RECORDS

Scott Hill, Brant Bjork, Bob Balch, and Brad Davis make up Fu Manchu. Their new release, *King of the Road*, is a must for any wannabe road-tripper. Listen to the album and imagine that you actually have time to go somewhere.

Music. Booze. Fun. Go. NOW!

COTTON CLUB (152 Luckie St.)
(404) 874-1993
3/24—Pyrite, Monochrome
3/25—Yo La Tengo, Happy Flowers
Web site: www.consopro.com/cclub_body.cfm

DARK HORSE TAVERN
(816 N. Highland Ave.)
(404) 873-3607
3/24—Hanging Francis, Crave, Distant Sun
3/25—Blacklight Posterboys, Wonderlust, Exit 8
3/30—Jack West, Greta Lee
3/31—Stewart and Winfield, Adam Payne Band, Jason Marcum Band

ECHO LOUNGE (551 Flat Shoals Ave.)
(404) 681-3600
3/24—The Blacks, Bully, Ben Reynolds and William Tonks
3/25—Dexter’s Infernal Racket, Fiend Without a Face, Immortal Lee County Killers
3/27—Millencolin, 10 Ft. Pole, Vision, Osker
3/28—Ethiopian Vibrations
3/29—Tara Jane O’Neal, Kitty Snyder, Amy Pike
3/30—The Tom Collins, The Poodles
3/31—Missouri
Web site: www.echostatic.com/echolounge

EDDIE’S ATTIC (5158 N. McDonough St.)
(404) 377-4976
3/24—John Mayer, Hugh Blumenfeld
3/25—Kristen Hall, Amanda Garrigues
3/26—Bitch and Animal, Karen E. Reynolds
3/29—Kyle Shiver, Michael Levine, Mike Ill
3/30—Justin Rosolino, Dog Named David, Ethan Pierce, Zoubek and Bryant
3/31—Billy Pilgrim, Right As Rain
Web site: www.eddiesattic.com

MASQUERADE (695 North Ave.)
(404) 577-2007
3/24—The Amazing Crowns, Homegrown, Gadjets
3/25—Novacaine, Ex-Novia, 2 Minute Hate
3/26—Indigo Swing
3/27—Peter Murphy
3/31—Methods of Mayhem
Web site: www.masq.com

ROXY (3110 Roswell Rd.)
(404) 233-7699
3/31—Derek Trucks, Susan Tedeschi
Web site: www.consopro.com/roxy_body.cfm

SMITH’S OLDE BAR (1574 Piedmont Ave.)
(404) 875-1522
3/24—Unknown Hinson, Nine Days
3/25—Wild West Picture Show, Heritage Cherry, Wisteria
3/26—Reckless Kelly, Mike Plume Band
3/27—Poshtoner, Greg Connors and the Curb, Saltlick, Hundred Dollar Day
3/28—Stir, Gas Giants
3/29—Clutch Cargo, Cognito
3/30—Doria Roberts, Latonya Peoples, Teri Catlin
3/31—Bloodkin, Fighting Gravity
Web site: dev.cln.com/mall/smiths

STAR BAR (437 Moreland Ave.)
(404) 681-9018
3/24—Hatebombs, Caroline and the Ramblers
3/25—Kelly Hogan, Damnations TX, Koester
3/26—Split Lip Rayfield, Angry Johnny and the Killbillies
3/29—Orange Hat, The Now!, Casper and the Cookies
3/30—Kenny Howes and the Yeah!, Kickstand, Gentle Readers
3/31—Subsonics, Doe, Jo Jo the Monkey Boy
Web site: www.cloun.com/starbar.html

TABERNACLE (152 Luckie St.)
(404) 659-9022
3/24—Poncho Sanchez, Vecinos del Mundo
3/25—Ten Til Four, Go Lucky, Superbs
3/29—Tracy Chapman
Web site: www.tabernaclemusic.com

VARIETY PLAYHOUSE
(1099 Euclid Ave.)
(404) 521-1786
3/24—Victor Wooten Band
3/25—The Seldom Scene
Web site: www.variety-playhouse.com

Check out the *Tourdates* Web site (www.tourdates.com) to see where your favorite bands will be appearing next.

Sandoval

from page 18

of Cuban descent, will star in a forthcoming HBO film depicting the trumpeter's rise to fame and the problems he later had with the authorities in his native country.

"I'm very grateful to the people who came up with the idea," he commented, "because when I have grandchildren, I'm going to be able to show them what I was doing with my life. And the whole group of people working on it, the people involved with production, they're very professional about it."

Realism has been a priority from day one; locations include southern Florida and Puerto Rico, and Sandoval gave Garcia trumpet lessons to prepare him for the role. "This is one of the characteristics of HBO, you know? The kinds of movies they have been making since they started have been that way. They do real stories and pay attention to a

lot of the human part of the story, without fiction or fakes or a push to sell tickets in the movie theater."

Last October, people who laid out cash at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., got to see him make his acting debut in *Soul*

"When I have grandchildren, I'm going to be able to show them what I was doing with my life."

Arturo Sandoval,
on the HBO movie about him

Possessed, a musical written by Debbie Allen and scored mostly by Sandoval. Spending time onstage without his horn turned out to be a wonderful experience, and as for doing it again later on—"Who knows? If I like it

and I have fun, why not?" he asked with a chuckle.

The future is one song that has yet to be written, he believes, and he keeps his plans simple. "The only thing I ask from God is to stay healthy, to keep blowing my horn. I concentrate on what I need to do tonight. I'm kind of realistic in that way...I practice and study with a lot of discipline and a deep commitment to the rigor of my instrument and my music. Stay away from drugs and all the s—, get that out of my focus on what I have to do."

With a focus as tight as Sandoval's, it's a wonder he doesn't accidentally drill holes through the far wall of the room when he starts blowing. He plays every note of every solo as if his life depends on it. It did before; it still does; it always will.

Arturo Sandoval will be performing at the Robert Ferst Center for the Arts on March 29. Showtime is 8 p.m. Call 894-9600 or visit the Student Center box office to buy tickets.

Blues

from page 17

After Hammond and Musselwhite, even the sedate and older audience was pumped for more. Booker T. Jones didn't disappoint, and proved why he is a legend. Still able to create a barrage of blues sounds ranging from traditional to modern, Booker T. continues to draw the crowd in with his music and stage presence. Needless to say, he delivered. By playing classics like "Green Onions," "Knock On Wood," and a "Born Under A Bad Sign" in a manner that would give Eric Clapton chills, Booker T. and his band produced the sounds that changed the shape of music more than thirty-five years ago.

An energetic bass player performed a lengthy solo during the introduction of the band that got everyone clapping and singing along. Slapping out theme songs from "The Flintstones," "The Jetsons," "The

Addams Family," and even a little bit of Black Sabbath's "Iron Man" for the senior citizens in the crowd, he comically showboated his musical versatility. The energy of the band was so vibrant that neither the band's humorous interaction with the crowd nor the audience could capture it all. It was impossible to find a member of the audience without a foot tapping or a head bobbing through the concert. The only crime was the containment placed on the audience due to not having a dance floor.

The lack of students at the concert was truly an insult to the essence of blues music. *Blues Night Out* catered to the interests of all music fans. Everyone was able to find *something* they liked, and anyone who knows anything about music would have loved every note. It was a refreshing and welcomed change from the entourage of Britney Spears and the forever "coming original" 311 that passes for music today.

THE TECHNIQUE

The South's Liveliest is now accepting applications for section editor and assistant editor salaried staff positions for 2000-2001.

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No previous newspaper experience is necessary, although writing skills are helpful. Please visit <http://www.nique.net/info> for detailed job descriptions and an online application, or stop by the Student Publications office in Room 137 of the Student Services building. The deadline for applications is Friday, March 31.

Technique.

It's better than [milk].

‘Giants’ represents return of Oasis

By Michael Epstein
Bigger than Oasis

Artist: Oasis
Album: *Standing on the Shoulder of Giants*
Studio: Sony/Epic
Tracks: 10
Running Time: 47:51
Genre: Rock
Rating: ★★★★★

When Oasis burst onto the scene back in 1994 with *Definitely Maybe*, they started a new revolution of Brit Rock. And while the music listener seems to have a “love them or hate them” attitude towards Oasis, it is difficult to deny they have made an impact on music. Many times they have even been compared to the Beatles, parallels that are not entirely crazy, as Noel Gallagher has said on numerous occasions that he is a big fan, and imitates them (see: the “Imagine” riff at the beginning of *Don’t Look Back in Anger*).

After *Definitely Maybe*, Oasis always seemed to have some sort of trouble. Their second album, *What’s The Story, Morning Glory?*, was an immense success, but the band was heavily into drugs and alcohol at the time. The same was true for the third album, *Be Here Now*, which Noel Gallagher feels was a horrible album for the group. The band went through plenty of strife such as quarrels between the Gallagher brothers, the aforementioned drug abuse, and even the disappearance of Liam. This all culminated in bassist, Paul “Guigsy” McGuigan, and guitarist

Paul “Bonehead” Arthurs departing from the band. You probably think this would have finished Oasis off, but it actually served as more of a wake-up call to Noel. For Oasis’ latest effort, Noel has kept Liam away from the bottle, so as not to detract from the music. Additionally, Noel brought in a new rhythm guitarist, Gem, and a new bassist, Andy Bell. Because these changes, Noel considers the *Standing on the Shoulder of Giants* to be a

Perhaps Noel [Gallagher] took some singing lessons between albums, because he sounds absolutely fabulous singing these two slow songs.

transitional, and it pretty much sounds like one. The album screams for your attention with its first track, “Fuckin’ in the Bushes.” This is an instrumental that sounds not unlike the some of the Beatles’ jam sessions that can be heard on the *Beatles Anthology*. It leads quite well into the second track, “Go Let It Out,” which already appears to be the album’s anchor. “Go Let It Out” sounds like classic Oasis. It has Noel’s trademark guitar as well the cus-

tomary keyboards. It a great song, and if you didn’t know two members had been changed, the music wouldn’t tell you. Unfortunately, the album slacks off after the second track. The third track, “Who Feels Love?” is a lazy yet entertaining ballad with Liam’s whining vocals, and it really sets the pace for the rest of the album as slow and transitional. While there are some rock ballads, most of the songs are slow and contemplative. There are some songs worth mentioning though. Track 5, “Little James,” is the first track ever written by Liam Gallagher (until now Noel had done all the penning). The song is written for his son and sounds a lot like a children’s rock song with goofy lyrics to match. There are two other tracks really mention on *Standing on the Shoulder of Giants*—“Where Did It All Go Wrong?” and “Sunday Morning Call.” I don’t know what happened to Noel. Perhaps he took some singing lessons between albums, because he sounds absolutely fabulous singing these two slow songs. If this is a taste of what’s to come with Oasis, then I’m happy. All in all, *Standing on the Shoulder of Giants* is a fairly good effort. It might have been much better if it wasn’t a transitional effort, but transition is a good thing. I would recommend purchasing this album more so if you’re a fan. But even people who have previously disliked Oasis may enjoy this album. They may not be the Beatles, but they are damn good.

‘Passenger’ misses the mark

By Jon Kaye
Surprising the editor with stories

Artist: Tara MacLean
Title: *Passenger*
Label: Capitol Records
Tracks: 12 + 1 hidden
Running Time: 54:30
Genre: Rock
Rating: ★★★★★

When you open the liner notes of Tara MacLean’s first American release, *Passenger*, you are greeted with a passage of Pablo Neruda’s *Delia Del Carril*. Neruda’s main appeal is the sense of pseudo-artistic egotism that his readers gain, and this slice lends itself beautifully to MacLean’s album in that her performance exacerbates the latte-sipping, all-black-wearing mentality that has come to characterize Canadian female pop of late. It is as though this disc were recorded with no loftier purpose than pandering to indie rock zealots. This is not to say that Ms. MacLean lacks talent. Her impressive vocal range combined with her inspired lyrics illustrates her skill as a singer/songwriter. Well-chosen programming and guitar provide a solid base to support her angelic voice. Yet this album hardly represents her skill; instead, it seems MacLean is trying to find a quick ticket to fame by cloning the style Jewel used on her second album. *Passenger*, strongly reminis-

cent of Jewel’s *Spirit*, illustrates the artist’s talent and willingness to share her inner feelings. *Passenger* has its downside—rather than providing a brilliant musical experience, the album forgoes any unique attempts at melody, and loses the listener in a fog of melodrama. While the majority of songs on *Passenger* represent MacLean’s formulaic attempts to gain respect in independent rock circles, two notable exceptions make this album a worthy release. “Divided,” unquestionably this album’s most intriguing track, combines confidant lyrics with assertive percussion and skillfully played bass. This innovative cut takes a critical look at a world MacLean perceives as apathetic. Also deserving high praise is the bonus track. With this encore, MacLean truly flexes her musical wings. Combining bold percussion with her dynamic voice, she closes the album on a note of excitement. Tara MacLean undoubtedly has a gift for performance, and her silky voice and lyrical mastery stand testament to her talent. Nonetheless, this album falls significantly short of greatness. Instead of freeing herself creatively, she chains herself to the Lilith Fair paradigm all too common among young female soloists. If MacLean decides to just be an artist instead of trying to act like one, she will be spectacular.

“Join the TECHNIQUE!”



...01010101010101... ...Two Bits

Consider yourselves lucky for going to Georgia Tech. I can sense the moaning already—you probably think that the administration is paying off the Two Bits Man to say that. Not so. The reason that we are lucky to go to Tech is that we can concoct spiffy alternatives to fight the rising gasoline prices. Whereas Average Joe has to spend twenty-two bucks to fuel his Geo for a week, you can rest assured that your twenty-two bucks can go to something much more resourceful, like world peace or starting a collection of toast.

Now I'm sure that most of my regular readers (The Two Bits Consortium to Conquer the Uncivilized Universe) have already started stocking up on their toast with the money that they're saving on gasoline, but just in case you're one of the few non-wily people still wasting their money on gasoline, I'll give you a few tips to cut your energy bill.

To begin with, you could cut holes in the floor of your car. Come on folks, did the Flintstones teach us nothing? Just five minutes with an oxy-acetylene torch, and your car will have that Jurassic flair that made all the stone-age gals turn their heads. Not to mention, you may reach a whopping five miles per hour. Admittedly, some of you small town folk may be dissatisfied with that

speed, but in Atlanta rush hour, we refer to five miles per hour as "really truckin'." That's right folks; wow the other motorists as you go sailing by them in the HOV lane in your foot powered car. Not only will you stop paying those annoying oil companies, but you can impress others with your strong legs. Just a word to the wise: Watch out for roadkill.

Of course, if there's one thing that separates a Two Bits reader from the average noodlehead on the street, it's his cunning ability to convince others to do his dirty work. If you're one of those recreationally gifted (lazy) people who doesn't feel like having to scuttle your car around town with your own feet, you might consider having others do the leg-work for you. Obviously, you can't force anyone to carry you about,

The reason that we are lucky to go to Tech is that we can concoct spiffy alternatives to fight the rising gasoline prices.

but you can easily convince them with your wily charms. Most notably, use the *Guinness Book of World Records* as your catalyst. People will do anything to have their mug in that bloody book. It's easy!

Two Bits Man: Howdy, I'm trying to set a world record for having been carried the farthest in an ergonomic office chair by four other people...Oh, and by the way, I don't have an ergonomic office chair. Could you please stop by Office Depot on the way?

Random Noodlehead on the Street: Oh my gosh! I've always wanted to be in *Guinness*! I will round up three friends and carry you.

Two Bits Man: Good. I need to make it to Tennessee by 9:30.

Not only do I get a fuel-free ride to Tennessee, but I also get a spiffy ergonomic office chair that will make using the computer much more comfortable while I'm churning out the *Nique* articles. After you set the record being carried in an office chair, feel free to use other objects. You can set records being carried on or in a sleigh, a gigantic coffee mug (a la an amusement park), a suitcase, or a box of Rice Krispies. It's easy, it's fun, and you meet interesting people along the way.

To me, being carried is definitely a superior form of transit. How else can you feel so regal as you

move along the street? The only drawback is that it is quite slow. With that in mind, you should steal (Did I say that? I meant politely request...) an already fueled car. This technique is fast, effective, and legal when done properly. Start off by hitchhiking. When a friendly (read: doesn't look like a homicidal maniac) motorist pulls up get in the car, and ride along with them for a few miles. Make the standard hitchhiking small talk ("Nice weather huh? I really like your car. Say, did you see that new movie, ya know, the one with the dude from that other movie in it?"). At this point, the car is still well under the control of the driver, but it won't be for long. When the moment seems right, look to the driver, and say, "Oh, by the way, I'm Rush Limbaugh."

This will elicit one of two responses from the driver. More like-

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ly than not, the driver will pull over as fast as possible, forgoing all traffic laws and endangering everyone on the road. He or she will then hop out and start running as fast as possible. At this point, you can hop in the drivers' seat, and be on your way. This is NOT theft. They abandoned the car, and that makes it fair game. In fact, you are saving them from a potential littering fine and doing a good deed for the environment.

The other possible response will come if you're driving with one of the 1% of society who actually takes Rush seriously. That person will be so dumbstruck to have his idol in the vehicle that you can just say, "Hey man, can I have your car?" Being a Rush-crazed maniac, more likely than not, he'll hand it over.

Either way, you got yourself a free ride. Just be sure that the tank is near full before you waste your time fraternizing with people weird enough to give their car away.

Take my advice on the free rides. When have I ever been wrong before? If you're just not into the idea of working your feet or relying on the kindness of strangers, I'm sure you'll think of something. In the meantime, I'm working on my *Guinness* debut. Until next week, I am the Two Bits Man, and these are my thoughts.