

ENTERTAINMENT

Technique • Friday, April 13, 2001

Fox hosts sold-'Outkast'

See why this rap group had its fans' singing drowning out their own (amplified) voices. **Page 25**

Get down and 'Dirt'y

David Spade, formerly of *Saturday Night Live* and *Tommy Boy* fame, debuts his newest project. **Page 27**

Aparo's 'Spaceship' is ready for blast off

By Josh Alexander
Entertainment Staff

Angie Aparo, a talented singer/songwriter from Atlanta fresh off his tour with Matchbox Twenty, took the stage Tuesday night at the Robert Ferst Center for the Arts to give one of the most spectacular and electrifying shows ever witnessed by Tech students. Just before his performance I was given the opportunity to chat with Angie about his music and song writing.

Angie Aparo began his musical life as a child listening to his mother sing. "My mother is a singer. I always heard it in the house and then just started getting turned on to songwriters through her."

Singing and songwriting was something that just came naturally to Aparo. "There were very few things in my life that I didn't have to think about, and that was one of them. It was really just a natural thing. I discovered singer songwriters like Neil Young, then I was into bands like U2. They're probably the only 'band' that influenced me."

According to Aparo, his musical style stems from both American and British roots. "I really like Americana, you know, artists like Springsteen and Neil Young...then I kinda started digging the English side of it—Bowie, Peter Gabriel, that kind of stuff—and for some reason, I just tried to fuse them."

When I asked Angie how he would classify his music he said, "You know, it's a question you should never have to answer, but you have to, because it's something that is so driven by the perception of the listener."

"It's just like music from the soul." When asked to elaborate, Aparo said, "I think people confuse production with musical style. You may produce a song to be a pop song or a rock song or whatever. The songs themselves don't change, but the way people perceive them does."

"I think my music is just kind of heart and soul, unlike some [music] that's just written to sell. I think [my music] reveals very personal things that open the

See Aparo, page 28



By Jonathan Purvis / STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

Home-grown Atlanta singer/songwriter Angie Aparo appeared at the Ferst Center for a student show this past Tuesday evening.

'Jones's Diary' should've stuck to pages



By Alex Bailey / MIRAMAX FILMS

Renée Zellweger slides down as a pole in her title role in the new film *Bridget Jones's Diary*. You'd have this look too if you saw it.

By Sarah Graybeal
Her co-author backed out...

MPAA Rating: R
Starring: Renée Zellweger, Hugh Grant, Colin Firth
Director: Sharon Maguire
Studio: Miramax Films
Running Time: 92 minutes
Rating: ★★

When Helen Fielding's novel about the life of British thirty-something Bridget Jones hit bookstores in 1996, it was hailed as a delightful piece of fiction, and readers across the country laughed all too knowingly as they followed the heroine through a hilarious range of trials and tribulations involving family, relationships, and career decisions. The reason for the book's vast appeal was simple—Bridget Jones is the ultimate everywoman. No female could read more than five pages without seeing

powerful echoes of Bridget in her own life, and the novel became overwhelmingly popular because readers could immediately identify with the title character.

Having read the book recently, I had high hopes for the film adaptation of *Bridget Jones's Diary*. Unfortunately, the things that work so well on paper never seem to translate as well onto the big screen. Despite the presence of big-name stars and the enlistment of author Fielding to write the screenplay, Miramax's movie is plodding, hard-to-follow, and at times downright painful to watch.

The story picks up on New Year's Day; Bridget (Renée Zellweger) is 32 years old and has resolved to stop smoking, stop drinking, lose 7 pounds, and "form a functional relationship

See Jones, page 26

Jay Mohr causes comedic uproar

By Angela Swilley
From the entertainment vaults...

Opening with a rant on how bad the gender ratio is at Tech, Jay Mohr shared his unique brand of comedy with a nearly packed house at the Robert Ferst Center for the Arts last Sunday night. Fans of the comedian were not disappointed in the one hour show, especially after paying only \$5 for their tickets. However, for many of those who attended the event for a little stand-up comedy as a break from the studying grind, the show was a roller coaster ride that included some rank humor.

While his name might not be completely familiar to everyone, his face sure should be. Mohr got his start as a regular on *Saturday Night Live*. His big break was being cast as Tom Cruise's rival in "Jerry Maguire." He also starred in "Pay it Forward," "Picture Perfect," "Go," and "Playing by Heart."

His opening on Sunday really played to the crowd by touching on a subject Tech students know all too well, the seven to three ratio. He did, however, stretch his astonished reaction to the plight of poor Tech boys a bit and it seemed a little repetitive once he stated "seven to three" for the tenth or twelfth time.

After that opening, though, he really got rolling. All in all, the show was a big success, at least if one can judge success at a stand-up show by the crowd's laughter. Mohr covered a variety of topics, from the magic of soap to his visits to farms in Canada to sperm count. However, his show included a large amount of potty humor that at times seemed unnecessary and offensive, even when sugarcoated by the guise of his personal experiences.

The premium portions of the show were Mohr's impressions of other celebrities. His favorite seemed to be his impression of Christopher Walken (who co-starred with Mohr in "Suicide Kings"), which was also a big hit with the crowd. He did a hilarious bit in which he claimed was completely telling the truth about Walken's reaction to the fact that Mohr's rottweiler had no tail. Mohr also did a remarkable British accent.

Altogether, the show was a great break from class-induced stress. It is always a treat to set aside time for laughter, especially if amusement can be provided at such a bargain price.

In the future, watch out for shows at the Ferst Center featuring Sandra Bernhard and the return of Penn and Teller.

Here's one model you may not find in the showroom...

By Alan Back
Insert Yawn Here

Being a Tennessee musician doesn't mean that you have to put on a cowboy hat and sling up an acoustic guitar. Don't believe it? There are nine guys out on the road, hauling around a pile of brass instruments and other fun toys, who can change your mind in a hurry.

And they even had the good sense to name themselves after a cool car—Gran Torino. When they show up for a gig, they charge off down the line that separates two worlds: the way pop and rock sounded before most of it went bad, and the realm of the good bits that survived.

Picture it: Knoxville. The University of Tennessee. Summer 1995. A group of horn players in the marching band are hanging out together and goofing off after hours. Meanwhile, out of various local bands, a rhythm section starts to assemble itself with a loose vision of blending rock and soul.

It was only a matter of time before the two sides joined forces. Lead singer Chris Ford said, "We just knew we wanted a big band so we could incorporate some soul music into rock. And a couple of folks from high school, like Scott [Pederson], our trumpet player, were really excited about it and came to jam with us. Then everybody else just

sort of fell in... When we all started jamming, it just felt right."

The current lineup also features Stephen Decker (guitar/vocals); Todd Overstreet (bass); Whit Pfohl and Dave Heyer (drums); and Pederson, Pee Jay Alexander, Jason Thompson, and Dexter Murphy (horns/keys). Knoxville is still their home base, though they get all over the Southeast and occasionally venture farther north as well.

Gran Torino's first album, a live EP recorded at what used to be the Chameleon Club, came about almost by accident. When the band got hold of a tape somebody made during a show there, they decided to put it out. "It was more or less

our demo, you know? We'd actually been playing live for only about six months, and we just needed a product. But we didn't have the money to make an album, so that's what it turned into," Ford explained.

The live disc was released in 1996. Since then, they've done two studio albums, entitled simply *Gran Torino One* (1997) and *Gran Torino Two* (2000). They borrow their naming practice from Chicago, but the similarities end there; this merry bunch has a much better grasp of soul and R&B than Peter Cetera and company ever did. (And Ford's vocals are a *lot* more pleasing to listen to than Cetera's.)

While the band draws strongly

on the Motown sound, the last thing they want is to be tagged as just another retro act. "It's just like with any musician: you steal from what you like," Ford stated. "But I think it helped, and now that we're a little older, we're trying to have more of a modern writing process. Simpler melodies, hooks, and not as elongated songs and solo sections. That's the stuff saved for the live shows."

When it surfaces, everybody gets into the act. Consider: Two drummers pounding away on their respective kits and laying down a thumping backbeat. A horn section that can stop on a dime and jump

See Gran Torino, page 22

Gran Torino

from page 21

straight up to high gear again. Enough dancing on and off the stage to set the club vibrating. About the only people who don't move to the beat are the ones who are fall-down drunk!

All four brassmen can switch back and forth among various horns and keyboards as needed, an arrangement that allows the group considerable versatility when it comes to playing to a crowd. Ford commented that if one of them writes a song on keys and wants to play that part onstage, the others can shift around to fill out the section. On the other hand, Murphy, the band's primary keyboard man, may take it himself if a little extra muscle is needed.

How they change over during a show without the help of a traffic cop is a puzzle, but they stay on target and dare the audience not to get down. The sheer number of gigs to this point—roughly 1,000, by Ford's estimate—and a good pit crew have helped them polish the act.

"When you're young and you first start, maybe you don't care, so you make mistakes and do stupid s—. But you learn from it. Now we can afford to have somebody like [manager] Adam Hudson on the road with us, helping us work out this stuff so we don't have to worry about it. And a soundman who worries about stuff that we shouldn't have to... The logistics of touring, it's a nightmare, you know? At the same time, we're doing what we love, so I never complain about it."

Their approach to recording has evolved as well: "On *One*, we just

sort of played the songs how we did them live. We didn't really know about making records, and we didn't have the money. But on *Two*, we actually decided to spend more money and try to learn how to make a record... I think we totally wrote out what we were looking for when we were making it."

Tonight's gig at the Cotton Club gives the band a chance to debut some new songs for the Atlanta crowd. They hope to start putting an album together over the summer, but the goal for right now is to build up a reserve of good material.

Ford noted, "We've always been on the road so much that we'd just go in with a batch of tunes, record them, and go with that. This time, we're trying to have 20-plus to pull from so that the next record is as good as it can be." While the live album came off a little sloppy and *Two* was too polished, he added, the upcoming disc will try to strike a balance between the extremes.

Gran Torino's ultimate hope is to have a chance at the big time—record deals, music videos, and the like—but without having to force itself into the pattern followed by other mainstream acts. Ford mused on past meetings with labels.

"We've been talking with these companies; they say, 'Yeah, you all are great! I signed Sugar Ray, and if you do this, this, and this like they did, we'll have a couple of hits on our hands.' That's not what we're looking for. What we want is a company that embraces everything about



By Alan Back / STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

Chris Ford heads up Gran Torino, a Knoxville nine-piece that mixes lots of brassy R&B with modern rock and pop. They play the Cotton Club tonight.

us and has respect for what we do and have done, one that wants to help us get better at that. I want to be able to retire from this and have to do anything else."

Still and all, the past five years and change have been time well spent, not only because of what the group has done, but also because of the friendships they've formed. (Seven of the band's original members are still on board today.)

"These guys become like your family members, you spend so much time together with them. You either end up embracing and loving

one another, or hating one another. And this band, luckily, hasn't done the latter. We've taken one another on as brothers. It's been a great, great experience," Ford reflected.

And it isn't so bad for the people who regularly pack the clubs to see the gang. When the machine shifts into overdrive, the best thing to do is to just hang on and enjoy the ride.

Gran Torino will be performing tonight at the Cotton Club. Call (404) 688-1193 for more information. Visit the band online at <http://www.grantorino.com>.

Aparo highlights *Phat Videos*

By Rebekah Bardwell
GTCN Correspondant

This week on *Phat Videos*, Kara interviews musician Angie Aparo for his recent show at Georgia Tech's Ferst Center for the Arts. Find out what Aparo is up to and see footage from his live show.

Phat Videos airs Sundays at 7:00 p.m. and Mondays at 7:30 p.m. on GTCN's Channel 21.

Atlanta's own double-platinum Ludacris visits with Richard on this week's *Flava 101*. Get personal with Ludacris as he tells *Flava 101* all about the tour, upcoming projects, and what it's like to go from being a local celebrity to a national phenom.

Flava 101 airs on GTCN's Channel 21 Sundays and Wednesdays at 7:30 p.m.

To find out more about these shows or to vote for the movies that the Georgia Tech Cable Network broadcasts each month, visit their website at <http://www.gtcn.gatech.edu>.

This is my little box.
It's a cute little box.
Love it. Hug it.
Cut it out and sleep with it.

Onward and Crossword
Short, but Sweet

1	2	3		4	5	6		7	8	9	10	11
12				13				14				
15				16				17				
18					19		20					
21				22		23				24	25	26
				27	28				29	30		
31	32	33						34	35			
36				37	38	39	40					
41					42				43	44	45	46
				47						48		
49	50	51	52			53		54		55		
56						57				58		
59						60				61		

By Kit FitzSimons
Returning zig for zag

ACROSS

1. Letter’s second add-on
4. Stir fry need
7. Show anger like a dog
12. Confession part, perhaps (2 wds)
13. Two _____ kind (2 wds)
14. Have a cow?
15. Famous boxer
16. Many times
17. Get together
18. After taxes
19. Swedish car
21. Sign
23. Signed up for, as college (abbr)

24. “_____Ra, Princess of...”
27. Charge, perhaps
30. Listening device
31. Head Smurf
34. Really mad
36. It runs through veins
37. “_____Ugly”
41. _____la-la
42. Rat in a Nicholson film
43. Get in hot water?
47. “Good for what _____...”
48. Eastern freedom grp.
49. Messed up
53. Women’s _____
55. *Senora* with a *sobrin*
56. Cacophony
57. Lyric poem

58. McKellan of “Gods & Monsters”
59. “...repay my _____.”
60. Soaked
61. Stack by the computer, perhaps

DOWN

1. Very soft, in music
2. Witch trial locale
3. Put the wrath of God in
4. M:I2 director
5. Make effect less
6. Japanese sword
7. Cut cover
8. Famous “military action”
9. _____ mode
10. Campers (abbr)
11. French article
20. Circle part
22. Snooze
24. Ocean
25. Haberdasher’s ware
26. Before
28. Tic _____
29. Type of fox
31. Pan companion
32. Bobby of hockey fame
33. Pod dweller
35. Johnny _____
38. _____-Wan
39. Cowardly
40. Undeserving of a foul, perhaps (2 wds)
44. Eye-related
45. Troy Story
46. Cause of 59 ACROSS
47. Summer drinks
49. Last thing
50. Wade’s opponent
51. Adam’s gift to Eve?
52. It is, to Titus
54. Indy 500 action

Answers on page 30. Last week they were very big and we were amused.

Break out your pastel earplugs!

COTTON CLUB (152 Luckie St.)
(404) 688-1193

<http://www.atlantaconcerts.com/cottonclub.asp>
4/13—Gran Torino, Gruvinhi
4/14—LOA
4/16—BrandyIrvin, CantanJones, Gurufish, Korlition, Ultimate Chess Game, Y’ve Kemp
4/17—420 Monks, Modern Hero, Propaganda, Slangbanger, Tangerine, Velore
4/19—Cosmic Gypsies, Iris, Beorscipe, Potluck, Last Dark Mile
4/20—The Alarm, Josh Dodes Band

DARK HORSE TAVERN (816 N. Highland Ave.)
(404) 873-3607

4/13—Acres, Diggity, Tilden’s Faith
4/14—Mindseye, Eden, Nillah
4/18—Grove, Unsound, Birth
4/19—Lights Out, Operation Tides, The Crazyed
4/20—Supafuzz, Elliot James & the Snakes, Devil May Care

ECHO LOUNGE (551 Flat Shoals Ave.)
(404) 681-3600

<http://www.echostatic.com/echolounge>
4/13—Changelings, Janah, Fancy
4/14—Mandorico, Left Front Tire
4/17—Jets to Brazil, Love Scene
4/19—Midtown Hotrod Circuit, River City High
4/20—Aerial, Slowearth, DJ Swivel

EDDIE’S ATTIC (515-B N. McDonough St.)
(404) 377-4976

<http://www.eddiesattic.com>
4/13—Cigar Store Indians, Mike Kinnebrew Band
4/14—Eric Taylor, Richard Bicknell
4/15—Andrew Hyra, Geoff Achison, Danielle Howle
4/17—Mickle-A-Do
4/18—Rosa Believes, Blake Guthrie, Sue Witty
4/19—Monk, Wakeman & Willner
4/20—Michelle Malone, Danielle Howle

MASQUERADE (695 North Ave.)
(404) 577-2007

<http://www.masq.com>
4/13—Vertigo, Ten Ball, Hostile, Chipmunx, Level 1
4/14—The Orb, Witchman, Badorb.com

4/18—The Riot Act, Santa’s Boyfriend, Jodo Kast, Karma Lingo
4/19—Smugface, Something Left After Misfortune, Falling Up, Broken Sky
4/20—Sick Speed, The Superbz, 9 From 10, The Trick

ROXY (3110 Roswell Rd.)
(404) 233-7699

<http://www.atlantaconcerts.com/roxy.asp>
4/13—Eve 6, Rehab, Lucky Boys Confusion
4/20—Old 97’s, Honeydogs

SMITH’S OLDE BAR (1574 Piedmont Ave.)
(404) 875-1522

<http://smithsoldelbar.citysearch.com>
4/13—Dash Rip Rock, Marathon, Less Honky More Tonky
4/14—Aerial, Something 5, Lotustarr, Adam, Divinity
4/15—Benefit for Bryan Cole
4/16—Protocolture, Tori Pater
4/17 and 4/18—Cosmic Charlie
4/19—Dezeray’s Hammer, Far Too Jones
4/20—Lake Trout

STAR BAR (437 Moreland Ave.)
(404) 681-9018

<http://www.cloun.com/starbar.html>
4/13—Star Room Boys, The Blue Jays
4/14—Catfight!, Pretty Vacant, Pinkeye
4/15—Kingsized 5, Bully, Chillbillies, Blue Velvets, Slim Chance
4/18—Kickstand, Jimmy & the Teasers, The Grayhounds
4/19—Kevin Gordon, More Noise to go
4/20—Bellrays, The Forty-Fives, Grand National

TABERNACLE (152 Luckie St.)
(404) 659-9022

<http://www.tabernaclemusic.com>
4/14—Guster, John Mayer

VARIETY PLAYHOUSE (1099 Euclid Ave.)
(404) 521-1786

<http://www.varietyplayhouse.com>
4/13—Will Hoge, Travisty Theory, Cool for August
4/14—Film, The Still, Weekend Excursion
4/20—Jupiter Coyote, The Big Wu

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

Do you like peanut butter? Come write for Jelly.
He’s the 2001-2002 Entertainment Editor!

entertainment@technique.gatech.edu



Outkast thrills crowd with cutting-edge rap and flamboyance

By Jonathan Purvis
Entertainment and Photo Staff

Rap, regardless of your thoughts on it as a form of music, is much better performed live, in my opinion. The recent performance by Outkast is one of the best shows I've seen in my short tenure on this earth. Big Boi and Dre have uncovered something special in their past few albums, mixing rap with other genres and bringing more people to the genre and producing one of the largest followings in rap music today.

They do not thrive on cutting down rappers from another region and starting duels; instead they promote togetherness and bring the "dirty south" to the rest of the nation. The multi-racial, all age crowd was the ideal example.

Ludacris, another rapper based out of Atlanta, opened the show and fired up the crowd. He played through most of his more popular songs, including the aptly titled "Ho." The crowd went crazy while many women raised their hands in praise to the song.

One of the highlights of the show was when Ludacris brought out his child who danced along to the screams of the crowd with his guests, rappers Lil' Jon & the Eastside Boyz and Trina, helping him to get along.

Outkast heightened the excitement of the crowd almost immedi-

ately upon taking the stage.

After the success of *Stankonia*, their latest multi-platinum release, the show was a welcome homecoming for the duo. Dre and Big Boi came to the stage amid the crowd's screams that were reminiscent of those given to the Beatles during their heyday, and immediately started performing "Gasoline Dreams."

Dre, who is known for his eye-

[Outkast] do not thrive on cutting down rappers from another region and starting duels; instead they promote togetherness.

catching fashion and flamboyance, came out wearing green pants and no top while sporting a Princess Leia-styled hairdo. The outfit was only an allusion to the elaborance of rest of the show: two guitarists, a deejay, three backup singers, and four dancers along with a technologically advanced stage. The use of live instruments is merely one of the unifying effects of Outkast's performances.

The true highlight of the show was towards the end, as they played

their radio hits. The crowd's singing along almost drowned out the performers at times, but the group remained unfazed. "Miss Jackson," a song dedicated to the mother of artist Erykah Badu, was no exception as the crowd knew every line and were not afraid to show it.

Outkast brought the show to a close with "Bombs Over Baghdad" which is one of the rockiest-rap songs out there. Even rock stations such as 99X have given the song airplay and other artists, such as Zach de la Rocha, have given the song praise by recording various remixes.

The broad appeal of Outkast can also be found among the different influences of the band, from Kate Bush to Prince to George Clinton to almost anything else under the sun. *Stankonia* is like a well-crafted gathering of all of these genres, with a rap overtone.

The two sold-out shows at the Fox help to show one thing for the Atlanta duo: their blend of rap with nearly every style of music has found a huge niche in the mainstream music today meaning Outkast is here for the long run.

After four acclaimed albums totaling nearly 16 million, the duo has shown they have what it takes to not only perform, but to continue to evolve the medium and break all the molds for a long time to come.



By Jonathan Purvis/ STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

Dre, of the rap group Outkast, thrills the capacity crowd at the Fox Theater performing one of the tracks from his group's latest release, *Stankonia*.

Vote For the Cutest Editor



Circle your vote and send it to:
Ads goddess. Student Publications. Mail 0290. Room 137. Student Services. Atlanta, GA 30332

If you would like the editor to contact you for a date fill in:

Name _____

Phone _____

E-mail _____

Jones from page 21

with a responsible adult.” Her current marital status (very, very single) dictates her attendance at the annual Turkey Curry Buffet with her parents and their friends, where she is quickly and rather forcefully introduced to Mark Darcy (Colin Firth), a rich lawyer and—how convenient—recent divorcee. Much to the pushy parents’ dismay, Bridget fails miserably to capture Mark’s attention.

Things may be looking up, however, when she starts a rather impulsive relationship at the publishing firm where she works with her boss, Daniel Cleaver (Hugh Grant). He seems perfect in every way—dashing, handsome, good sense of humor, and oh yes, not bad in the bedroom either—until he leaves Bridget stranded at a costume party that she’s not quite dressed appropriately for. When she returns to London and pays Daniel an unex-

pected visit, she finally sees him for the uncommitted and philandering boyfriend that he is.

Alone again, Bridget continues to cope with family, friends, a new job as a television reporter, and all the other assorted craziness that goes with single life. After showing us another slew of humorous situations, the film concludes on a happy note, when at year’s end, Bridget discovers that she had stumbled across what she was looking for a long time ago.

There isn’t any one item in particular to pin the blame on for the uninspired turn *Bridget Jones’s Diary* takes in the theater; instead, it’s probably more appropriate to give all those involved a share of the responsibility. Looming largest, perhaps, is that the film lacks the refreshing originality captured by the book. Renee Zellweger again storms out of the office after telling off her boss (*Jerry Maguire*), a small group of friends in a Hugh Grant film toasts someone for being a horrible

cook (*Notting Hill*)...during each scene, no matter how minor, you feel that you’ve seen it before.

Zellweger seemed a good choice for the role of Bridget going into the theater, but after seeing the film

In Zellweger’s hands, Bridget’s tendency to spout her thoughts as she has them is painful, not comical; her quirkiness is annoying, not endearing.

I’m forced to retract that statement. I expected to see the Bridget Jones of the novel—pretty and intelligent but sometimes flighty, often lonely but confident all the same in her ability to be a successful woman. (If

you haven’t read the book, the best way to describe the character, in my opinion, is “Ally McBeal-esque.”)

Instead, the *Nurse Betty* star portrays Bridget as a rather sad, pathetic, and unattractive soul. While Bridget’s single status in the novel seems to stem from the simple fact that she just hasn’t found the right man yet, I find it very conceivable that no respectable male would want to get into a relationship with Zellweger because she’s a rather unlikable mess. In her hands, Bridget’s tendency to spout her thoughts (no matter how inappropriate) as she has them is painful, not comical; her quirkiness is annoying, not endearing.

Colin Firth portrays “pretty boy” Mark Darcy suitably through the first half of the film, complete with somber facial expressions, curt sentences, and the requisite beautiful woman on his arm. As the film progresses and the viewer gets to know Mark better, however, the character is supposed to lighten up.

Firth never does. His seriousness pervades each scene; in fact, I don’t think he smiles at Bridget even once.

Hugh Grant, who probably got his role simply by virtue of being Hollywood’s token British actor, is actually the best cast of the three leads. Though Grant is certainly much more appealing as the bumbling sort of chap he plays in *Notting Hill* and *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, his scruffy haircut, drooping eyes, and flippant tone of voice make him decent in the role of the womanizing Daniel.

In the end, the only word I can use to describe *Bridget Jones’s Diary* is disappointing. I do realize that I have heavily compared this film to the book, and that may be the main cause of my dissatisfaction. The one saving grace for the film may be that if you haven’t read the novel, or if you developed a different mental image of Bridget than I did, you’re still free to go see the film and form your own opinion. Just don’t expect too much.

Just Shoot it.

photoed@technique.gatech.edu.



David Spade hits the big screen—and misses—as Joe Dirt

By Chuks Ibeji
Entertainment Staff

MPAA Rating: PG-13
Starring: David Spade, Dennis Miller, Brittany Daniel, Kid Rock, Adam Beach, Christopher Walken
Director: Dennie Gordon
Studio: Columbia Pictures
Running Time: 93 minutes
Rating: ★★

I know what you're thinking. You probably have the idea in your head that *Joe Dirt* is about your run-of-the-mill, dimwitted goofball. Well, let me ask you this. How can you be run-of-the-mill when you're sporting a way cool mullet?

OK, I'm kidding about the hair-style being cool. But the archaic 'do does serve its purpose. For one thing, it's the source of a running gag throughout the movie. But that's pretty obvious. After all, who doesn't like a good mullet joke? What's somewhat shocking is that Joe Dirt's appearance actually helps to make him a protagonist worth cheering for.

That's right. I know it's shocking, but it's true. Beneath the mop top, there actually exists a multi-layered individual. David Spade does a pretty good job with the title character. And it's vital that he does because movies in this genre can only thrive when the audience likes the underdog enough to actually root for them.

Joe Dirt is an underdog in every sense of the word. It is clear throughout the film that nobody in his life likes him and nobody in his life

gives him any respect. This is best exemplified when his father gives him the surname "Dirt" for no apparent reason. Now, it's a little far-fetched that a real person could suffer these types of unprovoked indignities. But the movie doesn't take itself seriously enough to care about such detail. This is a good thing.

His gloomy life eventually brings him to L.A. where he works as a janitor at a local radio station. It's here that he meets up with Xander Kelley, a sardonic DJ played amusingly by Dennis Miller. After throwing a few "white trash" barbs at our hero, Kelley is able to prod him into divulging his life story over a live broadcast.

We then learn of a tale that spans two decades and most of the continental United States. As Joe explains, he was separated from his family while visiting the Grand Canyon. Over the next 20 years, he embarks on a quest to find his long lost kin-folk.

Joe's journeys lead him into zany situations and even zanier characters. He even gets to fight with Kid Rock over the love of a woman. A comedic gem is found when the normally spooky Christopher Walken gets into the mix.

But, I do have a few gripes. There a couple of dry spells in which the pace of the movie comes to a screeching halt. About 15 minutes of film could have been left out and you wouldn't have noticed. Also, in terms of physical comedy, *Joe Dirt* is a little stale. Many scenes designed for laughs don't measure too highly on the Richter scale. Director Den-

nie Gordon (debut) obviously enjoys directing scenes with feces.

Throughout the movie, Joe has numerous clashes with poop. There was however, an innovative take on the formerly standard tongue-gets-stuck-on-a-frozen-light-pole comedic routine.

In the end, this film is truly David Spade's show. When he doesn't measure up, neither does *Joe Dirt*.

This correlation is even more evident seeing as he shares screenwriting credit. Where Spade goes wrong is when he pushes things too far. Joe Dirt, both the man and the movie, are at their best in the reserved moments. It was great just watching Joe interact with other characters. The exchanges between Spade and Miller are particularly fun to watch. You'll find yourself mirroring the

listeners of Kelley's show, who listen to Joe's plight with eager anticipation. Like it or not, *Joe Dirt* continually makes you wonder what happens next.

So if you don't mind sitting through sporadic periods of unfunny crudeness every now and then, you'll find a champion named Joe Dirt. And if you can't find that, you can always laugh at his mullet.



By Jon Farmer / COLUMBIA PICTURES
Comedian David Spade, currently on the NBC sitcom *Just Shoot Me*, stars as Joe Dirt, a stuck-in-the-'70s janitor whose bizarre life and search for the parents who left him captivates a city in the movie that shares his name.

Aparo from page 21

listener’s eyes up to [my] world in ways a normal pop artist wouldn’t want to do. So, whatever they call that, that’s what I do.”

Aparo gives a lot of credit musically to his producer, Matt Serletic, who also produces Matchbox Twenty and Santana. “He’s helped me to realize more quickly what to stick with, what’s connecting... He’s helped me direct my energy into something that we hope is lasting, that reaches a lot of people.”

In the end, Angie Aparo is a singer/songwriter in the purest form. His deep and meaningful lyrics are only matched by his voice that often soars into the outer stratosphere before lightly touching down, leaving his listeners in utter amazement. Of all the songs on his latest release, *The American*, Aparo feels most proud of the songs “Memphis City Rain” and “Spaceship.”

“I’m glad I wrote them. I mean,

I’m not glad that I wrote them for me, I’m just glad because I think it’s stuff that needs to be said. I really don’t view writing as ‘people writing,’ it’s just like, people receive it... I’m just happy I was involved in writing those songs, you know, happy they let me in the room when they sent those down!”

Angie seems to be the “recipient” of many electrifying songs. In fact, listening to his CD is like taking a voyage through a sea of rich melodies, cool harmonies, and deep imagery. It might cause one to wonder why he doesn’t have a Grammy. But Angie isn’t too worried about that. “If I could get a thousand people in a club in any city in America, I wouldn’t care about even getting a record deal. Bottom line is, it’d be great to have a hit record, but if I could just do this [perform live, acoustically] then I’m happy.”

Be on the lookout for Angie Aparo. He’s fast on his way to joining the ranks of some of the greatest singer/songwriters in rock history.

Grisham paints a different *House*

By Casey Fiesler
Bookworm extraordinaire

Title: *A Painted House*
Author: John Grisham
Publisher: Doubleday
Copyright: 2001

A Painted House is not a book for John Grisham fans. Granted he’s the author, but other than his name staring at me from the front cover, I found no indication of this whatsoever. This book has not a single lawyer, no corporate greed, and no suspenseful courtroom dramas. However, this risk was not necessarily a bad one.

In my opinion, Grisham has never written anything that equaled *A Time to Kill*, his first novel. Yes, most of his other books have been great; in fact, he became the best selling author of the last decade. But once the

novelty of his style faded, has his writing gone downhill? Because of his obvious talent, I would hate to see him reduced to writing formula hack just for easy money.

Though seemingly formulaic, *A Painted House* is anything but. Grisham delves into a completely new

Though seemingly formulaic, [Grisham’s] *A Painted House* is anything but.

realm, that of childhood and rural America. The tale follows seven-year old Luke Chandler, the son of an Arkansas cotton farmer. One summer documents their struggle to bring in a crop while they battle with heat,

cotton bolls, and each other. Luke finds himself forced to grow up and deal with adult situations when he would rather be playing baseball, and his dreams and ambitions make him a worthy protagonist.

The book reads slowly, which contrasts with Grisham’s other work. It may take some time to finish, but anyone interested in a story of rural America will find it worthwhile.

The risk taken in writing this book may have been the temporary alienation of some fans, who will all get over their dissatisfaction quickly as soon as the next book about a lawyer hits the shelves.

However, this risk may also save Grisham’s career. The novel won high literary praise and may have quelled notions of Grisham as a hack writer. Instead, it’s shown that he has more versatility than was previously obvious.



technique
we’re watching you