

ENTERTAINMENT

Technique • Friday, October 6, 2000

Wanna be a minority?

Green Day's lead singer does. Too bad those who like the band's new album will be a minority as well. **Page 27**

Hurry up, let's go!

James Gleick examines our hurried world in his book, *Faster*. Slow down long enough to read it. **Page 33**

Netherworld 2000—it's smarter than the average scare



Courtesy of Tara Murphy / 360 MEDIA

This poor sap got lost in Netherworld's prehistoric nightmare. Chill with him through Halloween at the Antique and Design Center.

By Alan Back
Almost ruined his pants here

When it comes to designing a haunted house or chamber of horrors, just about anything goes. Special effects that send too many people screaming out the door or off to the hospital are generally frowned upon; short of that, the more twisted and ingenious the designer, the bigger the success.

The people in charge of the Netherworld Haunted House probably need some serious psychiatric help and medication—but Halloween will definitely be a little more frightening and surreal until they do.

Started in 1997 by the consulting team of Billy Messina and Ben Armstrong, Netherworld recently kicked off the second year of a five-year lease at its current location in the Georgia Antique and Design Center. The space was chosen for its accessibility (just off I-85) and abundant parking, as well as the readiness with which it could be modified to meet fire and safety codes.

Project work is literally a year-round endeavor; legal and accounting personnel get rolling just after the Christmas holiday, with the creature and location design teams on their heels. Construction has to start at least two months before opening day in order for the crew to get every dirty trick in place before the lines start to form.

"We've got [the space] all year long, so we've been here—not consistently,

not 50 hours a week, but we've been working on it all year. Somebody's been here constantly," Messina said.

The house is split into two sides: Primeval and Extreme 3D. Primeval, the main section, is built around a prehistoric theme: "All kinds of big dinos, cavemen, morlocks, dwellers in the darkness—a total departure from last year's show. We try to change the show 180 degrees every year." (The

"When folks come here, they're not going to be missing anything...it's a fabulous show."

Billy Messina
Netherworld Co-Creator

1999 house, designed as a nightmare in the science lab, played off the idea that the world would end when the calendar rolled over.)

Chromatek Inc., based in Alpharetta, is again involved with the visual effects in the second half. Last year's 3D house was the firm's first joint venture with Netherworld and was billed as the first of its kind in the Southeast. The 2000 model—a twisted old mansion crawling with enough surreal apparitions to make Salvador

Dalí proud—is still the only game in town, according to Messina.

Both areas have plenty of nasty little surprises tucked away to keep visitors' minds and hearts racing from start to finish. Creatures jumping out from dark corners and dropping from above at the worst possible moments? Got 'em. Sound and light shows set off by somebody stepping on a floor switch 20 feet (or 50 yards) down the line? Plenty of those. Disorientation? Guaranteed, thanks to a mix of fog machines, near-total darkness, and Chromatek's 3D goodies.

Netherworld opened on September 29 and will run every night through Halloween. The current schedule is an expansion relative to last year, when the house was open only during certain nights of the week until the end of October, and is part of an effort to bring more people through the door. Messina estimated that the 1997 and 1998 houses drew 30,000 people each, while the 1999 crowd numbered roughly 45,000.

"You can't miss it. We've got that big old billboard out there"—here he gestured toward I-85—"which wasn't cheap, from what I understand. But it's an easy way to get the message out: 'Open tonight, open every night.' There's no confusion." The expanded schedule, he hopes, will translate into a snowball effect in terms of how many people show up at the ticket windows.

See *Netherworld*, page 32

Stone Temple Pilots headline 99X's wildly successful Big Day Out

By Daniel Weksler
Come to the Freak Show!

This past Sunday at Lakewood Amphitheatre, local radio station 99X threw their yearly charity event, Big Day Out. The event this year was an extravaganza featuring twenty national and local bands spread over three stages.

Disturbed opened up the day on the Living Loud Stage, as their lead singer, David Draiman, came out with a straightjacket on. They got the crowd to come alive during their set, including "Stupify," their current single. At the same time they were getting the freak show underway one of the local Atlanta bands was playing on the Locals Stage.

The next act was San Francisco-based Stroke 9, who took the first spot on the Main Stage. They played songs from their platinum CD, *Nasty Little Thoughts*, including "Little Black Backpack" and "Letters." After this, they headed over to the artist signing booth where they signed memorabilia brought by hundreds of fans. They were one of many bands to come through the booth during the day; others included Incubus, Green Day, SR-71, Everclear, Papa Roach, Travis, Ultraspank, Linkin Park, and The Mighty Mighty Bosstones.

Throughout the rest of the afternoon and into the early evening, many other bands brought excellent performances. Green Day played

tracks from their new album *Warning* (see review on page 27), and even closed out the set with the drummer and the guitarist destroying their equipment before setting it on fire. This was followed by Billie Joe playing the 1998 hit "Good Riddance (Time of Your Life)" to a joyous audience. Another great performer was Travis, who brought their British style to Atlanta. Even though few fans actually watched them, one of the participants included Stone Temple Pilots lead singer Scott Weiland. While it may have been unpopular to fans, the performance was one of the hidden highlights of the show.

See *Big Day Out*, page 32



By Jonathan Purvis / STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

Stone Temple Pilots headlined 99X's Big Day Out. Masked lead singer Scott Weiland crouches onstage.



By Jonathan Purvis / STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

Did he give back the little black backpack? Stroke 9's Luke Esterkyn—minus backpack—performs on Sunday.



By Jonathan Purvis / STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

Deftones bassist Chi Cheng has quite a head of hair, and keeping it under control was obviously the least of his worries last weekend.

Crossword S-Clues Me!

1	2	3		4	5	6		7	8	9
10				11				12		
13			14		15			16		
			17	18			19	20		
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43	44			45	46			47	48	49
51				52				53		
54				55				56		

By Kit FitzSimons
Sometimes somewhat screwy

- SPANNING
1. Second place
4. Sorbonne’s “handsome”
7. Screaming crowd
10. Servicer of Instant Messenger
11. Short for ‘alias’
12. Samuel’s teacher
13. See 31 STANDING
15. Say okay
16. Simpsons’ neighbor
17. Something you can flip
19. Surgeon’s amts.
21. Severely hurts
24. Singers of “Tommy”
25. Synonym for eggs
26. Sioux salutation, perhaps
28. Star Wars muppet
32. Spear or pepper follower
34. Stressful wearying disease (abbr)
36. Squat
37. Same sort
39. Swiss camel?

41. Split soup ingredient
42. “See ya!”
43. Stag’s mate
45. Sauce with MSG in it
47. Scar with acid, perhaps
51. Snake that won a Cleo?
52. Sup
53. Slip of debt (abbr)
54. Scout org.
55. State St.
56. Speed of sound passer (abbr)

- STANDING
1. Scottish hat
2. Seduce
3. Senior-aged
4. Skinhead adj.
5. Survive (barely)
6. Security device
7. Sign on restroom
8. Spanish cheer
9. Spades game element
14. Street of “Friday the 13th”
18. “Sort of” suffix
20. Shy

21. Sire’s spouse, affectionately
22. Scribe of “The Man Who Was Poe”
23. Somerhalder of “Young Americans”
24. Smackdown org.
27. Spiderman’s foe Doc _____
29. “...Sat _____ tuffet...” (2 wds)
30. Stupid
31. Side-by-side with 13 SPANNING, dessert option (2 wds)
33. Score the same
35. Stallone’s nickname
38. Shiny red pointer, now
40. Southern general
41. Salt associate
42. Supercomputer’s giga- follower
43. Swab with a Q-Tip
44. Security squad before the CIA
46. Stallion’s tidbit
48. Starter for “_____ the Season...”
49. Sin relative (abbr)
50. Straw house

Answers on page 30.

Join the Entertainment staff! We watch movies, listen to music, read books, and eat food. And it’s fun.

Ever wonder
who works on
the *TECHNIQUE*
staff?

Ever wonder
where they
come up with
the stuff that
they put in the
little **sliver**
boxes?

Like to
LAUGH?

Join the
TECHNIQUE
staff.

Meetings:
Tuesdays,
Student
Services,
room 137,
7 p.m.

‘Righteous Love’ displays Osborne’s softer side

By Jon Kaye
Loves me for getting him this CD

Artist: Joan Osborne
Album: *Righteous Love*
Label: Interscope Records
Genre: Rock/Blues
Tracks: 11
Length: 46:29
Rating: ★★ ★

The problem with a spectacular debut album is that it leaves the artist with the daunting challenge of producing a sophomore album that meets the standards set by the first. Unfortunately for Joan Osborne, *Righteous Love*, her second full-length album, falls dramatically short of her 1995 debut, *Relish*.

After giving this album a spin, a Joan Osborne fan will be quick to note Osborne’s glaring lack of wit on her second album. Whereas *Relish* effortlessly captured every minute detail of Osborne’s cerebral cynicism with profound cuts such as “Pensacola” and “Let’s Just Get Naked,” *Righteous Love* tends to favor moony-eyed love songs over the poignant, socially-conscious ones that a listener would expect.

This album takes a notably positive stand, again unlike *Relish*. Most of the tracks are up-tempo and have a much sunnier viewpoint than one

might expect. Furthermore, the album features a strong use of the electric sitar, providing a very bright sound.

Nonetheless, the album is Osborne through and through. Her unmistakable voice—a refined blend of Kentucky and New York accents—flows seamlessly from the understated soprano of a balladeer to the aggressive wail of a blues diva. With such an incredible range of styles, Ms. Osborne continues to be a dynamic force in modern blues-rock.

While *Righteous Love* does fall short of expectations, it is not an unappealing album. Osborne’s lyrics are thoughtful and heartfelt, and the music has an infectious sound which will leave you wanting more. While most tracks on this album are enjoyable to a degree, there are two that stand out as old-school Joan Osborne. “Safety in Numbers” and “Baby Love” both illustrate the biting cleverness for which Osborne earned her fame.

The former pokes fun at how society tries to combat paranoia by surrounding itself with money and power. Not only are the lyrics enjoyable through their use of dark comedy, but the music is absolutely captivating; this is a song which you can hum for days after hearing it



By Elfie Semotin / INTERSCOPE RECORDS

It’s been a few years, but Joan Osborne is back with her new album, *Righteous Love*. Though decent, the album lacks the wit of her debut, *Relish*.

once.

“Baby Love,” while loosely based on Mary Kay Letourneau, the teacher who had an affair with her sixth-grade student, is really, as Osborne states, “conflated with [her] own experience of having a relationship with a younger man.” Both of these songs remind the listener of the in-

tellectual humor for which Osborne is famous.

This CD, while falling short of phenomenal, does deserve a listen. The lyrics are soothing, and the music is a treat. Osborne’s sophomore effort did not reach the bar set by *Relish*, but it certainly will not disappoint.

This week on the Georgia Tech Cable Network

By Rebekah Bardwell
GTCN Correspondant

Flava 101’s new host, Pier Carey, gets acquainted with Georgia Tech students. From old-skool dances to new-skool rappers, Pier learns the low-down from Georgia Tech’s students.

A special freestyle performance by The Buzz sports reporter, Grant Wheelless, highlights the show.

Kara brings *Phat Videos* inside the Depew Auction House where she learns the ins and outs of the auction process.

Watch professional antique dealers fight to get the best deal on the hottest artifacts in town. Also, an auction insider takes Kara under his wing and shows her the ropes.

Flava 101 comes on Mondays at 3:00 p.m. and 7:00 p.m. and Thursdays at 7:00 p.m., and *Phat Videos* comes on Mondays at 3:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. and Thursdays at 7:30 p.m. on GTCN’s Channel 21.

The Georgia Tech Cable Network is operated by students and governs channels 16-21 on your TV dial. For programming information, visit <http://www.gtcn.gatech.edu>.

JUST SAY YES TO DATING

so, i’m back filling space. filling space is what i do. did you watch the debate? you should have. it is your civic duty. i watched the debate even though i have been sure of who i am going to vote even before i came out of the womb. so i went to dc this weekend. i love dc. i adore the people that i went to dc with. and then on sunday night all the student pubs peeps went to an awesome dinner at our great publications manager’s house, thanks rosemary, it was very nice. we laughed a lot because we felt the need to imitate each other. and we got gelato. it was good. sarah and i just danced to brittany. we were funny. i am here really, really late. i didn’t have much focus tonight. i’m pushing my limits of sleep. ah, this is why econ doesn’t make my list. oh well. sigh. that is my favorite word. i guess b/c i like to sigh.

‘Warning’— Green Day disappoints

By Jonathan Purvis
But you guys were so good Sunday...

Artist: Green Day
Album: *Warning*
Label: Reprise Records
Genre:
Running Time: 41:08
Rating: ★★

Wow. What a disappointment. Green Day’s sixth full length, *Warning*, fails to capture the energy or the emotion that made Green Day a great band. The album comes off as more of a pop album, reminiscent of Eve 6 or Stroke 9. The songs stick to the few-chord music that is expected, but instead of being powerful and driving music, the distortion and effects have been cut off to reveal their poppiness. And this is not a good thing. Each song on the album, except maybe “Minority,” has a monotony and lack of energy that fails to please.

This is quiet a disappointment from last Sunday, when Green Day blew half the bands offstage at Big Day Out. Their command of the stage and the crowd had renewed my faith, even exciting me for their latest. Lead singer Billy Joe Armstrong was all over the stage, riling up the crowd as they sang along to their hits. And then comes *Warning*, possibly the worst album I have heard yet this year. It left me wondering what happened. Where did the energetic punk go?

The first track, “Warning,” starts off with an up and down acoustic guitar. It also ends that way, and the song does not sound like the Green Day of old. I’m not advocating staying stagnant as a musician, but Green Day ventured into their new territory and into the vast seas of popular radio. After sitting through *Warning*, I was in hope that the album was like many of their other



By Jonathan Purvis / STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

Green Day lead singer Billie Joe Armstrong delights the crowd at Sunday’s Big Day Out. Unfortunately, their new album isn’t as satisfying.

albums—several good and equally bad songs combining to be a decent album. The second song was a let-down as well.

Warning continues to dissatisfy throughout. Even the second track, “Blood, Sex and Booze,” fails to muster up anything relevant—just more unenergetic guitar to Billy Joe’s lacking lyrics. Followed by “Church on Sunday,” the album swirls into a deep dark oblivion. It is easily the worst new LP out this year.

So bad was Green Day’s latest that I had to force myself to listen through the entire thing. After each track a hope of the next one flat out rocking would enter my mind. Low and behold, frustration ensued. Green Day needs to pick up the pieces of their new horrible music and delve back into the security and excellence of their older music. Their new-chartered poppiness has harnessed only bad music.

The one semi-high note on this album is their first (and possibly

only) single, “Minority.” It starts off with a quiet acoustic riff and immediately plunges into rough guitar and fast paced lyrics. The song has an interesting message as well. Billy Joe sings “I want to be the minority, I don’t need your authority, down with the moral majority.” Interesting, yet it is followed up by the horrible “Macy’s Day Parade.” The good taste in your mouth from “Minority” is immediately tarnished and left with the sour taste the rest of the album leaves.

My recommendation is to skip over this album. Go buy the new Radiohead or some of the early Green Day you’ve been meaning to buy. Green Day has been on this downhill slope ever since *Insomnia*, and the rock bottom is here, or very close. Maybe they’ll make a triumphant return to their music of old, as U2, or perhaps they’ll just live off their hits of old and tour until they grow tired of it. Either way, this album is quite horrible.

Girl band i5 is reason to turn your radio off

By Casey Fiesler
Boy bands? Um....

Artist: i5
Album: *i5*
Label: Giant Records
Genre: Pop
Tracks: 12
Rating: ★★

In forty years when our teenage children begin to make fun of the music we listened to as teenagers, what will they pop into that outdated CD player? Perhaps some R&B, a sprinkle of alternative, and some rap for good measure...but what should really make them give us funny looks is what this reviewer feels could be classified as “Teenybopper Pop.”

The band in question has considerable potential to make this list, joining the ranks of the Spice Girls, Backstreet Boys, and Britney Spears. I guarantee that you’ll be hearing a lot more of i5 in the near future, as the first single from their self-titled CD debuted on the top 40 at number 37 a few weeks ago. That’s quite impressive for a debut of an unknown band, but they gained a big advantage this summer through touring with Britney Spears.

This band’s premise is considerably more unique than their music. Their name stands for “International 5” and the girls originate from five different countries—Andi from Britain, Christina from the US, Tal from Israel, Kate from the Philippines, and Gaby from Mexico. This would have been a neat concept if they had drawn from the musical styles of different countries, but i5’s music is about as international as apple pie.

They are one of these heavily

produced groups in which the members are chosen as much for image as for singing talent. Andi even dyed her hair because Giant Records wanted a blonde British girl. They also have the most shockwave-intensive website that I have ever seen—it constantly blares their single in the background and bombards you with pictures of the girls and cutesy drawings jumping around.

Their CD consists primarily of teenybopper drivel, with tracks with such titles as “First Kiss,” “Sweet and Sassy,” and “Best Friend.” In their single “Distracted” the girls sing that “when I’m cramming for a final or watching TRL/I think about love/I get distracted/I think about hooking up with you.”

These songs appeal to one demographic group—twelve year olds. It is, however, obnoxiously catchy, so the rest of us will find ourselves idly humming along, and then throwing the radio across the room when we hear it for the thousandth time.

These girls are not, however, completely lacking in talent. At least they can sing, and two of them are credited with helping to write a few of the songs. And unoriginal as it may be at this point, they manage to get across a “girl power” message in their song “Cinderella,” singing, “I’d rather rescue myself.”

Everything in their music has been done before, but that won’t stop them from becoming immensely popular. After all, who can tell the difference between the Backstreet Boys, NSync, and 98 degrees?

If you can, this may be just the band for you. However, if you’re looking for something different or even “international” as their name suggests, you will definitely have to look elsewhere.

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- writers ▼ photographers ▼
- pizza-eaters ▼ editors ▼ people who like to cut things ▼ those who like to paste ▼
- movie critics ▼ video game players ▼
- sports enthusiasts ▼ layout designers ▼
- artists ▼ theater-goers ▼ engineers ▼
- architects ▼ greeks ▼ undergrads ▼
- grads ▼ free-thinkers ▼ and all dedicated, creative types



Join the *Technique* (especially the Entertainment staff) and take pictures of Big Day Out! Yeah yeah! Take pictures of bands like Eve 6, Travis, Everclear, and the Mighty Mighty Bosstones. See all these cool pictures? Jon got to take them because he is cool and works for the *Technique*. There are so many perks, it's just plain funny!



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on campus



WE SUPPORT UGLY

Odd art, quirky lyrics

By Steve Hsu

English cotton, Flemish wheat

Artist: Rian Murphy and Will Oldham

Album: *All Most Heaven*

Label: Drag City Records

Tracks: 4

Running Time: 15:44

Rating: ★★★★★

The new collaborative efforts of two Drag City, Chicago hucksters features the most ridiculous album art of the new century. Rian Murphy (*Chestnut Station*) and Will Oldham (*Palace* variants) are prominently featured in 18th Century euro-garb: ruffled shirts, pantaloons, and embroidered velour coats juxtaposed with Oldham's red-tinted hunting glasses and bold, knowing smirk. Could this be a neo-da-daist prank?

The contents, the music itself when compared to previous releases reveals the possibility that the whole thing may just be an ironic aside for songwriter Will Oldham whose endeavors in post-rock folk has historically toed a morose line. His last release, under a variant of the *Bonnie "Prince" Billy* moniker (replace "Prince" with "Blue") traced the emotional underpinnings of love lost through three tracks and could play well as the soundtrack for first-time Zanax users. This newest, four track collection is a little goofy—the lyrics just a bit off-center tied together with jaunty arrangements.

Each of the four tracks were originally recorded by Oldham and then handed over to Murphy for production, who recruited some of the biggest indie-rock talents around—

Jim O'Rourke, Laetitia Sadier (*Stereolab*), Bill Callahan (*Smog*), Archer Prewitt (*The Sea and Cake*), David Grubbs, and Edith Frost.

The end results are worthy of the efforts. Four bright and wistful numbers marked by O'Rourke's orchestral arrangements have been stripped down (from the usual milieu of influences as exaggerated in his 1999 "Eureka" release) appropriately for Oldham's bumpkin idiom, and Oldham's own endearing vocals.

Just as the comic album art and bold orchestration diverge from the expected Oldham release, so do the lyrics. The opening track, "Fall Again," bears the verse, "da da da/ hail the ga/just ends a love/fall and then rise/tops off to you/gave it again/

that's what to do/ saving a friend" (exact duplication from the enclosed lyrics sheet). Callahan and Frost join in to vocally drive home the point (whatever that may be) accom-

panied by hot organ-play, ragtime horns, and punctuating vibraphones. "Fall and Raise it On" is neatly pinned together with string and brass sections providing a pretty showcase for Oldham's cacklings.

"Song of Most" is the best example of the musical talents of all involved; the string section weaves together in a series of melodies and counter-melodies, underpinned by subtle drumming all move swimmingly from peak to lush peak. The last, the "Song of All" is perhaps the best song of the EP. Though it makes about as little sense as the other songs lyrically, it certainly sounds serious and is the most recognizable in the Oldham scope.

The lyrics are just a bit off-center, tied together with jaunty arrangements.

'Parents' makes familiar situation laughable

By Rob Rogers

Brigham Young University

(U-WIRE) Provo, Utah—I think it's generally agreed that it was Mike Myers that made *Austin Powers* funny, whether you liked it or not. So when I saw previews for *Meet the Parents* and it was touted that Jay Roach, director of *Austin Powers*, was at the helm of the film, I wasn't all that impressed.

Then I saw Robert DeNiro was playing the crazy to-be father-in-law and my heart sank, and I immediately thought of his embarrassing performance in *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle*. Needless to say, I was really expecting to cringe and squirm through the entire movie.

As the music started up and the credits rolled, I saw a couple things that gave me hope. Randy Newman had written the score and even performed the theme song, which was pretty funny. Then, the last name to appear as the cast of actors flashed on the screen was Owen Wilson (who co-wrote and acted in *Bottle Rocket* and *Rushmore* and played Jackie Chan's sidekick in *Shanghai Noon*). I smiled and thought, "Maybe it won't be as bad as I thought."

And it wasn't. In fact it was pretty funny.

Who hasn't dreaded that moment of meeting the parents? Who hasn't stuck their foot in their mouth trying to make a good impression? People can relate to the movie, and that's the base of a good comedy.

Ben Stiller plays Greg, registered nurse and all around nice guy. He's in love with Terri Polo who plays Pam, daughter of Jack. At the moment of truth, right

before Greg pops the question, he inadvertently finds out that Pam's sister has just got engaged and is getting married at home. And then Greg finds out that the man soon to marry Pam's sister asked Jack for permission. He finds out Jack's kinda sentimental like that. Greg realizes that if he wants to get on Jack's good side, he better meet Jack first and ask for Pam's hand in marriage. And when better to do it than during the wedding weekend at the house with the family.

The only way a movie like this can be funny is if the stakes are set high. There have to be major things that can go wrong, and every-

Who hasn't dreaded meeting the parents? Who hasn't stuck a foot in their mouth trying to make a good impression?

thing that can go wrong should go wrong. That's funny, because most people can relate to the devastation of first impression in some shape or form. On the flip side of the coin, it has to be relatively plausible. It should be things that could legitimately go wrong during a weekend as socially charged as meeting your future in-laws for the first time.

The screenplay, written by James Herzfeld and John Hamburg is based on a small 1992 independent film called *Meet the Parents*. The writing seems to be a little more homogenized with this

version of the film than with the 1992 original. And despite the fact that it is a little flat and maybe even stale, the actors lift it off the screen. In that respect, the film works. In fact there were times when I couldn't breathe because I was laughing so hard.

Ben Stiller is funny. I'm afraid to see *Permanent Midnight* because I'd think he was funny. DeNiro is funny because he's playing a father protective of his daughter, again something most people can relate to. The fact that he ends up to be a CIA spook was a stretch of the film's comedic fabric. But even that opens the doors for some really funning jokes, one including a lie detector.

Greg, it would seem, can't do anything right. He gets ribbed about being a nurse. He's not the same religion as Pam. He gets ribbed about the color of his car, and even about his taste in music.

Enter Owen Wilson. He plays Pam's ex. And as it always seems to be in real life, he's better looking, has more money and is more talented than Greg. In his own little way, he steals the scene, explaining why he's a carpenter and why he thinks its cool.

What doesn't work? The cat. Greg hates cats and of course Pam's family has a cat that is as dear to them as Pam herself. It was maybe a little too reminiscent of *There's Something About Mary* for my taste, and for anyone's taste when it comes down to it.

Jack is too over-the-top. It works at first and works in a few scenes throughout the movie, but overall, it was too over-the-top.

In the end, you sympathize with Greg, with Pam and even with Jack. The film is funny, it's light-hearted and it delivers.

Netherworld

from page 23

“The last two weeks of the show, especially Fridays and Saturdays, it’s a zoo. So we figured we’d expand the inventory and try to entice people to come in a little earlier. The earlier we open, the more it steamrolls. If we’re open every night, hopefully the people who come in on Monday will tell their friends at work on Tuesday, and maybe they’ll come in on Wednesday.”

Netherworld’s design team was ready to pull yet another demented-looking rabbit out of its collective hat until business problems got in the way. A third attraction, Bloodfeast, was scheduled to open at R. W. Good Times on Jimmy Carter Boulevard, not far from the Center. However, Messina explained, the restaurant closed down just before the move-in date.

The search is on to find a new site, but not any random spot will do. “Unless we find a place that fits

our needs for fire safety reasons, requirements for electricity, and all this other stuff, we may not open Bloodfeast this year...It’s got to be stable, someplace people can get to that isn’t a million miles away—‘make a left at the rock, turn right at the third tree,’ nothing like that. It’s got to be a good, safe location.”

If Bloodfeast does open, visitors can expect something a little different from past houses: blood, guts, gore, and carnage in great abundance. “Netherworld has always tried to stay kind of with your classic haunted house traditions—very macabre, very scary, but not blood-and-guts tastelessness. But there’s definitely a segment of the market that wants blood and guts; they want to see eviscerated persons, somebody eating his own insides. That’s what Bloodfeast will be.”

Admission is \$13 for Primeval, \$18 for both Primeval and Extreme

3D. Coupons good for \$2 off the combination (the “Terror Ticket”) are available from the Netherworld Web site (<http://www.fearworld.com>) and any Subway, Party City, or Regal Cinemas location. Even if Bloodfeast has to stay under wraps, Messina stated, people will still get their money’s worth at the main event.

“When folks come here, they’re not going to be missing anything. It’s so elaborate, there are all kinds of dramatics, motion sensors—it’s a fabulous show.” It may also be enough to make jumpy people think about packing a good strong flashlight and a lead pipe under their coats the next time the weather turns foggy.

The Netherworld Haunted House is at the Georgia Antique and Design Center (6624 Dawson Blvd., Norcross). Hours are: 7-11 p.m. (Sun.-Thu.), 7 p.m.-midnight (Fri., Sat., 10/31). Call (404) 608-2484 or go online at <http://www.fearworld.com> for more information.

Big Day Out

from page 23

Incubus continued their reputation of putting on great live shows with their performance, including “Drive” and “Stellar,” two singles from their current album, *Make Yourself*. Even though they were on the smaller stage, they still drew an unbelievable amount of fans to the gravel area where the Living Loud stage was located. Various other bands that had other good performances were Eve 6, SR-71, Papa Roach, Deftones and Everclear.

The end of the night brought the headlining band of Big Day Out, the Stone Temple Pilots. The band kept the crowd on its feet the entire time, playing old hits such as “In-

terstate Love Song,” “Big Bang Baby,” and “Plush.” They also performed songs from their current CD, *No. 4*, which were “Sour Girl” and “No Way Out.” After coming out

Even though they were on a smaller stage, [Incubus] still drew an unbelievable amount of fans.

for the last part of the performance draped in a flag with a mask on, he proceeded to strip before the last song, and was left wearing only a flag to end the show.

9 9 X had many fans come out to support the bands, and even helped raise money for Angelflight, a company that flies organ and other medical supplies to wherever necessary. Overall, Big Day Out was an enjoyable event with many popular bands and great music.

Whoa there—read ‘Faster’ and slow down for a moment

By Becca Cutri-Kohart
Self-proclaimed bookworm

When trying to learn about literature at a technological university like ours, a common response is “I don’t have time to read!” Well, *Faster: The Acceleration of Just About Everything*, by James Gleick, is the book to cure that problem.

At its core, *Faster* is a collection of stories and trivia about how technology has forced (or society has willfully accepted) a greater sense of urgency. Each chapter details a different part of technology, and how society has speeded up as a result of specific innovations.

Gleick describes the exact precision of measurement of time required by our society governed by an International organization called the “Directorate of Time.” After a sweeping examination of the history of measuring the passage of time, he goes onto specific and personal examples.

He decries the impatient traveler who repeatedly pushes the “door close” button on an elevator (an affliction that I’ve witnessed frequently in the dorms). He even comments on the numerous self-help books that market “a zillion ways to save time.”

Gleick doesn’t come out directly and make a value judgement about whether or not society is moving *too* fast for its own good. Instead, the argument in *Faster* remains a simple proof of what is increasingly obvious—the recent improvements in transportation technology, telecommunications, overnight mail, and other devices of the modern

world that supposedly “save time” have actually just forced us to adapt to a faster-paced world. All you need to do is try to study for your physics mid-term, visit with your boyfriend, and respond to your ICQ’s all at the same time to demonstrate this concept.

Gleick proves his case that society is moving *Faster* with argument by example. The litany of examples provided, chapter after chapter, can

At its core, *Faster* is a collection of stories and trivia about how technology has forced (or society has willfully accepted) a greater sense of urgency.

be dreary because it seems to be a reiteration of the same basic point.

Though Gleick is quick to prove by example that this century is moving fast, he also writes from a distinctly 20th century perspective. It leaves the reader wondering if someone at the turn of the last century people felt that things were moving much faster than at the turn of the 18th century. It begs the question of whether we really are in a faster paced world, or if it is human nature to long for a simpler, slower time.

Despite some faulty logic in the

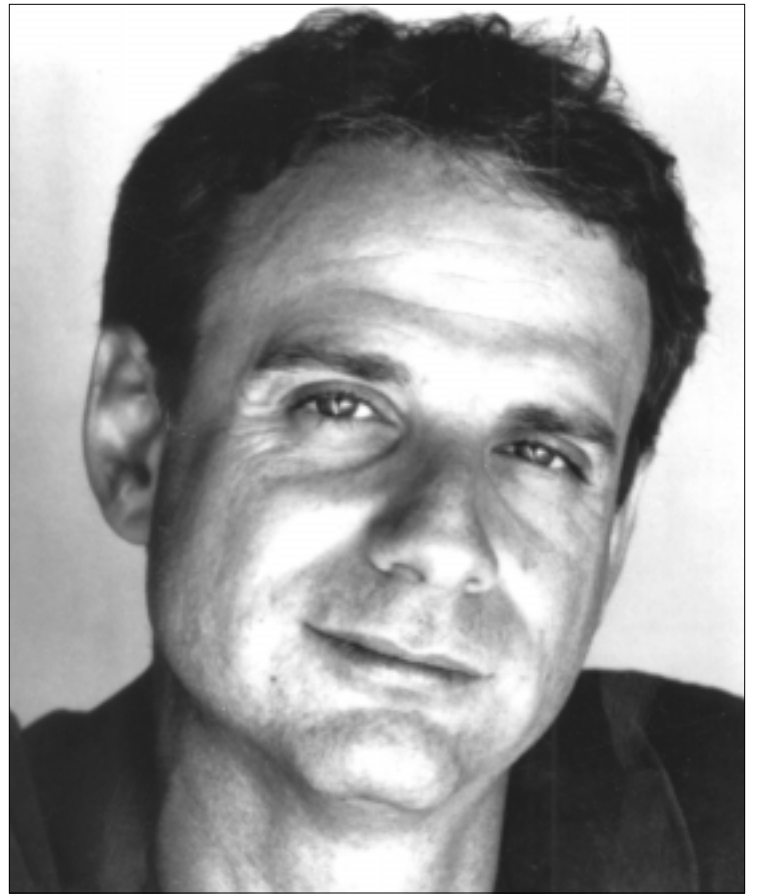
overall argument, *Faster* was still a fascinating read. Each chapter presented a wonderful story about a different technological innovation and how it has impacted our culture. It is particularly relevant to our campus of aspiring engineers to remember that the impact of innovation. This book is highly recommended as inspiration for STAC class work.

Unlike most other books of the growing genre of criticism of technology, it doesn’t present a dark view of innovation and it is not judgmental about its impacts on changing our culture. Instead, readers will be delighted by colorful and sometimes humorous descriptions of why everyone seems like they are in such a rush.

Gleick’s writing will particularly appeal to the scientist and engineer in every Tech student because each chapter presents a well-researched description of technology, and Gleick definitely demonstrates his knowledge of the basics of scientific theory.

Gleick’s best-selling past works of *Chaos* and *Genius* have proven his skill as a scientific journalist. But don’t be too worried—the scientific theory still makes sense to the layman or the freshman, and Gleick never jumps into the esoterics of obscure scientific thought without providing adequate background information which make it readable by everyone.

The most important characteristic of the book that makes it perfect for every busy student trying to spare time to at least read a little during their tenure at Tech is the



By Beverly Hall / VINTAGE BOOKS

James Gleick presents humorous anecdotes of our rushed and hectic world in his new book, *Faster: The Acceleration of Just About Everything*.

chapter structure. Each chapter can be read relatively independent of the others and still be enjoyable, which means you can steal away little bits of time to read each chapter without really remembering the specifics of the previous one.

One hint though—try not to think too much about the irony of sparing the time to read a book for

pleasure while at the same time *Faster* argues that society has less and less “free time” for exactly this type of diversion.

James Gleick will be signing copies of his book in the Student Center Theater next Thursday, October 12, at 12:30 p.m. His visit is sponsored by the Georgia Tech Bookstore.