

SHINY OBJECTS

To Hell With Georgia • Tuesday, November 26, 2002

The Mind of Wilkins

Our own Jed Clampet sat down with Damien Wilkins to see what he thinks about life. **Page 28**

Beer, beer, beer!

Don't know what beer to drink this weekend? Read Captain Morgan's review of your beer choices. **Page 19**

It's time to shoot some stuff! Now tell me where to go!



By Hunter John / STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

Shooting guns is a common way to pass the time here in Athens. Above, some students, dressed to kill, check out the guns at the local gun store.

By Red Wilson
Shooting expert

So one day this dude working for the *THWUGA* paper tells me I should write up an article about shooting stuff, since he knows it just wouldn't be a normal weekend without me being thrown in jail for putting some holes in road signs. And in my seven years here at this school (hell, I really think I should be getting my diploma in Undecided any day now) I've seen me enough gun ranges to know what I'm talking about.

One Tuesday afternoon me and my hunting partner Hoss finish sobering up in our agriculture class, and the two of us decide we're gonna go check out some fancy gun ranges. As soon as Hoss is done giving the lecture, we head out back to the barn behind the building and load up my daddy's pickup. Hoss gets to drive since the police recently "ree-vogued" my license, or whatever fancy fuzz jargon those cops are using these days. Here's the low-down on our day of visitin' gun ranges.

Ansley Rifle & Archery Range

So Hoss and me decide we're going to do our first shooting of the day at the Ansley gun range. This place offers well-managed ranges and a wide assortment of targets to choose from, all for only \$10 per day. But me and Hoss only had \$1.75 between us, so we didn't get to go

inside. But it sure looked pretty from the parking lot.

Rating: 2 out of 5

Ricky Lee's Field

So after me and Hoss tried to bribe our way into that Ansley range with what cash we had, but didn't get nowhere, we figured we also wouldn't get into any of those other fancy ranges around Athens neither. Hoss decided we should go visit his pal Ricky Lee Walters and shoot some cans around in his cornfield. Ricky Lee's old field is a little too big to fit in our Athens metropolis, so the two of us have to ride way out there. It really sucked when Ricky Lee wasn't home, but we got some good practice on his yard dog before it ran off. **Rating: 1 thumb up out of 3 stars**

Shoulder of Highway 78

So after our pickup ran out of gas on the way back to Athens, me and Hoss conducted some high-speed target practice. Just like we heard on the news, those Ford SUV tires explode real good.

Rating: 3 out of 4

Athens Driving Range

So Hoss and me walked back into Athens and found ourselves a new range. At the time we thought this place was a dream come true, 'cause when you combine truck driving and shooting, you've got a winner. Somehow our NRA cards didn't qualify us as members, so we had to

shoot at their golf ball-shaped clay pigeons from outside the range.

Rating: No thumbs up

Downtown Mall

So me and Hoss ventured ourselves over to the downtown mall to blow away a squirrel or two. We got on opposite sides of the street there, and I suppose by this time in the day we were boozed up and trigger-happy. Fortunately the Athens Memorial Hospital was nearby, 'cause Hoss is a big bleeder.

Rating: That sucked

Athens Memorial Hospital – Gun-shot Victims Wing

So they wouldn't let me and ol' Hoss take our shotguns into the hospital, but they didn't find my six-shooter on me. In fact, I took some practice shots from the window of Hoss' room, but before long a bunch of men were yelling and pointing at me from outside. I went down to see what was going on, and I found out the guys pointing were some doctors who had actually been shouting for me to come down and join 'em for some target practice in the hospital's very own firing range. I was really inspired since I could join some actual graduates from U(sic)GA in shooting stuff off of moving gurneys. And now they tell me that the Athens rehab center has its own gun range as well, so Hoss and me have something to look forward to!

Rating: Eleven

8 Mile a great representation of the dreams of trailer trash

By Trailer Joe
Living in a van down by the river

That movie *8 Mile* is one of the best in recent memory. That there rapper Eminem plays a character that all students of the University can relate to—a young man from a white trash background looking to make good. I know that I want to be just like him when I finally get out of this school.

Luckily, Eminem's character Jimmy Smith comes out on top in the end—a dream that all students here hope will come true after four to seven years of riding up and down Milledge with a case of Bud and a gun rack. Lord knows I hope it'll be the case for me. Mama needs a new four-wheeler.

Anyway, enough dreamin'. Back to my review of *8 Mile*, the greatest white trash-makes-good film since *American History X*. Like that film, *8 Mile* features lots of black folks, which may surprise some U(sic)GA students.

Here in Athens, we all know it's rare to find non-white people anywhere but between the hedges. In Detroit, where Smith lives and the film takes place, the situation is exactly the opposite. Jimmy is the lone white boy from the wrong side of the tracks.

Smith, whose nickname is "The Rabbit," even though I never got a look at one-a-them furry critters throughout the entire movie, struggles throughout the film to focus

himself and overcome his internal and external problems to find rap stardom. One problem is Smith's mama. His mama is always cryin' and bitchin' and drinkin'. I'm all in favor of those things, but Smith's mama was a little bit on the crazy end. Then again, she also kinda reminded me of my mama—God rest her sole. Back to the movie.

Smith lives in a trailer with his mama and his sister—another aspect of the film that we can all relate to here in Athens. Though I found it a little silly that there was no dogs in the trailer. Everybody knows that no trailer is complete without two or three dogs perched in and around it. Nothin' says "welcome home" like a dirty ole mutt stickin' its nose in your nut sack. At least not in my book.

I also thought it was a little bit unbelievable that Jimmy and his family were the only ones who lived in that trailer. We all knows that nobody would waste an entire double-wide on just three folks. They'd rent out the other half. Or they'd have more kiddies.

Aside from the black folks and the trailers, one of the coolest parts of this movie was the porn. That's right, the porn. Jimmy and his girl Alex get down and dirty in his factory in what was one of my favorite scenes in the movie. Though I sure wish I coulda seen a little more T and A. (Don't worry, I went home and got the binoculars to check out the trailer next store).



By My Mama / STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

8 Mile should make us white trailer trash proud. Eminem makes us realize that we can overcome the man and become rich and famous as rappers, even if we live in a trailer with our mama, six siblings, and eight cousins.

Anyway, though most of us here in the Classic City stumble about public sex daily—whether it's in the agriculture field or behind the Zeta house—this sex was different. It was wild and simulating. And the strangest part was that there was not a single farm animal or family member involved in the act. Hard to

believe, huh? I may have to try that sometime. Anyone wanna join me in a trip to the local stamping company?

Well, I think I've said enuff 'bout this here film. If you are still reading this, what's your problem? Is your tractor broke? Get your ass down to the theater and check out this great

movie. It's got trailers and sex. And Kim Basinger doing a guy her son's age.

If the Oscars turn down this movie for another one of those sissy liberal artsy films, I will personally bring my shotgun down to Hollywood and stick it to 'em like Hershel would. Go dawgs!

What beer to drink on game day



Beer is the most common liquid consumed by students here at U(sic)GA. Above are some of the top choices of students here. Choosing what beer to drink before the game Saturday is an important decision, so choose wisely.

By Captain Morgan
AAARRRRRR

Well folks it's that time a year again. The time when them dorks from the trade school in Atlanta try to come up here to Athens to beat our beloved Dawgs. We all know that the Dawgs are gonna stomp them bees on Saturday, but the question remains—will you remember it?

I hope the answer is no, and I hope to help you drink yourself into the total oblivion required of each and every member of the Bulldog Nation. Here's my breakdown of the beer choices for tailgaitin' on Saturday mornin'.

Bud: Though normally I would support the king for its smooth taste and affordable price, this weekend

is an exception. Them pretty boys from Atlanta like Bud too. They sing a song about it. I'd recommend choosing another beverage for this weekend's game. No, Bud Light is not an acceptable alternative.

Natural Light: Good ole Natty in a can. God have you been good to me. Except for two weeks ago when I woke up somewhere outside Tate with my arm around my third cousin. Not that it was probably that bad. Anyway, we've had some great memories—or non-memories. There's something to be said for the smooth taste of Natty. Some people say it's cheap shite that tastes like the inside of an aluminum can. I call those people stupid. And after a few Natty Lights, I like to throw the can at them.

MGD: They don't call it the champagne of beers for nothing,

folks. Very little can top MGD in a can for pure game day refreshment. My friend Danny says there's no question—it's MGD or nuthin'. The Piggly Wiggly has a suitcase special just for the Tech game, so hop on the tractor and get down there to get some.

PBR: Though this beer comes in quite possibly the coolest can—it's tall, white and has a cool ribbon lookin' thingy around it—the taste just doesn't live up to the container. It tastes about as good as your cow's mouth—unless of course you force-feed your cow Listerine. Not that I know personally. Anyway, yeah...let the old boys drink the PBR.

Old Milwaukee: Don't even drink about touchin' this Yankee beer on game day. For goodness sake, this is the Bulldog Nation. Raise that rebel flag and drink to Hershel!

Crossword One for the smarties out there

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		The number after 28

- By Country Bumpkin
This one's hard
1. Sounds like a sound effect quiz (2 wds)

2. Mannequins (a big word for "dummies")

3. Privates say, "Generals _____." (2 wds)

4. Those people do not allow us

5. With "Kings," a Go Fish phrase (2 wds)

6. Knives, icepicks, or pointy things (2 wds, one is abbr.)

7. With 8, My excuse for not being in class lately (5 wds)

8. See 7 ACROSS (3 wds, one is a number)

9. With 10, the completion to "Writing in _____"

10. See 9 ACROSS (2 wds)

11. Famous picture of a pretty lady (3 wds)

12. Is overly like TV's The Nanny

13. Cow, duck, pig, horse, or something else (2 wds)

14. Sound that 13 ACROSS makes

15. I couldn't think of a clue for this one (8 wds)
16. Long-time literary question (2 wds)

17. What I say when you don't reveal 16 ACROSS (2 wds)

18. With 19, a truth about our student body (4 wds)

19. See 18 ACROSS (3 wds)

20. With 21, 22, and 23, my question to anybody who knows (2 wds)

21. See 20 ACROSS (it has a minus sign in the middle)

22. See 20 ACROSS (bold, size 11 font on my computer)

23. See 20 ACROSS (4...no, 5 wds)

24. With 25 and 26, something to say after 20, 21, 22, and 23 (3 wds)

25. See 24 ACROSS (2 wds)

26. See 24 ACROSS (2 wds, but if you get something different than I did, I may have made a mistake)

27. With 28 and The number after 28, a pun that somebody read to me from somewhere. (3 wds)

28. See 27 ACROSS (3 wds)

The number after 28. See 27 ACROSS (2 wds)

LOOK HERE FOR THE PUZZLE ANSWERS!!!

this week we got a crossword more appropriate for you dawg fans. heck, we even put the answers on the same page, so they're right easy to find. you can even cheat—we know that's the only way you'll be able to finish the durn thing, and even that might be stretchin' your u(sic)ga brain power. try hard, dawgs. maybe with some practice, you could make it all the way to georgia tech!

CRASH TEST	DUMMIES	OUTRANK US
DON'T LET US	HAVE ANY	SHARP OBJ.s
I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THIS		FOR 12 DAYS
	CAPITALS	ARE FUN
THE MONA LISA		SOUNDS TOO WHINY
BARN ANIMAL	(answers may vary)	
I COULDN'T THINK OF ANY WORDS THIS LONG		
	WHERE'S WALDO	ANSWER ME!
WE STILL PLAY WITH		MY LITTLE PONY
WAS THIS	X-WORD	
SUPPOSED	TO HAVE ANY DOWN CLUES	
MAYBE I CAN	CHECK IN	THE TEC-NEK
A TOW CABLE	IS JUST A	PICK-UP LINE

CONCERT TIME

By Ralph Tromboner
The Concert Guy

Pete's Roadhouse - Serving the cheapest beers since 1971
Tuesday - The guys with masks
Wednesday - Super dog
Thursday - Gonhorrea
Friday - Pete and his wife
Saturday - The kids from down the street
Sunday - The Backwoods Boys
Monday - Fig Tree

The Shack - Serving the strongest hunch punch since 1986
Tuesday - My mom
Wednesday - Purple
Thursday - Big Turkey
Friday - I'm from Athens
Saturday - Some crappy band from Atlanta
Sunday - The Christian Rapper
Monday - Sleepy dog

La Fiesta - The only Mexican joint in town
Mardes - Maracca shaking band
Miercoles - Flamenco Sue
Jueves - Yodeling Jose
Viernes - Gospel Youth
Sabado - Traveling muchachos
Domingo - Me
Lunes - Mi amigo Juan

Le Bistro - Why is there a French restaurant here?
Mardi - Francois the Frenchman
Mercredi - No one
Jeudi - Chicken Little
Vendredi - Juliette the Fabulous
Samedi - Jacques Cousteau
Dimanche - Hunchback
Lundi - Rapper Pierre

The Hangout - Where you go when you're really drunk
Tuesday - V.D.
Wednesday - My girl Sally Ann
Thursday - Cockfighters
Friday - The Dawg Pound
Saturday - Drinker's Club
Sunday - Too drunk to stand

That's all the shows for this week. Let me know if you liked 'em. If not, then you can go to hell. Or you can start a band. Just stop bitchin' you punks. This is my job, not yours, so you can't tell me how to do it. And trust me, it's harder than it looks. Signing off, Ralph

Four boys start a kickin' banjo band



By Auntie Em / STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

Some of my boyfriends with their instruments. Aren't they just adorable? They're just about to practice for their big show on Thursday. That's Billy Bob's mom's house, where they practice. Oh, and she's my aunt too.

By Easy Girl
I'll go out with anyone

Last month one of my boyfriends, Billy Bob, decided to start a band. I don't know why, he's really purty stoopid. But he did, and I told him I'd write a little sumthin' about him in this here paper.

Anywho, he found this banjo on the side of 316 and stopped to pick it up. At first he thought it was a deformed baseball bat, but then he touched the strings. From that moment on, he knew he wanted to be a musician.

So when he got back to Athens, he came to my place to tell me his new dream. I was hookin' up with one of my other boyfriends, Jeb, and I thought he'd be mad. But he

wasn't. He just asked the guy to join his band as the drummer (pot banger). I think he thought we were just wrestling.

My two boyfriends went around Athens to find a harmonica player and a jug blower. I figured, Hey, if two of my boyfriends are in the band, why don't the other two join? So I introduced Billy Bob and Jeb to Curtis and George. The four became the best of friends immediately. And I was happy, because I'd be the only groupie since they were all my boyfriends.

They had their first show only two weeks after meeting, and let me tell you, they kicked some ass. The rhythm of the banjo and the jug make me swing from side to side. I don't know all that much about

music, but they're damn good. I'd buy their CD if they had one.

They practice on the porch of Billy Bob's mom's house, where he lives. He's the only one with an actual house, so that's why they hafta practice there.

They're gonna play this Thursday at Pete's Roadhouse. The name of the band is Gonhorrea, so be sure to shout it loud.

I know Thursday is Thanksgiving and all, but when boys get a dream, they stick to it. So skip the turkey and go out and support 'em. They'd go see you if you were in a band. I promise.

So go see my boys. They're great, and not just on stage. Boy, I'm gonna get luck y from all this free publicity I just gave 'em.

Did you hear that the U(sic)GA library burned down recently? It was a tragedy. Both books were lost, and one hadn't even been colored in yet!

Why is there no ice on the U(sic)GA campus?

-The guy with the recipe graduated.

If you throw a rock and a U(sic)GA student off a cliff, which lands first?

-Who cares?

What do you call a U(sic)GA grad in a suit and tie?

-The defendant.