Soloist Bell awes with ASO at Symphony Hall

Photo by Blake Israel/ *Student Publications*

Violinist Josh Bell has been performing for more than 20 years. He won the Classical Artist of the Year award in 2004. Bell performed with the ASO at the Woodruff Arts Center on Nov. 6 and 7.

By Kenny Phillips
Staff Writer

Last Thursday and Friday at the Woodruff Arts Center's Symphony Hall, the opportunity came to immerse myself into the beautiful sounds of the Grammy award-winning Atlanta Symphony Orchestra. The ASO moved easily through the 1940's classical music of Copland, Barber and Bartók to brighten the concert hall with a glorious performance featuring the violin soloist Joshua Bell.

Aaron Copland's *Appalachian Spring* swells at the introduction of each instrument. The Pulitzer Prize-winning ballet suite fills the room. *Appalachian Spring* primes the audience, and the applause at its conclusion is only outmatched when Joshua Bell walks on stage. The light start of Samuel Barber's *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra* moves gently letting Bell woo the audience with his Stradivarius. The third movement *Presto in moto perpetuo* is where the masterful technique of Bell's solos is spotlighted.

The performance's intermission comes only after minutes of ovation. When the orchestra returns on stage, their shared smiles and convivial play excite me for the final piece – Béla Bartók's *Concerto for Orchestra*. The concerto suddenly brightens with a festive mood immediately with the winds and strings making great tones that drive back the darkness from before. In the absolute quiet before the ending, the air seems to stir and the horn opens the finale dramatically. In a brief moment, the orchestra erupts beyond the previous convivial tone to decisive playing as the movement peaks with the trumpet's commanding presence and continues to its spectacular conclusion.

Conducted by Robert Spano, the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra performed each piece masterfully. Bartók's *Concerto for Orchestra* brought forth the joy its composer must have felt to be commissioned again after fleeing Europe and expressed the sorrow of death for the woman for whom it was composed in memoriam. The Copland ballet suite challenged the symphony with eight continuous sections but maintained its voice well into the conclusion. There was never a moment I thought the music was misrepresented. Each piece had moments where the feeling enclosed every person present. Every note made an impression in concert with the compositions.

Spano also forged a steady setting for Joshua Bell's solos in the Barber concerto cradling the notes upon a fortified principle melody. Although the pieces chosen for the concert were marvelous, I hoped Bell would have been featured more that evening. Bell has been performing since his concert debut at age 14 in 1985. His twenty years have shown him to be a capable performer in any situation and earned him the 2004 Classical Artist of the Year award. In his performance with the ASO, his fantastic solos left the audience wanting, which was clearly evident in the rounds of applause that returned him to the stage three times before intermission.

Stunned by the concert, I cannot highlight how many amazing features of this live performance there truly were. I will, instead, recommend everyone to attend an Atlanta Symphony Orchestra concert in the near future. Listening to an ASO event will brighten any evening. Although Joshua Bell will not be performing again, a John Corigliano percussion concerto will be performing on Nov. 13 and 14 at 8 p.m. and again on Nov. 16 at 3 p.m.

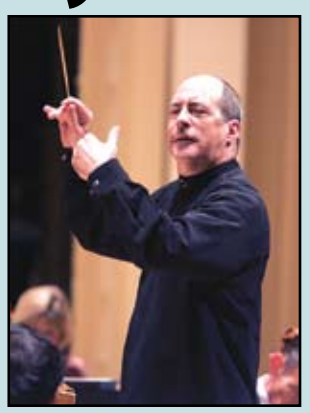

Photo by Blake Israel/*Student Publications*

Conductor Robert Spano leads the orchestra through the movements.

Photo by Blake Israel/*Student Publications*

Soloist Bell feverishly performs on his violin for the audience members during the ASO concert.

Modern Society rocks catchy *Beat*

Photo courtesy of Lauren Dukoff

The Modern Society, a rock and roll band native to Atlanta, will be releasing their second album, *The Beat Goes On*. The group is returning to Atlanta to performe at the Vinyl tonight at 9 p.m.

LABEL: Original Signal Recordings
GENRE: Rock
TRACK PICKS: "Paper Moon," "Tokyo" and "Black Daisies"

OUR TAKE: « « « « «

By Chris Ernst
Contributing Writer

The Modern Society is a rock band that has been getting a lot of attention here in their native Atlanta. Formed by two friends, Woody Brown and Tyler Bence, the band recorded five demos before playing a small show in Atlanta, and a short time later they won several Atlanta Music Guide awards.

After they recorded their first album, *Friends & Enemies*, the group toured around the Southeast and Midwest. They signed with Original Signal Recordings (after winning Music Nation's online rock competition) who then helped them produce *The Beat Goes On*.

Steeped in a special blend of grits, whiskey and cigarettes, The Modern Society is what rock and roll is all about. None of this emo-sounding stuff or fancy equipment; it's all straight-up instrumentation and raspy, husky singing (more like shouting and wailing, but in a good way). The Modern Society stands out in today's music scene with their retro (and authentic) sound.

They have found a very good, vacant niche to inhabit; they are not so hardcore that it would cause them to lose potential fans. They have instead found that magic middle spot in the Venn diagram of similarity and difference to that same tried and true sound that's been pouring out of California for the past ten years or so. The Modern Society is poised to become the next big thing as everyone searches for something new.

The drums pound, bang and thump the beat into your skull, and you want more. The guitars

See **Modern**, page 18

Weezer tour reignites fans

Images courtesy of DGC/Geffen/Interscope

By Ben Ho
Contributing Writer

Weezer has been quite the success since their formation sixteen years ago, with an uncanny penchant for blending the styles like Nirvana and Green Day, making their band an influential schematic for present and future alternative rock. So, six albums and three member changes later, I was made aware of Weezer coming through Atlanta on Oct. 25 (the last stop on their tour), sharing the road with Tokyo Police Club, a respectably solid indie band all the way from Ontario, and Angels and Airwaves, with lead singer Tom DeLonge from Blink-182.

I arrived almost two hours early to beat the fan rush to the Gwinnett Center, and was thoroughly surprised by the steady flow of concert-goers coming before six o'clock to see both bands' appearances preceding Weezer's. Much to my chagrin, an overwhelming amount of high school and middle school students crowded the seats and floor space, but there was still a good deal of older audience members, making the mix rather bearable.

Tokyo Police Club lit up the stage with singles from their album *A Lesson in Crime* and others that show the potential of this newcomer in the music industry. Tokyo served as a great warm-up for Angels and Airwaves, and Tom Delonge's show-boating bordered on inanity as he opened with his single, "Everything's Magic," and

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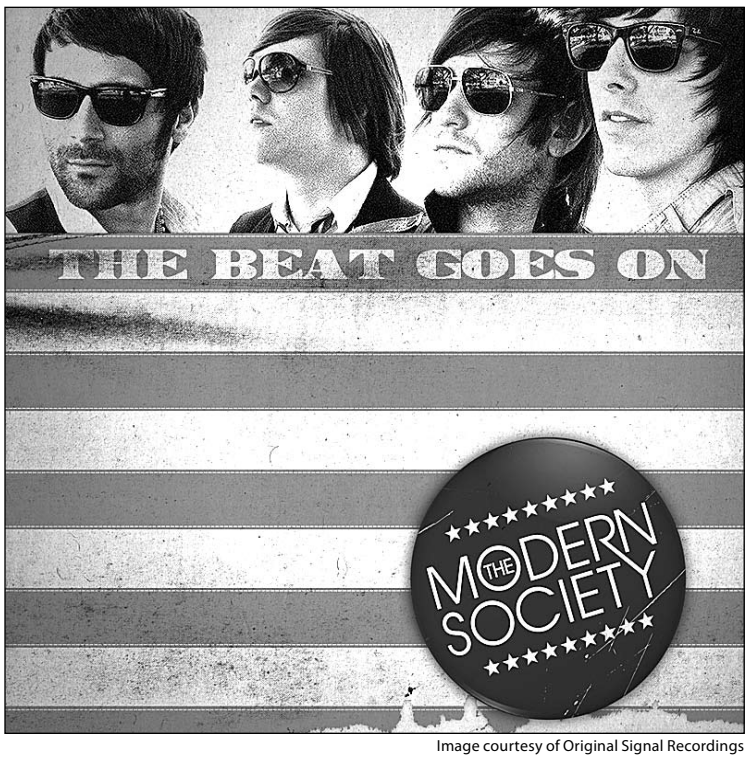

Image courtesy of Original Signal Recordings

Woody Brown (lead vocals), Tyler Bence (guitar), Chris Martin (bass) and Thomas Carter (drums) make up The Modern Society.

Modern from page 17

are down and real to match the worn, "been there, done that" quality of Brown's voice. However, his voice fails to be soft, and it only sounds thin and frail, never delicate.

Where he really succeeds is in the fist-pumping anthems that all the songs tend to become, which would be a bad thing if they did not pull it off as well as they do. That said, a little diversity would have been appreciated because at first listen all ten radio-ready jams blend together.

There are really only three instruments (guitar, bass and drums) on the whole album, but that is all The Modern Society needs to rock out. They combine their instruments and their voices in a distinctly Southern, devil-may-care style that dares you to stay sitting. The crashing drums and driving guitars command you to get up and party.

Perhaps the weakest aspect of the album is the lyrical content. They are mostly all about being young and restless. "I'll carry you a thousand miles and never leave this room" does not really make much sense, but perhaps I am too literal-minded. The lyrics do rise above-and-beyond on occasion and become quite evocative.

The Modern Society is not for everyone, and you probably know who you are. You will probably like The Modern Society of you like classic rock, 30 Seconds to Mars (without the drama), Trapt (without as much intensity), Phantom Planet or new Panic at the Disco. *The Beat Goes On* does not have a ballad or other slow song; they are all fast-paced party songs.

By the time the frat house-ready album has finished, a couple of songs stick out among the rest.

"Tokyo" is quite catchy with a longing chorus and a breakdown in Japanese. Brown calls out for the girl of his dreams, even if she is as far away as Tokyo, to come to him. It is strangely lonely yet hopeful.

"Mona Lisa" closes out the album in frustration and a cry for battle. Brown croons to his personal Mona Lisa (whom he apparently lost) to whom he wants to prove himself somehow. It repeats and crescendos to quite an anticlimax, reflecting how little he actually has to show.

"If I could see you again, I would, um…If you could see me now, then you would see. Yeah, so there." Sounds like pure infatuation to me.

Overall, The Modern Society is a local band on steroids. They are louder, harder and better. They rock out and take no prisoners. For a full-on, straight-up rockin' time, look no further.

The Modern Society sounds different than today's pop, which is a welcome relief. The lyrics are decent, and the instrumentation expertly executed, albeit unvaried. The Modern Society has all the makings to rock radio back to its senses.

Fallout masterfully mixes RPG and action

By Hamza Hasan
Staff Writer

As a first-person shooter, *Fallout 3* is a success, but only moderately. Fulfilling its demand as a role-playing game, *Fallout* once again succeeds. The interesting part is when the mediocrity of both these genres is put together, the game becomes a masterpiece.

If *Fallout 3* were strictly a shooter, it would have interesting yet disenfranchising features. The most obvious problem is the damage system in the combat, where guns feel like they do more damage than they really do. Thus, the gunplay, and strictly the use of guns alone, can feel very clunky and even contrived because of how slowly it's paced. Very few people should expect the game to replace *Call of Duty* or *Halo*.

As an RPG, *Fallout* is difficult to enjoy having already played *Oblivion*, as both were created by the same developer, Bethesda Studios. The engine is extremely similar, with item storage, quest infrastructure and even certain elements of level design very comparable to *The Elder Scrolls IV*. Once again, it is unfair to simply take *Fallout 3* as an RPG alone; since the gamer can view it as a FPS and an RPG, it truly works to become both, and as an FPS-RPG, it's a must-have for anyone looking for less of the same and something truly unique.

Though the engine is very reminiscent of *Oblivion*, after an hour, it's obvious that this is no demon-killing tangent in Tamriel. With an entirely different visual design, accompanied by much cleaner and more believable textures and graphical integrity, *Fallout 3* includes a truly unique art direction.

The setting of the game is a post-apocalyptic Earth, but more specifically, the Washington D.C. area. The interesting feature of the environment is that D.C. is the same as it was up until the 1950's, when the nuclear wars began. Though it's been several hundred years since, the culture has not greatly evolved from a utopian, *Pleasantville*-esque scene, with characters who favor good hair gel as much as the very scarce clean water.

The story is engaging, though because the environments are more limiting than *Oblivion*, the story is much more linear as well. The open-worldly feel is not as apparent, and part of it is because the danger of the "Wastelands," the vast expansive region that encompasses the game (much like Cyrodiil in *TES IV*). The character development and the attitudes of people are extremely believable, and though the character progression is not huge, the ability for the user to change the world—for better or for worse—is stupefying. In short, *Fallout 3* is epic.

The most useful, fun and vicious feature of gameplay is the Vault-Tec Assisted Targeting System (V.A.T.S.). It's like a slow-motion *Burnout* Crash Mode take on shooting. As an enemy (or ally) is nearby, pressing a button turns on the system which indefinitely pauses the game, and the gamer can choose what part to shoot on which person. With several enemies of various styles, shooting the arms on one and the head on another isn't a bad plan, and V.A.T.S. becomes this limitless, gory gameplay element that allows the user to be creative and violent at the same time, a la Quentin Tarantino.

As the character levels up, he or she can choose various upgrades to allow more action points, which limit how many shots a person can pull off in V.A.T.S. mode. In this sense, V.A.T.S. is a replacement for magic in Oblivion.


Image courtesy of Bethesda Softworks

Even without V.A.T.S., *Fallout* shooting is fun. Body parts blow off with grenades and expert shots, and there's even a cannon that shoots all sorts of objects, from ashtrays to bottles to actual ammunition. The variety of guns, plus the ability to make one's own, makes gun combat in *Fallout* more realistic in terms of gun usage—guns break down, get repaired and get upgraded. If there's one thing that Bethesda repeated with *Fallout* from *Oblivion*, it's the limitless options with combat.

Though guns are important for survival, the game also employs strong use of blunt weapons, from a baseball bat to a grim sledgehammer. There is not only health anymore, but also radiation poisoning, which is easier to avoid than expected. Other features include damage of one's own body parts, customization of armor and a huge experience and leveling system as in depth as any other RPG.

It's impossible to sum up *Fallout 3* in a few words because of how much the game undertakes and the unbelievably realistic environments. The game is so much more than the sum of its parts, and because Bethesda decided to do something very few developers even attempt – much less succeed at – the game is a milestone in game design as well. At the very least, the subject matter of nuclear fallout and the choices of the individual in a cut-throat environment allow this game to be something more than just a violent shooter or a cheesy RPG—this game is an event and an experience.

Weezer from page 17

proceeded to strut his flamboyant poses up and down the stage. However, my attention focused mostly on the energetic skills of drummer veteran Atom Willard, who worked previously with The Offspring.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity of an hour, Weezer made their appearance and treated the buttered-up crowd to "My Name is Jonas," the lyrics to which I knew by heart thanks to my battered and scratched CD of their *Blue Album*. Though there was an eclectic variety from those days to their recent *Red Album*, I recognized many older songs like "Buddy Holly" and "Island in the Sun" and got hooked on "Pork and Beans" and "Troublemaker."

Delonge came back onto the stage alongside drummer Atom to perform "Undone," while Project 96.1 brought its "Hootenanny" contestants onto the stage, which consisted of almost thirty fans who played "Island in the Sun" and "Beverly Hills."

Rivers Cuomo, with his jittery demeanor and 1970's mustache, made quite the splash with on-stage antics which included half a dozen power slides and piggy-back riding on security through the audience. Finally, the night was finished with a healthy, explosive version of "Buddy Holly," which only fueled the audience's appetite for an encore.

Needless to say, to experience Weezer's last show of the year didn't fail to impress fellow fans, my eardrums pleasantly abused for the night as fans poured out, sharing the same sentiment as they chattered to each other in excitement. So, after seeing my first Radiohead concert this summer, followed by the Weezer concert, I can go through the monotony of campus life a little more fulfilled, as "Surf Wax America" echoes in my head during classes.

sliver

www.nique.net

leave the door open for me
Economou
Ability to study = 1/construction noise
they should put pablo on pipe banging duty... reggaeton party in nae!
jullian is a gay robot
Gatech...nerd for depths of hell
oscar, are you kiddng me???!! its the last day of registration and you aren't working!! F!
that doughnut shop next to firehouse subs is amazing
seriously, that guy is a doughnut artist
I AM SO FED UP WITH THE GT PRINTING SYSTEM!!!!!
dear printing... please stop crashing every 10 minutes, kthxbye
Why do I need to show my ID to enter the library?
Why does there even need to be a guard at the library?
Mae we please have some decent bands here?
The wire coat hanger companies appreciate your continued support against abortion
Dear Skiles Walkway
Your new display is as annoying as it is disturbing
Love, a Pro-Lifer
You give INTA majors a bad name!
Do you think you're being funny or are you really that dumb?
Hurray for Yellow Jacket Fencing! 2nd overall in men's. 3rd in women's epee! We rock! YEAH!
What happened to the insecure days of the printing system?
Money for Print-Outs WRONG!
I am just to broke to pay for Print-Outs. sign broke ass
Hah I just silvered 3 times in a row
That sounded like rippage...
Saucerfish??....sour kraut???
I do not like school
its not genocide if you dont descriminate between what babys you kill
dont tell dead baby jokes when passing the genocide people lesson learned

Revolutions turns postmodernism upside down

By Richard Otis
Staff Writer

Mark Z. Danielewski has gained quite the cult following of fans in recent years. One might even say he's become a rock star of the literary world.

Danielewski's claim to fame is when he left English majors cringing and postmodernists cheering with the 2000 publication of *House of Leaves*, a Pynchonesque behemoth of a horror novel. Postmodernists love to experiment with style and structure in their work, and Danielewski's literary debut is a masterpiece of experimental fiction.

In a nutshell, the book is a literary discussion of a *Blair Witch*-style movie called *The Navidson Record*. The film was produced by a world-renowned filmmaker named Will Navidson, and it purports to show supernatural instances of a house that is larger on the inside than on the outside. The plot sounds straightforward enough, until you discover the stories that have been woven into the text. First, the discussion of *The Navidson Record* is written by a mysterious, dead old man named Zampanò. When the old man dies, the manuscript of the book is discovered by a hedonistic burnout named Johnny Truant, a sort of grown up version of Holden Caulfield.

Truant starts to piece together the manuscript and complete Zampanò's work. Slowly, unanswered questions start to eat at him. As far as he knows, no one named Will Navidson has ever existed, nor has any film called *The Navidson Record*, yet Zampanò has countless pages chronicling celebrities' and authors' takes on the film. Zampanò's manuscript, interspersed with actual citations, often makes reference to scholarly work that doesn't exist, so it would appear that the manuscript was written within the confines of a fictional parallel universe.

In many ways, *House of Leaves* serves as its own literary criticism. Concepts like truth and reality are often discussed in the novel itself, and Truant routinely questions his own sanity in footnotes that sometimes go on for several pages. The very meaning of the word 'fictional' is muddled as the reader attempts to sort out the "real" portions of the novel from the imagined.

Truant, as he delves deeper

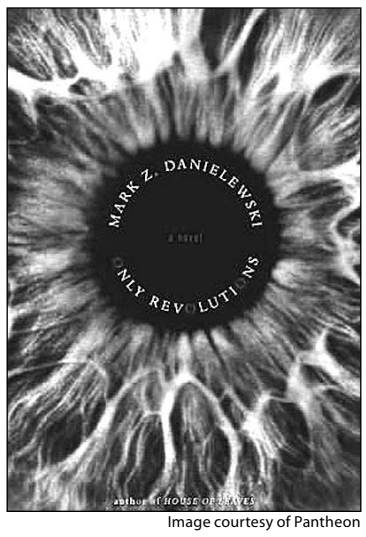

Image courtesy of Pantheon

into *The Navidson Record*, begins to lose his tenuous grip on reality. The unnamed "editors" of *House of Leaves* include appendices to Truant's edited version of Zampanò's manuscript that provide hints to Truant's tumultuous childhood.

The book itself is a proverbial puzzle wrapped up in an enigma. For example, every instance of the word "house" is written in blue. Danielewski has stated that it's an allusion to the blue-screen technology that allows any background to be superimposed over a blue screen. Similarly, the things that the characters experience when they enter the mysterious Navidson house are projections of their own inner demons.

House of Leaves is a story that contains enough substance to be fodder for decades of academic discussion, but if it's a novel that exists in a bubble, Danielewski's second major work, *Only Revolutions*, exists to be cross-referenced and contextualized.

Published in 2006, the novel is a love story and road novel about two sixteen-year-olds named Sam and Hailey. The Danielewski twist, one might say, is that the story takes place on a timeline that exists entirely in montages and vignettes. The novel spans 200 years, from 1863 to 2063, yet Sam and Hailey don't seem to experience the passage of time: they are "allways[sic] sixteen."

The novel is written in two sections, each 180 pages long. One section tells the story from Sam's point of view, the other from Hailey's. The novel is designed, as hinted by the title, to be cyclical. It's possible, according to Danielewski, to read the "end" and then continue reading from the beginning. The length of the sections represents the 180 degrees the reader must turn the book in order to go from Hailey's version of the text to Sam's version.

Sam and Hailey narrate with erratic poetry filled with misspellings often couched in double meaning and historical relevance. Danielewski filled the novel with references to the time period Sam and Hailey are "passing through," and dates are sequentially listed on every page along with a smattering of relevant names, events and quotes.

The story, and its ending, is simple and predictable when stripped of its presentation. What Danielewski has created with *Only Revolutions*, though, is a postmodern love story that examines love and emotion the way *House of Leaves* examined fear and reality. Danielewski allows for an exploration of what it means to love, but from a new perspective.

Nevertheless, reading the novel will leave one with a sense of lingering familiarity, as if the story is merely conjuring up dormant memories of people and places long since gone. Perhaps that's why, in the dedication, it's written, "You were there." All of us, we were there.

SUDOKU PUZZLES

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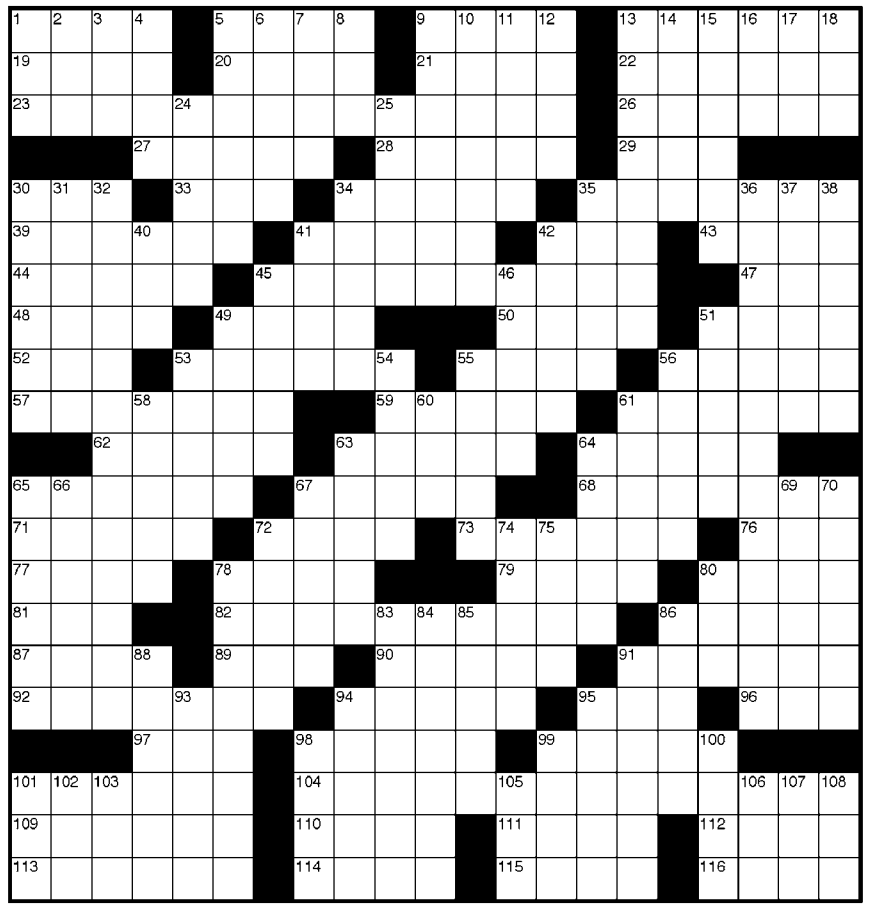
THEME CROSSWORD: CD COLLECTION

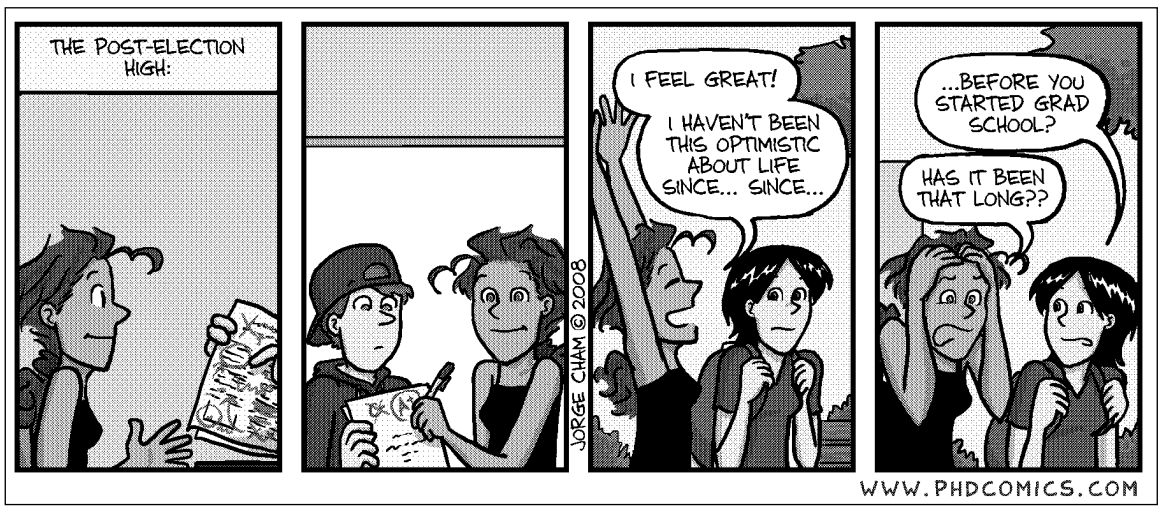
By Robert Zimmerman
United Features Syndicate

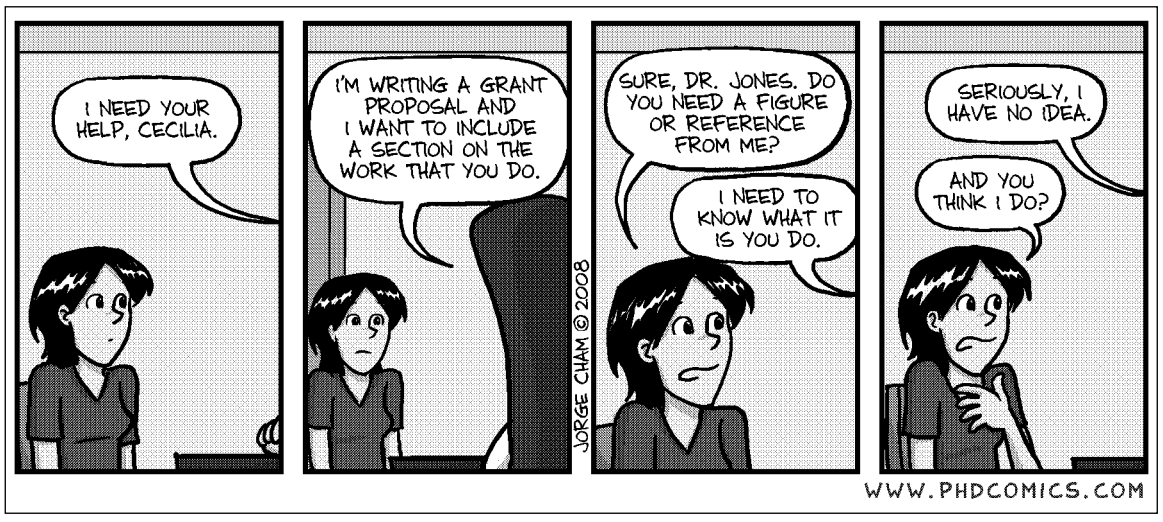


ACROSS
1. Nanny's nemesis
5. Not fem. or neut.
9. Prefix with medic
13. Chrysler model introduced in 1929
19. Caspian port
20. Long time in Tijuana
21. Heavy obligation
22. One or the other
23. Little Nell's creator
26. Makes fun of
27. Habitual speeder's expense
28. Cut off escape
29. Batter's hope
30. Gibson's network
33. Actor Kilmer
34. One of the 12 apostles
35. Mustached Marx
39. Soothed
41. Lawmaker
42. Palestinian org.
43. Store
44. Elegant behavior
45. Quebec-born pop star
47. Cuckoo
48. Border on
49. Fountain serving
50. With "The," 1953 Biblical flick
51. Songbird
52. Crash site?
53. Fine print, in a way
55. Location
56. "-- Triste" (Sibelius)
57. Turn on an empty oven
59. Acid-alcohol compound
61. Signs up a new tenant
62. Journal
63. Nero's mom
64. Celts
65. A saw, literally
67. Harness racer, perhaps
68. Boom-box setting
71. French friars?
72. A great deal
73. Next door
76. Tot up
77. -- ex machina
78. Place for bird's eye view
79. Spanish surrealist, b. 1893
80. Stepped on it
81. April addressee
82. Past-midnight talker
86. Knife guy
87. To be sure, senor
89. Transport initials?
90. What Rick and Elsa would always have
91. Things for shooting?
92. Distress calls
94. For some rock musicians,it's heavy
95. Gal of song
96. Negative
97. Right angle
98. Dawn
99. Have a hunch
101. Mogadishu native
104. Scopes' defender
109. All together
110. Inter --
111. Old newspaper section
112.Bimonthly tide
113. Emcee rituals
114. Soil additive
115. It's too small to see
116. James of the blues

DOWN
1. London broadcaster
2. Stadium echo
3. Alias
4. Racetrack, so to speak
5. Wild woman of mythology
6. Photographer Adams
7. Installs a lawn
8. TV crime staple
9. Big name in video games
10. Windflower
11. Unpleasant encounter
12. Part of NRA
13. Oust from the palace
14. Kids' refrain
15. Where it stands
16. Expressions of surprise
17. Kind of intersection
18. Conjunctions
24. Philbrick led three of these
25. Frijoles seasoning
30. Dogpatch creator
31. Shaped like an onion
32. "Children's Corner" composer
34. Sir Georg, the conductor
35. The world
36. Passenger on the "Beagle" in 1831
37. Lincoln, by reputation
38. Expresses a view
40. D-Day lander
41. Miss Ward
42. Peter, to Muscovites
45. Like a malicious remark
46. More parched
49. Stiller partner
51. Half of WA town
53. Loved ones
54. Be washed away
55. Bow's opposite
56. Brown thrush
58. Employs
60. Sault -- Marie
61. Stallone character
63. November parade sponsor
64. Comic Shandling
65. Hurtful malady
66. European peninsula
67. Runs smoothly, as an engine
69. Two-character musical of 1966
70. Most peculiar
72. American plan includes them
74.Cyber-correspondence
75. Is under the weather
78. One kind of paint
80. Spinner
83. Outdoors
84. Quick win with dice
85. Window decor
86. Wood for models
88. Lofty principles
91. Haphazard
93. Apportion
94. Head of a mosque
95. Take care of, as a duty
98. Con game
99. Sean Connery, for one
100. Bald eagle's cousin
101. Brother of Osiris
102. Yoko
103. Wharton degree
105. Gun-owner's org.
106. Not active: abbr.
107. Morsel for dobbin
108. Depression-era agcy.

PILED HIGHER & DEEPER BY JORGE CHAM





CROSSWORD SOLUTION FROM PAGE 21

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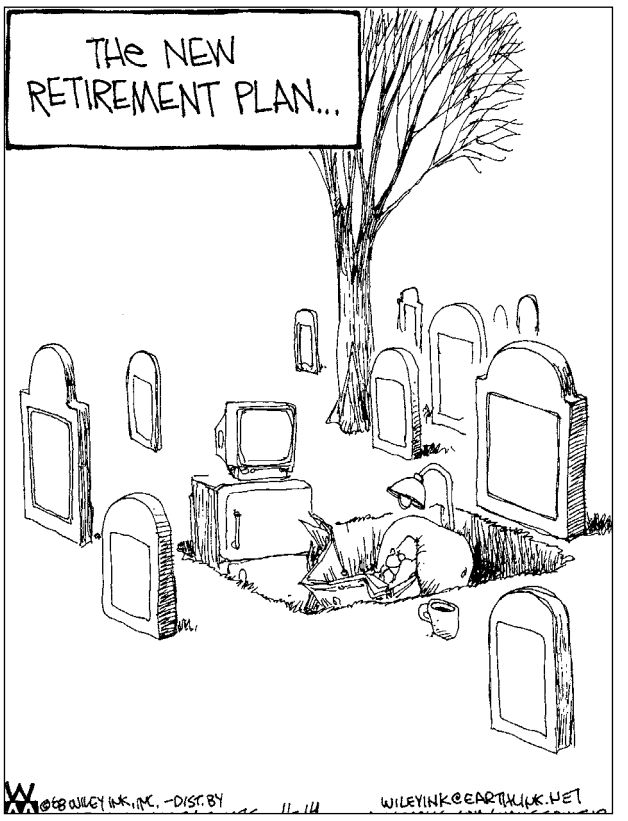
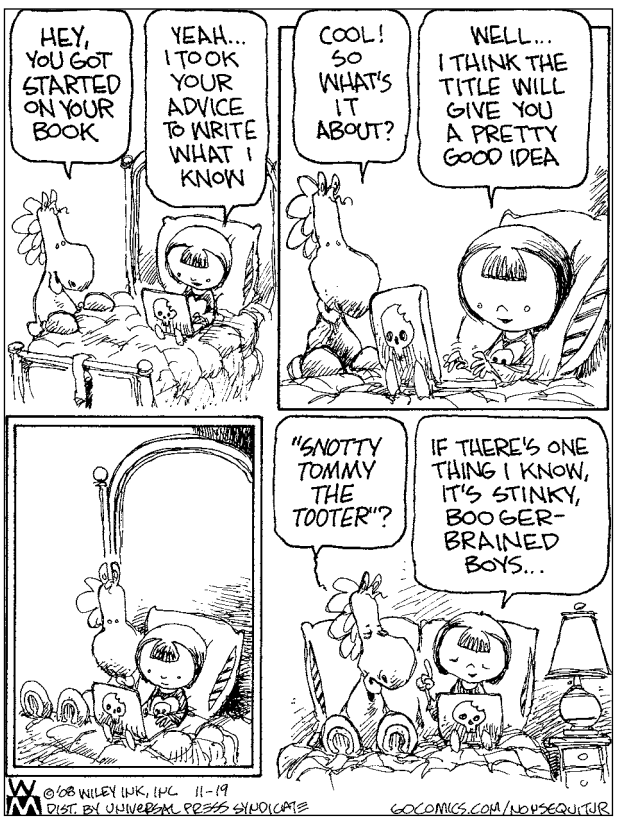
C	L	A	S	S		C	E	L	I	N	E	D	I	O	N			A	N	I
A	B	U	T		M	A	L	T				R	O	B	E		W	R	E	N
P	A	D		D	E	T	A	I	L		S	I	T	E		V	A	L	S	E
P	R	E	H	E	A	T			E	S	T	E	R		R	E	L	E	T	S
		D	I	A	R	Y		M	A	T	E	R		G	A	E	L	S		
S	I	E	R	R	A		P	A	C	E	R			A	M	R	A	D	I	O
A	B	B	E	S		S	U	C	H		N	E	A	R	B	Y		A	D	D
D	E	U	S		A	E	R	Y				M	I	R	O		T	R	O	D
I	R	S			C	A	R	S	O	N	D	A	L	Y		B	O	W	I	E
S	I	S	I		R	R	S		P	A	R	I	S		R	A	P	I	D	S
M	A	Y	D	A	Y	S		M	E	T	A	L		S	A	L		N	O	T
			E	L	L		S	U	N	U	P		S	E	N	S	E			
S	O	M	A	L	I		C	L	A	R	E	N	C	E	D	A	R	R	O	W
E	N	B	L	O	C		A	L	I	A		R	O	T	O		N	E	A	P
T	O	A	S	T	S		M	A	R	L		A	T	O	M		E	T	T	A

NON SEQUITUR BY WILEY



NON SEQUITUR BY WILEY



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