

flash

Now you see him ...

There's a new government-trained
killer in town, p. 4

February 13, 2003



A breath of fresh air courtesy of...

Big Fella and Mike D p. 6

I met the strangest man the other day...

I told my editor I wanted to write about www.davidlynch.com this week. If he had asked why, I suppose I would have said something to the effect that readers of a college arts and entertainment paper would be interested in this sort of thing. That's true, but honestly, all I'm really doing is getting my name into print alongside David Lynch's.

Regardless, this is a truly original Web site. Sometimes funny, sometimes confusing, it is always worth the time. This is not a synopsis site; if you've seen Lynch's movies, you've probably seen them a hundred times and don't need a plot summary. There are no hackneyed essays written by guys with bachelor degrees and too much time. Except for some rare trailers and clips and a collectibles store, there is no mention of Lynch's earlier works.

The Web site is built around three original series directed by David Lynch. *Dumbland* is a crudely drawn cartoon about a rude, flatulence prone bully. If you remember MTV's *Liquid Television*, you'll have a fair comparison, although Lynch definitely takes advantage of the lack of censorship. He says, "If it's funny, it is because it is absurd."

Axxon N is a Lynchian style mystery. I can't say too much else about what it actually is in the space available. I can only fall back on the old cliché; you'd have to see it to believe it.

Rabbits is my personal favorite. *Mulholland Drive* (Lynch's latest movie, which was nominated for an academy award last year) stars Naomi Watts and Laura Ellen Herring dress up in very realistic looking bunny suits for this odd drama. The tag line reads: "In a nameless city, deluged by a continuous rain, three rabbits live with a fearful mystery." It is every bit as odd as it sounds.

These shorts are only the beginning of the site. Another highlight is the section of experimental films. Lynch is not one for symbolic titles. When you see a film entitled *Dead Mouse With Ants* that's exactly what you get. *Bees #1* is another interesting sight. I'll let you use your imagination on *Head With a Hammer*.

Remember Sunday mornings after church when you fought your sister over who got the comic strip pages from the newspaper first. Well, if that paper had featured the "The Angriest Dog in the World" strip by Lynch, whoever won would have probably been scarred for life. It ran in the early to mid nineties in the *L.A. Times* and featured "a dog bound so tightly with tension and anger, he approaches the state of rigor mortis." The cause of his anger is his inane owners who, every week, spout some trite and pointless social comment that the dog overhears.

There is also a section of Lynch's paintings and photographs. Trained as a painter, he studied it in school instead of film. His paintings are dark, almost monochromatic and often include words on the canvas explaining what it depicts. His photographs are mainly nudes and industrial shots that look right out of a *Nine Inch Nails* video.

Once you peruse all this and visit the chat rooms and listen to a few miscellaneous audio clips, you might think you've finished with the site until the next round of videos are delivered. However, in true Lynchian fashion, scattered around the site are several numerical clues, which, once collected, can be dialed into an online phone, taking you to new areas and features. One such hidden surprise takes you to a woman's apartment in Tokyo as she talks about bananas. Like the town of "Twin Peaks," this Web site has layer upon hidden layer waiting to be

discovered, and only Lynch knows how deep it goes.

It takes an odd person to really like David Lynch's work. It seems almost nonsensical at first, but if you pay attention and listen close, you see a pattern, it makes as much sense as a backward dancing midget, but it's still a pattern. If you like his films, join his Web site. If you enjoy edgy avant garde art, join this site. If you just enjoy the strange beauty of a strange world, you should join this site. I mean really, what else are you gonna do, study? *

Auteur: A filmmaker, usually a director, who exercises creative control over his or her works and has a strong personal style
- American Heritage Dictionary

"Oh! So you are sick!"
- Henry in (Lynch's cult masterpiece) *Eraserhead*

"- and this time I discovered that the boy was indeed ill."
- Franz Kafka, "A Country Doctor"

review by chad hindman



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Travelogue: Mitchell's final album

Haunting, flawless and timeless are three words that easily describe Joni Mitchell's newest album *Travelogue*. *Travelogue*, a two-disc set takes the listener on a journey by revisiting 22 songs previously recorded by Mitchell during her more than 30-year career.

The set includes the classics "Woodstock," "For the Roses" and "The Circle Game," and the jazzy "Be Cool," "Just Like This Train" and "Sex Kills." The highlights of the collection are the hauntingly beautiful "Chinese Café/Unchained Melody," "Judgment of the Moon and Stars (Ludwig's Tune)" and "The Sire of Sorrow (Job's Sad Song)." Mitchell re-recorded her songs with arrangements by Vince Mendoza with the 70-piece London Symphony Orchestra and with a 13-member backing choir. Her backing band also features

some notable musicians like Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter and Billy Preston.

Mitchell revitalizes her classic songs with a voice that has matured with age and with an orchestra that expands the meaning and effect of the songs. Mitchell's voice has changed over the years.

It no longer has an airy flow that reaches the higher octaves, which is due, no doubt, to her age and habitual cigarette smoking. Her deep, raspy voice gives the songs a new life with an added depth and an identity of her own.

One of my favorite songs, "Woodstock," is reintroduced to the 21st century, and it perhaps provides some introspection from the hippie generation to the events that are occurring today. The song is about self-discovery and the celebration of life. The



inhabitants of this nation could benefit from that message. The lyrics, "That night I dreamed I saw bombers up there riding shotgun in the sky, and they were turning butterflies up above our nation," have special relevance now because of the Sept. 11 tragedy, the possible war with Iraq and the Columbia tragedy.

The title of the double album comes from the lyrics of track

two, "Amelia" ("It scrambles time and seasons if it gets through to you then your life is like a travelogue full of picture-post-card-charms"), which was originally recorded in 1977. *Travelogue* acts as Joni Mitchell's "picture-post-card" because it exhibits different points in her career. The album is put together like a mini-book with images of Mitchell's paintings along with phrases taken from songs on the album. The complete lyrics of the songs are included in a separate insert.

Travelogue produced by Larry Klein and Joni Mitchell was released in November 2002 on Nonesuch Records, an "artsy" label owned by Warner Music. The album can be compared to her 2000 release *Both Sides Now* where notable jazz musicians Hancock, Shorter and Preston also back her. *Both Sides Now* has an overall jazzy flavor,

and it is composed of classic songs and old standards. Mitchell's album cannot be compared, however, to anything else out on the music store shelves today. Her sound is completely original.

Mitchell revealed in the December 2002 issue of *W* magazine that *Travelogue* would be her final album, which makes it even more special. She is getting out of the music business because she is tired of how corrupt the industry has become over the past few years.

Sadly, this album is not going to receive the commercial response it deserves.

It is not pop or the new punk so it will not appeal to the masses. *Travelogue* is an eclectic mix of music all its own. If you like Joni Mitchell or just like music that can touch your soul then you cannot go wrong with *Travelogue*.*

review by Erin Edgemon

'Heaven' can wait



Giovanni Ribisi and Cate Blanchett star in Krzysztof Kieslowski's film *Heaven*

Perhaps the success of "AI: Artificial Intelligence" prompted the good folks at Miramax to try something similar.

With *AI*, Stephen Spielberg took over the project the great Stanley Kubrick had been working on when he died, and made it into a wonderful film.

It played to the strengths of both directors, and both of their influences are seen in it. The result is an imperfect yet fascinating film that gets better with each viewing.

A similar situation arose recently. The famed Polish director Krzysztof Kieslowski passed away in 1996 and left behind a script for a film called *Heaven*, which was to be the first in a trilogy, eventually to be concluded by *Purgatory* and *Hell*.

The script fell into the hands of Miramax and was passed on to German filmmaker Tom Tykwer, best known for *Run Lola Run* and "The Princess and the Warrior."

Both Kieslowski and Tykwer

have become well-known for their films and their personal themes of fate, coincidence and spirituality, so the project certainly looked good on paper.

Once put onto celluloid, the film is generally a mess but not worth ignoring entirely. If anything, it is worth looking into for fans of these two interesting filmmakers.

The plot of the film centers around a British woman whose husband recently died of a drug overdose. In addition, many of the young children she teaches at school are hooked on the same stuff. So, she enters the drug dealer's office with a bomb, intending to kill him in revenge. The plan goes wrong and four innocent people die.

She is caught by the police and interrogated by them. But since they are Italian, she needs a translator. The translator sympathizes with her so he helps her escape in a series of highly unlikely events.

This is the main problem with the film. Though the opening premise is interesting, most of the first two-thirds of the film play like a bad American action film.

Based on what he sees of her personality, I couldn't accept the fact that the Italian officer would feel strongly enough about the woman to risk his job and possibly his life to help free her.

All of a sudden, he is expressing his love for her without any sort of emotion or chemistry between them.

It is this lack of feelings between the characters that ultimately make it a very difficult film to enjoy. The man and woman profess their love for each other and go through all sorts of obstacles, but are unconvincing in their actions.

And this makes it very hard to care for them. They don't come across as realistic, caring people, and this prevents the audience from entering their world and being captivated by it.

A final error is regarding the issue of casting.

The two leads are played by Cate Blanchett and Giovanni Ribisi, both accomplished performers. But the main problem lies in the fact that they are English-speaking actors in a film written by a Pole, directed by a German and starring an entire cast of Italians.

Both Blanchett and Ribisi are horribly out of place and their talents aren't enough to make up for it.

Heaven, with all the important names attached, had the potential to be an interesting, thoughtful film. Unfortunately, Miramax got a little too ambitious, threw too many different elements into the mix and spoiled what could have been a perfectly fine, artistic film.

For a real experience, skip *Heaven* and take a look at *The Princess and the Warrior* or *The Decalogue* to see Tykwer and Kieslowski at their peaks. *

review by Zachary Hansen

There's no stopping the Jimmy Kimmel menace

The graveyard of failed late-night talk shows is crowded with the battered remnants of Magic Johnson, Chevy Chase and even "Wheel of Fortune" host, Pat Sajak.

Therefore, when Jimmy Kimmel Live debuted after a more than lackluster Superbowl and a dumbed-down version of *Alias*, skeptics began clearing the ground for yet another coffin.

Even Kimmel is vulnerable to the naysayers and stern detractors who doubt a former *Man Show* host can lure away viewers from David Letterman, Jay Leno, Conan O'Brien and Craig Kilborn.

"The odds in Vegas are that I will be back on Comedy Central before Valentine's Day," Kimmel ribbed mockingly after ABC forbid audience members to drink during the show. (FYI: The harsh decision occurred after a woman ended up puking on a fellow audience member.)

The anti-frat boy policy has not deterred Kimmel from boozing it up with the likes of co-host Snoop Dogg and *Man Show* partner Adam Carolla. On a Wednesday night broadcast, an intoxicated Kimmel tongued an elderly guest while Carolla torched a ventriloquist's dummy.

Kimmel's unpredictability is a winning attribute and a welcome addition to the late night formula.

And while the celebrity guests are slim pickings (Tammy Faye Bakker, Corey Feldman, anyone), the spontaneity has translated into comedic gold.

Snoop Dogg quickly became an unexpected comedian with streetwise nuggets of knowledge. When a confused Tammy Faye wondered how one could detect the pre-

ence of marijuana smoke, newly pot-free Snoop Dogg's eyes lit with ironic enthusiasm. "I will get Tammy Faye high," Snoop joked.

Week 2 of *Jimmy Kimmel Live* brought more unexciting B-list celebs and a vastly diverse musical lineup of Master P, Simple Plan and LeAnn Rimes. But Kimmel kept the operation fresh with sketches ranging from Michael Jackson's soundbites of delusion to making co-hostess Kathy Griffin offer sex to johns while selling Girl Scout cookies.

While *Jimmy Kimmel Live* is far from the superior standard of David Letterman, Kimmel is no Jay Leno. Despite his occasional blatant attempt for a measly laugh, Kimmel would much rather piss off a guest than cozy up like Jay Leno with Oprah.

When walking bullseye rapper, 50 Cent, appeared on the couch, Kimmel asked, "Which is worse - getting shot or stabbed?" And with his unabashed audacity, Kimmel continued, "I almost cut my finger the other day while making a sandwich. I thought that was pretty bad."

Right, Jimmy. I will say this while listening to Corey Feldman push his album *Former Child Actor* is torture, *Jimmy Kimmel Live* can make a celebrity feel uncomfortable. While that may be the reason that Julia Roberts is holding out, it does make for entertaining television. It looks as if Jimmy Kimmel will not be going back to Comedy Central any time soon. *

*** (out of 4 stars).

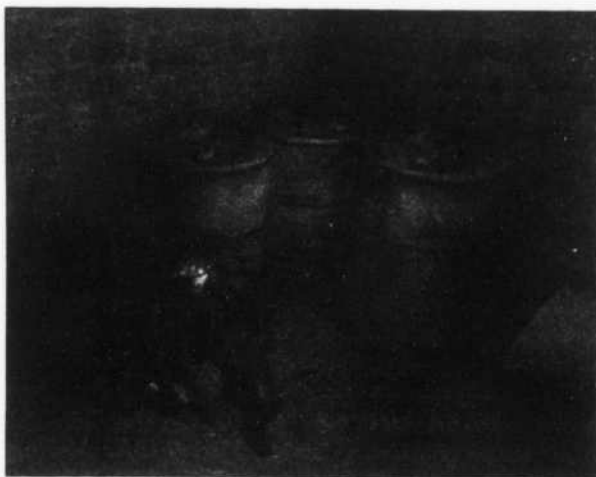


Jimmy Kimmel, the only man in America today who can make an interview with Corey Feldman interesting.

review by joey hood

Now you see him ...

Move over solid snake - there's a new government-trained killer in town



Sam Fisher is the new king of the hill when it comes to stealth/espionage games.

Finally, years after the release of *Metal Gear Solid* for the original Playstation, a developer by the name of Ubi Soft has built a stealth/espionage game that blows away the legendary franchise. Based on a novel by Tom Clancy, *Splinter Cell* is a slow-paced yet action packed experience. With great lighting effects, fluid graphics and a kick-ass main character, it's no wonder that *Splinter-Cell* has been voted X-Box game of the year.

You're Sam Fisher, a middle aged American Ninja, not quite as cool as *Metal Gear's* Solid Snake but even more lethal. What! More lethal than Solid Snake! That's right damnit, I said it! Can Snake do The splits in between two walls, thirty feet in the air? What about leap off a wall onto an unsuspecting bad guy? He can't can he? Nol The world of espionage has a new, fatter and slightly balder badass in its ranks, and he's making all the other CIA Ninjas take second chair!

Graphically, *Splinter Cell* is the best game I have ever seen. The textures are amazingly detailed, and Sam's movements are so fluid and realistic, it's scary. Also, the lighting effects are the crown jewel of this game. When I first saw

Sam Fisher's middle-aged body, checker-boarded by the light passing through a chain link fence, I nearly soiled myself. Not only is *Splinter Cell* graphically impressive, but it also has excellent replay value. You'll definitely want to buy this game, not rent it, so you can repeatedly go back and boost your ego by killing your enemies different ways. The possibilities are limitless. Also, don't be disappointed if you're not an X-Box owner, *Splinter Cell* is reportedly set to debut on PS2, Game Cube, PC and even Game Boy Advance! Whoa Daddy!

Overall, I would have to agree with the critics in saying that *Splinter Cell* is the best thing to happen in the gaming world since *Halo* and is without a doubt the greatest espionage game of all time. It is living proof that the gaming industry is in a Golden Age of development. With graphics that will set the bar for future Solid Snake wannabes and a hero that will keep coming back for more, *Splinter Cell* is a powerhouse title that is a must-have for any X-box owner. I give *Splinter Cell*, for the X-Box, a whopping four out of four stars! Kudos!

**** (4 out of 4 stars) *

review by Jack Stone

A failed attempt at album review alley

four albums to make sure are not on your list

I'm an open advocate of not pre-judging music by its record label, fancy press packet and glossy CD jacket. I am, however, a fan of judging music based, well, solely on the music.

The following four albums were found obscurely stashed in my apartment (a perk of the flash* job). So, I decided to review them for my wonderful, beautiful playmate-hot readers (uh, and super cute guys, too).

I don't recommend any of these albums as Valentine's Day gifts. Hell, I don't really recommend any of these albums, period. Nonetheless, you're on the crapper and you need reading material. So, my dear pantless friend, read on!



Too Bad Eugene

Album: *Moonlighting*

Label: Tooth and Nail Records

Sounds Like: the early, rough Green Day albums but without the unique vocals and riffs that made Green Day so awesome.

Rating: * 1/2

There's really nothing exceptional when it comes to trio power/pop/punk that is Too Bad Eugene. Their music might have caught on a couple of years ago when Blink 182 and the hoards of meager teen "punk" hit the MTV heavy rotation. The music isn't so horrible I cannot bear to listen to it. However, it's not worth a second spin in the disc player either. Do not waste your precious eardrum hairs on this one. You know, it's really just too bad for 'ol Eugene. (Sorry, I just couldn't resist the pun.)



The Guru

Album: *Original Motion Picture Soundtrack*

Label: Universal Records

Sounds Like: a combination of bizarre, terrible and horrifyingly intriguing tunes that make me oh-so confused about my masculinity. Oh wait, I am female.

Rating: *

My first and really only real point in this album review is that any compilation disc which includes the song "Macarena" shouldn't have made it to CD pressing. Whew, anyway, "The Guru" (the film) stars Heather Graham and looks like a ridiculously dumb film. The only salvation this album has (since the movie seemingly has none) might be the track "You're the One that I Want." And that is only because John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John performed this song.

Dogwood

Album: *Seismic*

Label: Tooth and Nail Records

Sounds Like: Someone learned one drum beat/pattern and then quit sixth grade band.

Rating: *



Though the packaging and CD cover art make this album from the testosterone quintet Dogwood look decent, don't be fooled. The music isn't good; it isn't bad either. It's just too formulaic. I cannot stand over-produced, over-indulged crap that sounds alike track after track on an album. But if you do, however, *Seismic* is the album for you. It's the same pop-punk garbage that, for better or worse, has great intentions but is ridiculously redundant. I just wish they would learn that percussion could sound decent at even a moderate pace.

Seven Nations

Album: *And now it's come to this*

Label: Razor and Tie Records

Sounds Like: the Goo Goo Dolls on crack. The music is pseudo-catchy in that I-hate-to-admit-it sort of way.

Rating: **



With a guy on drums and percussion named "Crisco," how can any band really go wrong? Well, Seven Nations didn't go wrong, exactly, but I wouldn't say they made the next Billboard hit album (or song for that matter). Though *And now it's come to this* does feature some remarkable musical styling, the vocalist (Kirk McLeod) doesn't fit well as a vocal match. In fact, I dare say I couldn't stand his voice. Therefore, based solely on annoyance factor, Seven Nations only receives two stars.

Rating System:

* — not even worth the download time

** — mediocre but not musical bliss

*** — I own the T-shirt and buy the album

**** — following the band on tour

(read: album so awesome I'm a groupie)

A breath of fresh air courtesy of Big Fella and Mike D

In a college town brimming with emo bands strumming catchy choruses on their acoustics, Big Fella and Mike D aim to pound legitimate hip-hop bombast into your speakers.

With the help of collaborator Te' Arthur the Great, the debut album *Broke But Still Livin'* sold 5,000 units through the sheer faith Big Fella has in his music. Initially, Big Fella (i.e. Willie Sims, Jr.) attempted to sell *Broke* by setting up shop in front of the Keathley University Center.

And like every local hip-hop success story, *Broke But Still Livin'* sold through word of mouth.

"It spread. People told their friends, and they told some of their friends," Mike D explains over chips and salsa at La Siesta.

Soon, the album's lead single "Chicken and a 40 oz" received spins at Nashville's Blazin' 106.7. Mike D and Big Fella had a hit on their hands.

The creation of Big Fella and CEO Entertainment was brought about in the fall semester of 2000 when Mike Diller met Willie Sims. A shared affection for all things hip-hop lead to the purchase of basic recording equipment. A year later, their efforts paid off with an album chronicling the troubles of typical, broke college students.

And instead of taking a nap, Mike D and Big Fella are hard at work on not one but two new albums.

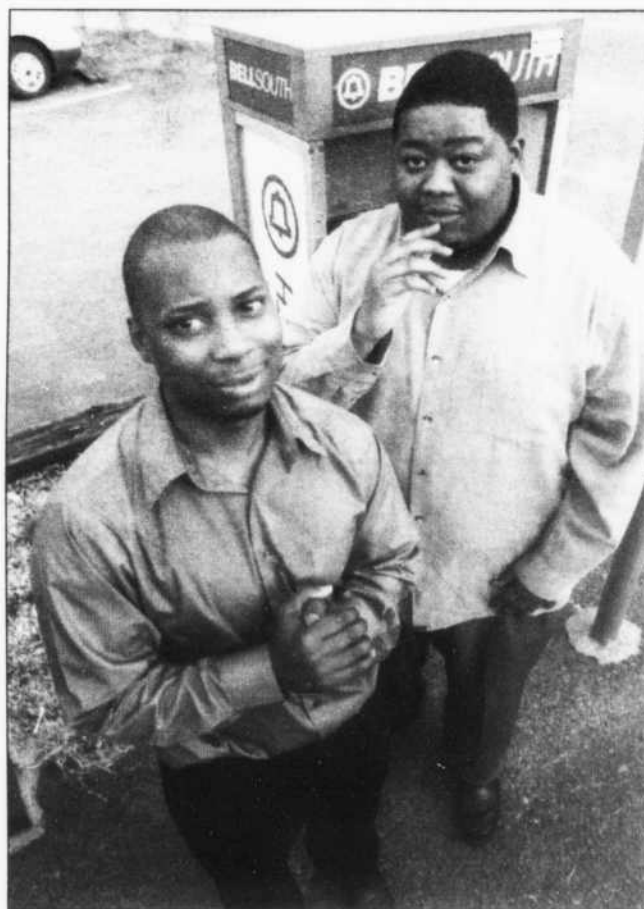
"I haven't slept in the past two days," Big Fella mutters sheepishly.

Big Fella doesn't have time for a Mariah-size meltdown. In addition to helping Mike D with CEO Entertainment, Big Fella hosts his own MTTV cooking series, "Cookin' With Big Fella (The Hustlin' Gourmet)", is planning on running for SGA president, deejays occasionally at Blazin' 106.7, helps feed the homeless through canned food drives, mentors area school children and plans on running for mayor of Murfreesboro in 2006.

"Oprah needs to call me. She and Quincy Jones are supposed to help me out," Big Fella says.

Did I forget to mention that Big Fella completed a Southern hip-hop documentary with Quincy Jones' son and is related to rap legend Scarface?

Big Fella and CEO Entertainment are going places, all right. It will only be a matter of time before "Cookin' With Big Fella (The Hustlin' Gourmet)" becomes a household phenomenon. Emeril and the "Naked Chef" better acknowledge Big Fella's culinary skills and his primo dish, Sticky Icky Chicken, before it's too late.



Mike D, left, and Big Fella, right, are expecting fame and glory – not to mention their two upcoming albums to be released.

While the Sticky Icky Chicken was nowhere in sight amidst cups of salsa, Big Fella and Mike D didn't hold back when talking about their music careers. It's all about where you're going and where you've been.

Below is a Q&A with the hardest working hustlers in the 'Boro.

In the words of Big Fella, "Do the damn thing."

Joey Hood: "You already talked to some extent about your history. Where exactly did you two meet?"

Big Fella: "We met at the Urban Music Society. And

the Urban Music Society was not talking about shit. So we were basically just kickin' it, and we have been together since."

Mike D: "The Urban Music Society is crazy, though. There is all kinds of people up in there. Rock music – everything."

JH: "What are some of your influences? Are your influences mostly just hip hop?"

BF: "Whatever sounds good, whatever's bumpin'. I like hip hop, Led Zeppelin and everything in between. Right now, I am listening to the new Tupac CD. I didn't like it at first. At home, I have Anita Baker in the CD player and Sade in the DVD player. I love Frankie Beverly and anything from the 1960s, back in the day from Teddy Pendergrass to the Philadelphia scene. I don't listen to much rap right now. There is a lot of bullshit out right now."

JH: "What do you think is wrong with contemporary hip-hop?"

BF: "Hip-hop is done, near dead. It's like...there ain't no life or message in it, almost. I understand that you have to sell records. But people don't make music that lasts anymore. I think our new albums will last, though."

MD: "We are putting a different sound together called *Clubplay*. Right now, everybody wants tight tracks that you will hear in the club. Hopefully, everyone will bob their heads to it."

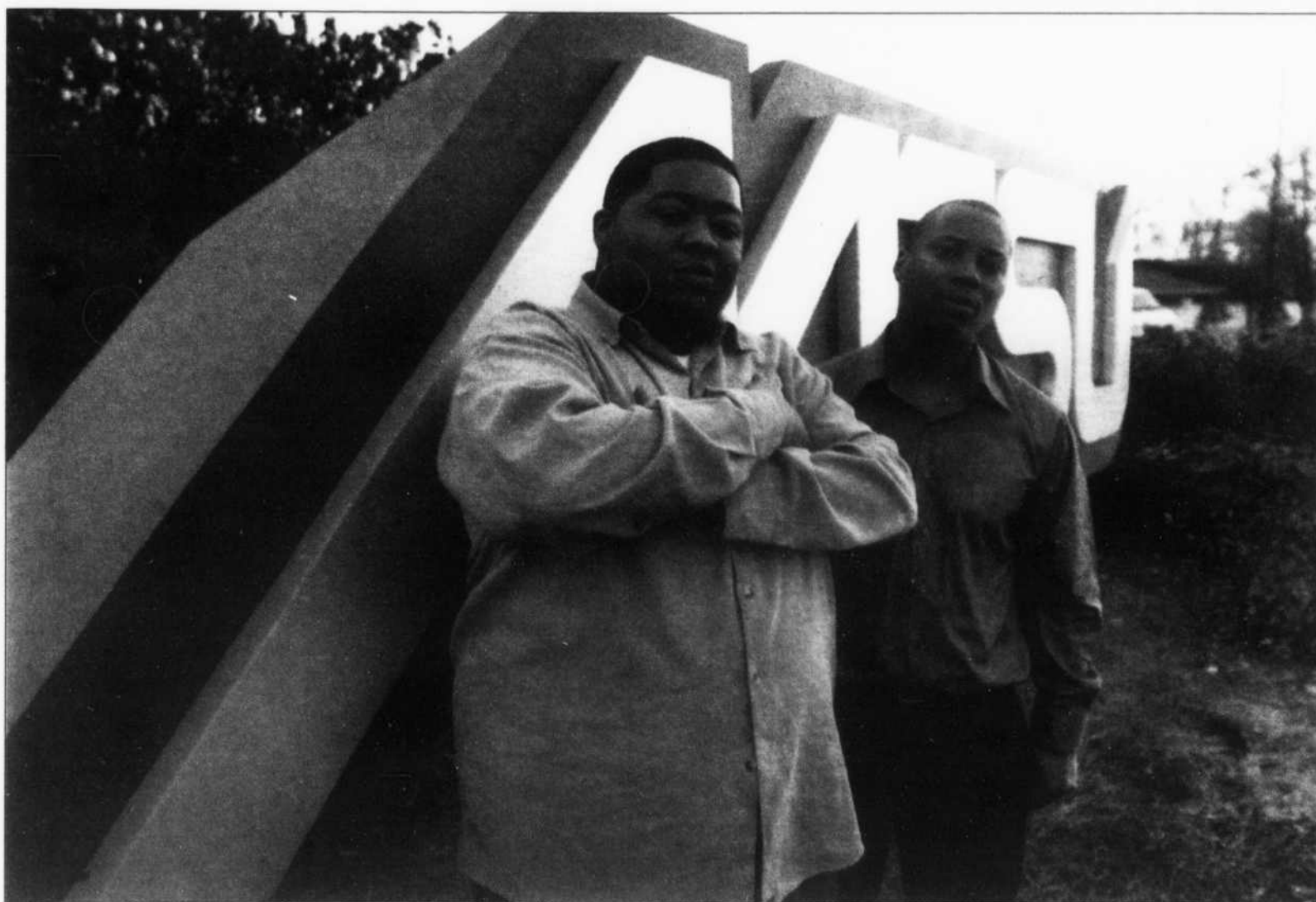
JH: "When does *Clubplay* come out?"

MD: "In summer of 2003. We got some R&B cuts on *Clubplay* as well."

BF: "My CD comes out in 2004. We are putting out a double CD. One of the CD's will be rap; the other will be R&B. Te' Arthur sings; I rap."

JH: "The Nashville hip-hop scene is beginning to take off with Haystack and Cadence. Do you think Nashville has the potential to become the next Atlanta or Detroit?"

story by joey hood



**I've
learned**
that
not
everybody
is built
for
this shit.

...

It is gonna
take **a lot** to
make it.

– Big Fella

MD: "Nope. Nashville is not going to blow up. Haystak has been doing this for 10 years and Cadence just came out recently. And both of them are white rappers. I don't want to compare them to Eminem, but there is a lot more artists out there in Nashville. So basically, why are we only hearing about the white rappers? That means that there is something wrong with the Nashville rap scene. I do respect Haystak and Cadence for what they do, though."

BF: (laughs) "I give much love to 'Stak. He is a silly motherfucker, just super cool. I show much love to Nashville rappers. Our cat named Slim is coming out. Look out for Slim. And Lil' Rock. Actually we are trying to sign Lil' Rock. Damn near got him down, too."

JH: "So do you agree that white rappers receive more media attention compared with black rappers?"

BF: "I'm going to break it down for you. Since the beginning, there has been a big argument over music. Little Richard in the 1950s and this thing with Eminem and Benzino, right now. But it has always been more acceptable to the masses to see someone who looks like them making music. These white rappers have skills because you have to work twice as hard. First of all, everyone is looking at you. Ooh, he's white and rapping. People will

hate you before they even give you a chance. And if you look at who buys [hip hop] albums, the majority of the sales are teenage white kids. In order to sell, you need mass appeal to more than just your neighborhood. And most black rappers reach just their community."

JH: "All right, time for a fun question. What would you say is the weirdest album in your record collection?"

BF: "I don't remember the dude's name. It's a Jewish dude that does funny raps. It's weird, by far."

JH: "Mike D?"

MD: "Man, old school booty music. People aren't up on old school booty music around here."

JH: "So bottom line, is it hard playing in a college town full of rock bands?"

MD: "It's actually easier."

BF: "I believe that we have the advantage because we don't have competition. All the bands playing, they aren't on the same level. We could just do our whole album live or cover rock songs. Ain't nobody doing what we do. When you come to our show, you are going to shake

your ass, get drunk and feel good."

JH: "What is the hardest lesson you have learned from attempting a career in music?"

MD: "Your records won't sell out in the store." (laughs)

BF: "I've learned that not everybody is built for this shit. There is only a handful of people actually down to do the work. It is gonna take a lot to make it."

JH: "So Big Fella, where do you see yourself in ten years?"

BF: "Man, I am not going to still be rapping at 33. Hopefully, I will have a wife and kids. I might be mayor of Murfreesboro. I just don't know, man."

Whatever I am doing, I want to help others. I want to make the world a better place for somebody else."

For more information on upcoming CEO Entertainment events including the CEO Family Reunion, visit <http://www.nashvilledigital.net/ceo>.

The writer, Joey Hood, is a freshman Mass Communications major and contributor for *Flash. He can be reached at crakaj@hotmail.com. *

photos by danny grigsby

'Proof' measures up

beyond a
shadow
of a doubt

Imagine for a moment that you are insane – that you see and converse with dead loved ones. Now, imagine that you do not quite know if this insanity is genuine or imaginary.

Are you confused yet? Such is the case with Catherine, the lead character in David Auburn's Pulitzer Prize- and Tony Award-winning play, *Proof*.

Catherine, played with her own brilliance by Amy Tribbey, is a bright young woman on the eve of her 25th birthday. Her father, a brilliant mathematician, just died, and Catherine is coming to terms with the loss.

Amidst all of this, Catherine is facing the possibility of having inherited her father's way with numbers as well as his insane tendencies.

Catherine's life is barely filling up days when Hal, one of her father's former graduate students, begins the daunting task of examining her father's old notebooks, searching for anything salvageable.

Meanwhile, Claire, Catherine's sister, has come back home for the funeral of her father. In her well-meant behavior, Claire invites Catherine to move back to New York with her. Claire has begun to see some of her father's insane tendencies in Catherine and wants to help her before it is too late.

The day after her father's funeral, Catherine gives Hal the key to a secret drawer in her father's study, and Hal discovers a notebook filled with a mathematical proof of astronomical proportions.

When Hal starts rattling off the excitement of what the proof means to the world of mathematics to Claire, Catherine reveals she is the true author of the proof.

Now, Catherine must prove to Hal, Claire and herself she did author the proof and that she is not losing her mind in the process.

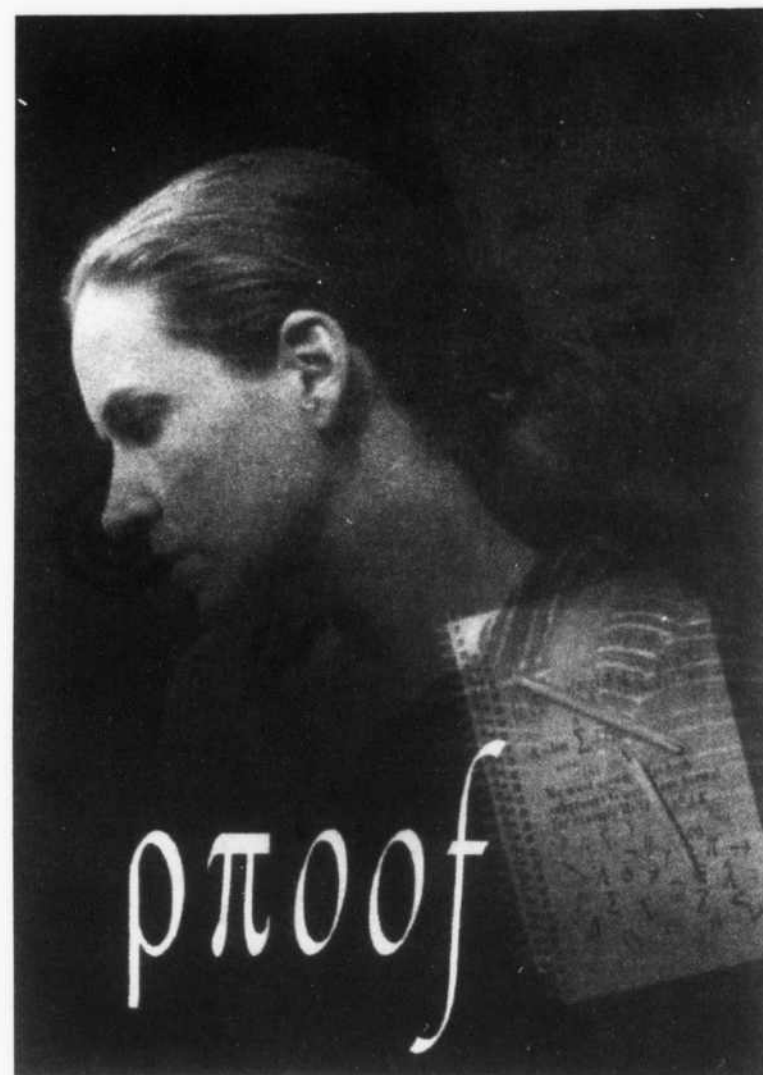
The cast of The Tennessee Repertory Theatre's production is outstanding and exceptionally believable. Tribbey brings an intimate innocence to the role of Catherine. Her malleable voice borders on whiney and vulnerable and helps to bring believable humanity to her role.

Matt Chiorini injects humor, confidence and passion into the role of Hal. At times, he is the shy graduate student with a crush on his professor's daughter, and at other times, he is a pompous and sexist mathematician. His brilliance is that he can float between the two extremes fluidly.

Dennis Carrig plays Robert, Catherine and Claire's father, with proud sympathy, and Anna Stone plays the concerned big sister, Claire.

The drama, directed by David Grapes, is playing at Tennessee Performing Arts Center's Johnson Theater, which is known as the "black box" because of its open stage and intimate stadium seating.

It adds just the right touch that makes viewing *Proof* feel like a voyeuristic outing. *



Proof began its run at the Tennessee Performing Arts Center as part of the Tennessee Repertory Theatre's Off-Broadway Series on Feb. 6, and will run through Feb. 15.

Tickets are \$30. For more information go www.tnrep.org, or call Ticketmaster at (615) 255-ARTS.

review by rachel robinson

SPECIAL VALENTINE'S DAY CLUB LISTINGS

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13

MARTINA MCBRIDE & THE NASHVILLE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA VALENTINE CONCERT: 8 p.m., Ryman Auditorium, \$29-\$100. For ticket information, call 255-9600 or go to www.ryman.com.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14

SYNDICATE OF SOUL: 9 p.m., Bunganut Pig, Murfreesboro, \$5.

CODA/OLIVER'S ARMY/POPULAR GENIUS/SUBMETHOD: 6:30 p.m., Blue Sky Court, \$7.

LYNN ROTHROCK: 10:30 p.m.-1:30 a.m., Cafe 123, \$6. David Andersen, 7-10 p.m.

WILLIE CRESPO & SALSARENGUE: 10 p.m., Club Caliente, \$7.

ROB NASATIR & DEAN MASULLO: 8 p.m., Bean Central.

"LUSH": featuring DJ Ron, DJ Sin, Clayton B., Doran G., DJ Russell, Maximus, Ashley Power, Adam Wright, Keith Windham, Matthew Kelly, Shugg Knight, Johnna and Daddy Bob, 10 p.m.-6 a.m., Club Excess & Orbit. \$10 until midnight, \$12 after.

RICK HENDRICKS & THE MUSIC CITY JAZZ EQUATION: Basante's, 2114 Green Hills Village Dr.

JUCIFER/FALL WITH ME/DHAR-MAKAYA: 9 p.m., The End, \$6.

FINAL MIXX: 9 p.m., The Double E Bar & Grill.

WALT WILKINS, KEVIN WELCH, TINA MITCHELL, & CLAUDIA SCOTT: In the round, 9 p.m., Douglas Corner Cafe, \$7. Michael Kearns, Rachel Owen, Dan Brayall, & Stephen Hunter in the round, 6 p.m.

CHUCK CANNON, LARI WHITE, PAM ROSE, & CHUCK JONES: 9:30 p.m., Bluebird Cafe, \$12. "Men Who Love Too

Much" Showcase featuring James Nihan, Tom Grant, Kevin Ball, & John Carter Cash in the round, 6:30 p.m.

SHARIE BARDO EXPLOSION: 9 p.m., Bunganut Pig, Franklin, \$5.

FAMILIAR FACES: 9 p.m., Boardwalk Cafe, \$7.

NITE KITCHEN BAND: 8 p.m.-midnight, Church Street Pub.

"GET TO KNOW YA SHOW" FEAT. SHAGGY GREEN BAND: 8 p.m., Bongo After Hours Theatre, \$5.

AMY RIGBY: w/Jennifer Nicely, 9 p.m., The Basement, \$5.

C.C. MILLER: 9 p.m.-2 a.m., Bourbon Street Blues and Boogie Bar, \$8.

ANTI-VALENTINE'S DAY SHOW: feat. Orange Juice Kids, BooBoo Bunny, Craig Murphy Experience, Screaming Assheads From Hell, 9:30 p.m., The Boro Bar & Grill, \$5-\$7.

BRENT MOYER: 12:30 p.m., Country Music Hall of Fame & Museum.

VALENTINE EVENT W/CHRIS BLIZ-ZARD: 8-11 p.m., JAZZ+BAR">Chances Kool Jazz Bar, \$75 a couple.

AUGUST CHRISTOPHER: w/Analog Vox, 8:30 p.m., The Church, \$7-\$12.

DARYL O'DONNELL: Hugheys Grille & Bar

KENTUCKY THUNDER: w/Lynette Vantreese, 8 p.m., 3rd & Lindsley Bar & Grill, \$8.

MASA: 10 p.m., Gentleman Jim's Bar & Grill #2.

MIA ADAMS & THE COMBINADOS: featuring Richard Julian, Rich Kij, & Jack Silverman, 7-10 pm, Rosepepper Cantina.

THE CHASE: 8:30 p.m., Wildhorse Saloon, \$6.

JOHN REUBEN: 8 p.m., Rocketown, \$10. Free with monthly membership.

TERESA COLLIER: 8 p.m.-midnight, Loews Garden Bar and Patio.

BILL LUTHER: 12th & Porter performance takes place after "American Duet" play, which begins at 8 p.m..

VALENTINE DINNER BY CANDLELIGHT FEAT. MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKERS (A.K.A. HOT HOUSE): 9 p.m., Guido's New York Pizzeria.

SHERLOCK HOLMES' PUB 10TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION FEAT. THE ROGUES: 8 p.m., The Sherlock Holmes Pub.

RONDA & JONDA: 8 p.m., Lipstick Lounge, \$5.

JOHN COWAN BAND: w/Pat Flynn, 8 p.m., The LightHouse, \$10 suggested donation.

CLIFFNOTES: 9 p.m.-midnight, Princeton's Grill.

AIR SUPPLY WITH THE NASHVILLE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA: 8 p.m., Jackson Hall, Tennessee Performing Arts Center, 505 Deaderick St \$20-\$63 show only. \$60 each "All Out of Love" package, which includes 2 pre-show drinks at the Pub of Love and transportation to and from the show, is also offered. For ticket information, call 255-ARTS. For package deal, call 783-1212.

JACOB MOHR & JASON CLARK: 10 p.m., Joe's Crab Shack.

DJ RON: midnight-2 a.m., Kiss.

SPRINGWATER'S 3RD ANNUAL ANTI-VD PARTY: feat. Dave Cloud's Gospel of Power, Original Lasso and Poppy Paul, 9:30 p.m., Springwater.

MY UNDYING LOVE/AUTUMN MOURNING: 9:30 p.m., Faces Restaurant & Lounge, \$5-\$7.

MILTON MAPES: w/Rod Picott, 9 p.m., The Sutler, \$5.

KROSSTOWN TRAFFIC: 10 p.m.-1 a.m., All American Sports Grill, \$4.

ROMIE SMITH & THE LITTLE BIG BAND: 6:30-9:30 p.m., Mere Bulles.

GIRLESQUE—AN EVENING OF CLASSIC BURLESQUE: feat. The World Famous BOB and more, 9 p.m., Exit/In, \$14. For information, call 269-8357.

HEARTSTRINGS: 9 p.m., The Station Inn, \$7.

BON JOVI/GOO GOO DOLLS: 7:30 p.m., Gaylord Entertainment Center, \$39.75-\$59.75. For ticket information, call 255-9600 or go to www.cc.com.

VALENTINE'S SPECIAL W/COMMON GROUND: 10 p.m., Windows on the Cumberland.

WHEN SLEEPING FAILS/FRONTROW FOR THE MELTDOWN: 7 p.m., The Muse, \$5.

BRIAN ASHLEY JONES: 9 p.m., Mellow Mushroom.

SEAN MCNAMARA & SPORTIN' PADDY: 9:30 p.m., Mulligan's Pub and Restaurant.

LOVE STINKS NIGHT—NO COUPLES ALLOWED: Slow Bar.

COLE SLIVKA: 9:30 p.m., Family Wash.

WHITE BAY FREDDIE SWEETHEARTS PARTY: 9 p.m., Sports Planet, \$3-\$5.

THE TICKS: 11 p.m., French Quarter Cafe, \$5. Dennis's Band, 7-9 p.m.

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NEWS WORTH WRITING*HOME ABOUT

PSALTER

PSALTER (sôl'têr), n. [A.S. *psalter*, *solter* < L. *psalterion*, stringed instrument < *psalm*, to twitch; replacing M.E. *psalter*, *sauter* < O.Fr. *psalter* < L. *psalm*, 1. the Book of Psalms, 2. (also p-), a version of the Psalms for use in religious services.

psal-te-ri-um (sôl-têr'i-om), n. [pl. **PSALTERIA** (sôl-têr'i-â), see **PSALTER**: so called from the appearance of the book which it contains, the ornam. or third member of a cud-chewing animal; manyplies.

psal-ter-y (sôl'têr-i, sôl'tri), n. [pl. **PSALTERIES** (sôl'têr-i-êz)], (M.E. *psalterie*; O.Fr. *sauterie*, *psalterie*; L. *psalterium*; see **PSALTER**). 1. an ancient stringed instrument with a shallow sound box, played by plucking the strings with the fingers or a plectrum. 2. [P-], the Psalter.

psam-mite (sâm'fit), n. [Fr. < Gr. *psammos*, sand], sandstone.

psam-mit-ic (sâ-mit'ik), adj. [*psammitis* + *-ic*], of or consisting of sandstone.

psé-phite (sô'fit), n. [*Gr. pséphos*, a pebble; + *-ite*], conglomerate or fragmental rock.

pséud-, **pséudonym**.

pséu-das-is (sô-dak'sis), n. [*pséudo* + *-axis*], in botany, a sympodium.

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- Saturday If you missed Krosstown Traffic last night then you can catch them tonight 10 p.m. - 1 a.m. \$1.75 Longnecks \$3.00 Long Island Teas \$4.00 Cover Charge
- Tuesday Tim Bogle Hosts open mic night 10 p.m. - 2 a.m. 2 for 1 Draft Beer \$3.00 Sex On The Beach No Cover

CLUB LISTINGS



Photo provided

Lenny Grasso, Shane Douglas, and Gary "Q-Ball" Kubal, known as Shane and the Moneymakers, play Thursday night at the All American Sports Grill.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13

SUSAN ENAN: 9 p.m., Mellow Mushroom.

GHOST BRIDGE/WENDY SPRUCE & SPECIAL RELISH: 9:30 p.m., Springwater.

HOT CLUB OF NASHVILLE FEAT. DAVID GRIER: 9 p.m., The Station Inn, \$10.

BMI ACOUSTIC WRITERS ROUNDUP: featuring Jenny Baker, Brenn Hill, Andi Zack, Jonathan Andrews, Pete Sallis, Melissa Mathes and Joel Shewmake, 7 p.m., The Sutler.

PAGE 80: 9:30 p.m., The Boro Bar & Grill, \$3-\$5.

NONE MINUS ONE: 9:30 p.m., Faces Restaurant & Lounge, \$3-\$5.

ANNIE SELICK & BEEGIE ADAIR: 6:30 p.m., F. Scott's Restaurant & Jazz Bar.

SOUL HITCH/THE DELMARS: 9 p.m., Exit/In, \$5.

SKY HI/SPOOKY JOHNSON'S ORIGINAL ROCK 'N' ROLL BAND/TRAVIS ABERCROMBIE: 8 p.m., Blue Sky Court, \$5.

BOBBY LOU OWENS & THE MISFITS: 9 p.m., Windows on the Cumberland.

CELEBRITY: w/Static Lullaby, Embraced and Colson, 9 p.m., The End, \$5.

SHANE & THE MONEymakers: 10 p.m.-2 a.m., All American Sports Grill, \$3.

KEVIN & GARRETT: 8 p.m., Bunganut Pig, Franklin.

WOLPAC/ROYALTEE: 7 p.m., The Muse, \$5.

JENNIFER HICKS: w/Jim Reilley, 7 p.m., The Basement, \$5.

CHET HINESLEY & DAM SKIPPY: 8 p.m., The Double E Bar & Grill.

JONATHAN BIRCHFIELD: 8 p.m., Bunganut Pig, Murfreesboro.

SENSORED SHELLOUTS: w/Local 429, Spout and Luxury Stars, 9:30 p.m., Slow Bar, \$5.

THE ERIC HAMILTON BAND: 9:30 p.m., 3rd & Lindsley Bar & Grill, \$5. Eddie From Ohio (\$10), 7 p.m.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15

LAURIE WHEELER & NASH DE VILLE: 10:30 p.m.-1:30 a.m., Cafe 123, \$7. David Andersen, 7-10 p.m.

JEFF HOLMES' TWILIGHT PAJAMA PARTY SHOW: 5-7 p.m., Bongo After Hours Theatre, \$5.

THE CLARENCE DOBBINS REVUE: 9 p.m., Bunganut Pig, Franklin, \$5.

PAT MCLAUGHLIN: w/Kenny Greenberg & Michael Rhodes, 10 p.m., 3rd & Lindsley Bar & Grill, \$7. Marc-Alan Barnette & Jimbeau Hinson, 7 p.m.

ALL NIGHT TRAIN: 10 p.m., Sports Planet, \$3-\$5.

AMERICAN CHILLS/LUCKY GUNS/SNOWGLOBE: 9:30 p.m., Slow Bar, \$5.

BOB DIPIERO, ADAM DORSEY, TONY MULLINS, & TIM NICHOLS: In the round, 9:30 p.m., Bluebird Cafe, \$10. Benefits Hospital Hospitality House. Tim Thompson, Will Smith, Mike Brandon, & Daniel Kleindienst in the round, 6:30 p.m.

OLE MOSSY FACE/CITIZENS BAND: 10 p.m., Springwater.

MICHAEL KELSH'S SONGBOOK: 9 p.m., The Basement, \$5.

SHARIE BARDO EXPLOSION: 9 p.m., Bunganut Pig, Murfreesboro, \$5.

THE CLOCKHOUSE /HOAR/END OF THE FALL: 9 p.m., The Outer Limit. For ticket information, call 586-9639.

MILE 8: 10 p.m., Windows on the Cumberland, \$7.

PAT BUCHANAN: w/Rowland Stebbins, 9:30 p.m., The Sutler, \$5.

PEROMONE/CROSLEY VERSUS COMMERCE: 9 p.m., Blue Sky Court, \$5.

TRAYLOR PARKER: 9 p.m., The Station Inn, \$8.

HYDROGINN: 9:30 p.m., Faces Restaurant & Lounge, \$5-\$7.

STACK MAGIC: 10 p.m., with Hurricane Mills Revival, Exit/In.

HUTCH/SYSEX/COLOUR BLIND: 9 p.m., The End, \$5.

KROSSTOWN TRAFFIC: 10 p.m.-1 a.m., All American Sports Grill, \$4.

CARCO CLAVE TRIO: 7-9 p.m., Kote's.

SAM ASHWORTH: 9 p.m., Mellow Mushroom.

MASA/FOLK MEDICINE: 9:30 p.m., The Boro Bar & Grill, \$5-\$7.

JACOB MOHR & JASON CLARK: 10 p.m., Joe's Crab Shack.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH

POPPY FIELDS/WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION: 9:30 p.m., Springwater.

NED VAN GO: w/Davis Raines, 7 p.m., The Sutler.

THE APPLES IN STEREO /CHARACTER/THE MIGHTY RIME: 8 p.m., The End, \$10.

SIXPENCE NONE THE RICHER: w/Luce, 8 p.m., Exit/In, \$15.

KEIKO NOSAKA: 2 p.m., Keathley University Center Theatre, Middle Tennessee State University, Murfreesboro. Free. Tickets required. For information, call 898-2229.

RICK HENDRICKS & THE MUSIC CITY JAZZ EQUATION: 10:30 am-1:30 p.m., Mere Bulles.

SONNY LANDRETH: 9 pm, 3rd & Lindsley Bar & Grill \$10. Tom Hemby, 8 p.m.

NO ATTIRE NECESSARY/BARELY BREATHING/SADIE HAWKINS: 8 p.m., Guido's New York Pizzeria

DEB PASTERNAK: 6:30 p.m., Bluebird Cafe.

DEEP 13: 7 p.m., The Muse, \$5.

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12th & Porter: 254-7236

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Bunganut Pig, Murfreesboro: 893-7860

The End: 321-4457

Exit/In: 321-3340

Faces Restaurant & Lounge: 867-7555

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Slow Bar: 262-4701

Sports Planet: 890-7775

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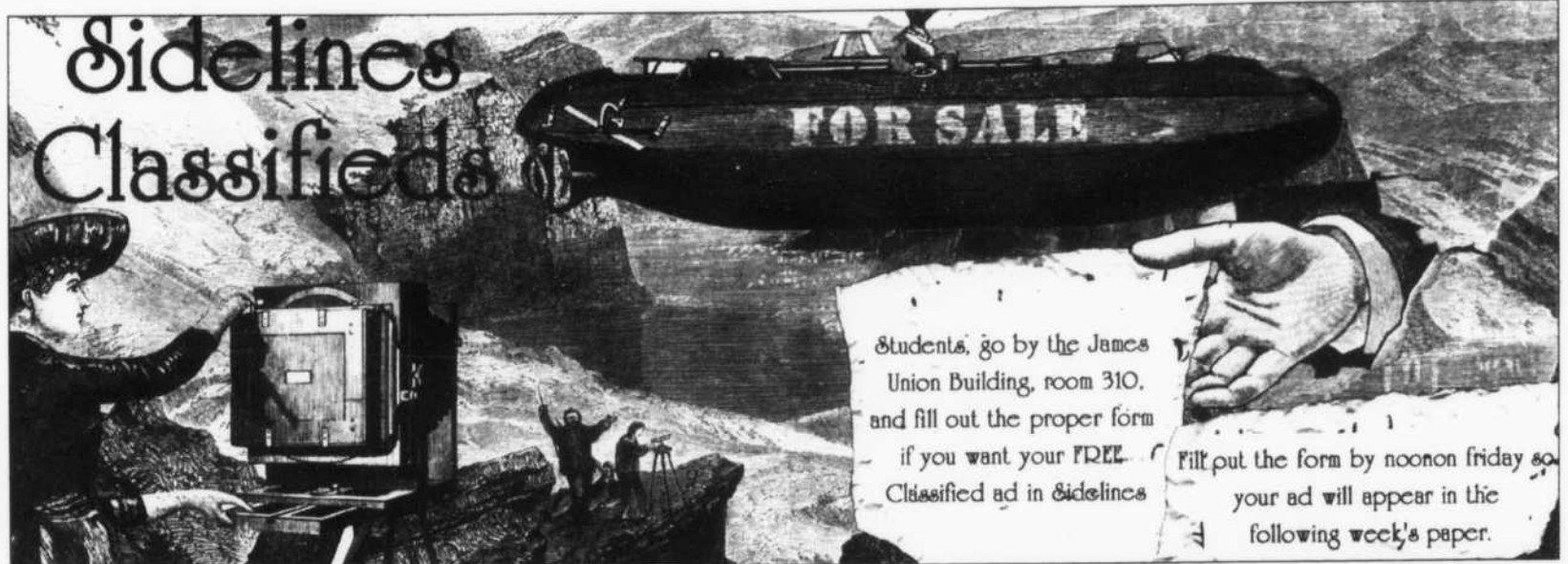
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Demon Hunter
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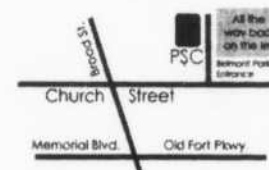
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