

[flash]

Nov. 6, 2003

Red-light reading



These two books will keep
you warm all winter

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[flash]

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[flash] is the weekly entertainment tabloid produced by *Sidelines*, MTSU's editorially independent student newspaper. *Sidelines* is published each Thursday and seeks to highlight local arts and entertainment. For information regarding [flash], call (615) 898-2917. To apply to work for [flash], e-mail us at sflash@mtsu.edu or apply in the James Union Building, Room 310.

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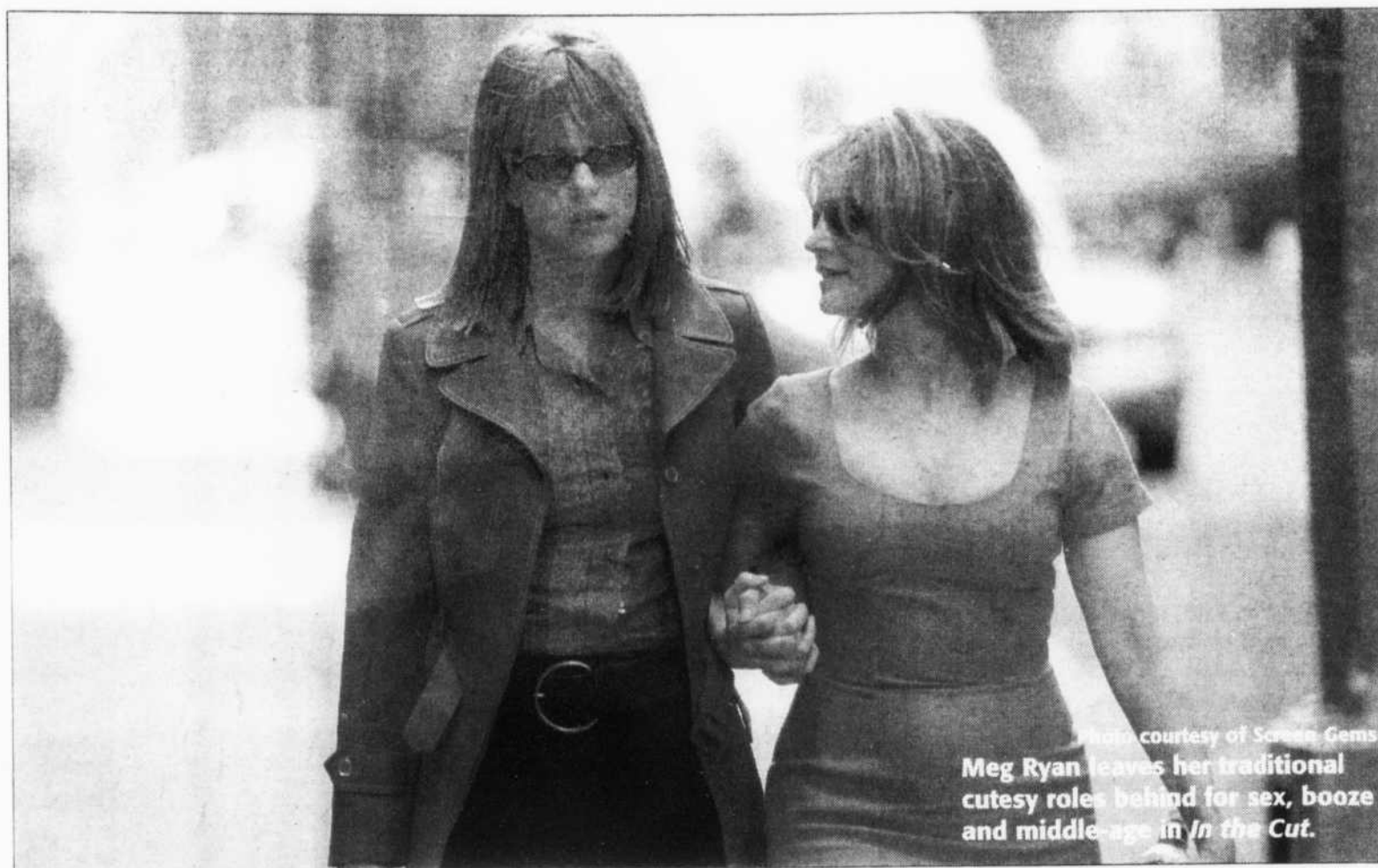


Photo courtesy of Screen Gems
Meg Ryan leaves her traditional cutesy roles behind for sex, booze and middle age in *In the Cut*.

Naked Ryan doesn't save 'In the Cut'

By Forrest Sanders

IF ANYTHING CAN BE SAID about *In the Cut*, it marks a rather dramatic departure for America's sweetheart, Meg Ryan.

Ryan, whose name has become synonymous with romantic comedies, has abandoned the adorable, everyday woman from *You've Got Mail*, *Sleepless in Seattle* and *When Harry Met Sally*.

In her place is a moody, boozed-up, promiscuous 40-something with a knack for attracting men with stalking tendencies. Poor Meg. Where is Tom Hanks when you need him?

Based on the book by Susanna Moore, *In the Cut* tells the story of Frannie Thornton (Ryan), whose busy life as a New York writing professor is inconveniently interrupted when a dismembered head turns up in her garden.

Before long, a self-centered, greasy police detective, James Malloy (Mark Ruffalo sporting a Burt Reynolds moustache) shows up at her door to do some questioning. As it turns out,

Malloy performs more crude passes at Frannie than actual police investigating, and she even starts to suspect that Malloy could be the assailant himself. She still inexplicably falls head over heels in love with the jerk anyway.

Don't be tricked by the trailers and TV spots toting this film as a suspense-laced psychological thriller. *In the Cut* is quite the contrary, and is most interested in exploring Frannie's vulnerabilities, her trust issues and her relationships with both her half-sister (Jennifer Jason Leigh in an equally sedated role) and Det. Malloy.

There are also some grisly shots of butchered victims here and there, just to remind us that there is a serial killer on the loose in the midst of all this. Judging from the screening I attended, where random whisperings of "I thought that movie would never end," and "Why did you drag me to see this?" echoed as we exited the theater, this is not a film for the general audience.

The groups most likely to embrace *In the Cut* are the art house crowd and those who eagerly picked up tickets

'In the Cut'

Starring Meg Ryan, Mark Ruffalo, Jennifer Jason Leigh
Rated R

Directed by Jane Campion
Released Oct. 31

Rating ★ 1/2
(out of four stars)

once they got wind that Meg Ryan goes stark naked on more than one occasion in the film.

As far as style goes, director Jane Campion has apparently recruited the camera crew from *The Blair Witch Project* to tackle the majority of the scenes, as the handheld camera work rarely grasps one image before it jolts away and blurs out of focus.

However, Campion has an undeniable talent for setting a mood, and every scene is dripping with a dreamy, off beat atmosphere. Some of Campion's finest visuals include early scenes around a garden that quite

resemble an oil painting and some grainy black and white footage of a couple skating at an ice rink that Ryan's character frequently imagines (though these make for some really lovely scenes, the ice rink bits don't make a lick of sense).

Style aside, there's not much to enjoy while enduring *In the Cut*. Considering the mystery angle the film takes, you'd think that Campion could manage a fairly engrossing whodunit involving the film's numerous red herrings. Don't waste your energy trying to pinpoint the killer. The surprise revelation here comes as far out of left field as your average hack and slash teenager movie.

In the Cut doesn't work nearly as well as a thriller as it provides Ryan a testament to movie-goers that she is a multi-range actress. By accepting this role (that was long set to be played by Nicole Kidman — an actress known for accepting homely roles), Ryan proves that she can play gritty just as well as she can play cute. We can only hope that her choice in projects can improve as well. ★

Mellow out with The Strokes

By Lindsey Turner

Seriously, dude. Mellow out.

If there's one lesson that can be gleaned from the latest offering by New York punk revivalists The Strokes, it's just that.

Instead of opting to inflate their sophomore release with the kind of innovative bells and whistles that would make music critics salivate at their ingenuity and originality, The Strokes toned down *Room on Fire* a considerable bit from their debut, *Is This It*.

Of course, the nonchalant, distorted vocals of front man Julian Casablancas ride the crest of each song while repetitive guitar licks flirt with steady drum beats. The sound is truly that of The Strokes we've all grown to know and love. But the punch – the arrogant, irreverent brawling – has been set aside on this album.

I'm fine with that. I didn't want to hear *Is This It* again. I didn't want to hear an electronic reinterpretation of what record producers thought the band's follow-up should sound like, either. And God knows I didn't want to hear the band that is going to save rock 'n' roll – whatever that means.

I just wanted to hear some solid, hummable music with clean hooks, clever melodies and a comfortable attitude. Check.

"What Ever Happened?" and "Reptilia," the first two cuts on the album, are solid Strokes hits – the first just chill enough to warn listeners of the nature of the album. "Reptilia," however, is a bit more frantic and can easily inspire a tapping foot or shaking leg as Casablancas pleads, "Tell us a story / I know you're not boring."

"12:51," the album's first single, is as catchy as a song can and needs to be. We 20-somethings love to hear songs about young love and ditched parties, don't we?

"Between Love and Hate" starts off weak, but by the time the chorus rolls around, I dare you not to hum along while swaggering down the street, feeling cocksure and independent.

"The End Has No End" is a breath of



The Strokes 'Room on Fire'

RCA Records

Released Oct. 28



(out of four stars)

fresh air after the clunker that precedes it, sounding like a hopeful if not naive lament about, well, something. I'm not a professional critic and, unfortunately, it's hard to get the band on a direct line to explain what's going on in these songs. But I'll keep trying. My boyfriend, however, thinks an Orwellian paranoia permeates this album, what with all the 1984 allusions, of which this song is one. That sounds pretentious enough to be true.

Room on Fire isn't going to wow those of you who are really expecting The Strokes to revive the heralded 1970s punk rock scene. There are no hard rockin' anthems on this album to pump your fist and slug your neighbor to.

But, for the rest of you who can appreciate good music for its intrinsic and aesthetic value, this album should take its rightful place next to *Is This It*. It's guaranteed to give you and your friends plenty of sing-along time during your next road trip. ★

'Still Lovin' You' drips she-done-me-wrong blues formula

By Joey Hood

On Robert Bradley and Blackwater Surprise's latest effort, *Still Lovin' You*, the geriatric bluesman haggles worn source material into collective conundrums.

Call him the Viagra-less version of Bo Diddley with simplistic lyrics to boot.

Compared with another street-singer turned major-label bluesman, Ted Hawkins, Bradley serves chilled rootsy-blues musical morsels along with traditional subject matter.

Of course, Bradley bluntly refuses to modify his "woman done did me wrong" shtick. As a result, *Still Lovin' You* reeks of musical mothballs.

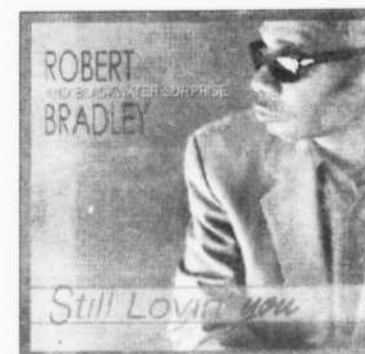
When Bradley rasps, "All I wanna do is love ya, woman," in *Still Lovin' You*'s flaccid opener, "All I Wanna Do," sluggish Philadelphia 70-soul arrangements reinforce Bradley's thrift-store lyrics.

However, in some of *Still Lovin' You*'s better efforts, Bradley's simplistic couplets find an actual melodic sense.

The bittersweet "Pretender" balances throat-shredding caterwauling with rippling musical sincerity. Salvaging the genre's formulaic "underdog" archetype, the Blackwater Surprise mine sorrowful chord progressions, giving "Pretender" its vintage tartness.

On "When You Love Something," Bradley regurgitates Southern soul standards with reflective animation.

"Like the river loves the water / You know how it is when you're in love," Bradley chafes like a black Andy Rooney.



Robert Bradley & Blackwater Surprise

'Still Lovin' You'

Vanguard Records

Release date Nov. 11



(out of four stars)

By far, Bradley's scratchy vocals work best when exploring uncovered musical territory. In the torchlit rouser, "Hollywood," Bradley's bluesy drifter spins obtuse ramblings on popular culture claptraps. "Ev'rybody gonna know my name," Bradley sings, with the deadpan delivery of an old codger who knows better. As backed by the roving Blackwater Surprise, Bradley unapologetically cranks unconventional blues in "Hollywood," instead of *Still Lovin' You*'s usual by-the-numbers plaidness.

But switch-hitting theme changes aside, *Still Lovin' You* stumbles through yearning nostalgia of blues years past. While old-school rendering isn't necessarily a bad thing, hearing stale love songs for the umpteenth time generally is. On *Still Lovin' You*, Bradley overdoses on one-dimensional romance. It's romance for the *Matlock* set. ★

'Skull Ring' proves Iggy hasn't sold out

By Andrew Young

Recently, when "Lust for Life" appeared in a Royal Caribbean commercial, it prompted the question: Has Iggy Pop sold out?

Has the man who pioneered punk rock with the Stooges, who used to slice himself open with shards of broken glass, whose drug intake rivaled Keith Richards, finally sold out to commercial interests?

It's even more ironic considering that "Lust for Life" is a song dealing with drug culture. But with the Clash's "London Calling" being used to sell Jaguars, and the Ramones' first album being used to sell everything from video games to cell phones, the juxtaposition of debauchery over images of a family-friendly tropical paradise hardly seems bizarre anymore. Hey, everyone else is doing it. I won't be surprised when the Sex Pistols' "Holidays in the Sun" appears in another cruise line commercial.

Thankfully, Iggy hasn't sold out musically. *Skull Ring* still has the crunchy guitar riffs and subject matter you'd expect from an Iggy Pop album. Like most of his efforts in recent years, *Skull Ring* is a collaborative project, featuring input from latter-day Iggy disciples such as Green Day and Sum 41. But the most groundbreaking aspect of *Skull Ring* is the reunion of the original Stooges.

Ron and Scott Ashton rejoin Iggy for four new songs on *Skull Ring*. "Little Electric Chair" and "Skull Rings" are primitive rockers that don't stray far from the original blueprint. "Skull rings / fast cars / hot chicks / money," "Loser" and "Dead Rock Star" go so far as to share the exact same opening guitar riff. While a Stooges reunion is certainly welcomed by many, Iggy's vocals sound forced and the material is mediocre and outdated, despite its nostalgic appeal.

Iggy's collaborations with Sum 41 and Green Day sound more like the output of those respective bands than anything Iggy would have done. But the most surprising and satisfying collaboration is with mulleted Canadian electro-clash diva Peaches. "Rock Show" is a Peaches cover featuring Iggy on backup vocals, while "Motor Inn" is a swaggering, dirty rocker that ranks as one of the best tracks on the record.

Despite the reunion of the original Stooges, the chemistry



Iggy Pop
'Skull Ring'

Virgin Records
Released Nov. 4

☆☆☆
(out of four stars)



Photo courtesy of 20th Century Fox

The alien-bursting-through-the-chest scene still sends shivers up an audience's spine.

'Aliens' still same experience second time around: great

By David Lawrence

Back in 1979, director Ridley Scott unleashed a strange little film called *Alien*. The film was hailed as both a science fiction and horror classic and helped make young starlet Sigourney Weaver a star. Now, after 24 years, the beast has been let loose upon the movie-going public once again — only this time there's more footage.

The film, despite the new footage, is still basically the same cinematic experience it was before. The crew of the space ship *The Nostromo* encounters the wrecked remains of what looks like an alien spaceship, and after one of their own is attacked by a strange face-hugging creature, the crew must band together to fight off the monster — and possible traitors among them-

selves.

The much-vaunted extra scenes really aren't anything to get excited over. The scenes themselves at best add a little bit of character to the characters and at worst they remove some of the scares. The alien is seen more, which hurts the overall scariness of the movie.

It was nice seeing the film again on the big screen, and the performances still hold up. The break-out star was Weaver, whose character would go on to become the heroine of the franchise, gives a refreshing turn as someone who in most horror films would have died screaming. Tom Skerritt's role as Cpt. Dallas is also a nice change of pace, being almost the opposite of the typical lead roles. The rest of the actors also do a capable job portraying the hapless crew.

But the real star of this film

'Alien: The Director's Cut'

Starring Sigourney Weaver,
Tom Skerritt

Rated R

20th Century Fox
Released Oct. 31

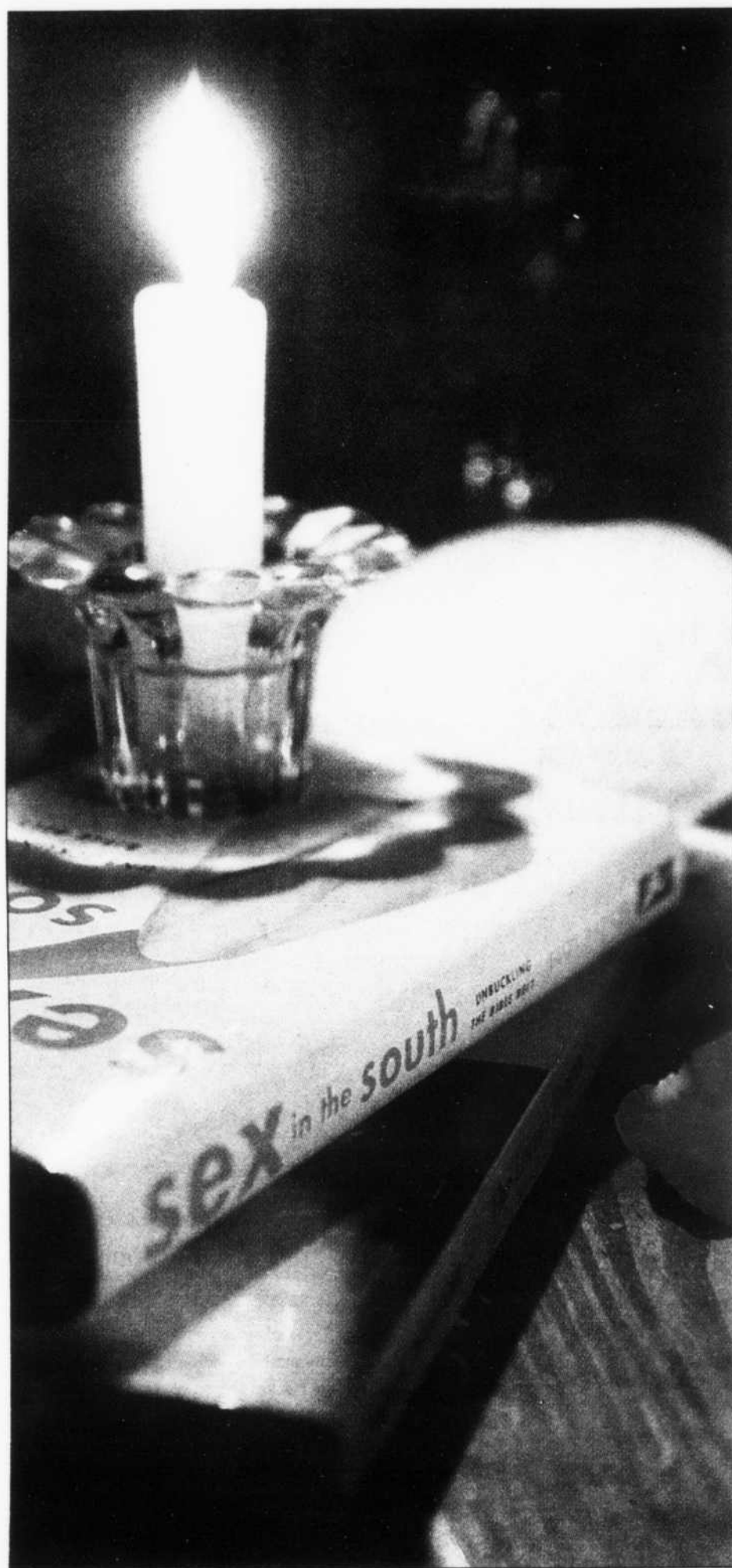
Rating ☆☆☆☆
(out of four stars)

is the alien, of course. Sometimes played by late stuntman Eddie Powell and other times by design student Bolaji Badejo and a puppet, it truly steals the movie each and every time it appears.

The gore still looks great, and the blood practically flows like water in some scenes. The special effects, including the now infamous chest-bursting

See *Aliens*, 10

See *Iggy*, 10



Photos by James Harris

Reading may not seem like the sexiest activity in which to participate, but it's a fact that the brain is an essential erogenous zone.

Red-light reading

These two books will keep you warm all winter

By Amber Bryant

COLD WEATHER IS ON THE WAY, so prepare to snuggle up with your lover (or by yourself, for that matter) and create some warmth. If the toils of the working world have rendered your souls as cold as the winter wind, run a steamy bath, light a few candles and pick up a copy of the trendiest pastime since pornography to get your engine running – erotica, in the form of an innocent research project. Debut authors Suzi Parker and Mark Morton know just how to educate and excite with hot takes on the intellectual nuances of sex.

'The Lover's Tongue: A Merry Romp Through the Language of Love and Sex'

by Mark Morton

I first opened Morton's book thoroughly entrenched in sexual reverie mode. After reading the introduction, I realized I'd have to let a little English major into bed with me in order to fully appreciate the author's work. Morton has gone through the Oxford English Dictionary and beyond to find the origins and various meanings behind every nuance of pillow talk ever uttered, which is an amazing and amusing feat.

Sexy words aside, Morton reveals how the progress of sexual language maps our growth as a human race, from religion to government to gender standards and beyond. His slyly thorough method of teaching readers about the linking forces behind the most famous works in literature and the dirtiest coital whispers is fascinating.

Morton also scatters his findings with an off-brand of dry humor, which is always the best kind. He writes, "When gynecologists speak with their patients, they tend to avoid using words like 'twat,' 'doodlesack,' and 'poontang.' Not only

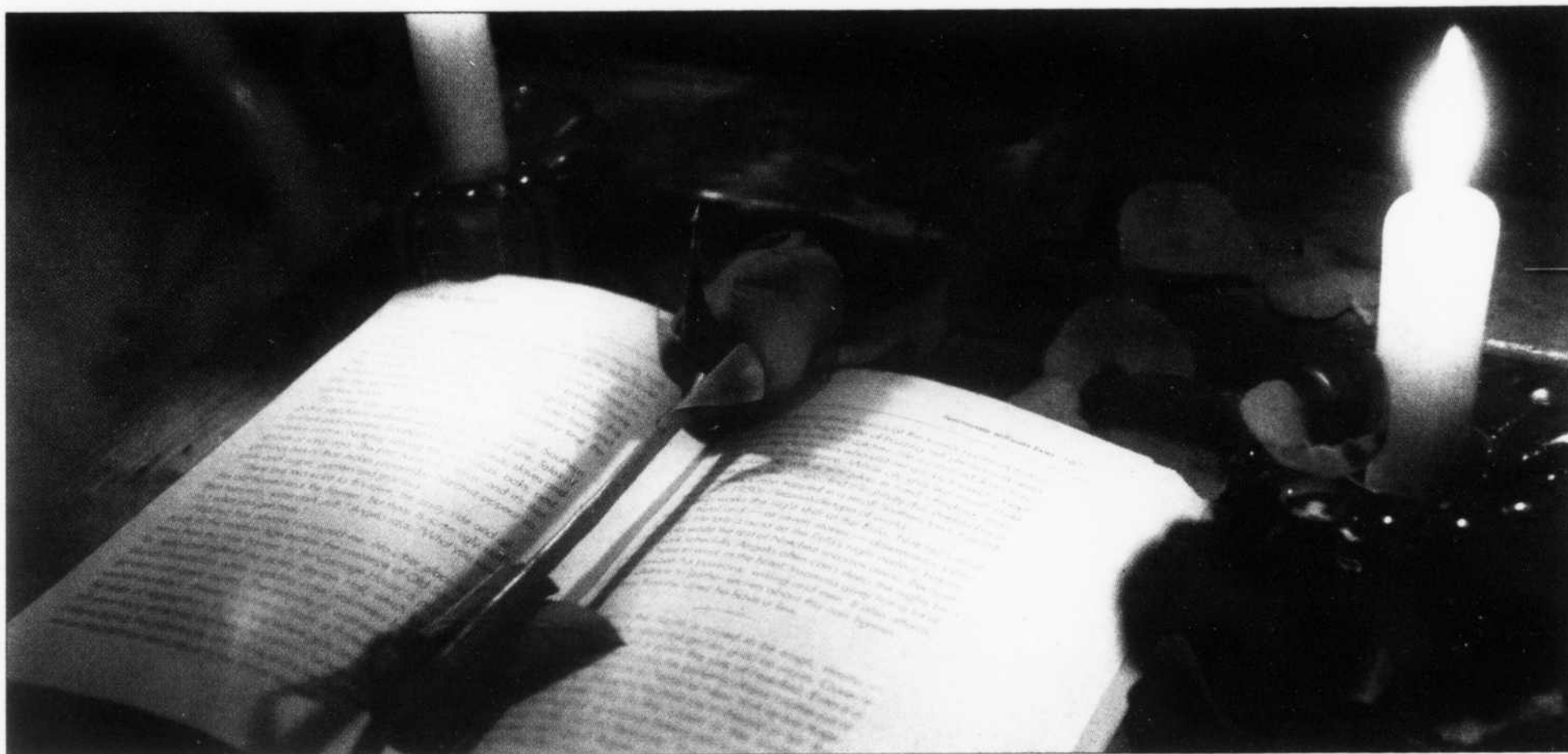


'The Lover's Tongue'

By Mark Morton
Insomniac Press

☆☆☆

(out of four stars)



do such words belong to a non-professional register of language, they also fall short in terms of anatomical specificity."

If you aren't familiar with the differences in language from Old English to Middle English to Early Modern English, the book's concept might feel a little tedious. Morton reviews a little before getting started, making it easier to understand what he's doing throughout the book.

If you hate the history of language and words altogether, pick this up if only for the eighth chapter.

It sufficiently lists five pages' worth of slang terms for the penis guaranteed to make you giggle and blush. My favorite? Beef bayo with extra mayo. Yeah, I don't get it, either.

As a language junkie, I found Morton's work both juicy and educating, which is more than I could've ever asked from a free book. Pick this one up and woo your lover with the history behind your filthy language. ★

A penis by any other name...

Countless words throughout history have been used to describe the male member and its function. Here's a quick lesson in erectile language history:

- Adam's dagger
- Banjo string
- Captain Hogseye
- Donut holder
- Ejac vac
- Foaming beef probe
- One-eyed German
- Jolly roger
- One-eyed whale
- Roto-rooter
- Wank stick
- Veiny bang stick
- Tent peg
- Beef bayo with extra mayo
- Eleventh finger
- Gearstick d'amour
- Jungle meat
- Corned beef cudgel
- Chimney stopper
- Tweeterfrank
- Wife's best friend
- Worm with a Nazi helmet

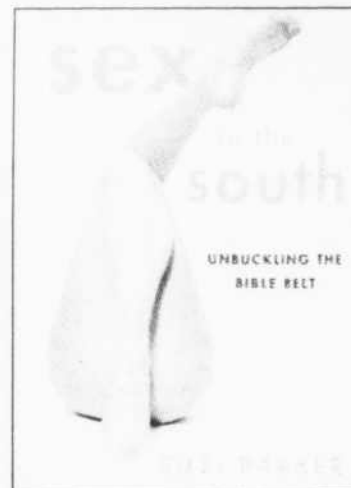
taken from *The Lover's Tongue*

'Sex in the South: Unbuckling the Bible Belt'

by Suzi Parker

We Southerners have always known that deep within the sweaty crevices of our morally tense traditions lies an undercurrent of bawdiness the likes of which Yankees have never experienced. As an Arkansas native and rabid journalist, Parker saw fit to document the South's dirtiest little secrets with this state-by-state guide.

I skipped right to Tennessee, where a whopping three chapters documents Parker's surprisingly kinky findings. Apparently, our very own Opryland Hotel and Convention Center was the site of a pony play seminar, where a seasoned man-horse lectured eager listeners on how to properly nurse a horse fetish. We're not talking bestiality, but a desire to be a horse. Pony play incorporates every aspect of this aspiration, including putting on a saddle and bit, eating apples and sugar



cubes and accommodating riders, including a reluctant Parker. Anything in the name of research, right?

Another Tennessee man runs an aqua porn business, dedicated to pleasing men and women fascinated with the idea of sex under water. Parker interviews an aqua porn star and borrows some footage to review, which included a drowning or two.

This is probably a good time to tell you the catch. Parker's work practically demands an open mind - this is not a book you'd want to put next to your Bible, if that's

'Sex in the South'

By Suzi Parker

Justin, Charles, & Co.

☆☆☆1/2
(out of four stars)

your schtick. Fortunately, I'm neither religious nor demure, so I found each chapter both engaging and delightfully mocking of the rigid Southern bubble, even though most of Parker's discoveries will always be foreign to me.

Parker continues her escapade from Texas to North Carolina and everything below, making stops at sex toy parties, burlesque shows and, my personal favorite, the Saints and Sinners Literary Festival, where free condoms and Herman Melville finally

See **Sex**, 10

High school pals rocking with Default

By Josh Orendorf.

Formed originally as a high school cover band in Birmingham, Ala., contemporary atmospheric rockers Blue Epic are on the front line of impressive and promising young artists.

Read what lead vocalist Phillip Roberson says about his aspirations with the quartet.

Josh Orendorf: What are your expectations for the impending tour (beginning Nov. 9) with Default?

Phillip Roberson: Our expectations are, at this point, to sell as many EPs as we can and interact with as many fans as possible. Hopefully, we will play several good shows, and really just make friends with the other bands. These tours are just a starting point before our record will come out (hitting stores early next year).

JO: What was your first musical memory?

PR: I'd have to say my dad playing Neil Young and me learning how to play guitar chords.

JO: Is that why you felt compelled to cover "A Man Need A Maid" on your first EP, *Love and Hate*?

PR: Definitely.

JO: I understand that you were working with producer Chad Blinman (Get up Kids, Face to Face) on that same EP. How do you feel that his influence affected your music?

PR: It was really fun because it was our first true recording experience. He instilled within us kind of a do-things-at-your-own-pace attitude. He really wanted us to work together collectively to produce the best music that we could. It gave us a good attitude and working environment for us as a band.

JO: Did he help you at all with your new CD?

PR: No, we used a guy from Atlanta whose name is Dave Cobb. We did it out in L.A. at Paramount Studios - the room where Led Zeppelin did IV. It was a great charismatic environment.

JO: At what point did you feel like you knew you wanted to pursue a musical career with Blue Epic?

PR: I was a freshman in college and Hadwin (guitar player) and I just decided that we were just going to do it, even though we didn't have a band. We decided to start one and that was it.

JO: But you were in a cover band in high school.

PR: Yeah, we were and that was OK, but we all went to different colleges our freshman years, but then decided to get back together and pursue it seriously with our own music.

JO: How did you come about meeting the other two members of the band, Max Andrews (bass) and Nick Falletta (drums)?

PR: We knew each other from high school and we were all really good friends. Nick actually played drums in the cover band, but Max didn't play an instrument and we asked him to be in the band, and



Photo provided by Blue Epic

Blue Epic, who protest their status as indie rockers, will kick off a tour with Default Nov. 9. Frontman Phillip Roberson says his band falls somewhere between indie and alternative rock.

so he learned how to play bass.

JO: What messages are you trying to get across to your listeners - musically, lyrically or simply with the persona of the band?

PR: Both musically and lyrically, we're trying to create just a different sound and a different way to look at life through music. I guess we're trying to think outside the box that you're used to hearing when you turn on your radio.

JO: In accordance to that, what category would you say your music most gets stereotyped as, that you would maybe argue against?

PR: People say indie rock, but I don't think it's

really indie rock. I'm not sure what you would call it. I guess somewhere between indie rock and alternative rock. You can't just say rock 'n' roll any more because there are so many types, you know?

JO: Has anyone in the band ever slugged it out?

PR: (laughs) Yes, there have been fights. It's usually funny stuff. I mean, we're all like best friends, but we can get under each other's skin. I don't think it has affected us adversely or anything, though.

For more information on Blue Epic, including a complete tour schedule, biographies and store, visit www.blueepic.com. Blue Epic will be in Atlanta on Nov. 21 with Default and Socialburn. ★

Juvenile stylings make 'Dear Hot Chick' catchy

By Andrew Young

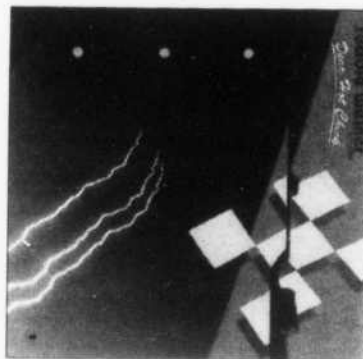
Murfreesboro's own Feable Weiner has just released their debut album on pop-punk indie Doghouse Records.

Dear Hot Chick serves up some MTV ready pop-punk in the style of labelmates All-American Rejects and The Get Up Kids.

The material is decidedly juvenile in nature: witness the Trapper Keeper-style cover, their obsession with girls and song titles such as "Lameface," "7th Grade" and "Attorneying Me On" (not to mention that band name). But Feable Weiner ultimately redeems

their chosen genre with some of the catchiest hooks and vocal harmonies you'll hear on a pop-punk record.

You'll be humming songs like "San Deem Us Ready" and "Handjabs" in your sleep, and as much as I want to hate them for making lyrics like "We are not the nonsense / We are the catalyst" stick in my head, it's hard to deny that this is a damn fine record. *Dear Hot Chick* would make a great record to play at your next party, or a nice stocking stuffer for your 15-year-old brother. ★



Feable Weiner
'Dear Hot Chick'
Doghouse Records

☆☆☆ 1/2
(out of four stars)

'Sidelines' is now accepting applications for section editors.

Positions open
for spring 2004:

Managing editor
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Assistant flash editor
Sports editor
Assistant sports editor
Features editor
Opinions editor
Production manager
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Online editor
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Copy editors



Applications are available in the James Union Building, Room 310. *Sidelines* is also accepting applications for staff writer, staff photographer and staff illustrator positions.

[WMTS top 10]

- 1 The Strokes
'Room On Fire'
- 2 Denali
'The Instinct'
- 3 The Shins
'Chutes Too Narrow'
- 4 Various artists
Orange Twin Sampler
- 5 Belle and Sebastian
'Dear Catastrophe Waitress'
- 6 Outkast
'Speakerboxxx/The Love Below'
- 7 Various artists
'New Wave for the Next Generation'
- 8 'Lost in Translation'
Soundtrack
- 9 Ladybug Transistor
'Ladybug Transistor'
- 10 Yo La Tengo
'Today Is The Day' [EP]

★Compiled by WMTS Music Director Jozeph Ash★

Continued from **Iggy**, page 5

between Iggy and The Trolls, his touring band of the past decade, provides some of the best moments on the album. Like a well-worn marriage, The Trolls provide the grinding punk stomp that allows Iggy to shine at his best. Songs such as "Superbabe," "Inferiority Complex," "Here Comes the Summer" and "Blood on your Cool" work, even when Iggy's lyrics don't.

Like fellow proto-punk pioneer Lou Reed and former collaborator David Bowie, Iggy Pop is one of those rare individuals who became a major influence on underground rock with his early musical output, followed by a spotty and occasionally mediocre solo career. Fortunately for Iggy, it's always possible to go back to his roots, something that Bowie and Reed can never do. *Skull Ring* is an admirable attempt to do just that, and is easily his best album since the grunge-era *American Caesar*. ★

Continued from **Aliens**, page 5

scene can still shock an audience today as much as it did all those years ago. Some of the newer scenes, however, take away as much as they add. Some of the characters' actions are muted, and the some of the chief subplots (the ones that would drive the sequels) are toned down a bit.

I'm still a bit hazy as to why the film needed to be re-released after all these years, as the previous version seemed perfectly acceptable to me.

On its own merits, this film is still a genius piece of cinematic history. As for the rest, if you've seen the previous version of *Alien*, or caught the documentary, *The Alien Saga*, when it made the rounds on television, you've already seen this film. *Alien* is good rental, perhaps, or a must-see if you're a fan of the series. Aside from that, this film is decent.

Now, if we could only get the long version of *Alien* on the big screen. ★

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For information on qualifications,
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Apply in the James Union
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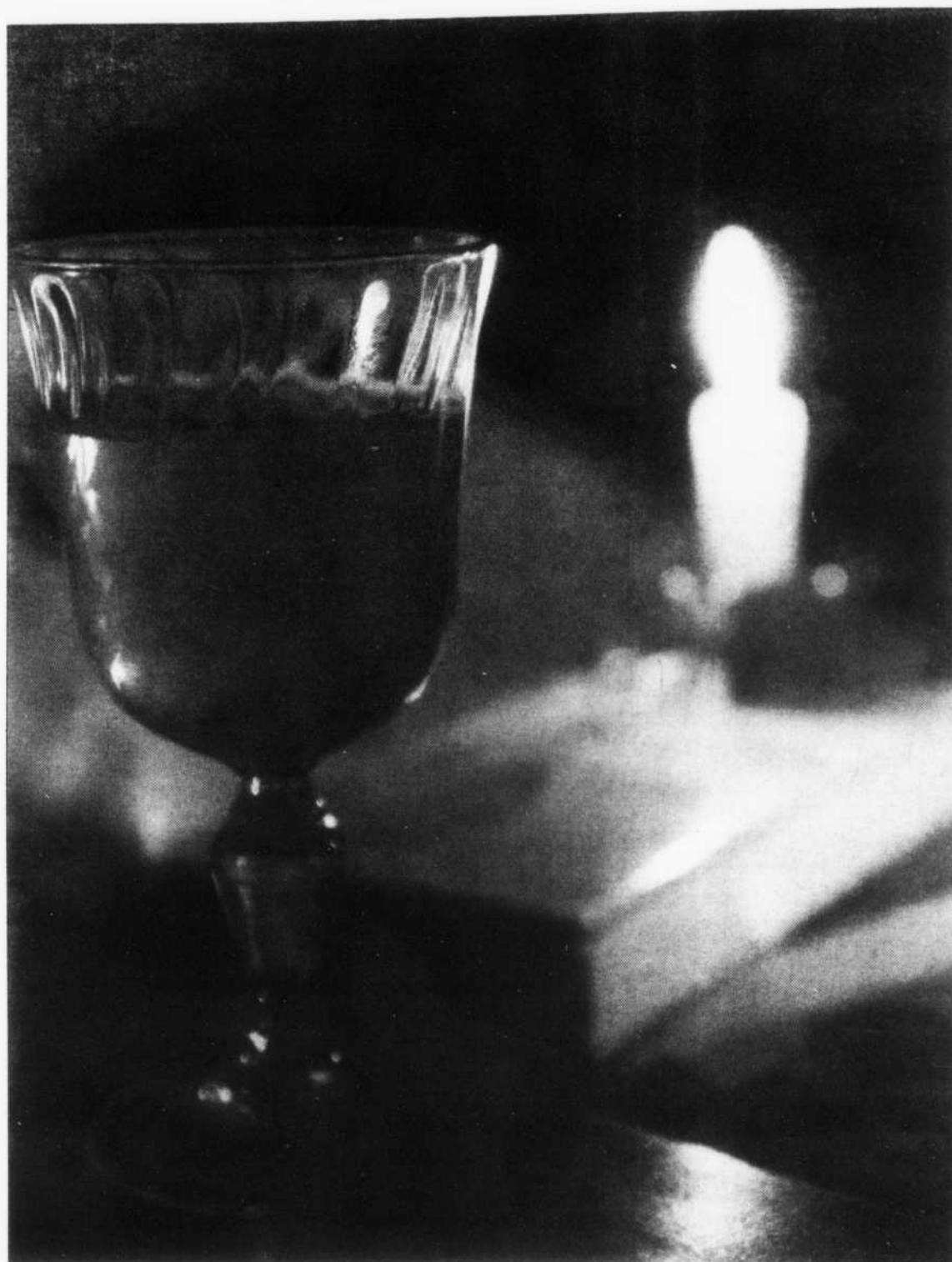


Photo by James Harris

Wine, candles and rose petals are nice, but what you really need to feel sexy is something to stimulate all that grey matter. Why not pick up a sexy, smart book?

Continued from **Sex**, page 7

meet. This gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender festival takes place in New Orleans and showcases the GLBT community's poetic ability and apparent worship of Gennifer Flowers' voice.

At the end of her adventures, Parker presents the list, "Post-Coital Bliss: What I Learned as a Voyeur," which features important life lessons like, "When dismounting from a man-horse, be mindful of his tail," and "Your hotel desk clerk may in fact be a big nelly bottom."

At first, I wondered why Parker would write

a sex book geared toward Southerners when our particular region is knee-deep in piety. However, her reaction to her findings are a delightful mix of shocked and intrigued, which is probably how most modern Southerners feel, albeit secretly, when sex is so blatant. Her style of delivery is perfect, considering her audience and the subject, making for a one-of-a-kind book destined to pioneer open sexual discussion in the backwoodiest of areas. Thanks to Parker, we can all be voyeurs, if only on paper. ★

[club listings]

Thursday, Nov. 6

Blue Sky Court: The 8th Grade, Weatherspoon, Control, 8:30 p.m., \$5.

The Muse: Groovy Ghoulies, Backseat Virgins, Flipsides, 7 p.m., \$5.

Rocketown: Stryper, SkyHarbor, 8:30 p.m., \$18.50.

Boro Bar & Grill: Mass Transit, 9:30 p.m., \$5-7.

The End: Stinking Lizaveta, Apollo Up, Lady Cop, 9 p.m., \$5.

12th & Porter: Moonshine Still, Carbon Leaf, 9 p.m.

Exit/In: Nada Surf, John Davis, Darren Jesse, 9 p.m., \$10.

Windows on the Cumberland: Secret Gossip, Under Shade, 9 p.m.

3rd & Lindsley: Dave Barnes, Griffin House, 9 p.m., \$7.

All American Sports Grill: Don't Trust the Radio, 10 p.m., \$3.

InfernoBar: Neo, Up with the Joneses, Stuck Lucky, 9:30 p.m., \$5.

Friday, Nov. 7

Windows on the Cumberland: Guta, 10 p.m., \$5.

3rd & Lindsley: The Jack Pearson Band, Reese Wynans, 10 p.m., \$7.

Blue Sky Court: Dope-A-Matic, The Obvious, 10 p.m., \$5.

12th & Porter: The

Features, Paper Lions, 10 p.m.
Boro Bar & Grill: Janie Grey, 9:30 p.m., \$5-7.

The End: Common Ground, Chandler, 10 p.m., \$5.

The Muse: Bear vs. Shark, Liars Academy, My Hotel Year, A Suburban Blood Drive, 7:30 p.m., \$6.

The Sutler: The Mattoid, 9 p.m., \$5.

All American Sports Grill: Idlepage, 10 p.m., \$3.

Red Rose: Carl Winslow, Masa, The Davis Brothers, 9 p.m., \$5.

Mercy Lounge: The Kerosene Brothers CD Release Show, Hayseed Dixie, 9:30 p.m., \$10-12.

Saturday, Nov. 8

Guido's Pizzeria: Goodiepal, Bill Horist, Makeup & Vanity Set, 8:30 p.m., \$6.

Blue Sky Court: Entropy, Sadie Hawkins, All Dressed in White, 9 p.m., \$5.

The End: WMTS presents Wheat, The Cougars, Imaginary Baseball League, 9 p.m., \$7.

12th & Porter: The Features, Snowglobe, Sea Ray, 9:30 p.m.

Windows on the Cumberland: Del Giovanni Clique, Lower Level, 10 p.m.

3rd & Lindsley: Mike Henderson, 10 p.m., \$7.

Exit/In: Steve Earle, Garrison Star, 10 p.m., \$25-30.

All American Sports Grill: Idlepage, 10 p.m., \$3.

The Sutler: Pat Buchanan, 9 p.m.

The Muse: Salem, The Big Collapse, Born Empty, Solaris, 7 p.m., \$5.

Boro Bar & Grill: Derailed, Sere, None Minus One, 9:30 p.m., \$5-7.

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