



**'Full Monty' ▲
teases Nashville, page 7**

◀ **'A Life' is alive, page 6**

'Friend': Suburban ska

By Joe Freisinger

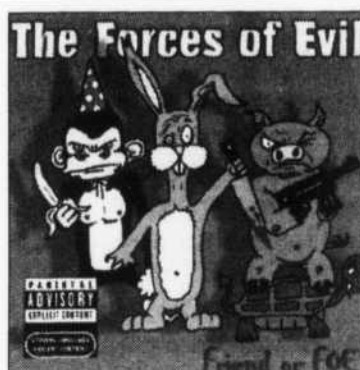
Remember back in the 1960s and '70s when Jamaican ska and reggae musicians used the cool, soft, smooth sounds of the Caribbean to protest against British and white oppression?

Yeah, I wasn't born yet either. How 'bout that Bob Marley, though?

Anyway, remember back to the mid-to-later '90s when punk united with ska to make really weird, but super popular music? That died down a few years ago, but it's on the rise again – maybe.

There is one band willing to put their careers on the line for a return of ska. That band, The Forces of Evil, is leading the charge with their new album, *Friend or Foe*.

Frontman/guitarist Aaron Barrett, who made his mark fronting Reel Big Fish, decided to put together another ska band, and picking up several musicians from the Orange County ska scene did just that, with The Forces of Evil early in



Forces of Evil 'Friend or Foe'

Jive Records
Released Oct. 21

★★ 1/2
(out of four stars)

2001.

So, what about the new album, *Friend or Foe*? Well, those who love punk/ska should be pleased. Barrett strays very little from traditional suburban American

white ska. The expectation of distorted power chords followed immediately by clean upstroke major chords is fulfilled. The standard short trombone solos also take place on The Forces of Evil's new album. I'm simplifying the genre, but really, all of the musicians on this album are very competent on their instruments and in ska style. The guitarist, bassist, drummer, trumpets and trombones all have very good tone, and while engineer Dave Irish has something to do with that, they are obviously solid players.

Bassist Chris (Evil), is particularly impressive with his walking lines. On the last track, "Fight," the band goes from a metal riff with muted harmonics on the guitar straight into the happy ska major chords. Just before ending the song, the rhythm section and horns lay down a groove reminiscent of the Blues Brothers with Barrett soloing over it using pentatonic scales and blue notes. The fourth track is also a semi departure from ska, covering Van Halen's "Dance the Night Away." However, "Fight" and "Dance the Night Away" are ska enough not to disrupt the flow of the album.

Friend or Foe is very true to the mid-'90s spirit of punk/ska, and retains some of the rebellious spirit of Jamaican ska. While Peter Tosh would sing about standing up for civil rights, The Forces of Evil say "Go To Hell" for no reason. *Friend or Foe* is filled with baseless anger, which is fine and sometimes fun, but it turns ska into a silly and meaningless music. The guitar goes abruptly from punk to ska

See **Forces**, 11



Matt Sharp 'Puckett's Versus the Country Boy'

In Music We Trust Records
Released July 1, 2003

★★ 1/2
(out of four stars)

Former Weezer bassist to bring mellow tunes to campus for charity

By Patrick Chinnery

Matt Sharp's pop culture claim to fame is his association with nerd rock gods Weezer – he was the band's bassist for their debut and sophomore albums.

Dedicated fans followed him to The Rentals after leaving Weezer. He stayed, once again, for two albums.

Where is Sharp now? How about at MTSU?

Not as a student, but for a concert Sunday to promote his first solo EP, *Puckett's versus the Country Boy*.

The disc's an unplugged, four-song collection of mellow tunes that manages to please despite an unfortunate phonic similarity to Jakob Dylan and the Wallflowers. It's more "Butterfly" from Pinkerton (yes, that was Rivers Cuomo) than "Friends of P" from *The Return of the Rentals*.

"Hey, what you gonna do?" and "Visions of Anna" integrate piano backgrounds with slow-moving harmonized vocals to create an ambiance of lullabies and placidity. The whole record is one that you could play to get your newborn to sleep, for that matter.

Which is not to say that it's poorly put together. Sharp and company did a masterful job producing the EP, and despite being recorded in a small house in Leipers Fork, Tenn., the mastering makes it an albeit sonorous pleasure to listen to.

Sharp will perform Sunday at CanJam II in Tucker Theatre, sponsored by MTSU Concerts. Admission at the door will be three cans of food per person. Mercator, Apollo Up and Ridah World Productions will perform prior to Sharp. The show begins at 7 p.m.

For more information, call (615) 898-2551. ★

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Bonin' it up with Bonepony

By Joey Hood

Nashville Americana band Bonepony has languished on both sides of the music industry spectrum.

Formed in 1989 amidst blacktop Baltimore strip malls, Bonepony quickly established a devoted following.

Their successes led to the inevitable "major label" stint on Nashville's Capitol Records. But however tempting corporate music looked on paper, Bonepony decided to market themselves as an independent outfit.

The results are astounding. Both record label follow-ups, *Traveler's Companion* and *Jubilee*, are germane examples of music in its freest form.

I spoke recently with Nick Nguyen, who joined Bonepony after graduating from MTSU.

Joey Hood: First off, let's talk about your latest release, *Jubilee*, your second album composed outside the corporate confines. Do you feel a better sense of creativity on this record?

Nick Nguyen: Somewhat. Although, *Traveler's Companion*, our first independent release after the record deal, really went back to the roots literally and philosophically. As for (*Jubilee*), I guess that critics are probably digging this album more because it is pop sounding. And so, it is definitely a balancing act of finding our own place. It's still the same style of music but just at a different angle.

JH: Do you guys ever regret signing with Capitol Records? Is this like the dark period of your recording career?

NN: (Laughs) No, not at all. Actually, the recording deal came in before I joined the band. But they (old members

Bryan Ward, Kenny Mims and vocalist Scott Johnson) got to go on tour with a lot of mainstream acts, which helped get our name out. I mean, even though the record deal tied our hands, there are no regrets. It worked out well for what it was.

JH: So as an artist who has seen both sides of the fence, so to speak, what's your advice for amateur acts who define success as obtaining a record deal?

NN: For sure, look for people who know art as opposed to just the "biz" aspect. Also, frankly, have an audience. Right now, with the way the industry is, there isn't much money to be made on young up-and-coming artists. Record labels are looking for acts that have a really large following. And if you don't have a large following, it doesn't do you much good, because the label will control every aspect of your career. But my advice is just to establish a grassroots following.

JH: All right. Well, say that you wanted to turn a certain college journalist on to good music. Which records would you recommend?

NN: Well, I love that new Outkast stuff.

JH: (Laughs) Oh yeah?

NN: Oh man, it's awesome. We were watching the "Hey Ya" video earlier and they just seem so much on the forefront of the music scene. As far as our influences, we like the Beatles, of course. And the Stones.

JH: What about Nashville acts? Are you feeling any local artists?

NN: Actually, we are on tour so much, that we aren't able to see many local acts. But we come across the Nashville acts every now and then. We're good friends with

Will Hoge. And everything I've heard of his is really cool. I like what he is doing musically.

JH: Do you think that Nashville will ever shed its predominantly country label and branch out into other genres, though?

NN: I would think so. I mean, when I first started playing music as a teenager here, there weren't that many rock acts. But now, Nashville has all kinds of music, especially in Murfreesboro. Look back 10 years ago with Self. I mean, that has been going on for some time. But the reality is that country music brings in tourists and creates this whole image.

JH: So how do you feel about the future of music and the recording industry in general?

NN: I think that the future of music is exciting. I don't know about the recording industry. It's certainly more exciting for independent artists. There is no longer a big label in charge of giving music to people. Hopefully, people

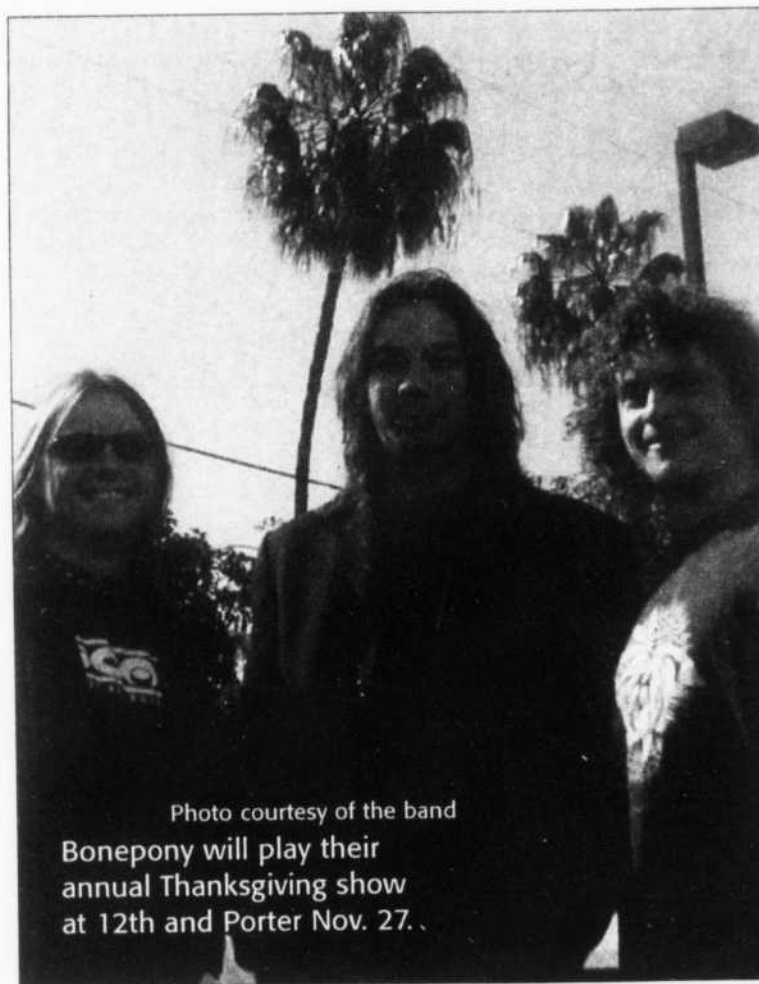


Photo courtesy of the band
Bonepony will play their annual Thanksgiving show at 12th and Porter Nov. 27.

will keep scratching records and go deep within themselves. I hope people will not resort to easy listening like Britney Spears. That's for sure.

Bonepony will play their annual Thanksgiving show at 12th and Porter, Nov. 27. Tickets can be purchased via

the Bonepony Web site at www.bonepony.com. ★

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'Thanksgiving Reunion'— Watch something else

By Will Cleveland

I struggle for the words to describe this movie. Sure, it's a TV movie, but that's no excuse.

National Lampoon has been a comedy heavyweight for 30 years. *Animal House* launched the film careers of John Belushi and director John Landis, and 25 years later it remains the definitive campus comedy. Lampoon kept rolling with the *Vacation* movies, inexplicably making Chevy Chase the fifth biggest movie star in the world by the mid-1980s. The '90s were tough years (*Senior Trip*, anyone? Or *The Don's Analyst?*), but today National Lampoon survives with a popular Web site and a college TV network seen across the country. MTSU does not have this network, but judging from this latest effort, that might be a good thing.

Thanksgiving Reunion. Well, a reunion is sort of like a vacation, right? And Thanksgiving is sort of like Christmas, I guess. Anyway, I've dragged my feet long enough. It's time to look at the movie.

Judge Reinhold stars as Mitch, a rich L.A. anesthesiologist ("The man who puts Hollywood to sleep," according to a magazine article about him). His wife does nothing but spend money, his teenage daughter is a shob, and his son is a hypochondriac. Thanksgiving is coming up and poor Mitch, cut from the same wholesome cloth as *Vacation's* Clark Griswold, just wants to spend a quiet holiday with his family. Mitch gets a letter in the mail from his long-lost cousin Woodrow (Bryan Cranston from *Malcolm in the Middle*), inviting him up to Idaho for Thanksgiving, so he packs his family into their SUV and heads out into the country. But Woodrow and his wife (Penelope Ann Miller) are crazy hippies, their kids are psychotic and hilarity ensues.

OK, hilarity does not ensue. Nothing resembling hilarity ever comes close to ensuing. This is the least funny comedy I have seen in a very long time, and the worst part is that the movie tries so hard. There's Uncle Phil, a flatulent old man not related to anyone, but is included in the trip to Idaho in order to make geriatric sex jokes later on. There are two homoerotic incest scenes, when Mitch takes a shower only to find that Woodrow is in there with him, and a brief mud wrestling scene between Mitch and Woodrow's teenage daughters. There's also Woodrow's dog Yoko, who takes a particular liking to Mitch, prompting nauseating cries of "Yoko! Oh, no!" throughout the picture. Woodrow and his wife act so bizarrely at times one wonders if they are mentally retarded.

Bryan Cranston is the funniest non-animated dad on television, Penelope Ann Miller is a vastly underrated actress and who doesn't like Judge Reinhold? Seeing them suffer through this movie is confusing and sad. The director is Neal Israel, creator of the dreadful *Police Academy* movies, and I can afford no sympathy to him.

National Lampoon's Thanksgiving Reunion airs Nov. 23 at 7 p.m. on TBS, and if there is anything else on TV, for God's sake, watch that. ★

'National Lampoon's Thanksgiving Reunion'

Starring Judge Reinhold,
Penelope Ann Miller

Airing Nov. 23 on TBS

Rating 1/2 a star
(out of four stars)



Photo provided by the band

The Dirt Farm performs tonight at Infernobar at 10 p.m. with DJ Herb.

Getting down and dirty

By Brittany Gearheart

With so many bands taking the stage here in Murfreesboro, deciphering which ones to see can become a task. But tonight you won't have trouble, because The Dirt Farm puts on a must-see show with eclectic unity stringing a sensation throughout the town.

For a band with two guitarists, a drummer, a percussionist, a lead vocalist, a heavy bass and horn section, their gravitation entangles the roots of various artists ranging from Lynard Skynard and Willie Nelson to N.W.A. and Public Enemy.

Their influences include Bob Dylan, Zappa, Hendrix, Bob Marley, Phish, Gallactic, The Rolling Stones and The Beatles, to name a few from a list that goes on and on.

Though their musical roots and style can't be easily classified, their good ol' boy sound can't be misunderstood. In the song "Tennessee Breakdown," lead vocalist John Prescott Duffer embellishes a cross between the vocals of Lynard Skynard and Blind Melon, with a touch of Pearl Jam.

This song embodies loss and confusion everyone can relate to. The depth and emotion Duffer conveys with vibrato and a range of tone proves that this band plays from the soul. He not only provides a unique set of vocals, but the band itself reaches the soul of our generation.

The band's name was justifiably created with the layers that it consists of in mind. The top layer is rock 'n' roll, underneath is the passion

of reggae, followed by down home country roots and bottomed out with the soulful roots of all music — blues.

The band doesn't consider themselves in any genre, but as layers that culminate a musical style all their own.

The music, a Tennessee-style melting pot, as the members themselves are from dissimilar backgrounds. Duffer started playing guitar at age 10 and was a singer/songwriter by 12. Originally from Red Oak, Va., he was a featured songwriter at the University of Virginia Songwriter's Camp at age 17. He met up with guitarist A.O. when he ran out of gas in Murfreesboro and they clicked.

Other members of the band include Bo Collier, drums/vocals/acoustic, and Lucas Ketner, percussion — both from Tennessee.

Lead guitarist Christian Radalead hails from Charleston, W.V., graduated from MTSU with a Recording Engineering degree and started to get serious about guitar at age 13.

Michael George, the horn player from Huntsville, Ala., and Rick Bidelman, the bassist from Las Vegas, Nev., joined the band and The Dirt Farm has ultimately grown together from there.

Their diverse backgrounds inspire the band to simply create music and keep from setting themselves into a specific genre.

Make sure to catch the band tonight at Infernobar at 10 p.m. DJ Herb will spin reggae tunes before the show.

For more information on The Dirt Farm, visit www.underneaththetree.net. ★

Stroup finds 'Solidity' with a little help from Christ



Photo provided

Catch Christian musician Amy Stroup at the Raiders for Christ Student Center tonight at 7 p.m.

By Melanie Blair

Some people choose to tune, and some people choose to play. Influenced by artists such as Sheryl Crow, Jennifer Knapp and Patty Griffin, one local musician chose to play by drawing from experiences in her life to connect with others through her music.

Amy Stroup, a 21-year-old singer/songwriter, performs tonight at 7 at the Raiders for Christ Student Center next to the Bell Street parking lot.

But who, exactly, is Amy Stroup?

Her most recent local show, held at Rocketown in Nashville, revealed Stroup to be a fresh young folk/rock artist. She combines her talents of songwriting, singing and playing both acoustic guitar and piano with her desire to serve others.

Stroup intends for her music to "speak of the refined journey of continual transformation into the image of Christ."

"My life has not been easy," Stroup says, "but God has been good. I hope to plant seeds in the hearts of listeners, and encourage them to get passionate about participating in a relationship with Christ."

Stroup pulled her audience in at Rocketown by having them sing along on "Mustard Seed." Each time she said "Alls I need is faith..." the audience was to respond with the rest of the lyrics, "like a mustard seed." Members of the audience sang along and danced to the music.

Stroup began songwriting and performing during her teenage years when she lived in Abilene, Texas. Her family moved to Nashville in 2002, where she had already been living for four months.

"I honestly can't remember a time when music was not a part of my life," Stroup says. "We have photos with me in diapers with a guitar. But I guess in middle school, when I started writing songs, is when I felt I had a niche for the music stuff, and it brought

tons of joy to my life."

An independent artist under Solidity Records, Stroup has performed more than 36 concerts since the release of her debut project, *Solidity*, in January 2003.

"Solidity" isn't a word that can be found in a dictionary. Stroup says it's an "expression of God as our firm rock or foundation."

One of the first songs Stroup wrote for the album, *Solidity*, was written when her father had cancer, she changed high schools and her older sister left for college.

"You could say it was a challenging year for a kiddo," Stroup says. "I needed some solidity in my life, like the song says, a 'rock not so slippery,' something stable. That was Christ for me, and he still is my solidity."

The past year has taken Stroup to tour the Southeast, Colorado and Texas. She often plays for churches, retreats, conferences, youth groups, college groups and other special events.

Tonight's concert has an admission charge of \$5, and all of the proceeds will go directly to the Middle Tennessee Christian Foundation's Mission Fund. A prize give-a-way during the evening includes T-shirts and compact discs.

Stroup agreed to do the show to benefit the mission fund that provides money for students to go on mission trips across the globe.

"I am excited to know that fellow college kids are pursuing Christ in their lives and feel led to actually live it out through missions," Stroup says. "I am so thankful for the opportunity to participate."

For more information on Stroup, visit her Web site at www.amystroup.com. For more information on tonight's concert, contact Daniel George at 896-1529. ★

[wmts top 10]

1 The Strokes
'Room On Fire'

2 The Shins
'Chutes Too Narrow'

3 Death Cab for Cutie
'Transatlanticism'

4 Yo La Tengo
'Today Is The Day [EP]'

5 Ladybug Transistor
'Ladybug Transistor'

6 Beat Happening
'Music To Climb The Apple Tree By'

7 Various artists
'Orange Twin Sampler'

8 Josh Rouse
'1972'

9 Television
'Marquee Moon'

10 Feable Weiner
'Dear Hot Chick'

★Compiled by WMTS Music Director
Joseph Ash★

'A Life' is alive

By Rachel Robinson

A breath of fresh air is at the Tennessee Performing Arts Center this week, and it's the direct result of one of the greatest lives in theater — David Mamet.

The Tennessee Repertory Theatre is performing Mamet's *A Life in the Theatre* Nov. 11 through 22, and by the time this review runs in [flash], you'll only have two more days to see the show. I suggest you stop reading right now, go to Ticketmaster and get your tickets!

Mamet, known throughout the theatre world and beyond for his meticulously written plays exploring human relations, gives audiences a glimpse at what happens behind the scenes at any given theatre.

The play centers on the relationship between Robert (a very convincing Cecil Jones), an aging actor and John (the fabulous Matt Chiorini), an up-and-coming young buck. The two thespians share a dressing room and a pivotal box of tissues, and build a relationship around the experiences of theatre acting.

The audience sees the dressing room going-on, as well as the rehearsals and the various "plays" the two act in together. These "plays" are the most intriguing part of the play, because the audience sees them from the back — Robert and John perform them with their backs to the real audience, actually addressing a fake one. In so doing, the real audience gets to experience all the missed lines, prop blips, exasperated sighs and eye rolls that are usually hidden.

At first, the relationship between Robert and John is that of father and son, with Robert providing the encouragement that John needs to build up his character. Chiorini's John comes across as coolly confident in this early part of the play, but never too confident to snub Robert's advice. He is even extremely patient with Robert when he starts questioning John about his performance that night, wanting to know what about his scenes looked strained and what looked natural. It's an exercise in actors' vanity, if you will.

As the play progresses, the relationship between the two actors turns from that of father and son to one resembling fighting siblings. John starts to see Robert as a senile old coot who is more of a weight on his career than a sail. Robert has reached that age where he can't help but see the wisdom in everything, and he doesn't fail to let John know, especially when they're rehearsing a play and the lines strike Robert with particular poignancy.

Eventually, though, John does learn that acting (reader, please forgive me for this one) is like a really fine wine...

All melodrama aside, Mamet makes these characters very real and the struggles they face with each other seem just like those that would happen outside of the theater world. Mamet just exposes the imperfections in the one place always supposed to produce perfection.

He would be proud of The Rep's production.

For tickets to *A Life in the Theatre*, call (615) 255-ARTS, or go by any Ticketmaster location for more details. ★



Photo provided by Kay Waggoner

The Rep presents the story of Robert (Cecil Jones, left) and John (Matt Chiorini), two actors who learn from each other during their time as thespians.

Full of laughs

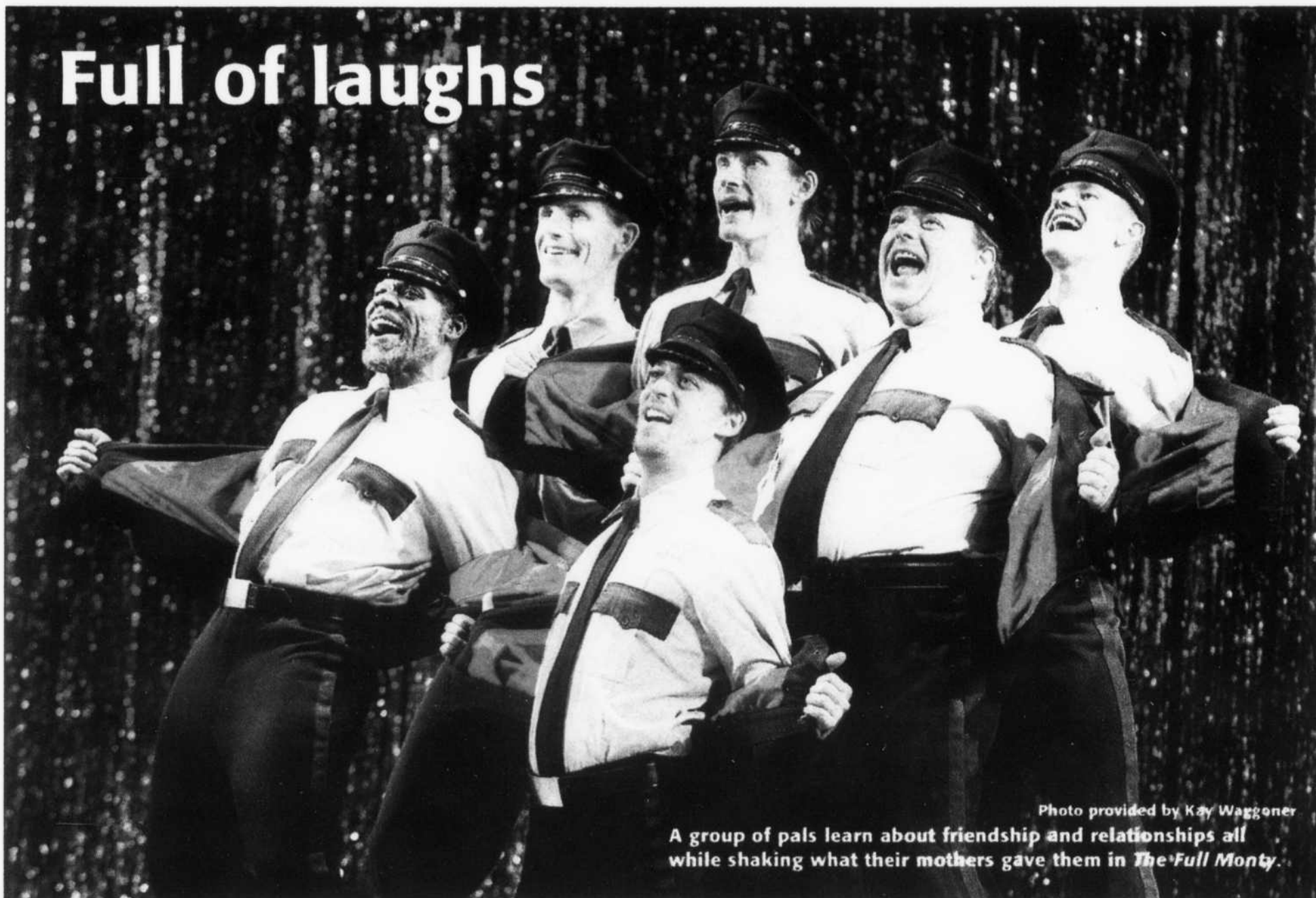


Photo provided by Kay Waggoner

A group of pals learn about friendship and relationships all while shaking what their mothers gave them in *The Full Monty*.

'Full Monty' teases Nashville

By Rachel Robinson

The Full Monty is at the Tennessee Performing Arts Center Nov. 18 through 23, and it promises to be the kind of show that TPAC is sticking its neck out to bring to Nashville.

The Full Monty, based on the 1997 film of the same name, is the story of six unemployed buddies who get the idea to earn extra cash after seeing the response a local male strip show receives from the women in town. Along the way, the crew helps out a friend in need and learns some things about friendship to boot.

Laced with comedy and "wild" dancing, *The Full Monty* is not for everyone — only those brave souls who don't mind seeing six men parade around a stage with little to nothing on

... wait, did I say it's not for everyone?

The show is not without credentials. Four-time Tony Award winning writer Terrance McNally adapted the stage version from the Academy Award-nominated screen version. And the stage version was nominated for 10 Tony Awards in 2001.

The evening should be an enjoyable way to help you forget about your workday woes and make you appreciate the fact that, when you dance, it's usually in front of a mirror at home and not a theater full of people.

Tickets for *The Full Monty* can be purchased by calling 255-ARTS, by going to any Ticketmaster location or on the web at www.tpac.org. ★

Going to the show

- ★ The Full Monty runs Nov. 18-23
- ★ A Life in the Theatre runs Nov. 11-22

Purchase tickets for either show from Ticketmaster by visiting any Ticketmaster location or their Web site:
www.ticketmaster.com

You can also call (615) 255-ARTS for tickets, or visit www.tpac.org for more information.



Humans, cartoons make 'Looney Tunes' work

By David Lawrence

The plot of *Looney Tunes: Back in Action*, in grand *Looney Tunes* tradition, doesn't matter a bit. While the story deals with D.J. Drake (Brenden Fraser) and the search for his secret agent father (Timothy Dalton, spoofing his James Bond persona perfectly), it's just a way of moving from one sight gag to another.

The real stars are the *Looney Tunes* players, back to their old zany antics. Daffy Duck (voiced by Joe Alaskey), enraged over his treatment by the Warner Bros. studio, gets himself and D.J. fired.

Vice President of Humor Kate Houghton (Jenna Elfman) is then ordered to bring the duck back, mainly because the "duck season/rabbit season"

joke only works if you have a duck and a rabbit. Tagging along with her is none other than Bugs Bunny himself (also voiced by Alaskey), much to her discomfort.

While this is all going on, the evil Mr. Chairman (Steve Martin) of the Acme Corporation is plotting to turn everyone into monkeys, because no good plot is complete without some monkeys you know.

Joe Dante (*Rock 'N' Roll High School*, *Gremlins*) nails the characters perfectly. Watch out for almost every single character in the Warner Bros. cartoon library, from Marvin the Martian to Owl Jansen, and pay special attention to the background. Even when the story is

slowing down, there's always a sight gag playing. It's worth paying attention just to listen in on the background. If you've ever spent a Saturday morning camped out on the sofa watching cartoons, then this is your film.

The only real fault I could find is that the story itself does drag in a few spots, but the humor manages to cover that fault rather well.

Speaking of humor, I think this just might be the funniest film of 2003. From an animation standpoint, everything clicks.

The human stars and animated ones really do seem to be sharing the same scene. For animation purists, this is the perfect film.

The massive amount of in-jokes almost demands repeated viewings just so you can

catch every little thing. Joe Dante's love of B-movies is in full effect, as witnessed by the appearance of Ro-Man (*Robot Monster*) and the Thing Without A Face (*The Thing Without A Face*).

If you're interested in cameos, this is the film for you. Having people from famed B-movie director Roger Corman to Andy Warhol player Mary Woronov to science fiction icon Robbie the Robot show up in every scene is certainly worth the price of admission. Of course, Dante and writer Larry Doyle (*The Simpsons*) do take a few potshots at everything from corporate culture to the disastrous Michael Jordan flop *Space Jam*.

All in all, this is fantastic film. It's not too violent so the kids can see it, and it's neither sappy nor dumb, so adults can

'Looney Tunes: Back in Action'

Starring Brenden Fraser, Jenna Elfman, Steve Martin

Rated PG

Warner Brothers
Released Nov. 14

Rating ★★★★★

(out of four stars)

watch it as well. This isn't some grand experiment in art — it's just a funny film.

Be sure to stick around after the end credits to catch a nice little surprise from the makers of the film.

And so, in the immortal words of Porky Pig, "T-t-t-That's all folks!" ★

'Glass' boasts journalism at its worst

By Forrest Sanders

Stephen Glass was one of the nation's up-and-coming young journalists.

At the age of 24, the University of Pennsylvania graduate had already gained significant notoriety by contributing to such prolific magazines as *Harper's*, *George* and *Rolling Stone*. His most shining accomplishment, however, was becoming a staff writer who weekly produced Pulitzer-worthy stories at *The New Republic*, the on-flight magazine of Air Force One. There was only one flaw in Glass' rise to stardom: Twenty-seven of the 41 stories he wrote for *The New Republic* were fake.

In retrospect, it's baffling that no one would even suspect Glass of fraud. His sensational stories dealt with whole conventions dedicated to the sale of Monica Lewinski memorabilia and evangelical churches whose followers gathered to worship former President George H.W. Bush.

In the film, Glass jumps from his seat at story meetings, bringing his "first-hand accounts" to life by giving his characters voices and performing what he witnessed. To his co-workers, Glass was the man always in the right place at the right time, and delivered his scoop with a strong dose of wit and clever anecdotes.

Glass's unmasking as a con finally came about following the printing of "Hack Haven," a story about a 15-year-old hacker who received a small fortune (and hero status in the hacker community) after black-mailing a family-funded software company.

It wasn't until *Forbes* Digital Tool reporter, Adam L. Penenberg (Steve Zahn) decided to write a follow-up to "Hack Haven" that Glass's sources were revealed



Photo courtesy of Lions Gate

Hayden Christensen, left, stars in *Shattered Glass* as Stephen Glass, a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist who fabricated most of his most famous stories published in the *New Republic*.

'Shattered Glass'

Starring Hayden Christensen, Peter Sarsgaard, Steve Zahn

Rated PG-13

Directed by Billy Ray

Released Sept. 12

Rating ★★☆☆ 1/2
(out of four stars)

as phony. As it turns out, Glass had fabricated characters, concocted quotes and even faked Web sites and answering machine messages to companies that were fictitious to begin with.

"Are you mad at me?" Glass asks his editor, as if flashing puppy dog eyes will get him off the hook for the biggest hoax in modern American journalism.

Hayden Christensen, who won the Worst Supporting Actor Razzie playing Anakin Skywalker last year, takes on the role of Glass in a multi-layered performance sure to silence his critics.

I didn't buy his act at first. During the early scenes when Glass exhibits a more "gee, whiz" persona, Christensen seemed little more than a mediocre actor disguising himself in huge glasses, badly combing his hair and doing his best Tobey McGuire impres-

sion. However, Christensen redeems himself once Glass's world starts to crumble and is allowed to convey the many shades of his character. In one particularly tense scene, *The New Republic's* editor, Chuck Lane (Peter Sarsgaard), confronts Glass in his office with a mountain of evidence against his credibility. Glass doesn't stammer or fidget, but retains a remarkable composure through the conversation, though you can almost see the franticness in his eyes as he calculates his next desperate lie.

In other scenes of the film, Christensen plays Glass sobbing relentlessly and playing the sympathy card with his co-workers, while in another scene, when Lane is reunited with Glass and his attorney, Christensen is just downright creepy.

Based on Buzz Bissinger's *Vanity Fair* article of the same name, *Shattered Glass* doesn't glamorize Glass's actions, but neither does it paint the fraudulent journalist as a conscience-less monster. The film is, quite likely, a fair portrayal of Glass.

Though viewers with lesser attention spans may find themselves staring at their wristwatches more often than the screen, first-time director (and screenwriter) Billy Ray has delivered both an engrossing account of the Glass scandal and a first-rate thriller.

For the average viewer, this is a smart film made most unsettling by the idea that such fraud could slip under the radar today.

For journalism majors, *Shattered Glass* is a must-see. ★

"Bridges"

Ellie had gone through life pretty much like the autumn breeze blowing through her hair. Shifting direction. Changing speeds. Leaving things in a mess. Unpredictable. Uncontrollable. Unstoppable.

The afternoon sun was retiring for another day and she knew she had to be somewhere else, anywhere else but here after darkness arrived. She picked up her canvas grocery bag, took one final look off of the bridge at the river below, closed her eyes for just a brief moment, exhaled and then turned and headed toward the market. The wind was coming up off of the river and she pulled her jacket more tightly around her neck. She quickened her pace to get away from the water. How is it that you can be incredibly drawn toward those things by which you are repelled at the same time? She had visited this bridge almost every day for the past two years hoping each time it would be her last, but it never was. Ellie passed by a café where warm light and fragrances

blended with a little Cole Porter and poured out onto the sidewalk to envelope her. Without pausing she reached for the door and went in.

A slender woman about her own age came from what appeared to be the kitchen of the small restaurant, balancing plates of steaming pasta. She carried a rotary cheese grater in her apron and a wooden pepper mill under her left arm. Without breaking stride, she smiled and instructed, "Buonasera! Sit wherever you like. I'll be there in a sec."

Ellie had other things to do and the market would close pretty soon. She ought to go. Yet she stood and watched the waitress deftly deliver the plates to a couple of obviously delighted diners. Fluidly, the server whipped out the grater and proceeded to rain parmagiano-reggiano down onto each dish. In a flash, the grater disappeared and the sound of the mill and the smell of pepper filled the air. Ellie was mesmerized by the culinary slight of hand. She found a table and took a seat.

The waitress put the grinder and the mill on a cart and

wiped her hands on a towel and came over, order pad and pen in hand. "Meeting anyone?"

"Ah...no, just me."

"Well, 'just me,' I'm Marti and I'll be your server." She placed a neatly printed paper on the table. "Here are the specials and everything is fresh. Can I get you something to drink? We have a really great house Sangiovese."

"Yes, that sounds nice..." Where did those words come from? Ellie wasn't even a wine drinker.

"Buono. I'll let you look over today's selections while I bring the wine and also some water. Do you live around here? I don't remember seeing you before."

"Um, yes, actually." She hesitated but Marti's smile somehow put her at ease. "I'm uh...a couple of blocks over on Third Avenue."

"Great. Welcome to 'Marti's!' I'll be back in a second with your water and your wine." The waitress, who also appeared to be the owner, turned and retreated to the kitchen, checking on diners as she went.

Rain. Damn.

She tossed, moving toward the side of the bed farthest from the window, facing away. It was a steady rain, persistently falling, consistently covering all beneath it. Ellie couldn't catch a break today, or was it even still 'today?' She fumbled for her glasses on the bedside table and held them just high enough to read the digital display. It was 2:17 a.m. The replacement 'today' wasn't going to be any better.

She turned and faced the ceiling and sighed.

How long had it been since she had been happy? Two years? Five? Surely she had been happy five years ago, but for the life of her she couldn't be sure. Had she ever been happy, really happy? Maybe that sort of happiness was relegated to old black and white films and people who didn't know better. Then she remembered.

Her memories were contained in scalloped edged, black and white images, the ones with the date in the margin, the ones with names and descriptions, written with cursive script in pencil on the back. She remembered a bicycle and the thought generated a tinge of excitement, or at least something comparable.

She was ten, no, it was her eighth birthday. It was her eighth birthday and she had been sick and her birthday party had to be postponed. All of that anticipation, all of that excitement, gone because of a stomach bug, or something she ate. Ellie had waited so long for this day and now she would have to spend it in bed, alone.

She remembered a knock at her bedroom door. Why wouldn't they leave her alone? She didn't want any more Coke and crackers. She didn't want her temperature taken again. She didn't want to be bothered. They came in anyway. But they didn't say anything. What were they doing just standing there? Ellie turned toward the bedroom door and there was her dad holding a beautiful purple bicycle at the foot of her bed.

"I know you can't ride this today, but I just couldn't wait. Let me roll it up closer so you can get a look. Do you like it?" Ellie had wanted a bike for so long. She loved it. She loved him.

Thunder rumbled and rattled the loose panes in her window. The rain came down harder and the purple bicycle faded into a dark gray, faded into the distant past. It was the last birthday she would ever spend with her father.

A tapestry of wet autumn leaves covered the cold earth. The moisture saturated everything, she thought, adding that much more weight to life. She walked as if she had no place to go. She thought of a thousand things she could do, but dismissed each one in succession. It all seemed so pointless. Surely there was some rock in life she had neglected to turn over, some rainbow she had forgotten to chase.

And now she was back at the bridge.

Ellie shook her head, partially in disgust, mostly in disbelief. She honestly believed she could let go of the bridge, but it wouldn't let go of her. Wooden and worn and covered with moss it seemed inviting enough. It kept you out of the waters below, kept you safe.

Ellie lightly slid her hand along the smooth rail as she ascended the arch to the apex. As she must have done a thousand times, she turned and looked down at the river leaning on the rail for support. The cold water rushing beneath her made the air feel cooler here than anywhere else. The low roar of the currents was lulling her, comforting her, pulling her as if she was caught in a whirlpool. But there was only one direction anyone could be pulled in a whirlpool.

She couldn't breathe and instinctively pushed back from the railing nearly tripping over a woman jogging behind her across the bridge. Her pulse was racing and her mind couldn't keep up. Must get away. She had to talk with someone, anyone. Her eyes started to warm and water and she headed in any direction the railing would allow, headed away from the water, rather than into it. Her hands were clinched in her pockets as if trying to hold on to something, but her palms were empty. Ellie strode away from the river, away from the bridge to the sidewalk.

Her retreat ended. A pain shot through her left cheek, a dull thud caught her left side spinning her and throwing her at the same time. The sound of a cry, a glimpse of the sky, the feel of rough concrete against her hands and the jolt of a sudden stop all collided in her consciousness.

As she tried to raise up, Ellie felt something warm and soft covering her hand. She instinctively attempted to pull away but her fragile balance wouldn't let her. A hand squeezed hers and she gave in and squeezed back. She laid her head back down not caring where she was or what might happen to her.

"Are you all right?" The voice was familiar, or was it just helpful? Ellie opened her eyes and tried to orient

herself.

"No, I think I'm okay. What happened?"

"I'm not sure. I just stepped out to sweep off the sidewalk and we must have collided. Looks like you got the worst end of the deal. I'm terribly sorry."

"No, it's my fault. I should have been looking where I was going."

"Can you get up or do you need any help?"

"Let me see." Ellie righted herself using the woman and a post for support. Ellie looked directly into the soft eyes and recognition set in. It was as if she had run into last night's date at this morning's market. Once again she felt trapped, felt completely off balance.

"Are you sure you're okay?"

And with that, Ellie released and sobbed in spasms, wailing as if demons were being unleashed. Marti caught her and held her tight, shushing her like her mother used to do, smoothing her hair.

"I'm sorry...sorry, so, so sorry. I've got to get myself together, got to get something together. I'm Ellie. Ellie Hayes." She inhaled raggedly.

"What are you going through, Ellie?"

"What?"

"What's wrong Ellie Hayes?"

Ellie didn't know where to start, didn't know how to start, didn't want to start. She just didn't want to talk about it. Why couldn't she just get some simple sympathy and let it go at that?

"You're a mess. Here, wipe your eyes, blow your nose and come inside."

Her legs didn't welcome her weight yet yielded to Marti's lead as she helped her through the metal and glass door. Together they walked across the plain, tile floor, clean but unremarkable. Scents of garlic and basil and tomato greeted her, welcomed her. The tables were dark and worn, scarred by years of plates and glasses and knives, by the scores of wanderers, of friends and strangers who took nourishment at them. Marti worked Ellie to a round corner table and took a seat next to her, both with backs to walls.

Ellie wiped her nose and dabbed at her eyes.

Marti reached across and smoothed Ellie's hair then put her hands together bringing her index fingers up to her lips as if she was trying to decide where to begin, or if she should begin.

"Marissa." Marti was looking through Ellie rather than at her. There was more and Ellie kept quiet.

"She would have been eleven this year, eleven in November."

Ellie took Marti's hand and held it in both of her own.

[club listings]

Thursday, Nov. 20

3rd & Lindsley: Cast Iron Filter, 10 p.m., \$5.
12th & Porter: Perpetual Groove, Barefoot Manner, 9:30 p.m., \$8.

Blue Sky Court: Fran's Mantra, Popular Genius, Cheryl Hill, Love Over Gravity, 9:30 p.m., \$5.

Boro Bar & Grill: Tony Danza Tapdance Extravaganza, 9:30 p.m., \$5-7.

The End: Mr. Gotlucky, Dr. Gonzo, 9 p.m., \$5.

Exit/In: Cross Canadian Ragweed, Shannon Lawson, 9 p.m., \$12-15.

Inferobar: Dirt Farm, 9 p.m.

Mercy Lounge: Simply Sassy (featuring members of Taryn Murphy, Finna, Mink), 8 p.m., \$10

The Muse: Foundation, Todd Bond, 7 p.m., \$5.

Springwater: Tyondai Braxton, Parts & Labor, Duck Duck Gray Duck, 9:30 p.m.

The Sutler: BMI Acoustic Roundup with Heather Garrett, Ray Stephenson, Mitzi Dawn, 7 p.m., free.

The Trap: Grammy Showcase with Big Fella & Te'Arthur, Stacie Collins, Del Giovanni Clique, The Loft, Septemberland, Spout, Zane Williams, 8 p.m., \$10.

Windows on the Cumberland: The Turkey Trot Tangles, 10 p.m.

Friday, Nov. 21

3rd & Lindsley: Super T & the Tyrone Smith Revue, 10:30 p.m., \$8.

12th & Porter: Foggy Bottom, Steve Benoit & The Box Elders, 10 p.m.

All American Sports Grill: Some Assembly Required, 10 p.m., \$3.

Boro Bar & Grill: Imaginary Baseball League, Dixie Dirt, The Glass, 9:30 p.m., \$5-7.

The End: Mink, Sodium, Outshine, 9 p.m., \$5.

Exit/In: The Genitorturers, 10 p.m., \$12.

The Mercy Lounge: The Charades, The Exotics, 9 p.m., \$15.

The Muse: The New Demographics, Annalice, The Gents, 7 p.m., \$5.

Rocketown: Aerophysics, Stellar Kin, 12v Negative Earth, 8 p.m., \$5.

Springwater: William Elliott Whitmore, The Falling, Michael Acree, The Mattoid, 9:30 p.m.

The Sutler: LYLAS CD Release Party, Spiritual Family Reunion, Stone Jack Jones, 9 p.m., \$5.

Wall Street: The Fox Project, 9:30 p.m., \$5.

Windows on the Cumberland: Tim Carroll Band, Dave Coleman & the Coal Men, 9:30 p.m., \$5.

Saturday, Nov. 22

3rd & Lindsley: Down the Line, Holly Howson & Meika Pauley, Jeffrey Steele, 7 p.m.

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

Exit/In: Ekoostik Hookah, 10 p.m., \$10.

Inferobar: The Dirt Farm, 10 p.m.

Mercy Lounge: Kevin Kinney, Glossary, 9:30 p.m., \$8.

Rocketown: Fashion Show, For all the Drifters, Ide, The Conversation, 6 p.m., \$5

Springwater: Worm Wood Scrubs, 9:30 p.m.

Wall Street: Sam & Eddie, 9:30 p.m., \$5.

Windows on the Cumberland: Windows Fest 2003 featuring Janie Grey, Randy Russell & Ball Hog, Palehorse, 9 p.m.

Sunday, Nov. 23

3rd & Lindsley: Jen Foster, Michelle Shocked, 8 p.m., \$10.

Boro Bar & Grill: Live Bluegrass with the Mc Clary Brothers and Jack Pearson, 9 p.m., \$3-5.

Exit/In: Three Days Grace, Cauterize, 8 p.m., \$10.

Wall Street: Shoo Fly Pie, 9:30 p.m., \$3.

Continued from **Forces**, page 2

back to punk.

The album artwork continues the rebellion from seriousness, with cartoon animals holding weapons and The Forces of Evil writing, "We'd like to thank ourselves for all of our hard work and effort, for without us, none of this would be possible." That's funny, and art is often too serious, but it also seems that The Forces of Evil didn't really get what Marley was singing about.

At any rate, The Forces of Evil aren't Jamaican and aren't singing for Jamaicans. They are singing for troubled suburban American teens and giving them an outlet for their anger. That's a noble enough cause. *Friend or Foe* is a strong punk/ska record, but creatively doesn't take the style to much newer ground. ★

Shirt Factory

Goldenrod grows
 And spirits of laughter
 Course the emptied bays.
 Women were here--
 Women who left high school to get married,
 Have babies, and live deliberate lonely lives
 When their husbands left them, or worse,
 stayed.
 Except to come here and waddle the stacks
 In blue-jeans, boots and sleeveless shirts
 With two-ways swinging from hips
 That undulate like the movement of a fine
 Elgin watch;
 Commanding oily Hysters, choreographing
 boxes
 And bolts of vanity to and from
 Long rows of whirling machines,
 Turning wrists and elbows into sleepless
 nights.

But, oh, those potluck dinners when
 Christmas came,
 Or birthdays, or when production goals were
 met.
 Red velvet cakes
 And cheese-fed casseroles waiting for the
 microwave
 On paper-covered tables.
 Recipes from grandmothers, aunts and cook-
 offs--
 Home made grief counselors.

And managers, all men, affirm them.
 In ninety days the goldenrod will grow
 And the laughter will leave in tracted shells
 To float on deep bobbing hulls;
 Going to make shirts for poor women
 Who, now, will only buy them
 And sell them.

Maybe the deli has a job or two
 And McDonald's needs a biscuit maker start-
 ing Monday at four.
 Mama's got to keep the kids now, for when
 they get up for school.
 The women see each other at church
 And the drug store and laugh at times togeth-
 er,
 Still feeling the sharp burn of shirt making in
 their shoulders,
 Watching the kids play baseball in the park
 Named for the shaman now spinning his
 yarns
 In another small town,
 In a country where women laugh
 And make casseroles
 Of fish and rice,
 Turning wrists and elbows into sleepless
 nights.

Movie mingles intelligence and action

By William Cleveland

The French war ship *Acheron* appears in the waters off the coast of Brazil, shrouded in fog like a phantom, and launches a devastating attack on its pursuer, the *HMS Surprise*. It's a spectacular opening scene followed by a spectacular film.

Master and Commander: The Far Side of the World is an adaptation of two of Patrick O'Brien's popular novels, chronicling the adventures of "Lucky" Jack Aubrey, *HMS Surprise* captain.

The year is 1805, and only the British Navy stands in the way of Napoleon controlling all of Europe. After the attack, Aubrey becomes hell-bent on intercepting the *Acheron*, tracking her (the ships are referred to with female pronouns) from Brazil, south around storm-ridden Cape Horn and north again to the Galapagos Islands and beyond.

Director Peter Weir (*Dead Poet's Society*, *The Truman Show*) meticulously recreates the workings of a 19th century British warship. He doesn't cheat or gloss over any detail, and for two hours the audience is completely enveloped in this world.

A variety of methods were used to create the *Surprise's* journey, and this is one of the very few films I've seen in which I couldn't distinguish what was real from what was computer-generated.

But the heart of the film is not in its special effects, nor even in its historical accuracy, but in its characters, particularly in the friendship between Aubrey and Dr. Richard Maturin, the ship's surgeon.

Maturin is not an official member of Aubrey's crew, and thus the only one on board who can (and does) openly dispute with him. In the novels, these men are used to define the dual nature of humanity, and that relationship is carried over well throughout the film.

Aubrey is a man of action; Maturin is a man of science. Their priorities are different but equally passionate, as seen when Maturin's desire to collect biological specimens is thwarted by Aubrey's pursuit of the *Acheron*.

They are close friends in spite of, or perhaps because of, these differences, and they share a keen intellect and unflappable will that earns the respect of the sailors. Note the scene when Maturin removes a bullet from his own stomach — it's the only time we see Aubrey flinch.

Crowe is making a habit of powerful, Oscar-worthy performances, and his seemingly effortless transformation into Aubrey is no exception.

Some may dismiss him as just playing himself (which is much harder than one might think). If they're right, he deserves an Oscar nomination.

Paul Bettany, Crowe's *A Beautiful Mind* co-star, plays Maturin with the inner strength to match Aubrey, and the depth of their



Photo courtesy of 20th Century Fox

The apparently foxy Russell Crowe plays Jack Aubrey in *Master and Commander: The Far Side of the World*. The film is directed by *Dead Poet's Society* auteur Peter Weir and promises to entice both action and drama buffs with its dramatic realism.

friendship is felt without any forced moments of sentimentality. The film's supporting performances are well crafted, particularly that of young Max Pirkis, who plays a junior officer taken under the wings of both Aubrey and Maturin.

In Hollywood, it's generally believed that fans of explosive action don't care about realistic drama, and fans of realistic drama don't have much interest in explosive action, so there's little point in making a film combining the two.

This assumption, however condescending, is all too often correct, but *Master and Commander: The Far Side of the World* refuses to insult the audience's intelligence.

It trusts that its audience has intelligence, and that they will be able to understand and enjoy the glory of battle and the camaraderie of men as much as the characters do. ★

'Master and Commander'

Starring Russell Crowe,
Paul Bettany

Rated R

Directed by Peter Weir
Released Nov. 14

Rating ★★ ★ 1/2
(out of four stars)