



November 7, 2002

# movie review mania

p. 8



# Tori Amos journeys across America on 'Scarlet's Walk'



Piano music for the ages

Vivid use of American imagery is the key thread on Tori Amos' *Scarlet's Walk*. The album is Tori's latest and first release for Sony/Epic after ending her 11-year relationship with Atlantic Records. The conceptual CD is a musical journey across the map for the fictional character Scarlet, whose adventures are told musically in the 18 songs presented.

The 74-minute opus comes in two versions: the standard jewel box package and a deluxe edition, which includes a DVD, a sheet of stickers, a stack of Polaroid snapshots, a road map that traces all of Scarlet's treks. It also includes a color-coded lyric sheet that corresponds with each song's geographic location. Last but not least, it includes a charm that represents some part of the adventure that is uniquely different in every package, which is designed to look like a cardboard box of Polaroid film. All this is included to make the listening experience a more interactive one. The CD is also used to gain access to Tori's Web site exclusive area, *Scarlet's Web*, which will chronicle Amos' North American tour and give exclusive footage and bonus tracks.

But enough about the packaging and bonus goodies, let's talk about the music.

*Scarlet's Walk* is produced by Amos herself. Tori is accompanied on drums by Matt Chamberlain, on bass by Jon Evans and electric guitar by Robbie McIntosh. The rhythm section of Evans and Chamberlain weaves seamlessly around Tori's vocals and keyboards, blending together perfectly in a musical give-and-take executed to make each song sound elegantly simply, yet lushly produced. Every song describes a different circumstance. However, each sound is intertwined with one other — almost as if handing off the Olympic torch to the next to continue the journey forward.

The set opens with "Amber Waves," the tale of a friend who has been turned into a porn star and is trapped within the confines of that world and longs to escape.

We then segue to "A Sorta Fairytale," which describes a day exploring Scarlet's Native American ancestry in an almost dreamlike state.

While there is not a drastic change in the musical landscape that Amos paints here, every story song is individual and unique in its own way. Tempos change like the weather throughout, yet go together well, as if pieces of a musical tapestry stitched together.

As usual, lyrics and song titles have more than one meaning, such as "I Can't See New York," which refers to the city's forever changed skyline since the events of Sept. 11, as Scarlet searches to find her acquaintance in the big apple.

This emotional and beautiful work is a must for any Tori Amos fan, as this is by far her most cohesive and consistent work of her career. The focus here isn't an individual

song or single, it's the entire piece of work as a concept. The theme is bigger and more important as a whole than any one particular piece. This is the first and only Amos collection where I can listen to every track without skipping a single note. Although I am a Tori fan, I am the first to admit she has songs that I love and hate. After saying that, I highly recommend fans of piano-based pop to give *Scarlet's Walk* a fair listen. Whether you are a Tori fan or not, this is a well-crafted piece of work that rewards the listener with repeated spins. \*

review by eric allen



# Nothing is impossible

## Musical still making dreams



Before you even get into the theater, you will see her. She is wearing that dress, her hair is in curls and she has on a tiara. A tiny tiara.

Hundreds of Cinderella miniatures mix in comfortably with the crowd at the Tennessee Performing Arts Center, while holding their fathers' hands with their eyes twinkling toward the translucent curtain with a projected "C" on it at center stage. There is no doubt that they know the story, even if their innocent minds don't fully understand "happily ever after."

The timeless tale of a rags to riches maiden has finally made its way to TPAC, although if you are expecting Walt Disney, think again.

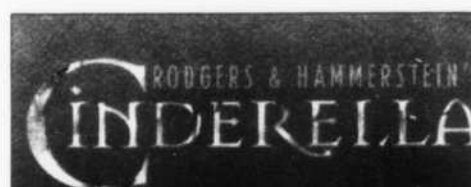
The true origins of the story of *Cinderella* are a mystery, but the first recorded account comes from one of the fairy-tale fathers, Charles Perrault, in 1697.

Versions of the famed love story have since been found in countries all around the world, from China to Russia. Then, in the '50s, CBS decided that they would like to follow in the widely successful footsteps, or shadows, of a made-for-television version of *Peter Pan*, starring Mary Martin.

Enter Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein. In 1957, Rodgers & Hammerstein's *Cinderella*, starring Julie Andrews, aired for the first time on television. In 1965, the musical aired again with Lesley Ann Warren, and in 1997, Brandy, Whitney Houston, Jason Alexander and Whoopi Goldberg starred in yet another revival, introducing audiences to the first multicultural cast.

TPAC's current version keeps the cast similar to that in the 1997 version.

Kristen Michelle Rossi perfectly embodies the neglected child who, after the death of her father, is left to fend for herself. Her wicked stepmother (Maureen Veronica Illmensee) and two hilarious stepsisters, Joy (J. Courtney Taylor) and Grace, (Tia N'Deye Jennings), make Cinderella's life living torture. However, when an announcement from the Royal Palace



The Musical That Makes Dreams Come True!

says Prince Christopher's mother is throwing a ball and all eligible maidens are commanded to come, Cinderella sees her dreams finally coming true.

If the story is familiar, then you probably know that Cinderella's family throws a fit when she comes cascading into the room in her mother's second-hand dress, thinking she is going to the ball.

Devastated, Cinderella runs from the house to the tree she and her father planted in her mother's memory, and makes her wishes known. Magically – wink, wink – her Fairy Godmother appears, except this Fairy is not the innocent grandmotherly type, granting every wish that Cinderella makes that is depicted by Disney.

Instead, Koshka Raenelle, in her sequined midnight blue gown, works more as a powerhouse voiced catalyst, prompting Cinderella to realize that all she has to do is believe in the impossible and it will happen, with the help of her mousy friends.

And so the story goes as one might expect – although you might not have expected this much fun! \*

**Note:** Rodgers & Hammerstein's *Cinderella* is running at TPAC until Monday. For tickets, go to [www.tpac.org](http://www.tpac.org), [ticketmaster.com](http://ticketmaster.com), call 615-255-ARTS, the TPAC box office and any Ticketmaster outlet.

review by rachel robinson

# THE PUMPKIN MAVERICK

“Aaaaaaaaahhhhhh!”  
Bridgett woke up.

part three of a  
three-part series

With a petrified look on her face and sweat on her brow, Bridgett scanned her surroundings. From the dim lights and I.V. pump, Bridgett realized, “I am in a hospital? How did I get here?” Her blue eyes were glazed. She tried to recall recent events that brought her here.

Just a few hours ago, Rachel was working at the front desk on campus. Something had gone wrong. When she got there, she saw one of her friends stabbed. Trying to help him, Bridgett heard a scream from her friend who was watching the desk for her. When she confronted her friend’s yell, Bridgett saw her friend killed by what looked like a man with a pumpkin on his head. After throwing her friend over the counter, the pumpkin headed killer pursued Bridgett. She escaped him several times, the last time with the aid of her boyfriend. But then the killer stabbed...

“Richie. Oh no. Richiel!”

Bridgett pulled her legs toward her chest, bowed her head and began to cry. Her mind could not grasp the thought of her boyfriend’s terrified face.

“Help! Help! Nurse? Nurse,”

she cried.

Immediately after her yell, two nurses came running in. “Are you all right, ma’am?” said one nurse. “No I am not all right, how did I get here? Where is Richie?” The nurses, one old and one younger, looked at each other with caution. Trying to lie Bridgett back on the bed, the other nurse gave a stern look to Bridgett. “Listen, ma’am. You had a bad fall and we are trying to help you, but if you keep on fussing, we will have to sedate you?”

“But he is going to get me,” Bridgett cried. “The man with a pumpkin head is going to kill me! I need help. My boyfriend, Richie, where is he? Did they find Rachel? She was behind the desk. And Sam... oh Sam, I am so sorry...”

She brushed her bangs out of her tearing eyes. “They are all dead aren’t they?” The nurses looked at her with blank faces. Finally, one nurse spoke. “Hon, you are having a nightmare. No one is dead, okay? Why don’t you lie down and get some rest, you hear?” The nurses turned off the main light and turned on a lamp by the bedpost. With one last smile, the nurses exited and

closed the door. “Why do they think I am crazy?” Bridgett thought.

The two nurses walked down the dimly lit hall, their white shoes did not make a sound. “Do you think she saw who she did, Trish?” The older nurse gave the younger one a nasty look. “Of course not, Dawn. She is delirious. It is a bunch of hogwash if you ask me. That girl and her silly, miscreant friends were probably high on drugs. Bunch of hooligans if you ask me.”

“But Trish, she said the man with a pumpkin head was out to get her and...he has returned. The Pumpkin Maverick has returned!” Trish interrupted Dawn and grabbed her by the arm. Both nurses paused. “Stop it, do you hear me? You are talking nonsense. That girl is delirious. The Pumpkin Maverick, or whatever you want to call it, is a legend, a myth. She probably heard it at her school. No one here has spoke of that thing in more than fifty years, and I will not hear of it anymore! All we need is some lunatic with a pumpkin mask butchering our kids again. I will not have it.”

Trying to calm down, Nurse

Trish began to walk away from Nurse Dawn. Nurse Dawn sped up. “But should we not call the police and tell what we heard. If there is a maniac going after these kids then we need to get them to safety. Or get us to safety.” Nurse Trish rolled her eyes and sighed for the last time.

“Dawn, listen. If there is a cursed Pumpkin Maverick, then we don’t need to worry. He would not attack us because we are not in his way. He only goes after people that live in those dorm rooms. Besides, those dorms were demolished years ago. He has no place to haunt. Right? Okay then, now why don’t you make yourself useful and go fold some towels.”

Nurse Dawn did as she was told. “Humph,” sighed Nurse Trish as she turned down a hall. “There is no such thing as that Pumpkin Maverick.”

Immediately after the older nurse turned down a hall and through two revolving doors, a tall figure stepped out of one of the rooms. Draped in a dirty, black trench and hat to hide his uncanny head, the figure slowly checked around to make sure the coast was clear. He turned his

head twice around, revealing an evil, grimacing smile. With an evil chuckle to match, the creature — known only as the Pumpkin Maverick — tipped the brim of his hat and walked silently down to the room where Bridgett was being kept. The Pumpkin Maverick folded his hands behind his back and began to whistle. When he reached the door, he tipped his hat upwards to peep in. It was too dark for him to make out any figures, except for his victim, sound asleep. The hideous being smiled again. His eyes glowed fire-red as the Pumpkin Maverick reached with long hands to the doorknob and turned. With his left hand, the Pumpkin Maverick revealed a knife from his trench pocket. Then, the seven foot being stepped in the room and closed the door.

Nurse Trish was preparing Bridgett dinner when she heard a grimacing yell.

“Arrrrrrrrrrrrggggggghhhh!”

Nurse Trish looked out the door. It was coming from that girl’s room. Immediately, Nurse Trish scooped together the rest of the food and placed it on a tray and sped off towards Bridgett’s



room. Nurse Trish heard a loud crash and things being flung about in Bridgett's room.

"If that girl is throwing a fit, I will take her to the jailhouse myself." She looked in the window. Everything was in shambles. The mattresses and pillows were flung aside. The lamp was tilting on the wall. Nurse Trish flung open the door.

"Girl, I warned ya'. Now you are going..." Nurse Trish stopped in her tracks. The window was open. The girl was gone.

"CREEEAAAAAAK." The door slowly shut behind her. Who closed the door? Nurse Trish flinched to the wretched, horrid laugh she heard behind her.

Nurse Trish slowly turned around. A petrified look washed over the nurse's face. Her mouth opened, but nothing came out. A tear trickled down her right eye. Nurse Trish dropped the tray in front of her white shoes. The creature crept slowly toward her. Nurse Trish could not move. About three feet from her, the Pumpkin Maverick leaned down to face the nurse, right in the eyes. He tipped the front brim of his hat with his knife. Nurse Trish saw the red eyes in the sea of blackness that filled the pumpkin head. Predator looks the prey face to face. She saw the rows of carved-out teeth stretch into a nasty smile. The Pumpkin Maverick finally spoke in whisper. "Darlin', you are in my way," he said.

Nurse Trish yelled.

Nurse Dawn ran to the room where Bridgett was staying. She could hear someone gasping in horrified screams. When she opened the door, she saw her fellow worker lying on the linoleum floor. She saw the gash wound that Nurse Trish was holding by her right rib. Nurse Trish's white dress uniform was gushing in crimson red. She tried to be brave, but could not. She tried to fight the words out of her. Nurse Dawn knelt close by her dying friend. She placed Nurse Trish's head in her lap.

"WHO DID THIS, TRISH? DAMNIT WHO?" Nurse Trish blinked her eyes to the ceiling.

"Pum... Pumm... Pumppkinn Mave..." Nurse Trish's eyes stopped moving. They blankly stared at the ceiling. Nurse Dawn, covered in her fellow worker's blood, wept over her friend.

Bridgett looked around to make sure the cops were not near her dorm room. It was all clear. She raced up the stairs, fumbled with her keys and unlocked her door.

Bridgett felt her forehead in relief. She sighed in the dark room. Bridgett looked at her hospital gown in disappointment. She then went to her closet and put on some blue jeans and a yellow t-shirt. She sat on her bed pondering. "No one is telling me a thing about the events that have occurred." The nurses said she fell down the steps outside of the dorm she was working. But that scenario didn't make any sense to her. She wondered about the broken window and what had become of Richie.

Bridgett closed her eyes and began to cry.

The Pumpkin Maverick walked by her window, to her door. He tried slowly to turn the doorknob. It was locked.

See **Pumpkin**, 10



illustration by matthew rogers

# Interview with

# DOSE

(just the lead guitarist)



On one particular Saturday morning in the month of early October, I had a chance to sit down with the lead guitarist of Dose. Jason Yeary is a bit of a mellow individual. He's honest about his work and enjoys playing the guitar. The recording industry department of MTSU is what brought him and his band to Murfreesboro in the first place.

\*\*\*

**Andrew Emerson:** So, what's Dose all about?

**Jason Yeary:** (chuckling and then a pause) Dose is all about, I guess, we like to have a good time. We like to travel. That's basically it. We are a jam band by popular definition amongst our fans. I don't think we're as much of a jam band as people think we are.

**AE:** So, where did you guys meet?

**JY:** We're all from Lexington, Ky., and all four of us moved down together in Fall of 2001 to go to MTSU.

**AE:** What brought you to MTSU?

**JY:** The recording industry program, but it's not exactly going too well right now.

We are all real good friends from high school and we didn't really play much during our high school days. We played about four gigs before we came to Murfreesboro and now we average about 10 a month. We do quite a bit more shows than we did in high school.

**AE:** What do you play, Jason?

**JY:** I play lead guitar.

**AE:** How many years have you played?

**JY:** I don't know, maybe six or seven. I don't

really remember when I started playing.

Another thing about Dose is that we take our band pretty damn serious. We practice a lot. We spend a lot of time with each other.

**AE:** Is your goal to get a record deal? Have you pitched a demo to anyone?

**JY:** I don't even think we will try to get signed. We're gonna do it on our own because I don't really want to be involved in a big record label. We are, however, in the process of getting on a booking and management label in Atlanta. The transition should be on its way next month or so. Right now I handle all of the booking and management type stuff, and it's a pain.

We are interested in an independent label but not a big record label.

**AE:** What about the other guys? What do they play?

**JY:** We have two guitarists (Jason Yeary, Ross Gentry), a bassist (Kenny Bernhardt) and a drummer (Josh Radden).

**AE:** What do you guys talk about in your music?

**JY:** Lyrically?

**AE:** What are your lyrics all about?

**JY:** To tell you the truth, I don't even know. Our lyricist is our lead singer/bass player and he's been a friend of mine since the age of five. We met in kindergarten and have been friends ever since.

He tends to write pretty abstract stuff. He writes weird poems at six in the morning when he's not all there.

One song off the top of my head, "The Infamous" is a struggle between girls and boys. I know one new song that we haven't played yet that he has the

story by andrew emerson





lyrics to and I have the music to ... he wrote about the city of Houston. I don't know if you know anything about Houston, but there are no zoning laws in Houston. So, you'll see paper mills next to restaurants. You'll see weird stuff like that in Houston. The song is how Houston is pretty weird.

**AE:** Where do you see everyone in the band in five years?

**JY:** We'll be together.

**AE:** If you went to Starbucks, what would you order?

**JY:** I don't really drink coffee, actually. The only reason that I'm drinking it now is because I'm at the Red Rose. But if I were at Starbucks, I'd get a regular coffee, with 74 pounds of sugar and 34 pounds of crème. I hate Starbucks.

**AE:** What type of venues do you play at?

**JY:** Bars and clubs mostly. We play at Sebastian's. And we're gonna play at 12th and Porter sometime in November.

We're gonna play the Belcourt Theatre in the spring with a few other local bands, but we'll be headlining. So Nashville, Murfreesboro, Lexington, Ky., and Clemson, S.C., are our main places that we play. We play Clemson every couple of months. We play the Kentucky Theater in Lexington twice a year, and we sold the shows out the last two times we played.

**AE:** Who are your influences?

**JY:** Jeez, I knew that was coming. The Allman Brothers Band, Phish and a tie between Led Zeppelin, as much as I hate it, Pink Floyd.

**AE:** What method of travel do you guys take?

**JY:** My Pathfinder and a trailer. It gets pretty crowded around the fourth hour.

Dose, a Murfreesboro based jam-band, consists of guitarists Jason Yeary and Ross Gentry, Kenny Bernhardt on bass and Josh Radden on drums.

\*\*\*

After the madness was over, Jason headed off with the band to Clemson, S.C., for a few shows. Check out everything Dose at [www.doseweb.cc](http://www.doseweb.cc) and pick up their EPs today. \*

photos by kristin hooper

# movie \* review

## 'I Spy': television remake to remember

There are certain elements people come to expect from an Eddie Murphy movie. The primary element is laughter. Well, in short, "I laughed." That may not say a lot about this comedy to most, but really it says it all. If you are looking for an unpredictable, realistic spy flick, *I Spy* may not be your best choice right now.

There are people who may think *I Spy* is an attempt to bring back the old-school show not very many people remember, anyway. However, I think quite the opposite. As far as I can tell, this movie has little, if any, relation to the show. Perhaps the main idea is stolen, but isn't everything in the movie business?

In this movie, Eddie Murphy is a cocky and completely self-absorbed boxer named Kelly Robinson. If you can imagine Eddie Murphy's skinny body in a boxing getup, you can probably recognize one thing that I found funny already. Next, Eddie Murphy is one of the world's best boxers (as if the idea, in itself, is not laughable enough). He's so good that George Bush himself calls this great boxer and asks him to go on a secret mission.

On the flip side, Owen Wilson is unintentionally funny. He plays spy agent Alex Scott who was just promoted to secret agent. There are many moments in the movie that you wonder how he could be promoted to a secret anything (especially a spy), even in a flick.

Together, these obvious intentional opposites are paired to find a plane. The only thing that makes the task difficult is the plane has the ability to turn invisible. The coined bad guy (Malcolm McDowell) wants to sell his invisible plane to the highest bidder of his counterpart bad guys. These bad guys want to use the plane, obviously, to blow up America (typical).

All in all, this movie is good for a date during matinee hours, as long as you and your date intend to miss some of the movie. Wink, wink. \*



Photo provided

Eddie Murphy, Owen Wilson and Famke Janssen pretend to be a few good spies in the film *I Spy*. Catch the trio in theaters now (or wait a few months and rent it at the video store).

## Eminem missed the '8 Mile'



Photo provided

Eminem and Brittany Murphy star in *8 Mile*.

Cry me a river. *8 Mile* is a movie loosely based on Eminem's life. Could he do more complaining about his past? The movie had multiple oddly placed rap scenes that made the movie seem like a "rap musical." Another problem that this movie has is that it ends without solving or settling the character's main issues.

A white guy in Detroit named Jimmy "Rabbit" Smith Jr. (Eminem) wants to

become a rapper. His problem among others is that this eight-mile boundary line segregates Detroit. He chooses to cross that line frequently throughout the movie to be with his friends and to create a fan base for his attempted career. Aside from the story being slow, it's just plain boring. There are some amusing moments (that I won't spoil for the people who don't mind wasting their money), but those few moments can't support an

entire film. He spent the bulk of the film trying to get studio time and in the end (I hate to spoil it, but) he went back to working at a steel factory. The film does not explain if he ever makes it, or if he does and abandons his friends to do it.

Some may be fooled by Eminem's performance; some may think he's a good actor. Don't be fooled because he is playing something so close to himself. That's like me being in a movie about being a college student/movie reviewer. It's going to take more than that to sell me on his acting skills.

Eminem needs to play an unfamiliar part to prove himself. I'm not saying he needs to be like Sean Penn, and play a disabled father. He just needs a challenge to prove his acting ability. Perhaps in a part where he isn't trying to be a constant hard-ass.

Jimmy also is a friend to a gay guy in the film. Isn't that coincidental? What happened to that Eminem homophobia that put a huge crease in his career? I guess he didn't want to lose Elton John's friendship.

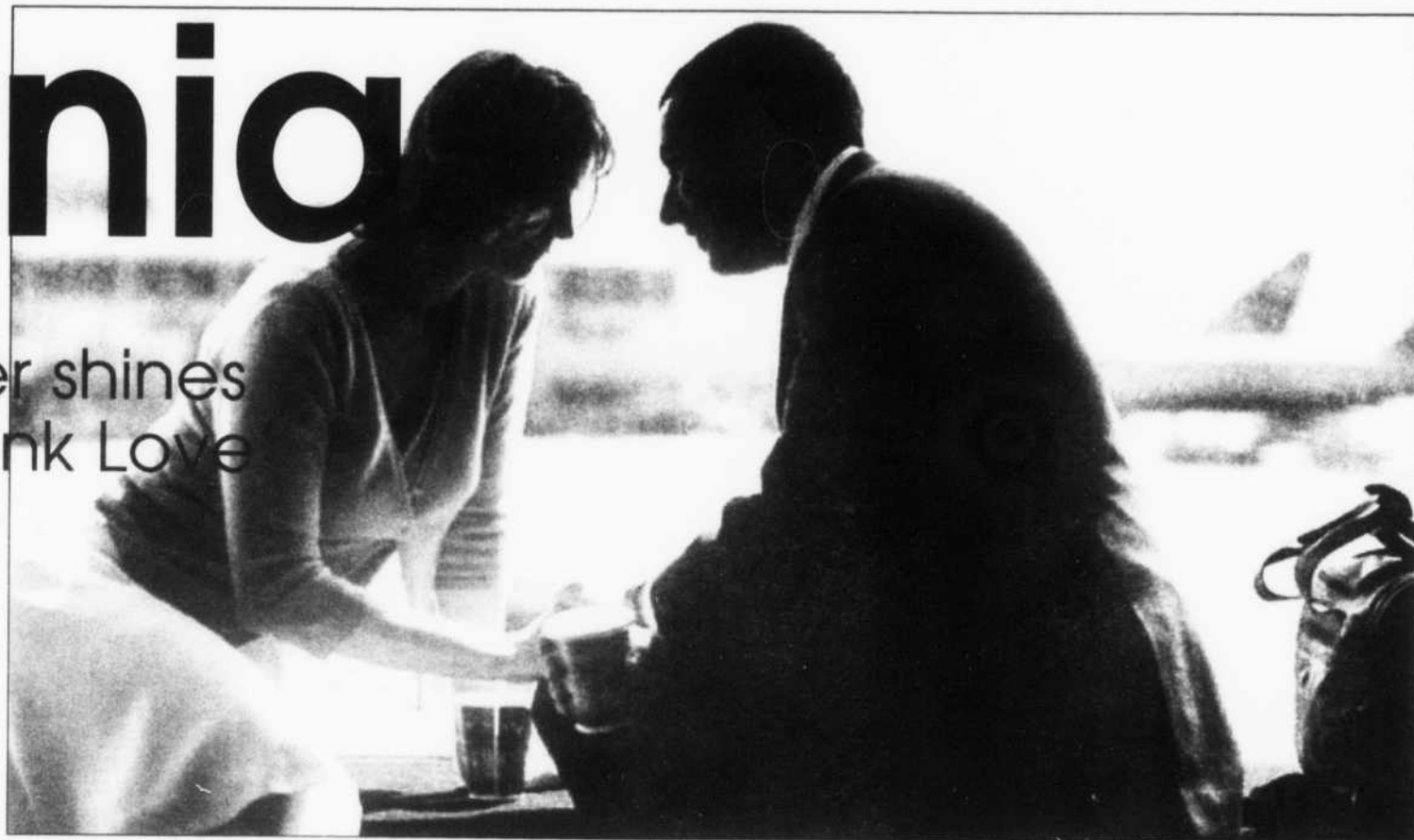
See Eminem, 12

reviews by monique chapman



# mania

Adam Sandler shines  
in 'Punch-Drunk Love'



When I heard that young auteur Paul Thomas Anderson, the brilliant creator of *Boogie Nights* and *Magnolia*, was making a 90-minute comedy with Adam Sandler, I was quite skeptical – but interested. Now that it has finally been released, my doubts were put to rest. *Punch-Drunk Love* may be the best American movie released this year, so far.

Sandler plays a guy named Barry Egan, who lives a miserable existence, working in a warehouse that sells

what appears to be some kind of designer toilet plungers. He has seven sisters, all happily married, who still get a kick out of calling him "Gay Boy." Barry fills his evenings calling phone sex lines and buying pudding cups by the hundreds to exchange for frequent flyer miles. This strenuous lifestyle results in sudden, violent outbursts that act as a pressure release for Barry.

One day, a woman named Lena enters his life and Barry is immediately taken with her. The rest of the film fol-

lows Barry's pursuit of Lena as he falls in love with her, while at the same time he must deal with an angry pimp from the phone sex service who is after Barry for some money. But despite his hardships, Barry allows love to overcome all of this, as he leaves his lifetime of problems behind.

There are many other bizarre intricacies to the story, all of which add up to a truly unique film. An Adam Sandler film directed by P.T. Anderson is obviously going to be a strange experience to begin with. But events, such as a van flipping over in the middle of the street and someone inside promptly depositing a harmonium on the street, make it even more original.

Finally, what makes the film so successful is that Anderson didn't try and make an Adam Sandler movie like early reports had him doing. The odd occurrences, like the harmonium drop-off, are like *Magnolia's* rain of frogs. And overall, it's not even really a comedy. Romantic and light at times it is, but this is not the typical Adam Sandler comedy.

It is because this is not the typical Adam Sandler comedy that makes Sandler's casting such a smart idea. Like Jim Carrey did a few years ago with *The Truman Show*, Sandler proves that he can bring depth and emotion to a role. I hope Sandler will use the opportunity this film has presented to pursue an actual acting career.

The supporting roles around him are also well cast. Emily Watson is charming, as always, as Lena, while P.T. Anderson regulars Luis Guzman and Philip Seymour Hoffman, though underused in their screen time, are wonderfully played.

*Punch-Drunk Love* is a truly excellent film that I look forward to seeing again. It is an important transitional film for both Sandler and Anderson, allowing each to move in a totally unexpected direction. \*

Photos provided

**Above:** The typically hilarious Adam Sandler and *Red Dragon* co-star Emily Watson radiate in the new, flick *Punch-Drunk Love*.

**Left:** Paul Thomas Anderson directed Sandler in the romantic comedy that has stunned audiences and critics alike (especially our Zack Hansen).



review by zachary hansen

**Pumpkin:** Continued from 4

From what could best be considered a sign of frustration, the Pumpkin Maverick gave a raging stare at the doorknob. Then, "BOOOOOOMMM-MMM."

Bridgett jerked her body up to the sudden sound. Autumn leaves blew in under the creature's trench. His red eyes beamed in the darkness. Even though she could not see well in the dark, the creature's outline showed in the window from the moonlight. Bridgett flew out of the bed and opened the door to the bathroom.

"HELP, HELP ME," she yelled. PLEASE SOMEONE HELP, OPEN THE DOOR SOMEONE OPEN THE DOOR!" Bridgett ran to four of the doors that belonged to her neighbors. No one was in yet from fall break. The Pumpkin Maverick began knocking things over as he slowly walked toward the bathroom. Bridgett ran back to her bathroom door and tried to close it. The Pumpkin Maverick was upon her. She managed to get out, as she shut the door on her killer. He began taunting her by stabbing his knife into the door. Then nothing. Silence. Was he gone? Had he been scared off?

"BOOOOOOOOMMMMM." No, the maverick had broken the door in half.

The creature laughed barbarically. Bridgett was on the floor holding the broken half of the door with the knob.

"This is it," she thought. With arms up covering her face, Bridgett closed her eyes and began to scream one last time.

"AHHHHHHHHH!!!" Bridgett opened her eyes. The Pumpkin Maverick was yelling. The arm with the knife was missing. His hat on the ground, the Pumpkin Maverick lunged at Bridgett with his other arm. This time Bridgett flung herself back silently. His arm vanished again, leaving a trace of smoke.

He was as shocked as she was. The Pumpkin Maverick looked down at his body, in surprise. Then, he looked at Bridgett. He yelled in rage and leapt toward her. Bridgett rolled under the sinks on the opposite side. She managed to catch a glimpse of him as he lunged toward her. Then, he vanished. All that remained was a cloud of gray smoke. Bridgett closed her eyes and breathed slowly.

A few weeks later, Bridgett was in the library, looking up information on the Pumpkin Maverick. While rummaging through old newspaper articles, she stumbled across something. Apparently, he had been the victim of a deadly prank by other students. The tall, slinky kid had his head stuffed into a carved faced pumpkin and had been left to humiliation by the entire campus. The boy suffocated from the pumpkin innards. The article went on to say that one of the victims was a female student who lived in room 109, the room Bridgett now lived in.

Bridgett scrolled down some more to the legend of the Pumpkin Maverick. Apparently, he had entered in the rooms and killed his victims. At the time though, the bathrooms were outside. Bridgett discovered that the reason he disappeared was because his spirit did not know that boundary because it had not existed at the time.

Interesting, she thought. Interesting indeed. Bridgett went back to her room and finished collecting her things. When she got to her car, she smiled to see her boyfriend sitting in the passenger side. He was still injured, but okay.

Bridgett drove off. She glanced through the mirror one last time at the campus. At the same time, a tall figure stepped out of Bridgett's room. He tipped his hat and went back in. The door shut. Students walking by heard a hideous chuckle. They looked at each other and kept walking. The sun shone bright on the campus. Everywhere it shone, except for that room, room 109. \*

**GET YOUR GAME ON!**

## LAN GAMES CONSOLE GAMES TOURNAMENTS & LEAGUES

Multiplayer Internet Gaming - Latest Releases  
Play against each other locally or with millions online  
T1 Internet Connection - Computers and 21" monitors available to rent  
Authorized Gear Grip Retailer

**phoeniXtreme**  
**(615) 467-6614**

7105 Crossroads Boulevard, Suite 104  
Brentwood, TN 37027  
(Near Cool Springs Galleria)

**www.phoeniXtreme.net**

Presented By:



Phoenix Computer  
Services, LLC



QUALIFYING  
CENTER

I Games.org  
Member Location

Game Center Hours:  
Thur - Sat 5pm - 1am  
Check our website for  
special events calendar

## DRY FREE WITH STUDENT ID

Monday - Friday  
9:00am - 5:00pm



**HARVEY  
WASHBANGERS**

**EAT • DRINK • DO LAUNDRY**

**LADIES!**

**DJ Sassy is here for you**  
**Tuesday 7pm - close**

Insane Drink  
Specials!  
Any bottle \$2

2069 Lascassas Pike  
(next to Food Lion)  
Phone (615) 890-7725

Chicken Parmigiana Fettucini Alfredo Chicken Marsala

**Milano's**

**\$3.95**  
DAILY LUNCH  
SPECIALS

- PRIME RIB DINNERS
- FRESH SEAFOOD
- STEAKS
- PASTA DINNERS

**20%**  
OFF ALL MEALS

**849-7999**  
Next to Home Depot  
Voted #1 Italian Restaurant in Murfreesboro

Chicken Marsala Steaks Prime Ribs Veal Piccata

## SOUTHSIDE LIQUORS

Welcome MTSU Students  
STUDENT DISCOUNTS  
(ID Required)

1475 S. Church St.  
Murfreesboro, TN 37130

Phone: (615) 907-4080  
9 a.m.-11 p.m. Mon.-Sat.



# CLUB LISTINGS

## WHO DO YOU CALL?

### THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7

**9 MILE:** 10 p.m., Windows on the Cumberland.

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

**\* SLOW BAR & RAGE MAGAZINE'S 2ND ANNIVERSARY:** with Guilty Pleasures, 10 p.m., Slow Bar, \$8.

**ALEX HILL:** with Vicki Carter & Nathan Tingle, 8 p.m., Guido's New York Pizzeria.

**RAGE AGAINST HUNGER FEAT. MANDY BAR NETT & MARK SELBY:** 8 p.m., 3rd & Lindsley Bar & Grill, \$10.

**SCOTT DORMAN:** 8 p.m., Bunganut Pig, Murfreesboro.

**GOLD CITY:** 7 p.m., The Renaissance Center \$12. For more information, call 740-5600 or go to [www.rcenter.org](http://www.rcenter.org).

**TOMMY WOMACK:** with Charlie Mars, 9 p.m., 12th & Porter.

**NONE MINUS ONE/NEO:** 9:30 p.m., Faces Restaurant & Lounge, \$5-\$7.

**PHOENIX RISING:** with Naked Beggars, Blue Sky Court.

**MARK WIGGINS:** with Weatherspoon, 9 p.m., The Sutler, \$5.

**STUMPFULL OF GRANDADDIES:** 9:30 p.m., The Boro Bar & Grill, \$5-\$7.

**EYE 40:** with Sub 7, 9 p.m., The End, \$5.

### FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8

**REVEREND RUTABAGA:** 9 p.m., Bunganut Pig, Franklin, \$5.

**NOT BEFORE NOON:** 9 p.m., Sebastian's & Diana's Brew Pub.

**STAGE FRIGHT:** Sports Planet, \$3-\$5.

**BUDDY & JUDY MILLER:** with Valerie Carter, 10 p.m., 12th & Porter.

**COMMON GROUND:** with Folk Medicine, 10 p.m., Windows on the Cumberland.

**ASHLEY CLEVELAND:** 10 p.m., 3rd & Lindsley Bar & Grill, \$8.

**SKYLINE DRIVE:** 9 p.m., Bunganut Pig, Murfreesboro, \$5.

**OLD UNION:** with Leonard Skanerd, 9 p.m., The Sutler, \$5.

**THE BROOKLYN COWBOYS:** Blue Sky Court.

**\* NEUVOX:** with 12v Negative Earth & Asbestos, 9 p.m., The End, \$5.

**GOD'S LAST NAME/O.Z. WILLIS:** 7 p.m., The Muse, \$5.



Catch MTSU student, rock 'n' roll ventriloquist, and extraordinary performer Carla Rhodes tomorrow at the Red Rose Coffee House and Bistro. David Singer, John Dupree and Casio Casanova will also take the stage.

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

**JARED WILDER BAND:** with Sal Paradise Project, 8 p.m., Guido's New York Pizzeria.

**\* DAVID SINGER:** with John Dupree, Carla Rhodes, and Casio Casanova, 9:30 p.m., Red Rose Coffee House & Bistro, \$5.

**DEADSUN:** with FSN & See Through Human, 9 p.m., Club Moe'ka, \$5.

**\* SLOW BAR & RAGE MAGAZINE'S 2ND ANNIVERSARY:** with Guilty Pleasures, 10 p.m., Slow Bar, \$8.

**THE JOGGERS /THE SAD SAM PROJECT/POPSTAR SISTER:** 7 p.m., Indinet Record Shop, \$5.

**DJ RON:** 2-6 a.m., Club Excess & Orbit.

### SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9

**SKULLKIN/HOSTILITY:** 9:30 p.m., Faces Restaurant & Lounge, \$5-\$7.

**BLUE MOTHER TUPELO:** with The Bones Explosion, 9 p.m., The Sutler, \$5.

**\* WMTS BENEFIT:** 9:30 p.m., The Boro Bar & Grill, \$5-\$7.

**LO-HI:** with The Ointments & Ned Van Go, 9 p.m., The End, \$5.

**ATTICUS FAULT:** with Ours, 10 p.m., 12th & Porter.

**MTSU DEPT. OF MUSIC NIGHT:** with The Hollywood Band feat. Marcus Finnie, Kenneth Mount, Dillon Smith, Matt Walberg, 10 p.m., Windows on the Cumberland.

**JONELL MOSSER & ENOUGH ROPE:** 10 p.m., 3rd & Lindsley Bar & Grill, \$10.

**KIM RICHEY:** with Jay Bennett & Edward Burch, 8 p.m., Belcourt Theatre \$15. For ticket information, call 846-3150 or go to [www.ticketweb.com](http://www.ticketweb.com).

**REVERSE HALO EFFECT:** 8 p.m., Guido's New York Pizzeria.

**NOT WITHOUT WILLIE:** with Spike & Mallets & Zin Dog, 9:30 p.m., Club Moe'ka, \$5.

**TRUTH CELL/FALL WITH ME/MY UNDYING LOVE:** 7 p.m., Indinet Record Shop, \$5.

**\* BILLY WAYNE /LAWS RUSHING:** 9:30 p.m., Red Rose Coffee House & Bistro, \$5.

**LOSERS BEAT WINNERS/GUNGADINS:** 7 p.m., The Muse \$5.

**SKYLINE DRIVE:** 9 p.m., Bunganut Pig, Murfreesboro, \$5.

**STAGE FRIGHT:** Sports Planet, \$3-\$5.

**PAGE 80:** with Lo-Pan, 9 p.m., Sebastian's & Diana's Brew Pub.

### SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10

**LOU BARLOW AS SENTRIDOH:** with Alaska & Earlimart, 8 p.m., Slow Bar, \$8.

**WRLT NASHVILLE SUNDAY NIGHT FEAT. WILLIE PORTER:** with Mary McBride, 7:30 p.m., 3rd & Lindsley Bar & Grill, \$10.

**ALTOSHAM:** 8 p.m., Guido's New York Pizzeria.

**\* ASSCHAPEL:** with Ladycop, A Perfect World of Cranes, & Alpha Motherfuckers, 9 p.m., The End, \$5.

**3rd & Lindsley Bar & Grill:** 259-9891

**12th & Porter:** 254-7236

**Blue Sky Court:** 242-6033

**The Boro Bar & Grill:** 895-4800

**Bunganut Pig, Franklin:** 794-4777

**Bunganut Pig, Murfreesboro:** 893-7860

**The End:** 321-4457

**Excess & Orbit:** 255-4331

**Faces Restaurant & Lounge:** 867-7555

**Guido's New York Pizzeria:** 329-4428

**Indinet Record Shop:** 321-0882

**Moe'ka Café & Lounge:** 467-6773

**The Muse:** 778-9760

**Red Rose Coffee House & Bistro:** 893-1405

**Sebastian's & Diana's Brew Pub:** 895-8922

**Slow Bar:** 262-4701

**Sports Planet:** 890-7775

**The Sutler:** 778-9760

**Windows on the Cumberland:** 251-0097

## got a gig?

send your listing to:  
[sflash@mtsu.edu](mailto:sflash@mtsu.edu)

# the 88.3 wmts top 10

(p.s. - don't miss the wmts benefit this saturday, nov. 9 at the boro bar & grill)

**1) BEN FOLDS**  
*ben folds live*

**2) SILVERO**  
*less than three*

**3) BECK**  
*sea change*

**4) FREDERICK GILLIANO**  
*s/t*

**5) SIGUR ROS**  
*()*

**6) WILCO**  
*yankee hotel foxtrot*

**7) TWO THIRTY-EIGHT**  
*you should be living*

**8) MICHAEL ACREE**  
*hymns for the heartbroken*

**9) AVAIL**  
*front porch stories*

**10) BIG TYMERS**  
*oh yeah*

\* compiled by wmts 88.3 music director jozeph ash \*

**Eminem:** Continued from 8

Move over Kim Basinger, 'cause Brittany Murphy plays a girl named Alex; the biggest slut in this movie. Don't get me wrong - Kim Basinger portrays Jimmy's unemployed trailer-park trash mother very well, but her character is less slutty because she only has one sex partner in the movie (although he is the same age as her son).

Alex, on the other hand, has sex with anyone in any location available in this movie, and she has more than one sex partner.

The worst part is that her sluttiness was more than predictable, but at least she reaches her aspirations, and the ending for her is clear.

As for Jimmy's mother, her future is left open except for a convenient stroke of luck. What happens when



Photo provided

Though he may be Slim Shady, Eminem's debut film *8 Mile* was far too slim indeed.

her luck runs out? Does she get a job, or another boyfriend?

For a drama that was more of a "rap musical," I did not find the rap scenes to be all that memorable. I'm kind of shooting in the dark, but I think the freestyle sucked ass on purpose as a huge build-up for the last scene.

In one of the last scenes there is finally some supposed freestyle that is worth two shakes of piss. \*

## SIDELINES

call 898-2533 or email [sladmgr@mtsu.edu](mailto:sladmgr@mtsu.edu) for more information

IS OFFERING EXPLOSIVE  
ADVERTISING DISCOUNTS  
IN FLASH FOR LOCAL  
BANDS

At Least one member of the band needs to be an MTSU student with a valid MTSU ID