

A 33-year veteran faculty member takes the helm of the school of History, Technology and Society. Page 7

Ashley Kidd wins gold at the NACAC Under-23 Track and Field Championship in Santo Domingo. Page 16

Brooklyn searches for success at Fox Theater



Photo courtesy of Karen Hatchett.

(L-R) Diana DeGarmo, Cleavant Derricks, Lee Morgan, Julie Reiber and Melba Moore hope to croon their way into the hearts of Atlanta theater lovers with their touring version of *Brooklyn the Musical*.

By Aubrey Sauerman
Contributing Writer

Once upon a time in a land far, far away—Brooklyn, N.Y. that is—astar was born. Of course, I am referring to *Brooklyn the Musical*, featuring Atlanta's own *American Idol* first runner-up, Diana DeGarmo.

DeGarmo and her soulful cronies, Julie Reiber and Lee Morgan, as well as *Tony Award* winners Melba Moore and Cleavant Derricks, make

the Fabulous Fox Theatre shine with this gem of a musical.

The premise of *Brooklyn the Musical* revolves around this clan of street urchins turned singers and poets setting the stage for a new-age fairytale in New York City.

The story follows a young orphan girl, rightfully named Brooklyn, in search of a father she has never met. On the way, she earnestly searches to find fame in the city bearing her name. With only her voice to guide

her, Brooklyn unlocks the door to her past and discovers what she always wanted to find.

Stylistically, this musical feels like a conglomeration of elements from *Annie* and *Rent*, with *American Idol*-esque new-age pop and soul beats thrown in for good measure.

The props, stage changes and minor actors have a minimal presence, which allows raw talent to really shine. With a cast featuring amazing vocal talents and wide

octave ranges, *Brooklyn the Musical* genuinely captures the city vibe.

Although DeGarmo (Brooklyn) is a relative newcomer to the Broadway scene, she can without a doubt hold her own within a group of Broadway veterans.

She possesses an amazing set of pipes and can belt out a note with amazing ease. This is definitely not the last we will be hearing from Miss DeGarmo, whether in stage productions or in the music industry.

Brooklyn the Musical is the product of musical genius. The story of how this particular musical came to be is a fairytale in and of itself.

Creators Mark Schoenfeld

and Barri McPherson collaborated to write a book, music and lyrics that in a way mimicked their own personal lives. Schoenfeld and McPherson first met in the early '80s when Schoenfeld heard McPherson sing at a cabaret and hired her to record some of his music.

They parted ways and would not meet again for another decade. One day in New York, McPherson happened upon a street corner in Brooklyn, intrigued by a familiar voice. She found a homeless Schoen-

feld getting by on \$40 a day as a street performer.

She then invited him back to her home in Massachusetts where they began the creative process of producing *Brooklyn the Musical*. After that fateful meeting, *Brooklyn the Musical* opened on Broadway in September of 2004 and has since run for over 300 performances in New York alone. However, the show has found success all across America.

This summer the show has already gone on tour from St. Paul, Minn. to Hartford, Conn. After this weekend's showing in Atlanta, the tour will move from Houston and Dallas, Texas

The story follows a young orphan girl... named Brooklyn, in search of a father she has never met.

up through San Jose, Calif.

If you do anything this weekend that involves getting off your butt, go see *Brooklyn the Musical*.

The Fox Theater will be running this production until Sun. July 16 with show times at 8 p.m. on Friday and Saturday night, 7:30 p.m. on Sunday night and two matinee showings at 2:00 p.m. on Saturday and Sunday.

For more information go to www.foxtheater.org. To purchase tickets go to www.ticketmaster.com.

Japanese rock band transcends boundaries

By Michael Ng
Entertainment Editor

When broaching the subject of psychedelic rock, recurring themes tend to manifest themselves: lava lamps, jam bands (e.g. Phish) and marijuana-smoking hippies (e.g. Phish fans).

The genre has its canonical figures (Jimi Hendrix, the Grateful Dead, Steppenwolf) and its current torchbearers (Phish, the String Cheese Incident, Wide-spread Panic).

Yet, these bands, as popular and well known as they are (especially among collegiate

crowds), only represent a particular derivation of psychedelic rock.

For a more adventurous and intriguing take on the genre, one need only to hop, skip and jump the other side of the Pacific to Japan. Yes, Japan.

Much like their American counterparts, Japanese psych bands draw heavily from the aesthetic and style of their idols. The crucial difference is that the Japanese tend to exhibit a flare for the unexpected—culling from other diverse musical influences.

Enter Acid Mothers Temple. The group was formed in 1996 by guitar-

ist-mastermind Makoto Kawabata not as a band, but as a "soul collective," which should provide some indication as to how Kawabata approaches his music.

In a nutshell, Acid Mothers Temple sounds like a cult of Japanese psychedelic rock shamans worshipping at the altar of Black Sabbath while in a drug-induced haze. The impact of heavy metal bands like Black Sabbath and Blue Cheer on the

Japanese psychedelic scene cannot be understated.

Acid Mothers Temple, along with contemporaries Boris and Green Milk from the Planet Orange, are part

of a larger Japanese psych scene that filters their music through the dark, opaque lens of heavy metal, both of the Western variety and Japanese—High Rise and Fushitsusha being primary influences.

These Japanese bands similarly have an insatiable proclivity for making and producing music.

Over the course of 10 years, Kawabata and his ever-revolving lineup of musicians have released a torrent of music, with twenty official albums being a conservative estimate.

See Japan, page 11

Pirates of the Caribbean strikes gold in new movie

By William Rooke
Contributing Writer

When Americans flocked, in the tens of millions, to theatres across the country for the opening of *Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest* this past weekend, they wanted one thing above all: exactly what they got from the first movie and much, much more of it.

In the first installment of this soon-to-be trilogy, *The Curse of the Black Pearl*, audiences were treated to a blockbuster with a light-hearted and exotic twist.

Although abundant with the now-typical ingredients of Hollywood success—from a cast of swashbuckling superstars to women with weapons as well as looks—that movie had something enchanting, something captivating about it, which made it far from common fare.

For this was not simply a movie about pirates, treasure, women and empire, but—perhaps most of all—about a certain pirate's comically exaggerated swagger.

Unique, unexpected, downright hilarious, and yet not quite ridiculous, Johnny Depp's alter-ego Captain Jack Sparrow was the enduring image of that movie, the reason—along with Keira Knightly's angelic figure—that this sequel was so eagerly anticipated.

Though certainly the novelty is



Photo courtesy of Walt Disney Pictures.

Johnny Depp returns as rogue pirate Captain Jack Sparrow in the highly anticipated *Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest*.

gone this time around, *Dead Man's Chest* manages to exaggerate already exaggerated features without distorting the qualities that we all expected and seemed to like so much.

Nominally, the plot of *Dead Man's Chest* revolves around Jack's quest to find the treasure of maritime demon Davy Jones. But in all honesty, the plot is secondary to the

film's personalities.

It is both more exotic and far less plausible as a movie without seeming to ridicule itself or the spirit of the original. Where the first movie was endearing for its careful artistry of excess, blending action, humor, romance and fantasy into a plausible

See Pirates, page 11

Have Some Fun

GTCN
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What's On?

WEEK
OF
7.21 - 7.27

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7.21

12:00	National Lampoon
2:00	Campus MovieFest
5:00	Phat Literature
6:00	Somethin' Fresh
7:00	King Kong
10:30	Classic GTCN
11:00	Jarhead
1:30	Planet X

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7.22

12:00	Good Night and Good Luck
2:00	Campus MovieFest
5:00	National Lampoon
7:00	King Kong
10:30	Classic GTCN
11:00	Jarhead
1:30	Planet X

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7.23

12:00	Campus MovieFest
2:00	Good Night and Good Luck
4:00	National Lampoon
7:00	King Kong
10:30	Classic GTCN
11:00	Jarhead
1:30	Planet X

Coming Up Tonight...



Coming Up Soon...

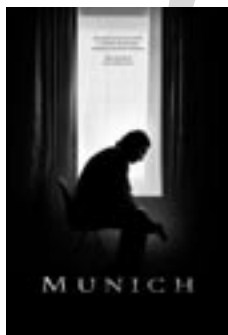
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12:00	National Lampoon
2:00	Phat Literature
4:00	Film In Italy
5:30	GT Sweat
6:00	Somethin' Fresh
7:00	King Kong
10:30	Classic GTCN
11:00	Good Night and Good Luck
1:00	Planet X



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7.25

12:00	Zilo Network
2:00	Phat Literature
3:00	Outlook Video
3:30	National Lampoon
5:30	GT Sweat
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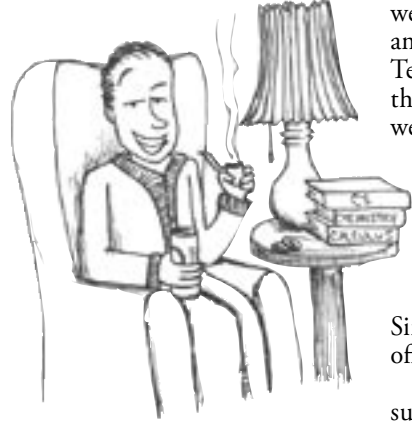


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TWO BITS

Two Bits explains why doing work will actually get you nowhere in life or at Tech

Work, work, work. I have been reduced to a cog in the machine that is Tech. No longer can I stand on my pedestal and talk about Respect. Seriously—when I talked about respecting profes-



sors, I should have clarified that it has limits; it's a two-way street, so to speak.

For example, I had a test on July 3rd. That was the blemish preventing me from taking a vacation to... well, I probably wouldn't have gone anywhere, but that's beside the point. Tech's the one place around here that shafted me out of that four-day weekend, and I'm none too happy about it. Feel my pain, readers.

Feel it!

That test is the first unlikeable thing done by that particular professor this semester, so I'll not begrudge him of it any longer. Sir, you are forgiven; we shall let you off with a warning.

Other professors do not deserve such light treatment! Take, for

example, a particular laboratory class.

No matter how you worked the instructions on a particular lab, you could not complete it. Only when you learned exactly how to ghetto-hack that lab would you receive credit. Oh, the agony!

We spent hours slaving away over computers, just to attack the problem with a (metaphorical) sledgehammer a week later. Although, a very real sledgehammer—if applied properly to the hardware in question—would bring great joy to all those who have experienced the pain that I describe.

Dropping the hardware in question off of the roof of Van Leer would also be extremely gratifying. Suddenly, I know why the stairs go

all the way to the roof.

The designers must have anticipated a need to throw insolent hardware (or professors, if you want to go down that path) from the precipice. Bonus points for an evil laugh while you do it.

Now, some of you may be defending said professors, stating that it's nearing the end of the semester. While you are correct, I do not believe that defense applies to these particular professors.

If you start an advanced CS course with a flowchart demonstrating what an "if" statement does, you're probably on the wrong track. Just conjecture there, folks.

Similarly, if you don't plan your lectures beforehand and provide irrelevant proofs, don't be surprised

when you're behind schedule.

Finally, if you teach an introductory physics class, don't be surprised if your students hate you. Not that I'm taking one this semester, but I doubt it's changed dramatically since I took it.

Try not to lose hope, for then you will lose HOPE, and all hope will be lost. Also, that sucking noise you hear every now and then on campus? That's your GPA. Last but not least, I'd like to congratulate Funk Masta G. Wayne on an excellent semester. You, sir, are doing your job. Also, you haven't assigned us any homework. Coincidence? I think not.

Look into the July 3rd problem, and we'll honor you, somehow. I'm sure there's something that we can name after you around here.

Pirates from page 9

whole, the second responds with sheer, impressive scale and yet still succeeds, if a little less artfully, in putting the pieces together.

Dead Man's Chest does seem to get carried away at times, as in one of the action sequences involving a giant wheel where it becomes hard to keep track of, well, anything. But it comes across as a subtle artistic decision, designed to be funny—in the spirit of old-time physical comedy like Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, or Abbott and Costello—rather than the bloated byproduct of artistic hubris.

This good-humored, tasteful sense of excess so characteristic of the original (i.e. the sense of taking itself just seriously enough) pervades all aspects of the movie, resulting in a thoroughly enjoyable experience for the audience. It might even be better than the original. For it to be better than the original, however, one has to have seen the original, as the plot picks up right where it left off and without explaining much

of anything.

In fact, without having seen the original, the significance of many of the references and characters' actions will be lost on all but the telepathic viewer. Usually this would not hinder the enjoyment of this kind of movie, which tends to emphasize easily accessible, cheap thrills.

The Matrix: Reloaded, for example, required little in the way of context at all. But, once again, *Dead Man's Chest* is not your average blockbuster sequel, and the first movie is almost essential to appreciate the

second properly.

While *The Matrix: Reloaded* too often traded the original's provocative spirit for the bells and whistles with which it had become associated in pop culture, *Dead Man's Chest* preserves the spirit of the original, thereby magnifying its strengths and appeal. The great success of this approach will be evident to any fan of the first movie. He will get exactly what he wants from *Dead Man's Chest* and a whole boatload more. If you liked the first movie, you cannot reasonably ask for more.

Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest is not your average blockbuster sequel.

Japan from page 9

In 2006 they released two albums: *Starless and Bible Black Sabbath* in early February and then *Have You Seen the Other Side of the Sky* in mid-June. The latter is the more high profile release. Unfortunately, that album is also the more disappointing of the two. *Have You Seen the Other Side of the Sky* is at once unmistakably AMT, but also a marked departure from their earlier efforts.

"Attack from Planet Hattifatteners" kicks things off with a short (by AMT standards) six-minute explosion of guitars, flutes, saxophones, synths, chimes and loopy pedal effects. It's classic Acid Mothers Temple, but what's missing is any sort of build-up or anticipation.

The next two tracks eschew aural assault in favor of acoustic ramblings featuring vocalist Nao, who replaced long-time vocalist and co-ringleader Cotton Casino. While not completely unexpected, these tracks feel uninspired and tepid compared to their more recent output.

"I Wanna Be Your Bicycle Saddle" offers a glimpse into the hellish noise that Acid Mothers Temple is able to conjure, but after one minute and 40 seconds, the moment flits away. It is not until the final song, "The Tale of the Solar Sail-Dark Stars in

the Dazzling Sky," that the album begins to redeem itself.

Over the first five minutes flutes drone on until they sharpen into a screeching, cutting point that gives way to gentle, but foreboding guitars. Throughout the remaining 25 minutes, the song cycles through phases of music and noise; creation and destruction; psychedelic peaks and plateaus. Taken as a whole, it's

Starless and Bible Black Sabbath owes a heavy debt to... Black Sabbath and King Crimson.

less of a song and more of a blissful spaced-out psychedelic overture.

AMT's second release of 2006, *Starless and Bible Black Sabbath*, embodies this sentiment even more so. The crux of the self-titled song is introduced in the first two minutes, while the remaining 32 minutes are the icing on the cake.

As the title suggests, *Starless and Bible Black Sabbath* owes a heavy debt to the stylings of Black Sabbath and progressive rock group King Crimson. The song rumbles along for 10 minutes before hitting

a groove for six minutes — ample time for Kawabata to showcase an extended guitar solo.

Then, all hell breaks loose. Grooves give way to earth-shattering pounding. Guitar notes transform into sheets of noise cascading over a flurry of electronic chirps and gurgles. A maelstrom of cosmic energy, esoteric passages, and bombastic ambiance envelops the listener for fifteen minutes before subsiding.

Around the halfway mark, the song is right back where it started, slowly building up another aural assault from the same musical motif introduced in the first two minutes. But the song does not reach the interplanetary heights from earlier on.

Instead, the band settles into the soul-crushing dirge of Sabbath-inspired metal for seventeen minutes. At this point, the song calls to mind the repetitive, trance-like sounds of stoner metal icons Sleep and Om.

As the song closes, down-tuned electric guitars give way to acoustic guitar-plucking and ethereal swirls of indistinguishable vocals, as if to gently bring the listener back to reality from a religious epiphany.

This may not be the music of the gods, but I'm pretty sure it's what they're listening to on the other side of the sky.

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