La Mariage brings infidelity to stage

By Charbak Nitro
Contributing Writer

Last Wednesday, the famous opera La Mariage de Figaro was performed at the Ferst Center to an audience of avid opera-goers.

If someone were to tell you that Danny Boyle’s new movie Millions was about two brothers who find a sack full of stolen money and the ad for cardboard box fort talking to the boy who wants to save the world and who actually do it someday, they’d be right again, but either way they’d be right. If they said it was about the thief that wants the money, a creepy thief played by the Euro, they’d be right. If they said it was about the thief that wants the money, a creepy thief played by the...
Of Montreal upholds Athens tradition of great rock bands

By Michael Ng
Contributing Writer

Contrary to what their geographically confusing name would have you believe, Of Montreal are actually Georgia natives by way of Athens.

But before you completely write off this band, curb your well-conditioned UGA hatred for a minute and consider that Athens is a hotbed for critically acclaimed bands. Perhaps more importantly, Athens is home base for Elephant 6, a historic music label and collective that shaped the sound of indie rock throughout the '90s.

Bands such as Neutral Milk Hotel, Olivia Tremor Control and Apples in Stereo epitomized the '60 sound, a stylized marriage of psych-pop à la the Beach Boys or the Beatles, with the do-it-yourself attitude and experimental aesthetic of underground rock. Of Montreal leads the second wave of bands to represent Elephant 6 amidst indie rock's current mainstream popularity.

Never much of a stickler for quality control or restraint, prolific singer/guitarist Kevin Barnes formed Of Montreal in 1997 primarily for his own musical endeavors.

With a revolving door of supporting band members and a discography encompassing nine albums in eight years, one thing can be said about Barnes: it’s that he is never musically complacent. And so it comes as no surprise that The Icelandic Twins continues the sonic evolution of his band’s last album, Satanic Panic in the Arctic. The trademark indie-pop hooks and psychedelic absurdity are still plentiful, but this time around Barnes embraces new wave and electronic to produce a bastard-child pastiche that can only be described as kaleidoscopic.

Buoyant vocal harmonies float about spacious synthesizers while tweaked out pedal FX lend buzz to the album’s first two acts were alright, but towards the end it really kicked up. That [opera] was hardcore!

Ryan Manger
Third-year NRE

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Mentionable selections from the piece include comedic lines such as Susanna claiming that “a woman always has plenty of time to say yes,” to the count concerning his request of a rendezvous. Also notable was Figaro’s misogynistic tirade in the count’s garden. “Look at these women and see them as they are,” he warns, adding, “They’re witches who charm to cause us harm.” He pleads, “Open your eyes now and then, rash and foolish men,” concluding, “The text I need not say. All you men know it anyway.”

For the studious, cultural influences abound throughout the performance, including allusions to Mars, Venus and Vulcan.

For the layman, physical comedy is episodic. If anything can be said of this production, it’s the emblematic quality of the entire affair.

The parts of the musicians were executed flawlessly, and the vocals overlooked the bounds of conventional stage presence.

When asked about the performance, opera-goers Kay and Dan Schumate commented that La Maria was high on the list…we enjoy opera, and we enjoy Mozart. “The first two acts were alright, but towards the end it really kicked up. That [opera] was hardcore!” exclaimed Ryan Manger, a third-year Nuclear Engineering major.

The cast included many notables such as conductor J. Ernest Green, Stefano de Peppo as Figaro, Viara Zhelevova as the timorous Cherubino and Dimitri Stanchey’s permeating bass vocals as Bartolo.

The response of the audience as a whole can be described in simple two words: standing ovation.

One final note: for those lucky to attend this opera in their lifetimes, be prepared for a surprise ending.

One might find it a little heart-warming or uplifting at times, but if you’re into that sort of thing, then Millions is a great little flick for you.

Millions
from page 17

Visually the movie is very pretty, but mostly in a bunch of subtle ways...The only thing that was explicitly awesome was the way that the movie shows Damien’s fantasy sequences. I particularly liked the one in which he mentally built his new house from scratch on its future site. Other than those, though, the movie mostly falls into the category of “well-shot,” which, though not overly laudable, still makes for a pretty film.

All in all, Millions is a good movie, if a bit of a morality play. Despite dipping oh-so-slightly into the maudlin at a few points, it manages to stay away from being too saccharine as a whole.

Certainly, though, it’s not for everyone. One might find it a little too heart-warming or uplifting at times, but if you’re into that sort of thing, then Millions is a great little flick for you.
Filthy abode plays host to spore colonies

This is what you get when you steal. The other morning, I went into the kitchen to fix myself some cereal for fast-breaking purposes. After emptying the remainder of my own, personal milk container into the bowl, I noted that it was still a little light in the overall milk department.

So, being of a communal (read: thieving) spirit, I decided that my magnanimous roommates wouldn’t mind too terribly if I topped off my cereal for fast-breaking purposes. After emptying the remainder of the cereal into the kitchen to fix myself some breakfast, I noticed that it was my own, personal milk container. Being thusly decided of goal and means, I began the process of selecting the milk container that was most impervious to the visible effects of shrinkage (i.e., the one with the most milk, so no one would notice). One jug stood head and shoulders above the rest, being the only one more than two-thirds full.

Naturally, I picked that one and, according to my original purpose, topped off my cereal. However, a funny thing happened then. You see, I noticed that the milk wasn’t so much a liquid as it was a semi-gelatinous solid. This intrigued me, and I decided to investigate further. Turns out the stuff was over a month past its expiration date and I had basically just poured sour cream all over my bran.

End result: no breakfast for the Two Bits Man and a rough time of it for the apartment’s garbage disposal sink thingies.

Now, a simple mind might tell you that the moral of this story is not to steal. This is patently false. The Filthy abode plays host to spore colonies.

So, being of a communal (read: filthy) spirit, I decided that my magnanimous roommates wouldn’t mind too terribly if I topped off my bran just the small mind too terribly if I topped off my bran. (i.e., the one with the most milk, so no one would notice). One jug stood head and shoulders above the rest, being the only one more than two-thirds full. End result: no breakfast for the Two Bits Man and a rough time of it for the apartment’s garbage disposal sink thingies.

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The theme of this crossword is "NEAT TRICK." The puzzle is set up with clues and answers arranged in a grid pattern, with some clues sharing answers that are highlighted by color. The answers range from general knowledge to specific terms related to various fields such as science, history, and culture. The puzzle is designed to test the solver's vocabulary and ability to think creatively.
I’d clean it myself, but given the size and complexity of some of those spore colonies, I’m afraid it might technically constitute genocide. And I just don’t need any more trouble with Amnesty International this week.

This is, naturally, hardly a comprehensive catalog of all the unspeakable atrocities of hygiene which exist within the mildew-covered borders of my home. However, owing to the facts that:

A) such a compendium could easily span hundreds of pages,

B) my editor yells at me when I run long, and

C) I’m fast running low on actual funny material—as evidenced by the extremely disjointed nature of today’s piece— I’m afraid that I’ll have to call it a day for now.

If any of you out there would like to know more about the abject filth in which me and mine live, just follow your nose. That mildew smell ought to lead you right here in no time.

Twins from page 18

Snake around electro-drum loops in this dense, operatic album. Unfortunately, the new wave style of songs such as “The Party’s Crashing Us” may strike some listeners as kitschily gauche on the level of the Postal Service or the Rapture.

To their credit, Of Montreal pull off the sound better than most bands, but their strengths lay in Barnes’ ability to craft and orchestrate elaborate pop songs.

Perhaps the most intriguing aspect of The Icelandic Twins is how accomplished Of Montreal sound at their most eclectic. The fluid basslines of “Wraith Pinned to the Mist and Other Games” provide the foundation for Barnes’ own uniquely twisted version of Dub music.

Furthermore, Of Montreal prove that they’ve got soul on funk-influenced tracks like “Forecast Fascist Future.” Simply put, Barnes and company have skillfully conceived another smorgasbord of musical styles that reveals something new and catchy with each time you listen.

Chimp Shrimp and Friends

Original Comic Strip

By Mark Parsons: gtg546q@mail.gatech.edu

Be Cool supported by stars only

By Swathy Prithivi

Contributing Writer

A film featuring megastar stars, music industry greats and several other famous people is bound to do one of two things: go on to become a blockbuster hit or flop around miserably, sustained only by star power sharing screen space in such close quarters.

Be Cool is definitely flopping. A sequel to Get Shorty, this movie stars John Travolta as Chili Palmer, the reformed hoodlum that he first assayed in the 1995 film based on Elmore Leonard’s novel of the same name.

The movie starts with Palmer abandoning movie production to try his hand in the music industry. After the murder of his associate Tommy Athens (James Woods), Palmer adopts the cause of Athens’ promising R&B singer, Linda Moon (Christina Milian) and his widowed wife Edie (Uma Thurman), who is a record label producer.

Producer Sin LaSalle (Cedric the Entertainer), who demands his money back. The Russian mafia is also thrown into this hodgepodge plot, as is Steven Tyler as the rock star legend whom Palmer convinces to help Moon with his slick talk.

Several complications ensue in this volatile music industry world, but Palmer manages to smooth everything out by the end of the movie. The movie is extremely fast-paced and is crammed with enough material for at least two and a half movies. With so many caricatures and stereotypes having no connection to one another, the movie comes off as a series of one-person shows. The exceptions to this confusing array of characters are a gay Samoan bodyguard, Elliot Wilhelm (played with great aplomb by The Rock) and a rap artist, Dabu (Andre 3000 of Outkast).

Some of the movie’s finest comic moments are built around its characters, who make the movie worth watching. Travolta is the film’s biggest disappointment, as he seems to walk through the film with indifference compared to some of his previous roles where his passion shone through. The movie is glitzy and fast-paced with enough entertaining moments to hold the audience’s attention through the 112-minute running time.