Not quite Clerks, still feels like Smith

The usually silent funnyman sits down with the Nique regarding his latest film Jersey Girl

By Jason Allen
Staff Writer

Director Kevin Smith’s work doesn’t automatically conjure up ideas of love and devotion to chil-
dren. His characters have unknow-
ingly participated in corpse sex in
Tushamango releases self-titled CD. Is it
worth the money? Page 28

Clerks

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Two movies, Kevin Smith chains-
smokes Marlboro Ultra Lights, flick-
ing ashes into a drinking cup resting on the table at the Ritz.

He holds the cigarette as a prop,
gesturing with his hands enthusiastic-
tically for emphasis while he speaks and ig-
noring the annoying low-key jazz music play-
ing through the overhead speak-
er. As arguably the worst part of his itinerary, the interviews and barrage of tape recorders nonehe-
less engage the always-outspoken di-

rector. He nods his head in agreement as if listening to and comprehend-
ing a question before it has been finished, running his fingers through

frizzy, wind swept hair. The thirty-
three-year-old straddles his chair in reverse, tilting backward, rocking,
and even getting up on his knees without missing a beat.

His mallrat outfit consists of a
dirt white and black jersey and a pair of calf-length jeans that don’t quite reach his
slip-on checkered
dress shoes. Black-

framed glasses circle his eyes, and a
scruffy beard covers his cherubic, less
doughy face. Thanks
to Dr. Atkins, the

noticeably slimmer Smith has lost
fifty pounds since last April.

The inspiration for Jersey Girl comes from Smith’s own friendship with a
daughter, and he admits that he lacks the creativity required to come up with material not from
real life.

His wife, told that she was
among his hard-core devotees and main-
dustry that often
demands slick
production and
ding a sound, check out

Atlanta’s Indigo Girls release new true-to-self CD/DVD

By Hillary Lipko
Staff Writer

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Q.E.D. Original Comic Strip

So last week, my advisor hated the draft of my paper... said to rewrite the whole thing.

Then this week, he absolutely loves it! I just don’t get him.

Let me guess, you surfed the web all week, made no changes, gave Robert’s original paper, and passed it off as the rewrite?

I see you are familiar with this method of research...

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by Brian Lewis (gtg043f@mail.gatech.edu)

technique meetings...tuesdays @7...room 137 flag building...free pizza
Hanks, Wayans deliver empty comedy with Ladykillers

By Jason O’Neal Miller
Contributing Writer

I tried to laugh when it felt appropriate. I searched for some gracefully framed arrangement within redundant images and narrative. But I could find no evidence of Joel and Ethan Coen in The Ladykillers, which opens this weekend and stars Tom Hanks.

The remake of the 1955 British film of the same name began as a writing project (to be directed by Barry Sonnenfeld) for the brothers, and is the first of their eleven projects for which they share directing credits. Their previous ten projects credited Joel as director and Ethan as producer. Despite writing, directing and producing credits, the Coen brothers have obviously been diluted by both the original material and a long list of producers. The sensation of their comedy has always been subtly fantastic, neither dry nor slapstick.

The Ladykillers foregrounds this ma-turity with an excess approaching gimmick. There is no sense of depth or focus. Something proposing humor was implanted in close-up and repetition. Any intended profound-ity retreats toward childish scare of likeliness to the heist’s hollowed plot.

This embellishment denies the replay value that the subtlety of O. Brother, Where Art Thou and Fargo. I cannot count how many moments I have spent quoting The Big Lebowski. I would entirely attribute the transparency of The Ladykillers to the collaboration of producers if not for the comparably clumsy Intolerable Cruelty (also collaborative and adapted). There is an obvious discomfort towards unfamiliar material.

But their movies have always been pleasantly awkward. This competence develops naturally from devotion to their characters. The difficulty of both Intolerable Cruelty and The Ladykillers is awkwardness without affection. The filmmakers do not love their char-

acters and neither does the audi-

cence. Even the cuddly Marva Munson (Irma P. Hall) is treated as delusional and overzealous.

Tom Hanks plays Professor G.H. Dorr, Ph.D. (whose excessive ini-
tials would be hilarious if not point-
ed out so bluntly by Munson’s friend), a conniving, puffing er-
dite and mastermind of the mini-

heist.

He rents a room from Munson, whose open-earthed basement is ideal for tunnelling into the cash vault of a nearby floating casino. He and his team pose as period instrumentalist musicians to retain use of the base-

ment. Again, his intelligence and affinity for Edgar Allen Poe would be a rich texture if not caricatured by reiteration. This cartoon does not seem Hanks’ fault, but it is rarely the cen-

tral character for whom we watch a film. Dorr’s consorts are unbearable magnified versions of a Coen supporting cast. Gawain Mac-Sam’s (Marlon Wayans) wit is too obscene to endure. Mr. Pancake (J.K. Simmons) and his life-partner Moun-

tain Girl (Diane Delano) have IBS (Irritable Bowel Syndrome) and ex-

cessive facial expressions to prove it. Lump (Ryan Hurst) is too stupid and even the passively qui-
eted General (Tzi Ma) is annoying when verbal. Where is the Steve Buscemi of Fargo, the John Tur-
turo of Brother? The Coens also have difficulty

See Ladies, page 29
Looking to get involved on campus? Join the Technique staff.
Tishamingo’s self-titled album provides quality southern rock

By C. Jason Mabry
Senior Staff Writer

Tishamingo presents rock with an infusion of blues and enough twang to ground the music deep in the southern rock tradition but with the swinging excitement of a modern swing band. The quartet features guitar duels, a raspy, drawling voice and plenty of soul. With slide guitar, the occasional banjo and ragtime piano, Tishamingo delivers a feel-good album and a pleasant departure from typical rock music.

Cameron Williams heads up the band with lead vocals. Jess Franklin and Stephen Spivey support with guitars. The band’s members have been longtime friends. Tishamingo hails from the swampy wetlands around Tallahassee, Florida.

The band’s influences range far and wide, with many greats represented. Tishamingo, however, is certainly not out to copy. The entire self-titled album, best stated in the track “Way Back Home”, is “something you’ve heard before, something you remember,” but pleasant.

“None of the album’s twelve songs feel like filler material, and coming in at just under an hour, the experience is just long enough to relax...”

The band will be in Atlanta for the Atlanta Dogwood Festival April 4, and will return to play at Smith’s Olde Bar Saturday, April 24. For more information on the band, visit www.tishamingo.com
Remember the **Hardy Boys**? Two Bits Man tries to solve Mystery of the Morning Wood

The thing about being woken up very early in the morning by, say, yet another fire alarm—this crap has got to stop—is that you’re rarely in a proper state of mind to fully consider the consequences of any actions, or lack thereof, that you may take. Say, for instance, that in your tired, pissed-off stupor, you forget to put on some pants and instead walk outside into the early morning light clad only in a pair of boxer shorts and a T-shirt. The male population of my nightmares pretty much knows where I’m going with this, but for those uninformed women folk out there, allow me to explain.

Guys are always sort of amazed that women don’t know of some of the more fundamental behaviors of the male anatomy, shrinkage, morning wood, etc., but then again men, unlike women, do not devote whole swathes of time to the discussion and debate of the complex inner workings of their genitalia. (Don’t lie. I saw “The Vagina Monologues.”) That thing was two hours filled with stories and descriptions of anthropomorphic hoo-has.) I suppose it really shouldn’t be too much of a surprise.

Anyway, the term “morning wood” refers that special time, right after a guy wakes up where, for no readily apparent reason, he spots what appears to be the Washington Monument lodged in his pants. It’s just kind of there for a little while. Nobody really knows why. It’s just the penis's way of waking up in the morning, and we don’t question it.

Also, on a somewhat related note, it’s as if it knows that you’ve made the conscious decision to get out of bed and would now like to make for as awkward as possible a time between you and your roommate. It always seems to choose the few moments between when you decide to get up and when you actually do to spring into action. What was I saying? I got a little caught up there, contemplating the awe and majesty of my wang. Oh yeah, I was outside in a pair of boxer shorts with a very conspicuous erection owing to my own damned foolishness for not thinking to put on some pants and to the very early hour, respectively. Come to think of it, that’s pretty much the story. The fire alarm got turned off a few minutes later and I crawled back into bed without having been really troubled by the whole thing. Wow, that’s really, really anticlimactic. Sorry about that. Hopefully next week, I can come up with something more interesting to write about. Although, you have to admit that it’s pretty damned impressive that I managed to base nearly half of this article’s jokes solely on the phrase “my wang”, which, by the way, appeared in this piece an epic twelve times. I guess it just goes to show that my wang, much like myself, is comic gold.

Hold on, I’ve got a few more: The gravitational distorsional effects exerted by my wang upon the space-time continuum have puzzled physicists for the past twenty years. My wang is a force of nature, you cannot stop it. You can only hope to contain it. Billionaire industrialist Bruce Wayne, is, in reality, the vigilante crime-fighter known to friend and foe alike simply as my wang.

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**Indigo** from page 23

casual listening. The album itself is not instantly gripping, and it takes several listening sessions to appreciate all that it has to offer. The style of the music on All That We Let In doesn’t have any element of accessibility to new listeners and seems to be more targeted toward the Indigo Girls’ current audience.

Elements of the album that anyone can appreciate, however, include tight vocal harmonies, poetic and insightful lyrics, melodic acoustic guitar and a well implemented use of a variety of instruments. All That We Let In offers its share of radio-friendly tracks as well. “Heartache For Everyone” is probably the most mainstream of all the tracks on the album, with a ska feel and lyrics that anyone can relate to.

Though the Indigo Girls’ music doesn’t really follow popular trends, they have jumped on the bandwagon when it comes to an increasingly popular trend in marketing. Bundled with the CD in a limited edition release is a DVD that includes video footage of live performances of several songs on the album and a couple of songs from previous releases. The inclusion of bonuses such as DVDs and concert tickets with CD releases is becoming a common practice within the music industry as an effort to encourage sales and stem piracy.

The limited edition release of All That We Let In is a must-have for any Indigo Girls fan, however the extra dollar or two for the DVD is probably not worth it for the casual Indigo Girls fan, however the extra dollar or two for the DVD is probably not worth it for the casual CD-buyer. The album probably would appeal most to fans of the folk rock genre and to the politically and socially conscious. Overall, it seems that the Girls have found their niche and are sticking to it, as this album doesn’t seem the type to draw in too many new fans.

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**Ladies** from page 25

ending the film. The last thirty minutes feels like a six minute clip seen five times over, and the payoff is terribly disappointing. There is no clever device of surprise in the non-nomorous plot twisting. The shining light of The Ladykillers is the gospel music that feels so similar to the bluegrass of Brother. But the vivid music only provides frame for a dull story and blunt delivery.
Do you want to see your name printed in the newspaper? Come write for us! We still have three issues left this semester. Weekly meetings are on Tuesdays in Room 137 of the Flag Building. Come visit and we'll give you free pizza!
Carlin about a major part in mind. When the director approached but has been typecast as a come-
Carlin’s always wanted to be an ac-

Wanted that Tyler and Affleck were already paired before in Armageddon, Smith realized he’d “have to cut the asteroid scene out of this picture.”

He simply determined they had poor chemistry in that end-times affair after watching, “the scene where he’s whipping animal crackers down her blouse and shit like that,” Smith said.

Not so on the set of Jersey Girl, when a half-day shoot resulted in what Smith trumpets as more believable than anything in their early-

Still strange to a little controver-

No stranger to a little controver-

Castro approved of her version of the movie much more, one in which Affleck disappears early and she’s raised by Lopez, who became her pal. Smith reports that Castro had some difficulty at the begin-

According to Smith, George Carlin’s always wanted to be an ac-

Smith strikes back, “Nothing wrong with masturbation, dude. It’s the best”——thing one could do with themselves, I think. Or with somebody watching.”

Smith’s careful to emphasize that he’s only taking a break from the genre that made him a famous mov-

“Mewes is the same way. He simply determined they had

The lesbians didn’t pick his movie that deals with a flip-flop-

When the family-targeted Jersey Girl went for approval, the film-

When the director approached Carlin about a major part in mind for Jersey Girl, the funnyman de-

Smith would eventually like to

take a few weeks and make another small run-and-gun movie, possibly a Clerks sequel that evolves into its own separate concept. However, he’s not the one trying to keep the pro-

dustry costs down, and his part-

George Carlin returns for another chance to shine in a Kevin Smith film. Smith jokingly recalls that Carlin wanted