Loca Luna serves up a variety of tapas dishes, which are appetizer-sized (and priced) portions perfect for sharing with your friends.

**Loca Luna**

**Address:** 836 Juniper Street

**Phone:** (404) 875-4494

**Website:** www.loca-luna.com

**Cuisine:** Tapas

**Rating:** ★ ★ ★ 1/2 out of 5

If there were a food equivalent to music’s mix masters, the chefs at Loca Luna would have to take the title. It is easy to call something fusion cuisine, but what does the word “fusion” even mean? With so many restaurants claiming this genre, we should perhaps take a moment to understand it.

The dictionary briefly defines fusion in relation to food as “a style of cooking that combines ingredients and techniques from very different cultures or countries.” The recent popularity of this style of cooking has led to the popping up of numerous fusion restaurants around town. In retrospect, I must admit that I had no idea what to expect after having made reservations. I found this to be a rare feeling, as one generally has a pretty good idea at restaurants that are of a certain specific culture.

The first thing I felt upon entering Loca Luna was a blast of heat. The restaurant is part wood, and part greenhouse-style with plastic canopies. I imagine these canopies are removed during the summer-time to enhance the flamboyant Caribbean/salsa feel of the restaurant.

The heat I felt was from heaters placed just inside the doors—and maybe also from the bold colors adorning the walls. The walls were adorned by a cylindrical slice of soft mozzarella, black pants, black long-sleeved shirts and black sunglasses, took the stage a little before 1 a.m. on Sun- day. The kid, who I could see wasn’t old enough to drink by the large magic marker “X” on the back of his hand, sparked an intriguing ques- tion: “Does rock and roll NEED saving?”

While the in- dustry is flooded with enough rap- rock, electronic- rock, punk-rock, hardcore-rock, and enough oth- er permutations of hyphenated rock categories to choke a camel, this kid challenged the Mooney Suzuki with the task to save “Rock and Roll.” Finding a true rock and roll band in the fash- ion of The Who, The Stones, or Led Zeppelin on the top 40 stations to- day is a daunting task. So, if this is evidence that rock and roll needs saving, then these guys were ready and willing to take a stab at it Saturday night.

A few short words by the lead singer, Sammy James Jr., and the band was belting off hand clapping, toe tapping, fist pumping rock music at a furious pace. One of the first songs performed was the hook-heavy, bass-driven, and lyrically rapid firing, “In a Young Man’s Mind”— a song about, oddly enough, the topics that weigh heavily on a young man: girls and music.

In this song, you won’t find Bob Dylan-deep lyrics with such lines as, “In a young mind, it’s all simple world, there’s a little room for mu- sic and the rest is girls.” Fortunately, it doesn’t matter how sim- ple the songwrit- ing is when you’re at the show, because the music draws out any of the lyrics any- way. So, if the lyrics aren’t noteworthy, let alone thought provoking, what’s the draw?

The Mooney Suzuki performed last Saturday at the Echo Lounge with the Raveonettes, Longwave, and White Light Motorcade.

The Mooney Suzuki was a famous garage band, put on a spectacular performance.

Mooney Suzuki were playing with Longwave, and White Light Motorcade for the MTV/CMD Advanced Warning tour, has a great small club atmo- sphere. Though called lounge, people were doing anything to get into this sold-out show.

Concertgoers packed in wall to wall, which caused somewhat of a stir.

Lula Frita was another favorite.

It was simply spicy fried calamari with pico de gallo. Pico de gallo is a spicy, largely sliced, salsa salad. The calamari was excellent, flavored with crab boil spice. We suggest you or- der this, just so you can dare the person next to you to eat one of the whole fried squids that garnish the dish.

The Salmon Al Vera Cruz is sure to be enjoyed by seafood fans, as is the Langosta (lobster tail). Our veg- etarian had nothing but compliments for the Empanada (veggie stuffed pastries with salsa) and the Rollo De Calabaza (sliced grilled squash
Mooney Suzuki to get off stage and interact with the crowd. For example, at the end of the show, the bass guitarist and drummer put Sammy James Jr. and Graham Tyler on their shoulders as they performed an admirable dueling solo.

This current tour, The Mooney Suzuki are promoting the re-release of their second album, Electric Sweat. This time around, Columbia Records is distributing the music, and the CD is enhanced with three of their music videos. They played most of the songs on the album at the show, plus a mix of older stuff off the album People Get Ready, and a new song or two. All the songs sounded great, although some critics say the music is too much of a throwback to the 60s garage rock bands. And while it might seem that way every time Sammy James Jr. imitates Pete Townsend’s famous windmill guitar, The Mooney Suzuki create a fresh, new sound that really gets the audience moving to the beat.

So, will The Mooney Suzuki fulfill the promise of their second album? It is a bit pricey, but I like it, yes I do.

Across
1. Insurance provider
6. Hor
12. Modify
16. Bar seat
17. Hawaiian Bigwig
18. Letterman opponent
19. Start of a Dylan opener
22. Anita on the West Side or Sister
23. Little demon
24. Fastened
25. Marigold
27. Outlook file
30. Ambush preparers
31. It follows X or Hu
32. Nuclear bomb, most likely
35. Nobel invention
36. Chunnel construction worker
37. Ovid nomen
40. Penetrated the KGB
43. Recline
44. Hang (on) annoyingly
46. Mom’s mate
47. Continuation of a Dylan opener
51. Exploit
52. Maui neckwear
53. Sand island
54. Heaven at the center of the Sa-
Dreamcatcher fails to thrill audiences with poor storyline

By Joseph Jeong
Staff Writer

Title: Dreamcatcher
Starring: Morgan Freeman, Thomas Jane, Jason Lee, Damian Lewis
Director: Lawrence Kasdan
Rating: R
Runtime: 134 minutes
Score: ★ 1/2 out of 5 stars

The old cliché is that the book is better than the movie. I hope this is true for Dreamcatcher because the movie version really wasn’t very good. The movie starts out strongly by introducing an interesting core of protagonists, but it quickly morphs into a B-grade science fiction/horror movie. Such events as an alien invasion, the army trying to stop the invasion while covering it up, and four friends with a common mysterious history are loosely tied together and presented as a movie.

Dreamcatcher is a movie based on the Stephen King novel and was adapted to the screen by one of my favorite scribes, William Goldman (Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid). Perhaps the combination of the most eminent horror fiction writer and a prominent screenwriter raised my expectations a little, but it still doesn’t excuse the poor plot.

It’s a bad sign when the first 30 minutes of the movie is leaps and bounds better than the rest. If they kept the movie about the four buddies and how they went about their daily lives, except for one small matter. All four seem to exhibit some form of psychic powers in your stomach and come out and consume them so they can incubate themselves. Not very logical, but it makes for a few horrifying and gross scenes.

By the time the four buddies figure out what’s going on, two of them have died, one is possessed by an alien, and the last guy is stuck in an army camp. The army has taken care of the situation save for one exception—the alien that currently possesses Jonesy. The movie then switches gear and becomes a chase movie, where Dr. Devlin, an army captain, and Duddits try to catch the last alien.

This is actually quite a well-acted movie. Morgan Freeman and Tom Sizemore’s acting talents are really wasted on two throwaway characters, the former as a slightly insane Colonel Kurtz and the latter as Captain Underhill, who assists Dr. Devlin. Donnie Wahlberg is actually quite good as the adult Duddits. However, good individual performances can’t overcome the overwhelmingly weak storyline. Dreamcatcher is not worth the price of admission, even if you include the exclusive screening of the latest installment of The Animatrix. Final Flight of the Osiris (which can be succinctly described as a computer geek’s dream).
Original Comic FresmHMen

FrEsmHMen by Billy Aslaner

I wish I got new pictures on our new buzz cards. I look terrible on my old buzz card.

Don’t worry. It can’t be any worse than my driver’s license.

Hey! I had an allergic reaction with my wool sweater.

Woo! Your face looks like a baboon’s butt!

Yeah, the guy who took my picture was laughing the whole time.

Under 6yrs 21

--Billy--

Wanna bet that Hooter’s airline goes "bust"?

Comments on OPA being in the step show at Souther Poly:

"I never saw a white girl move like that before".

Thanks to Quay, Phil, Brandon, Harry, Brett, Esi, Nikki, and Lauren for making the OPA Step Team’s proformance go well...love you guys

I have a exam in 20 minutes and I can’t seem to make myself study. Yeah for procrastination.

Geez. Could we hear a little more about the food and a little bit less about the kind of dinosaur they want to be when they grow up?

Stupid ass Saddam, why can’t he just freaking disarm?

I heard he sleeps in her closet! Wow. That Pioneer 10 is traveling what, about half a billion light years every year, while only being 656 light minutes away. That is really going to put a kink in the Unified Theory of Physics.

I wish I knew then what I know now

Temptations and occasions put nothing into a man, but only draw out what was in him before. - John Owen

i miss TECH.

i want my stuff printed!!!

what is better hyper or tension for high blood pressure?

Shibby Shabba 143

stephen king is and always will be da bomb

haha she is on vacation

haha she is on vacation

yay for people with a realistic platform, boo for SGA candidates trashing campus with ugly posters

stop hating

yellow ribbons anyone?

I wanna buy it for 5 dollars where is the sun??

I hate the rain

Saddam should bomb Britain dining hall.

Housing selection process sucks!

I hate waiting lists!

I’m ready for spring break now.
The Two Bits Man has once again been reflecting. It’s an interesting time to be at Tech. We are currently celebrating “50 Years of Women at Tech.” Now, not to be cynical, but for some reason, I feel that a great deal of us at Tech may find it difficult to get too excited about such a celebration. Somehow it seems misplaced. A better recognition of accomplishment over time might be found in recognizing “50 Years of Men Surviving with Very Few Women at Georgia Tech.”

In other news, rumor claims that plans are underway to open up a non-alcoholic bar on campus. Considering that the only real problem with opening a non-alcoholic bar on campus is that non-alcoholic bars tend to not serve alcohol, we are able to isolate the problem. The obvious solution is to concurrently open an alcoholic campus strip club. Myself and my co-libbys are preparing to present the idea to SCAK. The current draft of our proposal reads something like this:

‘Instead of heading to the recreation room to jump on a dance machine, you can head up to the club for some Lap Dance Revolution.’

order to encourage the use of Buzz funds, we’ll probably make one of our dancers a Buzz only stripper.

On the mention for the ladies, Technique Editor-in-Chief Jody Shaw has volunteered to be on hand every Wednesday to perform her ador-able ‘paperboy’ routine.

Now to move on to less scary matters, the benefit of a campus strip club to the student body and alumni cannot be overstated. Assuming we are granted a location in the Student Center, the club will be easily accessible to students, dirty professors, and visiting alumni.

Convenience is the key factor here. Imagine it’s 12:30 p.m. and you’ve got an exam at two. You’re at the student center trying to work that last minute cram session. Instead of heading to the recreation room to jump on a dance machine (God forbid), you can head up to the club for some Lap Dance Revolution before crunch time. Now it’s those kinds of study techniques that will give the average Tech student a serious edge. And on a more serious note, as opposed to celebration of women, the opening of a campus strip club would give us a proper and just cause for celebration.

The vitality of the student body is being threatened at every turn by the evildoers who would have us stranded on a dry bar, our hormones starved by an unforgiving ratio, our confidence distorted by the epidemic perversion that is TBS. It’s time to understand that we work hard to earn the respect of this institution.

We are among the most driven and diligent college students that inhabit this country. If you’re going to sit my ass on a non-alcoholic barstool after all I’ve done for you, the least you could do is provide me with some hot naked chicks to look at. Really, is that asking too much? The Two Bits Man would like to leave you with a famous feminist quotation: I am woman, watch me dance...swipe, swipe, swipey-swipe.