The 68th annual Atlanta Dogwood Festival took place this past weekend. Dogwood-lined streets of Midtown were dotted with artists and vendors selling handmade crafts, gourmet food, and live music. The festival is known for attracting thousands of visitors each year, with over 50 musical acts performing throughout the weekend.

The festival organizers estimate that over 50,000 people attended the event, a testament to its popularity. With a range of activities for all ages, there were activities catering to families, music lovers, and dogs, as the festival is pet-friendly. There were live music performances, disc-dog competitions, and even a dog costume contest.

The event was a perfect weekend for those who enjoy outdoor activities, with clear skies and pleasant weather. It was a great opportunity for people to connect with nature, enjoy local talent, and support local artisans.

Piedmont hosts annual Dogwood Festival

By C. Jason Malloy
Senior Staff Writer

The 68th annual Atlanta Dogwood Festival took place this past weekend - blanketing the streets of Midtown with a mosaic of colors and scents. The festival also boasted a diverse lineup of musical acts, art vendors, and food trucks, making it a popular destination for visitors looking for entertainment.

The festival offers a unique opportunity for people to enjoy the beauty of the dogwood tree while experiencing the vibrant culture of Midtown. It is an event that brings together people from all walks of life, creating a sense of community and celebration.

“Walk This Way” for concerts galore

Aerosmith will be at Philips Arena this Friday. The show is at 8 p.m., with 80s rockers Cheap Trick opening the concert. Tickets start at $39.50 and go for as much as $75. The Distillers will be at the Cotton Club Saturday. Tickets are only $12 and the show begins at 9 p.m. Bed Dyan will have the Tabernacle April 12-14. All three shows are at 8 p.m., and tickets range from $46-$76.

Turkey legs, Bard make for good Fest

The Georgia Renaissance Festival will open April 17th and run through June 6. The event is usually open from 10:30 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. Step back to the days of the Renaissance and partake in the good life of beer, food and crafts. Tickets are only $15, but discounts are available for those who buy tickets in advance from www.garenfest.com.

Still time to move to Amish Paradise

Weird Al Yankovic will be at the Tabernacle April 22. Tickets are $35. This is a stop on the Poodle Hat Tour. Door open at 6 p.m. and the show starts at 7. Prince will be at Philips Arena April 30. The show is a stop on the Poodle Hat Tour. Doors open at 6 p.m. and the show starts at 7. Tickets are $35.

Get tickets for huge Music Midtown

As soon as finals are over, head over to Midtown for some live music. Headliners for the Music Midtown festival, April 30 to May 2, include Big Boi, The Offspring, The Strokes, the Foo Fighters, Fuel, Trapt, Black Eyed Peas and more. Tickets are $45 for the three day event. A one day pass is $80. The stage locations are located near Sci-trek. Do not plan on driving anywhere in the vicinity. Take MARTA or walk. Most performances occur early afternoon through 12:30 p.m. Check out www.musickingdom.com for more information.

Broadway smash-hit comes to town

Remember Blazing Saddles and Young Frankenstein? The humor throughout was provided by genius of our time Mel Brooks, the same man behind the Broadway production, The Producers. This Tony-award winner is sure to please. The show stars none other than funny men Nathan Lane and Matthew Broderick. The fabulous Fox Theater will be showing the musical through April 17. Check out TicketMaster for latest prices and availability as the show will likely sell out quickly.
So dad, can you help me learn calculus or what?

I donno son, my feelings have always been hurt...

Please dad, you're all I've got! I'm desperate!

Well, in that case... uh, well you see Larry, the thing is I never really knew calculus per se...

But how was a second grader going to know?

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

there will be repercussions for his helping Jimmy. Cynthia, his wife, can’t help but wonder what kind of calmer life she’s really gotten with all of Oz’s high-tech security systems and weaponry in their closet.

When all these characters collide once again as Lazlo Golgolak is released from prison and kidnaps Cynthia in a plan to avenge his son, the inevitable bizarre scenarios arise. The movie is composed of a collection of these scenarios and funny lines, tied together by a storyline that exists mostly as an excuse for the rest.

Perry called the film “whacky and funny,” while Willis said that they “tried to assemble the best team we could to make this movie funny, to make it watchable and interesting and whacky and irreverent.”

The movie certainly fulfills all those characteristics. Since Perry characterized the movie as “really dastardly, this is a laugh, the thing to go see if you’re looking for wit and intellectual stimulation.”

But, if whacky and funny, are your qualifications, then you are almost guaranteed to get a laugh out of The Whole Ten Yards, and you can thank the cast for that laugh.

Fans of The Whole Nine Yards can attest to the camaraderie the cast members share; their comedic chemistry is apparent onscreen in both films. Perry attributes this to having “funny people, and people who really derive pleasure out of making people laugh,” so that “What you’re watching is basically us just trying to crack each other up.”

Not only is the cast trying to make one another laugh, but also, said Willis, they are “just trying to make you laugh. We’re just trying to crack you up. I’ve been doing this, and I think Matthew has admitted to doing this as well—we’ve been doing this since like the fifth grade, all through high school, just trying to make our friends laugh, and we work together here as friends.”

Perhaps this is the key to why The Whole Ten Yards comes off as such unfurled and easy humor—Willis and Perry consider themselves to be friends or “better friends” as Willis put it, after having done the first movie together. At that time they “learned so much about each other’s comic timing,” Willis said.

The three-piece Goodnight Moon offered an intimate brand of acoustic, violin-backed folk rock to a crazy niche rap-rock about ninjas, played to a packed house and a panel of judges which included members of the Student Center Programs Council and 99X morning show intern Fat Kid. Each band played a short two-to-three-song set and was judged on a variety of categories, including stage presence, audience reaction and musical proficiency.

Singingrap-rock songs.

Goodnight Moon, Schming and Ninja Stealth were the three bands chosen to advance to the second round, in which they were judged on the performance of a final song in order to decide the winner.

The three-piece Goodnight Moon offered an intimate brand of contemporary rock fronted by a female vocalist that seems best suited for smaller venues such as Under the Couch, a coffeehouse or a bar. Ninja Stealth, who seemed to be the audience favorite, offered a near polar opposite with an insane variety of ninja-themed rap-rock songs and an energetic stage show.

Both Goodnight Moon and Ninja Stealth must have been too far to either extreme, however, as the Battle of the Bands title went to Schming—a rock quartet whose appearance was described by one audience member to be Beatles-esque.

Schming’s performance displayed a unique stage personality and an appealing sound that should round out yesterday’s Sting Break concert event nicely. All of the bands that performed last Friday are worth checking out at future gigs on and near campus.
Horizon’s Drawer Boy showcases pleasures of simple life

By Fenton Gardner
Contributing Writer

Written by Michael Healey, the Horizon Theatre Company’s production of The Drawer Boy is a masterpiece. It’s a warm tale that shows the beauty of friendship and the destructiveness of dishonesty.

In Drawer Boy, the world of lifelong friends Angus (Chris Kayser) and Morgan (Larry Larson) is changed forever after the arrival of a young urban actor named Miles (Justin Welborn), who is seeking to lodge with the friends on their small farm in Canada in order to write a play about farming.

Much to the surprise of Miles, instead of being able to simply make notes and record what he sees, Morgan, a no-nonsense kind of guy, demands that he help around the farm.

“Clifford the Big Red Dog made an appearance in the kids’ area of the festival...”

There was, though, one notable exception. Clifford the Big Red Dog made an appearance in the kids’ area of the festival and provided parents with a much-needed rest and kids with an inflatable playing environment.

The food offerings this year were quite expansive, spanning the gamut from American to Mediterranean and more. The cuisine was as much a part of the attraction as the festival, with the least, and some of the dogs must have been on steroids to perform the tricks they turned. The festival’s greatest asset, the patrons who filled the walkways and booths, was also the largest nuisance. The entire area was flooded with people, and while that speaks quite well of the organizers and planners, too many people in too confined of a space can be overwhelming. After a few hours of hanging out and enjoying the scene, enough was enough, but the event was no less entertaining.

Of note, there were a few interesting contraptions at the park. A guy was riding a low-rider bicycle, complete with chrome rims and a paint job. One man also had a three-wheeled scooter that attracted attention.

However, not seeing the princess-costumed old man on the bike with the old-school bell was quite the letdown. There is always next week, perhaps. Look for an even better Dogwood Festival next year, and train up on your crazy disc-dog skills, but please, leave the tube tops at home.

By Kathryn Kirk / Horizon Theatre

Young urban actor Miles (Justin Welborn, front) gives his impression of cows being milked as former Morgan (Larry Larson, rear) laughs at his city-boy point of view. The Drawer Boy is currently playing at Horizon Theater.


dogwood

certainly had the best publicity. For a small donation of five dollars, visitors could obtain a petite sapling, which they could then proceed to carry around the park for hours.

The most ingenious usage of the tree would have to be extended to a wheel chair-bound man who used the seeding as a visual flag to alert the crowd that he was on the move.

This year saw a marked and perhaps welcome departure from previous years. The only dogs allowed on the premises were competition disc-dog club in Atlanta for those who do not have day jobs. Competitors tested their skills in five levels of competition. There is even a disc-dog club in Atlanta for those who do not have day jobs.

The event was intriguing, to say the least, and some of the dogs must have been on steroids to perform the tricks they turned. The festival’s greatest asset, the patrons who filled the walkways and booths, was also the largest nuisance. The entire area was no less entertaining. After a few hours of hanging out and enjoying the scene, enough was enough, but the event was no less entertaining.

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sliver box

(And if they called a foul in our favor, they put it on someone else.)

Hmmmm...

At one point, I just wanted our guys to punch them or something if they were going to get fouled everytime they touched them. Dah well, great season fell’a St. Louis in 2005 will be our year!!!

GT Basketball: Thanks for a wonderful season

BOOM BOOM! Ju gotta get down! Jencho, Lynnnly, Mindy and Dorothy are hot mamas! Aye mamasi-ta!

To the guy who keeps on posting the GT basketball slivers: SHUT THE F UP!

i’d like to thank one of my ramners, our new friends, super-cool alumni, the entire men’s basketball team and coaching staff, and the cities of st louis and san antonio for making the last two weekend congrats to the men’s basketball team on an amazing record-breaking season! I HATE THE RAMBLIN’ WRECK CLUB!!

Reason: I paid $180 for my ticket for the Final Four, and got myself to the Westin on time.

I earned a 4th row ticket, only about 6 of y’all earned a 3rd row ticket.

So, those inconsiderate s.o.b.’s decided to shove 30 people where they shouldn’t be and then get mad at me for complaining that i can’t see @swipes

Our basketball players are so much hotter than UConn’s players...I love them all!

I’m hungary

Where’s my cell phone? Oh, I’m talking on it.

Only one more week for me, and then the new sliver girl takes over 24 days until graduation!

Submit your sliver at nique.net/sliver
We all know zombies offer no substantive challenge, yet our Two Bits man is still horrified

It’s confession time. Despite all my high talk of being Mr. Big Man—especially in the pants, zing (alright, that’s the last one for a while)—I am, in reality, a big, huge, monumental, epic in both width and breadth, sissy.

 Seriously, I’m scared of everything: flying, driving, large dogs and small dogs. I mean everything. I’m still scared of the dark for God’s sake—the dark?

If I go into a dark room and the light switch is on the other side, well then, whatever’s in that room can wait ’til morning because, mark my words, there is (not might be, is) a psychopathic madman hidden somewhere between me and that light switch who, I’m reasonably certain, is of the mind to facilitate a private, intimate meeting between my face and his machete, but I’m too smart for him. I don’t need no stinking toilet. I’ll pee out the window, dammit.

But my most recent fear, my phobia du jour if you will, is filthy, brain-eating zombies. I like to think that I’m more or less on the record as being officially against zombies in all their forms, be they the traditional shamblers, to the technically-still-alive Haitian voodoo breed, to those bastards from the new Dawn of the Dead flick that can run like track stars.

Honestly, I’m not at all comfortable with the idea of someone who is quite dead being not only able to outrun me but totally kick my butt in a race.

Traditionally, zombies have always played the red-headed stepchild to your more visibly lethal darlings of horror. That’s their strength, you see. People see a horde of zombies marching up to their front door and they’re like, “Oh man, zombies. I should do something—” awkward pause—“after ‘Conan.’” You know what? The zombies don’t even like Conan. They find him tedious ever since Andy left. You’re barely through the monologue and BAM zombies everywhere. It was a rerun too, you jackass.

People always underestimate zombies: always think they’re not that big a deal. They’re like the water damage of the undead. Only instead of eating away at your patio, they eat away at your frontal lobes and, if they’re latecomers, your eyeballs.

It’s not like zombies are really all that hard to deal with. Except for the occasional runner, the best most of them can manage is a stiff-legged shamble. You could dispatch with upwards of ten or twelve of them with just a fireplace poker. Also, if you do happen to have some firearms, it’s ok to let them get close enough so that you have a clean shot. It probably took ‘em about half an hour to cross the ten yards over to you; they’re not gonna speed up a whole lot on those last three or four feet.

Hell, if all else fails, just get behind a pull-open door. They’re not so good with knobs, those zombies. Tough to call upon the functionality of one’s higher brain when a family of field mice has taken up residence in it.

Now, in the movies, the zombies are always weirdly good at breaking through doors and walls and such. However, unless they’re hitting those doors a whole buttload harder when the camera’s not rolling, I’d be willing to bet those doors were made out of balsa wood and scotch tape.

I mean, seriously, they’re just slapping at them. You can’t tear through anything stronger than cardboard by sissy-fighting it. It’s just not gonna happen.

So yeah, zombies. They suck, but if you’re not an absolute retard, you should probably be able to make it out on the other side ok. I don’t really have an ending for this, so I’ve decided to go for the Carrie Bradshaw, insipid one-liner closing.

So, here goes. Should you ever have sex with a zombie? Not on your life!
Angus and Morgan after seeing the story, Miles felt betrayed, Angus is extremely excited and overwhelmed to see him. The conflict arises when Angus begins to realize that the stories Morgan has always told him aren’t necessarily true, and the play takes a dramatic twist that dissects the importance of friendship and shows the consequences of a betrayal of this friendship and the grief of lost love.

All viewers will consider the fidelity and truthfulness the characters express to their loved ones. The Drawer Boy is a must-see work of art for those who regularly attend the theater and for persons who just love a good story. The actors are brilliant in their representation of ‘70s Canadians on a farm in a small town. The joy of love, the ecstasy of grief and pureness of pain will affect anyone who sees this beautiful, warm and humorous tale.

The Drawer Boy runs through May 2 at the Horizon Theater, located in Little Five Points.

Submit a sliver at nique.net/ sliver...say (almost) anything you want!