Dexter Freebish rocks out Vinyl

Lead singer Kyle took time out from touring to speak with the ‘Nique about the new album

Kyle of Dexter Freebish belts out lyrics at Vinyl. The band recently released their album Tripped into Divine, satisfying many awaiting fans.

By Hillary Lipko / STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

“You’ve got to have passion in life for something,” Kyle, lead singer of Dexter Freebish, said of the pursuit of creative endeavors. When it comes to what this band has for music, though, passion might be a bit of an understatement. Whatever it is, fans both old and new felt it as Dexter Freebish laid down a diverse set last Friday, drawing upon a repertoire that ranges from energetic to reflective to just downright fun.

Atlanta was only the third stop on a tour that has been a long time coming for this band. It’s been nearly four years since Dexter Freebish has released an album, and in that time the band has written nearly 80 songs, split with their record label and parted ways with guitarist Charles Martin.

“There’s a big difference between this album and Life of Saturdays. Then, we had much more of a ‘the world is our oyster attitude’...[but] after the tour, we took some time off to write some songs [and] we wanted to go in another direction,” Kyle said of their sophomore album and first independent release, Tripped Into Divine.
And write songs they did. Unfortunately, or maybe not so much so, executives at Capitol didn’t care too much for the new direction that the band wanted to take.

“It became a battle for creative freedom. Tripped Into Divine goes through a lot of what we’ve been through with that. [It’s] a lot darker, more serious,” Kyle explained.

Dexter Freebish’s split with Capitol is just one facet of a movement toward artist independence within the music industry.

“You don’t have to be on a label to be successful. Money is the only reason why labels have any power...bands have the true power,” Kyle asserted while discussing the benefits of being an independent band. “There’s so much freedom in [being independent]. We got to record just like we wanted; everything is ours, and there was no one hovering, saying, ‘This is how it has to be.’”

Later, when discussing some of the songs on Tripped Into Divine, Kyle offered an example as to the freedom that they now had.

” We wanted to put [“Pretty People”] on Life of Saturdays, but the label didn’t want to. We tried again [when we started Tripped Into Divine]. It’s always been a song we’ve played live and fans have always asked if we were ever going to record it. The song is really tongue-in-cheek and hard to convey on a recording...I didn’t want to come off as a jerk. The fans wanted it, though, so we had to do it,” Kyle said.

In the end, it seems like everyone got something. The band got their creative freedom, the fans got one of their favorite Dexter songs pressed into a CD, and the world got Tripped Into Divine.

From the scores of songs written for the album, the band somehow managed to pick twelve that run from being on top of the world to being in the deepest pits of despair.

“There were just certain ones that would float to the top,” Kyle said of choosing which songs would be included on the album. “We picked those songs because they meant something to us.”

Armed with an expanded repertoire, a new outlook and a new guitarist, Dexter Freebish launched their tour for Tripped Into Divine, which brought them to the stage at Atlanta’s Vinyl last Friday. “We’re always excited about playing in Atlanta; it’s like a second home. We have so many fans here, and we always look forward to seeing them,” Kyle said.

When asked what fans might expect from a Dexter Freebish show, Kyle had a philosophy about live shows in general that proved to be a true reflection of what this band is really about.

“I love going to shows. What always disappoints me is when there’s nothing special about them...the bands just stand up there and play the songs just like they are on the album. What bothers me about some other bands, though, is when the singer can’t do something even close to the way it is on the album.”

Kyle and the rest of Dexter Freebish don’t need to worry about falling into either of those categories. Friday night’s performance, while staying true to the original feel of the recorded songs, incorporated an energy and a variety that can only be conveyed in the best of live shows.
The set kicked off with a pair of new songs from Tripped Into Divine and continued with a mix of both old and new music to which every Dexter fan in the audience danced and sung along. The stage was lined with loyal members of the Dexter Freebish street team, including two fans who had seen the band a grand total of 29 times.

As is almost custom, the set included the satirical “Pretty People” and a cover of Neil Diamond’s “Sweet Caroline,” which, played Dexter-style, proved to be a crowd-pleaser among even the hardest rocking of fans.

It hardly seemed like anyone wanted the concert to end, but as all concerts do, it did. Unlike most bands that subsequently dash from the stage to the safety of their tour bus, limo or other private vehicle, the members of Dexter Freebish soon appeared over by the merchandise table, more than willing to sign autographs, take pictures and just mingle with the audience.

“We really appreciate the people who come out to the shows,” Kyle said.

“We’re in contact with a lot of the people on the street team, and we always make a lot of friends when we’re out of the road.” A great live band that appreciates and even parties with their fans. Could anyone really ask for more?
Women unite, perform annual Monologues

By Christopher Gooley / STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

Women’s Awareness Month produced Eve Ensler’s Vagina Monologues last Friday. The enthusiastic crowd at the Ferst Center for the Arts were given a chance to mingle with the actors after the show.

By Evan Zasoski
Staff Writer

Being a man and, by definition, lacking a vagina, I was very unsure about this whole Vagina Monologues thing. I could see how several hours of time filled with women discussing, in frank detail, their hoo-has, could conceivably go south for me very quickly, no pun intended. Fortunately for me and vagina warriors everywhere, however, the Tech production of The Vagina Monologues made for some top-notch theater.

Eve Ensler’s The Vagina Monologues is, for the most part, exactly what you’d think it would be—a group of women getting up on stage and talking about vaginas, both the real things and as metaphors for various aspects of the female experience. The monologues ranged from the dramatic to the comedic to the erotic and even the tragic. They were either direct transcriptions of actual women’s stories or compilations brought together to represent a general theme.

Rather surprisingly, to be quite honest, there was very little discomfort factor in most of the monologues. In all of the frank and open talk about clitorises, menstruation, pubic hair, etc., I was pretty much geared up for an evening filled with much uncomfortable squirming.

However, the subject matter was treated with a certain level of respect and maturity that it didn’t come off at all as upsetting or gross. Though, to be fair, I think the guy a couple of seats down from me disagreed wholeheartedly with that assessment. It seemed to take a rather Herculean force of will for him to make it through the whole evening without running out of the building screaming “EWWWW!”

Despite the best efforts of all concerned, they couldn’t fill up the entirety of the show only with talk about vaginas. Many of the monologues used the idea of a vagina as a jumping off point from which to talk about various and sundry issues.
These ranged from some interesting pieces on sexuality to several downright infuriating treatises about the treatment of women in various parts of the globe.

Suffice it to say that the list of people that I dislike intensely has grown by the number of quite a few men in both Pakistan and Mexico. On a lighter note, the highlight for the evening would have to be Linda Kang’s rendition of “The Woman Who Loved to Make Vaginas Happy.”

I won’t ruin it for anyone, but it’s both thoroughly entertaining and, let’s just come out and say it, totally hot.

Even though things went, for the most part, very smoothly, there were a few minor blunders to be found in the performance. Mostly these came in the form of a few flubbed lines and a couple of painfully awkward silences as actresses racked their brains trying to remember lines.

Also, a small number of the pieces were somewhat hit and miss in their effectiveness, but these negative moments were few and far between. They also never detracted from the overall success of the show.

Proceeds from the entertaining, informative performance went to the Grady Rape Crisis Center, Men Stopping Violence and murdered and missing women of Juarez.
Epps, Ryan fight losing battle Against the Ropes

Meg Ryan and Omar Epps star in Paramount’s Against the Ropes which opens today. The plot turned out to be lackluster, along with the performances.

By Julia Trapold
Advertising Manager

When you hear Meg Ryan’s name associated with a movie, you expect a light-hearted romantic comedy with her playing a fool looking for love. Against the Ropes aims to break Meg Ryan away from that stereotype. While it accomplishes that feat, unlike her other movies, it fails to support Ryan with an entertaining plot.

In the film, loosely based on a true story, Ryan plays Jackie Kallen, a woman who was born and raised on boxing—her father was a trainer and her uncle was a famous boxer. As an adult, Kallen is a secretary for a boxing promoter, an arrogant man who thinks it’s impossible for a woman to know anything about boxing. During an argument with a rival promoter after a big fight (Tony Shalhoub), Kallen acquires the contract of the losing boxer for one dollar to prove that a woman can do just as well as a man in the boxing world.

While on a visit to her new client, Kallen encounters the fists of Luther Shaw (Omar Epps), who she thinks appears more promising than her client. Although Shaw is a rough man from the projects with no boxing experience, Kallen is convinced he has potential and eventually persuades him to box for her. He signs a contract, and she enlists Felix Reynolds (Charles S. Dutton) to train him.

The rest of the movie focuses on Shaw’s rise within the boxing world and the growing relationship between Kallen and Shaw. As one of the first women to break the barrier in the world of boxing, Kallen gains more media attention than Shaw, eventually causing her ego to take control and cause a rift in their relationship. The main theme is a Cinderella story of how Kallen, an underdog in the boxing world, rises to success. It is more a film about Kallen...
than a boxing film, although the boxing scenes are well-acted and entertaining.

Epps, Dutton and Shalhoub also give good performances, but unfortunately, the subplots (such as Shaw dating Kallen’s best friend) are underdeveloped and do not add much to the entertainment value of the film. The film is rather predictable, and it does nothing to keep the audience interested in the characters.
Cyberpunk author Gibson visits campus

By Echezona Ukah
Contributing Writer

Gibson invented the pop-culture term ‘cyberspace’ and wrote about the internet before it existed. He was the first to refer to it as the ‘matrix.’

I would like to introduce you to a brilliant author named William Gibson. With titles such as Johnny Mnemonic: The Screenplay, Mona Lisa Overdrive, and most recently, Pattern Recognition, he is one of the premiere cyberpunk authors of our time.

Born in 1948 in South Carolina, this Canadian resident was one of the first to describe the internet “officially” as a matrix and vernacularly as a cyberspace. That is quite impressive for someone who resisted the internet at first. Talking with him during a phone interview, it makes sense that he would think so much of the internet, because he actually gets inspired by the number of results that turn up during a search on Google.

His style of writing involves taking his readers on joy ride of self-discovery—leaving out too many details so his readers can “connect the dots.” He is more interested in posing questions to his readers than he is interested in giving answers.

I asked him which one of the major questions he hopes his new book, Pattern Recognition poses. He said, “If the Western nations, as we call it, are done with the industrial era and have moved to a post industrial era, what is it that we do as a post-industrial community? I think all we just do is branding.”

Branding is one of the major subjects dealt with in his book, Pattern Recognition. The protagonist, Cayce Pollard “is an expensive, spookily intuitive market-research consultant,” Gibson said.

She is given an assignment to find out the source of some addictive footage.
The idea is that whoever created the footage could help her client create great brand loyalty for their products. This search takes her through a complex web of computer hacks and trips through Russia and Tokyo.

Gibson believes that cultural trends tend to “emerge organically from the society” every twenty years. As opposed to the school of thought that says that companies actively bring back those trends. He believes that such companies, on spotting the trends, use them to sell their products.

Since I was dying to know the answer, I had to pull his leg by asking him how he would go about making his novels into a brand, he laughed and said he wouldn’t want to do that with his novels because it could possibly spoil his books. But if he had to, he might work out something whereby he approves other authors’ works.

Last Friday, Gibson signed books in Tech Square. If you missed the opportunity to meet him, pick up a copy of Pattern Recognition at the Bookstore.
NFL Street boasts full-contact fun, irreverent football play

(U-WIRE) U. Texas-Austin: “Ricky – you run a screen right. Randy – you go deep, and hope no one can catch you. Shockey – you run an out pattern, but watch you don’t mess up your knee on that trash can over there, dude. If none of you guys are open, I’m just going to run like hell.” “Aiight, Donovan.”

“Ready. Break!”

That’s basically the way it goes on “NFL Street,” EA Big’s latest addition to the highly successful “Street” series. Borrowing the playground format that made “NBA Street” so successful, the NFL version of this game is fast-paced, improvisational seven-on-seven football that packs plenty of action and loads of loose balls.

That right there is about the only knock on this otherwise great game. This keeps the games almost always close, setting gamers up for exciting, bragging-rights finishes, but it can be a major pain when attempting to take on the CPU in some career-building action.

For head-to-head game-play there are two ways gamers can play this one. A quick game allows you to pick seven players from real NFL squads and go at it on a variety of playing fields, including a beach, warehouse, under the stars on a rooftop in NYC and one setting known simply as “The Yard,” supposedly in Houston somewhere.

All the fields are interactive and have real effects on the way the game is played (meaning, you run slower on the beach and risk concussion from support beams in the warehouse.)

A typical “NFL Street” team consists of a QB, RB, WR, D-Back, O-lineman, D-lineman and linebacker.

If you really want to mash things up, try the pick-up game format. This is basically a “who came to the park to play today” type of scenario. Gamers are offered a variety of players, ranging from two to 15 at each position, to choose from. Grab a quarterback, maybe Donovan McNabb or David Carr, a stud running back like Ricky Williams or LaDainian Tomlinson, two receivers instead of a DB (hint, hint!) and two D-linemen for that added defensive pressure. Yeah, that’s another hint, Einstein. This is by far the most fun option “NFL Street” players have.

In the “NFL Challenge” mode, gamers are given a scrub team of made-up players that they can mold into a street-ball powerhouse by completing various skill challenges and then taking on the real teams with their-hopefully-improved squads.

Unlock former NFL stars like Barry Sanders and new fields to play on by beating NFL teams on their own turf.
Pick up “NFL Street” while it’s still early in the semester and get your fill of full-contact, fist pumping football before midterms get underway.
Mitra’s culinary genius delights

By Vivian Vakili

Senior Staff Writer

With custom ironwork, custom seating and custom lighting, it is no wonder that Mitra, the newly opened restaurant on Juniper Street, appeals to quite the custom taste, as well. Upon entering Mitra, it immediately becomes evident that the owners of this restaurant must have also been designers, because the entire building is absolutely sensory-filled. A peaceful waterfall adorns the entrance, star-shaped lights hang from the ceilings, and the discerning eye will recognize the restaurant’s name subtly incorporated into the ironwork. However, this is just the beginning of what will culminate in nothing less than a sumptuous culinary experience.

The appetizers include such items as “scallop ceviche with avocado, red onion, cilantro and plantain chips,” “jalapeno grilled Vermont quail with white beans, cranberries and wild mushrooms,” and “roasted lamb cabrales empanadas with toasted almond raisin relish.” If you’re not salivating at this point, you’re probably in need of a dictionary.

No need, however, as Mitra’s incredibly friendly wait staff is more than happy to fill you in on translations. For my appetizer, I chose the flash-fried oysters and the crispy Rhode Island calamari.

My fellow diner, who happened to be a vegetarian, quickly noted that the menu lacked a serious assortment of vegetarian choices. Upon relaying this to the chef, however, she was presented with what she called a “scrumptious” walnut and cheese concoction.

My calamari and oysters were very noteworthy, as well; I don’t think I’ve ever had either accompanied by a sweet sauce. It was rather unique.

For the main course, I chose the “slow-roasted boneless beef short ribs with grilled asparagus.” I found the beef to be of excellent quality, as it was extremely delicate and cooked perfectly. The asparagus was equally superb.

The only part about this entrée which I did not care for was the bed of mashed sweet potatoes upon which the beef and asparagus rested.

Again, I was a bit surprised by the presence of sweetness in what is traditionally an unsweet combination of meat, potato, and vegetable. Other entrees boasted by both the chef and the waitress included “pull-apart pig with natural mojo reduction” and “Chimichurri skirt steak with puree of cayenne maple sweet potatoes.”

My vegetarian counterpart, upon noting again that there were no vegetarian entrées, opted for a plate of four vegetarian sides which she ranked as “excellent.” She agreed that the asparagus was indeed perfect.

Finally, it was time for the much-anticipated dessert menu. This presented perhaps the toughest choice for us, as it was difficult to choose between
descriptions such as, “Tamarind vanilla pound cake with coconut ice cream,” “cinnamon chocolate lava cake and tuaca ice cream” and “Cuban coffee flan with cornmeal sugar cookie.”

Ultimately, I chose the “white chocolate caramel cheesecake” and my friend chose the “roasted pear cranberry strudel with toasted pecan brown butter anglaise.”

My white chocolate cheesecake arrived with a beautiful carved chocolate ornament with stripes on top and it was very tasty—but again, I would have preferred to have left out the pistachios, as I felt that they presented a very strange accessory to the sweet cheesecake. My friend, on the other hand, fully enjoyed her roasted pear cranberry strudel, noting its delicate taste and syrupy-sweet aroma.

Overall, I believe that Mitra is an incredible sensory experience. The presentation of items is absolutely gorgeous, the wait staff and cook are very prompt and accommodating, and the atmosphere is certainly unique and very inviting.

And, if you happen to have that insatiable sweet tooth and that certain appreciation for the finer things in life, Mitra is for you. Located near Tech Square, on Juniper Street in Midtown, it’s very convenient as well. Expect prices on the lower end of a three course meal to run around $30.
...Two Bits

Sorry. $500 not enough to guarantee parking place

By Two Bits Man

Columnist

So, there I was, minding my own business, not bothering a soul in the world, when the phone rings. It’s parking. It’s a game night and they want me to move my car out of the parking spot that I bought with my money to somewhere not quite so filled with, you know, assholes that steal my parking spot on game nights. Parking, as an entity, then told me that I’d best be quick about it, because if I didn’t hop to it, the wrecker that just showed up was going to do it for me. I guess I should just be thankful that they at least had the decency to call and tell me before they had my car towed at my expense. Like most of the goodly people of the Georgia Tech community, I both hate and fear the Parking department. There is no method to their madness, no rhythm, rhyme or meter from which they derive their blatant insanity. They rule this campus with an iron fist, and it’s about damned time for someone to stand up to them. Too bad I’ve already done my insane stunt article for this semester. Looks like you guys will have to find someone else to do your dirty work this time. Sorry.

Honestly, I really don’t mind being asked to move my car on game nights. I’m sure that the son of a whore who steals my spot every other week paid good money for the right to inconvenience me with a twenty minute cross-campus walk, often in the freezing rain. I’m also sure the unwashed mouth breather has a very legitimate reason for causing me pain.

Perhaps he has a sick son-let’s call him Timmy-who despite his crippling disability, cannot be swayed from his love of Georgia Tech and it’s fine basketball program. Maybe the only thing that keeps this young boy going is his passionate, fervent hope that one day he, too, will be healthy and strong enough to walk out onto that field (err, court) of honor and play the great game as The Good Lord surely meant him to play it, and in the end, it will be all the sweeter for his years of suffering. God Bless you, little Timmy, God bless Georgia Tech basketball, and God bless the United States of America.

Actually, you know what? No. I’m not sure of any of that. What I am sure of is that whoever absconds with my parking spot is almost certainly a dazzling trifecta of fat, lazy and stupid who can’t be bothered to park his car a mere five minutes’ walk away so that I don’t have to traipse all the way across campus twice, once in the middle of the night, so that I can have my car back in its lot by eight in the morning-EIGHT.

It’s not fair, dammit! It’s just not right. I paid for that spot fair and square. Could I at least have a couple more hours to move it back, please? I’m not asking for anyone’s first born here. I can find my own ingredients for soup, thank you very much.
What really ticks me off is being treated like some kind of squatter who is merely being allowed to use that parking space until the real guy shows up. Just be a little less snooty about the whole thing. Could you, guys?

Because, and I hate being a jerk like this, but they were jerks first; if I get one more call where I get talked to like the slow kid in class I might just be forced to ask, of the two people on the phone at that moment, which one is studying for a high-paying Bachelor’s Degree and which one works for the damned Parking Department? Because I often forget.
Entertainment Briefs

Class it up with wine, jazz Sunday

The second annual Atlanta Wine Show will be Sunday, Feb. 22 at the Fox Theater. The event will be held from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. and will showcase wines from around the world, excellent food and jazz music. For those closet cases who need validation for paying to get wasted, a portion of the proceeds will be donated to charities. Registration is $50 at the door, but only $40 online at www.atlantawineshow.com. For those under 21, avoid the temptation to test the fake obtained in Little Five Points.

Kill Bill playing at Student Center

It is time to Kill Bill. The Student Center Programs Council is showing Kill Bill: Vol.1 Friday and Saturday at 7 p.m. and 10 p.m. Tickets can be bought at the door for $2 with a student ID, and friends who do not attend Tech are only $3. The ultimate cheap date: Uma Thurman, Lucy Liu and lots of blood. And speaking of blood, don’t miss City of God Thursday, Feb. 26, also in the Student Center theater.

Eclectic movies abound in Atlanta

For those who cannot wait until next week for City of God (Cidade de Deus), it is playing at Madstone Theaters this week. At Landmark Theaters, Fog of War is currently screening. Check out the review in last week’s ‘Nique. Another interesting looking film is Tokyo Godfathers, an animated movie about a crew of homeless individuals who endeavor to return a lost baby to his family. Tokyo Godfathers is playing at Landmark and is in Japanese with English subtitles.

Have a jazzy time at High Friday

Friday, Feb. 20, is a jazz night at the High Museum of Art. Every third Friday of the month, from 5 p.m. to 10 p.m., visitors can drop in at the High Museum can listen to live jazz in the atrium. Museum members have no admission charge, and tickets are $15 for the public, available at the event. Food is available for purchase, making the event a great way to kick off the long-awaited weekend.

LCC brings three poets to Tech

Make sure to keep next Tuesday free so you can add to your cultural experiences. This Feb. 24 at 4:30 p.m. Tech will get a taste of top-notch poetry. The H. Bruce Poetry Reading will present Brooks Haxton, Jeffrey McDaniel and Vijay Seshadri in the Clary Theater located in the Student Success Center. Following the readings fans will have the chance to buy signed copies of the poets’ books.