The creators of the record-breaking “Peachtree Battle” have another success on their hands with their newest play, “The Limousine Ride.”

In a story-telling fashion, the play jumps back to momentous times in the women’s lives with their President-to-be husbands.

With Barbara Bush, we see Mrs. Reagan developing as she’s walked over by Ron’s ex, actress Jane Wyman; Mrs. Clinton as a 1960s hippie starting a loveless relationship with Billy under the unaccepting eye of his mother; and Barbara Bush sent on a political mission by J. Edgar Hoover, this time a blatant homosexual.

Act II takes an abrupt turn into morality, suddenly occupying itself with tender moments and questions of personal integrity, led by Georgi-a’s own Rosalyn Carter. Unlike the first part of the play whose plot seems to aim nowhere while it shoots jokes at the audience, the latter part suddenly takes on a less joke-filled depth we didn’t expect as it tries to pick up the pieces and make poignant the character’s lives.

George W. Bush and family in “The Limousine Ride.” Left to right, Barbara Bush (Terri Measal Adams), Laura Bush (Traci Redmond), George W. Bush (Chris Pierce), and the Bush twins (Laura Leigh Walsh and Nicole Corvette).

The atmosphere is probably the best aspect of the restaurant. Situated in an old warehouse, it has very good acoustics for an old warehouse. We looked over the menu and ordered the Meat Lover’s plate, which consisted of spaghetti, meat balls, and a little train car in the middle of the dining room. The food itself was average. I cannot help but take a quick moment to applaud the economic geniuses behind this restaurant. They have taken average food, stuck it in an above-average atmosphere, and capitalized on the American obsession with wanting everything by providing a meal along with appetizer, drink, and salad, all for a very reasonable price.

Food

There is a lovely little area with antique furniture for those that are waiting to be seated, and the actual seating areas are private enough. We also noticed almost immediately that the restaurant was very well-lit. This makes me think the designers not only had sense, but were unafraid of their customers recognizing what they are eating. I personally enjoyed being able to see my food.

The food itself was average. I ordered the Meat Lover’s plate, which consisted of spaghetti, meat balls, and sausage. As for the pricing, it was very reasonable.

Rather than presenting our opinions with a traditional restaurant review, we decided to review this restaurant with three perspectives: those of a meat eater, a vegetarian, and a diner who will eat anything.

Carnivore - Viviana’s Review

The Old Spaghetti Factory seems to be quite the place to be. I had heard about it from a number of my friends and decided to check it out myself.

Being Tech students, we have come to appreciate pasta, and if that pasta is going to come in anything other than Ramen noodle form, we almost cannot contain ourselves. This lack of self-containment is perhaps one of the reasons why so many are drawn to the Old Spaghetti Factory.

The atmosphere is probably the best aspect of the restaurant. Situated in an old warehouse, it has very high ceilings and appears very large. The dining room was spacious and intimate, with bright lighting and a little train car in the middle with tables inside. A party of sixteen was seated a table away from us, but we hardly heard them - surprisingly good acoustics for an old warehouse. Our booth looked like it was made from an old brass bed frame, and six of us easily could have fit there.

Our water glasses were filled as soon as we sat down, and our server was at our table within two minutes. We looked over the menu and I was immediately confused. “So wait a minute, this says that every entree comes with a drink, a salad, bread and ice cream?” But the chicken marsala was only listed at around $8. Something didn’t seem right about that, but I ordered it anyway.

Turned out it wasn’t half bad. The iced tea was freshly brewed, we got not one, but two, kinds of bread and ice cream! But the chicken marsala was only listed at around $8. Something didn’t seem right about that, but I ordered it anyway.

Omnivore - Meg’s Review

It was impressive from the start. The waiting room is very elegant, the staff is well dressed, the manager greeted us when we came in, and we had only been waiting for 45 seconds when a host approached us.

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By Christopher Webb
Staff Writer

If you’re lost in mainstream radio music and sick of it, we’re here to save you. There is plenty of quality music out there — you just have to know where to look.

Read on to discover albums in country, rap, and rock genres that you have been missing.

Tift Merritt
Bramble Rose

Tift Merritt is the voice of a lonely dirt road. This is the album you put in your car when all you want to do is drive to forget.

The album starts off with “You’re not my boyfriend, I don’t want a boyfriend,” and never relents about not my boyfriend, I don’t want a relationship. This is the album you put in your car when all you want to do is drive down the dirt road. This is the album you put in your car when all you want to do is drive down the dirt road.

Bramble Rose
Tift Merritt

Bramble Rose is out to rock the house with guest artists, so maybe you’ll get a little more recognition.

You might like this if you like: Ryan Adams, Kasey Chambers, or country music before red-necks could afford satellites.

Injected

Crank this album up. If you like your neighbors then choose a mild crowd because Injected is out to rock you.

These local heroes established themselves for a brief moment on MTV2 only to fade by the end of summer before many people were able to find out what they were missing.

Don’t listen to this album expecting self-enlightenment or even good production values. Burch Walker might be a good singer, but as a producer he’s only mediocre. Essentially, the album is really loud guitars with a few depressing lyrics, but, oh do they do it well.

The value in this album, besides merely being a tool to blow your eardrums out, is listening to the raw talent. Injected will definitely improve as they become more proficient in the studio. The market is ripe for garage rock right now (think the Vines), so maybe the next year these guys will get a little more recognition.

You might like this if you like: Sevendust, Disturbed, or rock that’s really loud.

Blackalicious
Broken Arrow

Blackalicious proves that not all California rappers need to be thugs.

Sometimes they can call their mothers the most beautiful women in the world while still making an album that can earn respect.

The group is only composed of Gift of Gab on the microphone and Chief Xcel producing the beats, but the record felt like a party. Guest artists are all over this album, such as fellow rappers Jurassic 5 and rock musician Ben Harper.

The album doesn’t glamorize drugs, sex, or expensive wheels. It rises above these things and takes rap to a personal level. “Release” contains a self-reflexive poem with some of the best lyrics. But, oh do they do it well.

The taste was good, but pretty average. Like many restaurants, unfortunately, the Old Spaghetti Factory had only a few choices for vegetarians.

So, I went for the spinach and cheese ravioli.

It was presented in a small bowl and covered with marinara sauce. The taste was good, but pretty average.

Don’t go to the Old Spaghetti Factory expecting exceptional Italian food. It does have other redeeming qualities, however. The atmosphere was very pleasant and the price can’t be beat.

Vegetarian - Brandi’s Review

When going to a restaurant, as a vegetarian, I usually evaluate the menu and narrow down my choices. Like many restaurants, unfortunately, the Old Spaghetti Factory had only a few choices for vegetarians. So, I went for the spinach and cheese ravioli.

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By Joey Katzen  
Staff Writer

The Limousine Ride

As the performance wrapped up, I found myself somewhat perplexed by the completely different styles of the first and second acts. Introducing some of the later seriousness into the first part of the play would have helped move it along more aimfully.

While the flashbacks provided an opportunity to expand the story and introduce humor, they unfortunately limited themselves by using some too many tites. Back to the Future style futures (for example, Jane Wyman stating, “The only way Ronnie’d ever be more famous than me is if he were to be, oh, the President of the United States”),

However, these scenes introduced a show of well-acted secondary characters, played by swings Jonathan Green, Chris Pierce, Traci Redmond, Laura Leigh Walsh and Nicole Corvette.

These actors engaged in quick-change after quick-change to portray an overly moralistic Jimmy Carter, a young Bill Clinton (brilliantly imitated by Pierce), a lustful Betty Ford in a silly Endora gown and a wisty eyebrow-exaggerating Chelsea Clinton.

After riding along for two hours with The Limousine Ride, I couldn’t help but wonder if it’s a work in progress. Like Gibson and Morris other current play, the jokes and situations recall recent events, torn from the headlines. It feels a little like a fledgling stand-up routine. Moments of comic brilliance shine amidst a sea of moderate jokes and situations. I feel like they’re still trying to figure out how to make it stand on its own, as they incorporate new material and massage its dialogue.

What the play lacks in script subtlety, though, it makes up for by its individual jokes and its over-the-top, but impressive, variety of acting. The meest of all the main characters, Kraiger as Mrs. Carter, steals the show with her genuine portrayal and round range of emotions. And her subtlety pays off when she finally is able to emit her one-liners including, “God said ‘love thy neighbor.’ God never lived by the Reagans.”

Political junkies will surely enjoy this trip down Pennsylvania Avenue, appreciating the allusional references and figuring out which side wins as the insults rack up. And others will find themselves bursting our into a roar of laughter when they least expect it.

If you want tickets, order them soon, as the play is sold out through the beginning of March. Hopefully the month in between can be used by them to further polish their timely humor, molding the performance into a more subtle craft.

The Limousine Ride runs Thursdays-Sundays through May 18, with a possible extension, at the Ansley Park Playhouse. For more information or to order tickets, visit www.ansleyparkplayhouse.com. Tickets are $23.50 per person.

Ride from page 21

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Original Comic  Incoherent Scribblings

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**Entertainment**

**Friday, February 14, 2003 • Technique**

"Original Comic  Incoherent Scribblings"

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Somali Song Terse
Avalon Idea Omaha
Texas Holdem River
Eric Esk Merrill
Karsagan Solo
Ali Biological Laser Shtick
Montastic TCP Stick
Patio Too Scow
Follow The Queens
Duma Owl Heils
Palate Ale Lottos
El Elemen Sorr Spa
Elba Eliciting
Where To Nat Ever
Eerie Progressive
Eater Euro Return Sly Sect Stella
Men at Tech have come to know a life without ever seeing the sun or eating a vegetable. Spending seven-ty-two hours at a time in the CoC leaves the average technophilus male wanting for some personal hygiene skills and completely blind to the opposite sex. This is where the Two Bits Man jumps in with the first step to catching your Tech Man and reeling him in: Ask him out.

Tech guys have an affinity for fire. No one can quite explain it, but geeks and pyros go together like peaches and small explosive devices.

Tech men are obtuse, but asking him out is the conversational equivalent to running him over with a minivan and then tossing a water balloon in his face. He won’t know what hit him, but when you see his stunned gaze at you, you’re halfway to the altar. You don’t even have to have a romantic evening planned. “HEY YOU! Take me to Junior Prom!” will work admirably.

For those not wanting to be so forward as to ask a Tech male, it is entirely possible to get a Tech male to ask you out. This isn’t easy, but it is possible. To use a sporting analogy, sometimes you have to cast the lure and do a little trolling. One of the best ways to do this is share, or at least appear to share, some common interest. Walking into the CoC wearing a “/just/ibin/girl” T-shirt would work, for example.

Of course, I’m a little turned on while I write this, just imagining a gal who would require me to have a shell account for access, but I know that some of you live in a happy world where the computer smiles back at you. If that’s the kinda gal that you are, give your Valentine a stuffed penguin. Sure, Joe Macho will tell you that he wouldn’t consider owning a stuffed animal, but you won’t find a single Tech guy without his own collection of cuddly OS mascots and trade show souvenirs.

The only thing that differentiates a technophilus and a seventh grade girl is that the girl toses her stuffed animals on her bed and the Tech guy without his own collection of cuddly OS mascots and trade show souvenirs.

Even the Two Bits Man’s own desk sports the always-grinning WebSense Monkey. Trust me, ladies, the Penguin is your friend.

Getting a Tech guy to notice you is really not much different than getting a non-Tech guy to notice you, provided you put the right spin on it. Take, for example, smiling.

So there you have it...Getting a date with a Tech guy is incredibly easy, as easy as getting rejected by a Tech gal. With a little careful planning and innovative ways to use a corkscrew, a rubber band and an 8-track player, you too can have the technophilus of your dreams.

Until next week, this is the Two Bits Man, reminding you that the odds are good, but the goods are odd, so here’s to being odd.