**Entertainment**

**Murder at Tech?**

Author B. Rose depicts a fictional murder with Tech as the setting. Is it worth a read? Page 23

**Out like a fat kid**

The 'Naple was there for the first ever round of intramural dodgeball. Check out the results. Page 27

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**Guzzle some bubbles at Volcano**

By Erich Hansen

Contribute Writer

It may be small, but you wouldn’t want to pass up Volcano on Tech Square. The café-like locale offers a unique blend of tea and smoothies that will warm (or cool) you up.

Most of the items on the menu are smoothies and teas. Teas come hot or cold, green or black. The Bubble Tea is a popular selection with balls of tapioca in the bottom. They serve as a tasty treat after a tasty beverage. The weather may be too cold now, but during the spring and summer, smoothies from Volcano will be a great way to stay cool in the summer heat. For those looking to warm up, a wide variety of hot chocolate completes the menu.

Volcano also has a great atmosphere. The small space features a variety of seating options: tables along the bar; the couch in the back and cushioned chairs in the front. A really nice, symmetrical pink cabinet lies in the back, filling up an entire wall. Board games and magazines See Tea Time, page 21

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**Wilson lands in theaters with hilarious Bounce**

By Justin Miller

Contribute Writer

I cannot offer an objective re- 

lection of any Owen Wilson affair. A scribbled home movie of his spa-

ghetti dinner would receive my en-
thralled attention. His presence in any film renders it enjoyable. Near-
ly a decade ago, Bottle Rocket rede-

fined comedic film, reminding us how humorous silence and subtlety can be (paving the way for how humorous silence and subtlety

fined comedic film, reminding us

By mature, I mean sexually char-

ged. Never have there been so many unclot-
hed silhouettes in a movie rated appro-
priate for my 13-year-old brother. But silhouettes and euphemism do not allow the sensu-

ality that both the character and audi-

cence desire. We settle for character

motivation as sex without desire, promiscuity without remorse.

There is a similar emptiness of image that would seem so natural to the setting. For a film photographed entirely on the North Shore it seems poorly focused and out of frame, but there are enough women and hollow waves to make any main-
lander in late January miss the sun. Wilson’s crooked smile and awk-

ward nose offer more formal com-

position than natural forms of land

and water. Ryan, a hand-to-mouth

See Bounce, page 19

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**Fab'rik impresses with low-cost high-fashion boutique**

By Vivian Vakili

Senior Staff Writer

Coco Chanel once said, “Fashion is not something that exists in dresses only. Fashion is in the sky, in the street, fashion has to do with ideas, the way we live, what is happen-

ing.” Very few people seem to actually grasp this all-encom-

passing view, but then again, very few people attain the understand-

ing of fashion maven Coco Chanel.

Indeed, “fashion” is an aggrega-

tion of a form of expression as a song or a painting or even a poem. Chanel also empha-

sized the importance of uniqueness, and this element seems to be the most obviously one lacking in to-

day’s fashion community. Every once in a while, however, one stumbles across a store or boutique which cats not to the typical but to the

distinctive. Fab’rik is one such place. Entering the store for the first time, I was immediately impressed by the spaci-

ousness and simple elegance. Scan-

ning the selection, I noted a wide array of both men’s and women’s jeans, extremely well-fitting skirts, dresses, shirts and pants—all in very comple-

mentary color schemes that were both clas-

sic and modern. I immediately-

ly reached the conclusion that each item had been selected very carefully; every piece possess-

ing a beauty which most stores completely lacked. In other words, everything was of very high quality—but that did not keep it from being unattainably expensive or impractical. For college students desiring the

See Fab’rik, page 21

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**Dark side of Fox theater with Floyd**

Are Fridays lacking in excitement? Travel to the dark side of the moon and beyond this Friday at the Fox Theater. At 8 p.m., experience the music of Pink Floyd set to dancing lasers and lights. Who needs Stone Mountain Park when the Fox plays Pink Floyd! The show is for mature audiences, 21 and up, so expect some entertainment. Tickets run from $25–27.

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**Apache showcases lyrical engineering**

This Saturday, head over to East Campus and slip through the 5th Street pedestrian tunnel and step into Apache Café. The Midtown venue is hosting a second stage bat-

tle of singer-songwriters and up-

coming poets. The evening should offer a lively and energetic atmo-

sphere with some lyrical themes sur-

passing any in 1 Mile. The show is 

21 and up, and begins at 9 p.m.

Admission is $10 for all members of the audience.

---

**Smoosh with class this Valentine’s Day**

Are you searching for a Valen-

tine’s gift that will leave your thank-

ks than last year’s ill-conceived Tick-

le-Me-Elmo Furby? Plan an early cel-

ebration at the Atlanta Sympho-

ny Orchestra. This weekend’s 8 p.m.

show features Schubert, Sibelius and Grieg. Tickets start at $58.

Next weekend, Thursday through Saturday, experience Beebohven and Bruckner, with tickets beginning at $43. Looking for something more familiar? Purchase tickets to a spe-

cial Howard Shore-led symphony showcasing music from Lord of the Rings. The concert is set for June 4 and 5, with tickets starting around $22.

---

**Statue of David gets down with 99x**

Spend an evening listening to live acoustic music at the High Mu-

seum of Art while browsing through the galleries. The event is part of 99X’s Organic X series. The con-

cert is Friday, 8 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Saturday night. Entrance price is only $15. While at the High, ex-

plore the restored statue of David, see an exhibit on Whistler, a famous American painter and observe Ar-

chitect Richard Meier as a designer and artist.

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**Why eat dessert when there is dessert?**

Travel to the Kalahari—well at least in spirit. The Fernbank Muse-

um of Natural History is showcase-

ing a special exhibition of June and Tim Liversedge’s photographs de-

tailing the exotic desert. The exhib-

ition runs through the end of April. Student admission is just $11. Head to www.fernbank.edu for more in-

formation.
Q.E.D. Original Comic Strip

A BEER? I DON’T THINK BEER IS VERY GOOD FOR A...

WAIT... UH... WHY CAN I HEAR YOU BECAUSE I CAN SEND MY THOUGHTS TELEPATHICALLY.

CAN I HAVE MY BEER NOW?

UH YEAH... I THINK I NEED A FEW MYSELF.

by Brian Lewis [gtg043f@mail.gatech.edu]

We want your opinions!

Let us know what you think about the paper.

E-mail opinions @ technique@gatech.edu
Bounce

from page 17

Ben Stiller (in their same old roles). Seeing Wilson clock Vinnie Jones (tall and tough guy of "Snatch", directed by Stephen Frears) with an aluminum baseball bat within five minutes of the opening shot sets the audience in an unquestioningly pleasant and appropriate mood. To the only other near-monologue reflection (from inherently omniscient Morgan Freeman), Ryan replies: "What the hell does that mean?" Syllable without syntax. It is this inability to take itself too seriously that makes The Big Bounce worth seeing.

Difranco delivers Educated sound

By Hillary Lipko
Staff Writer

These days, the "do-it-yourself" record seems to be the latest of artistic trends in recorded music. Many bands and artists have taken to producing and sometimes marketing their albums themselves. Some, either unwilling or unable to put up with the corporate bureaucracy that is common in many of the major record companies, have even started their own fledgling record labels. Ani DiFranco, on the other hand, did "do-it-yourself" before it was cool to do-it-yourself. Educated Guess is Ani's twenty-first release on her Righteous Babe label. Since 1980 she has defined and redefined what it really means to "go solo," and with this album she has done it again.

Educated Guess was recorded chiefly in a shotgun shack in the Bywater neighborhood of New Orleans using an minimalist setup and a few techniques that would make many sound engineers cringe. Not only did she restrict herself to eight tracks on vintage equipment, but she also played all of the instruments and provided all of the backing vocals heard on the album.

Possibly the most unusual of all was that she readily incorporated background such as rain and passing trains as a sort of accompaniment. The result of these unorthodox methods is an album that gets about as close to a live performance as an album can get without actually being a live recording.

Educated Guess is an emotionally and politically charged record that combines Ani's signature folk-rock sound with spoken word tracks such as "Platforms" and "Grand Canyon," alternating with the driving acoustic guitar. Listening to the album straight through almost feels like listening to an especially good open mic session at a particularly cozy coffeeshop. Of course, many of Ani DiFranco's songs are about life, love, and politics, and her lyrics are neither unusual nor surprising.

Part of what keeps Ani's loyal fan base coming back for more is the fact that her style never stagnates and that she is always experimenting with and evolving her sound. That, combined with her vivacity, confidence and wit is enough to make just about anyone listen and take notice.

Ani DiFranco just dropped her twenty-first self-produced album Educated Guess. As with all her albums the unique poetic lyrics define the CD.

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Photo Courtesy Warner Bros. Publicity

Owen Wilson and Sara Foster face off in their latest film The Big Bounce. Wilson utilizes the same 'cowboy' type character from his other movies.

Photo Courtesy Warner Bros. Publicity

Photo Courtesy Righteous Babe Records

Photo Courtesy Warner Bros. Publicity

Photo Courtesy Warner Bros. Publicity

Photo Courtesy Righteous Babe Records
Fab’rik

perfect mix of glamour, comfort and affordability, a trip to Fab’rik would be one well spent. In fact, owner Dana Williams boasts that Fab’rik looks like a high end boutique, but doesn’t act like one.

By this she may perhaps be referring to the gorgeous $30 pointed boots. As Williams herself says, “The experience is what really makes us different.”

But the experience of Fab’rik goes beyond a fantastic collection of clothing and shoes which includes such brands as “Free People,” “French Connection,” “Hot Sauce,” “Ben Sherman,” “Buffalo,” “Paper Denim Cloth,” “Blue City,” “Red Enigne,” “Steve Madden,” “Pazzo” and many others. Fab’rik also carries an assortment of unique accessories and clever cards with some by local designers.

When asked about her clientele, Dana responded that they are people “looking for something to wear that no one else will have on.”

And by the way, when was the last time you went to a boutique that no one else will have on.”

Tea Time

lie on a shelf for entertainment options. They even have playing cards. The staff is really friendly and outgoing, and they make you feel like a part of the gang. They are very amiable with magnetic personalities. Don’t be surprised if they ask about and seem genuinely interested in how your day is going.

Beverages are very reasonably priced considering how good they are. The sizes available are also fairly large. Prices range from two to four dollars, though most drinks are closer to two dollars with only a few higher priced beverages.

No matter what you order, the drink of Volcano are certain to please. The teas are excellent and served piping hot. It also brings a spoonful of culture with every cup. All in all, Volcano is a great, cultural location to hang out with friends and enjoy hot or cold tea.

This eclectic café is located in Tech Square near Ribs and Blues. Volcano certainly makes a great addition to the Tech community.
What would Atlanta be without World of Coke...better off?

By Brendan Ward
Contributing Writer

Soda, pop or soda pop, no matter what you called it growing up, in Atlanta it is most definitely a Coke (even if you actually really want a Pepsi). Atlanta is the birthplace of Coca-Cola, the soft drink of the world, and with the Coke building looming over the heads of Tech students, it is a part of our daily lives.

The World of Coke, which is situated across from Underground Atlanta, serves as a way to get to know this Atlanta-based company. As soon as visitors enter (and pay), they are bombarded with Coke memorabilia including old bottles, countless Coca-Cola advertisement pieces and a large mock bottling machine which busily moves bottles of the brown fizzy liquid to unknown destinations.

There are short promotional videos to watch along the way that show impoverished children enjoying the only thing they have left; you guessed it, an ice-cold Coke (my mom actually cried during one of these overly-dramatic commercials).

There also is an authentic soda jerk who spews the same spiel about old-fashioned soda fountains every 15 minutes to camera-heavy tourists who eagerly soak it up.

“It is a grand commercial with a $7 cover charge. The World of Coke was entertaining but I left with a bad taste in my mouth…”

After another floor of Coke advertisements, you finally reach the high point of the tour: the “Tastes of the World” exhibit. There is constant action in this room as soft drinks are spat out in thin streams into waiting vats lined with exotic lights.

Here it is possible to sample Coca-Cola beverages from around the world. Italy to Indonesia, and tourists will it down as fast as possible, climbing over each other to get to the sample cups, the fountains, the trashcans and finally, the bathroom.

Finally, in order to exit, one must pass through the gift shop. You can buy bears, T-shirts, glasses, board games and about anything else imaginable, all stamped with the Coca-Cola stamp and marked up in price accordingly. The Coca-Cola Company says it “exists to benefit and refresh everyone it touches.” After visiting the World of Coke it is blantly obvious that the main goal of the “museum” is to sell more Coke.

It is a grand commercial with a $7 cover charge. The World of Coke was entertaining, but I left with a bad taste in my mouth. Then again, it could have been the soda from Singapore.

Look for more stories detailing attractions that make Atlanta unique in future of the Technique.
Superficial characters fill *Halls of fictionalized Tech*

By Hillary Lipko

Staff Writer

Murder, sex, secrets, lies, corruption and even a little underhanded heroism. Undoubtedly, these elements can make for a great yarn. When set in a lot that a reader can identify with, the story has potential for greatness. *Halls of Poison Ivy,* written by Atlanta author B.B. Rose, weaves a tale of a murderer and corruption at Georgia Tech that at first glance promises to be a good weekend read.

The novel opens upon an unknown assailant creeping through the shadows around the president’s office. The assailant takes aim and shoots at the individual who is working at the president’s desk—one Andy Dren, a graduate student. As an investigation ensues, rumors fly and secrets are uncovered about sordid activities and hidden lives of members of the fictional Tech community.

Unfortunately for all of the potential that the story holds, the plot proves to be quite disappointing. While relatively easy to follow, the events of the plot are painfully predictable and the characters’ motives are at best thinly shrouded. The characters themselves are extremely two-dimensional, despite the double lives that many of them lead.

The choice of Tech as the setting for this murder mystery seems almost happenstance. While Rose tries to paint a realistic picture of the Institute, the extreme localized detail to which she takes her description makes for a more cartoon-like depiction rather than a lifelike one.

In the end, this story could have been just as effectively set at a fictional university, toured in its fictional world to be one of prestige and renown.

*Halls of Poison Ivy* might be for you if you’ve got a weekend to burn and you don’t mind some thing that reads like a sub-par Danielle Steele novel.

Page after page of personal manipulation strategy and cliché love scenes, written in a simplistic style and only lightly seasoned with a plot, gets pretty boring after about half of this nearly 400-page novel.

The story in and of itself is not bad; however, on this occasion it might have been a better screenplay than a book.

The good news is that the Two Bits Man didn’t die before I submitted last week’s column. The bad news is that I can’t surf the web any more. Death or inability to view badgerbadgerbadger.com—I’m not sure which is worse.

Hi. My name is Two Bits Man, and I am addicted to the internet. I came to this conference, because I realized that the internet has consumed my life. Okay, enough with the baloney support group cliché, but seriously, I was just thinking about how we’ve come to completely depend on connectivity. Maybe the Two Bits man is just a little overly sensitive on this topic, because he is midway through his second week of not having a sound network connection.

To not have a steady internet connection makes me feel like I’m in 1995 again. Okay, maybe not—music nowadays is much worse, and I actually relish people calling me a geek. Back in the day, being a geek was embarrassing for a high school student, and people would have been able to see through American Idol, but I digress.

As a geek, I went on a business trip to a computing conference. You might think that there would be superb networking at a computing conference, but it was sporty at best. Granted, there were 52 different wireless networks at the conference, but most of them were secured in some way. As a sidebar, that many radio waves can’t possibly be good. Just because I didn’t die before finishing the last issue doesn’t mean that conference attendance aren’t a few steps closer to a tumor.

If spotty coverage at the conference wasn’t bad enough, I got home to find that my cable had completely gone out and the blinky-light-off doom was flashing on my cable modem. I called and found out that oops, they accidentally disconnect ed my service. Frankly, I was surprised that they did actually admit fault. I would have expected a canned response like, “Mr. Man, in order to better serve you, we’ve discontinued your cable service.”

Five phone calls later, they assure me that there’s no way that it can be outside of my apartment, but rather they will have to make a service call and come inside to fix the problem.

The Two Bits Man stressed to them that he had been out of town all week, so nothing could have happened inside the apartment, but they contend not. I suppose that it should be obvious that a nefarious vandal broke in and cut my cable line, but left all other objects untouched. Well, at least I’ll have a hostage if they don’t fix it this time.

I remember when people first started to get hooked on the net. Netscape 2.0—yummy. Back then, we were naive enough to give our real email addresses when we sites asked for them. My GT number strings with the harsh reality of that blunder. Back as a young froshling, I signed up for an online trivia site, who sold out to another company, who sold out to another company and so on. Years later, the Two Bits Man is given the secrets to bargain priced cigarettes, prescription drugs and meeting singles in church every day, thanks to a penchant for trivia in the mid ’90s.

Personally, I am really hooked, and this time I’ve spent without a connection has really begun to tear at my soul. I need my AIM. After all, the phone is so passe. When you talk to someone on the phone, you have to hang up and call someone else to talk about the first person behind their back. With instant messaging, you can belittle scores of people simultaneously behind their backs while they all make fun of you behind your back.

As a Tech student, I appreciate efficiency, and hostility is much more efficient now, thanks to the net.

If I don’t get my internet connection soon, the withdrawal is going to become unbearable. I actually have to step outside to know what the weather is doing, because I can’t look at the Weather Channel’s web site. What’s worse is that I might actually have to go to a mall to make senseless impulse buys.

Nonetheless, I am trying to cope. I keep reminding myself of the benefits of having no cable. I don’t risk accidentally turning on the TV to find a reality show...hmm, apparently there is only that one benefit to not having cable, so coping just isn’t happening. Until the cable guy comes to visit, this is a frantic Two Bits Man reminding you that when you sign up for online trivia, use an enemy’s email address.