By Bryan Basamanowicz
Assistant Entertainment Editor

Title: Murder By Numbers
Starring: Sandra Bullock, Ryan Gosling, Michael Pitt
Director: Bartel Schroeder
Rating ★ 1/2

Every now and then an action packed thriller will stun audiences with a fast-paced, ever-twingling plot, a showcase of convincing acting, and a climactic conclusion that will keep audiences in deep contemplation for hours to come. And then there are movies like Murder by Numbers. The title sounds kind of intriguing doesn’t it? I was guessing that the film might of offered acostum profiling of an estranged serial killer who left a homicidal John Nash-quality numerical puzzle for the cops to trace and unravel with the assistance of an ingenious mathematician. But in fact, the story seems more far fetched and no elements of genius, cinematic, mathematical, or otherwise are present in the film’s composition.

When Justin Pendleton (Michael Pitt), the shy, book buried, class geek finds a common bond with the privileged and popular high school jock, Richard Aywood (Ryan Gosling), the result is first degree murder. By day, Richard and Justin are far from friends and barely even communicate unless to verbally assault one another. But beyond the gaze of public scrutiny, the two arrange frequent, pseudo-ceremonial rendezvous at an abandoned cabin to exchange perspectives, ideas, and plans.

Both Justin and Richard are strangers to their wealthy, but broken families. In an effort to quell a lingering adolescent restlessness by exploring primal curiosity, the two odd companions plan and carry out a random homicide of an unknown victim. Combining Richard’s confidence with Justin’s intelligence, the two carefully arrange to set the school janitor to take the fall for the deed.

On the investigation scene we meet Cassie Mayweather (Sandra Bullock), a savvy and sexy homicide investigator who, of course, is tormented by mys- terious past trauma. Along with her new partner Sam Kennedy (Ben Chaplin), they begin piecing together the evidence, placed so skillfully by our two high school killers. While her mystery is conveniently early that it was indeed Ray, the janitor, behind the homicide, Mayweather is less innocent than first glance would suggest.

The DA suffices higher ranking police officials as eager to wrap up the case concluding that the janitor is the sole guilty party. No one is compelled by Mayweather’s intuition, not even her partner. Furthermore, Richard happens to be the son of a powerful public official and the last thing the DA’s office wants is to follow up on the homicide’s strange leads into an investigation not worthy of the political fall-out. So it seems fatal to the adolescent killers have gotten away with little worry. But armed with a wom- an’s sampling identified as Justin Pendleton’s, Mayweather will not stop at nothing to explore the connection between Justin and Richard, and their mutual connection to the bizarre homicide.

It’s almost like the movie came out prematurely, not because it doesn’t center around a relevant contemporary topic, but because its completely unbalanced and could use another round of serious editing, and maybe even a rewrite before we ever recommend paying money to see something it. We’ve got a borderline homoerotic relationship between two polar adolescent opposites that springs up out of nowhere from the school’s perspective and ends up being powerful enough to compel a murder. And not on their pursuit, we have a dark and distorted version of San Benito.

Sandra Bullock stars as Cassie Mayweather, a homicide detective and crime scene specialist assigned to the murder of a young woman in the California coastal town of San Benito. Ben Chaplin plays her new partner.

Some of the characters offer an edgy intrigue... others are low dimensional puppet like figments of writer Tony Gayton’s imagination.
Two Bits

With the sun’s heat beating down on us from above, we indulged ourselves in seemingly endless sessions of hot chess day in and day out.

Economics class; she was sitting in the desk two seats ahead of mine and one seat to the left. By the time I arrived, all the desks immediately surrounding hers had already filled up with guys eager for her to drop a pencil or ask for notes she missed from the lecture. But this situation was the usual one, and today was my day, the two bits man wasn’t going to let a little geographic problem stop him from making an impression. Two desks ahead and one to the left, it came to me: “excuse me,” I called to her, she turned to face me and intermittently blessed my eyes by exposing another stunning angle of the flawless collection of features that detailed her face. I looked at her with white-hot intensity, and found my voice begging to say it, "If these desks were squares on a chessboard, and I was a knight, I’d surely take you.”

Maybe you can imagine the reaction I got after letting that slip out. Naturally, her eyesbeamend and her mouth curved upward, “You like to play chess?” she responded shily with a slight blush. And with that moment began the blossoming of a new romantic course that the two bits man would sail with ease.

We filled our days with nonstop chess playing. Every time we had a free moment, we inevitably would be found vigorously going at it in the library, in the student center, the campanile, we even snuck into junior ‘D’ until once during a Friday afternoon for the sake of a new environment. Sometimes she would dominate me, and other times, she would lose, but both of us inevitably always had fun.

When spring break came around, we decided to head to the beach where we sat out on the shore, the sun’s heat of heart beating down on us from above, while we indulged ourselves in seemingly endless sessions of hot chess day in and day out.

During the course of that spring break, I began to really feel that I had finally found my soul “check” mate.

Cute, huh? But unfortunately as often happens, trouble came to paradise. I had student center, on a Friday afternoon, usually a fairly friendly place for socializing, bowling, air hockey and the like, became the house of a nightmare. My faithful readers, I appreciate your continuing attention, but let me forewarn you that this next portion of the story may shock you. Right next to the TMs I saw her there, my one and only, side by side with and being tutored by Tech’s very own chess master Julien Ritz.

"It seems only right that while you stick yourself away writing that silly column that your woman would find a real player to share her skills with”

She must have noticed me just as I'd noticed her because I caught the surprised look of guilt flash across her face. "It’s not what it looks like,” she pleaded with me. But the two bits man isn’t naive and he knows a stab in the face when he feels one.

"What’s the surprise two bits man?” taunted Ritz, “It seems only right that while you stick yourself away writing your silly column that your woman would find a real player to share her skills with.”

A population of Tech’s chess buddies began laughing in response to their leader’s taunts.

Angry and wounded, my mouth put me in serious trouble, “I will own your king in minutes!” I proclaimed brashly.

“Beat me in chess?” his words collapsed away lightly into a gentle chuckle. He shoves the four men into my conscience, he laughed heartily, the cronies responded with their overdrawn “ooohh” and “tunk that’s etc. Ritz continued, “then you’ll meet me here tomorrow at 12 noon.”

With nothing to lose, I agreed and stormed out of the building, my heart scattered about in a couple million pieces.

After a lonely chess free night, I headed out towards the student center to meet my fate. After all, what does further humiliation matter when you’ve already suffered to the supreme degree?

Arriving on the first floor, I saw that the table had already been set up and Ritz had already taken his seat. Ritz’s cronies, along with a multitude of other chess fans were awaiting my arrival and the resultant match.

The game began with Ritz giving me the first move.

"Well here we go,” I thought, I began to think about my opening strategy when...

"Stop the game!” Ritz shouted, having entered from the rear student center entrance. "Two Bits Man, Please don’t do it!” she called from the balcony on the second floor, “it’s not worth it!”

"You don’t need to be here,” I shouted, “I have to do this.”

"No you don’t," she called back. "Please” I pleaded sorrowfully, not wanting to look directly at her face, "just leave me alone.”

"If I were a queen and you were my king,” the desperation of her voice rose above and cut through all the surrounding noises filling the student center, even the disco blaring from Dance Dance Revolution.

"If I was a queen, and you were my king,” she repeated as she ran, almost slipping down the student center stairs. "I would protect you.”

At the base of the stairs, I had no choice but to meet her eyes, she continued, "But I’ll always be your king, and you’ll always be my two bits man, and you’ve got my heart in check mate.”

Ritz disappeared from the board unmoved, except for one, my opponent knocked over his king; only at Tech.

Until we meet again, this is the spring 2002 issue of the Technique. Congratulations, juniors and seniors, see you soon.
Contributing Writer
By Ananya Paul

Re-release of concert movie

Scorsese still ‘Waltzing’ with and adept guitar playing make him bie Robertson whose good looks... 


The last Waltz is alleged-ly the last per-formance of this group and the movie is quite the entertaining and sophisticated concert film. After each song, and there is a number of songs, Scorsese proves himself to be an excel-lent interviewer while asking mem-bers of "The Band" and the guest stars of that particular song. Some of the guest musicians with whom "The Band" performs consist of infamous names of rock such as Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton, Neil Young, Joni Mitchell, Van Morrison, Emmylou Harris, Muddy Waters, "The Staple... 

All the flaws during the performance make the movie so original, like Eric Clapton missing a few notes while playing the guitar.

The Last Waltz, rated PG, was re-released in select theaters on April 5, and will be released on a special edition DVD on May 7.

On participating in the Georgia Tech Earth Day celebration: "I think it will be a lot of fun and it's a good thing to be supporting." On his songs: "[They] are pretty much about everything people experience in everyday life."

The Georgia Tech Earth Day celebration has grown over the past five years into Atlanta's largest celebration of the worldwide environmental awareness occasion, and "attracts not only Georgia Tech stu-dents, faculty, and staff but Atlanta residents, businesses, philanthropic organizations, and local school children," said Cindy Jackson, Earth Day coordinator here at Tech. So remember, while it may be about the Earth, that doesn't mean you can't have a little fun.

For more information on the Earth Day celebration, including a full schedule, visit www.gatech.edu/earthday.

By Ananya Paul

By Robert Hill / STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

Students at last year's Georgia Tech Earth Day celebration sign their names to a banner promoting environmental awareness. The fifth annual celebration occurs today from around the Student Center plaza.

By Robert Hill / STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

Sujoy Banerjee
CS freshman, musician performing at Tech's Earth Day celebration

The sharing of the microphones among the performers are on stage, at one point it was almost three musicians per microphone screaming, and it was hard to distinguish their voices yet so harmonic. It be-yond doubt touched the hearts of their very appreciative audience. Most importantly, this movie and "The Band" covered various genres of music so that au-dience with various tastes can appreciate it. There was presence of Ragtime, Bluegrass, Rock and that too per-formed by the best musicians of all time.

The whole movie is mesmerizing and so entertaining. It seems like the audience in the movie theater were just as involved in cheer-ing the musicians after every song as the audience in 1979 were. The caliber of talent in all these musicians, and especially in Scorsese, is incredibile.

The next time you want to watch a live show of legendary musicians with a hint of the so-called "cream of Hollywood." All the flaws during the performance make the movie so original, for example Clapton missing a few notes while playing the guitar and Robbie Robertson jumping right in to fill in. The sharing of the microphones among the performers are on stage, at one point it was almost three musicians per microphone screaming, and it was hard to distinguish their voices yet so harmonic. It beyond doubt touched the hearts of their very appreciative audience. Most importantly, this movie and "The Band" covered various genres of music so that audience with various tastes can appreciate it. There was presence of Ragtime, Bluegrass, Rock and that too performed by the best musicians of all time.

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I'm the only Gay Eskimo in my family!

My firstborn will be named Stanley and he's going to tickle!

Maybe it's opposite day and all the McAfee Virus Checker thinks that I’m the only Gay Eskimo in my family!

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dra Bullock propelled by a desire to vindicate her own past and assisted, criticized by and romantically entangled with her rockin’ partner. It’s a tough story to make work and director, Barbet Schroeder (Single White Female, Kiss of Death), isn’t up for the job. The editing problems contribute to the story, and the film suffers counter-dynamic asymmetry. For example, Mayweather’s dark past is made known to the audience through her sudden encounters with voices and visions from ago. Admittedly, it’s a little intriguing the first time we see her go through those sequences. The highlight of the film is surely the high energy, fast paced forensic analysis sequences. The editing of the film miss the most psychologically provocative ones. With a little more attention devoted to the relationship between the two high school killers, possibly at the expense of Bullock’s overdrawn flashback vignettes, the film might have been adjusted in favor of a better balance between plot and character development. The highlight of the film is surely the high energy, fast paced forensic analysis sequences. In these scenes the film cuts back and forth between plot and character development. The highlight of the film is surely the high energy, fast paced forensic analysis sequences. In these scenes the film cuts back and forth between plot and character development. The highlight of the film is surely the high energy, fast paced forensic analysis sequences. In these scenes the film cuts back and forth between plot and character development.

Sandra Bullock

Sandra Bullock Star and producer, ‘Murder by Numbers’

More

Miskin: Homework: homework work. The 90s are on. T.V.TV TV. Why does P.O.D. suck? and why do all of Incubus’s songs sound the same?! According to last week’s anti-Israeil editorial, the 9/11 hijackers would all be “fighters, trying to fight back [...] the only way they know...” perfectly justifiable...yes right. HAPPY 54TH BIRTHDAY IS-RAEL! I will not gloat. I did wrong, so I will not gloat. The tool is dejected. Oh, I will not gloat. Oh, apologies are serious. I will not gloat. Even though I dominate, I will not gloat.

The tool is dejected. Oh, I will not gloat.

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Oh, apologies are serious. I will not gloat. Even though I dominate, I will not gloat.

Call “Java Programs” then you are a bastard. Last Sliver of the year from the Silver Box big/shot-out to Austin C., Casey K., D. Camp, Derek, Donna, Emily, Jennifer C., John S., Jonathan S., Laura, Les C., Nancy B., Paul S thanks for being around. I hope to see you around (getting all sappy here).

word up ROXOR!!!

Umm, I’m 40/4ing Dr. Mike Evans says you can use Maple for just about anything. I’m using my Maple CD as a coaster.

I did wrong, so I will not gloat. The tool is dejected. Oh, I will not gloat. Oh, apologies are serious. I will not gloat. Even though I dominate, I will not gloat.
Affleck performance in Lanes overshadowed by S.L. Jackson

By Heather L. Nicholson
The Daily Cougar

(U-WIRE) U. Houston - Can anyone else smell the sour stench of movie cheesiness? Just when you thought nothing could be cheesier than Bruce Willis walking in slow motion to the space shuttle in Armageddon, Ben Affleck decided to pull the same move in a water-drenched office.

Changing Lanes is a new film with high expectations bearing hard upon its shoulders. With a team including Affleck, Samuel L. Jackson and Sydney Pollack, nothing less than the best should be expected.

Affleck does for Changing Lanes what Willis did for Armageddon. He's a well-known actor who's sure to bring in an audience, but his performance is lackluster. He plays an unrealistic character that keeps his co-stars from truly believing he's the good guy. It's a shame he couldn't have been as believable as he was in Good Will Hunting.

An unrealistic chain of events teaches him how to do the right thing—the hard way. Maybe the other has taken in the current box-office king, 'Changing Lanes.'

The film also includes a moral lesson. Don't worry about missing it because each scene is saturated with it. The lesson goes along something like this: In today's world of self-centered indulgences, people tend to forget the importance of doing right by others.

When two star-crossed strangers rub each other the wrong way, one day can ruin the rest of their lives. Depressed yet? Feeling like you should hug the person next to you? Me neither, but that doesn't stop "Changing Lanes" from taking an in-your-face approach to revealing the dramatic consequences of disregarding people.

Nappy Roots ‘went up and done it’ with latest release Watermelon

By D. Erick Stanger
Assistant Sports Editor

Artist: Nappy Roots
Title: Watermelon, Chicken & Gritz
Genre: Rap
Label: Atlantic
Tracks: 20 (including bonus)
Rating: ★★★★

It seems that these days every rapper or group that releases their own CD is following the same formula. To some degree, violence, throw in some money and women, add some lyrics with shock value and they have themselves a gold or platinum LP, depending on how well it's promoted.

Too many "artists" are just trying to get the most "bling, bling," the most platinum caps, the most Bentleys. It's hard to envision when a group comes around and breaks this mold. In fact, one could say it's refreshing as a juicy watermelon on a hot summer day. And in their first major release Nappy Roots has done so with Watermelon, Chicken & Gritz.

Even their name epitomizes why they stand out from the typical "gangsta" crowd. Nappy is a term that was created by B. Stille, Big V, R. Prophet, Skinny Dville, Scales, and Ron Clutch back when they met at Western Kentucky University. Nappy means simple, real and keeping it close to home.

"Nappy Roots believes that you are a real man. You should shine," said Big V. "You just be you, and it's all right to be common, cause there's more common people in the world than rich, so we cater to the common man. I don't want to tell people something they can't relate to. So it's that way, you know, just talking in language so that people know how it is to have pocket lint and beer money, nothing more, nothing less."

This attitude is clearly shown through their music. Nappy Roots have burst on the scene with this latest release. However, they did not have to sell their soul and compromise their vision in order to land a record deal with Atlantic Records.

Before they even released their first CD they were the buzz around the country. T. He stayed on their own record label and started their own line of Nappy Roots clothing.

It's rare and refreshing when a group comes around and breaks this mold.

In fact, one could say it's as refreshing as a juicy watermelon on a hot summer day.

Records approached the group after they mastered the small-time market with their 1998 release, Country Fried Cokes, which quickly flew off the shelves. Their newest CD is already near the top of the Billboard charts and their first release, Avenue, is getting major play-time on radio stations all over the nation.

W hat is so intriguing about their music is the contrasting styles that seem to intertwine so well but differently with every song. Underneath each single is a country, down home feel that almost gives the songs a twang.

As for the Roots mix in a variety of bass lines and orchestra instruments that keep their country origins from being overbearing. The most amazing part is the fact that they were able to come up with 20 unique beats, unheard of in their field, all of which can make a house or car stereo boom.

Very few flaws can be found in this C.D., however, one is that the artists did stretch themselves a bit too thin. Instead of a 20-track release, 15 tracks would have been much better.

At times they faltered lyrically and hid these faults behind the bass and the DJ. They must also realize that their twang does not go along with every beat imaginable and should stick with what works.

No release can be perfect and every very few tracks that are slightly flawed are still enjoyable to listen to.

If Nappy Roots had to be described as a mix of artists, it would take the creativity of Outkast and Wyclef, the southern drawl of Bubba Sparxx and the beats of Dr. Dre. On occasion they can sound like a less harsh D-12, without Eminem.

What makes them so hard to place are their six separate tones of voice which range from the higher pitched to the deep tone of Scales.

In short, Watermelon, Chicken & Gritz is perfect for any rap fan that is tired of the mundane, copied music that is being released and re-released. Take a step away from the rap/pop that is being produced now and travel deep into the nappy south. Diving into the realm that encompasses the"Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Nappyness" is a trip worth taking.