**ENTERTAINMENT**

**Technique - Friday, February 3, 2006**

**IMAGINE A MIXED BAG**

The new film *Imagine Me & You* is out in theaters, but the results are mixed. See if it’s for you. Page 14

**MURTON STARTS SEASON**

Freshman Luke Murton is preparing to start his baseball career at Tech, and great things are expected. Page 21

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**Bubble plods drearily into mediocrity**

By James Stephenson
Staff Writer

The movie *Bubble*, a Steven Soderbergh experience, hasn’t hit theaters. To start off, if you are standing in line at the movie theater and see *Bubble* in the window, do not go to see it. If you do, go see it, you will be wasting what you paid for admission. I wasted what I paid for admission, and I was able to see the movie for free. If you think that does not make any sense, then you certainly will not be able to understand the movie. The movie does do a good job of painting a bleak picture of a poor rural town and the hopelessness of the people who live there. None of the characters have a fulfilling life, education, and, through various circumstances in their lives, find themselves in a hole that they cannot climb out of. It is an experience that people who have escaped such towns can relate to, but the rest of society cannot. The movie is hindered, though, by the acting or lack thereof. The movie has a reality TV feel to it that seems misplaced. While the help helps add to the rural town portrayal Soderbergh is trying to create, it’s advertising. Those things are scary.

For reasons surpassing understanding, creepy doll heads are featured prominently in Bubble’s advertising. Those things are scary.

See Bubble, page 15

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**Mullins rings hollow with 9th Ward**

By Devin Brown
Contributing Writer

The album under investigation this week is 9th Ward Pickin’ Parlor by Shawn Mullins. You may know Mullins, an Atlanta-based singer, who was nominated for a Grammy in 1999 and whose single “Lal-laby” was a chart topper back then. Mullins, an Atlanta-based singer, by Shawn Mullins. You may know Mullins, was nominated for a Grammy in 1999 and whose single “Lal-laby” was a chart topper back then.

The problem I’m having with this album is that I don’t connect emotionally with the songs. I feel like he’s singing songs that he thinks are supposed to be sung about and not experiences he’s really had. There’s the jealous boyfriend song somebody in a rage song, there’s the drunk song, the nature song, the ganta have faith song, the war-song...and so on. It all seems a little too planned. It’s as if the set sat down and said, “I’m gonna write me the perfect song that captures essence, that people can relate to.” I don’t think you can write songs that way. The rule about writing about what you know comes to mind. An artist has to write about real experiences as honestly as he can and hope that the emotion is communicated to others.

The message might be a mess, it might be contradictory, confusing and who knows what else, but it will be real. It will be that thing we call art, that’s hard to describe, but we know it when we see it.

Photo courtesy Vanguard Records

Apparantly the Pickin’ Parlor isn’t so much a parlor as it is a big empty room with an old chair in it. In short, not a parlor at all.

If it isn’t real, it better be a real clever trick. We all know magic’s not real but still enjoy a magic show. Yet the old quarter-from-behind-the-ear trick won’t cut it.

If then the real experiences he’s had, then they come off as shallow. For example, on “Talkin’ Goin’ to Alaska Blues,” Mullins generically blames the rest of the world for his problems in cliched categories. Meanwhile, I’m having a hard time feeling his pain on what sounds like a very expensive flight to what is basically his vacation in Alaska.

On the other hand, one doesn’t necessarily need to connect emotionally with a song to enjoy it. There are plenty of songs I love that get my head nodding and foot tapping, and

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**Nintendo delivers with Wild World**

By Nathan Garcia
Contributing Writer

If you’ve ever wanted to fish and pick fruit all the livelong day, *Animal Crossing: Wild World* for the Nintendo DS should not disappoint. A port of the popular GameCube game, this new version contains almost everything that made the original so addictive, while adding enough to keep it interesting for returning players.

You arrive in your virtual town with nothing more than the shirt on your back and a pocketful of the local currency, Bells. However, seeing that you need a place to stay, local shopkeeper/handyman/Mafia boss Tom Nook offers you a house. Of course, since you have no money, he says you can pay him back at your leisure, but we all know what happens when you don’t repay your debts, especially when dealing with a raccoon.

Nowhere you have a swank pad, you can go about the village charting with the locals. It turns out Tom Nook isn’t the only animal in the town; all of your neighbors are also animals, hence the name. They don’t seem to mind that you are a being of higher intelligence, however. They will interact with you like a human would: engage you in conversation, share gossip, ask or tell you advice and even give (or take) items. It is even possible to form relationships with them to a degree and if they like you enough, they’ll give you a picture of themselves as a memento.

While it isn’t hard to maintain a stable town, the residents are apt to move out at the drop of a hat, and even a good friend can be hard to rein in. Still, there are always new critters ready to move in just as quickly.

There is more to do than just being a social butterfly. Tom Nook doesn’t accept hot air as a form of payment, so you need some way to earn money so you won’t end up sleeping with the trout.

Two of the more reliable sources of income are fishing and gathering fruit. Fishing is a simple test of timing skills and, while you may catch Guns, girls, fish and game

Because there’s more than one way to skin and tan the hide of a deer. The 2006 Atlanta Hunting, Fishing and Outdoor Show will be held at the Atlanta Expo Center from Feb. 3-5. Admission ranges from $4-$8. Children under 6 get in for free.

She’s got a ticket to ride...a train

The Great Train Expo will be making a quick stop at the North Atlanta Trade Center in Norcross on February 4 and 5. Everything you can imagine related to model trains will be there. Admission is $7. The expo is open 10 a.m.-4 p.m. both days.

Come and see the best of Atlanta

For those out there of the time to find out, officially, what the best parts of our fair city are, Atlanta Magazine will be hosting the 18th annual Best of Atlanta Party on February 7 at the Cobb Galleria Centre. The party starts at 7 p.m. and will benefit Camp Twin Lakes. Tickets are $55 in advance; $65 at the door.

Near dead rockers to play Philips

The Rolling Stones, self-proclaimed World’s Greatest Rock and Roll Band, will be playing at Philips Arena on Wednesday, Feb. 8. Show starts at 7:30 p.m. Tickets range from $62 to $352. Ticketmaster’s convenience charge will set you back an additional $14.45 for no real reason.

What’s love got to do with it?

Puccini’s grand opera *Madame Butterfly* will start its run at the Fox Theater on Feb. 9. The play ends its run on Saturday, Feb. 18. Tickets priced from $8 to $76, unless you go to a scaler.

Tired of indie? You should go Hindi

This Saturday, Hindi singer Mahendra Kapoor will be doing a little foreign-language crooning at the Fox Theater on Feb. 9. The show starts at 8 p.m., and tickets range from $30 to $75.

Everybody loves a stand-up comic

Feb. 3 and 4, comic Wendy Liebman is playing at Punchline in Dunwoody. Tickets are $18.50.

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**For more information on Bubble, contact the movie’s publicist at 404-659-2121.**

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**Photo courtesy Magnolia Pictures**
Imagine provides a mixed bag

By Siddhartha Parmar
Contributing Writer

Imagine Me & You, another British import, which basically means it has smart humor mixed with a little drama and foreign accents.

The premise behind Imagine is as follows: it is your wedding day, and right when you are about to be married, you catch a glimpse of a girl in the crowd and make a connection. You get married and wonder what that connection was.

What do you do? Normally, this would be a typical love triangle movie, but it has a twist. You are a girl and you make a connection with another girl. Yes, this movie has lesbians. No, there is no sex or nudity.

Imagine follows Rachel (Piper Perabo) and Luce (Lena Headey) enjoy a brief tryst at what looks to be an arcade of some kind.

Adulterous lesbians Rachel (Piper Perabo) and Luce (Lena Headey) enjoy a brief tryst at what looks to be an arcade of some kind.

Rachel is the quintessential Barbie doll who likes anything pink and cute. Heck is a stock broker who despises his job because of its deceitful nature. Luce is a free spirited flower shop owner. Coop (Darren Boyd) is Heck’s best friend and seeks to have sex with every hot girl on the planet.

The love triangle with a twist seems interesting, but the movie comes off as bland and easily forgettable. The jokes are funny but not side-splitting and the emotional response isn’t a tear-jerker.

The movie is well-acted but Perabo fails to convince the audience of her inner struggle. Perabo is a talented actress but could have accomplished more with a better script.

Instead of revealing the inner workings of the main characters, the plot focuses entirely on the two girls and skims over the rest of the cast. Heck is literally given a few minutes to react and come to terms with everything, while Rachel gets too many minutes.

Imagine is in limited release and is currently not in wide-release in Atlanta. However, anyone interested in seeing the movie can get a free screening pass for two on the website, www2.foxsearchlight.com/imagine meisandyou.

Despite its potential as an avant-garde film, this movie will fail to have any ripple effect in the fabric of society; it will also be a disappointment to lesbians and horny guys alike.
trying to create, the stumbling lines, lack of voice inflection and poorly written dialogue makes the plot hard to follow in several places.

The length of the movie also hindered its success. It’s an exceptionally long featured films. Bubble is exceptionally short, barely crossing the one-hour mark. The short time frame does not allow for any character or plot development.

The movie is billed as having a “low budget,” but I think the triangle and the relationship between two of the participants is exactly hazy.

The plot seems to plod along without any real purpose to it. Perhaps Soderbergh did this on purpose to liken the movie to real life with no big build up to a climax that explodes onto the screen and leaves everyone satisfied with what they just saw. If that was his purpose, he was successful.

Any other problem was the ending. The movie ended without a complete sense of resolution, but instead of leaving the viewer wanting more, it left the viewer wanting something, anything.

Several people in the audience were thoroughly disappointed when the ending credits began to roll, myself included. It was not a disappointment of “burning the movie ended,” but a disappointment of feeling almost cheated out of that hour of your life.

I will be the first to admit that I may have completely missed the point of the movie. Independent films usually have some underlying quality that the layman usually does not pick up on.

The movie did do a good job painting a bleak picture of hopelessness in rural America, but did little more. If you wish to see a portrait of poor rural America, take a trip outside the city and see the real thing. If you want to see a movie, see something else.

By Robert Zimmerman

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Two Bits Man goes off on a long series of tangents in his quest to find his socks

I am a being of phenomenal intelligence. As a matter of fact, I'm pretty much phenomenal in general, but let us, for the moment, just try to focus on this one aspect of my greatness. The sheer, overwhelming magnitude of my brain—not to mention other parts of me which shall go unnamed because that joke's getting old—neverwithstanding, there are certain things out there in the wide world which I do not understand. And as I do not understand them, they frustrate and infuriate me. And as I do not understand them, they frustrate and infuriate me.

They make me want to break things. They make me want to break them. In short, Hulk smash. For instance, I don't understand what the hell keeps happening to all my socks. I know I had more socks than this. Bygolly, I should never have to buy new socks (I mean, where are they gonna go?), but there I am every year at Wal-Mart picking up a twelve pack of below-the-calf, white, light support Hanes and pondering just how far the lowest common denominator could possibly fall as I pass by a DVD rack containing the latest abortive offering from the world of American Pie before remembering, "Oh, y'know, Kevin Federline's got an album coming out."

And I know this isn't an experience unique to me. Hell, just by writing a column on such a well-traveled topic, I've officially cast myself into "hack" territory. That's how committed I am to the idea of unraveling the mystery of the missing socks, a mission, by the way, that I will undertake with the help of my dear friends, The Hardy Boys, Nancy Drew, and—sure, why the hell not—the gang from Sweet Valley High.

Though, if I'm enlisting the help of mediocre young adult literature characters, I might want to make a call on the Goosebumps crew. Cause this really does seem like the sort of thing that'd be right up R.L. Stine's alley. They would have to have been stolen by murderous trolls who would, in some hackneyed way, be using them for nefarious purposes, and me, the boys, Miss Drew and the gang would have to put a stop to it. Fortunately, everyone would make it out alive—Goosebumps being the most non-threatening horror series ever—except maybe some of those jerks from Sweet Valley, because nobody read that crap anyway. What was I talking about again? Oh yeah, socks. Ah screw it. It's not like I really cared anyway.

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