The voluminous smoke that eerily filled the venue obscured the eager audience's view of the stage. Families of black lights powdered the cyclorama painted with details of the labyrinth of a modern metropolis. Without warning, T. Tracy Bonham struts from the wingto open the night at the Civic Center for the peculiar, enigmatic blue trio.

Famous for their Vegas Stage act, the Blue Man Group has joined to the forefront of entertainment by presenting their odd talents as a thoroughly postmodern performance. Their show, often involving inane acts such as seeing how many marshmallows they can catch in their mouths, leads people to wonder, "Why should I pay money to see this?"

"Their show, often involving inane acts such as seeing how many marshmallows they can catch in their mouths, leads people to wonder, 'Why should I pay money to see this?'"

For those doubters, a witty catastrophe with the complete Rock Tour. The show, a deconstruction of society's obsession with the rock concert, is an exquisite masterpiece. Visually, aurally and at times physically, this is a feast allowing the senses to gormandize to no end.

On stage, the group is complemented by the audience's response, often involving inane acts such as seeing how many marshmallows they can catch in their mouths. Leads people to wonder, "Why should I pay money to see this?"

"Why should I pay money to see them?"

The awks...ardness with which the Blue Man Group struggles to execute the movements brings the audience to their emotional limits. Through and through this is a rock concert of epic proportions. Spattered with moments of hilarity, the audience stays fully engaged—often covered in biker tape or ribbon shot from on stage, they refuse to stay.

Who knew that PVC pipes of all shapes and sizes could offer such amazing repetitability and tones as to construct whole songs around them? Lenghy plastic wands whipped back and forth provided some of the most unique sounds of the night. At the same time visual effects such as their signature black light paint complement the music. Even the drummer, Annette Strean, from Venus Hum, lights up in perfect sync with the background. Her outfit looked horridly uncomfortable—a gigantic bloated bumblebee hit with ten different neon signs. Yet, she managed to jump around with seeming ease. Sung after the song "Blue Man Group" impresses, The Atlanta tour has passed, but The Complex Rock Tour should appear on OVD soon.

"The Blue Man Group, which visited Atlanta earlier this month, made the audience feel as they were part of the show. In one song, the men donned air-powered cannons shooting confetti and ribbon all over the crowd."

The awk...ardness with which the Blue Man Group struggles to execute the movements brings the audience to their emotional limits. Through and through this is a rock concert of epic proportions. Spattered with moments of hilarity, the audience stays fully engaged—often covered in biker tape or ribbon shot from on stage, they refuse to stay.

Who knew that PVC pipes of all shapes and sizes could offer such amazing repetitability and tones as to construct whole songs around them? Lenghy plastic wands whipped back and forth provided some of the most unique sounds of the night. At the same time visual effects such as their signature black light paint complement the music. Even the drummer, Annette Strean, from Venus Hum, lights up in perfect sync with the background. Her outfit looked horridly uncomfortable—a gigantic bloated bumblebee hit with ten different neon signs. Yet, she managed to jump around with seeming ease. Sung after the song "Blue Man Group" impresses, The Atlanta tour has passed, but The Complex Rock Tour should appear on OVD soon.

"The Blue Man Group, which visited Atlanta earlier this month, made the audience feel as they were part of the show. In one song, the men donned air-powered cannons shooting confetti and ribbon all over the crowd."

The pose...ardness with which the Blue Man Group struggles to execute the movements brings the audience to their emotional limits. Through and through this is a rock concert of epic proportions. Spattered with moments of hilarity, the audience stays fully engaged—often covered in biker tape or ribbon shot from on stage, they refuse to stay.

Who knew that PVC pipes of all shapes and sizes could offer such amazing repetitability and tones as to construct whole songs around them? Lenghy plastic wands whipped back and forth provided some of the most unique sounds of the night. At the same time visual effects such as their signature black light paint complement the music. Even the drummer, Annette Strean, from Venus Hum, lights up in perfect sync with the background. Her outfit looked horridly uncomfortable—a gigantic bloated bumblebee hit with ten different neon signs. Yet, she managed to jump around with seeming ease. Sung after the song "Blue Man Group" impresses, The Atlanta tour has passed, but The Complex Rock Tour should appear on OVD soon.

"The Blue Man Group, which visited Atlanta earlier this month, made the audience feel as they were part of the show. In one song, the men donned air-powered cannons shooting confetti and ribbon all over the crowd."

The awk...ardness with which the Blue Man Group struggles to execute the movements brings the audience to their emotional limits. Through and through this is a rock concert of epic proportions. Spattered with moments of hilarity, the audience stays fully engaged—often covered in biker tape or ribbon shot from on stage, they refuse to stay.

Who knew that PVC pipes of all shapes and sizes could offer such amazing repetitability and tones as to construct whole songs around them? Lenghy plastic wands whipped back and forth provided some of the most unique sounds of the night. At the same time visual effects such as their signature black light paint complement the music. Even the drummer, Annette Strean, from Venus Hum, lights up in perfect sync with the background. Her outfit looked horridly uncomfortable—a gigantic bloated bumblebee hit with ten different neon signs. Yet, she managed to jump around with seeming ease. Sung after the song "Blue Man Group" impresses, The Atlanta tour has passed, but The Complex Rock Tour should appear on OVD soon.
Incoherent Scribblings by Matt Norris

I, my friend, have started myself an indie rawk band—Furious Nut Salvo! That happens to be our new EP—check out the song titles...

1. Emo Kids (Stop yer Cryin')
2. Bullet Train to the Bookstore
3. Ratio Girls
4. Aux Services
5. Skiles Brain Shift Redux (Smooth Jazz Remix)... this is great, Magnus...

just wait till you see the live show!

check it...
Kings of Leon debuts, breaks routine music mold

By Vivian Vakili
Senior Staff Writer

In a world filled with what seems like a consecutive lineup of crappy band after even crappier band, come Caleb, Matthew, Jared and Nathan. These four men form the group that currently holds the top spot as the best new band in recent memory—the Kings of Leon.

In their debut album, “Youth and Young Manhood,” they prove that indeed there is a needle in the haystack, a diamond in the rough, a reprieve from TRL hell.

The chemistry of this band is undeniable, and it is in fact as good as explainable chemistry–evident by their last names. The band is composed of three brothers and their cousin. And they are not a product of teenage angst, or garage-rock or a will to complain about absolutely everything that did not go their way. They are storytellers—young Dylans, maybe, or a blossoming Led Zeppelin. The comparisons are grandiose, yet they are founded. Simply put, their focus seems to be on the music and a graceful telling of life’s twists and turns.

So what type of album is this? Rock, surfurealist gets. Guitar, bass, drums and piano are put together in an unassuming manner. It is not until one has listened to the album and been shocked by its potency that a desire to look back at how such compelling chords were composed is realized. And the vocals do not scream or shout or make one think other unbecoming thoughts. The comparisons are grandiose, but feels as though the characters are personal friends. Perfectly positioned after “Joe’s Head” is the track “Trani,” telling the story of a particularly memorable girl. The music alone for “Trani” has the ability to bring tears to one’s eyes. Never mind the fact that ten minutes before, the listener was filled with inexplicable happiness.

The comparisons are grandiose, but also very pleasing to the ear. And it’s not a guilty pleasure—the songs actually are well-written and the musicians really are musicians. Their debut album could not be better named than “Youth and Young Manhood,” as it acknowledges that this is but the beginning and they will be presenting albums reflective of a life progression. They are incredibly humble and have left praise for the professionals. Rolling Stone named them the third best band to watch this year. I’ll call them the first.

Rating: 5 out of 5 stars.
Kevin Costner tries to relive the success of Dances with Wolves. His less than stellar past performances seem not to hinder his acting ability for this latest Western movie undertaking.

As far as acting goes, Costner, black-labeled for his bad acting, does surprisingly well in this film. Perhaps because his character lets Boss do most of the talking. Duvall carries his (grand)fatherly warmth into this role as he worries for everyone younger than himself.

And Bening plays the spindler nurse with little depth. I suppose like other Westerns, this one assumes that women are simple and lack substance. Gambon hangs in the background, but plays a great necessary; it’s the anticipation of the showdown that creates drama.

Along with tension the classic West exerts a solid, gut knowledge of right and wrong, even if right means shooting someone in the face. Open Range does capture this feeling. There is no litigation here. Right is still right, even in the fading west that “Range” presents.

“A man has the right,” Boss says, “to protect his property and his life.”

By the time we meet everyone, we keep watching for so long! Partly because, for Western fans, it’s something new that feels familiar. But the specifics seem hazy lately, even contradictory.

So if we know all of this, why do we keep watching for so long? Partly because, for Western fans, it’s something new that feels familiar and comfortable, like a new pair of shoes exactly like the ones you just wore out.

But the movie also has some good dialogue and unexpected humor. And the broad, panning views of pasture and forest are like a tourism video for Montana. What violence is in the film is robust, stout and sparse, not gratuitous and deadly-dances that eliminate plot.

Cowboys throw sound punches with little parrying. But much of the fighting is off-screen. The first brief conflict we see is an hour in, while the attack on the free-rangers, and the murder of M os e is happening elsewhere.

Like old tragedies, we only see the result. The violence isn’t necessary; it’s the excitement of the showdown that creates drama.

Technique Crossword: Is There an Answer?

1. Insurance provider
2. H it
3. M ody
4. Bar seat
5. Hawaiian Bigwig
6. Letterman opponent
7. Start of a D yan opener
8. Anita on the West Side or Sister on Oz
9. Little demon
10. Fastened
11. M astflower
12. Outlook file
13. Ambush prepare
14. It follows X or H u
15. N under bomb, most likely
16. N obel invention
17. Channel construction worker
18. 察的
19. 传感
20. 非曰男
21. 非曰女
22. 非曰男
23. 非曰女
24. 传感
25. 传感
26. 察的
27. 察的
28. 非曰男
29. 非曰女
30. 非曰男
31. 非曰女
32. 非曰男
33. 非曰女
34. 察的
35. 察的
36. 察的
37. 察的
38. 察的
39. 察的
40. 察的
41. 察的
42. 察的
43. 察的
44. 察的
45. 察的
46. 察的
47. 察的
48. 察的
49. 察的
50. 察的
51. 察的
52. 察的
53. 察的
54. 察的
55. 察的
56. 察的
57. 察的
58. 察的
59. 察的
60. 察的
61. 察的
62. 察的
63. 察的
64. 察的
65. 察的
66. 察的
67. 察的
68. 察的
69. 察的
70. 察的
71. 察的
72. 察的
73. 察的
74. 察的
75. 察的
76. 察的
77. 察的
78. 察的
79. 察的
80. 察的
81. 察的
82. 察的
83. 察的
84. 察的
85. 察的

You will eat pizza.
You will interview people.
You will watch movies.
You will listen to cd’s.
You will attend sporting events.
You will write stories.
You will photograph stuff.
You will join.
The Blue Man Group combines traditional instruments with oddities like PVC pipes and open pianos to form a unique but recognizably rock sound. They also maintained signature elements from their popular Vegas show. Powerful, yet clean, she sings with a soul like none other. Her set was diverse, offering ups and downs, but it was dragged out too long for an opening act. Later she accompanied the Blue Man Group on stage to perform a few of their original works. Despite melding perfectly with the group to begin with, she closed her night with an lackluster rendition of The Who’s “Teenage Wasteland.” The set was too filling, a real backstage it’s easy to miss her. She greets people with a gleam in the eye, a result of too much electronic overdrive. Their sound was repetitious, a simulation of why artistically did they choose to perform in the limelight. The Blue Man Group combines traditional instruments with oddities like PVC pipes and open pianos to form a unique but recognizably rock sound. They also maintained signature elements from their popular Vegas show.
It is a time to see old friends for many, get acquainted with your new roommate, a person who you will, by the way, hate with the fiery, burning passion of a thousand suns before this year is out. But I digress, perhaps that's a story for another Two Bits.

Also, for most of you out therein Georgia Tech-land it means many a sleepless night pondering the question of whether or not the designer of your particular dorm was aware that its residents would be paying actual money—none of that monopoly crap—to stay there. It has been rumored the architect for Alcove also designed East Campus. Believe it.

While taking stock of your dorm room, which probably looks-like it began its existence as a walk-in closet, you will probably find yourself in need of a trip to the legendary public toilet facilities. This year is out. But for all of you out there stuck with the surface of your mattress. clean off your newly gangrenous feet. For all of you out there stuck with a living space that more closely resembles a car trunk than a room, you have my sympathies. For everyone dealing with grey, metal prison furniture that's been bolted to the ground (apparently the theft of such stylish items was anticipated by the Housing D apartment), I extend my most heartfelt condolences. And, finally, for anyone who has ever had the distinction of walking into your floor bathroom barefoot, I shed a single, silent tear just for you, while I sit upon my private toilet, sheltered deep within my palatial Woodruff quad. Welcome home, kids. You know you love it.

And no I'm not being sarcastic. Well maybe, decide for yourself. But seriously, yours truly is one who's won the distinct pleasure of walking through your head thoughts that pass thereof. The answers to these questions are so terrible that they would blow the socks clean off your newly gangrenous feet.

...and the ceiling seems to be well, physically in contact with the surface of your mattress.

By the way, these same scientists were the same who decided to forge including any sort of guard rails on those beds because, apparently, a late—night fall from a bed six plus feet off a platform perfectly to shatter your spinal column. The thoughts that pass through your head during these outings may include:

"Why do only two of these showerheads work?"

"What was that yellow stuff? And the ever popular:

"Dear God, what did I just step in?"

It is however, best not to dwell too much on such things as the answers to these questions are so terrible that they would blow the socks clean off your newly gangrenous feet.

Yes, Virginia, you are able to fill a few happy hours. While purchase for anyone looking for some time and would be a worth-while purchase for anyone looking to fill a few happy hours.