

Versus

Entertainment & Culture at Vanderbilt

OCTOBER 29—NOVEMBER 4, 2008 VOL. 46, No. 22

KEVIN SMITH

I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT BEING A FILMMAKER

A GUY ON HEROIN ISN'T GOING TO PERFORM WELL

I DON'T KNOW HOW PEOPLE ARE CONFUSING A COMEDY WITH HARD-CORE PORNOGRAPHY

Every one should tell the story that they want to tell

Most of the stuff

I do is about

two dudes

who

pine for

each

other

but never

kiss



PLACES TO GO, PEOPLE TO SEE

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30

Darryl Webb, Mickey Harris and Hunter Berry — The Station Inn

Darrell Webb, a renowned mandolin player and vocalist, has appeared on two Dolly Parton albums and has penned songs for Lonesome River Band and Lou Reid & Carolina. (\$10, 9 p.m.)

Vanderbilt Symphonic Choir: "African Sanctus" — The Blair School of Music

The Vanderbilt Symphonic Choir presents David Fanshawe's "African Sanctus," the setting of the Latin Mass with traditional African music of praise, which has been performed all over the world, spreading the mantra "One Music, One God." (Free, 8 p.m.)

"CMT Giants" TV taping featuring Alan Jackson — Ryman Auditorium

CMT honors country legend Alan Jackson in this special performance, celebrating Jackson's extraordinary life and career in country music. George Strait, Brad Paisley, Taylor Swift and Lee Ann Womack will also perform. (\$50-\$100, doors close at 7:30 p.m.)

Rick Huckaby with David Bradley and Jumbo Shrimp — 3rd and Lindsley

Huckaby, a West Virginia native known for his blend of country and southern rock and his story-like songs, cites influences in everyone from The Beatles to Merle Haggard, and infuses Motown and rock 'n' roll in his music. (\$5, 7 p.m.)

KingBilly Is Your Friend — 12th and Porter

Nashville natives KingBilly, whose sound features a dobro, lap steel guitar, banjo and mandolin, bring their unique breed of country/rock and bluegrass to 12th and Porter. (Free, 8 p.m., 114 12th Ave. North)

The Beta Macks — The End

Head over to The End for the Beta Macks, an electro-rock quartet that is garnering attention for its dark, catchy sound and lively performances. (\$5, 9 p.m., 2219 Elliston Place)

Minnie Murphy — Sambuca

Head to Sambuca for a delicious meal and drinks, served to the soothing rhythm of the musical stylings of jazz keyboardist and vocalist Minnie Murphy. (Free, 7 p.m., 6010 12th Ave. South)

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31

Bravo Broadway! A Halloween Spectacular — Schermerhorn Symphony Center

If you'd like to enjoy Halloween with a classy and classic flair, head over to the Schermerhorn Symphony Center for its Halloween Spectacular. The evening will feature tunes from Broadway favorites "Phantom of the Opera," "Beauty and the Beast" and "Jekyll & Hyde" as well as pieces by composers including Bach and Dvorak. (\$40 and up, 8 p.m.)

Nine Inch Nails — Sommet Center

Grammy winners Nine Inch Nails, well known for their spectacular visual performances, head to Nashville to headline at the Sommet Center. Founded by member Trent Reznor in 1989, Nine Inch Nails have played a highly influential role in the development of the current rock scene. (\$47, 8 p.m.)

Kentucky Thunder featuring Jonell Mosser, Etta Britt and Sheila Lawrence — 3rd and Lindsley

Seven-piece bluegrass act Kentucky Thunder are sure to please audiences at the 3rd and Lindsley Bar and Grill. The International Bluegrass Music Association has awarded the group with the title of Instrumental Group of the Year on multiple occasions, and lead singer Ricky Skaggs has had an illustrious musical career, earning several Grammy awards. (\$10, 8 p.m.)

The Dynamites featuring Charles Walker — Frist Center for the Visual Arts

The Frist Fridays season wraps up with old-school funk act the Dynamites. Its live performance features exuberant horns and a slamin' rhythm section. Check out Charles Walker and the Dynamites for an evening of classic funk style in a beautiful setting. (\$8.50, 6 p.m., 919 Broadway)

Drive-By Truckers and The Hold Steady with Bobby Bare Jr. — Ryman Auditorium

Drive-By Truckers and The Hold Steady, both hailing from Athens, Ga., come to Nashville's historic Ryman Auditorium on their Rock and Roll Means Well fall tour. Opening is Grammy-nominated Bobby Bare Jr., son of famous country artist Bobby Bare. (\$21.50, 8 p.m.)

The Legendary Shack Shakers with Joshua Black Wilkins — Exit/In

Southern gothic rockers the Shack Shakers bring their diverse sound to the Exit/In. Mixing punk, blues, rock and country, The Shack Shakers are a unique act with an anything-goes attitude. (\$15, 9 p.m.)

Jessica Lea Mayfield — Grimey's Record Store

Folk singer Jessica Lea Mayfield hosts an in-store concert at local record shop Grimey's. The Ohio-based musician favors a mysterious, dark sound that perfectly suits an evening of music on Halloween. (Free, 6 p.m., 1604 Eighth Ave. South)

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1

Slow Runner — Douglas Corner Cafe

The epic sound of Slow Runner is coming to Nashville, and the concert will be nothing short of an experience. The calming voice of Michael Flynn will move to a place of joy that is rarely experienced. William Fitzsimmons and Caitlin will also be playing. (Free, 9 p.m., 2106A Eighth Ave. South)

Tim Hensley — Station Inn

This country rocker mixes bluegrass and church standards to make a music all his own. If you are ready for a night of down home fun, then this is the show for you. (\$12, 9 p.m.)

Leon Russel — 3rd and Lindsley

This music legend has played with the likes of John Lennon and Bob Dylan and now he is going solo with his music that has survived the ages. Old Union will perform also. (\$30, 8 p.m.)

Chicks that Rock — The Rutledge

This night of folk and pop features only women in a show that with soothe the soul. Tristen, Trian Taylor and Katie Kerkhaver will all be playing their fresh, new music, and it is sure to be a night to remember. (\$5, 8 p.m.)

Here Come the Mummies — Mercy Lounge

This group of joke-telling rockers are planning to bring their epic rock to the stage yet again; their funky sound mixed with inspired lyrics will have you laughing all night long. (\$12, 9 p.m.)

April Barrows — F.Scott's Restaurant and Jazz Bar

The Nashville native will make a rare appearance at the place where jazz finds a home. Come hear her smooth style of jazz and swing that is all the rage in the jazz world. (Free, 7:30 p.m.)

John Shaw Group — Cafe Coco

This soul singer from Muscle Shoals is combining the past with the future. The Holla will join the crooner for a night of soul and mystery. (Free, 8 p.m.)

Parachute Musical — Exit/In

Piano and vocals create a perfect union in the band Parachute Musical, and their intensely crafted sound is coming to Nashville. Come check out this band that is sure to blow you away. Also playing: All Get Out. (Price TBD, 8 p.m.)

The Regulars

THE RUTLEDGE
410 Fourth Ave. S. 37201
782-6858

MERCY LOUNGE/CANNERY BALLROOM
1 Cannery Row 37203
251-3020

BLUEBIRD CAFE
4104 Hillsboro Road 37215
383-1461

EXIT/IN
2208 Elliston Place 37203
321-3340

STATION INN
402 12th Ave. S. 37203
255-3307

THE BASEMENT
1604 Eighth Ave. S. 37203
254-1604

F. SCOTT'S RESTAURANT AND JAZZ BAR
2210 Crestmoor Road 37215
269-5861

SCHERMERHORN SYMPHONY CENTER
1 Symphony Place 37201
687-6500

3RD AND LINDSLEY
818 Third Ave. S. 37210
259-9891

CAFE COCO
210 Louise Ave. 37203
321-2626



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Versus

OCTOBER 29—NOVEMBER 4, 2008 VOL. 46, Nº. 22

Versus Magazine

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FROM THE EDITOR



To preface this letter, I feel that I have to say that I love all of the issues of Versus equally. In my proud mama opinion, every issue is packed with witticisms, coverage of the best new music out there, and ideas on what to do and see in Nashville. I cannot play favorites. However, I have to say that this issue might be one of our best. And I think I'm right.

Why, do you ask? Well, as you might have noticed when you grabbed your copy of the artsy mag, our cover interview this week is with funnyman and director-of-the-moment Kevin Smith. If you don't know the director/actor/writer by name, you will certainly recognize his diverse cinematic projects, which include classics like "Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back" (Smith plays the mysterious Silent Bob) and "Clerks," and the upcoming Seth Rogan and Elizabeth Banks comedy "Zack and Miri Make a Porno." If you read nothing else today—schoolwork, listserv e-mails from your bio class, text messages, etc.—read this interview. It will change your life, or at the very least make you laugh. This guy has jokes for days.

What else? It just so happens that my favorite holiday is taking place this Friday. Finally! I've been drawing Jack-O-Lanterns in my notebooks during class for like two months. In preparation for the festivities, Versus has devoted an entire page to Halloween. We even used creepy fonts for our headlines. Our coverage includes the best Halloween movies, Halloween costume ideas—even some kooky tunes to get you in the mood.

I will prepare by watching "Hocus Pocus" on repeat for the next 78 hours. What about you?

Darcy Newell

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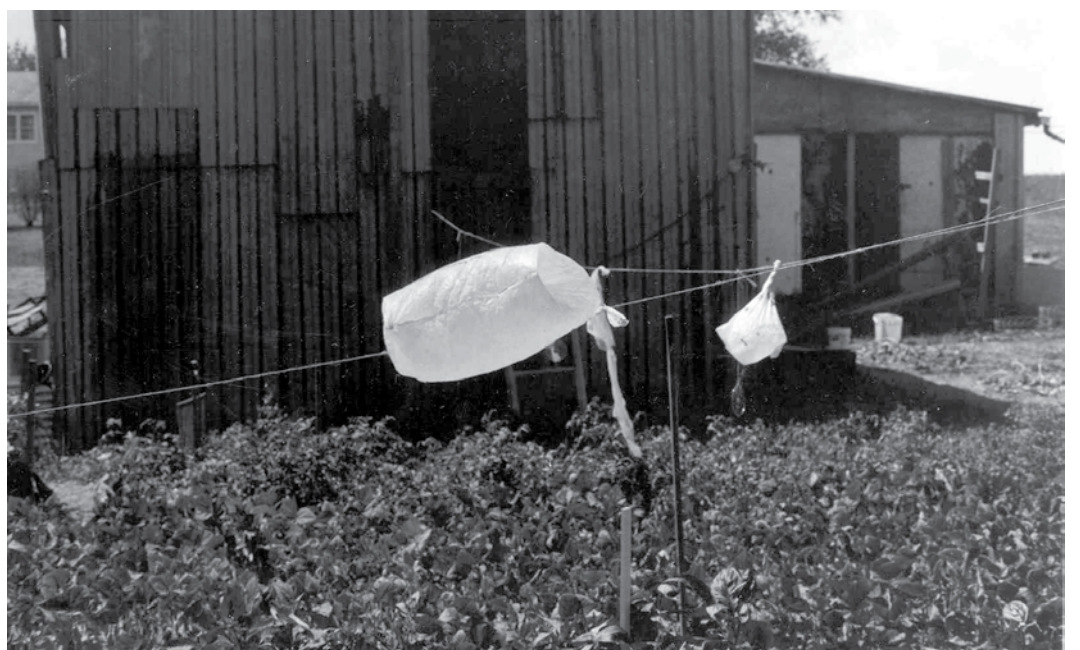
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PIC OF THE WEEK



HANNAH FASICK/VERSUS MAGAZINE

FICTION

A BAD REVIEW IS LIKE BAKING A CAKE WITH ALL THE BEST INGREDIENTS AND HAVING SOMEONE SIT ON IT.
—DANIELLE STEEL



Titles of Entitlement



Kevin Smith movies



One of the great things about the arts is when you can find a way to synergistically combine different avenues of expression. Though we usually make some quick fiction inspired by song titles of the musicians we interview, this week we're pulling a fast one and doing movie titles directed by our cover funnyman Kevin Smith. What's more? We got you covered twice. Enjoy.

KRIS STENSLAND
Fiction Editor

"Chasing Amy" is my newest pastime. Before I found out that she worked out as much as I did, running was the time when I could escape the world for a few minutes and coast through the only miles that were trouble free. It used to be my catharsis, my brief moments of respite and absolute introversion, where the only conversation was the light touches of my feet on the ground. I miss the times when all I dealt with was the road and the occasional trail—I don't have to impress them; we've spent enough hours together to appreciate each other. I know everything about the road—where the bumps and the holes are, where I might slip up, where I need to look both ways before I continue.

But the road and I are no longer alone. Not after I started chasing Amy. When we first started running together, I knew nothing about her, and I was terrified. Suddenly what had been my domain was slipping away—all the certainty that kept me comfortable had left somehow, as if my trails felt betrayed and had turned on me. My breath, so easily conserved before, decided to abscond now when I needed it most. I had already impressed the road, but now I didn't have anything left to impress Amy. So she took an early lead. She always seemed to be a step ahead—egging me on, begging me to keep up, outlegging me even. I'd never met someone who could outrun me. But we keep running, and I keep gaining.

We still don't say much, but somehow we understand each other. We'd been set up by the road, our mutual friend. I'm still a half a step behind, but not for long. The only thing better than chasing Amy will be catching up. ☼

HAIKUS

Words to live by in seventeen syllables

Vanderbilt football
Officially crashed worse than
Our economy.

Post November 4
Will SNL still be good?
I'm gonna guess ... no.

CHRIS GEARING
Features Editor

"Mallrats," she angrily muttered under her breath. Who did she think she was? I guess the slightly portly soccer mom was angry that I was cluttering her bench. Eat your Cinnabon somewhere else, honey. This is my bench.

I suppose I've chosen the mall as my designated hang-out because I love its infinite possibilities. Each shop is like a novel lining the shelf of a library. Each shop has its own stories, its own drama. Characters playing out scenes that most of us will never know about every day of every year.

I always felt that "mallrat" was a strong word, kind of like a hurricane versus a tropical storm. I preferred "retail loiterer." I suppose I've always had a certain fascination with words and the music and melody they can create together. In my family, anyone who only used one word instead of 10 just wasn't trying hard enough. Three writers, two newspaper men and my mom, the English professor—not surprising right? They say that a passion for prose runs in the genes, but I've never really believed in "pre-destination." I don't like the idea of my genes telling me what I'm going to be doing in 20 years. My parents always dismissed it with a cavalier wave, "Of course he's going to be a writer." There's nothing wrong with working with words the rest of my life, I just feel like I could do more. I don't know what, but more than this.

I know, I sound pretty wishy-washy. But if I can't be a dreamer when I'm in high school, then when should I start? Soon I'll be wearing suits to work every day, kissing up to my boss and buying Rogaine at the CVS. But I've still got four more months. Four months to figure out what I am going to do with my life. Four months to tame my emotions and break up with Lacey. Four months to stop saying silly things like "I've only got four months." Jeeze, grow up.

So, I continue to sit here on my bench in torn-up jeans and my hair creeping up on my eyelids, munching stale popcorn. I don't even like popcorn. ☼

ENTERTAINMENT

Four days, four Vandy kids, four adventures

We asked our writers, “What did you do over break?” Here’s what they had to say.

Racing an Urbanathlon

KRIS STENSLAND
Fiction Editor

There are a lot of different ways to refresh and restart, and Fall Break comes at that perfect point where you’re in need of some serious rejuvenation. I’ve tried the vacation approach, the going home idea and the just staying here to “get some work done” (which as we all know quickly devolves into sleeping and TV). But this time I tried something completely new, which turned out to be my favorite break of all.

I heard about this special race put on by Men’s Health called Urbanathlon, an 11 mile run interspersed with various obstacles around which runners have to navigate. While jumping over huge wooden hurdles in the sand or army crawling under trucks and cargo nets was pretty badass, the best part of the race was its location along the shoreline of Chicago.

Conditions for race day were excellent — my wave left four minutes past eight in the morning, and it was that perfect time of day when it’s neither too cold nor too warm. I took a cab down Michigan Avenue (the “magnificent mile” for you shopping fanatics), and hopped out at Lower Hutchinson Field. I was met with a huge festival, complete with live music, grills and what some would claim to be celebrities on the PA system (some

Rocco guy from “Top Chef,” I think). I took my place in the second wave, behind the wicked fast people, and became part of an athletic 1600-member mob. I was a little disappointed that there was no gunshot to start the race but took off onto the Chicago streets, anyway.

The course itself was beautiful — our first obstacle was at the tip of Navy Pier, which brought us around the historic area complete with a multitude of boats and that huge Ferris wheel. The clear skies made for a wonderful view across the lake as I ran along the shoreline. Our third obstacle (after the monkey bars and army crawling) was running up the steps of Soldier Field, the home stadium of the Bears. Although the view from the stadium was amazing, it felt a little funny to be sprinting up the aisle ways that two days later would be filled with screaming beer vendors and nacho-carrying fans.

About an hour and a half after beginning the race, the loop led me back to the park festival. The Rocco guy encouraged all the racers as we jumped over taxicabs and climbed a rope wall to reach the finish line. Feeling incredibly accomplished (and now knowing that I can leap over the hoods of small cars in a single bound), I left the festival to explore more of the city I’d only seen in passing glances. ☼

Vandy visits Athens

BEN HARTWELL
Staff Writer

This year’s choice for a Fall Break destination was a remarkably easy one. Only a few short hours away sits one of America’s most enjoyable college towns, Athens, Ga. I was lured by both the opportunity to see the Vanderbilt football team qualify for a bowl game and stories of great bars and beautiful women. Athens certainly lived up to expectations.

However, I was not alone in my decision to trek farther south for a long weekend of enjoyment. Wherever I looked there were scores of fellow Commodores: It seemed as though Vanderbilt’s entire student population moved, en masse, to Athens. I couldn’t go anywhere without seeing familiar faces and black and gold clothing. While many may strive to pierce the “Vandybubble” through their Fall Break experiences, as a native of Maine, I was comforted by Vandy’s strong presence.

Friday night, everyone in the city was eager to guarantee that we had a memorable experience. Liquor was served out of mason jars, the streets were thronged with students and nobody made it through their original number of brain cells. I personally don’t remember much, yet I do recall burning through significantly less cash than on a night

out in Nashville.

As many of you know, the game wasn’t pretty. The fourth quarter ray of hope quickly extinguished through poor play, and I left the stadium convinced I would never smile again. Nevertheless, I was impressed with Sanford Stadium’s enormous size, which provides an attendance nearly triple that of Vandy’s. After a nap and some pre-gaming I soon forgot the day’s drawbacks and prepped myself for another college-town night.

Although a general feeling of sadness and disappointment permeated the second night, it was just as fun as the first. We explored the city’s expanse of bars, ate street vendor hot dogs and made friends with three different cab drivers. While I didn’t find a southern belle to call my own, I became friends with many UGA students.

We left on Sunday, which left two whole days for me to recover and catch up on work, and I needed them. The total bill for the trip was \$150, most of which was spent on bar tabs. For two days in the best college town in America, it was a price I was happy to pay. Athens not only provides to the weekend college transplant an outstanding football experience but also an opportunity to party hard with no regrets. ☼



A Nashville powwow

LAKENDRA SCOTT
Music Editor

My mood was less than chipper the day before Fall Break. As I listened to my friends tell me about their plans to gamble their savings away in Las Vegas and risk their lives white water rafting, I started to feel increasingly depressed about my plans: confinement in the Vandybubble. After a pep talk from my foreign friend, who decided that flying back to Uganda was a bit excessive for a two-day break, I decided to be a bit more optimistic and embrace the fact that at least the Quiznos would be open. However, after trekking to a closed Quiznos, I decided that enough was enough, and I combed the paper for activities. Right before I was about to give up my search, I stumbled upon the Native American Indian Association powwow.

The next day I grabbed the car keys and my apprehensive friend, and we were off to Hermitage, Tenn. The scents of sage wafted through the cold autumn air and the sounds of a piercing falsetto met our ears with a resounding power. Our journey began as we made our way to the center of the gathering to watch the women’s shawl dance, which consisted of five women

ferociously spinning circles while their multicolored shawls blew with the wind. As the women danced, a small circle of elderly men, smeared with intensely bright paint, pounded on animal hide drums creating an eerie and ominous sound.

After a few minutes of watching the constant motion and whipping colors, I realized that I could no longer be a passive stander-by. I forced my way through the crowd of people stuffing their faces with exceptionally unhealthy foods and made my way to the inside of the circle. The minute the announcer said it was time for intertribal dancing I placed myself among the contestants and started to dance awkwardly to the pounding drums. With each step I remembered my childhood and the powwows back home, which I attended each year.

After dancing to a couple songs, my friend pulled me out of the circle and we made our way to the tepees of consumerism. For the first time we ignored our dwindling bank accounts and went on a shopping spree, purchasing turquoise earrings, tribal purses and a small dream catcher. As I examined my new possessions I felt something graze my arm and saw a group of people running for a tepee. I followed suit, and I soon realized that a sadistic boy had decided that his new pastime was shooting unsuspecting girls with arrows and the tepee was our only protect from the onslaught. Dodging the arrows with a group of tourists made me realize just how much I missed the outside world. In the craze of life at Vanderbilt sometimes you forget that a world exists complete with elderly couples and young children.

We completed our tribal journey by eating some ill-advised fried bread and watching the young boys’ drum circle sing with their soft but powerful voices. As we walked out of the field I saw a flag with the name of my family’s tribe and realized that my grandma would be proud. I had finally embraced the part of my heritage that figured so prominently into my life when I was younger. As we walked through the gate back to my car, I turned to my friend and said “Blackfoot and proud indeed.” ☼



Flickr.com

Vegas baby, Vegas

BRANDON HERIFORD
Culture Editor

Fall Break is designed to be a time to step away from school, set down your books and relax a bit before the pre-Thanksgiving/finals grind. Every year my fraternity’s senior class travels to Las Vegas for a three-night, debauchery-filled Fall Break. In a perfect world, this unhealthy long weekend is packed with gambling, late-nights and random encounters with women of the seedier sort. Many stories should and will remain in Vegas; however, I’d like to tell a few, relatively tame tales.

My crew of 18 stayed at New York, New York, which is located in the approximate center of Las Vegas’ strip, next to Excalibur, Tropicana and MGM Grand. My friends and I routinely traveled to these casinos for their lower limit stakes (I still am a college student, after all). While the stakes may be low, it is certainly relative, and Las Vegas can be very unforgiving to the untrained or unlucky gambler.

You’re probably going to lose. Hopefully, you don’t lose a lot. I lost somewhere in the neighborhood of \$50 to \$100, and I came off lucky. A friend of mine, who for his own sake will remain nameless, could have lost in the neighborhood of \$800 during one night’s drunken stupor. He could attest to the dangers of the card game “war,” which fleeced him of \$100 in a mere 15 minutes.

However, gambling in Vegas certainly has its benefits. One of these gains would certainly be the free booze delivered to you by the always-friendly cocktail waitress (who is consistently satisfied by the mere \$1 tip). This perk certainly eases the pain of a blackjack dealer routinely ripping 21, yet it also serves to lubricate the unsuspecting patron’s willingness to dig deeper into his or her wallet.

Vegas’ nightclub scene is unique and bearable to the typical Vandy student for maybe two nights at most. First and

foremost, it’s expensive. You probably won’t be able to spend less than a crisp Benjamin per night, and for a guy my age that likely brings little positive result. For example, as an educated, exceedingly good-looking young adult male I would consider myself a hot commodity in most social situations. However, the typical Vegas girl’s target would be a balding, twice-divorced yet exceedingly rich middle-aged male (I can’t compete with that).

Gold-digging women are certainly a dime a dozen in Vegas, in both the direct and indirect sense. Strippers and prostitutes are a mainstay of Vegas culture. In hindsight, I unfortunately chose to lose \$70 in poker Sunday night instead of traveling with my friends to the infamous Spearmint Rhino strip club. However, I have since lived vicariously through them and their verbal depictions. Fortunately, I was not drawn to the beautiful, silicon-filled siren’s call of those working-ladies who frequent the casino late at night.

All in all, Las Vegas was an amazing experience, greatly enhanced by the size of the group with whom I traveled. Nevertheless, my bank account and my moral code would appreciate a two- or three-year break from the city of sin. However, for those of you contemplating a trip the desert’s oasis, do it. It’s Vegas baby, filled with plenty of beautiful babies, and you’re so money. ☼





MUSIC

"I appreciate an audience that reacts to the music — even if they jump on stage and try to beat us up, I think that's a fantastic reaction."
— Alice Cooper

SETLIST

TODAY

Want to help fight cancer and listen to great music at the same time? Then come out to 3rd and Lindsley to hear Chords for A Cure. The show features country artists **AJ Masters**, **James Slater**, **Wood Newton** and **Billy Dawson**, and the \$10 cover will be donated to the American Cancer Society. The show starts at 7 p.m.

THURSDAY, OCT. 30

With Halloween only a day away, the Bank of America Pop Series presents **A Halloween Spectacular** at the Nashville Symphony. Broadway veterans will play classics from shows like "Phantom of the Opera" and "Jekyll & Hyde." The show starts at 7 p.m., and ticket prices start at \$40.

FRIDAY, OCT. 31

The most frightening tuba players around are coming together at the Blair School of Music to perform in **Octubafest**, a tuba ensemble concert complete with euphonium solos. The show is free and starts at 7 p.m. And there is free candy!

COMMODORE QUAKE

Lil' Wayne brings the rock, forgets to rap

CHARLIE KESSLERING
Staff Writer

Lil' Wayne thinks he's a rock star. Well, at least he did on stage Thursday night, where he played guitar, sang the blues and belted Whitney Houston, frequently allowing background tracks to take care of the rap music that Vanderbilt had paid to see. He put on an interesting, loud and certainly energetic show, but, in my opinion, ultimately disappointed.

I must admit, I'm not the biggest Weezy fan you'll meet. I cleared off and claimed a seat on the bandwagon this summer, after "Tha Carter III" took up residence in my car's stereo and I wanted — needed — more. I proceeded to explore the depths of his library, skimming "Tha Block is Hot" and "Tha Carter I," utterly exhausting

his "Tha Carter II" and following mixtapes.

I came to realize, through my aural fan ship, that Dwayne Carter Jr. has a personality unrivalled by his contemporaries in its quirkiness and energy and possesses a unique lyrical talent — not the best in the business, but certainly creative. Even before The Music Group announced his inclusion in this year's Commodore Quake, a profound sense of anticipation had been building inside me, anticipation for an excellent Lil' Wayne show.

So, Thursday night, after Lupe Fiasco (a much more talented lyricist than Wayne, in my opinion) completely blew me away, I still stood with high hopes. Certainly, after waiting in line since 6 and securing a seat in the

third row, the proximity to Weezy could only make the set more entertaining.

After my fellow audience members and I chanted for the man and his guitarist plucked a few notes on the ol' five-string, Lil' Wayne strolled onto stage amid rapturous applause, receiving a level of fanfare usually reserved for the Virgin Mary before a crowd of pious Brazilians. Apparently, I wasn't the only one excited. Breaking into my favorite song of "Tha Carter III," "Mr. Carter," he reeled me in and held me — for about four minutes.

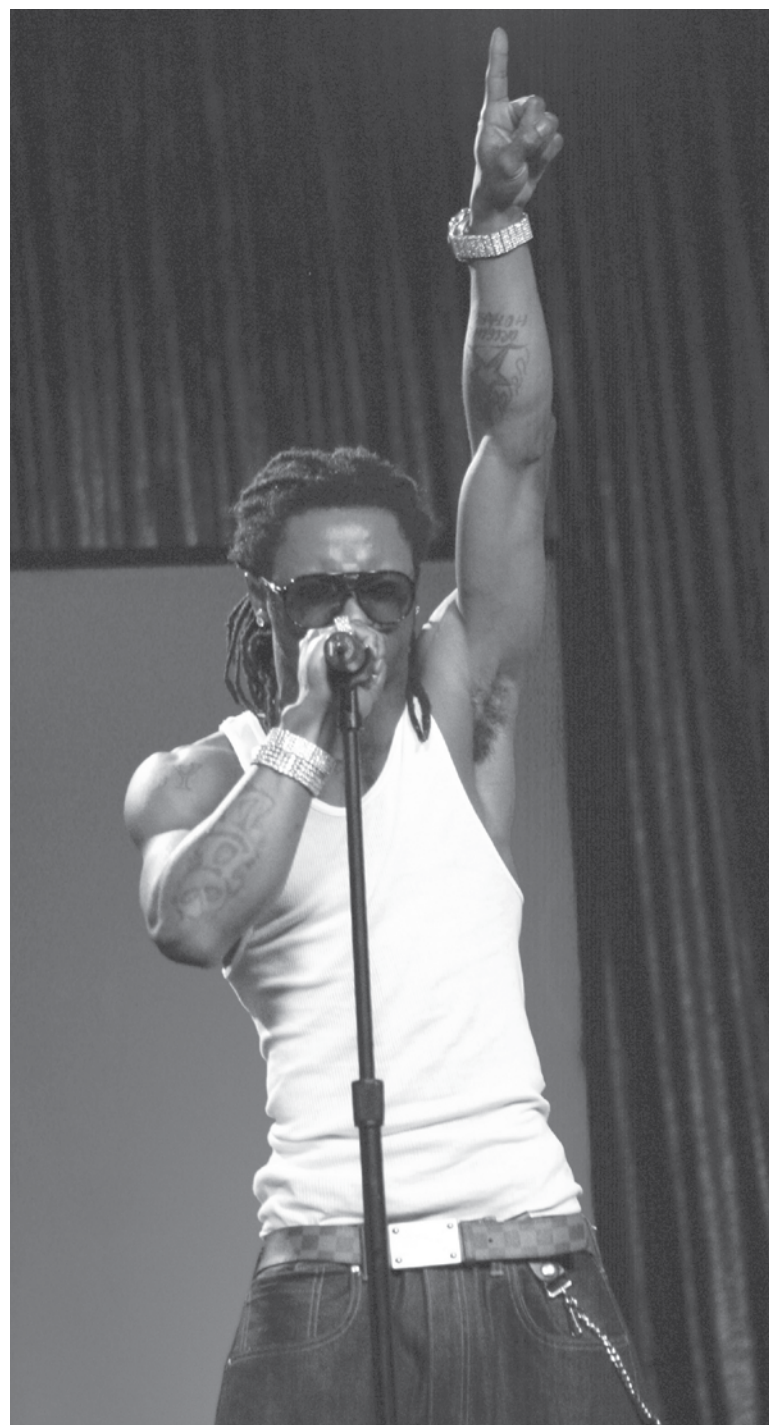
Sure, he brought the same energy throughout the show, but after the ballad to his surname it felt like something was missing. Oh, yeah, that's right, he wasn't rapping anymore. Following "Mr. Carter," not only did he pick and choose the portions of his songs he wished to play (only one verse of each "I'm Me," "Fireman," "The Sky's the Limit," "Phone Home" and others resounded within Memorial Gym), but also the parts he would actually perform.

Watching Lil' Wayne from the third row, I saw when his lips moved and when they didn't (the majority of the time), when he chose rather to let his ever-present background track and willing audience pick up his slack. Countless times,

he requested that the crowd "sing his song," apparently too busy breaking in his dancing shoes to rap, and asked who "got that Carter III?" When my summer night driving anthem, "Shoot Me Down," began to resonate from the speakers skirting the stage, I clutched the last vestiges of hope for a comeback. Then, careful not to leave a single dream uncrushed, Lil' Wayne proceeded to spend the second verse shouting "ROCK!" into the microphone at the cue of each snare.

Certainly, highlights did exist. "Lollipop," "Pop Bottles" and "Go DJ" brought the crowd to the brink of climax but failed to redeem an otherwise underwhelming performance. Only one of his many excursions into song proved entertaining: his extended chorus of "My Life," following an emotional tale about the loss of friends and creation of children.

Sadly, in the end, my stark anticipation ended in sharp disappointment. Granted, despite my frustration, Weezy's show was fun — but so is singing along to "Tha Carter III" in my dorm room. ☹



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NYMAG.COM

Lupe Fiasco: 'Superstar' of Quake

ZAC HUNTER
Staff Writer

Lupe! No doubt, the kid's a true "Superstar." Flashback to the first time I saw him play to a packed house at a small venue of no more than 1,200. I left the show stunned, thinking "He's going to be filing up stadiums one day." Thursday night's Homecoming show was clearly a big step in that direction.

Between the cartwheeling and backflips all across the stage, the budding star probably surprised a lot of Commodores who didn't know the Lupe way and who showed up to Quake just to see Weezy. His

performance didn't feel like an opener. From the first song "Kick, Push" to the sold-out crowd chanting the chorus of his hit "Superstar" as he climbed up the speakers leaning on the ropes, Lupe captivated his audience. His energy carried all the way through to his finale, when he made hearts drop as he laid down on the drum risers singing the intro to "Day Dreamin'." And when Lupe finally ran off stage, it was to the applause of thousands of students who seemed to be wanting more from the Chicago rapper.

As evidenced by his performance at Quake, Lupe is not your typical 2008-era rapper. Since

his debut record "Lupe Fiasco's Food and Liquor" he has focused on meaningful lyrics, true musicality in recording and performance and avoiding the track of the one-hit wonders of the music industry. He doesn't drink, objectify women or proclaim himself "the best rapper alive." Both full-length releases from Fiasco, "Food and Liquor" and his sophomore album "Lupe Fiasco's The Cool," are thematically-based, with the entire album rotating around certain major issues.

"Food and Liquor" focuses strongly on Fiasco's upbringing and contains truly powerful lyrics about the problems of poverty,

drug abuse and disease with tracks like "He Say, She Say" (about a single mother and her son), "Hurt Me Soul" and "Sunshine."

"The Cool" is about the rapper's rising stardom and the pop/rap music industry today. "Dumb It Down" is a track that mocks those who told Lupe his lyrics were too smart, to which Lupe says, "They told me I should come down cousin, but I flatly refuse, I ain't dumbin' down nothin'." "Superstar" is a tribute to his journey to the top and how he's had to prove himself along the way. Other key tracks on the album are "Hip-Hop Saved My Life" (a song powerfully delivered

Thursday night) and "Little Weapon."

While Lupe Fiasco is poised to be one of hip-hop's premier artists, don't be surprised if his career cuts short. Fiasco has hinted in interviews and songs that his next album will be the last in an effort to achieve perfection and maintain musical integrity, suggesting that the upcoming album's title will be "lupEND." In the meantime, enjoy the memory of Quake, and if you're itching for more material beyond "Food and Liquor" and "The Cool," try to find his bootleg album "Xtreme," featuring great live cuts and collaborations with Pharrell, Kanye, T.I. and more. ☹



MYSAPCE.COM

Free Sol performs to a small crowd, and it's a good thing

LAKENDRA SCOTT
Music Editor

While they might believe that their music will "rise to the top," Free Sol's performance definitely suggests otherwise. The five-member group opened up Quake with a performance that attempted to engage the audience but was ultimately an epic fail. Although I do give them credit for playing to a rather sparse audience, many of whom refused to get up from their seats during the performance, I really can't blame the crowd's attachment to their chairs.

The lead singer, self-named Free Sol, admittedly has talent. It was not the artist's vocal skills that held the performance back, but rather his lack of showmanship. Free Sol, along with his fellow bandmates, seemed entirely incapable of putting on a high-energy show. The group bounced around stage in perfect chaos, but nothing they did managed to give their show some much-needed life. While I must admit that I did find myself standing up and cheering frantically, this praise was more a result of my hardcore pre-gaming than the band's performance.

And even my sloppy cheering could not rouse more than five people on the floor out of their seats.

Though Free Sol might not have mastered the live show, they do have talent. The group has been around since 2002, and over the course of seven years they have cultivated a music all their own. The group combines soul, funk, jazz, rock and hip-hop, creating music reminiscent of old-school rap with a fresh new flair. Regardless of their obvious musical talent, I would strongly suggest purchasing their mp3s before doling out the cash for one of their concert tickets. ☹



(CLOCKWISE, FROM LEFT) LOLLAPALOOZA.COM, MYSAPCE.COM, CAMBRIA HARKEY

SATURDAY, NOV. 1

The Bluebird Cafe is at it again, bringing more talented performers to play at In The Round. This time the showcase will feature **Gary Nicholson, Kimmie Rhodes, Cowboy Jack Clement and Beth Nielson Chapman**. The show starts at 9 p.m., and tickets cost \$12.

SUNDAY, NOV. 2

She's not going to write you a love song, but she will but on an amazing show. Come out to the Ryman to hear **Sara Bareilles** play her hit "Love Song" as well as her other smooth pop tunes. Opening is **Marc Broussard**. The show begins at 7:30 p.m. and tickets range from \$29.50-\$39.50.

MONDAY, NOV. 3

Come out and see **Jonathon Tyler** take on Music City with his music, which blends blues and soul flawlessly. The show, which will take place at 12th and Porter, starts at 8 p.m., and tickets are \$5.

TUESDAY, NOV. 4

Today is an epic day for our country, and 12th and Porter wants to celebrate. Come out to the **Election Day Fried Turkey Party** for a night of music and news coverage. The party starts at 7 p.m., and tickets are \$10 — or \$5 if you voted!

SOUNDTRACK TO THE ISSUE



We at Versus have excellent taste in music. Below, the editors share what tracks we've been spinning as we create the glory you're holding in your hands.

1. **"WE ARE FROM VENICE/LOLLIPOP"**
The Bloody Beetroots vs. Lil' Wayne
2. **"MEMPHIS & 53RD"**
Minus The Bear
3. **"SMILE LIKE YOU MEAN IT"**
The Killers
4. **"PARIS, TOKYO"**
Lupe Fiasco
5. **"HOMETOWN GLORY (HIGH CONTRAST REMIX)"**
Adele
6. **"THE NIGHT STARTS HERE"**
Stars
7. **"DO WHAT YOU WANT, BE WHAT YOU ARE"**
Hall and Oates
8. **"JUST DANCE"**
Lady Gaga feat. Colby O'Donis
9. **"MISS DELANEY"**
Jack's Mannequin
10. **"BLACK MAGS"**
The Cool Kids

Corey Smith delievers on frat row

ZAC HUNTER
Staff Writer

It's a shame no one seemed to know about the Corey Smith concert held on frat row last Wednesday night. I was one of about three people in my



KELLI MCDUGAL

building that even knew it was going on. Those who didn't know or just didn't go missed out.

I'd never seen him play before, or, to be honest, ever listened to his music, but I was immediately turned on when I saw the trio set up of drums, acoustic guitar and, most importantly, the funky old-school stand-up bass. The band is obviously very musically talented, and Smith has a catchy voice with a handsome southern twang. His songs are identifiable to the standard Vandy kid who wishes he could go back to his high school spring break

(the premise of the song "Do it All Over Again") and are sometimes even laugh-out-loud funny.

For those of us who think popular country music today is musically a joke, Smith delivers the punch line perfectly. In his song "If That's Country," he rips on everyone from Kenny Chesney to Garth Brooks to Tim McGraw, saying they all sound about the same. He also amusingly threw in the opening riff to "Sweet Home Alabama" mid-song to accompanying wild applause from the crowd. He laughed — I'm not sure the crowd got the joke.

How can he get away with all of this? Corey Smith is singing songs about getting locked up, drinking in high school with his friends and a special activity he enjoyed with a girlfriend while he was driving. Sounds like the standard country B.S. he was just mocking, does it not? Well here's the kicker: Corey Smith is a guy who made something out of nothing, and he knows it. He doesn't take himself, or apparently anything, seriously.



SCOTT GREENE

And, in addition, there's some true musicality in his performance.

I'm not going to rush out and buy up every Corey Smith recording available; I'm no suddenly-converted fan. However, Smith and his band served up a truly solid college band performance. If only the Vandy Homecoming committee had publicized the performance a bit more so that more Vandy students could have come out and enjoyed it. ☼

HALLOWEEN TUNES

Halloween hit list ... because the silence is too scary!

CHARLIE KESSLERING
Staff Writer

Sure, Josh Groban has never released a novelty album about cobwebs, ghosts and tots in face paint, but that doesn't mean your Halloween should lack a proper soundtrack. Fright night is scary enough without awkward silences; use this article to help avoid them.

First, let's begin with music that has something to do with Halloween. Perhaps the best known — and the best, period — Halloween novelty tune is "Monster Mash," 1967's timeless classic that turns any boring party into ... a slightly less boring party. With subtly sexual lyrics like, "the ghouls all came from their humble abodes, to get a little jolt from my electrode," how could this song not terrify you?

Naturally, Michael Jackson's "Thriller" should get some playtime. If not for the fact that the song's about things that creep in the night, sung by someone who creeps in the night, readers should bump "Thriller" because the artist has spent the last 20 years pretending every day is Halloween. Also, if you're looking for something in the same vein

as Jackson's hit, search YouTube for "Werewolf Bar Mitzvah." The clip, from NBC's "30 Rock," will change your life.

Add Stevie Wonder's "Superstition" to the playlist too. Though I'm partial to Raven-Symone's infectious 2003 cover, Stevie warns listeners of superstitions (and "13-month-old babies") with funk, flare and passion. After all, that girl donning bellbottoms, sequins and an afro (totally disco-faux) shouldn't be the only thing '70s at the party.

For a change of pace, I'd recommend The Unicorns' "I Was Born a Unicorn" and The Beatles' "I Am the Walrus." Whether you already have your costume on or need to get in the mood, these songs provide a perfect template for becoming a character (and sounding somewhat eccentric). Although make sure that girl is ACTUALLY dressed as "The Walrus" before you comment on her awesome costume.

If worse comes to worst, just skim the libraries of Ghostface Killah, Rob Zombie and Vampire Weekend. Let the Halloween festivities commence! ☼

New iTunes applications boast a spooky spirit

ALEXANDRA HELLMAN
Staff Writer

Halloween is only two days away, and you're more than ready for it. Your dorm room door is decorated with some combination of skeletons, fake cobwebs and pumpkins, your costume is hanging in your closet and you broke open that bag of candy last week. You're prepared for Friday, but you're still looking for a new outlet for your excess of Halloween spirit. iPhone and iPod touch users, search no more, Apple has you covered. The iTunes Application Store has more Halloween-related downloads than anyone has time to look through, so here are the top five free applications:

1. **Crazy pumpkin**
A customizable Jack-o-Lantern! This program lets you mix and match dozens of eyes, noses and mouths to build your personal pumpkin, minus the mess. Shake your device to make Jack change colors and play a variety of frightening Halloween sounds.
2. **Halloween word search**
Don't let the term "word search" fool you, this one can get pretty tough. Listen to Halloween tunes as you test

your prowess at finding words like skeleton, magician and broom. Puzzles get harder with each level you beat.

3. **Tic tac toe Halloween edition**
A great game to play with two players! Xs and Os are changed to crossbones and pumpkins in keeping with the holiday's theme. Don't have a friend nearby? Play against the computer.
4. **Ghost pop**
Race against the clock to tap the ghosts bouncing across the screen and make them disappear. Each level brings more ghosts and less time on the clock. It comes complete with an evil laugh sound effect if you lose.
5. **Puzzoodle Halloween**
Halloween-themed jigsaw puzzles offering hint and auto-solve options for when you get stuck. These puzzles can be pretty difficult to put together, so be ready for a challenge.

These games should hold you over until the trick-or-treating and Halloween partying commences on the 31st. Happy playing! ☼

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HALLOWEEN SPECIAL

MOVIES

FRIGHT FILLED FILMS: TOP 10 HALLOWEEN MOVIES

ALEX GOLDBERG, CHRIS GEARING

Staff Writer, Features Editor

10. "Ghostbusters"
Three oddball scientists and a skeptic save the Big Apple from ghosts as they fulfill "supernatural elimination needs." The first one is the classic, but "Ghostbusters II" is also excellent, with the inclusion of a river of ectoplasmic slime in the New York sewer system and an ancient sorcerer as the scariest villain to emerge from the '80s. Rent them both for a marathon of Bill Murray/Dan Akroyd greatness.

9. "The Haunted Mask"
Based on the novel from the Goosebumps series, "The Haunted Mask" tells the story of a mask that not only has the power to scare fellow trick-or-treaters but also controls the life of the wearer. Halloween and enchanted masks — need I say more?

8. "Casper"
An afterlife therapist and his daughter move into a house inhabited by three unfriendly (yet hilarious) ghosts and one cuddly guy named Casper. The father-daughter team is determined to have Casper's uncles cross over to the good side. It's pretty much bad ghost story mixed with the growing up blues that make this some of the best Halloween fodder available.

7. "Beetle Juice"
A recently deceased married couple (played by the exceptional Alec Baldwin and Geena Davis) do not want a new couple moving into their house. To remedy the situation, they call upon a ghost named Beetlejuice to scare the new couple away, but they unleash a terrible (and hilarious) demon upon the world. It's Tim Burton at his grotesque best.

6. "The Addams Family"
Based on the 1930s cartoon and the 1960s television show, "The Addams Family" includes all the necessities for a great Halloween movie: monster-like characters, a dark mansion and a detached hand for a servant. Odd, I know. However the Addams Family has such charm and wit that they eventually win you over, and you can't help but root for them. Plus, you can see where Christina Ricci got her start in film.

Not feeling like going from door to door this Friday begging for candy? No problem! There are still plenty of other ways to celebrate Halloween, and I'm not talking about going to a party with animal ears on. Instead, you can celebrate Halloween sitting on your couch watching one of these great seasonal movies.



5. "Nightmare Before Christmas"
What happens when Halloween meets Christmas? Terrible, terrible things, at least in the mind of twisted genius Tim Burton. If nothing else, the exceptional claymation will keep you entertained for this creative classic. Plus, it's a musical, so everyone wins.

4. "Hocus Pocus"
Three kids unknowingly light a candle that brings back three witches from the 1600s who plan to steal the lives of innocent trick-or-treaters, all the while flying on vacuum cleaners due to a lack of broomsticks. Disney has some creative writers on staff, but this is by far one of their best works. Great characters, a decent plot and a talking black cat really bring this Halloween epic to the top of the list.

3. "It's the Great Pumpkin Charlie Brown"
Linus sits in a pumpkin patch waiting for a visit from the Great Pumpkin bearing gifts for him and all his friends while your favorite Peanut characters enjoy trick-or-treating. Snoopy dreams of becoming a World War I flying ace. The timeless Schulz and Peanuts humor shines through in this Halloween classic.

2. "Halloweentown"
Marnie follows her grandmother to Halloweentown where she finds out that every girl in her family is a witch. She must save Halloweentown from the dark and evil force of Kalabar, who has put everyone under his spell in a movie theater. The only way to stop Kalabar is to activate Merlin's wand and put it in the town square pumpkin. Will Marnie be able to beat the clock and save Halloweentown?

1. "Halloweentown 2: Kalabar's Revenge"
The only thing better than Halloweentown is Halloweentown 2. In this sequel, Kalabar's son has a plan to turn Halloweentown into a dreary version of our own world and turn every citizen of our world into monsters, and it is up to Marnie to once again save the day. I totally can't wait for "Halloweentown 3." ☹

JUST FOR FUN

Halloween costume guide: Dress suggestively in style

CHARLIE KESSLERING

Staff Writer

Ah, the Halloween costume: that yearly bump in the road of leading a respectable life. Whether made of cardboard, clothing or a simple lack thereof, it's likely to encourage the wearer toward fewer inhibitions and consequently leave them with less dignity. Unfortunately (correct me if I'm wrong) there's been a severe shortage in creativity recently. With this article, I hope to correct this disheartening trick-or-trend.

Ladies, allow me to begin with your go-to costume: the ambiguous feline. Are you a house cat? Are you a panther? Catwoman? I don't know. Sure, black, triangular ears glued onto a headband, complemented by some face paint and a black slip means instant Halloween for you and eye-candy for me, but who really wants to be fright-night's version of Easy Mac?

If you're dead set on the animal kingdom, take a step outside the box, or cage as it were. Leave the whiskers in the makeup drawer; evolution has provided you with so many other options. What I want to see is a well-constructed pair of antlers. Deer, antelope, jackalope, take your pick. You'll be the coolest cat at the party, without, well, actually being a cat.

Next, girls, let's discuss the worn-out irony that you just can't stop employing: the less-than-professional working woman. I understand the draw of wearing blue spandex and a badge, leaving a few buttons holes empty and strolling around the party writing people tickets for being "too sexy"; we've all done it. But honestly, the dynamic tension between female empowerment and blatant suggestiveness has been

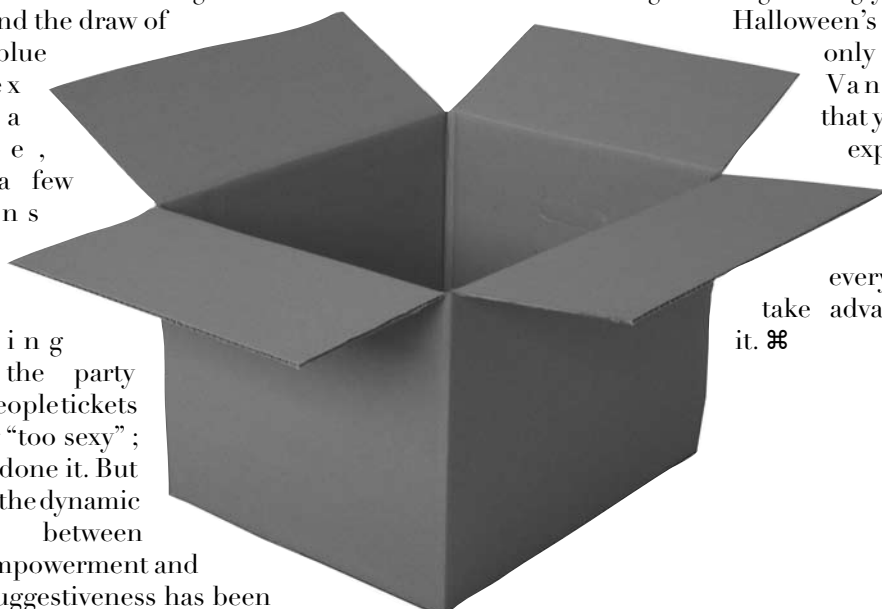
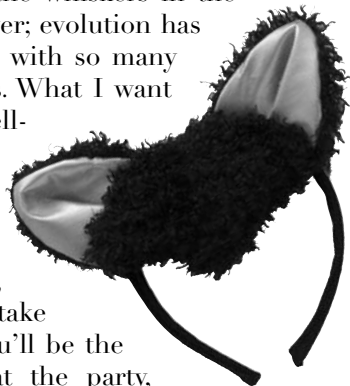
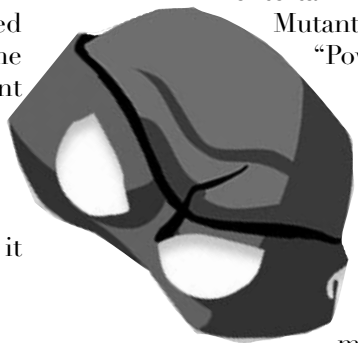
played out before our time (by the flappers, perhaps?). Halloween is begging you for a new twist.

Use the ability to dress up to your gender's advantage: Occupy professional roles that men still dominate; infuse some optimism into your outfit, not the same old submission to stereotypes. I want to see some hard hats, NASCAR outfits and pimp suits. Or, if you're feeling ambitious, go party hopping as the president — this week a frat house, next week the White House.

As far as guys are concerned, I personally see a lot of potential in our childhood entertainment. "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles," "Power Rangers"

"Pokemon" provide limitless possibilities alone, characters packed with countless colors, accents and mythical abilities. If you don't have time to sew your own costume (or can't find an HOD major who's looking for a fun project), buy a kid's outfit. Sure it's embarrassing to wear an emerald, skintight suit that makes you look more like Peter Pan than Donatello, but your self-consciousness will only make you drink enough to ensure a fun night. Win-win? I think so.

But let's be honest, no matter what I say, there will be a few promiscuous nurses and wayward superheroes roaming the parties Friday night. Don't let yourself fall victim to something so frighteningly typical. Halloween's the only day at Vanderbilt that you're not expected to dress like everyone else; take advantage of it. ☹



FASHION

Boo! Who are you wearing on Halloween?

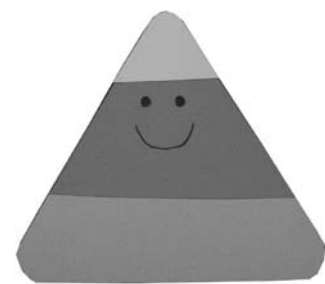
Elizabeth Diaz-Esquivel

What are you?
"I am going as a slutty cheeseburger."
What inspired you to chose this?
"I really wanted to be an inanimate object. I first thought about being a pumpkin, but I was sold when I saw this cheeseburger suit."
Where did you buy it?
"I found this at Pottery Barn Kids at Green Hills. It's made for 4-to 6-year-old children."
Would you ever wear it for a full day?
"Absolutely, to Five Guys."



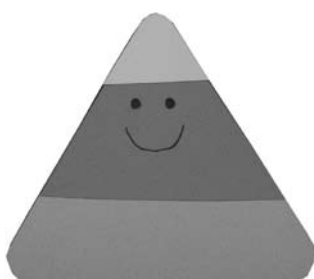
Kate Doherty

What are you going to be for Halloween?
"I am going to be Robin as in Batman and Robin. The costume is a polyester onesie."
What inspired you to choose this costume?
"My affinity for the underdog."
Where did you purchase it?
"I purchased this gem from a Goodwill store in Austin, Texas, over Fall Break."
Would you ever wear it for a full day?
"Yes solely due to the fact that it has a cape. Awesome."



Ashley Duckett

What are you going to be for Halloween?
"I'm going to be a cop for Halloween. It's a navy blue uniform with matching cop hat and sunglasses."
What inspired you?
"I chose this because it was the only costume that fit. I also like Lil' Wayne's song, 'Mrs. Officer.'"
Where did you purchase it?
"I bought it from a costume store in Opry Mills."
Would you ever wear it for a full day?
"I probably wouldn't wear it for a full day because I hate to bring attention to myself."



KEVIN SMITH

Kevin Smith recently directed the upcoming hit "Zack and Miri Make a Porno" starring Seth Rogen and Elizabeth Banks. Features Editor Chris Gearing got the chance to talk to Mr. Smith about the film industry, co-star chemistry and why people just don't like the word "porno."

LETTER FROM AN ANGRY WASP

Each week, our resident Angry WASP sounds off on things that make him buzz. (see what we did there?)



Dear People Who Complain About the Cold,

Please get a grip on yourself. It seems like every time the temperature drops below 60 degrees, you people believe that you've somehow been transported to the North Pole. I won't even get started on how disgusting those Ugg boots are (don't listen to those fashion people — there is no surer form of birth control than wearing those things around), or how annoying it is when somebody wearing flip-flops complains that their feet are getting cold ... but really, Tennessee does NOT get that cold — we're not in Chicago or Minnesota. Come on.

The only thing worse than hearing people do their stupid pretend shiver is being in the car — or worse, a room — with people who decide that their being cold necessitates cranking the heater up as far as it will go. It makes total sense, right? WRONG. Just put on a freaking sweatshirt or grab a blanket. Do you not realize that there's no easy way to cool yourself down? You can take 10 seconds and be comfortable — so why do I have to suffer through an inferno because you can't stand the thought of putting your hood up?

So seriously, folks: It's not that cold. We haven't seen a snowflake for eight months, so relax. Believe it or not, some people wear long pants and coats to stay warm — you could try that. Or layering, or something. But you know what definitely doesn't warm you up? Constantly blabbing about how cold you are. So grab a coffee, put on a jacket and calm down.

Sincerely,
An Angry WASP

VERSUS MAGAZINE: What's with the controversy around the word "porno" being in the title of the movie?

KEVIN SMITH: I don't know, man, I'm still trying to figure it out. I knew it was going to turn off some people, but I assumed that the people who would be turned off by the title weren't going to see the movie anyway. I assumed that with the (Motion Picture Association of America), I assumed that would be the last of our travails. But in the past month, cities have been popping up that won't let us advertise. Philadelphia won't let us put up our billboards. Forget that there's a zillion and nine erectile dysfunction and beer ads, but the word "porno" was the be all and end all of civilization. I felt that we had used the cutest word possible for that industry. We hadn't gone with "Zack and Miri Make a F*ck Tape" or "Stag Film" or "Skin Flick." It's got that "o" at the end that makes it cuddly and cute to me. The thing that puzzles me and bugs me the most is just how stupid people can be. When was the last time you saw a porno with "porno" in the title? At the end of a TV spot, you always have the rating from the MPAA. Clearly we're rated "R," and I don't know how people are confusing a comedy with hard-core pornography. You can't object to the term. How else are we going to describe it?

VS: As mentioned on "An Evening With Kevin Smith," I know your friend and one of the stars of the film, Jason Mewes, made a porno and gave it to you. Did that affect your ideas or directing at all?

KS: I don't think Mewes ever thought that anyone would see that first one, and why he gave it to me is still a mystery. Also keep in mind that the guy was still probably knee-deep in the horse at the time — he was still using then. So a guy on heroin isn't going to perform well at all as I understand. What I thought was like, "Damn, you might want to focus the camera." It kept framing between him and the girl he was with and a framed X-Man poster behind him that was catching the reflection of an MTV Music Awards. I think it was N*Sync on screen at the time. So the image keeps focusing between Mewes and his girlfriend and N*Sync on a TV in the background as reflected by this glass frame. Not stroke-worthy in the least. In terms of it being influential, I just didn't want to do that. That was below the amateur standards, it was kind of shockingly bad — and more depressing than anything else.

VS: How do you think this "romanticized" idea of porn will affect college students?

KS: I think most people will take this movie for what it is. I'm not looking to convert people, I'm just looking to entertain them with this fun story. I'm not putting this out there as a viable way of making cash, although it certainly is, but I don't think that it's going to change anyone's mind on the subject. A lot of people out there find it to be offensive, I get that. But there are a bunch of people out there (mostly dudes), who see it as an essential part of their day. So I don't think the movie will change anyone's mind.

VS: How did growing up in New Jersey affect your film making style?

KS: The area in Jersey in which I grew up certainly affected the dialogue that I write — rather frank and candid dialogue peppered with a lot of vulgarity. It's just the way I grew up and how we all speak. Having the friends that I've had over the course of my life has certainly influenced me and the things I like to write about and the stories I like to tell. I can't say that the great state of New Jersey influenced that so much as the people I hung around with. You grow up in New Jersey and you always grow up in the shadow of New York and what not. There's still that kind of necessity to prove yourself to people, to prove you're worthy of applause — I think we tend to try harder. Growing up in Jersey is like growing up fat — you just try harder. You just always try to outdo the thin people.

VS: Where did the plot for the movie come from?

KS: I know most of the stuff I do is about two dudes who pine for each other but never kiss — they're intensely involved but don't consummate it. So it seemed like a logical progression that a guy and a girl as the protagonists who are in a relationship heading to some other kind of relationship. I'm afraid that maybe on the page it would've read different like two dudes, but Elizabeth Banks was wonderful — she completely feminized Miri. She was able to infuse her and flesh her out as a believable woman.

VS: How did the cast come together on the film? Did they work well together?

KS: They really combined rather well. At the end of the day, everyone's a consummate professional that loves to act, and they all honor the script. We did everything in the script. Seth is kind of a genius at adlibbing material like it's organic to the film, or more specifically to the character. Nine times out of 10, adlibbing isn't bringing the story forward. Seth is brilliant at adlibbing material that brings the story forward. When he adlibs a line, it seemed like it was coming from the character of Zack as opposed to Seth Rogen. It propels the story forward. You welcome a guy like that because he's not just executing but elevating. You love a guy like that around.

VS: How was the chemistry between Seth Rogen and Elizabeth Banks?

KS: From the moment we sat down to do the first table reading of the script, it was apparent that their chemistry was sickening. It was so good, it was so insane. You would have thought that they had known each other for years. They had worked very briefly together on "40 Year Old Virgin," but I don't even think they shared a scene. It was very natural for both of them. So, all credit to them — the chemistry was there. Sometimes you work with actors that just have that sick, wonderful chemistry where you don't have to do anything as a director other than stay out of the way.

VS: How was it to work with Craig Robinson?

KS: Craig was fantastic, man. He underplayed that role to perfection — he was so subtle with that part. As I was putting the movie together, his brilliance emerged in the editing booth. Underplaying it to a fault, he kind of sticks out in a good way. He's a really great guy and really funny. He kind of steals the movie in many places.

VS: How did you get into filmmaking?

KS: Yeah, when I was a kid I never really thought about being a filmmaker. It just never seemed like an option. It wasn't until my 21st birthday when I saw Richard Linklater's "Slacker" that kind of opened me up to the world of independent film, and I just immersed myself. That's what made me want to get into film. I was always a movie-goer as a kid and there are definitely film makers like John Hughes — I loved all of John Hughes as a kid. The one that got me off my ass was Richard Linklater's "Slacker."

VS: How has your job as a director changed over the years?

KS: For me my job hasn't really changed movie to movie. I write the script and I rehearse the actors and make sure they give a performance close to how I heard it in my head when I wrote it. It's not better or worse. Whether I've got 10 bucks or a million, that job doesn't change all that much.

VS: Do you have any advice or tips for amateur filmmakers?

KS: Make "Clerks." That totally worked for me. Short of that, everyone should tell the story that they want to tell. Don't be influenced to change it. At the end of the day, you have to live with that movie the rest of your life. That's your flick. If you sell out or something to reach a larger audience, then it stops being yours. You could have that moment where you look back and say, "That's not what I wanted at all." So, stick with your own voice.



FLIP SIDE

OVERHEARD

Some people on this campus just don't think before they speak. Sometimes we are lucky enough to overhear what they say.

Compiled from the Facebook group "Overheard at Vanderbilt"



Girl (on the phone at the football game): "Just look in the direction of the sky and you'll see us."

Engineer (writing a text message): "'Thank You' isn't one word?"

Guy: "I haven't been arrested in, like, three years. I need to get on that!"

Girl: "Wait, what semester is it, fall or spring?"

Girl: "He's so attractive. ... I love the fact that he's balding."

Girl: "So, I'm thinking about taking some art history classes next semester. ... Maybe there won't be too many middle-class people in that type of course."

Professor: "I'm unbuttoning my shirt ... and I don't know why."

Professor: "I have to laugh at myself ... otherwise, I cry."

*Rando No. 1: "What's your name, baby?"
Rando No. 2: "My name's Ed. ... Don't call me baby."*



PHOTOS: www.flickr.com

HOROSCOPES



SCORPIO 10/23-11/21:

You're going to have a great day. Really. We promise. No strings attached. Weird, huh?



SAGITTARIUS 11/22-12/21:

Maybe you should swear off romance for a while. Get your head together, take a shower or something.



CAPRICORN 12/22-1/19:

You know grizzly bears love most? Big old bear hugs! Try it today!



AQUARIUS 1/20-2/18:

Why isn't Virgo picking up their phone? Ugh, I can NEVER reach them.



PISCES 2/19-3/20:

Prepping for a job interview and trying to think of questions to ask? See if they prosecute embezzlers.



ARIES 3/21-4/19:

What happens in Vegas does NOT stay in Vegas when someone brings a camera.



TAURUS 4/20-5/20:

Today, you will have the theme song for the board game "Crossfire" stuck in your head. You'll get caught up in it, if you will.



GEMINI 5/21-6/21:

Your requests for "good fortune" has been DENIED, sucka!



CANCER 6/22-7/22:

The time draws nigh for stormy weather.



LEO 7/23-8/22:

So, since you're a lion an everything — do you believe in the Circle of Life?



VIRGO 8/23-9/22:

Have you ever tried just turning your cell phone off for a day and cutting yourself off from the world? Everyone gets really mad at you.



LIBRA 9/23-10/22:

You meet two guys at a club: Scooter and Chip. Guess who's a parasailing world champion? Your gut would probably tell you it's Scooter, but it's actually Chip.

The Buzz is "No More Fuzz!"

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