

Versus

Entertainment & Culture at Vanderbilt

MARCH 20—MARCH 26, 2008 No. 9

10 THINGS YOU'D HATE NOT TO DO

Don't leave Nashville without seeing these sights first...

Jen Gunderman and Peter Cooper on one stage and the world survived?

Does it set fire or make one say "ugh"? Pros and cons of "10,000 BC."

The eternal question: Facebook message or wall post? Find out on page 8.



PLACES TO GO, PEOPLE TO SEE

THURSDAY, MARCH 20

The Black Lips — Mercy Lounge

This band's teenage members have already been called "visionaries of a skeptical age." Not bad for a young punk quartet. (\$10, 9 p.m.)

Means with Remove the Veil — The Anchor

The hardcore ensemble Means, hailing from Saskatchewan, mixes an energetic performance with impressive vocals and quirky sense of humor. (\$8, 7 p.m.)

Oakhurst with the Dewayn Brothers — Windows on the Cumberland

Oakhurst has played everywhere from cruise ships to smoky Texas bars, distinguishing themselves from other western folk groups with a notably rustic sound. (Price TBA, 10 p.m., 515 2nd Ave. South, 251-0097)

The Independents with the Creeping Cruds — The Muse

The horror-ska outfit from South Carolina blends the macabre elements of the gothic with a more lighthearted ska-punk style to make for a unique sound. (Price TBA, 7 p.m., 835 4th Ave. South, 251-0190)

Jimmy Stewart and Friends — Station Inn

This young guitar slinger out of Louisiana delves into both the blues and country traditions, coming up with a sound that's as catchy as it is heartfelt. (\$10, 9 p.m.)

Blair Cello/Composition Collaboration — Blair School of Music

A collaboration between Blair's incredible cello faculty and skilled composers is just a 10-minute walk away. Several well-known pieces are also on the agenda. (Free, 8 p.m., 2400 Blakemore Ave., 322-7651)

Dixie Highway — Wildhorse Saloon

Hailing from eastern Tennessee, this five-man country ensemble has played together since they were kids and has worked hard to create a unique and appealing sound. (Free, 9 p.m., 120 2nd Ave. North, 902-8211)

Kissing Robots with Sian Alice Group — The End

Nashville natives Kissing Robots play a standard array of alternative pop songs very reminiscent of Fountains of Wayne and similar bands. (\$5, 9 p.m., 2219 Ellison Place, 321-4457)

Sound&Shape — Springwater

This power trio from Birmingham, Ala., lays screaming guitar notes over staccato drumbeats before easing into a mellower progressive-rock sound. (\$5, 9 p.m., 115 27 Ave. North, 320-0345)

FRIDAY, MARCH 21

Don Allquo — F. Scott's Restaurant and Jazz Bar

Check out renowned jazz saxophonist and Pennsylvania native Don Allquo, who spends his time off the stage teaching at Middle Tennessee State University. (Free, 7 p.m.)

Swingshot, Adrenaline, War Within and Destroy by Design — 12th and Porter

Gear up for a night of metal with Knoxville natives Swingshot, and stick around for Destroy by Design's unique blend of metal, Southern rock, jazz and hip hop. (Price TBA, 8 p.m.)

The Last Straw and Old Union with Zenphonic featuring Oceana and Mac Gayden — 3rd and Lindsley

Tennessee natives and soon-to-be celebrities The Last Straw serves up bona fide rock 'n' roll with traces of blues, funk, and soul at 3rd and Lindsley. (\$8, 7 p.m.)

Conor Lynch with Tallest Trees, Run On Sentence and Kai Welch — The Basement

The most interesting show to see tonight just might be that of Nashville residents and roots musicians Tallest Trees, who bring haunting a capella vocalists and minimalist instrumentals to The Basement. (\$5, 9 p.m.)

Peter Cooper with Lloyd Green and Fayssox Mclean — The Station Inn

Maybe someday we'll stop plugging country music professor Peter Cooper and his endeavors. But that will only happen when he stops being such a badass, writing songs, producing albums and playing alongside some of country's greatest legends. Admission for \$10? What a steal. (\$10, 9 p.m.)

Music in the Grand Lobby: Steven Anderson — Frist Center for the Visual Arts

Guitarist Steven Anderson comes to the Friday-evening tradition of Music in the Grand Lobby, where listeners can enjoy bistro dining and cocktails while listening to his relaxing music. (Free, 6 p.m., 919 Broadway)

Gypsy Pompe — Cafe Coco

This bluegrass group will bring you back to the days of cowboys and hoop skirts with charming fiddle and string arrangements. (Free, 11 p.m.)

The Donald Austin Trio — Edgehill Studios Cafe

Jazz/soul/rock musicians The Donald Austin Trio's smooth, retro-style vocals and rhythmic sound might be the ticket out of a dull and uninspired Friday. (Free, 7 p.m., 1201 Villa Place)

Brandon Giles — Layla's Bluegrass Inn

With influences like The Rolling Stones, Elvis and Jerry Lee Lewis, this self-taught rock pianist is sure to have you on your feet. Check out his new sound at Layla's Bluegrass Inn, a venue relatively undiscovered by the Vandy crowd. (Free, 9 p.m., 418 Broadway)

Natalie MacMaster: A Celtic Celebration — The Nashville Symphony

Celebrate St. Patrick's Day a bit late with the Irish and Scottish musical stylings of Grammy-nominated vocalist Natalie MacMaster. (\$36-126, 8 p.m., 1 Symphony Place)

SATURDAY, MARCH 22

Brian Taylor Band — Dan McGuinness Irish Pub

The featured band at Dan McGuinness will be bringing down the house with their usual Saturday lineup. (Free, 7 p.m., 1538 Demonbreun St.)

High school Battle of the Bands — Rocketown

Remember back in high school when you thought your friends were going to get that record deal? Relive the good times at Rocketown and see some high school bands fight for musical glory. (Price and time TBA, 401 6th Ave. South)

Randy Kohrs and The Lites — Station Inn

If you need your weekly shot of bluegrass, Randy Kohrs and The Lites will be the banjo-and-mandolin booster you need at Station Inn. (\$10, 9 p.m.)

Amelia White — 3rd and Lindsley

3rd and Lindsley will be hosting Amelia White and her friends The Blue Souvainers, Jon Byrd and Byrd Auto Parts, and Grooveyard for some good music and good times. (\$7, 7 p.m.; \$10, 10 p.m.)

Songwriter Session — Country Music Hall of Fame and Museum

Two legendary country music songwriters, John Wiggins and Wynn Varble, will be sharing their past, present and future works for your cochlear enjoyment. (\$18, noon, 222 Fifth Ave. South)

The Dirtbombs — The Mercy Lounge

The Dirtbombs are one of the premier bands in the late-'90s garage rock revival that influenced rock gods like Jack White. (\$10, 9:30 p.m.)

American Bang — Exit/In

This Nashville quartet are the real American, Southern-rock deal with the vim and vigor of seasoned pros. They'll impress you while blasting through their garage-rock inspired set. (\$8, 9 p.m.)

All We Seabees with Pale Blue Dot and Anna Kramer — The Basement

The indie rock and folk music fusion that is All We Seabees will knock your socks off with everything from straight punk to banjo ballads. (\$7, 9 p.m.)

Grand Ole Opry — Ryman Auditorium

The Grand Ole Opry is always a good time, but this week is even better because guess who's headlining? Oh yeah, the country goddess Loretta Lynn. (\$34-49, 6:30 and 9:30 p.m., 116 Fifth Ave. North)

Everyday Atlas with Jeffrey Joslin — Christopher Pizza

This pop-tastic quartet will be bringing their special blend of rock, pop and, rhythm and blues to the stage while you munch on some of the best food in town. (\$5, 8 p.m., 1524 Demonbreun St.)

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
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MARCH 20—MARCH 26, 2008 No. 9

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FROM THE EDITOR



In my experience, the weeks of school after spring break are the fastest (and regrettably, some of the most enjoyable) weeks that Vandy students experience in the academic year. The weather is getting nice again, and just as you want to head outdoors to play soccer, hang with friends or just enjoy the sun, the landslide of work and all-around responsibilities begin.

While “seven weeks of school left” is kind of a vomit-inducing sentiment shared by all, I can only imagine the anxiety infiltrating the Vandy senior class with questions of jobs, apartments, “being a real person,” and leaving Nashville and Vanderbilt behind in a matter of quickly dwindling days. Furthermore, seniors ready to depart for the real world may suddenly be overcome with the feeling they have let opportunities pass them by going to the same bars and restaurants each weekend, doing the same activities, being with the same people. I think Kansas/Will Ferrell says it best.

“I close my eyes, only for a moment, and the moment’s gone.
All my dreams, pass before my eyes, a curiosity
Dust in the wind, all they are is dust in the wind.”

Nevertheless, you still have time to leave the old standbys like Bread & Co., On The Rocks and Green Hills Mall as your source of entertainment and instead go the extra few miles and explore The Bluebird, the Cheekwood Botanical Garden and The Big Bang. You’re likely very sick of us telling you what cultural opportunities lie right outside your dorm room, so I’ll step down from the soapbox and let the feature “10 Things You’d Hate Not to Do” speak for itself.

Eh, I’m not feeling very witty today. I apologize. I don’t feel so good. I’ve got the black lung.

Darcy Newell

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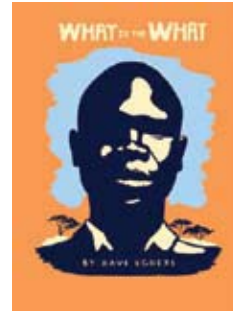
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PIC OF THE WEEK



AMELIA SPINNEY/VERSUS



Dine from a unique, eclectic and diverse menu of dishes from around the world

Lunch favorites-

- Wasabi crusted tuna salad
- Asian style shrimp dumplings
- Smoke Salmon pizza

Dinner Favorites-

- Maple glazed duck over sweet potato risotto
- Black pepper crusted salmon
- Moroccan lamb shank
- Brazilian style Paella in spicy tomato broth

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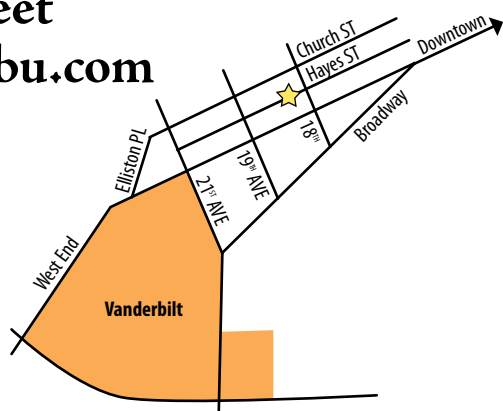
(615) 329-1293

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www.EatDrinkMambu.com

Directions from Vandy:

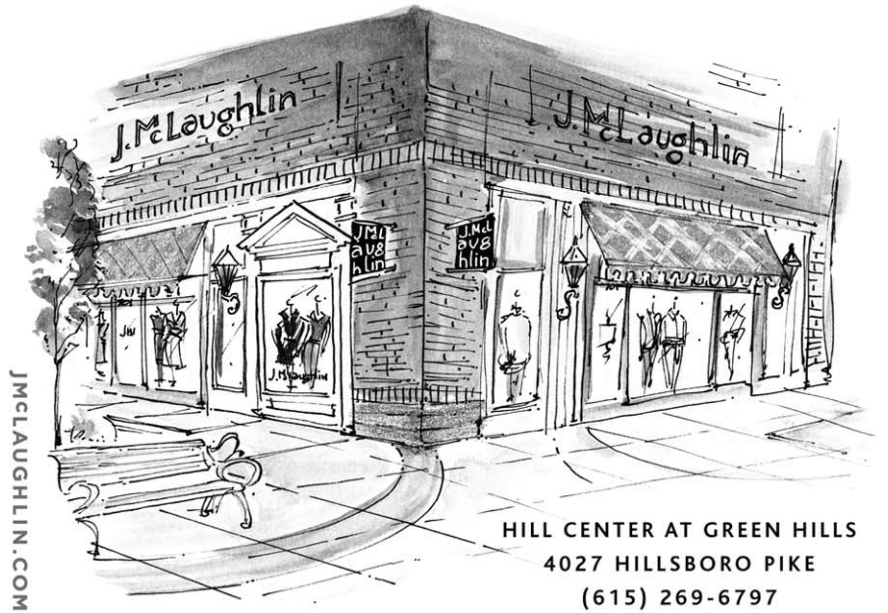
Travel heading toward downtown, go to 19th Avenue and take a left, take a right on Hayes Street and Mambu is on the left between 18th and 19th Avenue.



J. McLaughlin

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SHORT STORY

All Trains Stop at Tom's, Part I

ELIZA ROBIE
Contributor

We went to Tom's at six in the morning and after detention each Sunday. We went even when the roads hadn't been plowed and when the wind chapped our faces. We went to study, to listen and to smoke. We went for his one-dollar corn muffins and flavorless coffee. We went to hibernate from the cable-knit phonies and the sea of pastel. We went whenever someone was kicked out, but even with my penchant for rule breaking, I never had to worry about that. What elitist boarding school would expel a ninth-generation legacy in the midst of a capital campaign? Maybe they held onto me those four years in a selfish attempt to weasel even more dough from my grandparents, who had, unbeknownst to me, been annually emptying my trust fund with their "philanthropic" donations to Eliot Academy. Whatever. It's not like I even wanted it, anyway. Money just fucks things up. But instead of helping AIDS victims or homeless children, my grandparents chose to squander it on new dorms for over-privileged yuppies.

I don't mean to sound so bitter. It's not like I haven't been pampered myself. On the contrary, I've led a grotesquely affluent life, too similar to my classmates' than I'd like to admit. My parents parade in the company of New York's "oldest and finest," and my mother's milieu is limited to those with Ivy League educations and lineages akin to that of Westminster Dog Show winners. In a pathetic rebellion to my overbearing mother, my father refuses to give up smoking cigars, igniting many a scotch-induced bicker in the library. Neither cares enough to notice me, and I wasn't surprised when they slipped Eliot's application under my door the morning of my thirteenth birthday.

There wasn't any point in arguing. It had been settled long before I had even been conceived — what Victor-Smith spent the "best four years" of his life anywhere other than the quaint (read: euphemism) town of Wallingford — "Wally World" — Connecticut? It was unheard of. In a sly attempt to irk my father, I would whisper the name of Eliot's rival school during mealtimes; "Hartfield" became as forbidden a word as "fuck" in our townhouse, and my father forced me to return the several sweatshirts I had ordered online with my mother's credit card. I had, at the ripe old age of fourteen, mastered the art of mischief, and it breathed life into an otherwise dull existence.

On my last morning in New York, my father lingered in the doorway of my bedroom. "You," he said as I packed my small trunk (I was convinced I'd be returning home after a few weeks), "must not be the first to stain the family legacy, Nick." With those warm fuzzy words of paternal support, he informed me that our driver, Lars, would soon be arriving to take me to Eliot — that he and my mother had pressing social obligations, but would be there for Parents' Weekend. I knew my father thought he had my best interests in mind, calling the town car to pluck me from the city and dispense with me in rural Connecticut, but it blew my mind that he couldn't comprehend the social implications of such an arrival. Not only would I be the one student without parents in tow, but I would be forever branded a pretentious asshole. Cool. Thanks, Dad.

After bidding the Victor-Smiths goodbye, I ditched Lars and hailed a cab to Penn Station where I boarded the 12:15 Amtrak to New Haven. From there I would switch lines to Wally World and begin my adventures at Eliot Academy.

It didn't take me long to realize my preconceptions about boarding school were horribly correct. There were the field hockey girls in pleated skirts from New Canaan and the "sweetlaxers" from Maryland who "rocked" Rainbow flip-flops all year round. But of all the boarding school prototypes, the worst were the hockey players. With their "sick flow" hanging in semi-mullets under their winter hockey hats, these upstanding young gentlemen made more catcalls at me than at the puck sluts. They'd never before encountered a gaunt, self-proclaimed intellectual who kept a dog-eared copy of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* tucked into his back pocket. Anyone who wore a tattered leather jacket and left a trail of cigarette smoke in his wake was foreign to the prep school crown, too. I mean, they'd obviously met kids like me before, but I guess I was more visible than the other beatniks (and pseudo-beatniks) at Eliot. Must have been my stunning good looks that caught their attention.

Much to the Victor-Smiths disappointment come Parents' Weekend, I had not conformed to the "Varsity Life" mentality of the douche bag hockey boys, finding instead confirmation in a tribe of eccentric characters who'd never heard of Fairfield Country or even Jupiter Island, for that matter. We had two things in common. We hated Eliot, and we ripped cigs at Tom's. We hiked seventeen minutes (five on bike) to Tom's at 6:03 several mornings a week to avoid the Dean's omnipresence. He had cultivated the rate skill of recruiting all five (some would argue six) senses to detect any rule breaking on campus. Don't get me wrong — of course the faculty knew about Tom's (his dodgy history of mafia infamy was legendary in Wally World) — but with the exception of a few vengeful science teachers who would sometimes pop in at 6:30 to nab smokers, most faculty members feigned ignorance of our breakfast spot. If they were to shut Tom's down, we'd migrate elsewhere to silence the screeching nicotine monkeys on our backs, and we'd also make a big fucking stink about it. Tom's, you see, was our haven.

My prefect took it upon himself to take my Tom's virginity, if you will. He differed from the majority of boys on campus; he wore a multi-colored Mexican poncho and Birkenstocks, smoked American Spirits and went the entire month of September without washing his hair. It was just how he lived his life. When he insisted I join him and his buddies for breakfast one morning, I agreed to meet in front of the library steps at 6:03 am (dormitories were unlocked at six, and it took us about three minutes to walk to the library), where the group of raccoon-eyed kids always convened. When "lights-out" rolled around the night before, I realized that it was the first time a strict 10:45 bedtime hadn't really pissed me off. I lay in bed, waiting to hear the 11:00 pm train pass through Wally World on its retreat to

PHOTOGRAPHY



LAUREN FONDRIEST/VERSUS

FICTION

"Writing a novel is actually searching for victims. As I write I keep looking for casualties. The stories uncover the casualties." — John Irving

— JON IRVING



HAIKUS

Words to live by
in seventeen syllables

If you did not get
That suite you've always wanted
Consider Branscomb!

Now that spring is back
I can take out my frat pants!
Hooray for pink!

the city. The next day I'd lose some of that third-form innocence — I was going to Tom's.

It was snowing that morning, and icicles congealed on my sopping wet hair as we hurried downtown, descending a long hill until we reached the train tracks where I had disembarked only a few months before. Tom's Coffee Shoppe was the only business on Main Street with buttery light oozing from its front windows. Nervous, I let the seniors, each clad in a gray sweatshirt with their names emblazoned in red on the left and *Tom's Coffee Shoppe* etched on the right breast, enter the den first. One of the boys wore a trucker hat with the same lettering and train logo.

I noticed the stench first. Everyone does. A dense perfume of grease and cigarette smoke hovered in the air, staining the ceiling with splotches of mahogany. "You'll get used to it, Nick. You might even prefer it over that shit your mom sent you... what was it? Aqua Di Gio?" Dave laughed. My cheeks still stinging, I glanced at the narrow room. The Eliot kids sat in cramped booths on the right, hollering at each other as they fixed themselves coffee from behind the adjacent counter. Sitting on stools with their backs facing the booths were the tattooed construction workers, their ashtrays brimming with crushed Marb Red's. They wore paint-splattered construction boots with denim suits, grunting quietly — if at all — amongst themselves. They had grime lodged beneath yellowed fingernails, as if the grease had saturated every facet of their being. These mangy men with crevices engraved across their faces were as emblematic of Tom's as his griddle. It seemed they had sat on those same cracked leather stools every morning of their working lives.

The walls were jacketed with three decades worth of signed photographs of Eliot students smiling with Tom. He's worn the same tennis shoes, white shorts and white T-shirt since the Shoppe opened in 1910, as the "est. 1910" on the oil-speckled menu above the counter joked. Nothing cost more than five bucks, but, as I learned that one morning, it "didn't really matter if you didn't have the exact amount." You paid when you could, tossing the bills in a pile on the counter. Dave then instructed me to scribble my order on a napkin, and we walked it back to the kitchen where Tom worked, frying the artery-clogging delicacies that became staples in my diet. We watched him as he fried; he was even older than the construction workers, speaking in terse sentences that were difficult to understand. His movements and posture reminded me of a prehistoric dinosaur, and we idolized him because he was a creature of the past — the antithesis of Eliot, a townie toiling away in the grimy working class work we so admired.

When Dave and his rat pack graduated, I decided it was time to make a few friends my own age, and so I formed a clan of younger Tom-devotees. There was Lydia, a burgeoning cokehead, Katherine Koh from Singapore and my two closest friends: Wiley and Wole Wilkinson. The twins were new sophomores from London and channeled every ounce of their creative energies into evading Eliot's disciplinary policies. Wiley spurred both Wole and me into the majority of our less-than-legal exploits. He calculated Community Safety's nighttime route around campus and vigilantly made note of the teachers who walked their dogs in the early hours of the morning. The October of our fifth-form year Wiley somehow obtained a master key (a feat rarely accomplished at Eliot), allowing for all sorts of after-curfew excursions. The three of us were regulars on Dean's Row. They always caught us breaking minor rules, and I have a feeling Dean Warden derived sick personal satisfaction as he sentenced us to weeks on end of Sunday detention. I guess it was his way of telling us we were on the "red flag" list, but with that raw teenage arrogance boiling with the fury of a caged animal, we thought we were invincible. After everything that we'd gotten away with, though — anyone would have thought the same.

MUSIC

"I am my own experiment.
I am my own work of art."
—MADONNA



Celebrating traditions, the Americana way

NICOLE AZPILLAGA
Staff Writer

A small audience of tourists and downtown-ers had the wonderful pleasure of watching Mars Arizona play the Billy Block show last week at the Cadillac Ranch. The place was hardly packed but as much as could be expected for such an open, spacious bar on a Tuesday. The atmosphere inside was that of any other downtown Nashville bar riding the campy Music City reputation but with much less effort, nothing special. Even so, it was a great night and Mars Arizona has quickly become a new favorite of mine.

It was great to see such a range of talent but I only expected to see one band, Mars Arizona. Prior to showing up, I had just listened to their new and very well received release "Hello Cruel World." While I do not profess to be an avid country music fan, their music definitely made an impact. Their set included songs off their new album and their first album. Interestingly, both their albums and set included makeovers of unexpected songs by artists like Neil Young and Concrete Blonde. They were unassuming, humorous and just sought to make great music. Although the band really only consists of two core members, the backing musicians added beautiful melodies on fiddle and mandolin. Paul Knowles and Nicole Storto, band-mates, shared



MARS ARIZONA

the spotlight during songs with Knowles adding funny anecdotes in between. Storto's singing was nothing whimsical, disillusioned and yet soft like their lyrics. When their set ended after five songs, I was a little disappointed; I wanted more.

Several days later I spoke to Knowles in an interview about the band and Americana music. He was patient, witty and more than ready to answer any of my questions. The band started 12 years ago, almost immediately after Knowles and Storto met. Their first album, "Love Songs From the Apocalypse" focused on a more current, rock sound. But each album is decidedly different and "Hello Cruel World" has more of a southern country feel with mixed regional influences and an emphasis on the past. The first track, "Dirty Town" shows more of a northern California influence in lyrics and the gypsy, jazz sound of a mandolin. But on other tracks like "Time Fades Away" (a Neil Young cover), Al Perkins adds the pedal steel melded sound of Nashville. Knowles talked about how having lived all over made a big impact and something they love to do is take a song, revive it, rethink it and make it their own. As part of the Americana genre, it seems very fitting because he described Americana as something that pulls in from everything American but pop.

After our interview, the show and listening to their album, it's official: I am a fan and cannot wait to see them again. Look for their CD just across the street at F.Y.E. or on iTunes. ☿

Chris Hennessee: The unfound ramblin' man

OWEN CANAVAN
Staff Writer

Chris Hennessee is one of those guys you see at the bar and you just know he's a little different. Though indeed there are several of those guys in this world,

Hennessee was the type that simply reeked of Southern rock. Embodying the central characteristics that defines such a musician, again, Hennessee had something else going on. True charisma. Genuine personality. He was commanding, yet positively humble. It would be a year's worth of Tuesday nights that I would watch him sing and play rhythm alongside Charlie Daniels Band alum and current Skynyrd guitarist Mark Matejka — known affectionately as "Sparky" — before I would have the privilege of meeting him for the first time. Today, we are good friends, and although his hopes of making it big as a country artist may be running thin due to his recent engagement, current age



and the status quo of the industry, he is the epitome of what I love about this genre of music. Raised in the model tiny Southern town of Decatur, Tenn., Hennessee noted that his "... parents were more than supportive of (his) wanting to move to Nashville to pursue music." Since it was not until his 24th birthday that they allowed him to do so, Hennessee had already become accustomed to playing the "Dixieland Delight" and Skynyrd standards, which may have been the saving grace that kept him on his feet in those first few years in Nashville. He mentioned that "... no matter how tired I get of playing 'Sweet Home Alabama,' it's still a pretty sweet tune."

While most musicians credit countless artists as having been an influence in their original music, it's noteworthy that though Hennessee grew up listening to several different groups, there is only a handful of bands who have had direct influence in the way in which he goes about writing music. Best described as "Southern Country Blues," Hennessee's music draws chiefly from The Marshall Tucker Band, the Allmans, Alabama, Billy Joe Shaver and Merle Haggard. There are more improvisational, bluesy songs like "My House of Blues" and "She's My Girl" that are reminiscent of the former two bands, and then there exist straight

ahead country originals also like "Lorali" and "Hummingbird" that are just as catchy. Hennessee's originals need to be credited for their versatility and flexibility. His music allows for sparsity and silence between chord changes to be as beautiful as the soaring guitar leads found also in the music — an uncommon, yet readily welcomed skill. With respect to his vocals, I'd be hard-pressed to name a singer that can work inflection better on a microphone than Hennessee. Not only does his presence on stage allow for natural interactions with the audience mid-song, but also he can project and emphasize lyrics in a very unique way. Capable of "...staying in his own world while making sure to get a taste of his right world," Hennessee refers to the way in which he became such a proficient rhythm player with comping his lead guitarist to his right on stage. His choice vocals stem directly from the keenness of his ear.

Hennessee responded in a somewhat prophetic way when I asked how songwriters hold on to hope that a big artist will someday cut one of his songs by saying, "Well, it doesn't hurt if you're old drinking buddies with some of them ... but the bottom line is you must be present to win. If you leave Nashville you'll be forgotten in no time." ☿

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Cooper, Gunderman bring rock 'n' roll to Blair

AVERY SPOFFORD
Staff Writer

Last Friday, the Blair School of Music concluded its Global Music Series (a program bringing contemporary artists to campus free of charge) with an evening of freewheeling country-rock headed by professors Jen Gunderman and Peter Cooper. Accompanying the duo were Lloyd Green (steel guitar), Craig Krampf (drums), Bill Lloyd (guitar) and Dave Roe (bass), legendary musicians who have worked in the studio with such renowned artists as Johnny Cash, Paul McCartney, Melissa Etheridge and Faith Hill.

The musical set was mostly country-rock and included songs written by Peter Cooper as well as favorites of the guest artists.

The chemistry and camaraderie among the performers made the show a joy to watch — they all seemed delighted to be performing together for the Vanderbilt audience. The artists' connections both professionally and personally were obvious as they performed, talking and improvising throughout the show. Cooper joked with the audience and his fellow musicians, hamming it up on center stage, and the charmingly quirky Gunderman posed conversational questions to the guests about their pasts in the industry.

This performance marked the end of this year's Global Music Series, but there are still two months to check out the rest of the events at the Blair school. For a calendar of events, visit www.vanderbilt.edu/blair. ☿



STEVE GREEN / VU Media Relations



STEVE GREEN / VU Media Relations

SETLIST

THURSDAY, MARCH 20

Canadian fiddler **Natalie MacMaster** has earned quite a name for herself in the folk and rock circuit, playing live with the likes of Don Henley, Paul Simon and Faith Hill. Don't miss her live solo performance tonight at the Schermerhorn Center beginning at 8 p.m. Tickets are a little steep at \$43.

FRIDAY, MARCH 21

Setting drum kits ablaze is just one of the many antics you'll see from **Monotonix**, embarking on their first U.S. tour after becoming a hit in their home town of Tel Aviv, Israel. The band plays a hard breed of rock reminiscent of Rage Against the Machine and Thin Lizzy. The gig starts at 8 p.m. at Springwater; cover is \$7.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22

Head to 3rd and Lindsley to see **Amelia White**, who plays a grungy form of folk-rock that won't blast out eardrums but has enough of a beat to get the foot tapping. The Nashville native starts the show at 7 p.m.

Rock 'n' roll Hall of Fame welcomes new inductees

DAVIS MACMILLAN
Staff Writer

The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame has announced its inductees for 2008. To be eligible for induction this year, artists need to have released their first single or album at least 25 years ago. There was a ceremony honoring the inductees on March 10 at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York.



COHEN



MADONNA



MELLENCAMP

This year's Hall of Fame class included Leonard Cohen, Madonna, John Mellencamp, the Ventures and the Dave Clark Five. The Beastie Boys top the list of nominees who were not admitted on this ballot.

Leonard Cohen has been recording and writing for the better part of the last 40 years in an understated, jagged baritone. His novels have been compared to the work of James Joyce, and his music is widely covered — perhaps the most memorable example of this is John Cale's version of Cohen's "Hallelujah" from the movie "Shrek."

Madonna is the most successful female artist of all time, and her dance-pop anthems have been topping the charts since the 1980s. The fact that Madonna's music is not really rock 'n' roll, along with her tumultuous personal life, make the appointment a bit questionable, but there is no doubting her influence on modern music.

John Mellencamp is a folk rocker most famous for his songs "Jack and Diane" and "Hurts So Good." Mellencamp helped found the annual benefit Farm Aid along with Willie Nelson and Neil Young. The Dave Clark Five were one of the more successful and influential British invasion groups, briefly rivaling the Beatles in popularity.

The Ventures are the biggest selling rock-instrumental group in history and helped pioneer the use of weird sound effects and synthesizers. Along with these five artists, the Hall of Fame also admitted producers Kenneth Gamble and Leon Huff. These two men worked in the Philly Soul genre on the Philadelphia International label. Finally, blues harmonica player Little Walter was the first person to run a harmonica through an amplifier. He has been admitted in the sideman category.

All of these artists have made significant contributions to rock and popular music and their work is worth a second look. Hopefully, our generation can produce music of the same level of quality as these artists. ☿

The music of the sun

Kronos Quartet performs 'Sun Rings' at Ingram Hall.

MARIA HIBBARD
Staff Writer

Kronos Quartet provided a complete multimedia experience at their performance of Terry Riley's "Sun Rings" on Friday night, captivating the audience and transporting them through a continuum of time, music and space. Although the string quartet is a classical genre, this was no ordinary classical concert.

As the audience filed in at the beginning of the performance, a projection screen provided a visual backdrop, sticks of lights surrounded the quartet's chairs, and eerie sounds filled the hall. The Blair choir sat in the dark in the pit — but as the performance started, there were no performers onstage.

The quartet gradually came out one by one, dressed in black, bathed in blue light, and swept their hands over motion-detecting lights attached to their stands. Riley's work is in 10 movements, but it is performed without pause. Throughout the evening-length work, the audience was exposed to harsh rhythms,

persistent ostinatos and the occasional, wonderfully beautiful melody, all of which was expounded upon by lighting effects and projected pictures of stars, the earth and space.

The group's sense of ensemble was, of course, impeccable — although only a few movements could be classified as necessarily tonal, the quartet navigated awkward intervals, tricky rhythms and difficult ensemble moments with ease.

The choir was not employed until halfway through the piece; the ethereal, natural sounds of the sopranos, and later the entire choir, only augmented the mystical effects. After over an hour of this strangely wonderful music, however, the piece came to a simple, humanistic close, featuring pictures of humans on the projection screen and a woman's voice saying, "One voice. One mind. One people."

Although the piece may have been unusual, it was successful, in its own way. The applause that greeted Kronos was one of respect and admiration for their pioneering ideas in music. ☿



SUNDAY, MARCH 23

Need a quick break before another busy week? Look no further than the weekly bluegrass jam at Station Inn, featuring a variety of local artists. The best part? It's free — just sit back and enjoy. The show kicks off at 9 p.m.

MONDAY, MARCH 24

Roots-rock and country quartet **BoDeans** has been making music for 25 years, and the experience shows. They just released "Still," so head to Exit/In for a drink and some brand new tracks. The show begins at 8 p.m., general admission tickets are \$18.

TUESDAY, MARCH 25

Summer vacation is fast approaching, so if you haven't yet seen the Grand Ole Opry, you have no time to lose. Join country legends **Ricky Skaggs, Bill Anderson** and more for an evening that should be mandatory for every Nashvillian. 7 p.m. at the Grand Ole Opry House, balcony tickets cost \$34.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26

Country group **The Gourds** have pride themselves on their unique, introspective lyrics. Their US tour, hot on the heels of their July release "Noble Creatures," makes a stop in Nashville at The Mercy Lounge. The doors open at 8:30 p.m., tickets run \$10.



Instead of sharing a Vandy celebrity's picks with you, this week we thought we'd show what you, the musically inclined students of Vanderbilt, are downloading and listening to.

Ruckus, a free and legal music and media download service used by many Vandy students, shares the top 10 songs you have been listening to.

1. **"SHADOW OF THE DAY"**
Linkin Park
2. **"SUPERSTAR (FEAT. MATTHEW SANTOS)"**
Lupe Fiasco
3. **"LOVE SONG"**
Sara Bareilles
4. **"WITH YOU"**
Chris Brown
5. **"LOVE LIKE THIS (FEAT. SEAN KINGSTON)"**
Natasha Bedingfield
6. **"HEELS OVER HEAD"**
Boys Like Girls
7. **"TAKE YOU THERE"**
Sean Kingston
8. **"ALL-AMERICAN GIRL"**
Carrie Underwood
9. **"SWEETEST GIRL (FEAT. AKON AND NIAA)"**
Wyclef Jean
10. **"PIECE OF ME"**
Britney Spears

Buble delivers the charm

LAKENDRA SCOTT
Staff Writer

Words can barely describe the sultry sensation that is a performance by Michael Buble. My journey began with a trek up the stairs to the third floor where ticket prices dropped from exorbitantly expensive to just moderately unreasonable, and I situated myself for a night to remember.



My anticipation started to soar as the lights dimmed and the opening act was announced. While I had not previously heard of Naturally 7, never have I been more satisfied with an opener than I was with these seven men hailing from New York City.

The group practiced vocal play, a technique where singers imitate instruments with their voices. Their songs were impressive and met with an accepting audience who was more than willing to hear the group's renditions of both classic gospel songs and a Simon and Garfunkel medley.

While Naturally 7 was impressive, they were just the beginning to a truly amazing night well worth the ticket price. After the opening act completed their set, I waited on the edge of my seat for the man I had paid to see. The moment Michael Buble graced the stage, women of all ages started to swoon and the excitement level reached a new high.

Dressed in his signature black suit, the Grammy-winning artist slid onto the stage and started singing with a voice that was both smooth and sexual. He made the songs of Frank Sinatra come back to life and gave a new spin to songs like Peggy Lee's hit song "Fever." While his voice was amazing, as I had anticipated, it was his personality that really made the show. From jumping into the audience to hug an eight-year-old boy, to fabricating a story about his trumpet player's career in pornography, it was his showmanship that made him riveting.

He mixed his set list with both crowd favorites like "Feeling Good" and "Everything" and humorous covers of songs such as "Try A Little Tenderness" and "YMCA." The relationship that Buble had with his band also made the evening powerful. The smooth jazz that the band produced worked in complete harmony with Buble's vocal variations, and each band member's personality was experienced in this show that valued character as much as the music itself.

After ending the show with "That's Life" by Old Blue Eyes, Buble returned to stage for an encore that cemented his place in the hearts of the audience. After singing "A Funny Little Thing Called Love," he ended the encore with an original song that he sang a cappella and unmiked to the crowd of 10,000 people. It was in that moment that the power of Buble's voice was truly felt and his talent was made known. ☼



Summer festivals of Pitchfork and Lollapalooza promise quality entertainment

CHARLIE KESSLERING
Staff Writer

PITCHFORK

Ah, the comforts of summer: sunshine, lemonade, popsicles and jam-packed music festivals. To realize the last, be sure to check out the Pitchfork Music Festival.



On July 18-20, Pitchfork, known for its brutally honest online music reviews, will host its "yearly sonic bonanza" in Chicago's Union Park, according to www.pitchforkmusicfestival.com. Featuring artists from Animal Collective to Public Enemy, Atlas Sound to Dizzee Rascal, the festival will offer something for every listener and some favorite acts waiting to be discovered.

Headlining the concert series, on July 18 is Public Enemy, performing their 1998 album "It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back" in full. Taking a break from reality television, Flavor Flav will team up with Chuck D to revisit such masterworks as "Bring the Noise" and "Rebel Without a Pause."

Saturday will bring dance group !!!, "prep/pop/afro" inspired Vampire Weekend, and LA's No Age, among others. Trace act Spiritualized, rock trio Boris and others will draw the festival to a close on Sunday, July 20.

Tickets cost \$65 for all three days and can be bought through www.pitchforkmusicfestival.com.

LOLLAPALOOZA

Mark your calendars, music fans; Lollapalooza is back and better than ever.

From Aug. 1-3, thousands of music fans will make the quasi-religious pilgrimage to Chicago's Grant Park for the concert. Described as a "musical, cultural, community experience" by www.lollapalooza.com, the show is something no music listener should miss.

On Aug. 1, guests will be greeted by acts like Jack's Mannequin, Slightly Stoopid, M.I.A., Blonde Redhead, LCD Soundsystem and many others. Capping off the evening, both in the 8:30-10 p.m. spot, are Daft Punk and Ben Harper, performances that will surely present fans with a difficult choice.

Saturday opens with Pete Dinklage, Tapes 'n Tapes, Rhymefest, The Roots, Snow Patrol, Spoon and other favorites. Muse and Interpol finish the night, certainly putting the lid on a great day. Lupe Fiasco, Amy Winehouse, Kings of Leon, Iggy and the Stooges, My Morning Jacket, TV on the Radio and more will fill the bill on Sunday, a series closed by a highly anticipated Pearl Jam performance.

Fans can purchase tickets beginning on March 25.



H-Beam brings the funk to Rites

CHRIS GEARING
Managing Editor

Although you may have had stars in your eyes when you heard that artists like Spoon and Lil Jon are coming to Rites of Spring this April, let's not forget a little Nashville-based psychedelic rock band that really harkens back to the days of Steve Miller, Jimi Hendrix and maybe even a little bit of David Bowie. What group could deliver such an eclectic punch, you may ask?

H-Beam, my friends — the answer to all your groovy, funkadelic and classic rock prayers.

The best place to start for their sound is definitely their MySpace profile, (www.myspace.com/hbeamlive) with five of their best tracks available for your cochlear delight. You'll be greeted by "Cumberland Hop," a soothing rock ballad with a bit of a bluesy riff that will lull you into a bit of sway, if not a slow dance. This rolling rhythm is followed by the sexy and seductive bass lines of "Alla Really Wanna" with lyrics reminiscent of Steve Miller's "The Joker" mixed with "Jungle Love." If you want a bit more punch to your music, click on "Bang," with its fist-

pumping chorus, heavy guitar riff and impressive percussion really kicking your rock meter into overdrive.

Even though you may be focused on the more mainstream names in this year's Rites lineup, don't overlook other lesser-known acts like H-Beam. They may not have made it big yet (with heavy emphasis on yet), but they're definitely worth your time this April. The psychedelic and classic rock sound that H-Beam brings to the table will have you dancing and playing air guitar till you drop to your knees on Alumni Lawn at this year's Rites of Spring. ☼

Ingrid Michaelson warms up Nashville at Exit/In

NORAH SCANLAN
Staff Writer

When I first saw Old Navy's commercial for their Fair Isle sweater collection, I ravenously eyed the featured wool garments, not because I thought they were cute but because I was so drawn to the indie pop music blaring, "If you are chilly, here take my sweater..." A quick Google search landed me at Ingrid Michaelson's Web site and months later, at Exit/In on a Tuesday night for the sold out Hotel Cafe tour that she headlined. Aside from being the soundtrack to the Old Navy campaign, Michaelson's music has also been the soundtrack for shows like "Grey's Anatomy" and "One Tree Hill."

Upon arriving at the concert, we found the line wrapped around the corner and nearly approaching Cafe Coco. After an hour's wait, we finally made our way inside and were serenaded by Nashville native Cary Brothers, whose folk music and beloved song, "Blue Eyes," was featured in "Garden State." As the night continued, the main artists, which also included AM, Jessie Baylin, Joshua Radin and Allie Moss, rotated, performing

a few songs and then disappearing, only to return again later. The collaboration between the musicians, all of which dabbled in the folk, indie pop and country realm, kept the audience captive and entertained as they shared sets and harmonized together.

I was pleasantly surprised to find Michaelson's live music to be even better than what was contained on her album. Her unique voice, enhanced by Moss, who sings back-up, filled the venue and commanded the focus of the audience. Her songs, "Breakable," which was featured on "The Hills," "Die Alone," a crowd favorite, and her cover of Radiohead's "Creep" were performed especially well, not to mention her round, "The Chain," which she performed with the only other females on the current tour, Baylin and Moss. Furthermore, her quirky personality kept the crowd laughing in between songs as she referenced random topics, such as farting and lobster wars.

And, when she closed with "The Way I Am," the song that captured my heart in July, it was much better than the commercial. ☼

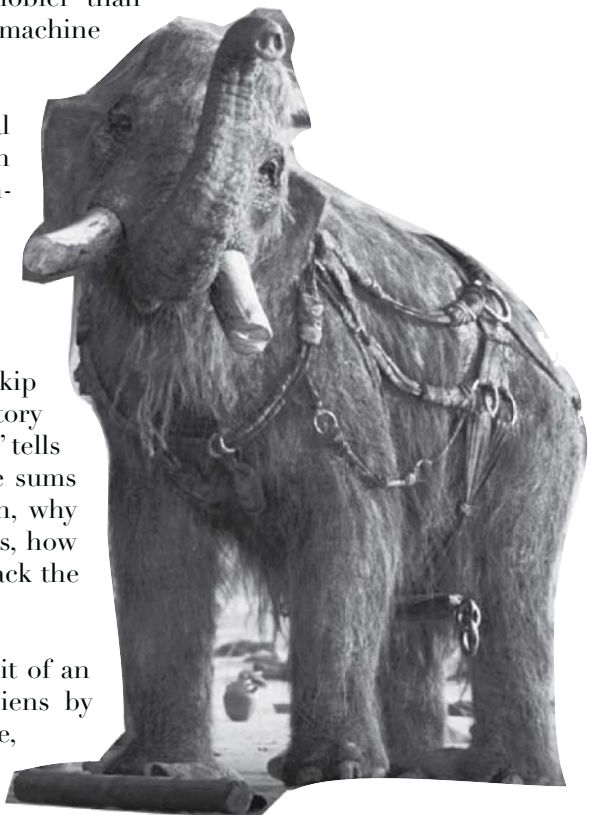
MOVIES

Why to see 10,000 B.C.

REANNE ZHENG
Staff Writer

Just suspend your disbelief for a second and pretend mammoths were domesticated before dogs, the Archimedean crane was around 9,800 years before the birth of Archimedes and Phorusrhacids (the flesh-eating ostrich things) and humans ever coexisted and “10,000 B.C.” wasn’t that terrible on the whole.

- It’s epic — Just because the premise is completely ridiculous doesn’t mean you won’t enjoy the movie. The director, Roland Emmerich, specializes in that sort of thing — “Independence Day,” “The Day After Tomorrow.” The same doomsday ideal is just being applied to a beginning-of-the-world situation, rather than an end-of-the-world situation.
- The action — From the mammoth stampedes — yes, this occurs more than once — to the riotous overtaking of the pyramids, the movie has all the requisite climatic fight scenes. And really, if you think about it, the intense intimate nature of running someone through with a spear is infinitely nobler than simply mowing someone down with a machine gun.
- It reflects positively upon interracial cooperation — African spears, Indian subcontinent spears, possibly then-Mesopotamian spears and the white-but-still-very-tanned spears. International collaboration to fight injustice and all that.
- The valuable lessons in history — Skip the World History, the European History and even the U.S. History, “10,000 B.C.” tells you all you need to know. This movie sums up, in a concise and accurate fashion, why today we are farmers and not nomads, how gender roles came to be and traces back the prehistoric origins of “the Man.”
- Neanderthal lovin’ — I know, it’s a bit of an exaggeration; we were all homo sapiens by then. Still everybody had bad posture, terrible teeth and unwashed hair — very primal, if you’re into that. It can even be considered rather romantic, aside from the repeated references to “claiming your woman” — the hero (Steven Strait in a loincloth) does travel to the ends of the earth to find his beloved (Camilla Belle, pretty hot even in dreadlocks). ☾



10000Bcmovie.com

MOVIES

10,000 B.C. for cavemen

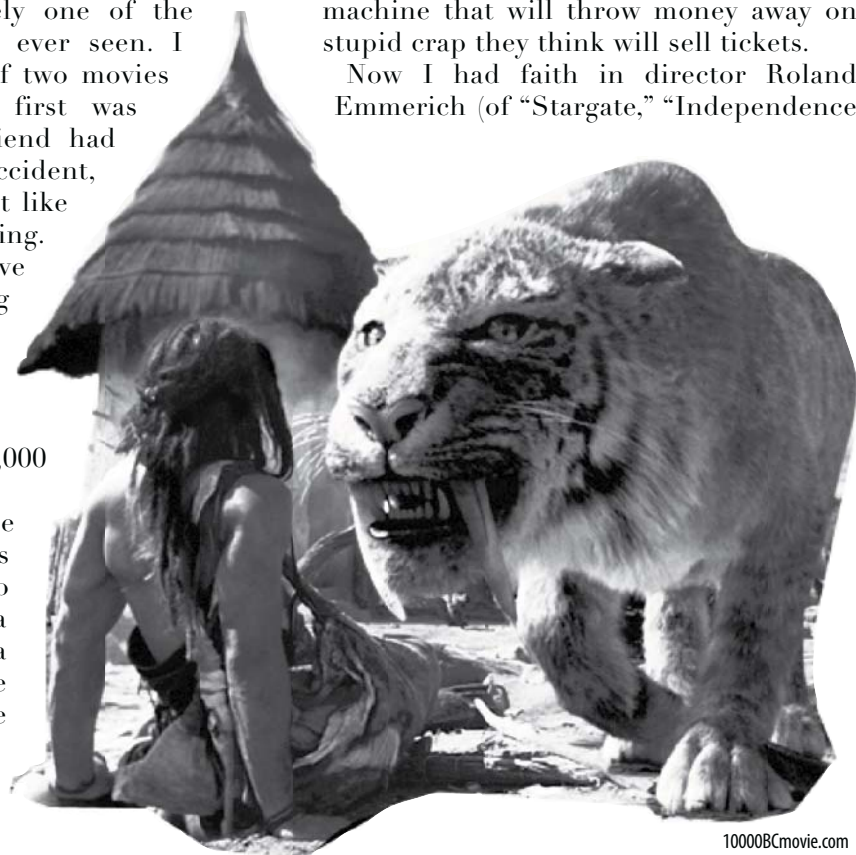
CHRIS GEARING
Managing Editor

This is absolutely one of the worst movies I’ve ever seen. I have walked out of two movies in my life: The first was because my girlfriend had been in a car accident, but this time, I felt like my brain was melting. I felt my cognitive capacity slipping away into a far off universe of bad acting, laughable plot and stupid dialogue called “10,000 B.C.”

So here’s the terrible lie that’s supposed to entertain you: a small tribe finds a young girl in the wilderness (how she survived in the below-freezing temperatures at the top of a mountain is beyond me) and everyone is bamboozled that she has blue eyes. Ergo, we are now told that we are watching “The Tale of the Girl With Blue Eyes” or something equally ridiculous and that it is prophesied that she will marry the leader who will save the tribe. Things really hit the fan when “four legged demons” (dudes on horses) arrive and begin to tear apart the tribe’s village. Amid the chaos, the Girl With Blue Eyes (Camilla Belle) is taken by the invaders but our hero, D’Leh (Steven Strait), goes after her. If you aren’t already predicting what happens next, then you must be asleep. This is not an inspired or original movie, it’s just a sad testament to the Hollywood-

machine that will throw money away on stupid crap they think will sell tickets. Now I had faith in director Roland Emmerich (of “Stargate,” “Independence

Day” and “The Patriot”), but I feel like he is the only one to blame for this atrocity. He was writer, producer and director (pretty much everything but the acting); there really is only one place the fault lies. Indeed, not only did I walk out of the movie after about 30 minutes, but also I asked for my money back. That’s how bad this was, friends. The movie wasn’t even fun in a “so bad it’s good” kind of way, but more of a “wow, this movie really takes itself seriously AND it’s really, really bad.” No laughing, no ridiculous special effects (that were entertaining at least) — just a pathetic waste of a half hour over my spring break. ☾



10000Bcmovie.com

MOVIES

Applaud the misadventures of ‘The Band’s Visit’

BEN GRIMWOOD
Staff Writer

“The Band’s Visit” is a charming Israeli film by first-time director Eran Kolyrin, who makes a masterpiece with his first time at bat. With Arab-Israeli tensions still affecting the world today, Kolyrin takes audiences on a journey beyond geographic, linguistic and cultural boundaries with ordinary people who find friendship in each other.

In the film, an Egyptian police band travels to Israel to play at the opening of an Arab Cultural Center, but ends up lost in a small town full of some humorous people and laugh-out-loud adventures. In the vein of comedies like “Little Miss Sunshine,” this one takes an all too funny approach at humor by slowing the wit and making viewers appreciate each paced moment. Some of the funniest scenes come from slow and awkward moments, particularly when Haled (Saleh Bakri) schools an Israeli boy on how to be nice to his unfortunate, unattractive date at the roller rink and when the band’s clarinetist mournfully plays everyone his unfinished “concerto.” Defying expectation is one of the greatest attributes of comedy, as well, and it is achieved in the man who waits day and night at the pay phone for his love to finally call. In fact, the entire film relies on the characters, whose individual quirks generate the overall humor. Superior acting definitely plays a role in achieving the film’s humor based on character, and the actors who play Tawfiq (Sasson Gabai), Dina (Ronit Elkabetz) and Haled (Bakri), in particular, finely tune their characters’ attributes to perfection.



From the first shot of the film, an establishing shot on a white van fit snugly between two columns, there seems to be a sense of confinement, and after the van rolls away, the neatly-lined Egyptian police band in the background stands between two more columns, further hinting at this idea. The

type of confinement they represent is perhaps geographic and cultural, particularly since the whole group always looks so out-of-place wherever they are at the beginning of the film, but while cinematography threatens to confine these characters, they depend on reaching past confinement for understanding. Tawfiq, who is frequently mistaken for a General, outwardly represents the Arabic militant opposition that endlessly inflicts Israelis. His persona, instead, reveals a human who hardly resembles the Israel perception of the group to which he belongs. When Tawfiq first meets Dina, she casually says, “Here there is no Arab culture. Also, no Israeli culture. Here there is no culture at all.” She intends to promote the film’s intention of breaking down cultural barriers to reveal the humans underneath. The characters can only communicate in the international standard language of English, which does represent another barrier for the two parties, but it proves that by reaching past barriers comes understanding, and understanding is what is required of these characters (and humans, in general) in learning about each other. Overall, with incredible humor and a human message, “The Band’s Visit” represents a triumph of the human spirit.

“The Band’s Visit” is now playing at the Belcourt Theater. ☾

RATING: ★★★★★
‘The Band’s Visit’ is rated PG-13.

MOVIES

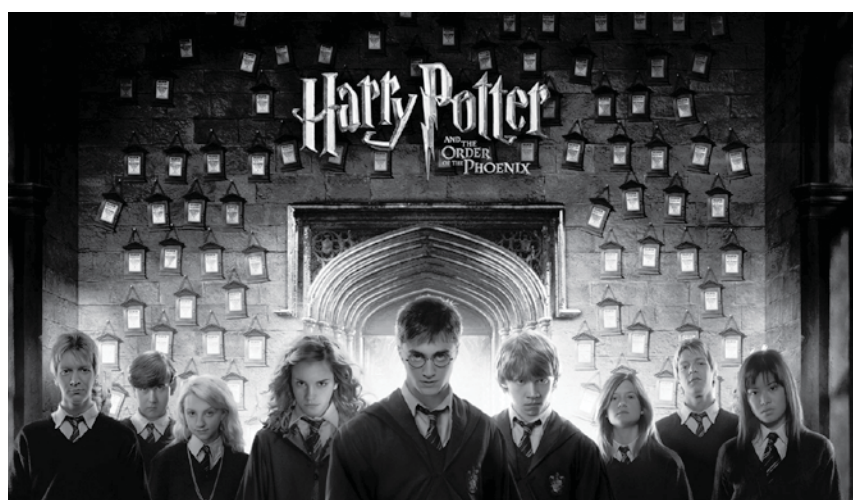
Harry Potter and the double feature finale

COURTNEY ROGERS
Culture Editor

Last week, Warner Brothers Pictures made a big announcement. OK, so maybe it wasn’t the cure for the common cold or the meaning of life, but for Harry Potter fans this is one piece of news to get excited about. The studio, which has already produced five films chronicling the bestselling series, has decided to release the seventh book as a two-part film adaptation.

All right, you’ve had a chance to let that marinate for a few seconds. Maybe you’re thinking, “Two films? Way to go Warner Brothers!” as you feed your pet owl and keep wishing your Hogwarts acceptance letter would finally arrive in your mailbox. Or perhaps you’re reading this thinking, “Two films? Really Warner Brothers? Way to try to squeeze out what you can from the Harry Potter gravy train.” More than likely, you’re the kind of Harry Potter fan who will watch and read the books casually, chuckle along when yet another friend shows you the Potter Puppet Pals on YouTube, and generally enjoy the series, but in a way that is still cool.

Well for everyone, including the too cool for wizarding school set, here’s the scoop on the Warner Brothers announcement. According to producer David Heyman, “The Deathly Hallows is so rich, the story so dense and there is so much that is resolved ... we came to the conclusion that two parts were needed to do it justice.” Director David Yates, who directed last summer’s “Harry Potter and Order of the Phoenix” and the upcoming



sequel “Harry Potter and The Half Blood Prince,” will direct this two-part wizarding extravaganza with the first half slated to hit theaters holiday 2010 and the second part due to be released in summer 2011.

In terms of the conclusion of the series, this double whammy ending is an interesting twist. With Yates at the directing helm and the plot thickening into darker adventures, it is likely that these films will bear little resemblance to Harry’s first cinematic escapades in “Harry Potter and The Sorcerer’s Stone.” Also, while it is true that final book has a lot of wrapping up to do after seven years of unanswered questions, it’s not entirely clear why only the final movie is considered too big for just one movie. After all, the other books in the second half of the series are also quite lengthy, and portions had to be cut to allow the film to stay within an acceptable range for theatergoers. But in spite of this it would be surprising, shocking really, if the films were not a success even in this offbeat adaptation. While it is impossible to predict how the company will split the book, there’s a strong chance that holiday 2010 will be shrouded by cliffhanger as the Christmas that launched a million popcorn purchases. ☾

BOOK REVIEW

Eggers' foray into fictional biography is elegant and readable

DARCY NEWELL
Versus Editor-in-Chief

Upon opening Dave Eggers' recent release "What is the What," the author's "fictional biography" of Sudanese refugee Valentino Achak Deng, one approaches the novel with a certain degree of skepticism. Eggers, best known for his memoir "A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius" and his novel "You Shall Know Our Velocity," has been heralded as one of today's brightest authors, eloquently combining comedy and tragedy and depicting characters never before seen to readers, yet who still embody idiosyncratic details that make each character believable, relatable and likeable. And while Eggers' past releases are by no means restricted to colorful characters and the comedic irony of life, a biography of a Sudanese refugee plagued by civil war, overwhelming familial loss and difficulty adjusting to life in the United States' does seem perhaps a bit out of his comfort zone.

Yet, in preparation to write "What is the What," Eggers' worked closely with Deng, and instead of writing his story for him, it's more appropriate to think of this novel as Eggers' lending his articulate yet casual voice to a story that needs to be told, and what's more, needs to be read by Americans unaware of the harsh reality Sudanese citizens like Deng have faced and continue to face today.

With a popular author like Eggers behind this project, readers who would normally walk right past Deng's biography (likely myself included) pick up the novel, expecting to, all at once, be overcome with Eggers' fantastic ability to tell stories with an account of a life so



completely removed from the one we live. Furthermore, because Eggers' beloved voice is still thankfully intact, this novel can serve as an "introduction" to the situation in Sudan, leading us slowly through this un-ignorable reality.

So how does the novel fare against such tremendous expectations? Better than I could have predicted. The novel accounts Deng's story with informal beauty and eloquence — it seems as though simple and true sentences are truly effortless for Eggers. And while I'm not sure if Eggers traveled to Sudan in preparation to write the book, his command of the country's landscape and portrayal of the people seems natural and accurate and often, nothing short of breathtaking.

As one might expect, there is a fair amount of misfortune, violence and gore so unknown and unexpected to our society that it catches us completely off guard; images of genocide and hate stay in one's mind hours after putting the book down. Still, as is his style, Eggers goes about the telling of this sorrow with his usual degree of casual elegance; the images are harsh and real, but he is not showing them to shock but rather to inform. Egger does not dwell on the images of gunshot victims, raped women or cities ravaged by civil unrest — the images simply stay with us because they are powerful and true.

All in all, "What is the What" both stays true to Eggers' previously determined technique for literary success as well as showcases how he can handle topics foreign to both he and the reader with credibility and grace. While it may be a departure from the laugh-out-loud comedy of his previous endeavors, "What is the What" is a book that succeeds on too many levels not to be read. ☘

FASHION

Who are you wearing?

REANNE ZHENG
Staff Writer

Sarah George, 2010

Something Designer:
My shoes. Antonio Melani.

Something Vintage:
My jewelry. My mother's from the 70s.

Something Dirt Cheap:
The dress.

Where do you like to shop?

Anthropologie. It's great if you like the vintage look but don't want to sift through thrift stores.



REANNE ZHENG

FASHION

Get 'Chucked' like an 'all-star'

REANNE ZHENG
Staff Writer

Chuck Taylors. A shoe with many cultural associations. They say old school to some, punk emo poser to others. But however iconic these shoes have become since their introduction in 1917, they're not your typical Vandy-man shoes. Fast forward to 2002 — enter John Varvatos. (Yes, Converse may be selling out just a little, but there's no better way to sell out than with CDEA's Menswear Designer of the Year.) Now, his collections are sold at Neiman Marcus, Bergdorf Goodman and Barneys, and even the quintessential Vandy student might be able to learn something from the spring 2008 men's line. Though this writer would personally rather suffer loss of limb than actually wear anything from Converse, it doesn't mean Varvatos doesn't offer some helpful styling suggestions in his new line.

Rule No. 1 — Casual should not mean haggard

Even sweatpants can be dressed up or down. Usually, they get dressed down (with sweatshirts, with T-shirts, with jerseys), and on exam days, sick days, personal days and just bad days, that's fine — but the spring 2008 men's line actually incorporates track pants into respectable outfits. Keep the footwear simple — for example, Chuck Taylors in a less severe color like heather or "grape leaf" — and from the waist up, try a sport utility bomber over a granite v-neck. Everything is still comfortable, neutral-colored and fairly effortless but you won't look like you've just rolled out of bed at three in the afternoon.



Rule No. 2 — Mix up your patterns and textures

Nothing is more uninteresting than solids on solids, cotton over cotton day in and day out. Match a patterned polo with a twill or poplin zip-up cardigan or canvas track pants. Or, if you're really brave, pinstripe with herringbone.



Rule No. 3 — Hipster and prepster are two reconcilable identities

It's understandable to want to stand out from the crowd, but there's no need to wear articles of clothing that look like you found them in the gutter, even if you do enjoy indie rock and bum around in cafes. Anyone can wear horn-rimmed glasses, but you could just as easily work a newsboy hat or a skinny striped scarf (in bone and chrome, respectively).

For proper inspiration and conveniently assembled looks, check out converse.com/#getchucked.



REANNE ZHENG

Michael Accavitti, 2010

Something Designer:
My jeans and sunglasses. Sevens and RayBans, respectively.

Something Vintage:
Sweater. Vintage Lacoste.

Something Dirt Cheap:
My shoes. They're really comfortable, like ballet slippers for guys.

Who is your favorite designer?
Thom Browne.

Who are your style icons?
JFK and Steve McQueen.

Lauren Rollins, 2011

Something Designer:
My dress. Tibi

Something Vintage:
My jewelry. My mom's ring.

Something Dirt Cheap:
My sweater. I can't even remember where I bought it.

Who is your favorite designer?
Milly.

Who are your style icons?
Sarah Jessica Parker.



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SOCIAL

The great divide: Facebook posts and messages

VANDY GIRLS
Contributors

Oh, Facebook. Like a technological hydra it seems every time a wary collegian thinks he or she has sorted out all of your nuances, more intricacies and possibilities for faux pas crop up with each click of the mouse. Last week, we talked about accepting and rejecting friend requests. Now that spring break is a speck in the rear view mirror, hopefully you have gotten the friending frenzy under control. But whether it's the break acquaintance, the person in your class who you got to know during last weekend's St. Patrick's Day revelry or a guy or girl you started hooking up with or dating in the past few weeks, choosing the right mode of communication on Facebook is a difficult task.

Let's start with the spring breaker that you either friended or accepted a friend request from. Call me cynical, but unless they go to Vandy or very nearby, live near you away from school or developed an everlasting passion for you after your long walks on the beach, this is not going anywhere. In terms of Facebook communication, your newfound friendship or "friendship" may warrant some fun picture comments, maybe a wall post or two, but that's pretty much it. Look at it this way, it was spring break, you both had some fun and probably made some questionable decisions that are now hilarious to recount to friends on campus. Keep it light and fun, and don't go into messaging. The privacy of a message makes it seem like there's something you need to say to them that is too personal to share with the rest of the Facebook world. Unless it's "Over break I lost all my morals and dignity, have you seen them?" the transparency of a wall post will keep those great beach memories alive and vibrant without the shadow of creepy post-break interaction.

But what about the random classmate hookup? By now you've already had most of the week to deal with the discomfort of spending 50- or 75-minute blocks of time (more if you're lab partners) with this guy or gal. If you don't want anything more to do with them, luckily we are past the middle of the semester, and so long as you don't have a project to work on with them, chances are you are safe from having

too much more interaction with them this year. But if you do want to test the waters in a setting that doesn't involve green beverages, there are ways to navigate this tricky situation. First, timing is everything. Don't spring too soon, otherwise it could look awkward. Instead, wait a day, and if you don't have their phone number, try the Facebook message. This is one mode of Facebook communication that has the safety net of privacy. Going back to not having their phone number, Facebook is a good way to ask for it without having to time your exit from class or hoping you will miraculously be in the same line for a Randwich. As long as you phrase the message correctly, (more "I had a lot of fun on Saturday" than "Saturday was the most amazing night of my life, Pooh bear.") you may find they are also interested but afraid to make the first move. Regardless, once you click send, the ball is in their court. Best case scenario: upcoming study date. Worst case scenario: at least summer's coming.

Just to throw a third scenario into the mix, what about when you are trying to DTR. For those not in the know (not to make you feel bad, but we have gone over this), we're talking about people who are defining their relationships. We've all been there: You have fun together, you both start to meet each other's friends, but it's not clear where things are headed. If you want to keep things more hush hush, it's best to stick with the message tactic or calling/texting. But for the bolder set, there's the wall post. By posting on your DTR's wall, you are actually making a very public statement that there's something going on. Wall posts are conversations for exhibitionists, a window into their relationships and a way to show that your friends are thinking of and talking to you. It seems like a small step (OK, it is; it's not like you're engaged), but the wall post has become an important benchmark on the road to a relationship.

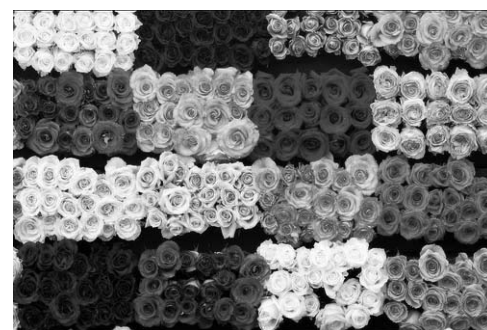
Now these situations are very generalized and simplified, and if there's one thing college relationships are not, it's simple. While we can't be your personal dating confidante, check back with us next issue as we continue into the depths of all forms of socializing at Vandy. ☘

FASHION

This season's biggest trends

OLIVIA KUPFER
Staff Writer

Fun Florals: Floral clothing may seem like an obvious, even unoriginal choice for spring, but this spring bright florals have popped up everywhere. At the couture spring 2008 shows, designers showed every type of floral prints in bright colors that popped and called attention to the wearer. Pair your floral piece (whether it be a vibrant shirt or dress, or a more tame accessory) with muted colors in order have the floral piece be the focal point of your outfit. By pairing loud floral pieces with more muted naturals, you can capture spring's floral trend and also the trend of neon and neutral pieces. Day-Glo is a must this season. Be wary though, bright floral spring wear and Day-Glo neons aren't for the faint at heart; it takes a daring trendsetter to perfect these looks.



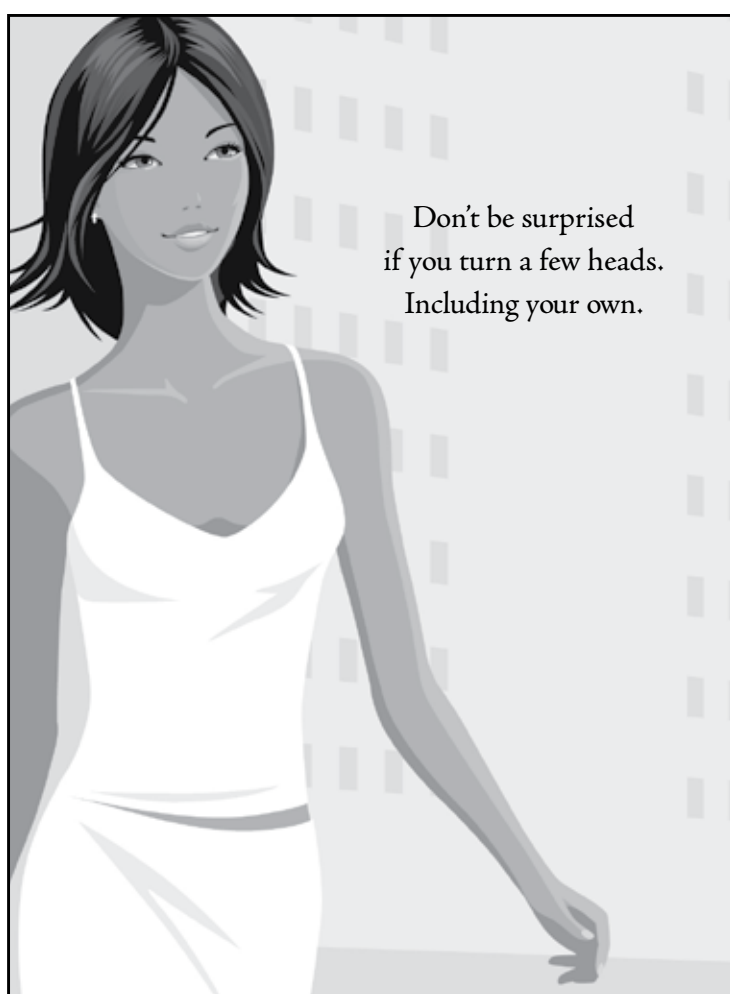
Going Greek: Can't figure out to wear when you go out? Look no further than a one shoulder Grecian draped dress. This style of dress is flattering to almost any figure, drapes easily against the body, comfortable, wearable and of course, chic. In light lilacs, creams and ivories, this style dress takes going-out wear to a new more sophisticated level. Pair with metallic sandals or this season's wrap-up Roman sandals in order to authenticate the look. In a draped Greco-Roman-esque dress, there's no doubt you'll look more polished than your competition. ☘

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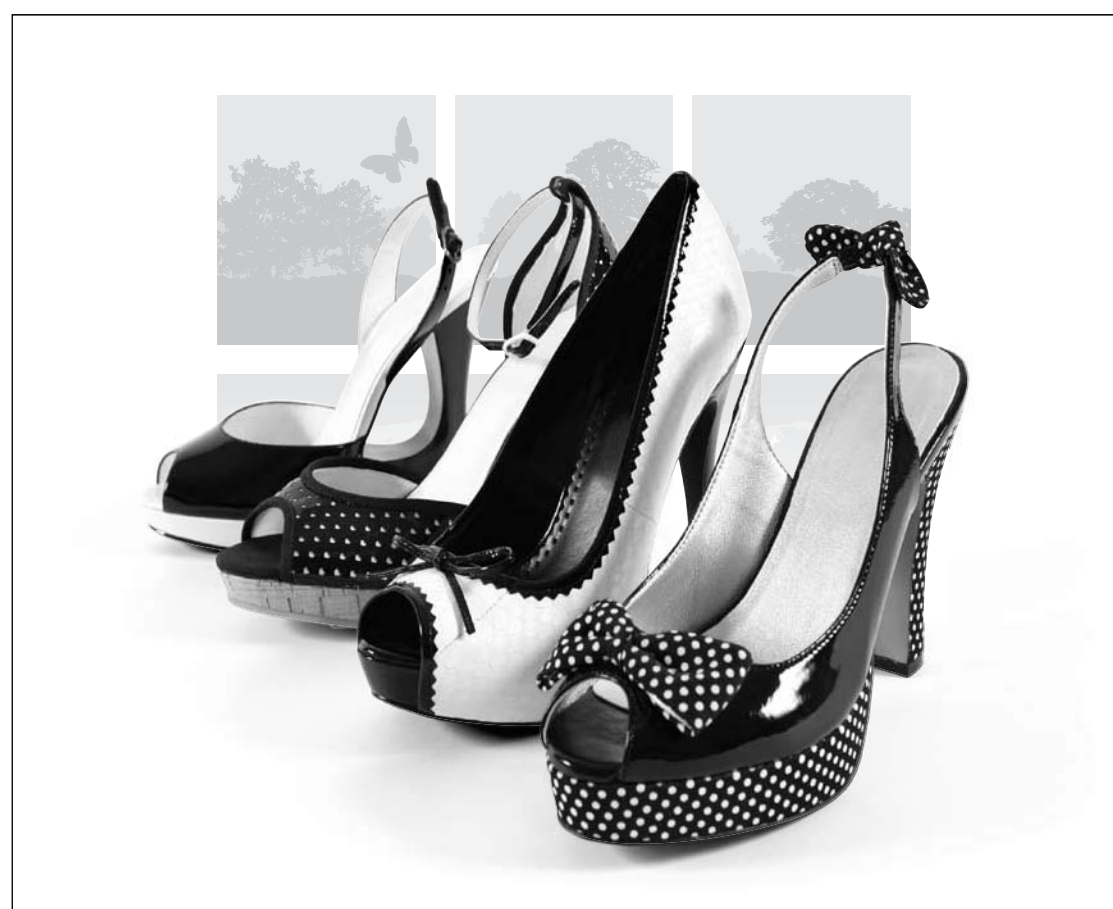
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10 THINGS YOU'D HATE NOT TO DO

DARCY NEWELL
Editor-in-Chief

CHRIS GEARING
Managing Editor

May 9. For some of us, it's just another day. But for seniors about to leave the West End / 21st Avenue nest, the date of graduation looms above like Wednesday's thunderstorm. "But wait!" seniors will exclaim. "I haven't truly explored Nashville yet!" Breath easy. We have compiled a list of 10, non-tourist trap destinations, restaurants, bars and music venues you have to see before you leave Vanderbilt. Without them, you simply have not lived. You can thank us later.

9 Take a walking tour of Music Row

Down on 16th and 17th Avenues South lay hundreds of country, gospel and Christian music businesses with offices for numerous record labels, publishing houses, music licensing firms, recording studios, video production houses, radio networks and radio stations. With everything from RCA's famous Studio B to the "Musica" statue on the Demonbreun roundabout, there's plenty to see and do on and around Music Row. Take a day to walk around the area and see the smorgasbord of musical businesses in the area and maybe end your night at the live music scene in Demonbreun's various bars and eateries. Check it out; you won't regret it.



NEIL BRANE / VU Media Relations

5 Spend a night at The Big Bang



Photo courtesy of Big Bang

Over 21? Venture away from your usual nighttime hangout, the bar "where everybody knows your name" and check out The Big Bang, Nashville's only dueling piano bar. Part music lounge, part bar, part comedy club, The Big Bang's entertainers will serenade you the songs you want to hear; just submit requests on paper napkins with a tip and you will hear the pianists' "specialized" version of your song. This past Friday night, 45 bucks got some very enthusiastic Buckeye fans the Ohio State fight song ... three times. The bottom line? Drinks are cheap (plus, on Thursdays there is no cover), the music is great, and you're sure to be laughing and singing along all night.

2 Get a whiskey education at the Jack Daniel's Distillery



Photo courtesy of Jack Daniels Distillery

The distillery's legend has spread far and wide—in fact, on spring break I met some South African yachtsmen in Miami who only knew of the state of Tennessee for the fact that it houses this historic site. Whether or not you are a whiskey appreciator, an afternoon at the distillery would be an afternoon well spent. Founded in 1866, the distillery is the oldest in the United States and continues to use the natural cave spring water from the on-site Hollow spring, which is the reason behind its original location. All of Jack Daniel's Tennessee Sippin' Whiskey (to call it by its formal name) is made right there at the distillery, so go if for no other reason to grab some bottles for your own personal collection.

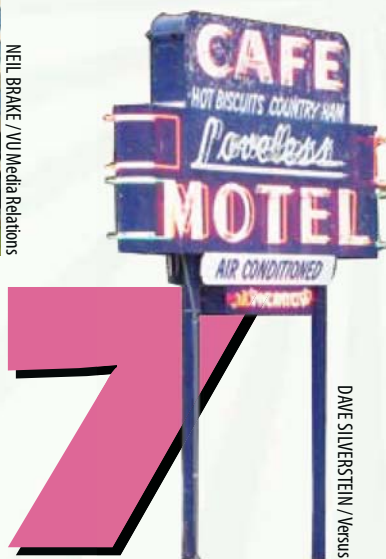
8

Feel uneasy on a Ghost Tour

Although Nashville may have the most churches per capita in the country (it's true, look it up), it still has its fair share of ethereal residents spooking about the place. The Ryman has a notorious reputation for hauntings through the years not to mention the various nooks and crannies of downtown laden with spiritual activity. The not-too-distant Civil War battlefields of Nashville are also hotspots of paranormal activity. If you're feeling up to the challenge, you can arrange a tour by calling (888) 881-3279 but make sure you bring your camera as you will get photos of "orbs" (apparently how ghosts appear on film) throughout the night!



NEIL BRANE / VU Media Relations



DAVE SILVERSTEIN / Versus

Get stuffed at Loveless Cafe

This little Nashville treasure rests on Highway 100 at the northern end of Natchez Trace, and although its appearance may seem unassuming and a bit plain, its rich history and legendary Southern cooking should put it at the top of your to-do list. You may be familiar with its commercialized cousin, Cracker Barrel, but rest assured Loveless is true blue Southern as it "smacks of nostalgia for a bygone era." The "Meat and Three" is the classic choice as is the barbecue that our resident barbecue cowboy Dave Silverstein wrote about a few weeks ago. But whatever you do, make sure you try the biscuits (pretty sure they're handmade by God).

4 Lose track of time in Grimey's

For many of us, buying music at the record store is a thing of the past—so why not embrace the "vintage" practice at Nashville's beloved "New and Preloved" record store? Everything from the design and style of the shop to the vast array of yesterday's classics musicians and yet-to-be-discovered artists is authentic, and walking into the store makes you want bury yourself in the collection of CDs and vinyls for an entire afternoon. What's more, Grimey's, which sits atop the tavern-like venue The Basement (another essential Nashville destination) is run by a staff of friendly, extremely knowledgeable but in no way musically elitist people eager to help you find your next favorite album.

6 Rock out at Gruhn Guitars



OWEN CANAVAN / Versus

You may have read last week how the go-to-guy for vintage guitars is just down the road a bit at Gruhn Guitars. If so, you already understand our sentiments for wanting to visit this place. Not only do the various musicians of Nashville approach it as the place to buy their equipment, but the guy has three stories of musical wares above the first floor showroom. Three stories! Think of what could be up there! Stacks upon stacks of guitars line the walls of the showroom, but the really good stuff is upstairs (as our writer Owen Canavan can attest to) like a 1920s Martin acoustic guitar (a really rare, expensive guitar). If you want to immerse yourself in some Nashville music, culture and history, there isn't a better place to start.

3 Picnic in the Cheekwood Botanical Gardens

The Cheekwood Botanical Gardens are a must-see for those outdoorsy types, as it sits atop 55 acres, numerous distinct gardens and a 30,000-square-foot Museum of Art. As the Nashville temperature is slowly creeping into the 60s and 70s, the Cheekwood gardens are the perfect place to celebrate the start of spring. Pack your own lunch, or have one made for you by the on-site gourmet restaurant, The Pineapple Room. Give yourself at least a few hours to peruse the gardens and museum leisurely, or if you're looking to do something a bit more hands-on, sign up for one of the numerous art classes offered by the museum.

1 Get serenaded at The Bluebird Cafe

It may seem cliché to say that each experience at The Bluebird is unique, but it's undoubtedly true. The Bluebird Cafe provides live music seven nights a week, and up-and-coming musicians disregard cover songs for their own material. One Bluebird staple not to miss? In The Round performances, in which four writers / musicians sit in a circle on stage and sing together, sharing songs and inspiring each other musically. All in all, every night at the Bluebird is a new experience and will prove to be a memorable for all.

SOUNDTRACK TO THE ISSUE: 1. "Cecilia," Simon and Garfunkel 2. "Paper Planes," M.I.A. 3. "The Way I Am," Ingrid Michaelson 4. "Shelf Life," Carey Ott 5. "To the Moon and Back," Savage Garden 6. "Peace Frog," The Doors 7. "You," Lloyd feat. Lil' Wayne 8. "Bread and Water," Ryan Bingham 9. "Fairytale," Sara Bareilles 10. "You and Moon," Adem

To find in iTunes, go to iTunes Store > Music > iMix > Search for Versus Magazine "Soundtrack to the issue 3/20"

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SUDOKU: To solve, fill in the blanks so the numbers 1-9 appear just once in each horizontal row, vertical column and 3x3 box.

SOLUTIONS

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CLOSING PICS



LAUREN FONDRIEST/VERSUS



"UPROOTED" AMELIA SPINNEY



LAUREN FONDRIEST/VERSUS

Crossword

- ACROSS**
- 1 Anti-knock number
 - 7 Q-tip
 - 11 Part of B.S.
 - 14 Up and about
 - 15 Corduroy characteristic
 - 16 Light brown
 - 17 Key puncher
 - 18 Columnist
 - Bombeck
 - 19 H.S. subject
 - 20 Parody
 - 22 Francis or Dahl
 - 24 Installs paneling
 - 27 Comic Soupy
 - 28 Mined mineral
 - 29 Fencing tools
 - 31 Sunset direction
 - 32 Musical pauses
 - 35 Being
 - 37 ___ of honor
 - 39 Madrid nap
 - 43 Paradigms
 - 47 Hunter constellation
 - 48 Rear position
 - 51 Threesomes
 - 53 Bo Derek's number
 - 54 Preminger and Kruger
 - 56 Halftime show, e.g.
 - 59 Batting posture
 - 61 Actress Loren
 - 62 Brood
 - 63 Comic Johnson
 - 65 Like some windshields
 - 68 Actor Wallach
 - 69 Planted explosive
 - 70 Make lovable
 - 71 Former USAF defense grp.
 - 72 Dispatch
 - 73 Browned bread

- DOWN**
- 1 Mare's morsel
 - 2 "___ Me a River"
 - 3 Superlatively soused
 - 4 Mongolian, e.g.
 - 5 Aeries
 - 6 Lure
 - 7 Add sugar to

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
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3/20/08

Solutions

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I	C	S		A	B		W		S	E	N	E

- 48 Setbacks
- 49 ___ the Hun
- 50 Having no motion
- 52 Group of seven
- 55 Con-man's cons
- 57 Tanklike animal
- 58 Singer Ronstadt
- 60 Pennsylvania port
- 64 SPIKE formerly
- 66 ___ your heart out!
- 67 GPs



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