

THE DARK SIDE: THE GODS MUST BE BORED

By Laurah Norton
FEATURES EDITOR

Perhaps you've wondered of the strange and creepy things that go on at our fine institution—you know what I mean. The things they (Big Brother, man, Big Brother) try to keep us from figuring out: yes, my brothers and only friends, the stinking, dark and patchouli-soaked underbelly of Guilford. Your humble narrator, being A) a conspiracy theorist and B) a boring person with nothing to do, has dug up the dirt the New Quaker Mafia have tried to sweep under the hemp rug.

Your prospective tour guides probably told you about our nifty "group-hug" values, the caf's sterling selection of cereal, or that the large piles of oozing red mud next to Bauman are actually going to spontaneously burst fully functional "Planeh-AR-ium." Hah. I bet that tour guide/tool of The Man never once mentioned the strange past of Bryan Hall. Yes, Bryan, home of pony kegs and sports initiations involving female soccer

players drenched in condiments. Bryan was actually built on ancient, sacred ground, a place of Much Mystical and Assorted Power Stuff. It was the meeting place of an obscure cult of fanatics who worshipped a deity called The Furniture God. This god required that his followers hurl random pieces of uncomfortable furniture into trees. The cult was exclusively made up of packs of huge, muscled, and really loud virile young men. The specifics of the ritual practices still remain unclear, but this

much is known: after consuming large barrels of distilled grain spirits, or "Beast Ice" as they called it, the Children of the Chair would climb to the top of their dwellings and hurl anything not nailed to ground into the unsuspecting foliage. The ritual required that devotees make guttural barking noises all the while, to show their devo-

tion and ward off rival cults, such as the Inebriated Freshpersons and Inhalers of the Divine Herb.

dead tree can't hold up a Lazy-Boy recliner for long. It will fall down. It will go boom.)



AMY ROUSE

If there is a hell, I'll see you there.

This cult eventually died out. (My guess? They ran out of stuff to throw and moved on to mastering the Secret Art of Cow Tipping.)

The Furniture God still exists, however, and enjoys playing with the minds of young mortals unlucky enough to be in the quad on a Saturday night. (Note to you astro-physicists out there: a half-

thrives on the paranoia generated by students who realize that a really scary thing with light bulbs attached to its head is following them.

That thing freaks me out. I think it might be bugged. (pause) Get it? BUGGED? (pause) Give me a friggin' break. You try writing these things.

Vanilla Ice's latest is definitely *Hard to Swallow*

By Jeff Irving
FEATURES MUSIC CRITIC

rating: * (for quality)
**** (for comedy)

Robbie Van Winkle is a very, very confused man. He has supposedly found God, yet his most recent album, the aptly titled *Hard to Swallow*, is probably his most vulgar and offensive work ever. He claims he's quit doing drugs, but he has a song on here that is totally dedicated to smoking herb. He also thinks that aping Korn and fronting a "skate rock" band [sic], and hiring Ross Robinson (Korn/Limp Bizkit producer) to record his magnum opus is going to restore his credibility and popularity. Nuh-uh. Now we simply have the funniest unintentional musical comedy since Pat Boone decided to do covers of Ozzy Osbourne and Deep Purple. Pat Boone may have known what he was doing, though.

Ice's backing band is somewhat enjoyable, if a bit unoriginal. They can be teeth-grindingly heavy at times, and have graduated the Limp Bizkit school of interesting guitar and turntable noises. If "Go Ninja Go" wasn't their singer, I may have given them at least 2 and a half stars, but this is Ice's now, and the only difference from his previous

rhymes is that he's a bit angrier, angrier, and a touch more ignorant than before.

His opening song, "Living," begins with standard Korn hip-hop drum line no. 7, and Ice does the scat part from "Havin' A Roni." He then informs us that he'll "bash you in the head until you're dead with my magnum." Likewise, the next song, "Scars," opens with the lovely, poetic, "Life sucks, too much pain/I can't explain why I wanna bash brains." This is his song about finding God and turning over a new leaf. A very spiritual man, that Robbie.

A little bit later is the bitter "F**k Me." Fortunately he's taking on his critics instead of trying to get sex from this song (that comes later). He does, however claim that he's "got more pricks than a motherf**kin' porcupine." I don't know about you all, but I don't find that either sexy or threatening.

The next song, "Zig Zag Stories," has it all; a chorus where he wants to "get you high/ get you high on pot," sexist verses that would make Luther Campbell

blush with embarrassment, and a line where he says that "When I reach my peak, I explode like Dante." Wow. The next song, "Too



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Cold," is a metallic remake of "Ice, Ice Baby" minus the drugs 'n' gunplay verse, and it must be heard to be believed. It's even more embarrassing than the version that ripped off David Bowie and Queen. On "Prozac," he tells us that he

"gets crazy like prozac." "A.D.D." has nothing to do with the condition it's named after, but he does try to whisper about pain, fire, lies, and masks over music that's alternately quiet and Deftones-like, and he claims that "I just can't hide from myself," and "I just can't f**king be myself." He strangely sounds like he has a lot of conviction here. This is a man who has certainly misdirected his emotional issues.

One of his lowest moments here is (don't laugh) "The Horny Song." Over a saggy riff, he asks, "Don't you know my cream is good for your health?" and says that "You've got thirty-one flavors, know what I mean/ and I want to take a dip of your ice cream." My juices are really flowing now, Vanilla.

I think that this may be one of the most misguided musical career moves of the 90s. This album is worth buying for a good laugh.

MUSIC REVIEW RATING SYSTEM

- * This will give you a migraine.
- ** La, la, heard it before.
- *** I would keep this in my CD collection but wouldn't take it on a road trip.
- **** It hasn't left the CD player since it left the store.