DIVERECOMMENDS

THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 2004

"Timeline," by Michael Crichton A group of archaeological students travel back to the 14th century to rescue their professor in Michael Crichton's novel, risking their lives and the history of France in the

Richard Donner's film version doesn't do Crichton's words justice. "Timeline" ensnares the mind and won't let it go until the very

last page.

The White Stripes, The White Stripes The music was more raw, Jack's voice was even stranger, and it was still commonly believed that the Whites were siblings.

For a Stripes fan or for anyone curious about the band, this debut album is a must

album is a must.

Tiny Ninja Theater Under the direction of Dov Weinstein, minute plastic figurines act out Shakespearean drama with taste, flair and hilarity.

When they appeared at Durham's Manbites Dog Theater in December, Weinstein's action figures put on a moving production of Shakespeare's classic "Romeo and Juliet."

The company is traveling the world, inspiring all with its motto, There are no small parts, only

small actors."

"The Princess Bride" Rob
Reiner's 1987 cult classic takes fairy tales to new heights of

Wallace Shawn steals the show as Vizzini, a war-mongering crimmastermind with an overwhelming affinity for the word "inconceivable." Featuring giants, sword fights, to-the-death battles and rodents of unusual size, this film is a staple to any film affi-cionado's video library.

> Contact Kate Lord at klord@email.unc.edu.

lineup changes

Nowadays, fans want more. the recent suits filed against Creed and Limp Bizkit for poor performances, it's becoming obvious that slack shows no longer

On Jan. 21, My Morning Jacket was in trouble. That morning, the media reported that four-year bandmates Johnny Quaid and Danny Cash, the lead guitarist and pard player, respectively, had left the band.

The stage was set for disap pointment, but rallying behind the soaring voice of vocalist Jim James and the band's unchanging theatric rock, My Morning Jacket drove through negative expectations.

Uncharacteristically, for a Cat's Cradle show, the headliners had one opening act, the elementary rockers Dr. Dog, who had just dis-covered both sunglasses and harmony, it seemed.

Monty, it seemed.

After Dr. Dog's refreshingly short set, My Morning Jacket took the stage and ripped into the opening number, also the opener off 2003's It Still Moves, "Mahgeetah."

Only a second later, the band broke

off in mid-riff, a worrying sign.

A quick laugh from lead singer
Jim James and the band took it up the strumming again, rolling through three or four numbers seamlessly — hitting all peaks and tearing through all the back-coun-

Even with the band's penchant for dynamic marathon tracks, the

CONCERTREVIEW

MY MORNING JACKET CAT'S CRADLE **WEDNESDAY, JAN. 21**

show seemed intimate. The lighting never changed from a deep red, and James crowded the microphone, singing "Can you see me?" as his hair covered his face and the mic.

Hair was, coincidentally, the only flaw of the two replacements, guitarist Carl Broemel and key-board stand-in Bo Koster, who kept the live chemistry despite a definite lack of locks. Didn't get

Technical difficulties surfaced several times, when a thundering, low-frequency reverb cause cringes in the crowd, but the band played on, covering material all the way back to its 1999 debut The Tennessee Fire.

The set included "Phone Went West," a strange, infectious Kentucky Reggae number, and the spanning "One Big Holiday," where James and Broemel, over driving percussion, turned it up to 11.

Even among powerful tracks, softer numbers such as "I Will Sing You Songs," where James' hands twitched nervously while he sang, and "Golden," in the fragile acoustic finale, reminded crowds that although the band might be undergoing personnel changes, the foundation and emotion is

Rock breeds in-band disputes, but the fans and the music

Contact the ASE Editor at artsdesk@unc.edu.

Jacket survives Cold Sides toy with recipe

BY KATIE SCHWING

STAFF WRITER

Cold Sides are like potato salad.

Not the most spectacular part of the family picnic but welcomed and well-liked and best appreciated in the company of friends — an old standby that can give you a kick once in while and change things up.

It's not what you think of when someone says "rock band." But that's exactly what Cold Sides wants you to appreciate, the unexpected, and

to appreciate, the unexpected, and how it can be just as worthy as any band using the same ol' same ol'. Going to see Cold Sides is not

doing to see Cold Sides is not necessarily about experiencing a lot of hummable, toe-tapping tunes, or any tunes, really. After Sorry About Dresden finished its poppier set, Cold Sides brought its

experimental flair to the forefront.

The band's specialty is, regardless of the instrument, making unconventional sounds. The numbers obviously emphasized drummer Dave Cantwell's skill; his

COLD SIDES GO! ROOM 4 FRIDAY, JAN. 23

quick-paced technical rhythms let the other members switch things up with various percussive parts.

It's disappointing to hear that it was Cantwell's last show, because he was the band's focal point. Changing drummers undoubtedly vill affect the fabric of the group.

While the band's style lacks the structure and melody of more pop-oriented groups, Cold Sides elicit-ed attention by using an array of quirky instruments, ranging from

a melodica to a small gong.

Reminiscent of other post-anything groups, Cold Sides' merit lies not in how close it fits the ideal mold, or even band members' play-ing ability, but in the band's search for finding new ways to create new

sounds through instruments and

coming up with a nice tune isn't enough. Feedback-heavy guitar and chunky riffs are present in the music, but are certainly not a focal point. Sometimes it works well, but often it needs a little something to pull the vision together live. And

There were moments of cohesion, but it left the crowd a bit unaffected. The Cold Sides' style

the vision had some drawbacks.

simply didn't "wow" the audience.
Repetitively pounding its merit
into your skull over the course of the set, one can become lost. But the audience doesn't come to analyze every note of the music, they come to see a bunch of guys doing

something a little different.

In the family picnic that is the Chapel Hill rock scene, fans eat up Cold Sides quickly.

Contact the ASE Editor at artsdesk@unc.edu.

Pistols fire off fresh-faced country

BY JIM WALSH

Fear not the honky. Fear not the

Local alt-country rockers Two Dollar Pistols revitalized the country music show when they played to a sold-out crowd at Go! Room 4 on Saturday night.

It was country music for those who don't like country music and for those who do.

The Pistols are not a typical

country band.

With a healthy cache of fun songs completely devoid of lyrics about tractors and trailer parks, they put on a remarkable live show that any music fan could enjoy eas-

Lead singer John Howie, clad in dude ranch duds, commanded

CONCERTREVIEW TWO DOLLAR PISTOLS

GO! ROOM SATURDAY, JAN. 24

attention with his wry comments and mellow demeanor. His gravelly voice, which only a lifetime of cigarettes and Johnny Cash albums could create, drifted among the smoky corners at Go! Rehearsal Studios.

Audience members, replete with beer and a few cowboy hats, responded to the group's frenetic stage antics in kind. Many danced

incessantly.

Along with hoots and hollers,
Two Dollar Pistols' explosive harmonies encouraged slurred singalongs, especially when Howie — Cash back in the flesh — covered the legendary singer's old fashioned country songs.

One listener's request for a tune from the late Captain Kangaroo's show was denied, but the band entertained most others.

Two Dollar Pistols were so good they overshadowed the ineptitude of the opening act, a boring Southern country act that did nothing more than perpetuate the

usual stereotypes.
Go! Studios, located off a discrete access road in Carrboro, has been struggling to draw crowds recently. If bands such as Two Dollar Pistols, who earnestly rock out for the crowds, continue to play there, the venue shouldn't

have any problems.

Two Dollar Pistols are well known in Chapel Hill for good reason. The band's live show is hard to forget. Howie's weathered voice is one in a million

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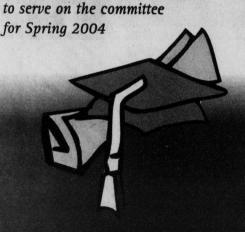
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