

# 'Man' keeps viewers down

BY WILLIAM FONVIELLE  
STAFF WRITER

The concept of immunity is that of acquired resistance — being exposed to a hazardous virus for so long that you cease feeling its effects.

Please, let that be true for movies too because there's only so many formulaic cop comedies that a person can take before his head explodes.

The new waste-of-celluloid movie "The Man" fits the bill.

That it took three writers to churn out this assembly line story is mind boggling. It is so by-the-numbers and obvious on every level that it would make hack screenwriting instructor Robert McKee blush.

At times it wants to be a comedy. Other times it wants to be a thriller. It fails on all counts.

The plot revolves around a dental supply salesman (Eugene Levy), who bungles his way in the middle of an investigation conducted by Special Agent Derrick Vann (Samuel L. Jackson).

Levy is a bumbling fool, and Jackson is an distrusting maniac. They despise each other. But if they want to live through the day, they'll have to learn to — well, you get the point.

## MOVIE REVIEW

'THE MAN'

★★

Levy and Jackson are two engaging, capable actors, but to saddle them with this piece of cinematic swill is akin to watching a fish trapped in a plastic six-pack holder.

If any of the actors involved are, ever subject to a Friar's Club Roast, the comedians wouldn't even need to compose jokes. They can just show clips from the movie, and the audience will nod their heads in solemn understanding.

So sloppy is the filmmaking by Les Mayfield that the movie has a complete and utter lack of place.

It claims to be set in Detroit, although that is somewhat falsified upon the first appearance of a Petro Canada station.

They can call that skyline whatever they want, but it still is Toronto.

A particularly troubling aspect of the film is its gleeful — even sadistic — approach to violence.

In one early scene, Jackson needs to pump Booty, his criminal informant, for information. He proceeds to chase him down with his car, repeatedly hitting him until



COURTESY OF NEW LINE CINEMA

Samuel L. Jackson and Eugene Levy star in 'The Man,' a terrible romp that puts two unlike personalities together in awkward situations.

Booty crashes into a lamp pole.

Jackson then beats him in the head multiple times with a trash can lid and caps the scene off saying he is going to beat him "like a runaway slave."

This is, abysmally, the movie at its peak.

The folks behind "The Man" are so painfully aware they are making a comedy, yet so painfully unaware that it isn't a humorous one.

Please, don't waste your money or your time on this. There's a film

playing in theaters now called "The Constant Gardener." It is a truly great film. Go see it.

If the studio wishes to make "The Man 2," it might want to consider rounding up all existing prints of this first film and burn them in front of a running camera.

Now, that movie would be a crowd-pleaser.

Contact the A&E editor at [artsdesk@unc.edu](mailto:artsdesk@unc.edu).

# Sigur Rós gives notable concert

BY BEN PITTARD

ASSISTANT ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR

Extravagant light shows, visualizations and spectacle are nothing new to the concept of the concert. But for all the hype surrounding them, these displays are often pompous and arrogant.

There is a time, however, when these elements culminate and, with a breathtaking performance, become something more — something epic.

There is a point where a concert can become an experience that can almost be described as spiritual.

Sigur Rós was able to achieve that experience Wednesday at the Carolina Theatre in Durham.

The band honed its live show to an unparalleled experience that outshined the hopes and expectations of even the most die-hard fan.

Long-time collaborators and string quartet Anima opened for the band with their own eclectic mix of ambient chamber-pop.

Although at times a bit restrained and deliberate to the point of inducing sleep, the girls of Anima were engaging enough to pique the interest of even the most lethargic audience member.

The band used a wide array of non-traditional instruments during the set, including water-filled wine glasses, a bowed saw, bells and even an old-school Casio keyboard.

The simple Nintendo-style beat emitted from the latter evoked more than a chuckle from the audience, which was soon silent as the band built from the skeletal beat and constructed a monumental arrangement from mere kitsch.

But this cannot be compared to Sigur Rós. The band proved themselves masters of presentation and orchestration playing everything in the set impeccably.

As the band opened their set and the curtain drew, another curtain covered the stage in front of the band.

A white curtain served as a veil on which a beautiful yet eerie visualization was cast and lights from the stage projected the shadows of the performers in a grand vision on

## CONCERT REVIEW

SIGUR RÓS  
CAROLINA THEATRE, DURHAM  
WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 7

★★★★★

the fabric.

As the song ended, the veil was raised revealing the band as they began to perform "Ny Batteri." A giant screen behind the band displayed a different visualization during every song.

During the crashing drums, flashes of light splashed across the stage in perfect synchronicity.

At first the choice to host Sigur Rós in a Durham concert hall seemed somewhat odd. But once in the element, the decision made perfect sense. The pitch-perfect acoustics of the venue complemented the sterling performance of the band.

Given the heavy level of production put into each album by the band, one wonders how close to that perfection a live performance can come.

But somehow Sigur Rós managed to pull it off with a performance that far outweighed any recorded material they have ever released.

Jon Thor Birgisson's ethereal vocals reached to the heavens, hitting high notes with an elegance only few can imagine.

At the end of the set, a visualization of a black background with the white silhouettes of birds on a wire was projected behind the band.

As the members left the stage one by one, a bird flew from its perch fluttering off into the blackened sky.

A standing ovation from the audience rang out through the hall as the band returned to the stage performing an encore of "The Pop Song" from their 2002 release (.).

As the final climax of the song rang out, the band finally silenced, raising their arms together and taking a graceful bow, leaving the audience in a state of complete and total awe.

Contact the A&E editor at [artsdesk@unc.edu](mailto:artsdesk@unc.edu).

# Emo rock doesn't meet criteria

BY HARRY KAPLOWITZ

STAFF WRITER

It's been getting easier to take gut-shots at emo. And bands like Criteria don't contribute much of a defense for the critically withering yet ever-present genre.

Off the Saddle Creek label, which also sports über-emo act Bright Eyes like a matching cotton wristband, Criteria released their debut album *When We Break*. It's sort of a testament to what emo could be if it was jacked up and given a powerful amp to fiddle with.

Musically, Criteria's entire album sounds like what Dashboard Confessional would be if Chris Carrabba grew some balls. So you would expect *When We Break* to sound like Carrabba's former side project, Further Seems Forever. But it doesn't.

## MUSIC REVIEW

CRITERIA  
WHEN WE BREAK

★★★

That project was way more lyrically advanced and actually made use of pervasive power chords.

But what can you expect from Criteria frontman Stephen Pedersen, who has been quoted as saying that he doesn't consider himself a songwriter?

Because of his emphasis on delivery, though, the band does get away with some shining moments of radio-friendliness.

The first single, "Prevent the World," sets the pace with a tame rock sound. "Grey Matter," somewhere in the middle of the rotation, and "Ride the Snake," a wrap-up

track, follow suit. All of a sudden, *When We Break* becomes a more accessible album, with catchy radio songs spread thinly throughout.

Pedersen's love affair with delivery becomes apparent halfway through the album. Power chords and infectious hooks start to populate each song more and more, making the album more radio-friendly than any Further Seems Forever product. Lyrically, though, the project doesn't live up.

It's like in "High Fidelity," where the main character, Rob, is having a bad day. His co-worker Barry comes in and breaks up Rob's Belle & Sebastian brooding session. In response to Barry calling Belle & Sebastian "old sad bastard music," Rob responds, "I don't want to hear old sad bastard music, Barry, I just want something I can ignore."

In essence, that one statement does more to legitimize emo's place in music more than most emo lyrics. Criteria is wholly ignorable and, therefore, completely harmless in that "emo-will-only-make-you-feel-sad-at-the-end-of-the-day" kind of way.

Extremely derivative in its delivery and simple in its lyrics, *When We Break* gets by on power chords and four-note choruses that don't leave much to the imagination.

Despite this, the band won't be without exposure. Aside from heavy promotion on Saddle Creek, the band will be touring with indie favorites Minus the Bear with a Sept. 28 stop at Cat's Cradle.

Bring your faux-hawks.

Contact the A&E Editor at [artsdesk@unc.edu](mailto:artsdesk@unc.edu).

GENERAL PUBLIC  
**TICKETS: BUY 1, GET 1 FREE!**  
ALL STUDENT  
**TICKETS: \$10!**

inspired by the  
**african diaspora**  
Brown's powerful choreography  
has zoomed to the forefront of  
**modern dance**

**RONALD K. BROWN**  
**EVIDENCE**

saturday, september 17  
memorial hall, chapel hill  
**919.843.3333**

Experience  
THE TRANSFORMATION  
MEMORIAL HALL GRAND OPENING SEASON

THE UNIVERSITY  
OF NORTH CAROLINA  
AT CHAPEL HILL

News Talk 1360 WCHL  
PRESENTS

The **STEPHANIE MILLER** Show

Stephanie Miller

LIVE FROM CARRBORO!  
Friday, September 16  
9:00 AM - 12:00 noon  
The Arts Center in Carrboro  
300-G E. Main Street

Doors open at 8:00 AM. • Admission is first-come, first-serve.

SPONSORED BY: