impressive show

JENNY LEWIS WITH THE

same vein of the other performers.

After almost an hour of set-up, Lewis with the Watson Twins finally

took the stage. With them came the

dusty California charm of Lewis' image and the sophistication of

the Watson Twins who, in perfect

harmony, aided her scratchy, Laura

Nyro-esque voice.

It's no surprise that the most suc-

cessful songs of the hourlong per-

formance were the intimate, vocally focused tunes such as "Melt Your

with the confessional-style lyrics of Rabbit Fur Coat, but Lewis' expe-

rience with the indie beats of Rilo

Kiley allowed the songs to display their own spicy originality.

punch of competitors Emmylou Harris and Allison Krauss.

After getting off to a rough and ragged start with Whispertown

2000, the moody and atmospheric

repertoire of Lewis with the Watson

Twins allowed the indie star to prove

her worth outside of the shadow of

Lewis brings something new to the genre, but her first outing leaves

Contact the ASE Editor

Rilo Kiley's popularity.

room for improvement.

Still her voice doesn't pack the

Heart" and "Rabbit Fur Coat." Throughout the set, the band evoked Neko Case's country twang

CAT'S CRADLE

FRIDAY

BY ALEXANDRIA SHEALY STAFF WRITER

Jenny Lewis proved she can hold

her own Friday in her first solo tour. The lead singer of famed Rilo Kiley recently released her first album, Rabbit Fur Coat, a bluessy parade of songs. Accompanied by the Watson Twins (two sultry Kentucky-born songstresses), Lewis did not disappoint the sold-out audi-ence at Cat's Cradle.

Opening bands Whispertown 2000 and Dan Sartain were mod-erately successful in gaining the crowd's attention.

Morgan Nagler, lead singer and guitar strummer of Whispertown 2000, was the most disappointing

element of the evening. Her band's short set was so similar to Lewis' style that the band set unnecessarily high expectations for itself in attempt to match Lewis' experienced sound. Nagler's voice proved too weak, and unfortunately, her group faltered behind it.
Luckily, Dan Sartain was able to

use silly energy to revive the crowd after Whispertown's set. Sartain's deep voice and penetrating guitar was a much more effective crowdpleaser, perfectly original, yet in the

Rowdy LP a rousing success for rockabilly

MUSICREVIEW **SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE DOUBLEWIDE & LIVE**

BY BRYAN REED

Going to a Southern Culture on the Skids show is a lot like going to a carnival: It's kind of sticky. It's a little sleazy. It reaffirms every ste-reotype imaginable. But it's inevi-

tably a damn good time.

The band — famous for ruckus, fried chicken and an energetic blend of roots-rock style — shows that same grit on its live album,

Doublewide & Live.

The songs are built around hotrod guitars and double entendres, both of which would make Chuck Berry proud.

On the set, recorded at the Local 506, frontman Rick Miller howls his way through 16 tracks, all while

tearing out blazing guitar licks. Bassist Mary Huff does more than her fair share in filling out the sound with a driving, thumping low end. She also handles her vocal parts with finesse. On drums, Dave Hartman supplies a steady back beat and is everything the

band needs and then some. Unfortunately, the audio recording is nothing but a tease of what a Southern Culture show is really like. But, honestly, it couldn't hope to be anything better.

Other than letting certain bands shine, live albums often do one of two things: break an artist into the mainstream or revitalize a career. See Cheap Trick with At Budokan and Johnny Cash with At Folsom Prison for examples.

In other cases, a live album is nothing more than filler made to exploit overly loyal fans who will buy anything with the band's name on it — I'm looking at you, Green Day and My Chemical Romance.

Southern Culture, on the other hand, made a veritable greate album and showcased the band's talent as a live act all at the same time. The songs are recorded clearly and played flawlessly.

While there are no new tracks on the record, the set list spans the band's career instead of playing like a rehash of the latest album

The smorgasbord of fan favor-ites also doubles as a sampler dish

for listeners new to the band.

From the Dick Dale-esque surf of
"Meximelt" and "The Wet Spot" to the rockabilly riot of "Whole Lotta Things" and the electrified country of "Just How Lonely," the band offers listeners an array of rocking options for their listening pleasure.

Singing about topics such as mobile homes, muscle cars and banana puddin', Southern Culture also shows a knack for clever songwriting that is apparent in the humorous innuendo that is thrust

into every line.

And despite all the fun and game the band is rarely over the top to the point of being obnoxious. Instead it

comes across as good-natured fun. And Southern Culture recogniz es that good-natured fun is a delicacy - just like fried Twinkies.

> Contact the ASE Editor at artsdesk@unc.edu.

Songstress delivers Jarecki's latest a moving triumpl

In 1961, President Eisenhower warned America, "In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military indus-

In 2006, Eugene Jarecki's docu-mentary "Why We Fight" takes aim at America's choice to ignore the President's farewell address.

The film explores what Jarecki presents as the U.S. government's manipulation of public opinion manipulation of public opinion to justify increased government spending, wars, and most recently the invasion of Iraq.

"Why We Fight" won the docu-

mentary competition's Grand Jury Prize at last year's Sundance Film WHY WE FIGHT

Festival Its title is inspired by a series of military propaganda films, "Why We Fight," that were shown to soldiers in World War II.

Jarecki critically reviews the link between the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks and the Iraq war without the blatant partisan bias of Michael Moore's 2004 'Fahrenheit 9/11."

The filmmaker's concern is not with who is in office, but rather with how any person in office invariably will contribute to America's growing military industrial complex.

War, as depicted in the film, is a clear business.

There is a surreal tone sur-

rounding scenes of army contractors selling bombs and weapons as if they were car salesmen.

The commentary is a collection of varied interviews. Politicians, Army and ex-Army officials, Eisenhower's family and Iraqis all discuss America's emphasis on military power and what it will

One interview follows a man whose son was killed Sept. 11.

He describes his need to avenge the death of his son, and the betrayal he felt when the rationale to attack Iraq revealed no connection to the terrorist

The exploitation of the father's

perhaps even more so, it is haunt-

ing.
It reveals the vulnerability in every citizen to be convinced of actions as strong and irrevocable

While the film tackles different aspects of the business of war in America, the information is clear and fascinating.

The presentation can at times be dry, but the message conveyed needs no frosting to keep the audi-

ence's attention.
"Why We Fight" provides a thoughtful, powerful, and frighting look at a pressing national

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Steely Dan member releases mediocre disc

BY JACKY BRAMMER

It has been 13 years since Donald Fagen's last release and three years since the last Steely Dan album (although it's been 30 years since

the band's best material).
But even with all that down time, the material on Fagen's Morph the Cat sounds tired.

As one half of the seminal jazzrock band Steely Dan, Fagen has a wealth of experience in song craft-

ing and arrangements.
But it's hard to shake the notion that he sounds like an artist who needs a break.

With piano, guitar, drums and tenor sax present on most tracks, the album stays at home within the at artsdesk@unc.edu. jazz-rock genre.

DONALD FAGEN MORPH THE CAT

But with age, Fagen's classic sound has drifted away from his strong suit and more into the adult contemporary vein.
As an artist, that puts Fagen at

paradox. Whereas his older style would

have been more equipped for improvisational solos and extended codas, the neutered twang of Fagen's current work is more suited for airport cocktail bars than for jazz epics.

But the musician in him is not willing to concede the higher

ground to the limits of his style.

With only one track at less than five and a half minutes, the songs tend to extend well past the neces-sary conclusion into what could be loosely called "jam sessions." And what should come off as righteous crescendoes and climaxes instead

becomes tired and trite.

All is not lost, though. Fagen excels as a songwriter where he weaves empathic tales of lost love and lust at first sight.

Particularly moving is "What I

On the track, Fagen imagines a beyond-the-grave conversation between himself and Ray Charles in which the Georgia icon explains his purpose on Earth and in Heaven:

"Yes, I come to play, and I bring

big soul/Well I could rock long before they named it/Rock 'n' roll/ It's what I do."

While the lyrics succeed as stand-alone narratives, the notes fail to complement adequately the

And that adds to the larger roblem with the incompatibility of the song length to the musical style — at least to younger ears.

Perhaps this is a sign of a move toward adult contemporary greatness for Fagen. If that's the case, then maybe it's a kind of a step forward, but for more information on that, you'll have to ask your

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