

CD REVIEW

'Art of Losing' proves winner



"THE ART OF LOSING"
American Hi-Fi
★★★★ out of ★★★★★

BY MEG MOORE
THE GAMECOCK

Crank up your stereo — American Hi-Fi is back with amplified attitude. The band's latest release, "The Art of Losing," is one of those albums that the hipster within desperately wants to hate. It's not moody, it's not artsy,

it's not particularly innovative — but it is irresistibly catchy.

Blatantly borrowing from the Ramones on the album's title track, American Hi-Fi sets the record's punk-tinged premise early on. Far from waxing poetic, the songs' simplified rants on society stretch into three-minute spurts of solid, distortion-singed rock. With lines such as "One, two/ F-k you," lyrical complexity is obviously not one of the band's aims — but maintaining an edge apparently is.

Emblazoned with the ultimate symbol of attitude — the parental advisory label — the band includes the requisite expletives in the majority of its songs. Although the band may sacrifice some lyrical integrity for the sake of sounding fierce, it thankfully doesn't skimp on catchy song craft. The group clearly knows how to mix raw-edged riffs with pop-minded hooks and turn out a winning mu-

sical combination.

American Hi-Fi will not be the next revolutionary punk band, but it undoubtedly will score a few more Top 40 hits, and will do so without including a single power ballad on its latest release. Its music is as poppy as it is hard-edged — a fact the band refreshingly doesn't attempt to diminish. It knows that its music is made for the mainstream, and it doesn't attempt to hide that fact.

Although it might not be college radio fare, "The Art of Losing" does provide listeners with a musical pick-me-up. Amid all the pretension of today's uber-intellectual new artists, American Hi-Fi's relative mindlessness remains a welcomed escape.

Give the disc a spin — that inner hipster will be hard-pressed to resist singing along.

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Willis

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electric. His anti-mullet sentiment was the show's high point, as he began, once again, asking his followers to say "ra."

"I plan to write songs the rest of my life," Willis said, "so I don't

break the law and get locked up.

Willis has varied musical muses. "I just write my songs about rock 'n' roll bands," Willis said. He said an assortment of artists have influenced his sound. He has also written tributes to Dave Grohl and Rage Against the Machine.

Wesley Willis came to the New Brookland Tavern, with the ob-

jective to "raise some rock 'n' roll hell." He succeeded without difficulty. For his followers, it was an opportunity to meet their messiah — for others, at least, it was an unforgettable and entertaining concert.

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'Southland'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

otism. The language itself in this section is mind-blowing, not to mention informative. Revoyr covers an entire campaign in 20 pages, hitting the highlights and the low points.

Revoyr's characters are so realistic it's hard not to talk about them as real people.

She gives them long, elaborate histories without boring the reader. What makes this story so compelling is Frank Sakai — specifically, his impression of the

historic events that surround him.

Ishida is one of the most interesting characters I've met in years. She's a Japanese-American and a bisexual who solves crimes. Her sexual orientation adds a touch of realism to the novel. It reminds us that this isn't a typical, formulaic book of sociopolitics that develops its characters as embodiments of the author's opinion.

Revoyr is concerned with setting, character and story. The message naturally rises out of the prose, like steam from rainy Los Angeles roads.

Although Revoyr has a deep-

fried literary style, she demonstrates a gift for inventive metaphors and eye-opening sentences. "Southland" gives us a full-bodied story with layers and depths.

Revoyr keeps the tone light and avoids preaching. Her novel reaches out to a broad audience, lending itself to those of us who want politically-involved and relevant fiction and those who just want plain good writing and a strong sense of style.

Comments on this story? E-mail gamecockmixeditor@hotmail.com

MOVIE REVIEW

Zombie's 'House of 1,000 Corpses' bores more than it disturbs

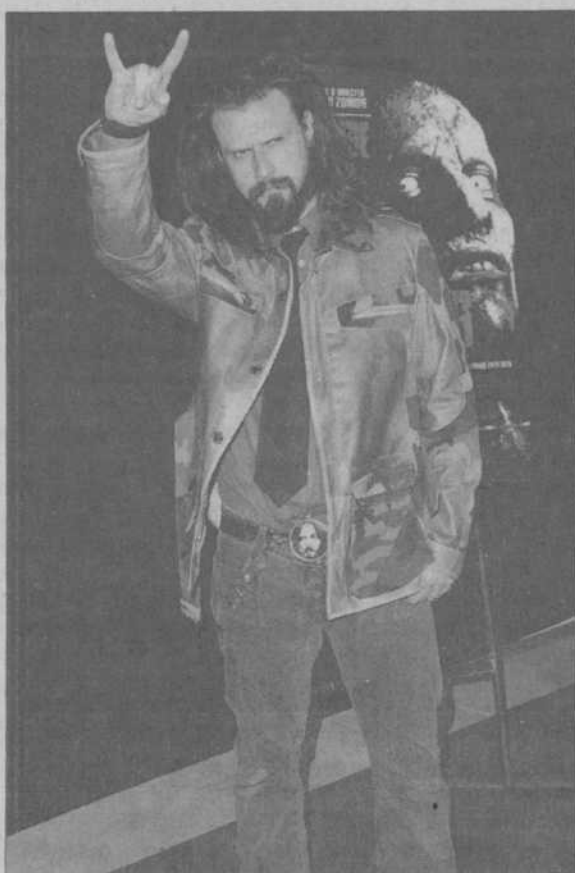


PHOTO BY GIULIO MARCOCCI/KRT CAMPUS
Rocker Rob Zombie's venture into horror film almost didn't even make it onto the big screen.

"HOUSE OF 1,000 CORPSES"

Written and directed by Rob Zombie
★ out of ★★★★★

BY CHRISTY LEMIRE
THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

To say that "House of 1,000 Corpses" is disturbing is to suggest that it's effective. And one can only assume that Rob Zombie's intent was to disturb, because it's hard to tell amid the resulting noise and chaos.

The rock star has written and directed a horror film that isn't scary, and isn't even funny in a campy way. It's depressing, and a waste of time and energy for everyone involved — the people who made it, the people at the theaters showing it, and the people who will make the mistake of stumbling in to see it.

Like the living dead who stagger through the film, "House of 1,000 Corpses" barely even made it to the screen.

Zombie's movie meandered between distributors for two years before ending up at Lions Gate, which released it without screening it beforehand for critics and has barely promoted it. If it had to be released at all, it should have gone straight to video, and even there, it would have

competition from cheesy frightfests that are far more worthwhile.

Zombie aspired to recreate the gory horror flicks of the '70s, which is evident from the film's premise: The night before Halloween 1977, two young couples driving cross-country in search of odd roadside attractions stop at the Museum of Monsters and Madmen, run by Capt. Spaulding (Sid Haig), who sits around all day in a dirty T-shirt and smeared clown makeup.

Then they have car trouble (of course) in the middle of nowhere (of course) in the pouring rain (of course).

They stumble upon a blonde, scatterbrained hitchhiker named Baby (Sheri Moon, Zombie's real-life wife) who takes them back to her ramshackle house, where they meet her blonde, scatterbrained mother (cult horror actress Karen Black).

They also meet her deformed brother, Tiny (Matthew McGrory), who is anything but; Grampa Hugo (Dennis Fimple), a dirty old

man who screams with his mouth full of food; and Otis (Bill Moseley), who isn't related to the family, but fits in just fine with his yellow teeth, stringy hair and general creepy demeanor.

Once the couples try to leave, they realize this isn't your ordinary dysfunctional family — these are blood-thirsty, Satan-worshipping, sadistic cannibals (of course).

What ensues is an incoherent amalgamation of sex and violence, of imagery that aims to shock for shock's sake. Trouble is, most of it — such as naked women writhing around with skeletons and ersatz doctors performing experiments with crude surgical equipment — is more boring than shocking.

Much of this imagery comes in stream-of-consciousness montages between scenes — similar to Zombie's music videos, which he directed before making this, his first feature.

What made the horror films of the '70s so eerie and so engaging was the sense of building suspense. The woods were populated with ax-wielding wackos, just like they are here, but the scares came at you gradually. The filmmakers paid attention to mood, whereas this is just loud, fast and in-your-face.

In a scene that best exemplifies this approach, one of the victims is placed on a makeshift crucifix while his face is sliced open with a straight-edge razor, and "Brick House" blares from a radio in the background. Somehow, I suspect this isn't what the Commodores had in mind when they recorded the song, because this movie is anything but mighty, mighty.

"House of 1,000 Corpses," a Lions Gate Films release, is rated R for strong sadistic violence/gore, sexuality and language. Running time: 88 minutes.

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HOLY WEEK SERVICES

HOLY THURSDAY (April 17)

Parish Supper 5:00 p.m., Mass 7:30 p.m.

GOOD FRIDAY (April 18)

Service of the Lord's Passion 3:00 p.m.

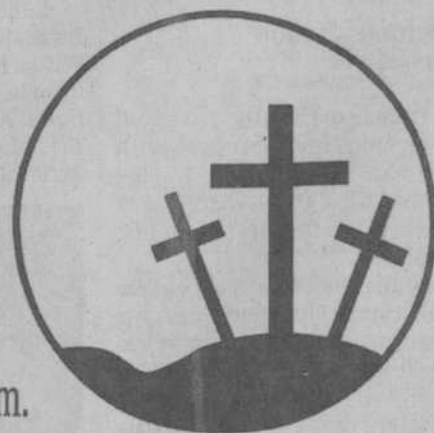
Tenebrae (Evening Prayer) Service 7:30 p.m.

HOLY SATURDAY (April 19)

The Easter Vigil 8:30 p.m.

EASTER SUNDAY (April 20) – 9:00 a.m. & 11:00 a.m.

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