

# Arts & ENTERTAINMENT

8 December 2, 2005

The Bowdoin Orient

## Dancers step into winter show



Drew Fulton, The Bowdoin Orient

Senior Anna Troyansky performed with her Dance 112/Introductory Repertory classmates in "Crunch," a piece they helped choreograph, at the December Dance Concert last night in Pickard Theater.

by Mary Helen Miller  
ORIENT STAFF

At the premiere of the December Dance Concert last night, the performers fused a diverse collection of dance numbers to create one cohesive show. The Bowdoin College Department of Theater and Dance presented the first of three performances of the concert—the others will happen tonight and tomorrow night at 8:00 p.m. in Pickard Theater.

The 11 dances, which were choreographed by students and faculty, draw influence from a wide range of dance genres, including Romanian dance, hip-hop, step dancing, and jazz.

The show's opening number, "Cimpoi," a Romanian dance named after the bagpipe that traditionally accompanies it, was performed by students of Dance 101/Cultural Choreographies. The dancers, who stood in lines and held hands, kept their torsos virtually motionless, drawing attention to the rhythm of their precise foot-steps. Accordion, drum, and clarinet players accompanied the dancers on stage and provided the melody for their dance.

Sophomore Becca Seldon, who performed in "Cimpoi," said that last night was her first time to perform in a dance

concert at Bowdoin and that finally having a real audience increased the energy level of the performers. She expects that at tonight's performance, the dancers will be able to learn from last night, and the show should be "better than ever."

Following the structured Romanian step-dance in stark contrast, Jillian Grunnah '06 and Tauwan Patterson '06 shared the spotlight in their own creation "A

number, the dancers, who wore jeans and solid-colored shirts, ran onto stage and put on red backpacks, which were donated by L.L. Bean.

After performing an artistic interpretation of a hike, the stage transitioned to a classroom setting, complete with several desks and chairs. As performers flipped through books, a voiceover recited formulas for the proper MLA citation of various types of sources. Later in the piece, several laptop com-

puters were set on the front of the stage. The performers picked them up, and walked upstage with them. As the lights dimmed, the last image the audience saw was several glowing, white screens, floating in the

dark.

Alicia White '07 is a member of Dance 101 and Unity step team, and performed in a number with each group last night. White was particularly impressed with the ability for all the dancers in the show to come together as a community for the December Dance Concert. She said that before full-group rehearsals and shows, all the dancers warm up together and give each other back rubs. She felt that the concert was truly a show, not just a collection of disjoint, individual performances.

"[We] feel like one big dance company," she said.

Girl, A Boy, and Two Microphones." Patterson, who is a member of campus a cappella group the Meddiebempsters, sang "Father Figure" by George Michael to accompany portions of the dance with music. A large part of the piece was performed in silence, and Grunnah and Patterson used microphones on stage as props.

Members of Dance 112/Introductory Repertory hiked and studied to the beat in the dance "Crunch," choreographed by Lecturer in Dance Performance Paul Sarvis and members of the class. At the beginning of the

## Crickets Restaurant one for the birds

by Leslie Bridgers  
STAFF WRITER

I know your situation: you're a sophomore girl with a senior boyfriend who lives off-campus. He spent the five bucks to take you to the junior-senior ball, and you have nothing to wear (read: you really want to buy something new). There's no time for boutiques in the Old Port, and let's face it, the Maine Mall sucks. Your only reasonable option? Freeport, of course.

While Daddy's credit card is out of the wallet, you might as well let him take you and the girls you blocked with in Chamberlain (read: your freshman hall-mates that you don't even know why you ever liked) out to dinner. But where to go?

You could opt for Freeport's version of China Rose, but you've got loyalties.

Now you've passed through town, you're almost to the highway, and there it is: Crickets. "Fresh local seafood and much more." Couldn't be bad, right? Well, if you're not opposed to a wonderful night of vomiting, I suggest you stop in.

Driving into a parking lot full of pick-up trucks with Maine plates, you immediately see that Crickets is neither a tourist trap nor does it compete with the dining room at the Haraseeket. The interior is more reminiscent of a Marriott Inn restaurant, with a confused décor of Christmas lights, beer ads, and not-quite-Van Gogh sunflower paintings.

Though there are no beds upstairs, you might feel the need to book a room in town after a cocktail or two. Though the Tanqueray and tonics came slowly, they also came strong. The restaurant's full bar features a small selection of wines, a decent assortment of mid-range bottled beers, and three varieties of Geary's on tap for \$3.95 a glass.

For appetizers, Crickets offers everything seafood: steamed mussels and clams, shrimp cocktails, seafood cakes, and, in accordance with what seems to be a state law, chowdah. The "much more" of the restaurant's slogan refers to Mexican cuisine with chili nachos and cheese quesadillas—no fear, you can add lobster to those as well.

The main menu has several choices from both land and sea. The meats (a decent herb-flavored duck, top sirloin, and the menu's over-promoted flat-iron steak) are all served with a vegetable and choice of starch. There are ordinary offerings of pasta and chicken dishes ranging in price from \$9.95 to \$18.95. For the roommate that would have rather gone to China Rose, Crickets comes through with an Oriental sesame chicken stir fry.

Scallops, shrimp, and haddock dominate the menu. All are available crumbed, deep-fried, and served with French fries and coleslaw. Sea scallops also come baked with a lemon and tarragon seasoning, and the haddock can be baked and/or

Please see CRICKETS, page 10

## Rumor is true: Blonde ales have more fun



by Carter Thomas  
COLUMNIST

BUZZARD'S BAY GOLDEN ALE—(\$7.99 for a six-pack, available at select Massachusetts retailers)

Widely renowned as one of Cape Cod's best brewing companies, Buzzard's Bay does not disappoint

with this American Blonde Ale, delivering a beer that tastes like it is half lager, half pale. It exudes a bright golden color, offering insight into the mysterious title: "Golden Ale."

The taste can be characterized as having the strong presence of a lager while exhibiting the subtle flavorings and thin texture of a pale ale—a sensory bonanza akin to hearing Nirvana play "Somewhere over the Rainbow." What I liked most about this beer is that it never overpowered my taste buds, allowing for an unquenchable yet satisfying experience unlike many other high-end beers I have sampled. This beer is definitely considered a sweet brew even though the sweetness doesn't expose

itself until the aftertaste. All in all, I would recommend this to anyone who is in the Massachusetts area and is looking to get loose. Though Buzzard's Bay has other terrific beers, the Golden Ale is worth checking out.

*My Scores: Taste: 4.0, Partyability: 1.9, Benefit/Cost: 3.8.*

ENDURANCE PALE ALE—(\$8.99 for a six-pack, available at select Massachusetts retailers)

During my Thanksgiving vacation, I had a lot to be thankful for—endless gravy and free beer. I stumbled upon this eye-catching American Pale Ale while hunting for the evening beverages. I was attracted by its reference to Shackleton's incredible voyage to the Antarctic. The color is a bit different than most other pale ales I have come across, radiating more oranges than yellows. When poured, I also noticed that this beer is cloudier than most, perhaps in honor of the cloudy weather the crew of the Endurance surely faced. This beer had a moderately strong taste of hops and was compli-

Your  
Weekend  
Starter  
With  
Carter

Please see BEER, page 10

# Line cashes in on legend, but Capote substantially richer



by Gabe  
Kornbluh  
COLUMNIST

Last year, *Ray* dazzled audiences with a dexterous performance by Jamie Foxx and a story bolstered by the truly remarkable escapades of pianist Ray Charles. And once again, just in time for this year's holidays (and Oscar deadline), tales of successful but troubled men are, like, so in.

This season, another weathered musician and a brilliant but self-indulgent writer frame the current

biographical offerings in *Walk the Line* and *Capote*. Like two sides of the often risky and frequently rigid biopic coin, both films tout a "blemishes and all" look at their subject's personalities and promise impressive portrayals by first-rate actors. But where *Walk the Line* keeps its protagonist's blemishes skin-deep and wields a heavy dosage of nostalgic sheen, *Capote* lets the shortcomings of its title character slowly emerge through the lens of one intensely chilling event. It is *Capote*, with its lingering and coarse sincerity, which, between the two, surfaces as the most intriguing portrait of a man.

As far as stellar performances go, both movies deliver. In *Walk the Line*, Joaquin Phoenix and Reese Witherspoon are spot on as the eventual romantic and musical duo of Johnny Cash and June Carter. Cutting all the musical numbers with their actual voices, the two shine most vividly during the concert scenes, maintaining an authenticity that the dramatic interludes never quite match.

Philip Seymour Hoffman deserves equal if not greater praise for his assimilation of Truman Capote, a novelist obsessed with a case of small town murder and criminal identity that would eventually form the foundation for his journalistic opus, *In Cold Blood*.

Hoffman's flourishes of intellectual snide come softened with the forlorn glare of a social outsider, making his portrayal a checkerboard of nuanced eccentricity and shocking narcissism. As Capote toils away over his book and exploits the trust of the alleged killer and subject of his writing, the audience becomes both sympathetic to his malice and frustrated by it. It is this active participation that makes *Capote* feel so real, and lack of which that makes *Walk the Line* seem so sterile.

Of course, Cash's life was not without its low points, and *Line* does not shy away from this fact. A burst of fame and the newfound intensity of the tour circuit cut a mortal wound between Cash and his family, facilitating the inevitable descent into alcoholism and a mean narcotic dependency. The problem

is that *Line* also feels the need to literalize Cash's origins through a conventionally exhausting time frame

courtesy of www.movieweb.com

*Capote* tells the story of novelist Truman Capote and his experience writing about the grisly, small-town murder that inspired *In Cold Blood*.



courtesy of www.movieweb.com

*Walk the Line* chronicles Johnny Cash's musical career and his tumultuous, often painful, relationship with country singer June Carter.

## The wines that keep on giving

by Hillary Matlin  
COLUMNIST

Greetings, dear readers, and a toast to my final wine column of the semester.

I would like to make a few notes on giving wine as a gift as we enter the holiday season. A bottle of wine makes a wonderful gift for several reasons. It's something that can keep for a long time (at least several months if stored properly). You can buy something really special for relatively little money, as \$20.00 gets you a much better bottle of wine than bouquet of flowers. A bottle of wine can save the day of a host who didn't buy enough (or any) libations for the holiday party. Finally, bringing a bottle of wine ensures that your holiday gathering will have a (sometimes necessary) social lubricant available.

There are only two instances



where a bottle of wine is not a good choice for a gift. The first is if your "giftee" is a teetotaler. If you're unsure you can always bring some tasty nibbles (sweet or savory) which would go with wine. The other instance is the very wealthy wine snob. You'll never be able to afford something that would impress such a person. Again, I suggest comestibles geared toward wine.

If you're not really confident about what you want to buy, we, here in Brunswick, are in luck. There are literally dozens of small wine shops all with very unique and affordable wines within a half hour's drive and at least two in walking distance of campus. This is definitely the time to take advantage of the staffers' knowledge. These ladies and gentlemen are delighted to help you pick out the perfect gift for your parents, friends, or random acquaintance.

Below are my two favorite picks for the holiday season.

ENRIQUE FOSTER 2002 RESERVA MALBEC (Approximately \$20.00 at The Clown in Portland)

This may be the best red wine I've had all year. In accord, my tasters and I adored it. It has a "warm, subtle" taste that blends rich dried fruit flavors with a moderately spicy finish. We enjoyed our bottle with pizza, but it would be a wonderful meal pairing with any rich meat dish or with warm hors d'oeuvres. The woman who sold me the bottle said that while the regular (and cheaper) Malbec was very good, the reserva was "really special." I wholeheartedly agree and urge anyone who likes reds to buy this.

CHATEAU STE. MICHELLE 2000 SEMILLON (Priced to impress at \$8.99 at Shaw's in Brunswick)

The Semillion is a traditional wine of Washington; one of the hottest wine regions in the States. This particular Semillion delighted my tasters, although we did not agree as to the taste. My tasters mostly felt that the wine tasted "like some kind of Christmas tree, blue spruce?" While they debated what kind of tree the wine tasted like, I found it to be sweet and leafy rather than woodsy. It is heavier than other whites I've had, but this does not make it unpleasant as with some whites. I would definitely enjoy this with shellfish, pasta or noodle dishes.

As far as stellar performances go, both movies deliver. In *Walk the Line*, Joaquin Phoenix and Reese Witherspoon are spot on as the eventual romantic and musical duo of Johnny Cash and June Carter. Cutting all the musical numbers with their actual voices, the two shine most vividly during the concert scenes, maintaining an authenticity that the dramatic interludes never quite match.

pining for father's elusive approval. It matters not that Cash's actual life followed the well-worn cinematic arch

of loss, drug abuse, and boyish despair; to explain so pointedly the nature of Cash's struggle is to condense a man into a character, a legend into an encyclo-

pedic entry. The film's allergy to ambiguity serves counter-intuitively: it makes Cash's trials, discoveries, and even his music seem oddly

Please see MOVIES, page 10

## WBOR 91.1 FM DJs OF THE WEEK



Kyle Petrie '06 and Antwan Phillips '06

**What is the best song ever made?**

**KP:** "Dead Presidents (extended),"

by Jay-Z.

**AP:** I ain't no hater or nothin', but "He Can't Love You Like I Can, Trust Me," by Jagged Edge.

**Who is the greatest living musician?**

**KP:** Kanye West.

**AP:** Alicia Keyes for three reasons:

(1) Sings like Patti Labelle, (2) Plays the Piano like Mozart, (3) She is fine enough to be my girl.

**What was the first album you ever bought?**

**KP:** *Nevermind*, by Nirvana.

**AP:** *J.E. Heartbreak*, by Jagged Edge.

**What was the best show you've ever seen live?**

**KP:** Red Hot Chili Peppers and Foo Fighters.

**AP:** 50 cent, G-Unit and Fabolous.

**If you were dictator of a small country, what would be your national anthem?**

**KP:** "Damn," by Youngbloodz.

Don't start no (expletive), won't be no (expletive).

**AP:** "For the Hood," by Young Jeezy; "In My Hood," by Fabolous...It's one thing to be from tha hood, its another thing to be for the hood.

**If you were onstage with a mic in front of thousands of screaming fans, what would you say?**

**KP:** "don't confuse me with the suckas, cuz when i spit you can hear more 'oooooo' than when skip to my lou move at the rucka..."

**AP:** "Oh, I think they like me."

**What song pumps you up?**

**KP:** "I'll Beat Yo Ass," by Crime Mob.

**AP:** "We Ain't Scared," by Lil Flip.

**What song brings you down?**

**KP:** "God's Bathroom Floor," by Atmosphere.

**AP:** "Dear Mama," by 2Pac.

**Petrie and Phillips can be heard on "Still Tippin', Final Crunkyear (Mo' Than Music)," 9:30 p.m. to 11:00 p.m. Sunday nights on WBOR 91.1 FM.**

## Upcoming Events...

-As Fast As w/ John Nolan & Melvern Taylor

Where: The Space Gallery, 539 Congress St., Portland.  
When: December 23 at 8:30 p.m.  
Tickets: \$12.00 at Bull Moose, or at Space Gallery the night of the show.

-Avenged Sevenfold w/ CKY & Eighteen Visions

Where: The State Theater, 609 Congress Street, Portland.  
When: January 31 at 7:30 p.m.  
Tickets: \$17.50. Available at the Cumberland County Civic Center box office, or by calling (207) 775-3331.

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**Capote and Cash headline latest biopics****MOVIES, from page 9**

insignificant. When Phoenix dons the trademark black suit en route to the "triumphant" Folsom Prison concert, Cash's famous attire ceases to be an embodiment of his polar identity, becoming instead the very denial of it, a mere visual cue for proper filmic resolution. By movie's end, we, the audience, do indeed feel as though we know Cash's cinematic doppelganger. Unfortunately, we also feel like there was not much to know in the first place.

*Capote*, on the other hand, smartly limits itself to a very short and potent portion of the writer's life. The depths of Mr. Capote's psyche are plumbed not hurriedly by the filmmakers in spurts of time travel, but by the viewer himself, piecing together Truman's deepest fears and

desires through Hoffman's mannerisms, social conduct, and manipulation of the truth. While he quests to complete the first "non-fiction novel," the film points out that Capote is oblivious to his own damaging nature. His acute sense of "truth" in his work shields the inability to truly understand himself.

What *Capote* remembers (and what *Walk the Line* forgets), is that the man it presents was and is larger than life. Capote enraptures because it allows Truman's malevolence to rival and even overtake his brilliance, a victory far more remarkable than Cash's in *Walk the Line*. Both films tell stories of men, but *Capote* submits and proves the notion that the man who uses vice as an escape is far less intriguing than the man who cannot escape vice.

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**Crickets nothing to chirp about****CRICKETS, from page 8**

stuffed.

The back of the menu lists a Bubba Gump-style catalog of lobster dishes. There's lobster stew, lobster roll, lobster salad, lobster melt, lobster club, sautéed lobster, lobster feast, lobster dinner...you get the point.

While my land-lubber companion enjoyed a salty cheese-encrusted onion soup and a decent duck dish with some slightly disappointing mashed potatoes, I opted to find out what this seafood was all about. After adding a serving of salt that couldn't have been good for my blood pressure, the clam chowder wasn't bad.

I followed with a similarly heavy and bland seafood fettuccine. Though the local shrimp, scallops, lobster, and mussels were all succulent, I couldn't help but wonder if it was only in relation to the flavorless yet still nauseating alfredo sauce that had me fleeing to the bathroom at the mention of dessert.

Crickets isn't the worst restaurant in the world, but I suggest you save yourself the gas money and not bother. It shouldn't be hard to find a comparably priced and comparably mediocre meal in Brunswick.

Oh, and just go ahead and re-wear that dress from last year's gala; nobody remembers.

*Endurance* pales in comparison to Buzzard's Bay ale

**BEER, from page 8**

mented well with a citrus splash—perhaps a tribute to the seamen's efforts to fend off scurvy by devouring citrus fruits. To be perfectly honest, Endurance wasn't the most outstanding pale ale I have ever had. But it is hard to resist a beer that pays homage to arguably the most incredible survival story of all time. Is this six-pack worth the money? Debatable. But I'm pretty sure if I were ever stranded on an iceberg with 15 other guys, this would be the brew I would wish for. *My scores: Taste: 3.0, Partyability: 2.2 (at school), 4.0 (on some sort of ship), Benefit/Cost: 2.0.*

**ICEHOUSE** (\$4.99 for a 12-pack of tall boys at Hannaford)

This macro lager is straight out of the "You won't buy that" area of the refrigerator, right between Colt 45 and Schaffer. I found, however, that this beer was not nearly as bad as people made it out to be. The best description I could give would be that this brew is what beer tasted like before they knew how to make top shelf stuff like Sam Adams or Geary's. Icehouse does have a bit of a disagreeable metallic aftertaste, but what do you expect from beer that could be sold by the gallon at a price lower than a bottle of Shipyard? Another point to make is that Icehouse throws down 5.5 percent alcohol by volume which is about halfway between regular beer and ice-style beer. Also, because these come in 16-22-ounce containers, a 12-pack will undoubtedly take you to the (ice)house. I would recommend this beer for anyone who wants to save some money, drink a lot, and convince your friends that all bottom shelf beers are not all created equal. Or nostalgic students looking to remember the good old days of high school. *My Scores: Taste: 1.2, Partyability: 4.3, Benefit/Cost: 4.6.*

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