

Layin' the smack down

A raucous set keeps the neighbors at University Park awake with bad religion

by Michael Grooms
staff writer

This may be college, but there were no signs of classes here in State College. On Saturday April 14, the Bryce Jordan Center hosted one of the most popular rock bands around, Godsmack. Staind, Cold, and Systematic were the opening acts.

Before the show began, I walked around to see what went on behind the scenes. I have been to many concerts, but never to a Godsmack show. At first, things looked like any other show, the parking lot was full of beer drinkers, most of whom had lazily thrown their empty cans all over the place. There was music coming from all the cars (surprisingly enough most of the songs were by Godsmack). In an attempt to get Godsmack autographs, people walked around the complex to find the band and their tour bus. Upon finding the buses in a huge, fenced-in area that was under heavy guard, everyone, after evaluating the situation, realized that there was no way to get close enough to accomplish the task (without going to the local jail).

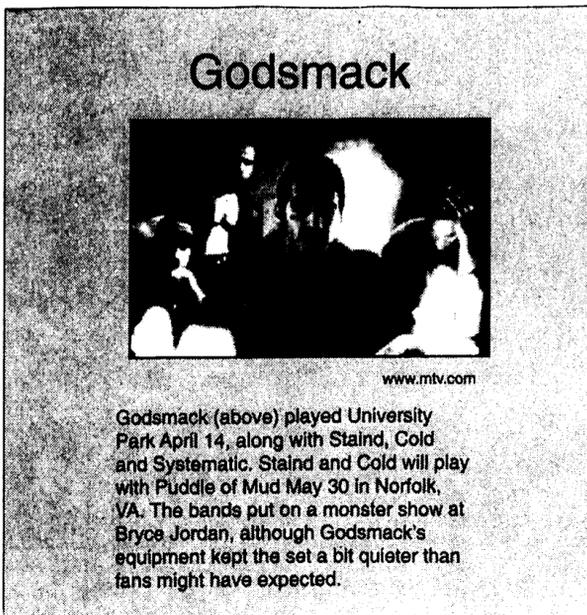
The doors to the Bryce Jordan Center were to open at 7 p.m. Taking pictures would have been nice, but people were not allowed to have cameras inside the facility. The guards at the entrance were performing full

body searches that everyone underwent before entering the building.

After purchasing my \$90 Godsmack shirt (not a typo), it was time to find my seat. The ticket said Row C, so one would believe these were pretty good seats. The seats were not floor seats. Those were all general admission. My seat was about 75 feet above the stage, and about 75 feet to the left of it! Talk about nosebleed.

The show began at 7:20 pm when Systematic took the stage. The band played seven songs and the 2,500 people on the floor created five separate mosh pits. Cold was next to perform. They played for around forty-five minutes. The crowd enjoyed them, but it seemed as though all the songs sounded the same. Maybe that was because it was hard to understand what the lead singer was saying.

Staind was the third act to play. These guys were pretty good. A couple of their songs were recognizable. Aaron Lewis had a clear, understandable voice. The music was also loud enough to hear it. This leads me to the final band, the headliner—Godsmack, the most exciting band of the evening. They opened up with a five-minute cartoon about the band that focused on partying before the shows. A loud firecracker went off and Godsmack was on stage performing the first song off of their new album *Awake*, "Sick of Life." The problem was that you could hardly hear the music! The previous bands were



Godsmack (above) played University Park April 14, along with Staind, Cold and Systematic. Staind and Cold will play with Puddle of Mud May 30 in Norfolk, VA. The bands put on a monster show at Bryce Jordan, although Godsmack's equipment kept the set a bit quieter than fans might have expected.

much louder than Godsmack. Perhaps the equipment was the problem. For the first time since the show started, you could talk to the people next to you and actually hear what they were saying.

Godsmack played all their popular songs, including one titled "Trippin'," which Sully Erna, the lead singer of Godsmack, dedicated to all the pot smokers.

The entire set lasted about an hour and a half. The encore featured the hit "Voodoo" and their first breakthrough single, titled "Whatever." Erna, stopped the show on a few occasions to tell the nice folks of Pennsylvania that he thought alcohol should be served (it wasn't) and that the crowd needed to become more involved in the mosh pits. He wanted the people on the floor to combine the five sepa-

rate pits into one giant pit. This was successful for about three minutes. He also insisted on trying to get every person in the stands to get up out of their seats. He told the crowd "Get up, or get out." Not everyone stood up, nor did anyone leave. This comment led him into the song called "Get Up or Get Out," off of their first album. How clever.

At the end, Erna promised to bring some beer for everyone the next time they came. Now don't get me wrong, Godsmack was awesome, they just should have been louder than they were. The highlight of the evening was when Lewis of Staind took the stage alone with his acoustical guitar and played the very popular radio hit called "Outside." People lit their lighters and sang along, and it was actually pretty cool.

Big apples: Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band rock with 'Live in New York'

by Lucas Schneider
staff writer

Rarely does a CD get you up on your feet dancing, craving for more, but Bruce Springsteen and The E Street Band's *Live In New York City* concert does just that and more. After a 10-year separation, "The Boss" and the E Street Band are back together and better than ever. While the CD is an amazing representation of the their brilliance, it does not compare to the intensity and magic of seeing them live.

While most reunion tour CDs are just nostalgic live versions of hits that made bands famous, Springsteen, as he did for most of the 1999-2000 E Street Reunion Tour, explores some of his less commercial songs. The CD opens with "My Love Will Not Let You Down," left on the cutting room floor of the *Born in the USA* sessions, and re-

vived on the reunion tour as a frequent show opener. It's a big rock number and gets the crowd up and on their feet for the whole show. Without breaking momentum, they go straight into the showstopper "Prove It All Night." On "Two Hearts," Bruce gets some help from fellow E Streeter "Little Steve" Van Zandt (of *Soprano's* fame) and finishes the song with a duet of Marvin Gaye's hit "It Takes Two." By this time the listener is ready for a break as Springsteen explores some ballads.

"Atlantic City," originally a solo acoustic song from his album *Nebaska* is reworked as a rock band ballad. The country flavored "Mansion On The Hill" features a duet between Springsteen and his wife Patti Scialfa. A drastically different version of "The River" now features a sax solo by the "Big Man" Clarence Clemons at the beginning and end of the song.

Now that the audience has had a

chance to catch its breath, The Boss is ready to turn it up a notch. He begins a barrage of songs without any breaks in between. "Youngstown" is another acoustic song turned into a rock band ballad, then comes "Murder Incorporated," another gem from the *Born in the USA* discard pile. "Badlands" is always a crowd pleaser, as is "Out In The Street." They all lead up to "Tenth Avenue Freeze Out," which features a gospel rap in the middle where Springsteen finds himself lost on the banks of the river till the "big man joins the band."

Two new songs debut on this album—"Land of Hope and Dreams," a new song that debuted at the beginning of the tour and was the normal show closer; and the controversial "American Skin/41 Shots," about the 1999 shooting of Amadou Diallo, which caused a boycott of Springsteen's New York City shows by the NYPD.

The two CD package accompanies

the HBO special, which will be shown throughout April. The set also includes six bonus tracks not featured on the TV special—"Lost in the Flood," an acoustic version of "Born in the USA" and "Don't Look Back," the first live version of "Jungleland" ever released, which features one of the finest sax solos in rock music history. "Ramrod," from disc two of *The River* was a popular encore song on the tour. "If I Should Fall Behind" features the singing talents of all the vocalists in the E Street Band (Nils Lofgren, Clarence Clemons, Steve Van Zandt, and Patti Scialfa).

Live In New York City was taped at the last two shows of the Band's 10 show Madison Square Garden stand. *Live In New York City* finished at No. 5 for the week ending April 21 on the Billboard Top 200 chart, and was No. 1 on the Internet Sales chart.

Sic' Em FIDO

by Deanna Symoski



GRRRL POWER

Why it's never been a better time to be a girl

Not long ago, I referred to myself as a "girl" in class and was quickly corrected for the obvious faux pas. We aren't girls anymore—we're women! Okay, so I inadvertently erased 30 years of progress for my sex. But the thing is, I am a girl, and if the new image of girls in the media is any indication of me, I'm proud of what I am.

It used to be in a not-so-distant past, "Chick Flick" referred to one of those weepy melodramas that girlfriends and wives dragged significant others to see. The men would dutifully go on the condition that sometime soon she would have to sit through the next installment of *Die Hard* or *Lethal Weapon* or whatever Schwarzenegger had in the works. Movies used to be a compromise, but with the tough new image women-driven roles are touting, heroes like John McLean are fading fast, and even men don't seem to care.

Consider the evidence. In 2000, the box office found amazing success with films like *Charlie's Angels*, *Miss Congeniality*, and *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*—all of which surpassed the \$100 million mark. Since January of this year, three women-driven films have already passed the \$50 million mark—*Save the Last Dance* with Julia Stiles, Jennifer Lopez's *The Wedding Planner* and *The Mexican*, which rode the wave of Julia Roberts' success.

These films employ female leads, but due to strong stories and stronger action, that detail has become an attraction instead of detriment. "Grrrl" flicks represent a new kind of female—those who can apply lipstick with one hand while breaking the neck of some unsuspecting fool with the other. For the first time since Linda Hamilton came locked and loaded in *Terminator 2*, girls are experiencing a movie makeover. The image of the helpless damsel has given way to the ultra-feminine, yet independent "grrrl." She is the epitome of well-roundedness, smart, funny and self-sufficient—and those are the characteristics that now give her sex appeal. (Audiences for the mentioned films have been half male.)

Women used to be one of two things: Bond girls or bimbos. Both were mildly entertaining, though neither could defend herself, and some needed help just getting away from their attacker without tripping over a crack in the sidewalk. The new grrrl has no trouble getting away. In fact, the new grrrl fights back, and in some cases, is the attacker. She possesses the perfect combination of brains, brawn and beauty—the last stemming mostly from the first two. The message is that grrrls don't have to be gorgeous, they just have to be grrrls, accentuating all the wonderful things they already are.

Music is the vocal extension to film's visual impact. In the past few years, music has run the gamut from the jackhammer rap/metal of Limp Bizkit to the Sunday school messages of Creed. But in a recent move that kickstarted with Destiny's Child, women have become the real musical muscle.

Just as Gloria Gaynor convinced a whole generation that she would survive, Destiny's Child is singing the new anthem for independent women. Their lyrics are the musical equivalent of getting punched by an *Angel* as the group continues to emerge as the anti-Shaggy—the grrrls who won't stand for men who bang on the bathroom floor. Their assertive sound and confident words encourage women to stay strong—emotionally, financially and physically.

The love ballads of days gone by seem almost dusty in their optimism compared to the empowering forces currently behind music. Sunshine Anderson, protégé of Macy Gray, does such a job on her ex in "Heard it All Before" that it almost seems like a good time to break up. These songs, while not terribly eloquent, recognize the reality of relationships—the heartbreak, the lies and the inevitable end. Songs like these, however, also offer a sense of betterment to replace the tears that normally would stream during sappier songs like "My Heart Will Go On," the equivalent to the old chick flicks.

Just as all media trends ebb and flow with the changing climate of society, this too shall pass. However, the fact that grrrl power has risen up at all—and in simultaneous mediums, nonetheless—makes an about-to-be-graduated student like myself just a little more confident about the things that await. Thanks to the trend, I don't have to sacrifice femininity for strength, brains for beauty. I can focus less on all the stifling stereotypes that once accompanied female professionals and I can kick ass in all the ways I was meant to. So, yeah, I am a grrrl—I just spell it a little differently.

New Releases

Movies	Video*	Music*	DVD*
<i>Crocodile Dundee in Los Angeles</i>	<i>Rocky Rocky (5 Pack)</i>	Ally McBeal Janet Jackson Maxwell Tim McGraw	<i>Ghost Little Nicky Mummy (Ultimate Edition) Rocky I: Special Edition Rocky (5 Pack)</i>
<i>Freddy Got Fingered</i>			

*Release Date: 4/24

Had your ego blasted lately? If not, tune into the *Weakest Link*, NBC's latest gameshow. A combination of *Survivor* and *Who Wants to be a Millionaire*, this new show will air on Mondays at 8:00 p.m. But it's not for the weak at heart. Goodbye . . .