

Lord of Acid
Ronny Jordan has continued success with his acid jazz styles on *The Quiet Revolution* despite a number of overproduced tracks.

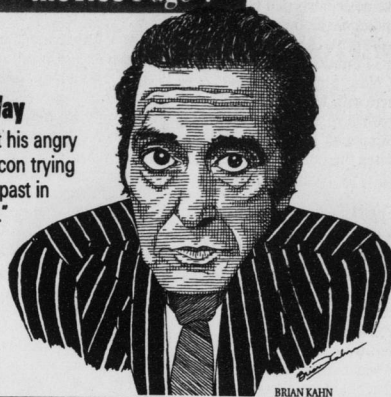


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Pacino's Way

Al Pacino is at his angry best as an ex-con trying to escape his past in "Carlito's Way."



BRIAN KAHN

Killer Doctors, Fan Man Present More Danger Than TV

MTV has been pressured to stop airing "Beavis and Butt-Head" episodes that supposedly encourage kids to burn their houses down, and Touchstone Pictures removed the scene from "The Program" where guys lie down in the middle of roads hoping to avoid moving cars. This baffles me, but not because it is censorship and attacks our First Amendment rights.

Heck, the only amendment I care about is the one that lets me carry around a semi-automatic rifle, I mean semi-automatic hunting rifle. No, the reason I am in such a quandary is because this stuff is make-believe; the real danger comes from real life as exposed on the news.

Only a few weeks after MTV announced its intention to soften up their episodes of "Beavis and Butt-Head," the fires in Southern California dominate the airwaves. Someone in the Arson Lobby must be working really hard because in spite of setbacks that would threaten other pranks, arson just keeps on going like the Energizer Bunny with a blow torch.



KEVIN BRENNAN
HOW'S MY DRIVING?

It seems like the only lobby with more television exposure is Ross Perot's United We Stand America. I guess the original name for the group wasn't as catchy: United We Can't Stand Ross Perot, America.

Did you see the NAFTA debate on television? I don't know enough about it to take a position (I thought it was some kind of cheese spread until I watched Larry King), but Perot is out of hand.

A lot of times when a group of people are talking, they'll look at each other, and sometimes they'll answer questions asked of them, but Perot spent his entire time looking directly at the camera telling us how Mexico has less buying power than a school kid the day before he gets his allowance.

Personally, I think it's more harmful to the youth of this nation to watch some billionaire posture himself as the spokesman for the working class than to see some punks risking their lives on a stupid dare. In fact, it would be quite entertaining if one of the punks was Perot.

Also in the news recently is the guy in Virginia who had his lil' johnnie cut off by his wife. This story is OK for television, but two geeks giggling about fires isn't?

If I had a choice, I'd much rather have my house burned down than be eligible for the Vienna Boys' Choir.

Although I think this bizarre couple is newsworthy, the person I really want to see is the next guy who goes out with the woman with the do-it-yourself vasectomy kit. He would have to be very brave, I mean he really would have to have brass ... forget it.

They found the husband's missing appendage and had it surgically reattached. Is this something they normally teach in med school?

Maybe I have a boring view of the medical world, but I didn't realize that assisting suicides was a viable specialization. But I feel bad for Dr. Jack Kevoorkian, because with a title like the suicide doctor, he's kind of locked into that field. It's not really the title you want your heart surgeon to have.

He also must be hurting financially, because if he is really good at what he does, he's guaranteed to have no repeat business. I'll bet he gets teased a lot by people saying "Physician, heal thyself."

When he was in jail last week, he held a hunger strike until they let him out. How noble — he refused to eat prison food. Now that's a powerful statement to the powers that be.

The thing I think is hilarious is that he keeps getting out on bail. He admits that he's going to assist in more suicides, plus he's called the suicide doctor. It doesn't take Solomon to figure that he probably shouldn't get out.

Vying with the suicide doctor for the news personality with silliest title is the Fan Man. This is the guy that parachuted into the middle of the Riddick Bowe-Evander Holyfield fight with a big propeller strapped to his back and then got his butt stomped by an angry mob.

I've parachuted before — it's scary. The whole way down, I was just hoping that I would be able to land as soon as possible. I can't think of the horror and disappointment of finally landing and then just having the crap beat out of me. I would be trying to catch an updraft and fly the heck out of there.

Then again, I don't think this guy's a candidate for Mensa. I saw an interview with him on the news and the following is the exact transcript.

Reporter: "Why did you do it?"
Fan Man: "Because I'm the Fan Man."
Reporter: "What were you thinking?"
Fan Man: "I was thinking that I'm the man with the fan, the Fan Man."

Oh, the man with the fan, the Fan Man, that explains everything. I don't see why I thought this guy was bonkers.

"Beavis and Butt-Head" is unacceptable viewing, but the major networks all carry stories on doctors that kill and maniacs who fly into boxing rings.

I guess we all owe a big thanks to the news-entertainment pioneers at "A Current Affair."

Road Trippin'

BY ALISON INCE
STAFF WRITER

"So in America when the sun goes down and I sit on the old broken-down river pier watching the long, long skies over New Jersey and sense all that raw land that rolls in one unbelievable huge bulge over to the West Coast, and all that road going, all the people dreaming in the immensity of it..." Jack Kerouac, "On the Road"

Few people can say they never have had the urge to escape from everything around them, hop into a car and drive to where no one can find them. Blame it on Kerouac. Call it Wanderlust. Road trips have come to epitomize the American dream of freedom.

The rules of the road are simple and few: Stay to the right of the yellow lines, to the left of the shoulder, and don't get caught speeding. Beyond that, "the open road is a beckoning, a strangeness, a place where a man can lose himself," wrote William Least Heat Moon in "Blue Highways."

"A man who couldn't make things go right could at least go. He could quit trying to get out of the way of life. Chuck routine. Live the real jeopardy of circumstance."

The theme of road trips has shown up in both movies and literature. "Thelma and Louise," deals with two women sick of the monotony of life. "Blue Highways" is the author's story of his travels after he loses his teaching job and gets separated from his wife. In "Travels with Charley," John Steinbeck describes his ignorance about his own country and sets out in a truck with his dog Charley to "try to rediscover this monster land."

And of course, "On the Road." Published in 1957, William Burroughs credits the novel as having sold "a trillion Levis" and sending "countless kids on the road."

Professor of History John Kasson believes that people who take road trips are drawn to the romantic quality of the road.

"There's a real sense of discovery when you are on a road trip. You're kind of on a mini-quest. There's also the dramatic aspect of going across the country and watching the landscapes and accents change."

GRACELAND

BY KEVIN BRENNAN
STAFF WRITER

"For reasons I can't explain there's some part of me wants to see Graceland." — Paul Simon, "Graceland"

With Simon's anthem ringing in my head and in my heart, I started on my pilgrimage to the home I'd never seen. Elvis Presley's Graceland, my Graceland, our Graceland.

Graceland has captured the imaginations of songwriters, poets and millions of league bowlers throughout the world. Now it was my chance to travel down I-40 to the place where Elvis Presley hung his hat, blue suede shoes and rhinestone-covered jumpsuits.

"I'm going to Graceland, Graceland in Memphis, Tennessee."

Hours away from Memphis and just outside of Nashville, I had an experience that lent me some insight into this mysterious state that Elvis called home.

I was waiting in line at an Arby's when some firecrackers went off outside. A woman behind the counter asked one of her friends if she had anything to do with the disturbance. When she called out "Bubba!" to get her friend's attention, several people turned around. The fact that the Bubba population

of that restaurant was more than one shook me up, but it wasn't going to distract me from my mission.

"Poorboys and pilgrims with families and we are going to Graceland."

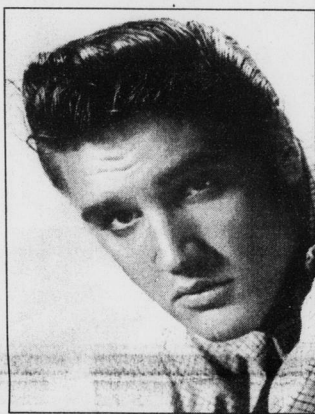
There was a motley crew of tourists on hand to tour the compound on Elvis Presley Boulevard. From college students to grandparents, several generations were showing their appreciation of the legend.

I decided to skip the tours of his cars and airplanes in favor of the tour of his house and "Sincerely Elvis." The Elvis Shuttle transported me across the boulevard and through the gates to Elvis' home.

The tour of the house covers most of the rooms in the house except those on the second floor, where the bedrooms are located. Just a suggestion: don't run up the steps yelling "I know you're up there, King!" The helpful tourguides don't take too kindly to this.

A strong stomach is necessary for all legs of the tour because one word that has never been used to describe Elvis is "taste." The only thing that overshadows the multitude of mirrors is the display of 20 zillion portraits of the King. I won't even mention the Jungle Room's carpeted ceilings. Well, I did, but just once.

Graceland also is the final resting place of Elvis, his parents and his grandmother. Elvis' monument is nicely understated with his Taking Care of Business in A Flash emblem.



The King's "tastes" shine through Graceland's decor.

"Maybe I've a reason to believe we all will be received in Graceland."

A few final tips for the would-be traveler: don't show ignorance. I was berated by an elderly English woman for not knowing Elvis' mother from his grandmother. Although the Heartbreak Hotel Restaurant sounds inviting, it is the only place I know that serves a grilled peanut butter and banana sandwich.

NEW YORK

BY JON RICH
STAFF WRITER

I have always wanted to be on television. Maybe it's an ego thing, but I've always looked up at the small screen and said to myself, "I can do at least as good as that bozo." That's why I like David Letterman's "Late Show."

Letterman doesn't take himself too seriously, or at least as much as anyone with their own cult following can be expected to. To see what Letterman was really like, I traveled to New York to attend a show taping.

I talked two of my friends into making the trek to "The Big Apple" with me over fall break, and I learned two things from our eight-hour tour: never allow anyone to eat three Taco Bell Chilitos before embarking on an extended drive, and eight hours with the same people, no matter how much you like them, is just too damn long.

Anyway, we arrived in New York without maiming one another and promptly began our quest for tickets. Before going any further, here's a tip in case you want to see Dave for yourself: Write for tickets early. Early as in plan your trip around seeing the show. We wrote a month ahead of time, but our request wasn't filled. The address is:

The Late Show with David Letterman
c/o The Ed Sullivan Theater
1697 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10019

If your written request doesn't get filled, you might get in via the stand-by ticket line. The line

forms inside the theater at 9 a.m., and stand-by tickets are given out at noon. These tickets don't guarantee you a seat, but they might if actual ticket-holders don't show.

If you seriously want to see the show, get there early. CBS gives out 100 stand-by tickets per taping, and empty seats are given first to those who commandeered the theater lobby at sunrise.

Yet there was hope. A CBS page told us 30 stand-bys were seated for the previous day's taping. That didn't matter much to us; we 81st, 82nd and 83rd in line.

Stand-by tickets in hand, my cohorts sized-up our chances. "It doesn't look too good," one said while the other added, "Yeah, but how often are you in New York?" We decided to return later and take our chances.

Before leaving Letterman's domain for sightseeing, we traced the steps of our guru. Letterman has a segment called "Meet the Neighbors" where his camera crew visits stores on 54th Street, and they had gone to the t-shirt/tourist trap store "Rock America" several times asking the Bangladeshi clerks there to pose for ID photos.

We stopped by and the same clerks sold us "Late Show" shirts and advised us that if stand-by tickets didn't get us in, we might want to appeal to Letterman's eclectic sense of humor. After all, who would have thought two Bangladeshi clerks would be made into cultural icons?

That's when I thought of a plan. The mother of one of our group gave each of us a gift to take on the trip, a Carolina-blue kazoo. At the time I thought the choice kind of odd, but who was I to look a gift kazoo in the mouth?

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ATHENS, GA

BY KEVIN KRUSE
STAFF WRITER

Road trips are a vital part of the college experience. Under the constant deluge of academia, the inner child needs to scream down a highway in a cramped Honda in search of Stuckey's pecan logs and fireworks supermarkets, only occasionally stopping to reload on Fritos and Zingers.

There's something primal about spending an unshaven, unshowered week with your friends, truly learning what the word "pheromone" means, only getting a bit of exercise when you're doubled over a balcony rail, depositing the trip's potpourri of junk food onto the downstairs patio after a failed bout with Strawberry-Banana Mad Dog.

One fall break, my comrades and I ventured down the yellow brick road of I-85 to the fairy tale world of Athens, Ga. We loaded into the car of a friend we had cajoled into driving and hurtled down under through the scenic splendor of state troopers and South of the Border billboards.

Plenty of refreshments were on hand, and within 10 minutes, my roommate had stripped completely naked to the tune of "Like a Virgin." The rest of us, shaken and shell shocked, demanded an immediate pit-stop.

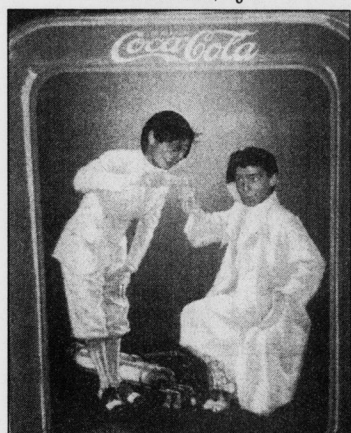
We wheeled into Buford's Amoco and Kountry Kitchen in order to have the pleasure of dragging a key and its attached two-by-four to the restroom, which apparently had last been cleaned as part of LBJ's highway beautification program.

Of course, its stained cinder-block walls were

adorned with the usual vending machine of "adult pleasure" items, as if the overpowering stench of urine is supposed to somehow arouse the frisky side of a man. I'd hate to smell the convenience store's perfumes.

The only notable event of the trip was a stop on the side of the road to view the fabled peach water tower of Gaffney, S.C., which basically looks like a giant rounded rump impaled on a spike — kind of a "buttsicle." It was crude and tacky. We posed for photos for five minutes.

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Dan Smith and Kevin Kruse take time away from a warm keg for a Coke and a smile at the Atlanta museum.

Taj Mahal's Shows for Children, Adults Offer Unique Blues Blend



Taj Mahal
7 p.m. and 9 p.m. Friday
Carrboro ArtsCenter

Taj Mahal brings his unique blend of blues to the Carrboro ArtsCenter for a 7 p.m. children's performance and a 9 p.m. adult performance Friday.

Mahal, the son of a West Indian jazz arranger and a South Carolina Gospel singer, is a self-taught master of more than 12 instruments.

His music features a mix of Caribbean, West African and Southern roots.

Mahal performs at more than 200 appearances each year and has recorded 20 albums. He has appeared on television, movie and Broadway soundtracks.

Mahal's children's performance is a part of the Families Night Out Series. The show, which is for children 4 and older, will be in the tradition of his children's album, *Shake Sugaree*. Tickets are \$8 for adults and \$6 for children and friends.

The adult performance will feature Scott Ainslie as the opening act. Tickets are \$13 for the public, \$12 for students and seniors and \$11 for friends. For more information, call 929-ARTS.

UP FRONT

Chicago's Smashing Pumpkins Bust Into Raleigh for Ritz Show

College rockers Smashing Pumpkins will be appearing tonight at the Ritz with England's Swervedriver.

The Pumpkins are vocalist and guitarist Billy Corgan, vocalist and bassist D'Arcy, drummer Jimmy Chamberlin and guitarist James Iha.

Time magazine classified the Chicago band as "Glam Rockers," comparing them to Suede and the Velvet Underground.

Their latest album, *Siamese Dream*, was released by Virgin Records. Their first album, *Gish*, was released in 1991 on Caroline Records.

The show starts at 8 p.m. Tickets for the performance are sold out.

The Ritz is located at 2820 Industrial Drive, Raleigh. Call 836-8535 for more information.

Smashing Pumpkins With Swervedriver
8 p.m. today
The Ritz in Raleigh

