

# ON STAGE

## Secretive, schizo Pavement soothes and shrieks

**Pavement**  
with Zen Frisbee  
and Wingtip Sloat

Friday, Sept. 11

Cat's Cradle

Tickets: \$6, available at Schoolkids  
For information call 967-9053

**W**riting about Pavement is like dancing the Lambada — extremely difficult to do, and therefore, seldom done. Pavement, the quintet from Stockton, Calif., is apparently very reticent to reveal anything about themselves. In fact, I believe they were just recently taken off life support systems when it was determined that they were never actually in a coma, but "just shy."

When they do happen to speak a guru-like pearl of wisdom, it's generally worthless, or, in some cases, a complete lie. For example, the boys once told the London *Daily Mirror* (the British Enquirer) that they had appeared on *Beverly Hills, 90210* and wound up beating up teen heartthrob Luke Perry. I'm not making this up. Someone actually told me this.

So, apparently, this assignment was some sort of joke on me, the new kid. Oh well. As a neophyte to the musical phenomena known as Pavement, I'll try to tell you what I do pretend to know about them. I do know is that they are coming to Cat's Cradle this Friday.

### concert

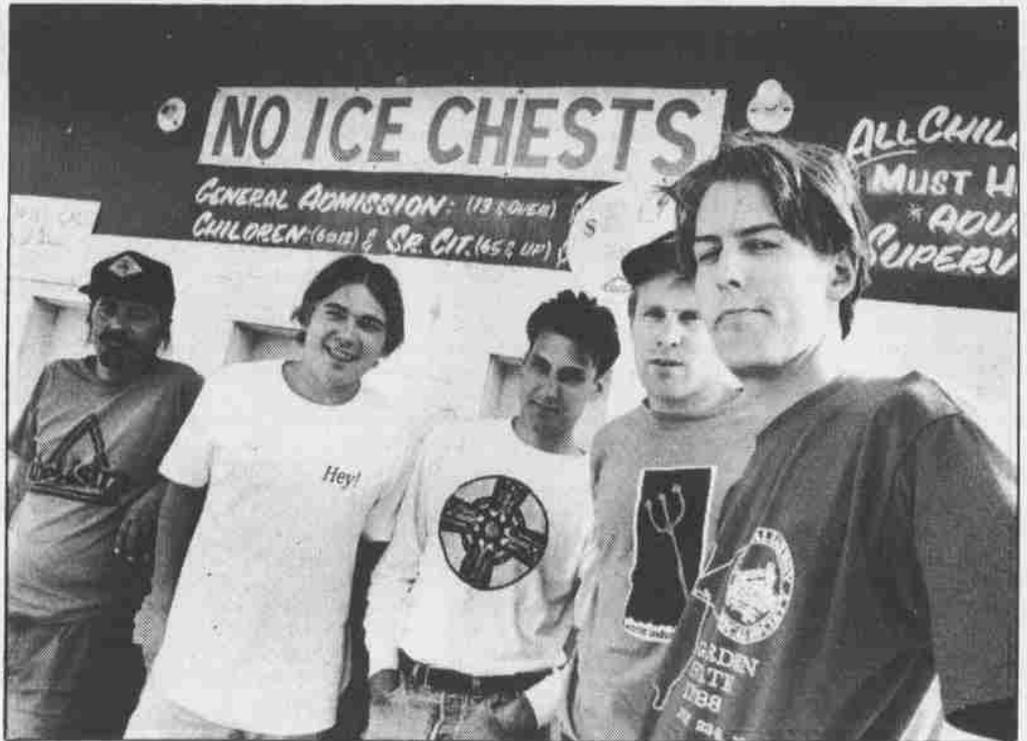
KEVIN KRUSE

The semi-nameless wonders behind Pavement (known only as David B., Bob N., Mark I., Mark O., and, of course, "K-Pipe") have a sound reminiscent of a Velvet Underground-era Lou Reed possessed sporadically by our own local yokels, Erectus Monotone. As odd as that scenario seems, the band's sound is really quite ... nice.

The mood swings alternate between mellow pop droning to the occasional grab-bag of ear-splitting wails, à la the Pixies. The steady throb of the almost spoken lyrics and hypnotizing guitar patterns are punched up with the occasional upbeat thrust of rhythm or the sporadic "AAGH" that seems to say "I am Pavement, hear me roar" ... or something like that.

These crazy kids have spewn out, since 1989, three short EP records *Slay Tracks*, *Demolition Plot J-7*, *Perfect Sound Forever*, and one full-length album, *Slanted and Enchanted*. Now, *Slanted and Enchanted* is one of those infinitely catchy alternative-pop albums that make people our age air guitar in the Undergraduate library like middle-aged men hum Perry Como in an office elevator.

When I first heard "Summer Babe," the first cut on the album, I was mumbling the refrain to myself for days on end like an insane bag lady, eventually lulling myself into a trance. Most of the album is the grunge-pop equivalent of say, a Jane's Addiction or a Pixies. Not monumen-



Pavement hits the Cradle Friday. Sorry, no ice chests.

tally life-changing but really catchy. The songs range from those sweet intricate tunes typical of the pseudo-pop genre to wailing, thumping space-filler like "Two States" that are only a step beyond those annoying Mike Man chants at football games. Well, it's not that bad. Generally, the album is reminiscent of a concert held by a sweet

little boy with Tourette's Syndrome. You know, he's singing these nice, soothing songs for the most part. But you never know when he's going to scream "motherfucker" at the top of his lungs. It should be very exciting to watch. So I say unto thee: Go forth and see Pavement, with their cohorts Wingtip

Sloat and the absolutely incredible masters Zen Frisbee at the Cradle. It's not exactly "Up with People," but I haven't looked forward to anything this much since the Monkees Reunion Tour. It should be fun for the whole family, with a promise of mellow and maniacal and everything in-between. Kev Bob says check it out.

## The Veldt at the Cradle: so satisfying you just might need a few cigarettes

**The Veldt**  
with Plutopia  
and Seventh Tribe

Sunday, Sept. 6 at Cat's Cradle

**I**'m tired. My feet hurt. And if I didn't have so much space to fill, all I would say is "wow." Actually, I could probably find a better word than that to describe the evening, but I'm tired, and my feet hurt.

Sunday night's show at the Cradle was definitely not for anyone who wished to hang back and listen to music. Although the three bands played vitally different styles, together they produced a package which provided anything but passive listening.

Going by what I have found to be "Cradle Time," I arrived at the Cat's Cradle at 9:15, expecting the first group, Seventh Tribe, would be just starting up. Unfortunately, they were just winding down, but not before I got a good sample of them — sight and sound. The energy was unreal. They were so colorful, confident, and in their element that you wanted to dance to them whether you can dance to rap or not.

The strong, pop-rap sounds were complemented visually by a man whose sole purpose was to dance his ass off. And he did. He knew the music, pre-

### review

LINDSAY LOWRY

dicted it and interpreted it (backflips and all) with such energy that he made the show.

Following Seventh Tribe was Plutopia, the original headliners of the show. Their rhythms were smooth, the drums were hard, and the groove was so tight it hummed.

The set really gelled about three or four songs in, with "Imagine A World." Every sound was in the foreground, and yet nothing was overpowering. The whole room seemed to be riding one big wave, moving with one motion. The band was expressive, passionate and very self-assured, providing, in Pluto's words, "Music for your mind. Music for your soul."

The audience was almost compelled to pick up on the energy of the band whether they wanted to or not. While Plutopia has a buoyant, accessible sound, at home in Brooklyn or in Myrtle Beach. They made a point of ending with a serious audience chant — "Peace. Love. Respect. For Everybody."

Where Plutopia drinks you in, The Veldt makes you move. Listen to the words if you can, but I guarantee your primary compulsion is to just kick it. By the time The Veldt entered the scene,

the Cradle was packed. (Very impressive for a Labor Day weekend show in Chapel Hill, but then, it's the Veldt, and they can do that.)

My lasting impression of them, just as my first, is that they were loud and aggressive and incredibly dynamic. You don't dance to this music — it dances you. I forgot that I was the detached reviewer during this set.

Some songs were driving, some passionate and some just downright reminded you of sex, with the glow of the red lights, the feedback, the pulsing of the drums and bass in unison and Daniel's soulful voice. I felt like I should smoke a cigarette after some of his songs. He can move.

A few songs into the set, Daniel pulled a woman onto the stage and asked her to name two important black leaders in America. It took her quite a few moments to respond with MLK and Malcolm X, but she did win a spiffy Veldt T-shirt and single. The fact that she had to think about it seemed to defeat the purpose ... or maybe that was Daniel's point.

He came out with many statements about politics and the state of blacks today throughout the show, and challenged listeners to think about them, just as Plutopia in their set urged people to vote, and fight racism.

Just goes to show, even a gig that asks what family values mean to you can be very, very cool.

## Welcome Back!

Come See  
Our New  
Arrivals  
From Kenya!



**HOURS:**  
10-6 pm  
Mon.-Sat.

## The Original Ornament

145 E. Franklin Street • 933-3467

## 湖 HUNAM 南 CHINESE RESTAURANT

790 Airport Road, Chapel Hill - next to Save-A-Center

### WELCOME BACK STUDENTS!

Our new menu items: To Fu Szechuan Style, Beef with Sauteed Vegetables, Chicken Shrimp Mustard Sauce, Beijing Sauce Chicken, Roast Pork Cantonese Style & Triple Delight (Thai Style)

**\$4.72 LUNCH SPECIALS EVERYDAY!**

DIM SUM SAT. & SUN. ONLY, 11:00-2:30 PM

**OPEN ALL DAY 7 DAYS A WEEK**

CALL 967-6133 FOR RESERVATIONS AND TAKE-OUT

and University accounts accepted