

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Art

Accents Southeast: Charlie Lucas: Through Oct. 4 at the Southeastern Center For Contemporary Art. African-American folk artist Charlie Lucas's humorous, unique works have brought him much attention and an appearance on *60 Minutes*. Free. 725-1904.

Fashioning the Native Image: Through Sept. 23 at the Museum of Anthropology. This exhibit explores how American museums have perceived Native American cultures throughout the past two centuries. Free. Ext. 5282.

The Possible Fog Of Heaven: Through Sept. 28 at the Fine Arts Gallery in the Scales Fine Arts Center. New York artist John Knecht's videos feature Elvis speaking from the afterlife. Free. Ext. 5585.

Dreams and Lies: The Printmaker's Imagination: Through Sept. 28 at the Fine Arts Gallery in Scales. Organized by university students, this exhibit focuses on the use of fantasy and

artistic impression through four centuries of printmaking. Free. Ext. 5585.

Clubs

Ziggy's: Tonight, Allgood and Donkey. Fri., Jump Little Children and Tiny Lights. Sat., Gov't Mule and Hatters. Tues., Freddy Jones Band and Bone Pony. Wed., Cowboy Mouth. 748-1064.

Cat's Cradle: Tonight, Gibb Droll and Trout Band, \$5. Fri., Luna and My Dad is Dead, \$5. Sat., Chrome Cranks, Kepona, and Speedball Baby, \$5. Mon., Seam and Spent, \$6. Tues., Evan & Jaron. Wed., Vertical Horizons, \$5. (919)967-9053. Cat's Cradle is located in Carrboro.

Movies

Star Trek: Generations. 8 p.m. tonight in Pugh. The casts of the original *Star Trek* and of *Star Trek: The Next Generation* join forces to stop a madman about to destroy several planets. Free. Ext. 5228.

Judge Dredd. 8 and 11 p.m. Fri. and Sat. and 3 and 8 p.m. Sun. in Pugh

Auditorium. Starring Sylvester Stallone. \$2. Ext. 5228.

Death and the Maiden. 8 p.m. Mon. and Tues. in Pugh. Starring Sigourney Weaver. Free. Ext. 5228.

Before Sunrise. 8 p.m. Wed. in Pugh. Ethan Hawke plays Jesse, a young man traveling through Europe, who encounters the alluring Céline (Julie Delpy). Directed by Richard Linklater. Free. Ext. 5228.

Music

Nightingale. 8 p.m. Sat. at The 4th Fret, 418 West 4th St., Winston-Salem. Fiddle and Bow, the triad's folk music society, presents this trio of musicians from Vermont. \$10. 727-1038.

Poetry

Poetry Slam: 8 p.m. tonight at the Penny Universitie Coffee House, 301 Brookstown Ave. Bring three poems to compete in this literary showdown or just watch. \$5, \$3 for competitors. 725-5764.

Beethoven

From Page 11

I hope that when Beethoven was forced to stare blankly into the face of this life's *negation* — soundlessness — he was able to see beyond it a gentle *affirmation*, one of resigned, eloquent beauty.

In a Utopian world, where ideas and actions maintain a more perfect

union, such a gesture might have redeemed any pain he suffered.

T.S. Eliot commented that, "it is the function of all art to give us some perception of an order in life, by imposing order upon it." Outside this order exists a chaotic "fringe of indefinite extent" which could render Beethoven's melody worthless.

This is the fringe of Nothing, which we all may fear truly constitutes our lives. Life, like music, is a most abstract thing — fleeting, ephemeral, consisting only of vibrating particles,

and, if one truly wishes to pursue the thought, hypothetically meaningless.

Ultimately, if we look far enough down the road, we see that Beethoven himself in all his genius could very well have been a laughable fortuity. Confronted with these nothings, these orderless silences as mute as Beethoven's hypothetical sounds, we may look to some Music-in-life. We must retain, cherish, and defend over all else the form, the motifs, the unity, the recurrence we eventually call beauty.

Reviewer lunches at Kopper Kitchen, finds grilled cheese a reliable choice

By DAVEED GARTENSTEIN-ROSS
ASSISTANT ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR

The sign juts eminently from the corner of 5th and Cherry Streets downtown. It is a languishing black with threadbare gold lettering that proclaims KOPPER KITCHEN.

The eatery specializes in breakfast, as it, like most businesses on the block, closes its doors at 2 or 3 p.m. every day. I ventured there around 10 a.m. on a smutty Tuesday morning, lured by the prominent red neon sign promising HOT BISCUITS.

Upon entering I was greeted by lustrous beer signs of all varieties, including Budweiser and Michelob, and a Winston cigarette vending machine against one wall. There was a mellow musty odor of cigarettes in the air and a middle-aged clientele, most of whom wore baseball caps and grumbled as they sucked down their coffee and eggs.

I ordered a grilled cheese sandwich, orange juice, and, tempted by the red neon declaration outside, some biscuits and gravy. The lady behind the counter, a friendly white-haired woman with a down-home Southern accent, said, "We're outta gravy, sugar. How bout some of that steak gravy?"

I saw nothing wrong with that. "Sure," I said, as she spooned the gravy from the steak onto my biscuits.

At the end of the line an old man slouched over the cash machine, wearing a white dress shirt with grey stripes, a small bow-tie and rimless glasses, punching in my order with arthritic fingers.

He'd probably worked in the Kopper Kitchen for ten years, wearing the same suit, the same tired face. I imagined him sleeping upstairs and somehow pulling himself down to the dining area each day to go through the same familiar work routine.

I sat at one of the off-color blue booths covered with vinyl. An old guy in a white T-shirt, brown cap and saggy brown slacks stood and stared at me for ten seconds or so before shuffling groggily out of the place. Others stared sadly into their drinks, ruminating over lost love and

wondering perhaps how they ended up in possibly the only restaurant on the East Coast which serves beer with breakfast over any other beverage.

I had a taste of the biscuits. They were crumbly, the steak gravy heavily spiced and thick, belonging to meat, not to this sad attempt at bread. I picked at the morsels and stared at the confused decor, a typical painting of fruit, a representation of a corner store from the late 19th or early 20th century in middle America, brass carvings, a velvet bullfighter and a Michelob beer mirror.

Fortunately the grilled cheese sandwich arrived, sprinkled with four pickle rounds. It's well-nigh impossible to cook a grilled cheese sandwich wrong, and the Kopper Kitchen was no exception. Some things are perpetually stable; some things you can always count on.

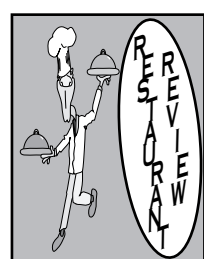
Unfortunately, the grilled cheese sandwich only lasted so long. I soon had to return to the interminable biscuits slathered with steak gravy. Beer with breakfast? Not a bad idea. They had about five different kinds of beer, and maybe that's what I needed to wash down the meal.

I began to notice a social conscience in the establishment, slightly to the left of the beer signs. "Pregnancy and alcohol don't mix." Fine.

"If you're under 21, can the idea." Clever. Also deterred my notion of beer with breakfast. *The fact is*, I realized, *I won't be finishing this meal.*

Before leaving, a small wooden sign on the wall caught my eye, posing the question "What is a customer?" The answer, according to the sign: "A customer is: a person who brings us his wants. It's our job to fill them profitably ... to him and ourselves." I chuckled slightly as I walked out with all the old men in baseball caps glaring at me as I left.

The place wasn't nearly as bad as I'd heard. I was disappointed.



LIFE IN HELL

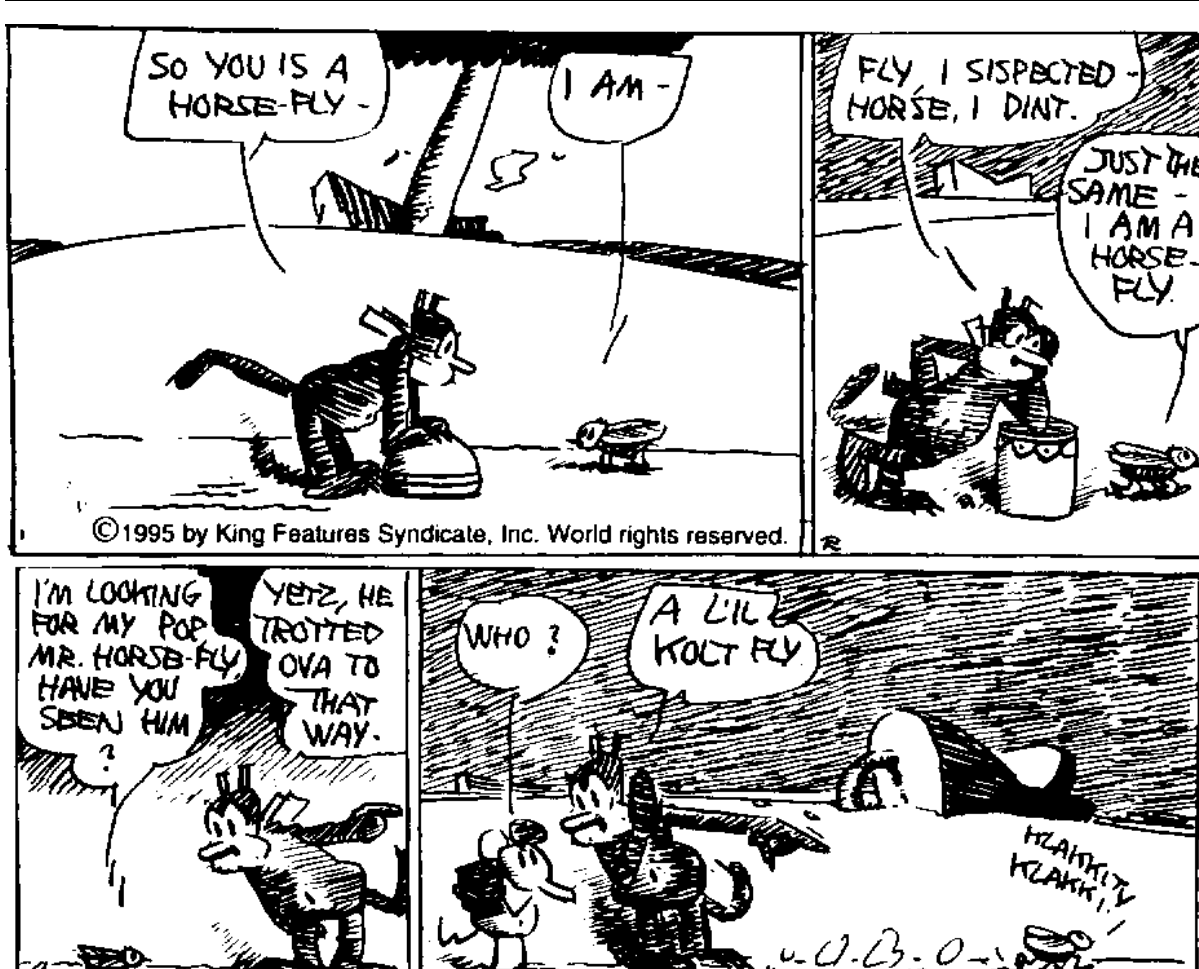
©1995 BY MATT GROENING



Ernie Pook's Comeek by Lynda Barry



Krazy Kat by George Herriman



Clerks provides low-budget laughter

By EDDIE CHILDRESS
CONTRIBUTING REVIEWER

For those who have ever been on the receiving end of rude service, for those who have wished they could say what they really think to a customer, or for those who just want to laugh really hard, here is the movie for you. *Clerks* takes an irreverent look at life in a convenience store from the other side of the counter.

The plot follows a day in the life of Dante (competently played by Brian O'Halloran), a twenty-something college dropout and Qwik Stop employee. What happens on the day he supposedly has off could easily make up about half a season's worth of sitcoms, complete with crowd-pleasing characters and running gags, although the witty dialogue prevents it from descending into the world of trite and cheesy.

As the title suggests, there is more than one clerk in this movie. Next door to the Qwik Stop is a video store staffed by Randall (Jeff Anderson), the consummate slacker and Dante's best friend. While Dante actually tries to do a good job, Randall is usually locking up the store to go chat with Dante, borrowing his car to go rent a

movie (even though he works in a video store), or spitting water in customers' faces.

Together, Dante and Randall have a variety of misadventures, such as having a street hockey game on the

roof of the convenience store, getting chased out of a classmate's wake, and the unexpected marriage announcement of Dante's sex-girlfriend.

The story isn't completely pointless; by the end Dante has learned a few things about life and love on a personal level. In particular, he learns why he's stuck in this dead-end job and decides between his current girlfriend and his ex. Don't worry, though: the coming-of-age stuff is quick and painless.

This movie is extremely low-budget. The money spent on it couldn't keep a student at this university for four years. The lack of funds shows, too. Besides being black-and-white, the film quality is below what the average moviegoer expects. Cinema-

tography, while adequate, is uninspired; straight-on camera angles are the norm.

Most glaringly, though, is the lack of talent among several of the bit players. It is simply painful to watch some of these people try to act. However, it is easy to overlook problems such as these when you are rolling on the floor. Additionally, it's amazing that anyone could get a vision on the screen for so low a price tag, especially now when the industry is dominated by \$100 million-plus projects.

As you might have gathered, this is a truly hilarious movie. This is not like some that are labeled "comedies" that you might chuckle at or shake your head in amusement. You will clutch your stomach.

Those of you who are more sensitive might take exception at the language (the only reason for its R rating; we're talking every third word here), but if you can overlook that, I highly recommend it.

It is available for rental in our bookstore, and an inside source tells me that it could be a Pugh weeknight movie, so availability should not be a problem. See it, love it, see it again with a friend, laugh for days afterward. You're welcome.

