

Piano-playing brothers put on enjoyable show



Courtesy of the Paratore Brothers

Pianists Anthony and Joseph Paratore, whose Friday night concert in Wait Chapel featured works by Ravel, Mozart and George Gershwin.

By SETH BRODSKY
OLD GOLD AND BLACK REVIEWER

It is difficult to explain the immense delight which filled my soul when, at a climactic moment in Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*, the heads of Anthony and Joseph Paratore bobbed up and down in perfect syncopation with an extraordinary intensity of motion.

The thrill of two grown men in long-tailed tuxedos bouncing in rhythm is perhaps not a typical sentiment at a concert of classical music, but I believe it was central to enjoying what the Paratores had to offer in their duo piano recital

Friday in Wait Chapel.

Replacing pianist Richard Goode as the first event in this year's Secrest Artist Series, the Paratore Brothers gave an exciting performance of Schubert, Mozart, Ravel and Gershwin which highlighted their showmanship as much as the music itself.

The two brothers began the concert with Franz Schubert's well-known Fantasy in F Minor for two pianists on one piano. Like much of Schubert's music, this work gave an impression of severe emotional vulnerability, weaving passages of intimate and tender confession with bitter declamations and equivocal resolutions.

The Paratores were quite deft in supplying the technical means to execute the Fantasy, and there was an evident warmth and comfort in their fraternal ensemble, but their performance ultimately felt too sure of itself, too hard. There lacked a vital softness of edges and a mental fragility in this Fantasy which their playing overlooked. Next came a gleefully raucous sonata by Mozart, written for two pianos. It provided a wonderful contrast to the moody Schubert, consistently in excellent spirits and displaying the indelible Mozartian combination of lucid symmetry and impish comedy that never compromise each other.

The Paratores brought this work off better than the Schubert, but there persisted a lack of poetry due to a stiffness, a disturbing inelasticity which contradicted the innate lightness of Mozart's writing. **See Paratores, Page B6**

Epicurean Englishman digs BBQ

By PAUL TOOLAN
OLD GOLD AND BLACK REVIEWER

Ambling along the elaborately named Deacon Boulevard is hardly reminiscent of the great Parisian walkways, and certainly nobody would mistake it for the Champs Elysées. It's not even lined with trees.

Nevertheless, it's got a sports stadium and bars aplenty. Furthermore, it plays host to Pig Pickin's, and it's impossible to find better barbecue in the whole of Paris.

North Carolina's competition,

however, is another matter, and I must confess that I am a novice to the debate on the origins and techniques of this culinary style.

Therefore, I brought an experienced connoisseur with me, and, when not singing along to the country music, she told me that barbecue was first sold in Rowan County by an enterprising young

man selling his wares at the train station.

Apparently, there are also regional variations in style, with Pig Pickin's falling into the western category by virtue of its sweet tomato-based sauce. It is thus somewhat unusual locally, as a vinegar base is more common in this area. Eastern North Carolina, on the other hand, is better known for its mustard base.

In any case, you would have to travel some distance to surpass the Hunter's Stew served at Pig Pickin's, which is ample enough in itself to provide a light meal.

Nevertheless, I followed it with the Roadrunner Chicken, served with hushpuppies, slaw and fries, and I was thoroughly impressed. The highlight of my meal, however, was the Oreo Pie, which I thoroughly recommend.

My guest expert awarded plaudits to her chopped pork and was impressed by the light texture of the sweet potato casserole.

She was somewhat perturbed, however, by the absence of Cheerwine from the menu, and she also felt that the banana pudding was a little too "stodgy." **See BBQ, Page B6**



Suspects' intricate story intrigues

By BRYAN THOMAS
OLD GOLD AND BLACK REVIEWER

Look out Bob Dole. The corruption of America's moral fiber persists as Hollywood continues to mass produce crime and violence on the big screen.

And if the concocted criminals continue to be as slick and cool as the villains in Bryan Singer's *The Usual Suspects*, I say, "Onwards, corruption!"

The film opens with five notoriously large-scale criminal operators being hauled into custody by the New York Police Department as suspects in a trumped-up truck hijacking charge.

Despite their brutal tactics, the police can't force any of the five to crack under questioning. Afterwards, while still in custody, the suspects meet in their holding cell (the one blatantly unrealistic part of the movie) and decide to take advantage of their situation by joining each other to form an all-star crime team.

The leader of the gang is Dean Keaton (Gabriel Byrne, star of *Miller's Crossing*), an ex-cop who found the criminal lifestyle to be much more lucrative. He commands the respect of his fellow hoods and stirs fear and hatred in the hearts of the law enforcement.

Kevin Pollack, whose most recent credits include secondary roles in movies like *Grumpy Old Men* and *Clean Slate*, has parted from

typecasting in his role of Hockney, the gang's explosives expert (every gang needs one).

He is a charismatic, wise-cracking and stubborn criminal who would not be caught dead taking orders from or even talking to grumpy old men.



Rounding out the fivesome is Verbal, brilliantly played by Kevin Spacey (*Glengarry Glen Ross* and a member of the Houston crew in *Apollo 13*).

Verbal is a chatterbox cripple who is referred to by the rest of the gang as "the man with the plan." It is Verbal who serves as the narrator, recounting the recent events that surrounded the small gang's downfall.

Verbal relates his tale to Detective Kujan (Chazz Palminteri, *Bullets Over Broadway*), a New York cop who journeys across the country to nail Dean Keaton and his gang.

Very few great movies are considered great because of their plot. This, with its intricately crafted plot, is one of them. From the explosive beginning through the very last seconds

of the film, the story folds and unfolds in such a way that, if one were to attempt to diagram the plot, the result would look something like a pretzel.

Suspects is bound to attract the largest repeat audience of any movie in recent years. The last ten minutes of the film make the viewer rethink the entire movie — twice.

It combines the suspense of *Silence of the Lambs* with deft diversions reminiscent of Herman Melville's story, *Benito Cereno*.

Singer's direction adds a *noir* twist to the tangled plot. Close-ups of coffee cups and burning cigarettes, dark interrogation rooms containing one swinging light bulb and a briefcase-toting villain standing in the shadowy corner of a billiards room all contribute to the dark mood of the film.

One of the most chilling elements in the movie is Kaiser Solzhehn, a mythic figure of evil incarnate who carries out all his vile acts through his devilish agent, played by Peter Postlethwaite (*In the Name of the Father*).

Postlethwaite's crooked smile and Eastern European accent make his sinister character fitting as the only person who frightens the bad guys.

The excellent cast and incredible story line easily make this the best film of 1995 to date. It is fun yet eerie, and entertaining yet quite intense. Until Hollywood starts making some respectable heroes, I'll sit in the back and root for the bad guys.

Catherine Wheel redeems UK; Guided By Voices scores big



Everclear
World Of Noise (Capitol)

By DAVEED GARTENSTEIN-ROSS
ASSISTANT ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR

Everclear will always hold a place in my heart because, if nothing else, they have roots in my home state of Oregon. A Portland-area fusion of grunge, blues and power chords, the trio's debut album *World of Noise* is slowly but surely garnering a following of sorts.

Despite their roots in the Pacific Northwest, Everclear has escaped the Seattle-clone "Kurt is dead so I'll try to sound like him" genre of music which is currently popular.

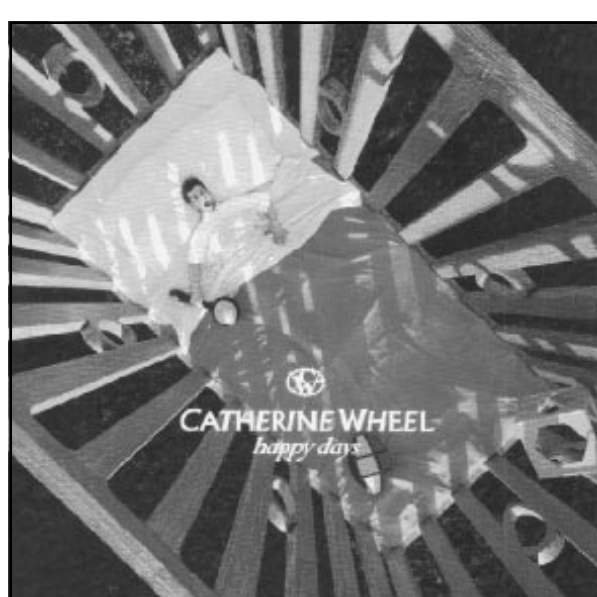
Everclear is chaotic. This is demonstrated throughout the album, from the photograph inside the album of a hand grasping a cigarette and drinking glass with a chaos symbol, to the actual music.

Sometimes it is a controlled chaos that can whip a mosh pit to the verge of violent frenzy, sometimes it is the chaos of having a recording studio in your best friend's garage and amps that blend your instruments together so tightly that all the chords become indistinguishable.

Undoubtedly their production value isn't the highest quality, but sometimes that just lets their roots shine through, almost like Nirvana's debut album, *Bleach*. I don't want to take the Nirvana comparison too far, because Nirvana they aren't. But, similar to early Nirvana, Everclear diverges substantially from a fatigued genre of music — punk rock.

There is a sadness in the music behind the movement of the bass and the growling vocals. One of the best tracks on the album, "Nervous & Weird," provides a glimpse into the soul of vocalist Scott Cuthbert: "I remember you back in '83/ you were dressing insane/ you were my everything/ you were so different from all those other girls/ a blind electra in drag/ so cool and casually lame..."

Living in a small town in Oregon does strange things to your head — take my word for it. Perhaps Everclear is too morose, perhaps the whole bit about being a latter-day screwup is contrived, but everybody at this school should be exposed to "Loser Makes Good," in which Cuthbert threatens to beat up various and sundry smart-ass college kids simply for pitying him.



Catherine Wheel
Happy Days (Fontana/Mercury)

By KYLE FORST
OLD GOLD AND BLACK REVIEWER

British rock. The phrase causes groans and complaints. It conjures visions of whiny, waifish singers with retro-'70s fashion, playing retro-'70s glam rock that we Americans find cool since it's a novelty.

Catherine Wheel, a band that fits somewhere between Ned's Atomic Dustbin and Swervedriver, has taken up the slack for its fellow countrymen on its third American release, *Happy Days*.

The title is more than just tongue-in-cheek, since this album continues exploring the moody, ethereal vein that Catherine Wheel has mined for years.

They enlisted the aid of producer Gil Norton, who has worked with such chaotic tunesmiths as the Pixies and the Throwing Muses. In fact, former Muse and Belly leader Tanya Donnelly shows up for backing vocals on several songs.

Happy Days is about as close to perfect as you can get in trying to record your own album. All the songs are tight, energetic jolts with a riveting rhythm section that nicely blends with singer Rob Dickinson's high-range voice.

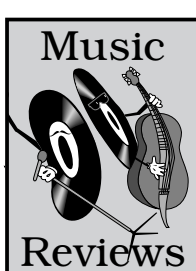
Kicking off with "God Inside My Head," a metal-tinged attack with intensity that recalls the fierce noodling of Pixies guitarist Joey Santiago, the album is a 50-minute collection of dense, blaring, modern Brit rock at its best.

The lead single, "Waydown," continues to crash along its merry way with swirling vocals and a slithering bass line.

"Little Muscle" and "Judy Staring At the Sun," also erect a wall of guitars and echo-drenched vocals, with Donnelly featured prominently on the latter.

Even the strange, meandering filler tune "Eat My Dust You Insensitive F—" is interesting, with mondo bizarro guitar effects, Hammond organ and string arrangements.

I highly recommend *Happy Days*. Those of you who can't stand Oasis ought to take a listen to this album.



Guided By Voices
Alien Lanes (Matador)

By GRAY CRAWFORD
OLD GOLD AND BLACK REVIEWER

With the third release of their Scat Records trilogy, *Alien Lanes*, Guided By Voices have usurped Pavement's title as the coolest band. While some may scoff at the salvation GBV causes among music critics and scenesters, their tunes are good reason for the excitement. Along with Pavement, Guided By Voices is one of the few current bands putting out consistently great records.

GBV have been honing their sound over the course of the last few albums. In the past they sounded understandably amateurish, considering the songs were recorded on a four-track. However even *Alien Lanes*'s short songs like "Gold Hick" and "Cigarette Tricks" sound polished, and the fully developed songs are mind-blowers.

Indeed, out of the 28 songs found on *Alien Lanes*, a little over half are great beyond description. As always, the British Invasion sound is present; "Game of Pricks," "My Valuable Hunting Knife" and "A Good Flying Bird" are all tantamount to the best of the early Beatles.

Pristine pop gems like "King and Caroline" and "Blimps Go 90" are also accounted for, as are catchy punkers like "Strawdogs" and "Little Whirl."

What makes Guided By Voices great beyond the amazing melodies and pop hooks, though, is their attention to words and sounds. A band of middle-aged guys, GBV writes from a perspective that is wise and seasoned. Moreover, Robert Pollard and Tobin Sprout, the two principal songwriters, are great wordsmiths; their lyrics are never cheesy, even in their most heartfelt anthems.

Their voices are also superb. Pollard and Sprout both possess a knack for hitting the right notes, with Pollard's voice being the rougher of the two. In addition, their songs always contain inventive sounds, like the snoring in the background of "Ex-Supermodel" and the warbled vocals and arty sound effects of "Chicken Blows."

Guided By Voices is a band which appreciates the simplicity and honesty of early rock but at the same time expands and experiments with rock music in the tradition of Sonic Youth. The fact that they succeed makes them one of the most important groups today.



Sonic Youth
Washing Machine (DGC)

By WILLY KEIBLE
OLD GOLD AND BLACK REVIEWER

I find myself at a loss for words when trying to describe Sonic Youth's latest release, *Washing Machine*. Perhaps I could call it "brilliantly crafted," but even that doesn't do it justice. Easily their finest DGC release, *Washing Machine* rivals *Daydream Nation* as their best album.

This album does not have a "100%," "Cool Thing" or "Bull In the Heather." There is no MTV Buzz Bin clip. There aren't any hard-driving tracks. Instead, the members of Sonic Youth have reverted back to a style reminiscent of earlier albums, which thrived on deep-seeded melodies layered with devastating distortion and feedback.

The album's opener, "Becuz," sets the tone for the rest of the album with a cryptic riff, hollow vocals and pretentious feedback. "Junkie's Promise," a jerky tune that unravels into an all-out attack on Thurston Moore's guitar, follows.

However great, neither of the first two tracks match what follows. "Saucer-Like," the album's third track, is one of those magical songs that begs repeat mode on your disc player. Moore's rich vocals combined with a space-age melody paint a miraculous picture of a futuristic paradise.

The album's title track is a nine-minute masterpiece that surpasses all reasonable expectations of what a title track could be. The last seven minutes following Kim Gordon's screeching vocals are pure pleasure. This one is truly a Sonic treasure.

The album's closer, "The Diamond Sea," is the prize-winner of the album, a nineteen-minute odyssey that leaves the listener gasping for air. One by one, Sonic Youth stacks hypnotic melody on top of hypnotic melody, making for a memorable, mesmerizing epic.

Taking into account their stint on the Lollapalooza tour, Moore's side project and their national tour, it is amazing that Sonic Youth could have made such a remarkable album. This inexplicable feat could only have been pulled off by the rock gods themselves, who, incidentally, are playing a show in Raleigh Friday night.