

Acid

Continued from page 10

clock. According to Buhler, the heart of acid house is "the churning, turgid bass. That's all that it is."

The process begins by creating a beat. The musician simply takes an appropriate drum sound from any source, samples it and then molds it into a recognizable rhythm inside a sequencer. Then a bass line sampled from another source is tacked on. And then more noises — percussion, found voices, guitars, sounds from television shows — are synthesized to create a sound collage that, in clubs, is sometimes powerful enough to physically move the dancers against their will. And it's often created by a single individual in a studio, messing around with old disco records, a sampling keyboard and a computer.

Beyond the technical aspects of the music, acid house is either about nirvana or trendiness, depending on whom you talk to. To some, the fad is simply a resurrection of the disco ethic of mindless excess and trendy elitism. But for others, it represents a forum where the most diverse cultural elements — blacks, whites and every class — can mingle in soulless abandon, hedonism and true euphoria for a few short hours.

Acid house fashion, modeled after punk's once-vogue wardrobe of combat boots and camouflage pants, mixes paisley head scarves, RayBans and torn jeans

Race

Continued from page 10

saw me. Uh-oh. They began attempting to shush their friend while furtively glancing at me as if I was going to turn them into tuna salad faster than you can say, "Happy Chandler."

Of course, I didn't. I agreed with them. When David T. Jones said in his comic strip "Emerson" that Chapman resembled Buckwheat, I felt glad someone else had noticed. Anyway, I chuckled at the girls to relax them. The girl's friends nevertheless hustled her away from the magazine rack before she committed another *faux pas*.

Small and irritating. Also in this category are people who apologize before criticizing Jesse Jackson, as if I'd be offended that they found a flaw in the man. Hey, the only reason I wear a "Jesse in '88" T-shirt is that it

is a T-shirt. Unless a T-shirt glorifies the Klan, the Nazis or the Montreal Canadiens, I'll wear it.

Just as black students are expected to support, or at least answer for Jackson, we're expected to answer all questions concerning black historical figures. You can usually smell this coming. If someone like Stokely Carmichael, Madame C.J. Walker or W.E.B. DuBois comes up in a class with the normal black distribution (one or two), the instructor asks, "Does anybody know what he/she did?"

The instructor looks around class. I know who the next question's coming to.

Here's another favorite. You know how sometimes when you tell people where you're from, and they ask about other people from there? Sometimes I think it's assumed we know every black student, every black town and every black person in our hometown's metropolitan area.

Really, folks, we don't all know each other. This, however, doesn't stop us from giving each other The Nod. You can see The Nod when two blacks, males especially, pass each other. It's the traditional nod of the head that white folks used to give each other on the street before they became afraid to walk the streets.

I first noticed this during my freshman year. People I had never seen were nodding at me. I didn't want to be impolite, so I nodded back. If I were walking by the Black Culture Center when something broke up, I looked like one of those head-bobbing dogs you see hanging from the rear view mirror of a 1972 Cutlass Supreme.

As I said, these are minor irritants. In fact, some of them are quite funny. But let me tell all you summer sun worshippers fresh off the beaches that we've heard all the lame "Almost as dark as you" jokes we care to hear.

with the mainstay smiley face.

The political statement of the mutilated smiley faces comes from the avant-garde comic *The Watchmen*, where conspiracy theories are brought to life and paranoia is the only way to live. But in America, things are a bit different. Although acid house fashion has shown up here, only a limited number of clubs (such as NEO in Chicago) play acid house

music, and even then, only on designated nights.

Although the dark side of the movement has some in the United States alarmed, it seems unlikely that acid house will take hold here as completely as it has in England. Kids in this country have a tendency to see fads from across the ocean, and then adopt them in just enough of a dosage to seem fashionable.

Most will probably continue to buy lots of shiny, smiling T-shirts, purchase a token album and leave it at that.

Some predict a revolution, others predict that acid house will be here and gone before the season's over.

But whatever the case might be, as far as England, Europe and a number of NU students are concerned, there's still acid in the house.

