

ISSUE NO. 1

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OUT OF THE YAWNING VOID

# Austin Chronicle

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## RICHARD O'BRIEN

MEETS NEBULA AWARD WINNER HOWARD WALDROP

Rocky Horror's  
Riff-Raff

Gets the  
treatment

Bonds  
bomb

Wolverines  
in like Flint

So  
does  
Debbie  
Harry

John  
Sayles  
in  
Austin

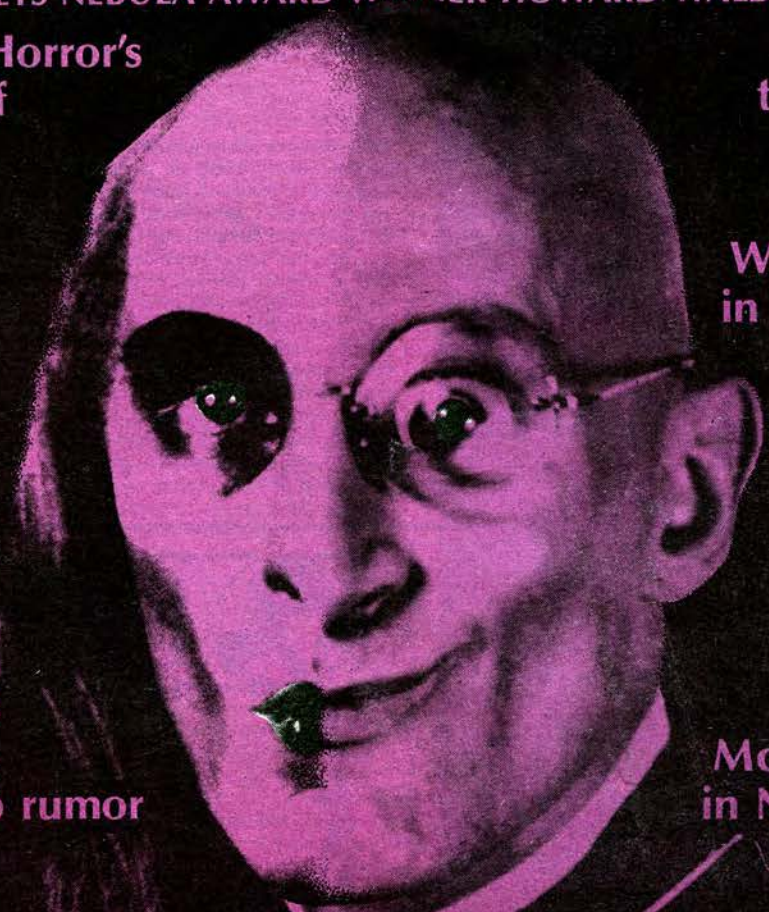
Gonzo's  
explode  
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Dee  
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## ON VINYL



### THE JUDY'S WASHARAMA (Wasted Talent)

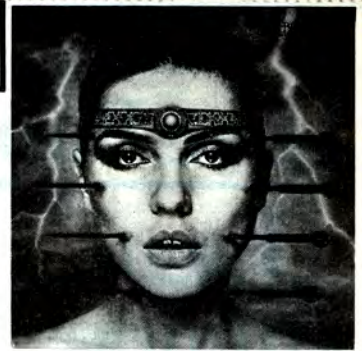
In the abstract, the concept of The Judy's (and their music) might appear to be just a little too glib. Here we have a band comprised of three members only several laps out of high school, who with minimum instrumentation (basically lead guitar, bass, drum and some synthesizer, though many songs don't even feature all these) perform songs about recent events ("Guyana Punch," "Vacation in Tehran") television ("T.V.," "Rerun," "Won't Somebody Please Kill Marlo Thomas") and romance, mostly from an immediate, post-adolescent point of view ("Her Wave," "Girls! Girls! Girls!"). One can easily see where this might sound like the kind of group that made music which would be cute the first time or two you heard it, but might soon get rather boring.

But that kind of detached critical view could only exist in the abstract, because when you hear the Judy's music live or on record you realize it is infectious, joyous rock at its best, with more hooks to lure the listener into a song than it seems possible to fit into the one-to-two-and-a-half minute lengths of most of their material.

Lead singer David Bean's voice has a power to it as well as a unique timbre that is both exciting and intoxicating. His vocal manipulations are theatrical in nature, as he carefully paces and builds a song. Toward this end he is aided by the excellent work of drummer Dane Cessac and bass-player Jeff Walton, as well as by his own guitar and keyboard work. The music blends with Bean's voice to create an unusual aural texture. Thus a song like "Guyana Punch" works, not because it pays simple lip service to the event, but because it manages to convey the essence of the charismatic, spiritual evil that made what transpired at Jonestown so terrifying and yet so fascinating.

This album features many of their best songs, including "Guyana Punch," "All the Pretty Girls," and "T.V." Despite a rather odd mix (with the bass part way too prominent,) the record works. Even though it doesn't manage to convey all the magic of a live performance by this band, it amply and satisfyingly indicates their surprisingly sophisticated strength as song craftsmen.

—Louis Black



### DEBBIE HARRY KooKoo (Chrysalis)

Debbie Harry being produced by Bernard Edwards and Nile Rodgers? Tres Chic (if you'll pardon the saying) and, on paper at least, something of a dream date. Harry and her lover, Svengali Chris Stein, must have imagined her singing and their brilliant use of rhythmic spaces coming together for something as intoxicating as "Call Me," and Stein's unflagging desire to place himself and Harry in the vanguard of pop dovetails nicely with Rodgers and Edwards' status as the reigning wizards of black music.

Well, it's been pointed out before that the shadow falls somewhere between the idea and the reality, and *KooKoo* is no exception. Most of the album could be a soundtrack for a movie called "I, A Singer" as Harry fails to find the cheery insouciance she needs for Rodgers and Edwards' charmingly dumb lyrics and Stein's conceptual failures. She's rarely sounded more flat and unconvincing, and the producers mark time with music dull enough to fill a niche on an AOR playlist. Then the record turns itself around abruptly on the last three songs — the funky and hilarious "Under Arrest" and "Military Rap," followed by a sultry piece of exotica called "Oasis," which could be the soundtrack for a movie called "Deborah Harry and the 1,001 Nights." The album isn't really worth having; this song is.

—Chris Walters

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### BLACK UHURU Red (Mango)

In the wake of Bob Marley's untimely death, the fans of reggae music have been looking for a new messiah. Reggae's royalty could go to Gregory Isaacs or to Michael Rose & Black Uhuru. Rose sings with enough passion to part any sea. His songwriting is first-rate, attacking the political spectrum as well as demonstrating a knack for an entrancing love song. Black Uhuru makes an ideal vehicle for these songs, combining elements of the best reggae vocal trios (Heptones, Culture, Gladiators). Their backup band is, of course, Sly Dunbar, Robbie Shakespeare and the Revolutionaries, who have something to do with 98 percent of the product to escape Jamaica.

The result is a distinctive brand of reggae that is pleasant to the ear and employs all the latest dub techniques possible from the masters of the art. This is the best reggae released so far this year, so don't miss out. Black Uhuru is the future.

—Jack Kanter



### THE BIG BOYS Industry Standard (Wasted Talent)

Yes, it's Austin's own mutant rockers, finally hitting the vinyl vendors with an LP of their own (after last year's live-at-Raul's disc, which they shared with the Dicks). The new record is on the Wasted Talent label, home of the fabulous Judy's, and all indications are that *Industry Standard* will help establish Wasted Talent as one of the nation's more bizarre (and entertaining) indies. Twelve Big Boys classics are included herewith, including "T.V.," "Self Con-tortion" and "Wise Up."

—Jeff Whittington

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## No-Nuke Gig to Display Undying Gonzo Spirit

By Clay Coppedge

Anybody who walked into a Texas honky tonk or music hall in the '70s probably danced to The Lost Gonzo Band at one time or another, whether they knew it or not. Chances are the Gonzos were backing Michael Murphy or Jerry Jeff Walker or, later in the decade, playing solo acts. But no one in Texas or anywhere else has been hearing much of them lately. Reason? The band broke up in 1979 and only gets together now for truly "special occasions."

One of those special occasions is coming up Sunday, Sept. 6, at the Austin Opry House — a benefit for the C.E.E., Citizens for Economical Energy. Helping to make it a genuine, good-ole kind of Gonzo evening that everybody will probably want to remember on into the next decade will be long-time Gonzo confederate, Jerry Jeff Walker.

Some otherwise perceptive people seem surprised that Jerry Jeff would be doing a "no-nuke" benefit. They shouldn't be; Walker has a fairly impressive track record in this regard, having played benefits for local organizations as diverse as The Zilker Park Posse and a local health food store.

Bob Livingston who, along with Gary P. Nunn formed the Gonzos way back when, was the one who got Jerry Jeff involved in this project to help round out the "Gonzo reunion" aspect. Because if there's one person who can get behind a special occasion it has to be Jerry Jeff Walker.

"I told him all he had to do was show up, plug in his guitar and play. Jerry Jeff's most always ready to do that," Livingston said. So were Ray Wylie Hubbard and a host of local country, rock, jazz and everything-in-between musicians who will be there.

"Our feeling is: once a Gonzo, always a Gonzo," Livingston said in reference to the long roster of musicians who have played with the band.

Gonzos were found in sometimes curious ways, as in the case of horn player Tomas Ramirez.

"Tomas is sort of a Gonzo by proxy," Livingston said. "He came along when we were recording *Collectibles* with Jerry Jeff. There was going to be some horns on this album, so we got about eight guys in the studio one evening, horn players. Every one of those guys was hot, too — the very best horn players in Austin at that time. Tomas was in there with them."

What followed was as much an endurance test as it was a recording session. The Gonzos, Austin's first-string horn players and the irascible Jerry Jeff kicked it off sometime before midnight. They took a couple of short breaks and kept on playing. By 2 o'clock, the smokers had gone home. By 4 a.m., after six hours of almost constant playing, a couple more of the horn players packed up and walked away. By 6 a.m. there was but one horn player left — you guessed it — Tomas Ramirez.

Jerry Jeff said Ramirez was the kind of horn player he wanted in his band, as well he should, since Walker is given to telling people who are his seniors, "You may be older than me but I've been up more hours." When it was all over, Jerry Jeff had himself one more fine musician. It may not be the Gil Brandt school of talent recruiting, but it worked.

The symbiosis between Walker and the Gonzos worked well enough to keep them together six years, which may not seem so remarkable until you check the lifespan of other bands playing for a "name" star these days. That this star is a man who claims he is at his creative peak when he is "unconscious on stage" makes the long association nothing short of remarkable.

Late in 1975, the Gonzos split from Jerry Jeff to play and sing their own music. This was nothing new for the band; they had put out two albums before ever hooking up with Walker. Going solo again, they put out two more albums, the best known being *Signs of Life*, which was listed as *Billboard's* "Sleeper of the Month" when it was released.

In 1977, right after the Gonzos went out on their own again, friend and mentor John Davis wrote "The Lost Gonzo Band have seen enough broken marriages, broken heads, broke musicians and ego trip brokers to fill up a dozen dance hall juke boxes."

By 1979 they had seen a good deal more. Beset by debt and doubt, the band called it quits. However, the end of the band didn't mean retirement, not to a Gonzo.

Gary P. Nunn has his own band now, the Sons of the Bunkhouse. Paul Pearce, Livingston and John Inmon have been on a tour of the East Coast with Ray Wylie Hubbard, playing to Yankees gone mad over Texas music.

Sunday night, hometown folks will have a chance to show how much they like good Texas music of all kinds. The \$6 admission will go to the C.E.E. Livingston, the most

dedicated no-nuke musician around, wants people to know the proximity of the concert to the bond elections is no coincidence.

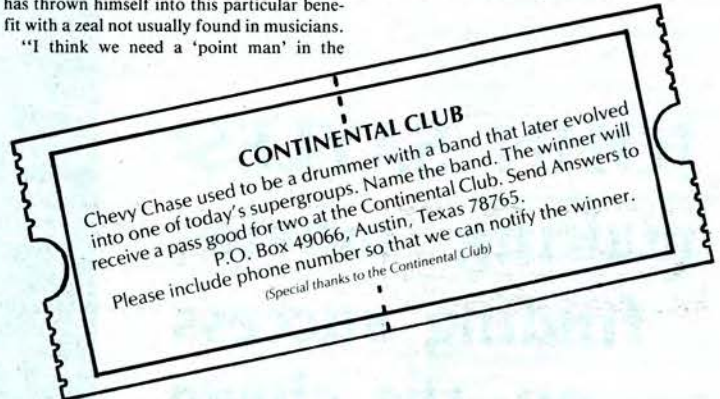
"Everybody who is playing for this thing really believes in what we're doing. I want people in Austin to realize the terrific chance we have. We can make a strong statement like no town our size has ever made. We won't do away with STNP, but at least Austin will be out of it. If we turn this thing down, people in other parts of the country are going to wonder why the nuke got rejected flat out by our own voters."

For Livingston and the others, that makes the evening even more special. Livingston has thrown himself into this particular benefit with a zeal not usually found in musicians.

"I think we need a 'point man' in the

music community who can go to the musicians with an idea and tell them what they want to know about it, somebody to say, 'We'll be here at such and such a time, plug in our guitars, and play.' People are forever coming up to musicians and saying, 'Hey, benefit. Do this, do that' and some of us get jaded towards it. A musician can go to the right people, the people who have to get it together and do it, and say, 'OK, let's do it' and it will get done."

The rest of us can be sure that when the Gonzos, Jerry Jeff, Ray Wylie, et al get it done at the Opry House on Sunday, a lot more than funds will get raised.



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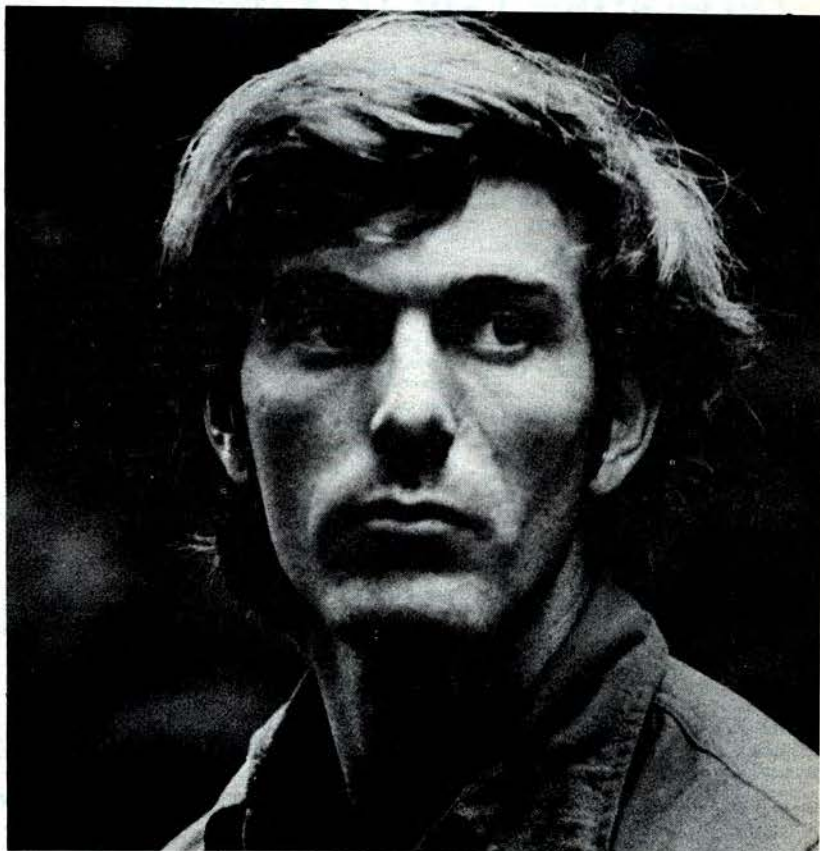
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# JOHN SAYLES: making movies, finding success on the cheap



By Ed Lowry and Nick Barbaro

**J**OHN SAYLES' *Return of the Secaucus 7* is something of a phenomenon. A small, independently produced film about a group of old friends reacquainting themselves ten years after the peak of their friendship in the 60s, it was made for a miniscule \$60,000 and yet has gained unprecedented critical and popular acclaim around the country. Produced outside the Hollywood mainstream, *Secaucus 7* is already acknowledged as that rarest of breeds — a successful maverick.

**"There are pictures I'd like to make that need the kind of money you can only get through the studios."**

Its actors are non-professionals, its budget a mere drop in the mammoth film industry bucket, and it was shot on location in New Hampshire in a brief 25 days. Its story of a group of former radicals trying to assess the tolls of the 70s in terms of their inter-relationships is just not the kind of subject matter Hollywood considers marketable. Yet despite these limitations — and perhaps because of them — *Secaucus 7* is a disarmingly engaging and humane film which manages to be both entertaining and thoughtful.

John Sayles made his reputation as a

writer of short stories and novels. His second book, *Union Dues*, was the only book nominated for both the National Book Award and the National Critics' Circle Award. But while he was garnering acclaim on the literary front, he was working to get his foot in Hollywood's door, writing screenplays for the kinds of low-budget exploitation and horror films which are usually the targets of the critics' disdain. Sayles didn't let that bother him, and the result was a string of screenplays representing the best of recent low-budget fare. It was Sayles who wrote the best werewolf movie Hollywood has yet to produce, *The Howling*, as well as the screenplays for *Alligator*, a tongue-in-cheek monster movie about a giant reptile living in the sewers of a midwestern city, and *Piranha*, a tension-packed send-up of *Jaws* which was shot at Aquarena Springs in San Marcos. Sayles also scripted two of the best films produced by Roger Corman's New World Pictures in the past few years — *The Lady in Red*, a Depression-era saga of a working woman's plight which plays like a class-conscious combination of *Bonnie and Clyde* and *Fannie Hill*; and *Battle Beyond the Stars*, a space epic structured around the story of *The Seven Samurai*, that most spectacular of Japanese movies by Akira Kurosawa, whom Sayles admits is his favorite director.

**B**UT SAYLES WANTED MORE. He wanted to tell a small, personal story about people like the ones he knew. And he

wanted to direct it. So he put together \$60,000 — mostly out of his own pocket — and began shooting *Return of the Secaucus 7* in September, 1978. It took the film two years to make it to the screen in New York, and another year to make it to Austin.

Meanwhile, the movie has earned almost universal critical raves, came in a close second to *Melvin and Howard* as the National Society of Film Critics' choice for last year's best film, and has played almost every market in America. In fact, *Secaucus 7* has become something of a symbol of hope for the aspiring independent filmmaker who dreams of writing, directing and producing a film which might also be seen by a few people and even return some of its initial investment.

When we talked to John Sayles, we asked him why he had made *Secaucus 7*. "For the experience of making it," he responded, "and also as a sort of audition piece for the studios I was writing for at the time." As for the success of the film, he admits it involved a lot of luck. "If we had gotten two or three bad reviews instead of good reviews — which can often be just a matter of who's on vacation and who's not — it wouldn't have gotten the national attention or the send-off that it got, which would have made exhibitors less likely to back it. It came out when there weren't a lot of great movies around, so I think the reviewers were even happier to see something where nobody's eyeballs were being gouged out."

**A**FTER AN ENTHUSIASTIC reception at Filmex in 1980 and another at New York's Museum of Modern Art's New Directors Festival, *Secaucus 7* was picked up by a Seattle-based distributor, Specialty Films, which handled *King of Hearts* and which had enough capital and patience to do a good job distributing Sayles' film.

"You can make money with every film," Sayles explained, "it just depends on how hard you're willing to work at it." Sayles and Specialty have worked very hard with *Secaucus 7*, and it has paid off. Cast and crew salaries, deferred at the time of shooting, have been at least 2/3 paid off at this point, and once that obligation is taken care of, Sayles may even see returns on his original investment. If that means that distributors and exhibitors are more likely to take a chance on independent films, then Sayles is quite pleased.

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**"The soundtrack, the music, the depth of field, the lighting are just like adjectives and adverbs. It's just another way of telling a story."**

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There is no question that *Secaucus 7* is a film which has succeeded without the help of Hollywood, yet Sayles can't quite cast himself as a maverick.

"I don't think I'm considered too subversive. I think people are kind of amused that somebody would put their own money into a film. Most people go out looking for other peoples' money so they don't have to mortgage their own house."

Nevertheless, *Secaucus 7* is movie about politics, in both a personal and a more general sense. The friends who get together were active in the political movements of the 60s and the film examines their attitudes and relationships in terms of a remembrance of true belief in the past. "We've gotten very different reactions to what politics are in the movie," Sayles told us. "Certainly the people in the film are a lot less radical than the people I know who are involved in politics. The people in the film were the foot soldiers. They weren't the people who planned the rallies and the demonstrations, but the people who went to them."

"I don't think it's really that radical a film. The main way it stands apart from Hollywood is that it's an ensemble film — it's about a group of people. Whereas, if it were a Hollywood film, they would've said, 'Well, why don't we spotlight the couple breaking up and have everybody else sort of be comic relief in the back-

ground. And maybe we'll have the country & western singer be a rock singer, and get a real rock singer for the part so we can get a soundtrack album out of it.' In that way it's a radical departure, but I don't think the politics are that far from the politics professed by the people who run Hollywood now."

**S**AYLES DOESN'T FEEL at odds with Hollywood. In fact he wants to continue working there, but he wants to write and direct, because, as he explains, "No matter what kind of film it is — an exploitation film, a serious drama or whatever — I think if you write something and don't direct it, you're not the author of it the way you're the author of a book."

But isn't there a big difference between writing and directing? And why should someone who writes as well as Sayles want to direct a film as well as write it? "I think writing and directing and editing together are more like writing a novel than just writing is. When you just write a screenplay you have to write it with somebody else besides you in mine — either a producer who's going to buy it, or a director who's going to inherit it. Whereas, with *Secaucus 7*, when I knew I was going to direct it, it was a very different looking script than I usually turn in."

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**"I don't think I'm considered too subversive. I think people are kind of amused that somebody would put their own money into a film."**

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For Sayles, the writer's and the director's crafts are part of the same creative process. "Any writing you do, you use what elements there are. In fiction writing, you use adjectives, you use adverbs, you use description, you use dialogue. My fiction itself uses a lot of dialogue. It uses very little interior monologue. I almost never just tell you what someone is thinking. I try to show you what they're thinking by what they say and how they act. It very often consists of things which could make it to the screen without a whole lot of trouble."

"When I went to screenwriting, I was already wanting to dramatize things. Especially in the horror movies, I've written ten pages without any dialogue except screams of terror. When I write a screenplay, no matter whether it is a story with a lot of dialogue or a genre screenplay with very little, I try to see

it as if it's a silent movie, so I know where people are, what they're doing, what the place looks like, what the cuts look like and how I'm going to handle time, before I even start having people say anything.

"The soundtrack, the music, the depth of field, the lighting are just like adjectives and adverbs. It's just another way of telling a story."

Even though he doesn't consider them his films, since he wasn't the director, Sayles is pleased with the low-budget exploitation films he wrote and considers them "a cut above what usually gets made in those genres, because the people making them liked them and weren't condescending to them."

**W**HEN IT CAME TO *Secaucus 7*, the exploitation films had taught Sayles to write with the budget in mind. "The one thing I knew I could get that would be very good and wouldn't cost me much was acting. So I made it very much a movie where people could just sit around and act."

Sayles next film, *Linea*, will be another independently produced film which he is writing and directing. Although the film will still cost less than \$1 million, this time there will be a little more money and time for planning, and Sayles promises the film will be "a lot more visual" than *Secaucus 7*. Nevertheless, as much as he wants to direct, he still wants to write screenplays for other directors. In fact, he just finished a rewrite for John Frankenheimer's *The Equals*, a modern samurai film being produced by CBS Theatrical and shot in Japan.

Ideally, Sayles would like to see himself as a "bankable" director for Hollywood. "Everybody would love to be able to get their hands on the kind of money to make any picture they wanted to — and that includes most of the top directors in the movie business today. I'm barely at the point where I'm being considered as a director — if I can come up with a screenplay they're crazy about, that they think won't cost too much."

What being "bankable" means for Sayles is being able to make the kinds of films he wants without losing somebody a lot of money. Paul Mazursky is a good example of a writer-director who is "bankable up to about \$2 or \$3 million, who doesn't have to have stars in his pictures, and they can be about pretty much what he wants them to be. And he can find somebody to finance the picture. I would like to get to that point and be

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**"There are a couple of ways you can go with a film, as with education or politics or anything else. There are writers and filmmakers who don't try to rock the boat, and don't try to push the audience into thinking anything beyond what they are already comfortable with."**

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able to stay at it for awhile, because there are pictures I'd like to make that need the kind of money you can only get through the studios."

**W**HAT ARE SAYLES' GOALS as a filmmaker?

"There are a couple of ways you can go with a film, as with education or politics or anything else," he told us. "There are some politicians who try to guess what their constituency wants, even if it's not something very good, and then feed them what they want. There are educators who just try not to rock the boat, who don't try to teach children anything beyond what their parents knew. And I think there are writers and filmmakers who don't try to rock the boat, and don't try to push the audience into thinking anything beyond what they are already comfortable with."

"I think TV is the perfect example of something that almost never is challenging, that's mostly meant to be comforting. I like well-done movies that are pure entertainment. But I think there's also room for films that are entertaining which do push the audience into thinking about something in a new way. Those films are rarely made, and when they are made, they're rarely good."

"And I guess that's something I'd be interested in doing, is taking that chance. Because whenever you challenge an audience, whenever you show them something different — that's not exactly the way they thought of it — whenever you go after their prejudice or their usual way of thinking about something, you run the risk of having them click off and say, 'Well, why should I pay \$4 to have somebody challenge what I believe in?'"

"What I'd like to be able to do is to have it both ways — to put the entertainment in so that people want to come into the theatre, but also to take the trouble so that they come out of it thinking about something. Maybe not converted to your point of view, but at least more open to it than when they went into the theatre."

# Richard O'Brien's 'Rocky' road to stardom

By Howard Waldrop

I'm no fanatic.

I only saw Rocky Horror Picture Show twenty times before the dress-up crowd began to show up and make the soundtrack inaudible.

I know that I'd never seen a movie like it before, and neither had a lot of other people, to judge by the reactions in those first six months of its run in Austin.

Those pre-Rocky days seem like the Lower Pleistocene now, and the film is a midnight show fixture throughout the country. Dr. Frank N. Furter, Brad, Janet and Dr. Scott seem to have entered our collective psyches since those dim times.

Richard O'Brien wrote the original Rocky Horror Show play, adapted it for the screen, and played Riff-Raff in both. He was in town on a promotional tour for his new film, *Shock Treatment*.

I entered his hotel room. O'Brien is incredibly thin, looks a little like Max Schreck from the original *Nosferatu*. His features are as sharp as Agnes Moorehead's axe, and his head is shaved for the tour.

He wore Riff-Raff black clothing, white spats and python shoes. He moved with an actor's grace and offered me a glass of wine.

He doesn't strike me as the type to go walking down Congress Avenue early in the morning, but that's just what he had finished doing.

"If the street were half as wide, it could almost be Tauranga (a town near Auckland in New Zealand where he grew up). Same age buildings, atmosphere. On tours like this, one never gets to see the cities. I think the only way to get to know a town is by walking it, don't you?" he asks.

ME: Did you know you were creating a whole Saturday night business when you wrote *Rocky Horror*?

O'BRIEN: Not at all. It was originally supposed to be a bit of nonsense to fill up five weeks in London. It eventually played seven years. We took it to LA in 1973, and it was a hit there. We brought it to New York and told them, "This is the hit play you've heard



Photo by Jack Grieder

In the Seat of Power: Richard O'Brien in the Diskill's Presidential Suite

about." The critics there said, "No, we tell you when you have a hit. You don't have a hit."

ME: Did you have any large expectations about the movie?

O'BRIEN: No. We made it, and we went through the New York thing, and the movie went into release and seemed to have gone nowhere. It was so left field, I'm not sure they knew how to advertise it. I was doing other things, busy, you know, and about nine months later it began its runs as midnighters, all that. It didn't turn the financial corner until three years after it was released.

ME: What does the sight of 5000 people doing the Time Warp do to you?

O'BRIEN: It's sort of amazing. Anytime you see, hear anyone singing or doing bits you, as a writer or actor, created, there's sort of a feeling of disbelief. Nice, too.

ME: Since you were involved in so many phases of it, how did Rocky Horror change while you were filming it?

O'BRIEN: Most of the changes actually came during the play's rehearsal. So many ideas were flying around. For about five weeks, we added, changed, expanded. I tend to underwrite. That keeps me from having to cut a line later. We'd finish rehearsal and Jim Sharman would say, "Good. By the

way, Richard, I need a song right here in the script."

I'd say, "Oh, God"; go home, wash up and drink something, and start playing the guitar. "Toucha-Toucha-Touch Me" was written like that, overnight. Some of the things I sweated on three weeks were never used. I wrote a song literally in the shower for *Shock Treatment*.

ME: Okay, is *Shock Treatment* a sequel, prequel, or what?

O'BRIEN: It's an equal. We started at one time to do a sequel. Got part way through with the script and said, this is just Brad and Janet in *Another World*. Same thing. Decided that wasn't the way to go, at all. It ran through five drafts, and now we have *Shock Treatment*.

ME: An equal?

O'BRIEN: Yes. It's a movie that delves into marriage, into manipulation. We explore the characters in a controlled setting, seeing what makes them go, what motivates them. We see how people can use each other, what they do, how they change. We see a woman trying to find those things which she thought marriage would give her but hasn't. We see what happens when a man becomes uncentered.

ME: All this through Brad and Janet?

O'BRIEN: Amazing, isn't it?

## SHOCK TREATMENT

We have three sets of passes (each one good for two admissions) to give away to this movie. They will go to the first three people who call 473-8995 after 5 p.m. on Tuesday, Sept. 8 and answer one of the following questions:

Name one of the films Jim Sharman directed before he did Rocky Horror, and Shock Treatment (hint: two of them are Australian) Or fill us in as to the title of MEAT LOAF'S first album (this is a slightly tricky one, folks)

Special thanks to Presidio Theaters

ME: *Shock Treatment*, like *Rocky Horror*, is relatively low budget. In these days of super blockbusters, were there any problems getting it financed?

O'BRIEN: No, we were promised the money from the start. But by a fortunate stroke of luck, there was an actor's strike or something, and the funds were frozen. This made us change things, find new ways to do it, cut corners. Then we hit on the idea of doing it in a TV studio, in a controlled environment keeping everything close. I think it worked creatively, and we saved a million from the budget.

ME: Do you think lower-budget films are going to make a comeback?

O'BRIEN: I hope *Shock Treatment* is one of the first. It makes sense to do five movies for thirty million, hoping three will do well, rather than rolling it all on one film.

ME: You're a writer, lyricist, actor. Do you enjoy any one of these more than the others?

O'BRIEN: No, I like them all. Doing different things, especially going from one to the other. If the writing is going badly, you can pick up the guitar and work on songs. Acting takes you away from those. I've done some acting lately on things which I had no hand in, creatively. It was nice to do that for a while, being an actor only, rather than trying to handle three or four jobs. But I like the challenge of each.

ME: Were you as changed by seeing *Attack of the 50-Foot Woman* (1958) as I was?

O'BRIEN: I don't think that one ever made it to Britain. But I do remember the final lines from *The Incredible Shrinking Man* (1957), where Grant Williams steps through the window-screen and says...

And O'Brien gives the ten or twelve lines verbatim. O'Brien has been animated, laughing, talking during the interview. The photographer gets ready to take some pictures. Each time the shutter is about to click, O'Brien goes into the narrow-eyed look with which Riff-Raff first greets Brad and Janet.

He gave a particularly glum scowl for the last shot.

"I'd like two prints of that one," he said.

# CALENDAR

## FILM

All movie listings are subject to change. Please consult a daily paper or the theatre itself for actual times and playdates.

Prepared by Ed Lowry; with Greg Beal (G.B.), Louis Black (L.B.) and Martin Chait (M.C.)

### FIRST RUNS

#### AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON

D: John Landis; with David Naughton, Jenny Agutter, Griffin Dunne, John Woodvine.  
Hollywood's middle-budget answer to the current cycle of wolf movies in a surprisingly volatile mixture of laughs and gross-outs. Comedy director Landis brings both the irreverent humor and the squeaky-clean characterizations of his *Animal House* to this tale of an American backpacker who gets more action than he bargained for on his summer trip abroad. Although the movie is never quite as clever as Dante/Sayles' *The Howling* (and it's hard to decide which movie has the better wolfman transformation), Landis seems less interested in maintaining a sense of humor in the face of terror than in disturbing his audience by its own laughter. At its worst, the latter half of the film settles for made-for-TV clichés and seems to be going nowhere; but the moments of brilliance in the first half attain the viciously class-conscious, dream-within-a-dream realm usually occupied exclusively by Luis Buñuel. Only once or twice does the film show symptoms of the elephantiasis which infected Landis' *Blues Brothers*. It's half a great film, for aficionados of macabre humor. And if you ever wanted to see the Dr. Pepper boy in his birthday suit, now's your chance.  
★★★ Highland Mall, Lakehills.

#### ARTHUR

D: Steve Gordon; with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, John Gielgud.  
The funniest sleeper of the summer is pure transplanted screwball comedy. Moore is a rich lusk (read: drunk) who meets an impetuously wacky, but surprisingly endearing Liza Minnelli. They fight, they fall in love, they're kept apart by an arranged marriage, and if you ever saw a '30s comedy, you can guess the ending. But the real surprise is Gielgud as Moore's impeccably bitchy butler-and-best-friend who, against all odds, almost steals the show. A genuinely funny, good-humored film which reminds us that, while money is unimportant, it's still OK to be filthy rich.  
★★★ Riverside.

#### BLOWOUT

D: Brian DePalma; with John Travolta, Nancy Allen, John Lithgow, Dennis Franz, Tim Choate.  
DePalma's attempt at a political thriller is neither as ambitious nor as engaging as his *Dressed to Kill*, *Carrie* or *Obsession*. The pyrotechnics are all there, and DePalma once again proves himself the master of the split-screen image. But the characters played by Travolta and Allen — though well enough acted — are just too dumb to hold our interest; and DePalma's inspiration for the first time seems too thin to transcend the absurdities of the plot. Travolta is a movie soundman who records the noise from a Chappaquiddick-style political assassination and doesn't know what to do with it. Although this allows DePalma to poke some self-reflexive fun at the makers of exploitation films, it also suggests unfortunate comparisons with *The Conversation*, a vastly superior film. Despite a few very good set pieces, the film ultimately fails to involve us viscerally, as did the slow-motion *tours de force* of *The Fury* or *Carrie*. A minor DePalma film, despite the hype — but then, no DePalma film should be missed.  
★★½ Fox Triplex.

#### CHU-CHU AND THE PHILLY FLASH

D: David Lowell Rich; with Alan Arkin, Carol Burnett, Jack Warden, Ruth Buzzi.  
Arkin plays the Philly Flash, a washed-up, second-string pitcher for Philadelphia who has fallen to drink and petty thievery. Carol Burnett plays Chu-Chu, an awkward dance instructor fallen on hard times. Together they find a briefcase full of government secrets, and after that, your guess is as good as mine. Not reviewed at presstime.  
Highland Mall, Aquarius.

## RETROSPECTIVES

### CINEMATEXAS

University of Texas Campus, 471-1906.  
TUE 8 D. W. Griffith's *Birth of a Nation* (Jester Aud.)  
*Boom Town* (Batts Aud.)  
WED 9 *Last Year at Marienbad* (Jester)  
THU 10 Double Feature:  
*The Original Frankenstein*  
*Dracula* (Jester)  
MON 14 *Lloyd in The Kid Brother* (Batts)  
*Hitchcock's Shadow of a Doubt* (Jester)  
TUE 15 Buster Keaton in *The General* (Jester)  
Jonathan Demme presents "Made in Texas," a program of six local short films (Batts)  
WED 16 *Rules of the Game* (Jester)  
THU 17 Double Feature:  
*Bride of Frankenstein*  
*Mad Love* (Jester)  
An Evening of Surrealism, Sex, Violence and Racism in American Commercial Animation (Batts)

### TEXAS UNION

University of Texas Campus, 471-5651. (In Union Theatre, unless otherwise specified)  
FRI-SAT 4-5 *Altered States*  
*Magical Mystery Tour and Around the Beatles*  
*Shogun Assassin* (Batts)  
*This Is Elvis* (Batts)  
*Kubrick's Dr. Strangelove* (Academic Center Aud.)  
SUN 6 *Superman*  
*Alec Guinness in Our Man in Havana*  
MON 7 Sean Connery in *Thunderball*  
*Jane Fonda is Barbarella* Inserts  
TUE 8 *The Graduate*  
*Hiroshima Mon Amour* Inserts  
WED 9 Steve Reeves in *Hercules*  
*Hiroshima Mon Amour*  
THU 10 *Bringing Up Baby*  
*Bill Haley in Rock Around the Clock*  
*Paul Schrader's Blue Collar*

### COMIN' AT YA

D: Ferdinando Baldi; with Tony Anthony, Gene Quintano, Victoria Abril.  
3-D returns to the American screen in the shape of an Italian Western. Once you adjust your eyes to the glasses, you'll see a lot of good 3-D effects and a very thin plot-line involving a kidnapped bride and an unappealing anti-hero played by Tony Anthony. The attempt at blending stereoscopic effects with the operatic camera movement and slow motion violence of the spaghetti Western enjoys some success, although the director can't resist hurling things in your face. But it's 3-D they're selling, and that's probably enough reason to see the movie.  
★★½ Americana.

### CONDORMAN

D: Charles Jarrott; with Michael Crawford, Oliver Reed, Barbara Carrera.  
Thisbumbling spy movie is as incompetent as its bumbling hero, a superpowered schmuck who manages to save the Free World anyway. Disney Studio's bid for the theatrical mainstream is a grab bag of formulaic situations structured around a single joke which no one over the age of 9 will understand.  
★½ Village, Lakehills.

### CROCODILE

D: Sompote Sands; with Nat Puvanai, Tany Tim, Angela Wells, Kirk Warren.  
The ad shows a giant croc eating and clawing about nine people at once. It's hard to guess from available information, but this looks like a foreign movie from who knows where. Not reviewed at presstime.

### ENDLESS LOVE

D: Franco Zeffirelli; with Brooke Shields, Martin Hewitt, Shirley Knight, Don Murray, Richard Kiley.  
If you enjoyed Scott Spencer's obsessive first-person novel of mad love, you'll hate

FRI-SAT 11-12: Disney's *Song of the South*  
*Raging Bull*  
*'10'*  
*Wajda's Man of Marble* (Batts)  
*Fellini's Amarcord* (Batts)  
From Australia *The Getting of Wisdom* (Academic Center Aud.)  
SUN 13 *Dr. Zhivago*  
MON 14 *Renoir's Grand Illusion*  
*Casablanca*  
*Mel Brooks' Young Frankenstein*  
TUE 15 *Truffaut's 400 Blows*  
*The Last Picture Show*  
*Young Frankenstein*  
WED 16 *300 Spartans*  
*Woody Allen in The Front*  
*The Barber of Seville*  
*Young Frankenstein*  
THU 17 *A Little Romance*  
*The Rolling Stones, Chuck Berry and Lesley Gore in The T.A.M.I. Show*  
*Peter Wier's The Last Wave*

### VARSITY

2402 Guadalupe, 474-4351.  
FRI-SAT 4-5 *The Grateful Dead*  
SUN-MON 6-7 *The Great Santini*  
*A Little Romance*  
TUE 8 *Sherlock Holmes Double Feature: The Scarlet Claw and The Pearl of Death*  
WED-THU 9-10 *Lina Wertmüller Double Feature: Sweet Away and Seven Beauties*  
FRI-SAT 11-12 *Harold and Maude*  
*Morgan*  
SUN-MON 13-14 *Herzog's Version of Nosferatu and the original Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*  
TUE 15 *X-Rated Double Feature: Expose Me Lovely and Through the Looking Glass*  
WED-THU 16-17 *Kubrick's The Shining*  
*Friedkin's The Exorcist*  
SOUTHWOOD  
1423 W. Ben White Blvd., 442-2333.  
Kung-fu movies every Saturday at midnight.  
SAT 5 *Odd Couple* (Car Bo Films)  
SAT 12 *Shaolin Avengers* (Shaw Brothers)

what Zeffirelli has done to it. Taking only the bare bones of the book, the director of *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Champ* has concocted an overly-pictorial, unforgivably insipid and laughable melodrama. Avoiding all complexity, he goes straight for the groin. Brooke Shields is horribly miscast, although newcomer Martin Hewitt does as well as can be expected under the circumstances. If the movie had a saving grace, it would be Shirley Knight as Brooke's mother. But then, unlike *Blue Lagoon*, this movie isn't even worth a good laugh. (M.C.)  
★ Capital Plaza.

### ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK

D: John Carpenter; with Kurt Russell, Harry Dean Stanton, Adrienne Barbeau, Lee Van Cleef, Ernest Borgnine, Isaac Hayes, Season Hubley.  
Set in 1997 on the isle of Manhattan, which has been converted to a walled, maximum security prison, John Carpenter's newest movie might be the best science fiction film of a year in which the competition is already pretty stiff. A top-notch entertainment/adventure movie with some very grim social overtones, *Escape* is a comic book rendition of Howard Hawks set in a future-shock world. The remarkably versatile Kurt Russell asserts himself more angrily than anyone since Eastwood's Dirty Harry, as a convict sent back to the no-man's land of New York to rescue the President, whose plane was downed there by terrorists. And the film is bursting with the best character actors in the business: Harry Dean Stanton as Brain, who maintains the Public Library as his fortress by means of his wits; Isaac Hayes as the superfly Duke of New York, who runs the city from his Cadillac with chandeliers mounted on the fenders; Ernest Borgnine as the last cabbie in New York, whose tape-deck blares the "American Bandstand" theme. If a few critics have reproached Carpenter for not fully exploring the potential of his premise, it is because that premise is brilliant enough to

spawn 10 different movies. It certainly has little to do with the imagination and style with which Carpenter executed the idea. If *Halloween* is his most influential movie, *Escape* could be his most accomplished — though as long as *Assault on Precinct 13* is around, I'd be hard pressed to say his best.  
★★½ Northcross, Southside 2.

### AN EYE FOR AN EYE

D: Steve Carver; with Chuck Norris, Christopher Lee, Richard Roundtree.  
Since the punch-happy action movies of Aryan kung-fu king Chuck Norris have pulled such good box office, the producers decided to invest in a slightly more expensive mounting and a few other actors. In this one Norris plays an overzealous ex-cop become private eye. Steve Carver is perhaps the most overrated director at work in the exploitation circuit. Not reviewed at presstime.  
Fox Triplex, Westgate.

### FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER

D: Ronald Neame; with Jill Clayburgh, Walter Matthau.  
Apparently rushed to the theaters to capitalize on the current event of Sandra O'Connor's appointment to the Supreme Court, this adaptation of the stage play by Robert E. Lee and Jerome Lawrence (*Inherit the Wind*, *Mame*) looks like it only barely made it to the screen. Jill Clayburgh plays an O'Connerish conservative, and coincidentally the first woman appointed to the court, who butts heads with liberal Justice Matthau over the

## MOVIE GUIDE

AMERICANA, 2200 Hancock Drive, 453-6641, 444-3222.  
AUSTIN 6, 521 Thompson, 385-5328.  
CAPITAL PLAZA CINEMAS, 1-35 at Cameron Road, 452-7646, June 5-18.  
CINEMA WEST, 2130 S. Congress, 442-5719.  
DOBBIE SCREENS, Dobbie Mall, Guadalupe and 21st, 477-1324.  
FIESTA DRIVE-IN, 1601 Montopolis, 385-1953.  
FOX TRIPLEX, 7657 Airport Blvd., 454-2711, 451-7326.  
HIGHLAND MALL CINEMAS, Highland Mall, 451-7326.  
LAKEHILLS, 2428 Ben White, 444-0552.  
MANN 3 WESTGATE, 4608 Westgate Blvd., 892-2775.  
NORTHCROSS 6, Northcross Mall, Anderson Lane and Burnett Road, 454-4147.  
REBEL DRIVE-IN, 6902 Bursleson Road, 385-7217.  
RIVERSIDE, 1930 Riverside, 441-5689.  
SHOWPLACE 6, Anderson Mill Center, 258-7525.  
SHOWTOWN 2 OUTDOOR THEATRE, Highway 183 & Cameron Road, 836-8584.  
SOUTHSIDE 2 OUTDOOR THEATRE, 410 E. Ben White, 444-2296.  
SOUTHWOOD 2, 1423 W. Ben White Blvd., 442-2333.  
STATE, 719 Congress, 479-8250.  
TEXAS, 2224 Guadalupe, 477-1964.  
VARSITY, 2400 Guadalupe, 474-4351.  
VILLAGE 4, 2700 Anderson Lane, 451-8352.

question of pornography and free speech. All the other justices are garrulous teddy bears. If this sounds like your cup of tea, be my guest. (M.C.)  
★½ Fox Triplex, Westgate.

### THE FOX AND THE HOUND

D: Art Stevens, Ted Berman, Richard Rich.  
Disney's new team of animators prove they can maintain the quality of the realistic animation associated with the name since the '30s. If the story of a friendship and conflict between two mismatched beasts isn't quite as inspired as say *Bambi* or *Sleeping Beauty*, this kind of movie comes along far too seldom to be too critical. The high point of the cartoon is an owl who sings with the voice of Pearl Bailey. Mainly for kids and for adults who want to wax nostalgic.  
★★★ Village.

### HEAVY METAL

D: Gerald Potter.  
This animated feature from Canada does an adequate job of transferring the graphic style



## RECOMMENDED

### THE RETURN OF THE SECAUCUS 7

D: John Sayles; with Mark Arnott, Maggie Renzi, Adam LeFevre, Jean Passanante, John Sayles.

This widely acclaimed independent production may well be one of the biggest bargains in movie history — a \$60,000 feature in this era of mega-buck blockbusters. But as director Sayles says, "It's a four buck movie. That's what you have to set down at the box office." The plot revolves around the weekend reunion of a group of old friends, one-time radicals who together were busted years before in Secaucus, N.J., while driving to an anti-war rally in D.C. Over the three days that the movie covers, they

play and talk, relive the past and engage the future. Sporting one of the wittiest scripts of the year — the audience I saw the film with broke into laughter again and again — *Secaucus 7* is that rare treat, a "little" film that is as entertaining as it is humane. It's the type of movie we can only wish Hollywood remembered how to produce, an ensemble comedy that owes equal debt to Frank Capra and Robert Altman. There are a few awkward moments, especially early — the cast of unknowns is simply not the equal of the script — but as we come to know the characters, the problems vanish. Is *Secaucus 7* worth the four bucks? Without a doubt. (G.B.)

★★★★ Varsity.

and sado-erotic content of the popular sci-fi cartoon mag *Heavy Metal* to the screen and combining it with the kind of music associated with the term: Blue Oyster Cult, Cheap Trick, REO Speedwagon, Black Sabbath, Journey, Devo, etc. It may not be Tex Avery, but it sure beats Ralph Bakshi.

★★½ Riverside, Capital Plaza.

### HONKY TONK FREEWAY

D: John Schlesinger; with William Devane, Beau Bridges, Howard Hesseman, Terri Garr, Beverly D'Angelo, Geraldine Page.

Even with its superb cast and the direction of the impeccable John Schlesinger (*Marathon Man*, *Midnight Cowboy*, *Sunday Bloody Sunday*), this is a failed attempt at the kind of offbeat, grass-roots movie Jonathan Demme makes better than anybody. A comedy about the outrageous lengths to which the tourist trap town of Ticlaw, Florida is willing to go when the highway department refuses to provide them an exit on the new freeway, the film does provide the spectacles of an elephant on water skis and a fifty-car pile up. But what should have been a small, personal film ends up being little more than stylish. (M.C.)

★★½ Village, Lakehills.

### RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK

D: Steven Spielberg; with Harrison Ford, Karen Allen, Paul Freeman, Ronald Lacey, John Rhys-Davies, Denholm Elliott.

The newest superproduction from Spielberg and Lucas surpasses even *Star Wars* for sheer entertainment. This perfectly realized film — Spielberg's best since *Jaws* — manages to show off every penny of its colossal budget while keeping its tongue planted squarely in its cheek. Set in 1936, the film moves from South America to Nepal to Egypt, following the adventures of our bullwhip-wielding hero Harrison Ford and a hard-drinking, hard-punching Karen Allen. Their mission is to find Moses' ark of the covenant before it falls into the hands of the Nazis (for whatever reason they might want it). By the end, Spielberg has lent what support he can to affirm that the

Jews were right about Jehovah in a climax almost as dazzling as that of *Close Encounters*. No movie in recent history has provided more non-stop action, more imaginative situations, and more flair for adventure; although it might be worth pausing to consider that this is now the movie everybody in Hollywood wants to make. No one ever said it was profound, but it probably is the most entertaining evening at the movies currently available.

★★★★ Fox Triplex, Lakehills

### RETURN OF THE SECAUCUS 7

See Recommended.

### SUPERMAN II

D: Richard Lester; with Christopher Reeve, Margot Kidder, Gene Hackman, Terrence Stamp.

Whatever you thought of *Superman I*, chances are you'll feel the same about Part II. If you were especially fond of the styrofoam landscape of Krypton, the stately performance of Marlon Brando and the idyllic Midwest of Superman's childhood, you may still like the first film better. But if you preferred the fast-paced action-comedy which ensued after Clark Kent arrived at the *Daily Planet*, then Part II may be more your cup of tea. It's fast-paced action with some good-natured silly comedy, as the three Kryptonian villains shot into space on a pane of glass in the first scene of Part I discover they possess the same powers as Superman on the planet Earth. Although Part II was directed by Richard Lester, who gave us *A Hard Day's Night* and *Petulia*, it's hard to tell any difference between his direction of Part II and that of Richard Donner in Part I, except perhaps that Lester's timing is slightly better and his comedy slightly quirkier. Unfortunately, the erotic foreplay between Reeve and Kidder in the first movie is paid off far too chastely in the second. This is definitely a movie that could have used more sex.

★★★ Westgate, Village.

### SHOCK TREATMENT

D: Jim Sharmán; with Jessica Harper, Cliff De Young, Richard O'Brien, Patricia Quinn.

# PROJECTIONS

## Movie Financing New Part Of Hollywood Mythmaking

By Louis Black

Hollywood, Calif., exists both as part of the very real sprawling urban octopus of mega-Los Angeles and as the mythic American area where movies are made, their makers reside and their history is based. Hollywood, in all its aspects, is the realization of the very illusions it has created.

In the earliest days of film, there was undoubtedly a certain purity to the audience/cinema relationship. Almost as soon as the industry began, however, it bred the star system, and soon Hollywood was not only selling a celluloid product but a specific *image* of itself. People were not only going to the movies but interacting with the whole concept of "Hollywood."

Still, the economic side of the film industry was pretty much ignored by the general press, until perhaps the early '60s, when the budgetary fiascoes surrounding the making of *Cleopatra* were given almost as much coverage as the juicy affair between Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton (with their respective spouses lurking in the background). Money is almost as interesting as sex, especially when large sums of it are either being made or lost.

The budgets of films, their performances at the box office and stars' salaries became items of increasing interest. When the roof was blown off the industry by the mega-buck hits of the mid-'70s, like *The Godfather* and *Jaws*, the stakes were raised and a real media steeplechase was on. The industry's financial wheelings and dealings were often considered as interesting as the films produced or the personal dramas enacted.

It wasn't until recently, however, that there was any kind of consistent economic coverage. The catalyst for that situation was a piece of brilliant media manipulation by Francis Ford Coppola, taken in the context of the hysterically exaggerated scandal of the failure of Michael Cimino's *Heaven's Gate*.

Coppola has always managed to translate his financial problems into as much positive media coverage as possible. As brilliant as he is as a filmmaker, he is an equally skilled hustler. Months before his forthcoming *One From the Heart* was even ready for release, he achieved saturation coverage in all the major news media because of the financial problems of his Zoetrope studio.

It seems unusual that Coppola couldn't borrow the necessary money from George Lucas, since it was only after Coppola put himself on the line that Lucas was able to secure the financing for what was to become his first major commercial hit, *American Graffiti*. Certainly, that was a favor worth repaying. Also, rather oddly, several weeks after Coppola's headline-making financial crunch, he joined with Lucas, Spielberg and others to make a cash offer for the Pinewood Studios in England.

This is not to say that Coppola did not actually go through a crisis, but that he understood the public's interest in Hollywood financing and manipulated it to his own end. The product of Hollywood is "Hollywood," and in those terms, everything is translated into a fictional narrative, be it a cinematic costume drama, a homosexual relationship between stars or a financial intrigue.

Now, juxtapose Coppola's success with

the utter failure of Cimino's *Heaven's Gate*. Everyone went to see *Apocalypse Now*, not only because it was a masterpiece, but also because it was a major scandal due to its budget and shooting schedule overruns. Cimino's arrogance and lack of skill with the media, on the other hand, resulted in a public desire for the scenario of *Heaven's Gate* to end in disaster. When nobody went to see the film, even out of curiosity, there was a certain amount of surprise among critics and members of the industry.

They were missing the fact that every piece of information relayed about the film seemed to almost logically demand that the failure be as complete as possible, so that Cimino would be totally humiliated and the story have a satisfactory conclusion. In other words, the economic narrative accompanying the actual celluloid work required that, in order for audiences to interact with the story of the film, (in much the same way you interact with a movie by watching it) that they stay away from the theaters. The failure of the film indicates not so much a lack of interest in scandal or a cautiousness on the part of the American public (witness the success of *Tarzan of the Apes*) as a thorough knowledge of, interest in and fascination with the economics of Hollywood. That means that the audience's most active participation with *Heaven's Gate*, on a certain level, was to not even check it out.

This was only another evolution of the public's complex and multi-layered interaction with the film industry. For a long time, "Hollywood" connoted a lifestyle that seemed to explode out of the ambitions of the whole culture's collective subconscious. When this encapsulation of the American dream (on a level of personal desire rather than ideology) was wedded to Hollywood's entertainment product, a glamorous package was created. As information about the economic side of the industry was added, the Hollywood myth became an ideal metaphor for America: capitalism mixed with democratic ideals mixed with wealth mixed with entertainment.

The result is a social setting where a large number of people are free to follow their dreams, whatever they are.

The lure of Hollywood is based on the community's image more than on any of the specific goals (financial success, romance, etc.) in the specific movies. Thus this summer not only saw an unusually large number of major releases, but also an extensive amount of mainstream news coverage about the cinematic box office as though it were a horse race. With the theatrical film industry in a state of turmoil as a result of cable and satellite television and home video units, its economic situation is bound to be unusual, frenzied and extremely active.

There is something fascinating happening out there. And unlike Chrysler, the end result will not put millions out of work nor possibly crash the economy into a depression. As it has for so many decades now, Hollywood has once again lent itself as an almost mythic, fictional, sexual surrogate for American culture, society and economics, a forum where the public can cathartically interact with their dreams, desires, traumas and fears on a societal as well as personal level without becoming involved or making any kind of real investment. Hollywood is the myth of America, serving as both its dream and its shadow.



The people who brought you *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* finally return with another musical attempt to worm their way into the fanatic's heart. *Shock Treatment* is directed by Rocky Horror's Jim Sharman and written by Richard O'Brien, who penned Rocky Horror's book and music for stage and screen and who's known to cultists as Riff-Raff, the creepy servant who answers Frankfurter's door. The film follows a couple coincidentally named Brad and Janet — played this time by Cliff De Young and Jessica (Suzanna) Harper — as they visit the mythical suburban town of Denton, U.S.A. to appear on a daytime marriage counseling show called "Marriage Maze." The entire town of Denton turns out to be a TV studio, which offers O'Brien and Sharman the chance to camp it up with their favorite video parodies. If you liked Rocky Horror, you won't want to miss this one. Might as well see it early before the fanatics learn it by heart. Not reviewed at presstime.

#### STRIPES

D: Ivan Reitman; with Bill Murray, Harold Ramis, P. J. Soles, Warren Oates, John Candy.  
Heralding the new American militarism, the service comedy has returned with a vengeance, and all external indications suggested that *Stripes* might be the most seductively funny film of the bunch. Bill Murray's sullen insanity functions at close to its peak, and the presence of at least part of the SCTV troupe, including the irrepressible John Candy, promises non-stop laughter. But even if you can get beyond the difficulty of guffawing at an accidental American invasion of Czechoslovakia, the sloppy direction of Ivan Reitman cuts every punch line in two and destroys the timing of some very good comedians.  
★★ Northcross, Lakehills.

#### TARZAN THE APE MAN

D: John Derek; with Bo Derek, Richard Harris, John Phillip Law, Miles O'Keefe.  
The Edgar Rice Burroughs estate made it seem like the old man was rolling over in his grave when the redoubtable John and Bo Derek made this soft-core version of *Tarzan*. The main attractions are the bodies of Bo and newcomer Miles O'Keefe, whose Tarzan looks like the kind of jungle denizen one would find in the pages of *Blueboy*. But it's interesting that the film's hottest relationship is between Bo and her father, played by Richard Harris, who's about the same age as Bo's husband John. There's a surprising other-worldliness about this film not to mention some vague existential overtones. Not to be seen without your tongue in your cheek, but not to be avoided either.  
★½ Aquarius, Northcross.

#### UNDER THE RAINBOW

D: Steve Rush; with Carrie Fisher, Chevy Chase, Pat McCormick, Billy Barty, Eve Arden, Cork Hubbert.  
A film purportedly about the Munchkin cast of *The Wizard of Oz*, *Under the Rainbow* does little to raise anybody's consciousness about the little people. Instead it subjects them to the most tasteless shorty jokes actor/writer Pat McCormick can muster, devoting its real attention to a lifeless romance between Chase and Fisher. It's probably enough to say that this is a comedy without a single laugh. It's some indication of how bad a movie is when Eve Arden can't make it interesting.  
★ Aquarius, Northcross.

### REVIVALS

#### ALTERED STATES (1980)

D: Ken Russell; with William Hurt, Charles Haid, Blair Brown.  
Ken Russell's psychedelic version of Paddy Chayevsky's pseudo-scientific journey into man's chromosomal past was one of last year's most exciting movie-going experiences and certainly Russell's best film since *The Devils*, almost a decade earlier. Scientist Hurt employs everything from magic mushrooms to sensory deprivation tanks to get himself back to a primeval past, while destroying his health, his career and his family life. Blair Brown is exquisite as Hurt's anthropologist wife who has as much trouble understanding their marriage as she does believing that her husband can alter his shape at will. *Hill Street Blues'* Charles Haid is, of course, brilliant as Hurt's disbelieving colleague. Chayevsky hated what Russell did to his characteristically verbose script, but the result is a movie in which the intellectualizing occurs at break-neck speed, creating exactly the proper frenzy for the plunge into some of the greatest psychedelic effects since 2001. Some people think the ending is a big copout, though I can't see how anybody could think that love between anti-matter entities is a happy ending.  
★★★★ Texas Union, Sept. 4-5.

#### EXPOSE ME LOVELY (1978)

With Jennifer Welles, Ras Kean, Catherine Burgess.  
A porno film with a difference: the hard-core scenes are woven around a hard-boiled detective plot borrowed from the films noirs of the '40s. A hip, private dick is on the trail of a lovely, rich woman. Hopefully, the Varsity will get the hardcore version and not one of those prints with all the graphic scenes cut — because that's at least half the fun. With another hardcore classic, *Through the Looking Glass*, directed by Jonas Middleton and starring Catherine Burgess again.  
★★½ Varsity, Sept. 15.

#### THE GREAT SANTINI (1980)

D: John Lewis Carlin; with Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, Michael O'Keefe.  
This story about relationships within the family of a gung ho Marine pilot was one of the sleepers of last year. The plot may be a little too obvious, but the acting is exquisite all the way around, with both Duvall and Danner giving among the finest performances of their careers. The emotional intensity of the film is often extraordinary without ever indulging in the kind of let's-tear-the-eyebrows-off-each-other hysterics of a *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*. Stan Shaw turns in a strong performance in a supporting role and O'Keefe received an Academy Award nomination for his part as the eldest son. (L.B.)  
★★★★ Varsity, Sept. 6-7.

#### JONATHAN DEMME PRESENTS: "MADE IN TEXAS — RECENT FILMS FROM AUSTIN"

Including: *MASK OF SARNATH*, *DEATH OF JIM MORRISON*, *SPEED OF LIGHT*, *LEONARDO JR.*, *INVASION OF THE ALUMINUM PEOPLE*, *FAIR SISTERS*  
When critically acclaimed director Jonathan Demme (*Melvin and Howard*, *Citizen's Band*, *Crazy Mama*) visited Austin earlier this summer, he saw a number of locally produced

films and was so impressed by them that he set up a New York City screening of Austin-made movies at the Collective for Living Cinema. This show will take place in October on the first Saturday night of the Collective's fall season. CinemaTexas will offer a complete screening of the whole show before it is sent to New York City. All six of the films were shot here in Austin and they feature local actors and musicians. A number of them have had impressive showings on the festival circuit, with *Speed of Light* winning several awards and *Mask of Sarnath* placing as one of the finalists for the 1980 Student Academy Awards. All of the films are a half hour or less (the whole program runs about 110 minutes) and they cover a variety of approaches and genres. *Leonardo Jr.* is a Buster Keatonish homage to silent comedy, while *Death of Jim Morrison* is an experimental film featuring fictional recreations of actual incidents from the Lizard King's life. *Speed of Light* features a soundtrack by local art-rock group Radio Free Europe and is, in critic Nick Barbaro's words, "a surreal journey through the bloated underbelly of pre-Kennedy-assassination America." Cinema Art meets the '50s science-fiction film in *Invasion of the Aluminum People*, while *Fair Sisters*, appropriately enough, was designed as something of a tribute to Demme's first film, *Caged Heat*, in its story of five armed and dangerous women who rip off a high-stakes poker game. British new wave/punk/art rock group Throbbing Gristle, which boasts a cult following on two continents, provided the soundtrack for *Mask of Sarnath*, an atmosphere horror film. The show is being coordinated in Austin by CinemaTexas and *The Austin Chronicle*. For more information call 471-1906 or 473-8995. (L.B.)  
CinemaTexas (Batts), Sept. 15.

#### KID BROTHER (1927)

D: Lewis Milestone and Ted Wilde (credited to Ted Wilde and J.A. Howe); with Harold Lloyd, Jobyna Ralston, Walter James. Silent movie with musical score.  
Although Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Harry Langdon and even Laurel and Hardy seem to get more attention now, during the '20s Harold Lloyd was Chaplin's only real rival in popularity (and no one is quite sure who was more successful then). *Kid Brother* is regarded by many critics as Lloyd's best work, combining some exquisitely funny moments with a strong plot and rich character development. Lloyd plays a country boy who is generally regarded as a weakling until he has a run-in with some thugs who've stolen the money collected by his fellow townspeople. During the course of his adventure, Lloyd, of course, falls in love, but the scene to watch out for is the showdown on the boat, one of the genuine classic comic moments of the silent cinema. (L.B.)  
★★★½ CinemaTexas (Batts), Sept. 10.

#### THE LAST WAVE (1978)

D: Peter Weir; with Richard Chamberlain, Olivia Hammett, Gulpihil.  
This brilliant and beautiful Australian film is about rain and civilization, about aborigines and identity, about mysticism and religion, about life and about death. A powerfully enigmatic work, the story is both a mystery and an effortless philosophical tract exploring the confrontation between aborigine culture and modern Western civilization. Chamberlain gives

a fine performance as an upper-class corporate lawyer who becomes involved in the defense of five aborigines accused of ritual murder. Cinematically captivating, the film is both intelligent and provocative, at the same time that it weaves an almost hypnotic spell. (L.B.)  
★★★★ Texas Union, Sept. 17.

#### MAD LOVE (1935)

D: Karl Freund; with Peter Lorre, Colin Clive, Ted Healy.  
This film, based on the story "The Hands of Orlac," is one of the great brooding works from the '30s cycle of horror films. Lorre plays a mad doctor who falls in love with the wife of a pianist. After the man is involved in an accident, Lorre replaces his hands with those of a thief. This film was one of the few director efforts by the great German cinematographer Karl Freund (*The Last Laugh*, *Metropolis*) and was partially photographed by Gregg Toland (*Citizen Kane*). It is a beautiful film, rich in textures and shadows. Critic Pauline Kael, in her famous book *Raising Kane*, claims that many of the scenes in this film were "plagiarized" by Welles for *Citizen Kane*. (L.B.)  
★★★½ CinemaTexas (Batts), Sept. 12.

### RETURN OF THE SECAUCUS 7

We have two passes  
(each one good for two admissions) to see *Secaucus 7*  
for the first two people to send us correct answers to one of the

1. Name the first novel by any three of the following writers  
a. John Sayles b. John Irving c. Ann Beattie  
d. Jim Harrison e. Richard Hugo
2. The following films are maiden efforts by young directors  
Name the directors:  
a. *Caged Heat* b. *Hollywood Boulevard* c. *Dark Star*

(Special thanks to the Varsity Theater.)

Your address is  
P.O. Box 49066, Austin, Texas 78765  
The deadline for the contest is Sept. 9  
and we will notify the winners by phone.

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"A JOY TO WATCH!"  
ONE OF THE YEAR'S  
TEN BEST  
Richard Corliss, Time Magazine  
"Little short of a revelation!"  
New West Magazine  
**Return of the Secaucus 7**  
A film by John Sayles

# CLUBS

## ALAMO LOUNGE

6th and Guadalupe, 472-0033.  
 FRI 4 Lucinda, Pat Mears  
 SAT 5 Bill Neely  
 SUN 6 Franke & Hudson  
 MON 7 Labor Day bash with five musicians  
 TUE 8 Bobby Earl Smith, Joe Gracey  
 WED 9 Mandy Mercier  
 THU 10 Lucinda  
 FRI 11 Rory McLeod, Nanci Griffith  
 SAT 12 Rank & File  
 SUN 13 Emily Kaitz  
 MON 14 Richard Dobson  
 TUE 15 Pat Mears  
 WED 16 Doug Blaser  
 THU 17 Lucinda

## ATTIC CLUB

2200 S. Interregional, 444-0561.

## AUSTEX LOUNGE

1920 S. Congress, 444-9088.

## AUSTIN OPRY HOUSE

200 Academy, 443-7037.  
 FRI 6 No Nukes benefit with the Lost  
 Gonzo Band, Jerry Jeff Walker, Gary  
 P. Nunn, Ray Wylie Hubbard,  
 Octave Doctors  
 TUE 15 Pretenders, Bureau  
 SUN 13 Rockets

## AUSTIN OUTHOUSE

3510 Guadalupe  
 FRI 4 Frog & Lizard  
 SAT 5 Dollar Short  
 SUN 6 Gutter Bros.  
 MON 7 Leif Kahal & Mandy Mercier  
 TUE 8 John Casner  
 WED 9 Pat Mears  
 THU 10 Kathy & the Kilowatts  
 FRI 11 Dinosaurs  
 SAT 12 Frog & Lizard  
 SUN 13 Revolvers  
 MON 14 Leif Kahal, Mandy Mercier  
 TUE 15 Guanella Pass  
 WED 16 Pat Mears  
 THU 17 John Casner

(Chronicle listings are as complete and accurate as possible at press time. However, clubs reserve the right to make changes in their scheduling. When in doubt, call clubs to make sure who's playing when.)

## THE BACK ROOM

2015 E. Riverside, 441-4677.  
 FRI 4 Dan and Dave  
 SAT 5 Mark Pollard & the Midnights

## BACKSTAGE

1201 S. Congress, 443-1597.

## BEER PARK

1820 Manor Road, 472-4269.

## BROKEN SPOKE

3101 S. Lamar, 442-6189.  
 FRI 4 People's Choice  
 SAT 5 Country Strings  
 WED 9 People's Choice  
 FRI 11 C. W. Slick  
 SAT 12 Diamondback  
 WED 16 the Moods

## BUCKY'S

3023 Guadalupe, 476-5954.

## CALIFORNIA HOTEL

472-1332.

## CASINO BALLROOM

9111 FM Rd 812, 243-1584.

## CAT MOUNTAIN INN

10900 FM 2222

## CHEATHAM STREET WAREHOUSE

392-9298  
 FRI 4 Rock Candy  
 SAT 5 Tragic Terror  
 SUN 6 Survivors  
 MON 7 Razor Blades  
 TUE 8 Gatemouth Brown  
 WED 9 Skunks  
 THU 10 14K

## CHELSEA STREET PUB

Highland Mall, 459-9986.  
 Lee Roy Parnell, every night except Sunday.

## CHELSEA STREET PUB

Northcross Mall, 454-6434.  
 Crosswinds, every night except Sunday.

## CLUB FOOT

110 E. 4th, 472-4345.  
 FRI 4 Fabulous Thunderbirds  
 SAT 5 Fabulous Thunderbirds  
 SUN 6 Sapphires, Pressure  
 MON 7 Lisa Rhodes  
 TUE 8 the Lift  
 WED 9 Patterns, Mo-Dels  
 THU 10 Go-Gos, Big Boys  
 FRI 11 Standing Waves  
 SAT 12 Alleycats  
 SUN 13 Sapphires, Pressure  
 MON 14 Lisa Rhodes  
 TUE 15 the Lift  
 WED 16 X-Spand-X  
 THU 17 Standing Waves

## CONTINENTAL CLUB

1115 S. Congress, 442-9904.  
 FRI 4 Al Kooper, Hot Shots  
 SAT 5 Van Wilks  
 SUN 6 Lewis and the Legends  
 MON 7 Alternative Stars  
 TUE 8 W.C. Clark  
 WED 9 Tex Thomas and the Danglin'  
 Wranglers  
 THU 10 Lerol Bros.  
 FRI 11 Al Kooper, Hot Shots  
 SAT 12 the Lift, the Jitters  
 SUN 13 Lewis and the Legends  
 MON 14 Stevie Ray Vaughn, Double Trouble  
 TUE 15 W.C. Clark  
 WED 16 Tex Thomas and the Danglin'  
 Wranglers

## COPA'S

1112 W. Sixth, 476-9963.  
 FRI 4 Passenger  
 FRI 11 Passenger

## COURTHOUSE BLUES

9063 Research, 837-3505.

## DANCELAND

7900 Scenic Loop Rd., 243-0605.

## DESSAU

13422 Dessau Rd., 251-4421.

## DONN'S DEPOT

1600 W. 5th, 478-0336.  
 FRI 4 Donn Adelman & the Stationmasters  
 SAT 5 Loy Blanton  
 TUE 8 Ernie Mae Miller  
 MON 7 Donn Adelman  
 WED 9 Loy Blanton  
 THU 10 Rick Carney  
 FRI 11 Donn Adelman  
 SAT 12 Loy Blanton  
 MON 14 Ernie Mae Miller  
 TUE 15 Donn Adelman  
 WED 16 Loy Blanton  
 THU 17 Rick Carney

## ED'S 281 CLUB

Round Mountain, 825-9909.

## ENCHANTED TAVERN

258-9752

## FOLKVILLE

2911 San Jacinto, 474-0605.  
 FRI 4 Julie Jean Reneult, Eric Taylor  
 SAT 5 Sid Panfish Band  
 SUN 6 Dave Davis, Emily Kaitz  
 MON 7 Lara  
 WED 9 Ky Hote, Rebecca Stone  
 THU 10 Jim Montgomery, Michael Tomlinson  
 FRI 11 Michael Williams, Houseboats  
 SAT 12 Fowler Bros.  
 SUN 13 Jerry & Nancy Stevens  
 MON 14 Guanella Pass, Sid Panfish Band  
 TUE 15 Dianne McNicol  
 WED 16 Rebecca Stone, Dave Davis  
 THU 17 Darden Smith

## GAMBRINUS

314 Congress, 472-0112.

## GAZEBO

111 E. 1st, 478-9611.

## HARPOON HENRY'S

6019 N. IH35, 458-4114.

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**453-9831**

# LIBERTY LUNCH!


405 W. 2ND

Sept. 4, Fri.  
 Beto y los Fairlanes  
 Sept. 5, Sat.  
 Beto y los Fairlanes  
 Sept. 6, Sun.  
 The Rattlecats  
 Sept. 7, Mon.  
 Jennifer Warnes  
 w/ Passenger  
 Sept. 8, Tues.  
 The Lotions  
 Sept. 9, Wed.  
 The Lotions  
 Sept. 10, Thurs.  
 Beto y los Fairlanes  
 Sept. 11, Fri.  
 Extreme Heat  
 Sept. 12, Sat.  
 Extreme Heat  
 Sept. 13, Sun.  
 Women's Space Benefit  
 Sept. 14, Mon.  
 Pressure  
 Sept. 15, Tues.  
 The Lotions  
 Sept. 16, Wed.  
 Gary P. Nunn  
 Sept. 17, Thurs.  
 Beto y los Fairlanes  
 Sept. 18, Fri.  
 "Birthday Party"  
 Bayou Rhythms  
 Uranium Savages  
 Pressure

# THE CONTINENTAL CLUB

Sept. 4, Fri.  
 AL KOOPER AND  
 THE HOT SHOTS  
 Sept. 5, Sat.  
 VAN WILKS  
 Sept. 6, Sun.  
 LEWIS AND THE LEGENDS  
 Sept. 7, Mon.  
 ALTERNATIVE STARS  
 Sept. 8, Tues.  
 W.C. CLARK BLUES REVIEW  
 Sept. 9, Wed.  
 TEX THOMAS AND HIS  
 DANGLIN' WRANGLERS  
 Sept. 10, Thurs.  
 THE LEROI BROTHERS  
 Sept. 11, Fri.  
 AL KOOPER AND  
 THE HOT SHOTS  
 Sept. 12, Sat.  
 THE LIFT THE JITTERS  
 Sept. 13, Sun.  
 LEWIS AND THE LEGENDS  
 Sept. 14, Mon.  
 STEVIE RAY VAUGHN  
 DOUBLE TROUBLE  
 Sept. 15, Tues.  
 W.C. CLARK BLUES REVIEW  
 Sept. 16, Wed.  
 TEX THOMAS AND HIS  
 DANGLIN' WRANGLERS  
 Sept. 18, Fri.  
 D-DAY THE LIFT

**442-9904**  
**1315 S. Congress**



2915 Guadalupe  
 477-9114

Fri., Sept. 4  
**LERDY PARNELL**  
 Live Music at Happy Hour  
 Sat., Sept. 5  
**BEEZINSLAW BROS.**  
 Mon., Sept. 7  
**JESS DEMAINE**  
 "Picker's Nite"  
 Tues., Sept. 8  
**STEVE FROMHOLZ & BAND**  
 Ladies Free  
 Wed., Sept. 9  
**ELVIN BISHOP**  
 with W. C. Clark  
 Thurs., Sept. 10  
**TEX THOMAS & HIS DANGLIN' WRANGLERS**  
 w/ CHRIS O'CONNELL  
 Fri., Sept. 11  
**GATEMOUTH BROWN**  
**TEX THOMAS & HIS DANGLIN' WRANGLERS**  
 w/ CHRIS O'CONNELL  
 Sat., Sept. 12  
**GATEMOUTH BROWN**  
 w/ LEROY PARNELL  
 Mon., Sept. 14  
**STEVE FROMHOLZ & BAND**  
 "Picker's Nite"  
 Tues., Sept. 15  
**JESS DEMAINE**  
 Ladies Free  
 Wed., Sept. 16  
**KINKY FRIEDMAN**  
 Thurs., Sept. 17  
**RAY WYLIE HUBBARD**  
 w/ MARCIA BALL  
 Fri., Sept. 18  
**STEVE FROMHOLZ & BAND**  
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# MUSIC NOTES

By Margaret Moser

## Sure, They Closed Duke's, But Club Scene Still Active

It's really a shame that Duke's has closed, especially since the possibilities of its re-opening are remote. While it's easy to sit back and bemoan the loss, along with the Armadillo, Antone's, Raul's and Soap Creek, let's not forget that Austin still has a myriad of clubs that feature every conceivable sound.

Club Foot, for instance, books some of the most diverse rock acts to tour the US, as well as the best of the local scene. The Continental Club, Silver Dollar, Alamo Lounge, Backstage Bar, Copas, Steamboat, Liberty Lunch, Hondo's, and Maggie Mae's cover everything in between and then some. Jim Ramsey, promoter for the Touring Company, has brought into the Opry House **Iggy Pop**, **Split Enz** and recently the **Ramones** with **Holly and the Italians** (one of the best rock shows of the summer; Holly and the Italians turned out to be more than just this season's band and the Ramones are always great). Something for everybody.

**Butch Hancock** also has something for everybody; his label, Rainlight, is set to release two albums recorded live at the Alamo Lounge, though no date has been set. The Alamo is about the only place where you can hear **Rank and File** perform acoustically, or see **Madelaine Mercier** with **Dan Earhart** or **Bill Neely**, **Pat Mears**, **Jimmie Gilmore** and others, each with their individual style and all so much of what makes Austin the special place it is.

Hondo's once may have been an unlikely choice, but now regularly features **W.C. Clark**, **the Cobras**, and the ever-wonderful **Angela Strehle**. And although **Etta James** canceled her date, **Muddy Waters** will be there this month.

So will **Little Queenie** and the **Percolators**, **Kinky Friedman**, **Ray Wylie Hubbard**, **Augie Meyers**, **Gatemouth Brown**, and **Riders in the Sky**.

Club Foot has a hot lineup for the next few weeks — the **Go Go's** on the 10th, **Alleycats** on the 12th and the **Bongos** on the 23rd. The **Go Go's**, by the way, feature **Cathy Valentine** of Austin's first "punk" band from way back when, the **Violators**.

As far as local bands, there's the **Fabulous Thunderbirds** on the 4th and 5th, the debut of ex-Radio Planet **Cevin Cathell** with her new band the **Sapphires** on the 6th, and the **Judy's** with the **Lift** on the 19th. The **Judy's** recently released their first album, recorded just before their trip to New York earlier this summer, and already picked up for distribution by **IRS Records**.

A few of the **Psychedelic Furs** came out to the Ramones show before dropping into Club Foot. Their in-store record-signing party at Inner Sanctum packed the store solid for nearly two hours the next day, and their show totally sold out. **D-Day** featured **Will Fiveash**, another ex-Radio Planet, for their opening set that night. Hope this turns into a permanent arrangement; they sounded terrific.

Yes, that was **Peter Frampton** dancing at Mother Earth to **Morris Code** and dropping in at the Continental for **Lewis and the Legends** and Club Foot for **Dan Del Santo** (and their wonderful **Margaritas**). After his sold-out performance at the Opry House, Frampton was barely recognizable with his hair cut, but there was no mistaking

his music. Afterward he made an impromptu appearance at the Driskill, singing "Feelings" and a cocktail version of "Show Me the Way" before disappearing.

**Standing Waves** say they will be recording with **Patrick Keel**, who (recording as **the Pool**) has made some of the more innovative music to come out of Austin. This will be the first **Waves** record since they became a four-piece band; the **Waves/Keel** combination sounds exciting, since the **Waves** have yet to be really captured on vinyl.

**The Jitters**, with **Billy Pringle**, ex-Insert and Boy Problem, landed some choice dates opening for the **Rockats** here and for the **Judy's** at the Agora in Houston. . . . **Overkill** has been experimenting with video tapes of old and new bands, most from Raul's. It would be nice if this caught on since it offers limitless possibilities for bands. . . . **Radio Free Europe** just got a test pressing of their upcoming 45 from Armageddon; it should be released soon. It won't be **Dexy's Midnight Runners** who open for the **Pretenders** on the 16th at the Opry House, but an offshoot of the band called the **Bureau**. At any rate, it looks to be one of the best shows of the season, their new album being one of the best this year. **Ramones/B-52's/Talking Heads** manager Gary Kurfirst tells us **David Byrne** of **Talking Heads** is producing the **B-52's** new album and the band will probably tour late this fall. But **Talking Heads** won't be on the road until after they finish their album, sometime in '82. And if you've been waiting to buy the

**B-52's 12" Party Mix**, better hurry because they're not being pressed anymore. . . . **Willie Nelson's** appearance at the Aquafest this year set new records with more than 40,000 in attendance for his show. Playing with him that night were **Alvin Crow** and the **Pleasant Valley Boys** and special guest **Marcia Ball**. . . . What used to be known as the **Too Bitter** on 6th Street is a new venue called **Trans/Act Theatre**. I haven't been there yet, but their range of performers from **Jerry's Kids** to **Lucinda** should make for some interesting audiences. . . . **The Skunks** report plans to go in the studio, their first since both **Greg** and **Doug Murray**, ex of **Terminal Mind**, joined. Some of their best new material is coming from **Doug** as well as **Jesse Sublett**, and this will be much-awaited by the **Skunks** fans. . . . Ex-Hun **Tom Huckabee**, now living in Los Angeles, says his film, **Taking Tiger Mountain**, is nearing completion. **Tiger Mountain**, shot in Wales, includes **William S. Burroughs** in the script. . . . **The Offenders** will have a 45 out shortly. They recorded "Lost Causes/Rocking the Town" at Rampart Studios in Houston. . . . Also due out sometime soon should be a posthumous album for **Eaglebone Whistle**. . . . Hasn't **Brave Combo** been getting much well deserved attention from the press? They've had prominent write-ups in **Creem** and **New York Rocker** recently, and good notices on their album **Music for Squares**. . . . **Mike Navarro**, ex of **Joe King Carrasco**, should be pleased. He's now drumming for the **Delinquents** and though he doesn't perform on the album, we hear it's getting rave reviews all over England. . . . From Hollywood, of all places, comes the rumor that **Al Kooper** will be producing **Joe Ely's** next album. This, though, is strictly unconfirmed. . . . and that's it for this week.

### HOLE IN THE WALL

2538 Guadalupe, 472-5599.  
FRI 4 Cool Breeze  
SAT 5 Cool Breeze  
SUN 6 Java Jive  
MON 7 Take Four  
WED 9 Frank Zigal  
FRI 11 Blue Mist  
TUE 15 Dave Scheidel

### HONDO'S SALOON

2915 Guadalupe, 477-9114.  
FRI 4 Leroy Parnell  
SAT 5 Geezinslaws  
MON 7 Jess DeMaine, "pickers' night"  
TUE 8 Steven Fromholz  
WED 9 W.C. Clark Blues Review, Elvin Bishop  
THU 10 Tex Thomas, Chris O'Connell  
FRI 11 Gatemouth Brown, Tex Thomas, Chris O'Connell  
SAT 12 Gatemouth Brown, Lee Roy Parnell  
MON 14 Steven Fromholz  
TUE 15 Jess Demeaine  
WED 16 Kinky Friedman  
THU 17 Ray Wylie Hubbard, Marcia Ball

### HUT'S

807 W. 6th, 472-9114  
FRI 4 The Midnighters  
SAT 5 Omar and the Howlers  
SUN 6 Tex Thomas and his Danglin' Wranglers  
MON 7 Big Money Rhythm Section  
SAT 12 ROCK-A-DIALS  
SUN 13 Tex Thomas and his Danglin' Wranglers

### LA VILLITA INN

5510 S. Congress, 442-9119.

### LIBERTY LUNCH

405 W. 2nd St., 477-0461.  
FRI 4 Beto y los Fairlanes  
SAT 5 Beto y los Fairlanes  
SUN 6 "Liftoff" comedy revue, Rattlecats  
MON 7 Jennifer Warnes, Passenger  
TUE 8 Lotions  
WED 9 Lotions  
THU 10 Beto y los Fairlanes  
FRI 11 Extreme Heat  
SAT 12 Extreme Heat

SUN 13 Women's Space Benefit  
MON 14 Pressure  
TUE 15 Lotions  
WED 16 Gary P. Nunn  
THU 17 Beto y los Fairlanes

### LOCK, STOCK & BARREL

2700 W. Anderson Lane, 451-7521.  
Dash Riprock & the Dragons, Tuesday through Saturday

### LUMBERYARD

9200 Burnet, 837-3418.

### MAGGIE MAE'S

323 E. 6th, 478-8541.  
FRI 4 Third Rail Riders  
TUE 8 Ed Miller  
WED 9 Nina Katrina  
FRI 11 Grimalkin  
MON 14 Animal Crackers

### MOTHER EARTH

1907 E. Riverside, 443-1695.  
FRI 4 Crystal Image  
SAT 5 Crystal Image  
SUN 6 Morris Code

TUE 8-SAT 12 US Kids  
SUN 13 Van Wilks  
TUE 15-SAT 19 Vandals

### NEW APARTMENT LOUNGE

2828 Rio Grande, 478-0224.

### O'HENRY'S

504 E. 5th, 478-0411.  
SAT 5 Bobby Doyle  
MON 7 Bobby Doyle  
SAT 12 Bobby Doyle  
MON 14 Bobby Doyle

### THE OTHER SIDE

21st and Guadalupe, 473-0351.  
FRI 4 Doug Blazer  
SAT 5 Rory McLeod  
SUN 6 jam session  
MON 7 Constantin Kuzminsky  
TUE 8 Dianne McNicol  
WED 9 Casual Pain  
THU 10 play: "Put Your Hand on my Shoulder..."  
FRI 11 Emily Kaitz  
SAT 12 Darden Smith

South Austin Style Gift Shop



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SUN. SEPT. 6

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TUES. SEPT. 15  
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Saturday, September 5  
**OMAR & THE HOWLERS**

Sunday, September 6  
**TEX THOMAS & HIS DANGLIN' WRANGLERS**  
**W/CHRIS O'CONNELL**  
Monday, September 7  
**BIG MONEY RHYTHM SECTION**  
SIXTH STREET AT SHOAL CREEK

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Sunday, September 13  
**TEX THOMAS & HIS DANGLIN' WRANGLERS**  
Saturday, September 12  
**ROCK-A-DIALS**  
Saturday, September 19  
**THE LEROI BROTHERS**  
Sunday, September 20  
**TEX THOMAS & HIS DANGLIN' WRANGLERS**

# Austin Chronicle

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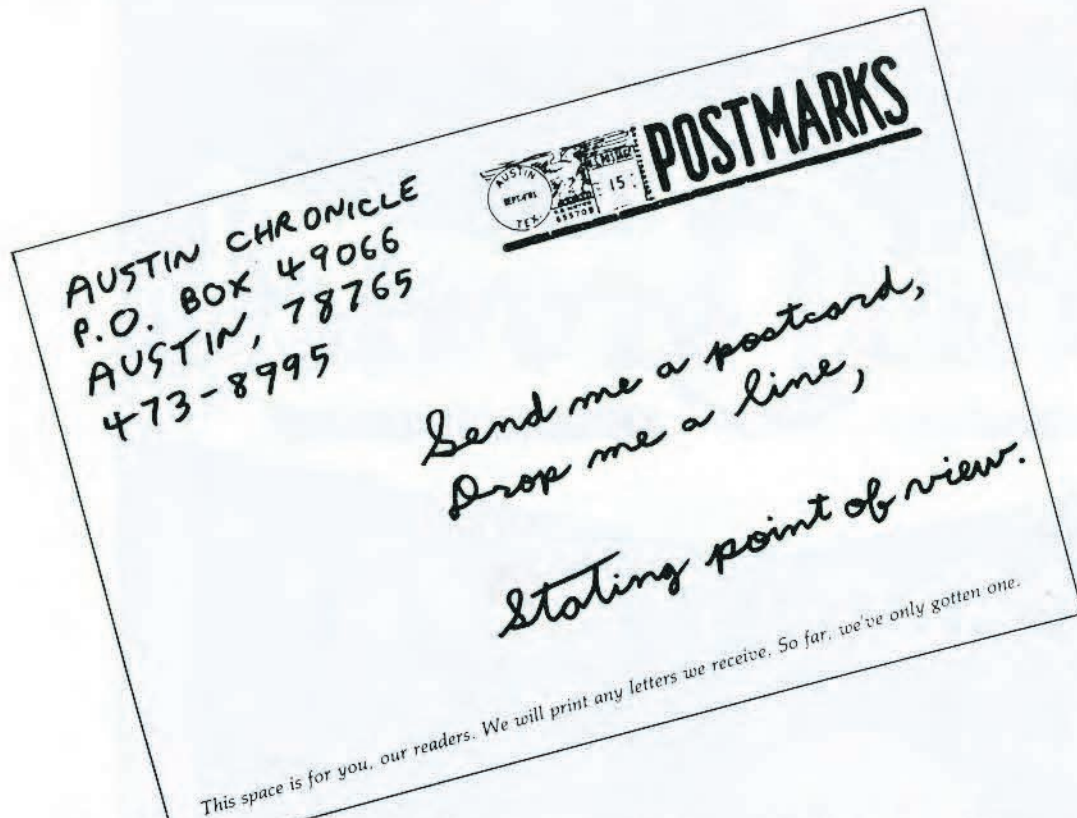
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Hey, folks. How about some more info?

K. Weegar,  
 Austin.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** We're really glad you asked that question, K. As you may or may not have noticed, we're a new magazine and since we're distributed free, that means we're betting that enough Austinites will be interested in what we have to say, with words and pictures, that it will make it worthwhile for businesses to advertise with us. That's what it comes down to for us as a business. What it comes down to for us as a magazine is that

we have to figure out what people want to see, want to know about. To do that, we have to know our audience. So SPEAK UP! We turn your question right around on you, K. Let us know something about *you*. Write letters, make obscene phone calls, throw bricks with notes on 'em through the window . . . anything. Just let us know what you think — about us and about Austin.

And if you want to put what you think in print, we've got places to print it. There's a free classified section in the back and this letter column in the front. And if you want to contribute writing, art or just info, get in touch at

the address or phone number above. Because we are simply not a complete magazine without our readers' input. For that reason, we consider ourselves not a finished product, but very much a work-in-progress. You'll see us evolve over the next few months, as we try to keep up with what you want. Inevitably, some of our experiments are going to work, and others are going to fall flat. But we might never know which ones are which, K., without your help. It's a big burden, we know, but we have faith in you, K. and we promise to make it worth your while.

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SUN 13 jam session  
 MON 14 play: "Put Your Hand on my Shoulder..."  
 TUE 15 James Douglas, Diana Fierro  
 WED 16 Frank Hill  
 THU 17 play: "Put Your Hand..."

**SHORTHORN LOUNGE**  
 5500 N. Lamar, 451-5822.  
 FRI 4 Tommy Hancock  
 SUN 6 White Line Fever  
 THU 10 Tommy Hancock  
 FRI 11 Tommy Hancock  
 SAT 12 Country Gold  
 SUN 13 White Line Fever

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 837-8899

**SNAVELEY'S**  
 614 E. 6th, 477-0365.  
 FRI 4 High Plains Drifters  
 SAT 5 High Plains Drifters  
 SUN 6 benefit for Austin Folk Music Foundation  
 TUE 8 Cedar Fever  
 FRI 11 Tim Henderson  
 SAT 12 Rising Star, Cedar Fever  
 SUN 13 benefit for Austin Folk Music Foundation  
 TUE 15 Cedar Fever

**SPELLMAN'S**  
 1401 W. 5th

**STARLITE BALLROOM**  
 1601 FM 146, Round Rock.

**STEAMBOAT**  
 403 E. 6th, 478-2912.  
 THU 3 Jennifer Warnes, Passenger  
 FRI 4 Austin All-Stars, the Blast  
 SAT 5 Austin All-Stars, Midnight Angels  
 SUN 6 Passenger  
 MON 7 Austin All-Stars  
 TUE 8 Blame

WED 9 Extreme Heat  
 THU 10 Van Wilks  
 FRI 11 Stevie Ray Vaughn and Double Trouble  
 SAT 12 Stevie Ray Vaughn and Double Trouble

SUN 13 Passenger  
 MON 14 Austin All-Stars  
 TUE 15 Austin All-Stars  
 WED 16 Extreme Heat  
 THU 17 Van Wilks

**STEPHEN'S**  
 Congress at 7th, 476-4361.

**STUMBLE INN**  
 6148 Hwy 290, Oak Hill, 892-9885.  
 THU 10 D.G. & Maggie  
 THU 17 D.G. & Maggie

**TEX LOUNGE**  
 107 W. 4th, 477-0243.  
 FRI 4 Gutter Bros.  
 SUN 6 Laura Miles  
 FRI 11 C.J. Parker  
 SUN 13 Laura Miles

**TEXAS TAVERN**  
 Texas Union, 24th & Guadalupe  
 FRI 4 Skunks, C.W. Slick, the Max  
 SAT 5 the Comedy Workshop  
 SUN 6 River City  
 TUE 8 Conjunto Atzlan  
 THU 10 Custom Fit  
 SAT 12 Hot Shots  
 SUN 13 Rabbit  
 THU 17 the Craig Calvert Group

**THREADGILL'S**  
 6416 N. Lamar, 451-5440.  
 WED 9 Kenneth Threadgill, Bill Neeley  
 WED 16 Kenneth Threadgill, Bill Neeley

**TOP HAT**  
 4600 S. Congress, 442-3362.

**TRANS-ACT**  
 222 E. 6th, 472-4654  
 FRI 4 The Renee Valencia Band

SAT 5 "The Young Mr. Douglas" with Charles Pace, 9:00 & 10:30  
 SUN 6 Carl Clark poetry reading, 10:30  
 TUE 8 Elouise Burrell with Bruce Truit  
 WED 9 Linda Ryan with Sweet Bird  
 THU 10 Nancy Scott  
 FRI 11 "Greater Tuna" at 9:00 & 11:00  
 SAT 12 "Greater Tuna" at 9:00 & 11:00

**WATERLOO ICE HOUSE**  
 906 Congress, 474-2461.  
 FRI 4 Uncle Walt's Band  
 SAT 5 Uncle Walt's Band  
 WED 9 Dan Del Santo  
 THU 10 Omar & the Howlers  
 FRI 11 Uncle Walt's Band  
 SAT 12 Uncle Walt's Band  
 WED 16 Dan Del Santo  
 THU 17 Omar & the Howlers

TUE 15 **Electric Light Orchestra**, Erwin Center  
**Pretenders, Bureau**, Austin Opry House  
 SUN 13 **Dallas Symphony Orchestra**, IUT Performing Arts Center  
**Rockets**, Austin Opry House  
 WED 16 **Kinky Friedman**, Hondo's  
 FRI 18 **Tubes**, Municipal Auditorium  
 SAT 19 **Judys**, Club Foot  
 SAT 19 **Dave Grissman**, Paramount  
 MON 21 **Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers**, Erwin Center  
 WED 23 **Bongos**, Club Foot  
 THU 24 **Fast**, Club Foot  
 FRI 25 **Brave Combo**, Texas Tavern  
**Michael Murphy**, Hogg Auditorium  
**Caswell Carnahan**, Maggie Mae's  
**Emmylou Harris**, Erwin Center  
**Austin Friends of Traditional Music**, Paramount

## CONCERTS

WED 10 **Go-Go's**, Club Foot  
**Riders of the Sky**, Hondo's  
 FRI 11 **Burt Bacharach, Carole Bayer Sager**, Erwin Center  
**Joe Ely**, Hogg Auditorium  
 SAT 12 **Alleycats**, Club Foot

**OCTOBER**  
 SAT 3 **Texas Playboys, Drifting Cowboys**, Texas Union Ballroom  
 MON 5 **Pat Benatar, David Johansen**, Erwin Center  
 WED 7 **Commodores**, Erwin Center  
 MON 12 **Rod Steward**, Erwin Center  
 WED 14 **Chuck Mangione**, Erwin Center

## WEEKEND GUIDE

ALAMO  
 AUSTIN OUTHOUSE  
 BROKEN SPOKE  
 CHEATHAM STREET  
 CLUB FOOT  
 CONTINENTAL CLUB  
 COPA'S  
 DONN'S DEPOT  
 FOLKVILLE  
 HOLE IN THE WALL  
 HONDO'S  
 LIBERTY LUNCH  
 MAGGIE MAE'S  
 MOTHER EARTH  
 SHORTHORN  
 SNAVELEY'S  
 STEAMBOAT  
 TEXAS TAVERN  
 WATERLOO ICE HOUSE

ALAMO  
 AUSTIN OUTHOUSE  
 BROKEN SPOKE  
 CLUB FOOT  
 CONTINENTAL CLUB  
 COPA'S  
 DONN'S DEPOT  
 FOLKVILLE  
 HOLE IN THE WALL  
 HONDO'S  
 LIBERTY LUNCH  
 MAGGIE MAE'S  
 MOTHER EARTH  
 OTHER SIDE  
 SHORTHORN  
 SNAVELEY'S  
 TEXAS TAVERN  
 WATERLOO ICE HOUSE

FRIDAY, SEPT 4  
**Lucinda**  
**Frog & Lizard**  
**People's Choice**  
**Rock Candy**  
**Fabulous T-Birds**  
**Al Kooper**  
**Passenger**  
**Donn Adelman**  
**Eric Taylor**  
**Cool Breeze**  
**Lee Roy Parnell**  
**Beto**  
**Third Rail Riders**  
**Crystal Image**  
**Tommy Hancock**  
**High Plains Drifters**  
**Austin All-Stars**  
**Skunks**  
**Uncle Walt's Band**  
 FRIDAY, SEPT. 11  
**Rory McLeod**  
**Dinosaurs**  
**C.W. Slick**  
**Standing Waves**  
**Al Kooper**  
**Passenger**  
**Donn Adelman**  
**Houseboats**  
**Blue Mist**  
**Gatmouth Brown**  
**Extreme Heat**  
**Grimalkin**  
**U.S. Kids**  
**Emily Kaitz**  
**Tommy Hancock**  
**Tim Henderson**  
**Uncle Walt's Band**

SATURDAY, SEPT 5  
**Bill Neely**  
**Dollar Short**  
**Country Strings**  
**Tragic Terror**  
**Fabulous T-Birds**  
**Van Wilks**

Loy Blanton  
 Sid Panfish Band  
 Cool Breeze  
 Geezinslaws  
 Beto

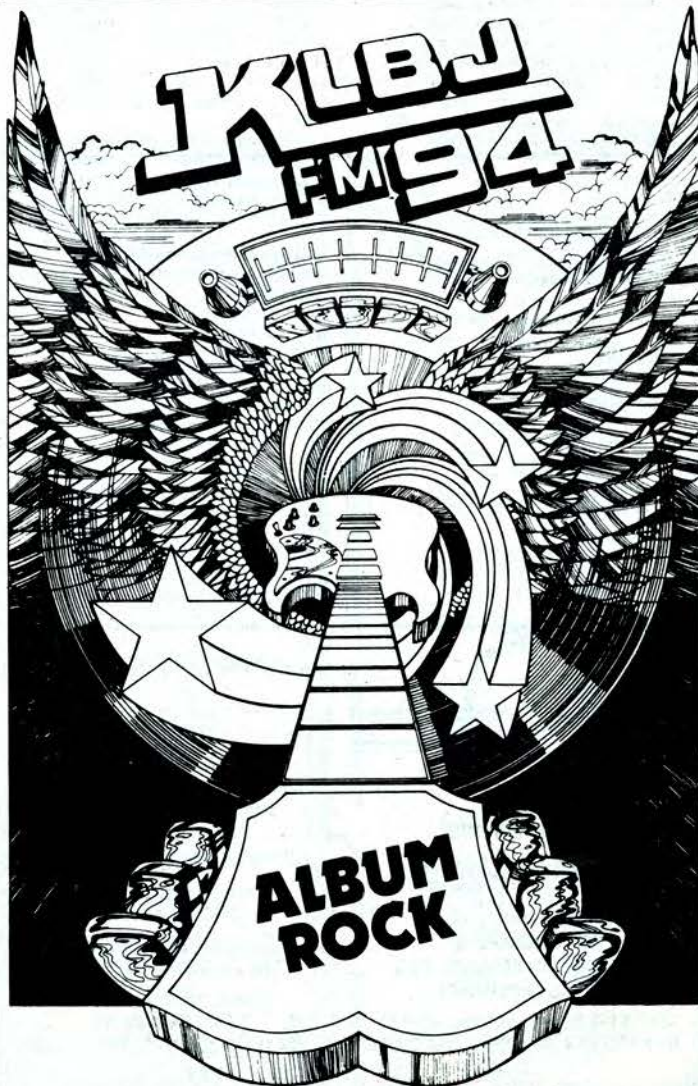
Crystal Image

High Plains Drifters  
 Austin All-Stars  
 Comedy Workshop  
 Uncle Walt's Band  
 SATURDAY, SEPT. 12  
**Rank & File**  
**Frog & Lizard**  
**Diamond Back**  
**Alleycats**  
**Lewis & the Legends**

Loy Blanton  
 Fowler Bros.

Gatmouth Brown  
 Extreme Heat

U.S. Kids  
 Darden Smith  
 Country Gold  
 Cedar Fever  
 Hot Shots  
 Uncle Walt's Band



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## GALLERIES

Compiled by Bejou Merry

**AIR GALLERY**, 414 E. 6th, 476-3592. Current show of homey, atmospheric, colorful prints by Bill Hall; moody, intellectual prints by Lee Chesney; and small, black, compact sculptures by Gerald Patrick. Closes Sept. 10. Beginning Sept. 13, a one-person show by Barbara Sturgill, who does huge acrylics full of aloe vera, childhood tactics and constructions that look like fun.

**ALTERNATE SPACE GALLERY** at the Unitarian Church of Austin, 4700 Grover, 452-6168. An exhibit of photos by Austinite Larry Murphy opens Sept. 6.

**RUTH BORINSTEIN ART GALLERY**, 1701 West Ave., 472-6943. Contemporary American and European masters. Better than the picture books. Ongoing with periodic shows.

**DOUGHERTY ART CENTER**, 1110 Barton Springs Road, 477-5824. See: Recommended.

**EL TALLER**, 723/725 E. 6th, 473-8693. Handsome showcase for Amado Pena, Austin artist gone big, and his former student, Liese Scott. Contemporary southwest art: lithos, posters, watercolors. Pena's is investment art. Also wood furniture by Hand Feats & Richwood Designs.

**GALERIE RAVEL**, 1210 W. Fifth, 474-2628. Works in acrylic and sand by Tezucano, a corner. From Sept. 11 to 30th.

**KERBEY LANÉ GALLERIES**, 3706 Kerbey Lane, 454-7054. Sculptor show by locals, followed by July pottery show with weavers featured come fall. Always worth a visit. Area artful craftsfolk displayed. A friendly place.

**MATRIX**, 713 E. Sixth, 479-0068. If you think stained glass means butterflies for your windows and saints' portraits for cathedrals, hurry to Austin's only art glass gallery. What these Austin and Dallas glass artists have done to their medium will lighten your perspective. Susan Stinsmuehlen continues her nit-picking kitsch-laden X series, raising gee-gaws to immortality. Carl Powell's elegant near-musical works in clear glass calm your mind while Roal Enix recreates the choices of a canvas at a glass-neck frenzy. A very interesting show. Closes Oct. 2.

**LAGUNA GLORIA ART MUSEUM**, 3809 W. 35th, 458-8191. Gain a new perspective on what your fall wardrobe could look like by gandering at these bold, playful, decorative fabric works. "Five on Fabric" includes Robert Kushner's huge paper dollish works, Kim MacConnel's bold designs, Howardena Pindell's wonderful sequin-laden stitched canvas paintings, Lucas Samaras' sewn fabric "Reconstructions" and our fave, Miriam Schapiro's painted fabric collages. No trouble understanding these. Up till Oct. 11.

features three photographers: Anthony Barboza (portraits), Jo Ann Callis (ravens & strawberry cake; nearly commercial w/interesting perspectives) & John Pfahl (window views of various geographic addresses). Enlightening. May 22-July 5th.

**LAGUNA GLORIA AT FIRST FEDERAL**, 200 E. 10th, 477-1757. Photographs by Laguna's main documentary man, Frank Armstrong, opens Sept. 3, 8-10 p.m., closes Sept. 22.

**NI-WO-DI-HI GALLERIES**, 900 Rio Grande, 473-3049. Various contemporary Native American Indian artists' paintings, watercolors, jewelry. Quick trip to big buck Indian psyche & skill. Periodic shows.

**PATRICK GALLERY**, 721 E. 6th, 472-4741. If you didn't get your seaside vacation, come here for a quick trip to nature depicted by 14 artists. Breezy.

## CLASSICAL

Compiled by KMFA-FM, 89.5

WED. 9 *The New River City Wind Ensemble* performs at Highland Mall. Free.

SUN. 13 *The Dallas Symphony Orchestra* performs at the Performing Arts Center Concert Hall. Call 471-1444 for more information.

## DANCE

Compiled by Cynthia Alexander

FRI. 4 *Austin Repertory Dance* presents a studio performance of ARD's Summer Workshop of student choreography at 605 Neches. Admission is free.

SAT. 5 *Austin Repertory Dancers Plus* perform at the Paramount Theatre, 713 Congress, at 8 p.m., featuring works by Yacov Sharir, Sharon Vasquez and Robert Small.

SAT. 12 *Improvisationss at Studio 29*, featuring Diana Prechter, Beverly Bajame, Tim Hurst, Jimmy Turner and Kent Cole. At Studio 29, 2900 Rio Grande at 8:30 p.m.

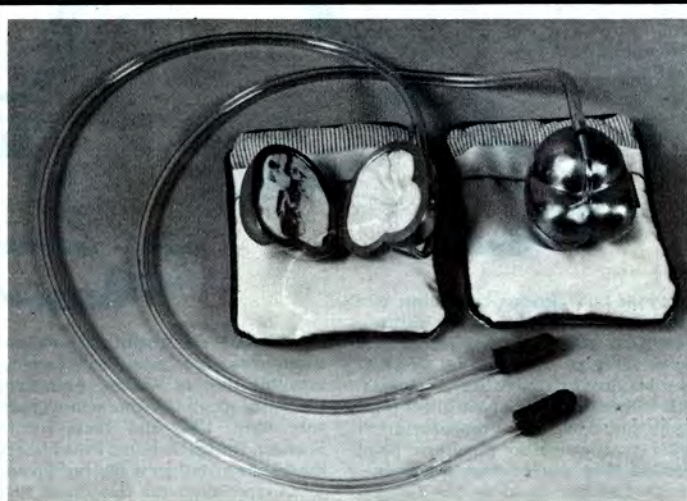
MON. 14 *Deborah Hay* shows her techniques of movement vocabulary and

individual movement repertory at Womenspace, 2330 Guadalupe, at 7 p.m. Admission is free.

TUE. 15 *Fiesta at Symphony Square* featuring dance and music from Mexico's various regions by UT Folklorico and Austin Independent School District students at 1101 Red River at 7:30 p.m. Call 451-1688 or 471-1224 for additional information.

*National Folk Dancers of the People's Republic of China*. Performing Arts Center at U.T. Call 471-1444 for more information.

WED. 16 *Celebracion*, by Ballet East, Ballet Folklorico Atzlan de Tejas and Compania de Artes Espanolas de San Antonio at the Paramount Theatre, 713 Congress, at 8 p.m. Tickets \$4, \$2 for children. For more information call 478-8716.



## RECOMMENDED

Get a load of six Austin female artists' work. Ranging from sexuality studies to feminist art by Deborah Vanko to portraits of Barton Springs dwellers by photographer Michelle Campbell, sensuous sculptures by Deborah Morris and dream-laden clay boats and vessels by Lynn Wolfe to stunning, sophisticated works in metal by

Gail Fisher and raw scenes from dreams by Santa Barraza. A significant portion of each woman's work allows viewer to grasp the artist's concerns. Choose a tape and learn real life secrets of Bejou Merry. No hiding behind b.s. intellectualism here. Opens Sept. 3 at Dougherty Art Center 7-10 p.m. with 9 p.m. sound poetry reading by Bejou Merry.

frederick's  
OF HOLLYWOOD

(from p.4)

the more people do that, the more respectable it becomes. And soon, there's a whole market out there that didn't exist before. All of South Austin will be wearing underthings made with only one thing — carnal sex — in mind.

At least that's what Frederick's hopes. It's a classic case of how to build a market in a free enterprise system and it's not just Frederick's. Recently, a new six-plex porn theatre opened on the other side of South Austin, and sales of hard-core videotapes continue to rise.

Funny thing is that at the same time that Frederick's and video porn are establishing themselves in suburbia, the government is cracking down on massage parlors and head shops and putting a prohibitive tax on porn movie arcades, and there's a nationwide boycott on against immoral television programming.

And you'll notice a curious thing about the way the sides line up on issues like this. The so-called "conservatives,"

who should presumably oppose government intervention into private enterprise, are screaming for new laws to protect the public. Meanwhile, the "liberals," who ought to be holding up the banner of using government to promote social welfare, are the first to rally to the side of every sleazy pervert who gets caught sodomizing 6-year-old girls for fun and profit.

So what does it all mean? Beats me. All I know is, we've got a new shopping center in town, and it's got a new store in it. Here's to Barton Creek Mall. The Zilker Posse can say what they like about the mall itself, but you've got to admire a place whose one original contribution to local culture is Frederick's of Hollywood.

## THEATRE

Compiled by Alex Plaza

### CONTRIBUTIONS

U.T.'s Drama Department presents an encore showing of Ted Shine's sensitive, bittersweet comedy about race relations in the Deep South on the eve of Civil Rights legislation in the '60s. Sept. 9-11 at the Theatre Room on the U.T. campus. \$4, \$3 w/U.T. ID 471-1444.

### ESTHER'S FOLLIES

A new comedy show from Austin's oldest comedy troupe, featuring musical acts ranging from The Clone Family crooning Beatle favorites to the Jalapeno Chorus performing renditions from Mahler and Handel. 9 p.m. Thursdays; 9 & 11 p.m. Fridays; 8:30, 10:15, and midnight on Saturdays, at Esther's Pool, 515 E. Sixth, 474-9381.

### NASHVILLE ROAD

World premiere of a country/western musical written by Austin playwrights Rod Russell and Isabella Ides, the story of a young man's search for fame and fortune in Nashville. Wednesday through Saturday at 8 p.m.; Sundays at 6 p.m., beginning Sept. 11. Fri. & Sat. — \$8; other days — \$6. Center Stage Theatre, 326 E. Sixth, 477-1012.

### ON THE BRIDGE AT MIDNIGHT

A classic melodrama focusing on the efforts of a nasty villain to thwart the happiness of a dashing hero and his damsel in distress. Thursday, Friday and Saturday at 8 p.m., through Sept. 12. \$5 adults; \$2.50 children. Austin Cabaret Theatre, Village Shopping Center, 454-2591.

### THE YOUNG MR. DOUGLAS

Charles Pace, best known for his performance with the Afro-American Players, stars in a one-man drama based on the life of black abolitionist leader Frederick Douglass. Sept. 5 & 6 at 8 & 10:30 p.m. at the Trans Act Theatre, 222 E. Sixth, 472-4654.

### ZOO STORY

Edward (*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*) Albee's landmark off-Broadway play dramatizes the plight of two men in Central Park, confronted with the constraints of middle-class morality. G. Dutch Thompson and Edward Vizard are the cast in this actor-oriented production, directed by Cabaret Theatre wunderkind Lisa Chernow. Through Sept. 12 at the Fifth Street Playhouse, 120 W. Fifth, 472-9733.

## FIFTH STREET PLAYHOUSE

When Mike Nichols adapted Edward Albee's play "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" for the screen, he made certain changes. The first person to identify the major changes in setting will receive a pair of tickets to Albee's *Zoo Story*, currently playing at the Fifth Street Playhouse. Send all entries to P.O. Box 49066, Austin, 78765. Winners will be notified by phone, so please include a number where you may be reached. Contest ends Wednesday, Sept. 9.

(Special thanks to Fifth Street Playhouse!)



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RECYCLE  
THIS PAPER

## Who's No. 1?

### Wolverines Have Softest Schedule

By Scott Bowles

Well, gee, this is the time of year that everybody makes college football predictions, and seeing as the NCAA and CFA appear to be bent on destroying the game as we know it, I'd better go ahead and make them myself. This could be my last chance to do so.

But how do you predict a national champion? Pick the team that should be the strongest by the end of the year? Sounds reasonable, but my gosh, Georgia won it last year, and they certainly didn't have the nation's best team. But they did manage to go undefeated, and since nobody else did, that made them No. 1.

So obviously, when doing this sort of predicting, you've got to pick the team most likely to finish the regular season undefeated. (It's idiotic to try to pick the bowls; the selection process is so quirky that you can't even begin to guess who's going to play where until Thanksgiving.) And that being the case, it makes things easy. You've got to go with Michigan.

I mean, just look at their schedule. If Ohio State looks as bad this season as they did at the end of last season (and they should be even worse), then the only game the Wolverines might lose is their second, against Notre Dame. The Irish, by the end of the season, should have one of the two or three best teams in the country. But when they play Michigan in the middle of September, the offense will still be working out the bugs in the new wide-open scheme that coach Gerry Faust is bringing in and will likely get smothered by the excellent Michigan defense. And heck, even if Michigan were to lose that game, it's so early in the season that a loss would have been forgotten by the time of the season-ending polls. So Michigan's a clear choice.

So what if Michigan loses that game? Who's got the next-best chance of finishing undefeated? Well, the major college playing the most garbage teams will once again be the Georgia Bulldogs. But the 'Dogs probably used up a decade's worth of good fortune in winning the national championship last year. Georgia won seven of 12 games by a touchdown or less; chances are a couple of those results will be reversed, most likely Clemson and/or Florida. And unless Georgia goes undefeated again, they won't attain an especially high national ranking by clubbing the likes of Vanderbilt and Temple.

So the next-best bet for finishing the regular season undefeated is probably Pittsburgh. Sure, they actually play two tough teams this year and have only one starter back on defense. But the Panthers shouldn't have many problems with the early part of the schedule, and when they play the two tough teams, Florida State and Penn State, their opponents are going to be doing well just to be standing up. The Seminoles will be completing a four-game nightmare that begins with successive contests against Nebraska,

Ohio State and Notre Dame, while the Nittany Lions will come to town having just played Alabama and Notre Dame back-to-back.

So does anybody else have a good chance to go unbeaten? Well, there's North Carolina; the Tarheels did lose outstanding players like Amos Lawrence and Donnell Thompson, but they're still in the Atlantic Coast Conference and they don't play Oklahoma this season. N.C. dominated the ACC last season, beating

everyone but Clemson by at least two touchdowns, and though the Tarheels won't be as good, they could still conceivably go unbeaten. But so what? North Carolina cannot win a national title without winning a New Year's bowl game and though they probably aren't good enough to do so, it's a moot point because they won't be invited to one. North Carolina could be like Georgia last year, the fluke team of the season; if they're 12-0, the Tarheels could win it all — if everybody else is 10-2.

Brigham Young has a better chance of going undefeated than anybody else; they don't play *anybody* any good.

Big deal. The WAC's bowl tie-up automatically sends BYU to the Holiday Bowl to play a low-prestige also-ran from the Big Ten or SWC or someplace. If BYU wins, it was to be expected; if they lose, everyone carps about how they don't play a competitive schedule. So what's their problem? They need a competitive schedule.

Nobody else is a good bet to go undefeated; most everybody else plays three or more good teams and that stretches the odds too far. The other way to win a national title is to lose one early but finish strong. The ways the polls work, it's not so much a matter of to whom you lose, but rather, when you lose to them. For instance, last season Michigan lost two of its first three games, including one to Notre Dame. Notre Dame lost two games as well, but the Irish lost their last two. And both final polls had Michigan ranked No. 4, Notre Dame rated at the bottom of the top 10.

So since conference games tend to come later than non-conference games for most teams, the teams in unbalanced conferences would stand the next-best chance of winning the national title. And that of course points to the Big Ten and Big Eight. We covered the Big Ten already, so that leaves the Big Eight. Or rather, Oklahoma and Nebraska. Or probably Oklahoma, since Nebraska

never beats them. Regardless, whichever team wins that game will have an excellent shot at winning everything. Both play tough non-conference opponents early, USC and Texas for the Sooners, Florida State and Penn State for the Huskers, but in a Big Eight which looks especially weak this season (only Iowa State appears capable of competing for a minor bowl bid among the also-rans), neither should lose any league games. The OU-Nebraska winner not only gets a big boost in the ratings for beating a highly rated team late in the season, they get a slot in the Orange Bowl as well.

Conversely, the Southwest Conference is balanced enough that everybody ought to lose at least one league game and that pretty much takes everybody out of the national title chase. Even if the conference winner emerges with a 10-1 record (not an unlikely proposition), only Texas has the national prestige to draw a Cotton Bowl opponent the beating of whom could result somehow in a No. 1 ranking. If SMU or Houston gets the Cotton, forget it.

The Pac-10 teams are in a similar situation. Last year's champ, Washington, lost two games in conference. And if anything, the league appears to be more balanced this season. USC could wake up and dominate the conference, but the Trojans must replace their defensive backfield this season, a weakness that will almost certainly prove fatal at least once in that pass-happy conference.

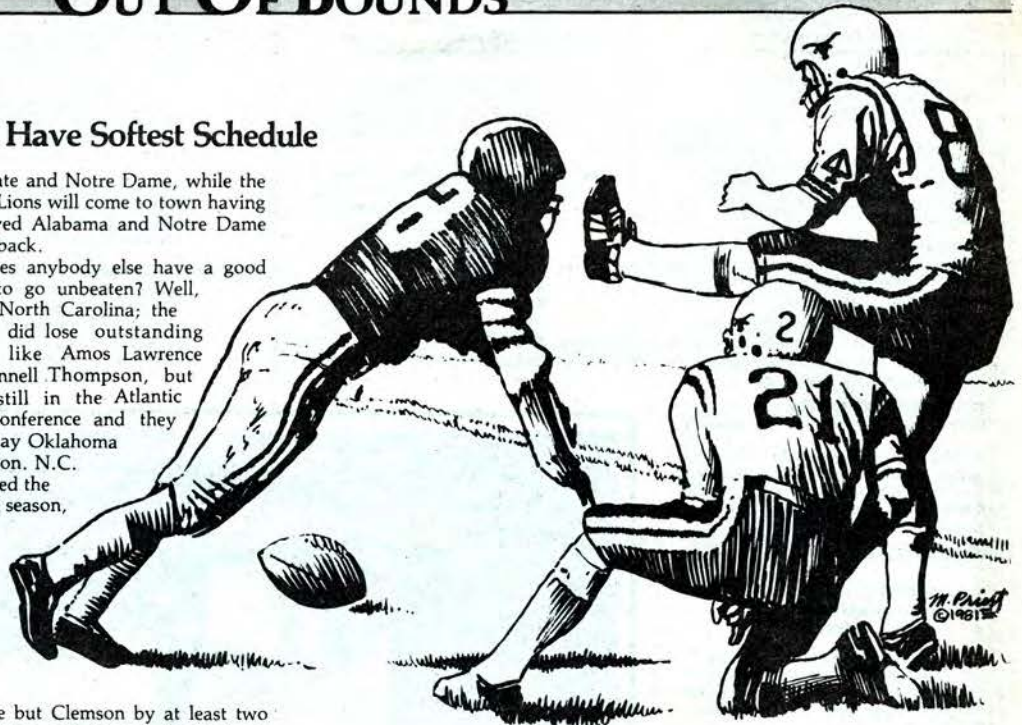
Of course, the Southeastern Conference will have a national title contender because it has Alabama. But Alabama will be a contender this season more because they're Alabama and don't have a real tough schedule than because they're a great team. The defense will still be rugged, but the offense lost seven starters and since the Tide only scored three points in their two losses last year, 'Bama should be in trouble every time they run up against a good defensive

team. Mind you, there are only a couple of them on Alabama's schedule — Mississippi State and Penn State — but as those games come at the end of the season, the chances are good that 'Bama will lose one late and thus get knocked out of the title race as they were last year.

So that leaves the independents. But most of the ones which are any good have murderous schedules this season. Florida State draws Nebraska, Ohio State, Notre Dame, Pitt, LSU, Miami and Florida. Penn State has that horrible season-ending set of Alabama, Notre Dame and Pitt. Miami plays Florida, Houston, Texas, Mississippi State, Penn State, Florida State and Notre Dame. Count all of them out. Even Notre Dame has a much tougher schedule than they usually have — Florida State, USC, Penn State and Miami in addition to the Michigan game — but they shouldn't be counted out as summarily. If the Irish can survive either the Michigan game or midseason contests with Florida State and USC, they should be in good shape at the season's end. Besides, Notre Dame would finish in the top 10 if they went 7-5.

Anyway, what follows is a top 20, based not upon relative ability, but rather on relative chances to finish high in the polls:

1. Michigan
2. Pittsburgh
3. Oklahoma
4. Notre Dame
5. Nebraska
6. Alabama
7. Penn State
8. Georgia
9. USC
10. Texas
11. North Carolina
12. Mississippi State
13. BYU
14. Stanford
15. Florida
16. SMU
17. UCLA
18. Florida State
19. Ohio State
20. Oregon



# Comics

## AUSTIN-TAGIOUS @ Chapter 1: EVOLUTION, or, "If it ain't one thing, it's another" by JAXON



## PLANET OLD

by Sam Hurt



## THE GABEEGA BOYS

by guy juke and danny garrett @79



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### PERSONALS

SELFISH, INSINCERE MALE, 27, seeks emasculating older woman for friendship, possible marriage. Sense of humor a must. Reply to P.O. Box 49066, Austin, TX 78765.

WALL CARP. Water turbulent. Activate sperm whale. Salt Lake. 815-1330. —Buick

IGNORANCE OF YOUR CULTURE is not considered cool. —The Residents

THERE'S A HOLD-UP in the Bronx. Brooklyn's broken out in fights. There's a traffic jam in Harlem that's backed up to Jackson Heights. There's a scout troop short a child. Khrushchev's due at Idlewild. Car 54, where are you? —NYC.

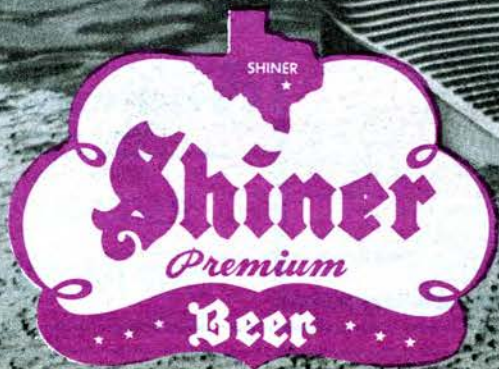
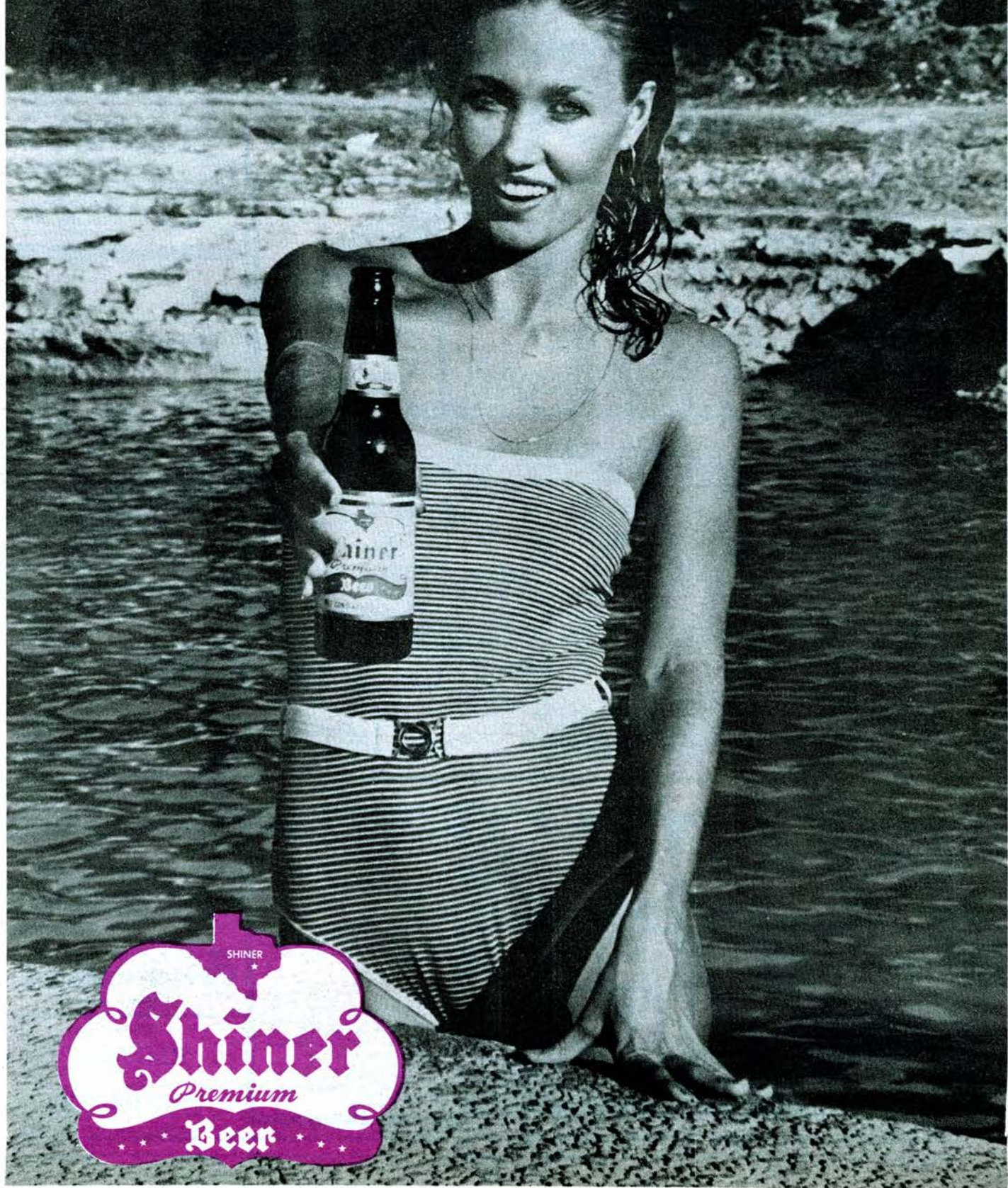
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**COMMERCIAL CLASSIFIEDS** — If you charge for a service, even if you are a non-profit organization, you must pay for your ad. The rate is 25 cents per word, with a 12 word (or \$3) minimum. All classifieds must be paid in advance, and will be repeated automatically if you enclose payment to cover additional insertions.  
**FREE CLASSIFIEDS** — Individuals and non-profit organizations may place one classified ad per issue, of not more than 30 words. Over 30 words, add \$3 for each additional 30 words. Free ads run in only one issue. Ads not received by deadline are held for the following issue.  
Classified ads conform to a standard format: special headlines, capitalization, spacing, stars, etc. are not available, except in the case of **DISPLAY CLASSIFIEDS**, which are available at a rate of \$10 per column inch.



# COOL OFF WITH A NATURAL



# 3-D Gimmick Springs At Filmgoers Again

By Ed Lowry

With the release of Filmways' *Comin' at Ya*, 3-D returns to the American movie screen, but it's anybody's guess whether it's here to stay. What's really comin' at ya is a trial balloon and a lot of industry hype.

If Hollywood soothsayers have their way, that quintessentially 50s *Life* magazine photo of a theater full of bespectacled movie watchers may not seem so quaint any more. Banking on the hope that we're all anxious to don 3-D glasses, United Artists Theatres announced last April that they would be spending \$60 million over the next four years to produce six major 3-D features. A process they call "Stereospace 3-D" will supposedly revolutionize the stereoscopic process, eliminate audience eye-strain and open a new world to the creative filmmaker. But we'll still have to wear those glasses.

Back in the early 50s, when TV was taking its toll and movie attendance hit its deepest slump, 3-D was marketed along with such gimmicks as Cinerama and Smell-O-Vision in an attempt to give audiences what they couldn't get from the video tube.

Soon everybody wanted to cash in on 3-D movies. The process was used to enhance the horror effects of *House of Wax* and *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*, and Alfred Hitchcock even shot *Dial M for Murder* in the third dimension. By the time *Dial M* was ready for release in 1954, however, the public was tired of wearing their shades, and the studio execs decided to send the movie to the theatres flat. In fact, *Dial M* was never shown publicly in 3-D until a couple of years ago when a resourceful New York revival theatre located an original print and screened it to an enthusiastic reception.

Technology has definitely improved, though. Those famous red and blue glasses are a thing of the past. They were only good for black & white movies anyway, since one image on the screen was projected in red and the other in blue, producing a volatile orange glow somewhere on the viewer's retina so that nothing like natural color could be simulated. The process for color movies is much more satisfying. It employs glasses with each lens polarized in an opposite direction so that only one of the polarized images on the screen reaches each eye and colors come through almost perfectly. If we are to believe United Artists, all the bugs have been worked out. But United Artists didn't get there first.

The new harbinger of 3-D is *Comin' at Ya*, a stereoscopic Italian Western purchased by Filmways. Presented in "Dimensionscope 3-D" and filmed in something called "Optimax III," the film melds 3-D effects with the operatic stylistics of the spaghetti Western. Its star, Tony Anthony, is a big name in Italy with only a handful of fans west of the Mediterranean. So, as indicated by the film's American title and its ad campaign, Filmways decided to push the 3-D instead of the movie.



In fact, *Comin' at Ya* is not "the first major feature film to be shot in the 3-D process in more than 25 years," as its press material claims. Ten years ago an X-rated extravaganza called *The Stewardesses* thrust three-dimensional body parts into the faces of its audience, and in 1974 Andy Warhol's cohort Paul Morrissey gave us the ultra-gory, high-camp *Frankenstein* with some of the cleverest 3-D effects ever foisted on the public. 3-D never went away entirely.

Hopefully, this time we'll find out what 3-D is good for, and that means putting the process in the hands of those who might think as much of the movie they're making as the process they're using. *Halloween II* was originally supposed to be shot in 3-D, but those plans fell through — and anyway, John Carpenter isn't even directing it. There was also an unsupported rumor George Romero might do a 3-D version of Part III of his *Living Dead* trilogy. And just imagine what might happen if a whiz kid like Stanley Kubrick decided to turn his high tech genius to stereoscopy. If the 3-D craze develops according to plan, we can only hope it lasts long enough so that somebody gets a chance to develop a 3-D aesthetic before they're caught short like Alfred Hitchcock.



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## 1981 RACE DATES

American Quarter Horse Association Races

SEPTEMBER	OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
26, 27	3, 10	7, 14, 21	5, 6, 12

Paint, Appaloosa, Q H and Thoroughbred Races

SEPTEMBER	NOVEMBER
12, 19	15, 22

### COMING AT YA!

It appears as though the 3-D craze of the 1950s may be in for a return visit. We have passes to the new 3-D film, *Coming at Ya!* for the first three people (each pass good for two) who can answer the following question:

**What Mike Hammer film was shot in 3-D and who played Hammer**

We will take answers at 473-8995 between 5 and 5:30 p.m. Wednesday Sept. 9

(Special thanks to AMC Theaters)

## frederick's OF HOLLYWOOD SUBURBAN SLEAZE

By Nick Barbaro

Now that the hue and cry about the construction and opening of Barton Creek Square Mall has died down a little, the one extraordinary thing about the shopping center itself is how totally ordinary it is.

Every place out there is a branch of some store that already exists in Austin. Well, all right, there are a few record shops and boutiques and the like with different names from the stores in Highland Mall, but the same stuff inside. (There is one store that sells nothing but artificial animals, but that's a weirder concept than I care to comment upon.) But with apologies to all of those no doubt worthy places of business, the thought that there are now 16 more shoe stores in the city than there were a month ago just doesn't do much for me.

But Frederick's of Hollywood — now that's something new for Austin. Frederick's has been titillating and scandalizing the land for years, but mostly by mail order. Now Austin has its very own Frederick's retail outlet, with offerings like (from their latest mail order catalog) topless push-up corsets, padded derrieres and a wide array of vinyl products.

It's all wonderfully tacky stuff in its own right, but the really great thing about Frederick's is that it brings all this porn kitsch right into the heart of mid-America. The next time you want to buy the little lady a nippleless bra and crotchless panties for that romantic present, you don't have to go down to the wino district to some dump where the windows are boarded-up and you have to knock twice and ask for Lefty. Now you can just pop on over to Barton Creek, walk right in, just like you would to any other store, and buy your panties right across the counter.

There's no telltale brown paper wrapper, and when you leave, you don't have to be careful no one you know sees you, because you're smack in the middle of Austin's most modern, upstanding Center of Commerce. (In fact, Frederick's sits between Gingsiss Formalwear and Motherhood Maternity. I'm sure there's a moral in there somewhere, but I wouldn't touch it with a 10-foot pole.)

Think about it — thousands of people who've never seen crotchless panties before in their lives will pass by that store every day. Some of them will go in and some of them will buy things they probably never even knew existed. And

(continued on p. 21)

## Fashion for the Nineties

By Sarah Whistler

Fashion has traditionally been an imported commodity for those of us living in the wild West. Texas isn't as wild as it once was; we now produce almost everything we need, right here in the sticks. But, until recently, we've had to wait for word from the big cities back East about what to wear. Well, London Fabrics, along with 12 Texas designers, is helping to change all that.

On September 12, London Fabrics will sponsor the Vogue Patterns Portfolio, a traveling trunk style show, featuring the designs of fashion heavyweights like Calvin Klein, Bill Blass, Perry Ellis, Yves St. Laurent and Albert Nipon. The shop has presented this show in Austin for the past three years. But this year, we'll get a glimpse of something different. For the first time, local designers will have a chance to present their work alongside the big shots. I don't know what Calvin Klein has cooked up for fall, but the local talent should make the show worth seeing.

Among the 12 Texas designers represented will be E. Ann Elam, who designs clothes for the Texas climate. She will present a "dancehall dress" at the show made from unbleached muslin sheeting that she gets from the Amish in Pennsylvania.

Another designer, Jerri Kunz, will show "evening wear for the man and woman of 1990." She'll feature something called a "Judy Jetson costume" and will introduce her "cupcake trousers." Angela Blanchard, who incorporates tatting, embroidery and crochet into her work, will also be represented at the show and another local designer, J.J. Levy, will show her hand-quilted creations.

London's II, at the West Anderson Plaza, will be the setting for this showcase of local fashions, with shows at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Tickets for the shows are \$5 and will benefit Camp Horizon, a summer camp for special children. Advance tickets are available at any of the London Fabrics stores.

We might do well to consider the advantages of supporting these local designers. Because they live here, they can best understand what clothes fit our lifestyles and our tastes — maybe even our bodies. The clothes that came in the trunk from the Vogue Patterns people specify the following vital statistics for the women who model these clothes: height: 5' 7", measurements: 32½-25-34½. I'm going to go just to see the people they found who could fit into the clothes.



©1971 CHARLTON PRODUCTIONS INC.  
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# CHRONICLES

## Latin Show Surprising

By Greg Beal

Stepping into U.T.'s Huntington Gallery, I found myself confronting a slight, shimmering arrow, a silver-blue metallic wall sculpture that beckoned me onward into a dazzling exhibit of contemporary Latin American Art. Astoundingly, this show has been culled entirely from the University's permanent collection of art. Exuding energy and delight as well as a socio-political awareness, the textured canvasses swell in a rhythm of furious colors (though unfortunately the exhibit is now only half its original self, the upstairs graphics having been recently removed).

If there were a single piece that could convey the essence of the exhibit, it might be Venezuelan Jose Davila's "I am the Son of the Windowcleaner who appeared from the Abyss." With its floating surreal tableaux, separate and yet ever-connected, Davila's canvass overwhelms the eye as it plays at once into the painterly visions of de Chirico and Orozco and the literary dreamscapes of Borges and Marquez.

Other favorites of mine include: Antonio Segui's "Napoleon," seemingly a reaction to American Larry Rivers' reaction to David's 1804 portrait of the French general; Jose Aguilar's "labacaria," with its day-glow words leaping out from a dark ground; Alfredo Castenada's "La Afficcion de San

Marcos," which nods to surrealism in an eerie sort of way; and Nemesio Antunez' "Estadio Negro," a chill memory of the dread days that marked the end of the Allende regime in Chile.

Throughout the exhibit raptured, faceless portraits stare out, lost in the reality of Latin America in the third quarter of the 20th Century, when change that once seemed near at hand now seems far distant. Within the playful context that characterizes many of these works, vivid and terrifying glimpses of repression and subjugation surface again and again.

The exhibit of contemporary Latin American art runs through September 13 at the Huntington Art Gallery at the corner of 23rd and San Jacinto on the U.T. campus.

## Record Store Rated by 'Oui'

By Louis Black

Some record stores lead, by stocking certain kinds of music, taking chances on groups without huge followings and by having intelligent, enthusiastic staffs with the ability to articulate and discuss their tastes. The vast majority, however, only seem to follow, either by having huge inventories that more or less touch most musical bases without really covering any, or else by mostly stocking those records which have one kind of obvious following or another.

In a town with a surprising number of fine record stores, these distinctions are not meant to be critical but affectionate, because one of our favorite "leading" record stores, Inner Sanctum, is currently celebrating its 11th anniversary. Constantly in the vanguard of musical tastes, and at the same time always extremely supportive of the Austin music scene, Inner Sanctum was just named one of the 20 best record stores in the country in the September 1981 issue of *Oui* magazine. Considering that over half the stores listed were situated on either the East or West Coast, this was an especially appropriate and well deserved honor. If you'd like to stop by and congratulate the Inner Sanctum folks or just help them celebrate in general, the best time might be during their record happy hours every Friday afternoon between 4 and 7 p.m. Not only is there plenty of Texas Tea to go around, but certain records are discounted a dollar for the occasion.

Although they're not from Austin, it does seem wonderfully appropriate that those crazy music makers from Denton, Texas-Brave Combo garnered a rave review in the same issue of *Oui*. The only nuclear polka band that we know of (who can still rock your socks off anytime they want before setting you up for a Cha-Cha) can add this clipping to their recent 4-star review in *Rolling Stone*.

## Fall Garden Can Yield Holiday Feast



By Rick Manning

The fall/winter season can be a most productive and enjoyable one for Austin gardens. Would-be fall gardeners must begin soil preparation and planting immediately in order to reap a full harvest in the cooler months ahead. Concentrate on fast maturing, heat-loving crops like bush beans and summer squash and the many frost-tolerant, cool weather crops that will thrive throughout our fall season (see planting guide). A few hot and sweaty hours in the garden this month will pay off handsomely in the months ahead. For inspiration, envision your holiday dinners bolstered by broccoli, beets, cabbage, carrots, cauliflower, fresh salad greens, parsley, dill and chervil, leeks and garlic.

Small gardens should be set up with raised-bed/intensive gardening techniques in order to use the limited space most efficiently. There are numerous ways to construct raised beds including: French intensive (double digging), wide-row plantings or the raised bed/compost trench system used extensively and

taught at Austin Community Gardens. Well rotted or composted organic material (manure, leaves, etc.) should be added directly to the beds before planting.

Gardeners should have a working knowledge of soil preparation, timing, variety selection, proper watering techniques and a few simple techniques for protecting and establishing cool weather seeds and seedlings during the hot days of early fall. The best reference available on these subjects is "Growing Fall Vegetables and Annuals in Texas," put out by Texas A&M. This bulletin is full of useful information, charts and planting guides for both organic and non-organic gardeners and is available through the Travis County Extension Services, 473-9600.

If all this sounds a little mysterious, don't despair. Help is available from two different Austin groups.

Austin Community Gardens is holding two fall gardening workshops this month, Sept. 12 and 26, both on Saturday. The workshops cost \$2 for members of ACG and Austin Organic Gardeners, and \$5 for others. Participants will learn about raised-bed gardening, intensive planting, soil improvement and other pertinent topics.

Also, the Austin Organic Gardeners will meet on Monday, Sept. 14 at 7:30 p.m. in the Garden Center at Zilker Park. The program will feature a presentation on soil improvement and a film by the New Alchemy Institute. A year long AOG membership costs only \$2.

For more information about these programs and workshops, give me a call at 444-4011 or call Austin Community Gardens at 458-2009.

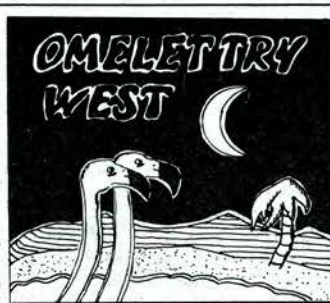
## HALF THE NIGHT.



When some restaurants and saloons are boarding up for the night, you'll still find Katz's howling at the moon. We stay open til 4 every morning for your late night catting around. Katz's Deli & Bar features authentic New York-style delicatessen favorites like Corned Beef, Blintzes, Bagels and Lox. More meats and cheeses than you can shake a schtick at. Potato pancakes with apple sauce or sour cream. Or try our Lexington Avenue Egg Cream. Our bar has your favorite beers, wines and cocktails. Have some late night fun at Katz's. We're up for it if you are.

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**Be There Now**

# Publisher, Oilman Butt Heads Over Doggett

By Robert Elder, Jr.

## IN THIS COLUMN... Absolutely nothing About State Rep. Mike Martin

Austin Sen. Lloyd Doggett, leader of the Senate liberals (such as they are) is being badgered by an Austin-area oilman intent on evicting him from his 14th Senatorial district seat.

The leader (the term is used loosely) of the anti-Doggett forces is Bert Hurlbut, head of a political action committee called Anybody But Doggett.

Hurlbut has been placing advertisements in the editorially conservative *Austin Citizen* of late, pleading for the election of — as the name of his group implies — anyone to the ideological right of Doggett.

But in the PAC game Hurlbut has found some formidable competition — Hays County Democratic Chairman Bob Barton Jr., who has a Who the Hell is Bert Hurlbut? group formed down in Mountain City, a small patch 15 or so miles south of Austin, near Buda and Kyle.

Barton, who is also publisher of the *Onion Creek Free Press*, your typical small, hell-raising country weekly, announced his group's goal of a \$60 campaign kitty some weeks back — one buck from every person in the area who knows and loathes the politics of Bert Hurlbut. The 60 claims came in faster than you can say "New Right."

Barton laid back for a while after that, but when Doggett started showing up in the *Free Press* pages during the special legislative session, Hurlbut apparently felt compelled to run his anti-Doggett ad in the pages of the enemy.

He did so... but apparently forgot to make sure his bandwagon had enough cash to cover the check written to pay for the ad. It bounced — which wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't made out to a paper owned by Barton who, by the way, promises to have "a lot of fun" with the issue.

And a lot more than bouncing checks is involved in the *Free Press*-Hurlbut set-to. Barton recently offered up his paper against one of Hurlbut's oil wells in a bet on the 1982 race for the senate seat.

\*\*\*

Strange and Terrible Tidbits from the Congressional redistricting saga, recently played by the special session of the Texas Legislature:

Congressman Jake Pickle's district, which includes Travis County, underwent several bizarre transformations before emerging in good shape.

At one point, State Rep. Tim Von Dohlen, chairman of the House Redistricting Committee, wanted to split the city of San Marcos (30 miles to the south, in Hays County) into two different dis-

tricts. Von Dohlen's plan would have put the black and Hispanic population of San Marcos in Congressman Bill Patman's district, which stretches clear past Corpus Christi to include Brooks and Kenedy counties in far South Texas. The same plan would have put folks in Williamson County — which is just to the north of Travis — in Congressman Phil Gramm's district, which meanders from Cedar Park to very near Six Flags Over Texas up in Tarrant County.

That plan — like just about everything else Von Dohlen did — came under fire from Democratic loyalists in the House who blithely assumed a Democrat-controlled body could draw up plans to help Democrats. In fact, the constant carping finally got to Von Dohlen in the waning moments of the session; he broke down and cried in a speech on the House floor. One person not moved was Carrie Patman, wife of Bill Patman, whose district Von Dohlen had repeatedly tried to gut. She said the tears were "appropriate."

\*\*\*

House Speaker Bill Clayton and Lt. Gov. Bill Hobby were roundly criticized by loyal Democrats for abandoning their party in the redistricting fight and letting Gov. Bill Clements get his way in the creation of several Republican-oriented districts.

Clayton may feel the repercussions when he asks for party support in his bid for the land commissioner's job. Here's hoping that Democratic party leaders have fairly long memories.

As for Hobby — well, Lloyd Doggett told the Senate that some legislators were "so cowed by the governor you can almost hear them moo." If that's the case, Hobby should be milked daily.

\*\*\*

All this legislative tomfoolery wouldn't be so bad if the eyes of America weren't watching. Author Larry King, who brought you "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas," Aug. 26 hosted a CBS documentary on the Legislature. In a pleasant twist, its airing coincided with former State Sen. Babe Schwartz's *Texas Observer* piece entitled, "The Second Best Little Whorehouse in Texas." What we have here is an image problem.

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University of Texas government professor David Prindle has a hot new book on the Railroad Commission due out next month: *Petroleum Politics and the Texas Railroad Commission*. Bookstores are stocking up — even in such Frostbelt cities as Chicago. It's from UT Press.

\*\*\*

And Jefferson Barton, no-account troublemaker first made notorious by his run-in with Abner McCall in the Great Baylor vs. Playboy controversy, has left for Washington, D.C., to be press aide to Jake Pickle. Barton graduated from UT, got married and left for D.C. in a matter of days last week. Rumor has it he'll take a political junket to recuperate.



# Gas Issue Heats Up

## WATCHDOG

By Jim Hightower

How high was your heating bill last month?

Heating bill?! Here we are in the searing heat of a Texas August, and this boy is talking about heating bills! Doesn't sound like he's too tightly wrapped.

But wait a minute — while you're fanning yourself and putting your feet in ice water just trying to stay cool, the Reagan Administration is planning legislation in Washington that would raise your winter heating bills and probably make your blood boil. The President's top men have recommended immediate price decontrol for natural gas. It's a move that would make the big oil and gas companies happy, but you'll be paying for their smiles, since it will double and possibly even triple your gas utility bills by 1985.

"Decontrol" has a nice ring to it, until you begin to examine what it costs, who pays for it and who profits from it. It turns out to be just another chorus from the old song, "Them that's got is them that gets, and I ain't got nothing yet."

In Texas alone, it is estimated that decontrolled gas prices would cost household users nearly \$2 billion extra each year on our gas utility bills. But such a number is too big, too impersonal to grasp. Here's what it means to you: a typical homeowner's annual bill for natural gas under current law is \$575, not exactly cheap — but under the President's proposal, that would rise next year to \$940.

And that's not the end of it by any

means. In addition to this direct increase on our monthly gas bills, a rise in gas price also would radically inflate the cost of other things we buy. Most electricity in Texas is generated by natural gas, for example, and the White House plan would inflate that cost by \$40.3 billion over the next five years, and the electric companies are allowed to pass every dime of that increase directly through to you under the "fuel adjustment" section of your light bill.

Small businesses and merchants will see their gas cost rise by a billion a year, and industrial users will get an increase of about \$7 billion a year. Needless to say, practically all of this will be passed along to You-Know-Who in the form of higher prices for goods and services.

Well, yes, say the proponents of this price increase plan, but this is going to be good for Texas, since we are a natural gas producing state and decontrol means all of those Texans with gas wells will be in high cotton. Hold it, say the opponents of the plan — we're all for helping any of the truly deserving little gas producers who might be financially strapped, but that's not what the President's bill does. Hiding behind the skirts of the little producers are the biggest companies in the world — half of the gas produced in Texas is in the hands of 10 big oil companies, including Exxon (which controls a fourth of all Texas natural gas), Gulf, Mobil, Phillips and Shell, not exactly poor boys.

What do you say? Should we turn loose the utilities and oil companies to raise these gas prices, or should we hold the line? Make your opinion heard by writing directly to the President. He says he wants to hear from you — give him an earful. His address is: President Ronald Reagan/The White House/Washington, D.C./20500.

# Bond Rejections Will Raise Utility Rates

By Diane Jane Morrison

Blame it on the rain. Blame it on the mayor. Blame it on the economic mood of the country. But whatever the excuse, the result remains the same: only five of the 16 bond proposals in the Aug. 29 election were approved by Austin voters. And, as a result of the voters' rejection, the City Council and city staff are being forced to reevaluate, juggle and reappropriate the city's funds, especially in light of the new city budget released a few days ago.

The low voter turnout which was blamed for the bonds' rejections, was perhaps more of a surprise than the high number of bonds voted down. Only 16 percent of Austin's eligible voters cast their ballots in the election, to reject \$135 million of the total \$186.4 million requested.

Propositions 1,2,3,4 and 8 were the survivors of the discriminating vote. They will provide the city the following improvements and services:

## Proposition 1

A public works bond, it will provide for street and transportation facility repairs and improvements to pedestrian and non-motorized facilities and traffic safety projects. But it's more than likely that the appeal of Proposition 1 lay in the fact that much of its money will go to repairing damage caused by this summer's flooding. The passage of this bond will give the city money to buy flood-damaged houses along Jefferson street in order to allow for the clearing, dredging and widening of Shoal Creek and Little Walnut Creek. The bond will also allot money for the building of detention ponds to deter downstream flooding, for improvements on nine bridges and low-water crossings in heavily flood-damaged areas and for continued construction of a bridge already in the works over Dry Creek. Approval of Proposition 1 also gives the city the remaining \$800,000 it needed to fulfill improvements in the recently adopted downtown revitalization program.

## Proposition 2

This proposition will give the city \$1 million to develop a landfill site in southeast Travis County. The other provision of the bond is a waste transfer station.

## Proposition 3

This is a bond to develop and improve emergency medical services and health facilities. Part of the funds will be used to build a new EMS station on city owned property at Koenig Lane and North Lamar Boulevard. Other improvements designated in the bond will be to the Rebekah Baines Johnson Center nursing home; they will turn the complex which the city recently purchased into administrative and training offices for the city health department and will also provide headquarters for the EMS. Improvements included in this bond should provide the city with more efficient health and paramedic services.

## Proposition 4

Proposition 4 provides for improvements to the city fire department, which will include money for another flood-related project: almost \$970,000 for an early warning system of flood detectors that will gather information such as ground saturation levels during times when threat of flooding is a viable concern. The specific fire department improvements will upgrade existing stations, build a new station in South Austin and change over the department's radio equipment from the crowded UHF band to VHF.

## Proposition 8

Funds from this bond go to improve the city's system of traffic signals. It provides for modernization of existing signals and installation of new ones, as well as expansion of a computerized signal system with provisions for transit signal preemption and land control.

Though the low voter turnout bucked tradition — bond elections usually draw approximately 25 percent of Austin's voters — the defeat of the package was also part of a trend. No major bond package has passed in the city since 1975, and there hasn't been a successful capital improvements bond proposal in four years. The most recent past bond election was held in February 1980, and it was mostly unsuccessful, despite much publicity.

It was perhaps the publicity of that election, and the public haggling over the issues between City Council members and public groups, that accounted for the low-key campaign surrounding the Aug. 29 election. The bond package was supported by all six councilmen, liberals and conservatives alike. It, in fact, gathered more united support among diverse city groups than any bond package in recent history. The most outspoken opposition — or, more correctly, the most obvious lack of support to the package came from Austin Mayor Carole McClellan. While McClellan said she opposed none of the bond projects, she refused to support the package because the council voted to keep a proposal to allocate \$1.5 million to develop lignite reserves off the ballot. And while she claimed she would not campaign actively against the bonds, there are many who believe that McClellan's obvious and highly publicized lack of support said more against the package than she ever could have.

The losers in the election were the remaining general obligation bonds — 5,6,7,9,10, 11 and 12 — and Propositions 13,14,15 and 16, the revenue bonds. Money for general obligation bonds comes from property taxes, while increases in rates and charges pay for revenue bonds.

Despite the voter's thumbs down on the revenue bonds — three of which concerned utility improvements and one of which would have provided improvements to the airport — the proposed utility improvements will probably be carried out anyway. The city is

lawfully obligated to serve certain areas with electric, water and sewer services that, if not funded by bonds, will probably be paid for by rate increases more drastic than those the proposals would have implemented. As a result of the failure of Proposition 13, which was to provide for electrical system improvements, including service outside the city limits, electric consumers' bills will be increased \$3.50 per monthly rate between 1981 and 1983 to raise the money to raise money the bond proposal would have specifically allocated. Likewise, the failure of Propositions 14

and 15, which included improvements to and expansions of the city's water and wastewater systems, will cause an average monthly increase of approximately \$11.00 through 1984.

While it is obvious that Austin citizens have done some self-imposed belt-tightening, the long-term ramifications of the bond election cannot yet be predicted. The bonds approved concern more city basics than city aesthetics, and the end results of the recently released budget will do as much to determine the future of many of Austin's projects as voters did Aug. 29.

## Beautification Plan Passed

By Diane Jane Morrison

The long wait is finally over.

Despite Mayor Carole McClellan's claim that there is no "strong consensus" in Austin for any downtown revitalization plan, the city council ended more than 12 years of debate on the issue on Aug. 20, when it committed itself and the city to a specific program for the remodeling of Congress Avenue.

McClellan aligned herself with what she believed to be Austinites' lack of commitment on the project when she, along with Councilman John Trevino, abstained from voting; but the project won unanimous approval from the other five council members.

The recommendations they adopted came from the Congress Avenue Task Force, a citizens' advisory group appointed by the council to study the idea, which had long received enthusiastic support in theory, but was almost always less popular when it came down to specifics.

The plan finally approved by the council retains both the six driving lanes on the avenue and the angle parking familiar to downtowners. The changes will come with the placement of four 20-foot sidewalk peninsulas per block and the planting of nearly 100 trees to line the avenue from Second Street to the Capitol. The plan will also eliminate almost 100 parking spaces on the avenue itself, while providing new spaces on the side streets, a move which should appease not only downtown businessmen worried about losing customers for renovation's sake, but also frustrated would-be parkers who often spend nearly as much time circling blocks as they do attending business.

Two million dollars had already been allocated in past bond elections for the project, which should be completed in 1983. Last week's bond election (see accompanying story) included \$800,000 more earmarked for Congress Avenue, and that election was seen in some circles as a referendum on the council's decision on the renovation proposal.

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Dee  
McCandless

By Harvey Neville

Photo by Debbe Sharpe

"There's music in the sighing of a reed;  
There's music in the gushing of a rill;  
There's music in all things,  
if men had ears:

Their earth is but an echo of the spheres."

Lord Byron  
Don Juan  
Canto XV

NEW YORK — Dee McCandless and Gene Menger have very good ears indeed. McCandless' choreography and Menger's music taps and shapes those sounds and visions which most of us miss in life. Through their work we see and hear otherwise invisible patterns and silent harmonies. Their collective art stresses mental boundaries. *Waterworks I & II*, for example, when performed at Barton Springs in 1979 and this summer, called forth a place never seen before by any people.

McCandless and her Austin-based company, Invisible Inc., expanded some New Yorkers' mental boundaries with performances here of her feature-length work, *Ziggurat*. Invisible Inc.'s Aug. 27-29 performances were sponsored by the Dance Theatre Workshop as its final presentation in this season's "Out-of-Towners Series." DTW was formed 17 years ago as a choreographers' cooperative, and today helps to provide performance opportunities and support for choreographers.

In ancient Babylonia, the ziggurat was a temple having the form of a terraced pyramid of successively receding stories. McCandless' *Ziggurat*, with music and sets by Menger, is a fugue where each melodic line is a composite of movement and sound, one line built upon another.

Deconstruction is a part of the work also. At the beginning of the piece, the set, a continuous partition of folding

## Unfolds 'Ziggurat' in New York

sections, forms two concentric ziggurats, both laid down on their sides with the top layers toward the audience. Two men dressed in traditional black oriental garb silently fold up the structure while a simple, synthesized rhythmic pattern is played. The music controls the action and when there is a silent pause, they stop. When the outer ziggurat is folded back, leaving only the inner one, four female dancers' heads pop up from behind the center of the partition. They stand one behind the other facing the audience, shaking their heads to the music. Percussive variations are subtly and progressively added with Menger's sound generators.

As the two men fold back the inner partition, the dancers begin moving in repeated patterns, singly, in groups of two or as a unit. They march, walk, pivot and spin. The movement reshapes and fills the space left vacant by the removal of the partition. Led by McCandless, the dancers define the area's boundaries with a series of expanding left-to-right, diagonal and upstage-downstage crosses. These evolving right triangles form the primary building unit of each terrace in McCandless' invisible ziggurat.

Having fulfilled their function of removing the tangible — the confining ziggurat-like set — the two men join Menger, sitting far upstage surrounded by an array of sophisticated electronic keyboards. Taking up their electric guitars they sit on either side of him.

McCandless made the comment after

one performance that she finds ziggurats everywhere. Even the etched metallic circuitry on the smallest electronic chip in a synthesizer forms a ziggurat pattern.

Those components are unseen. But the dance and the music inexorably grow out of an organic unity which encompasses even the smallest detail of the dancers' and the musicians' environment. Thus the unseen is made manifest.

The music which began with the simplest of rhythmic structures became so layered with variations and harmonic modulations that eventually what had sounded like the accompaniment to a Hindu ritual evolved into funk music. The dance followed suit with movement which, but for its elegance, would not be out of place at Club Foot. How fortunate it is for dancers to have someone creating music as they move — not random or extemporaneous, but carefully controlled and infinitely adaptable.

With McCandless' own performance, the music flowed through her forms. The same could not be said of the other three dancers, Roberta De Angelis, Diane Gregg and J. A. Lazarus. They were visibly trying to follow the music rather than just being an extension of it.

As artists, McCandless and Menger create and perform in ways which allow their audience to see past the flesh and into the spirit. If there is a music of the spheres which flows through all things, McCandless and Menger will hear and report it.

## Waistlines

by PETALUMA PETE

Elda's a Great Restaurant;  
Too Bad Nobody Ate There

"Why a restaurant column for the *Chronicle*?" somebody asked me the other day. "There aren't that many restaurants in Austin, and everybody knows about the good ones. You'll either be writing stuff everybody discovered years ago, or you'll be writing nothing but pans."

Not so, not at all. Let me tell you a story.

Once upon a time, there was a Mexican restaurant. Not a Tex-Mex restaurant, not a migas-and-tacos place, but a Mexican restaurant. It was called Elda's, and it was owned by Abdon and Elda Cortez, both of whom were from Mexico, and who had already achieved fame in their respective occupations of college professor and lawyer.

Eating at Elda's was a joy. You'd get in there, and in a flash Abdon would have fresh-fried chips and fresh-squeezed hot-

sauce on the table. The hot sauce was so good that you'd go through three bowls looking over the menu. Then came the guacamole, done completely authentically with bits of hard-boiled egg, green onion, tomato, and seeded serrano peppers mixed in.

And the main courses! Fortunately, since Elda's was only a two-person operation, not everything was available every time you went. But there was *chiles retallenos* with four different stuffings jammed into chiles as big as your foot. *Tacos al vapor* were made from huge flour tortillas, in which a beef and potato stew had been placed. The enchiladas had a fascinating brown sauce, slightly bitter, and were stuffed with authentic Mexican goat cheese. Two different *cabrito* dishes had sauces that were the equal of a good curry for complexity, and the chicken *mole* had

just the right balance of spices to set off the sweetness of the chicken meat. Then there was a pork *adobo* that was hair-raising, the sauce spicy, the pork, in tiny cubes, just falling apart. When she had time, Elda would make tamales, but it was usually a futile effort: one day I went in for some, and Abdon confessed he'd eaten three dozen for lunch. They were good enough that I believed him. And from time to time, Abdon would ferment one of the Mexican fruit drinks he loved so much.

They were open for lunch and dinner, and they stayed open til 3 on Friday and Saturday nights. That meant you'd find musicians eating there (I saw various Thunderbirds, Z Z Tops, and Carrasco Clowns) along with a good balance of Mexican-American and Anglo food-lovers. The place wasn't cheap, but it wasn't overpriced, for certain: \$7.50 would buy you a meal and a beer. Word was getting out (I found out about it from Ed Ward's column in the *American-Statesman*), and *Texas Monthly* was about to write it up when it closed and Abdon and Elda disappeared.

Now, what happened is anybody's guess, but I think they went broke. Elda's was located on the East Side, but not on any main thoroughfare. They were down Lydia Street, just off E. 7th, and you had to look to find them. Abdon kept talking about finding a location closer to the Anglo-bucks he was sure could bring about the success he was after. But when so few people knew he was there — let alone looking for the place — the chances of his finding it were slim. And, dining superstars and oblique references in the paper notwithstanding, the crowds weren't large enough to turn the profit.

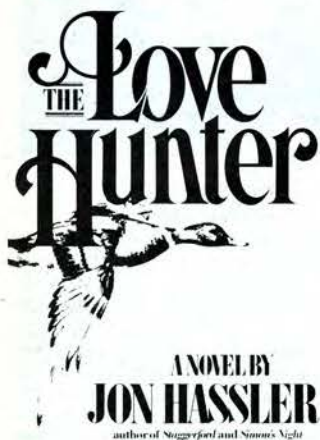
If I'd had a place to say it, I would have said, "Next time you feel like going to San Miguel, go to Elda's. Next time you feel like going to Jorge's, go to Elda's. Next time you feel *hungry*, go to Elda's, but GO!" But I didn't, and you probably didn't, so it was Elda's that went instead.

So no, everybody doesn't know about the good restaurants in Austin. Some of the good restaurants aren't really that good, either, and some of the ones that don't look too good are well worth investigating. I hope I can turn you on to a good meal from time to time, and steer you away from bad ones, as well as make constructive suggestions that can turn okay places into fine ones.

And if anybody out there knows where Abdon and Elda went, I wish they'd get in touch.

# Love Books:

## Hassler's Novel Tackles Heavy Topics, While Friedel Presents Witty Hero



By Sarah Whistler

"The Love Hunter," by Jon Hassler; William Morrow & Co.; 311 pages, \$12.95.

Do people still write novels about love and death? Are there still novels that have "fully-developed" characters with discernible motives who wrestle with moral questions — novels with a "narrative drive," a story to tell, and even a "denouement"? Before reading *The Love Hunter* I would have said no. Anyone who reads *The New York Review of Books* religiously has been given to understand that this sort of novel is "dead." Someone should tell Jon Hassler.

In *The Love Hunter*, Hassler digs into some heavy-duty dilemmas of life — right up to his elbows — and pulls it off without being self-conscious or simplistic. He's able to pull it off because he's so sure of what he's doing, where he's going with the story. We feel this from the opening chapter. And the man not only writes well, he writes well about things that are hard to write about at all.

The love and death issues in this story concern a small group of friends — a triangle, no less. Chris McKenzie, a college counselor, is the long-time friend of Larry and Rachel Quinn, a history professor and his wife, an actress in the community theatre of their small college town in Minnesota. We learn the history of this friendship through Chris, who traces its genesis in an attempt to understand their present relationship. His feelings of deep admiration and love for Larry haven't changed, but they've been put to the test. Larry is now slowly and painfully dying of multiple sclerosis and Chris is now very much in love with Rachel.

This situation alone would probably fire nothing more than pages and pages of hand-wringing and soul-searching. But his love for both Larry and Rachel brings Chris to a disturbing decision. He decides to take Larry on one last duck hunting trip — a tradition in their friendship — and, out of love, to kill him.

The plot sounds a little sticky, I know, but it works. Hassler tells us everything

we need to understand the dynamics of these relationships while steadily moving us toward Chris' decisive moment in the marshes of Canada. By the time we get there, we know these people and we care what happens to them.

Hassler's characters, for the most part, are three-dimensional. Chris is the love hunter of the title — he's divorced from his wife and estranged from his children — a man who sees a chance to help his best friend and find happiness with the woman he loves. By carefully unfolding Chris' past to us, Hassler makes us understand that his decision is not the result of calculated callousness, but of compassion.

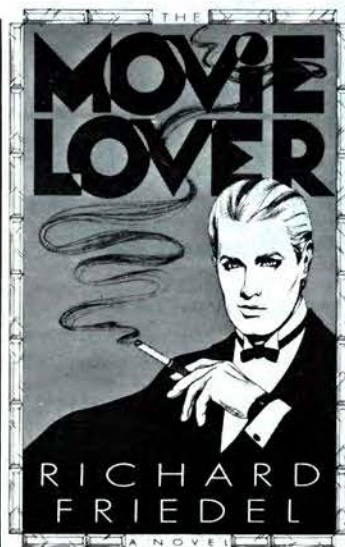
Larry's illness has made him a pathetic creature by the time we meet him but we still get glimpses of the man who inspires so much love in Chris and Rachel. His intelligence, his wit, his forcefulness show through his bitterness and self-pity. But Hassler fails to make Rachel as credible, or as human. The woman is beautiful, honest, loving, talented, almost unflawed. Saint Rachel seems like a fantasy, devoid of the complexities Hassler weaves into the characters of Chris and Larry.

But Rachel does seem real when she speaks. Hassler's dialogues are never contrived, never rigged up for effect. They're meaningful and intense without being theatrical.

Hassler's prose is economical without being stark. He's careful not to linger too long over any one scene, so he's able to sustain the low-key suspense of the story. But *The Love Hunter* is not a thriller; most of the book deals with relationships, not murder scenes. And there's a melancholy tinge to the whole story — even to the hunt:

"Off to his right the wounded mallard swam within range of the three hunters. The binoculars dropped and three gun barrels came up. Simultaneous with the swirl of shot on the water, Chris felt in his ears the concussion of three explosives, then three more as the hunters fired a second round, three more as they fired a third. The duck, absorbing the nine shots, spun and sank and came up again, dead. Its downy gray underside lay stonelike on the roiling water; one of its feet stood up like a flower on a short stalk — a flat, webbed foot slowly contracting like a blossom getting shut."

Don't pick up *The Love Hunter* expecting an initiation to the stylistic innovations of the 20th century novel. Hassler is an author of the old school — he tells stories about average people caught up in a complex, and very human, situation. He hasn't broken any new ground here; what he has to say doesn't signal any evolution in the art form of the novel. But he's written a highly readable and appealing book. And that's saying a lot.



By George Coleman

"The Movie Lover," by Richard Friedel; Coward, McCann, & Geoghegan; 304 pages; \$12.95.

With the publication of *The Movie Lover*, Richard Friedel delivers us one of the funniest novels to come along in years. Highly original and exceptionally well-written, the novel evokes a sense of awe and amazement both at Friedel's talent and at the extraordinarily consistent manner in which he displays it throughout the book.

Friedel, a contributing editor for *Christopher Street*, the nation's most prestigious gay magazine, centers *The Movie Lover* on the life of Burton Raider, a witty and unforgettable hero. Armed with a sense of aesthetics and standards that would make even the most chi-chi of the bourgeoisie proud, Burton evolves from a highly cultured childhood that had him leafing through *The Saturday Evening Post* at the age of three, to realizing his dreams of becoming a movie producer and finding true love.

On one level, *The Movie Lover* can be read as a book about exactly what the title says. Burton Raider's whole life has been one big love affair with celluloid, from watching "Don Ameche spill acid on his privates and then discover the telephone" to impersonating Ronald Colman, and ultimately, producing a come-back movie for an almost-forgotten Hollywood star of the forties named Marietta (read: Marlene Dietrich).

Along the way, Burton zips through his college years at Tufts, begins to evolve as a writer (first on his college paper, then as a screenwriter), and does an amusing stint as a reporter/writer for television's "The Morning Show."

What makes Friedel's story ultimately so appealing is the wry humor that is laced throughout. Witness a very young

Burton's reaction to "Little Butch," a playmate his mother lowered into his playpen:

"When this diapered demon first appeared, I was in the midst of a nap and did not appreciate being disturbed. Observing Little Butch from a distance, I noticed that he had little going for him aside from a marked ability to fit his entire index finger into his left nostril."

Or, his first day at school:

"I gave a quick look around at the people who, by coincidence of birth, were in my class. It took thirty seconds to see that my parents had copulated at the wrong time."

On another level, *The Movie Lover* can be read as a touching story of a man in search of love. The fact that this search just happens to be directed toward another man gives the novel its twist, although I hate to categorize this as a "gay novel." After all, when was the last time you heard of a "straight novel?"

For the book, and for us, the situations that arise because of Burton's homosexuality arise more often than not because of Burton, and not because he's gay. Being gay isn't any big deal to him. He writes, "I cannot understand why being attracted to your own sex creates such a hubbub among those not so inclined. Physically, two arms, two legs, etc. are involved; a genital difference here, a gland difference there. What's the fuss?"

What's the fuss, indeed! As Burton matures, both the situations and the writing describing them become less funny, but there is, nevertheless, a zeal in Friedel's prose that gives the novel an electrical current of wit throughout — a current that, while more obvious in the first half of the book, gives the novel its fluidity just as Burton's love for the movies acts as a catalyst for his story.

We are drawn into Burton's life and read with fascination of his homoerotic romps, all the while continually hoping that somehow this character we have come to love so much will find the life-long joy and happiness he's always wanted with the only man he's ever loved.

In all, *The Movie Lover* is a novel for anyone who is longing for a book that actually lifts your spirits reading it, for those who long for a diversion from the usual fictional world of CIA spies, Hollywood starlets, Southern plantations, and purple bodices. It is a book for people who can appreciate a hero who is at once hilarious, intelligent, and most important, truly remarkable. It is a novel that comes to life with the same believability and effervescence as Burton himself, and with it, Richard Friedel has made a grand splash into the world of literature.