

★ THE AUSTIN ★

Chronicle

FREE

AUSTIN'S BI-WEEKLY CULTURAL GUIDE VOL. I NO. 6th NOV. 13, 1981

FREE



See God!
See Death!
See p. 8!

Remember the
Alamo Lounge?
It's still here!
p.6

Howard
Waldrop
on Tom Wolfe
on architecture
p.9

Timothy Leary,
Gordon Liddy
on drugs
p.3

So you think
you know
Sixth Street?
Check out our
annotated guide
pp. 12-13

plus
LISTINGS

Movies	14
Music	17
Records	20
Dance	21
Theatre	21
Galleries	21
Sports	22



POSTMARKS

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NOT HERE, THEY DIDN'T

Wilbur Jones has heard all the rumors in the local press, but the vivacious landlord insists that Burt Reynolds and Dolly Parton didn't sleep together during the recent Austin shooting of *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* — at least not in any of his rental

units. "I never even know'd they was in town 'til you fellas came around asking." And *Chronicle* reporters have interviewed 58 other Austin property owners who never saw Burt and Dolly together. So much for that vicious rumor.

name a few). I would like you to try some of these foods, which are the ones I serve my family, in your own home. It is the best place to eat breakfast.

As you know from our previous conversations, I have been disappointed with your attitude toward the crusade against secular humanism. I encourage you to call me (or stop by Breakfast in the Home's headquarters) within the next day or two. Perhaps we could meet after breakfast with our families.

Sincerely,
Rexella

Professional deficiency?

To the Editor,

Louis Black's article on the screening of Austin independent filmmakers was a dandy. It's a fine thing that local talent should receive such exposure. But it's a curious matter to me that practically all the showcased filmmakers were either:

- a) Players, past or present, in one of Black's favorite new wave bands.
- b) Former co-writers of a column with Black.
- c) Black himself.

Trick Granger
Austin

In fact, as long as he has had a forum to spout his purported all-out support of local music and film (and that's been too long), Black has done nothing more than trumpet the ventures of a select few — Louis and friends.

As a critic I can take him or leave him — bores are easily ignored. But as a key media spokesman on behalf of Austin's artistic community, Louis Black is just a self-indulgent and hypocritical worm.

Dietary deficiency ...

Dear Louis,

I am writing because Ed tells me that you almost never eat breakfast at home. Really, Louis, I'm quite concerned that you don't trouble yourself to prepare and eat a nourishing meal before you leave the house. Secular humanism threatens to rend the very fabric of our society, and it is more important than ever that we unite to combat it. Perhaps a word of explanation is in order.

Every individual in our society has a responsibility to do what is good for the country. You are no exception. We must all pull together if America is to regain her reputation among the nations of the world. If her citizens do not eat a good breakfast at home with their families every morning, they jeopardize their nation's very existence.

I am sure that Austin supermarkets feature a variety of appealing breakfast foods (Pop Tarts, Cap'n Crunch, Count Chocula, to

Editor's note: duly chastened, Mr. Black has recently taken to eating nutritious breakfasts at home on a regular basis. For the sake of the artistic community, we at the Chronicle all hope that this will put him on the road to becoming a worthwhile member of the human race. In the meantime, he continues to write our "Projections" column.

CONTEST RULES

Each issue of the *Chronicle* contains one or more contests, offering a variety of prizes. Look for details in the ticket outlines scattered through the magazine. Here are some general rules.

1. Unless otherwise stated, only the winner of a contest will be notified either by phone or letter. Those who enter but do not win will receive no special notification of their status.
2. A person can only enter one contest in any given issue.
3. A person can only win a Chronicle Ticket Contest every other issue (meaning that if you win a contest you are ineligible for any of the contests in the following issue, but you are eligible for the issue after that).
4. In case of a tie, the winner will be picked by random drawing.
5. Please allow 7-10 days after the end of the contest to receive your prize.
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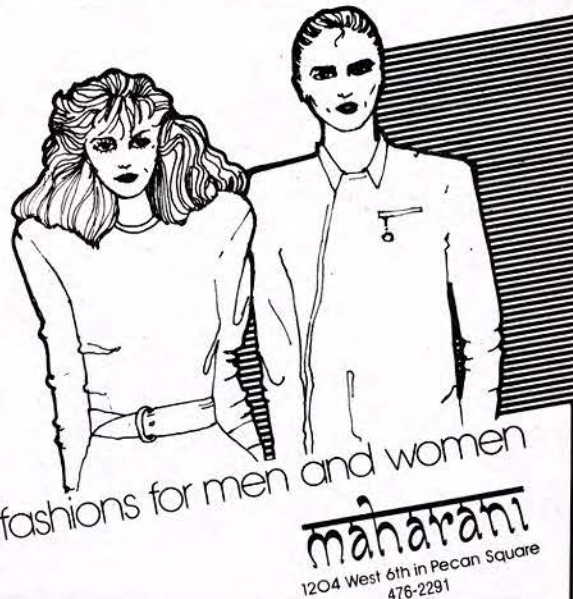
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THE GREAT DEBATE

Guns, drugs, and morality

By Matt Weitz

WANTED: citizens willing to pay top dollar for privilege of seeing media flotsam engage in ideological arm-wrestling; inquire Municipal Auditorium.

And of course, we were there last Friday, filling three-quarters of Municipal Auditorium, waiting for the Great Men to appear and recount their legal jousting and ideological differences for a mere \$7.50. Would it be worth it? We wondered.

In the audience a festival mood prevailed. A man in a Nixon mask wandered about, shaking hands and flashing "V" signs. On his back was a huge cardboard hand, cardboard middle finger extended.

Then the Great Men appeared: Tim Leary, looking bright, lucid and almost preppie in his sweater and coat; and G. Gordon Liddy, looking like a narc or a CIA agent in his dark blue suit. Both wore huge smiles, which they kept throughout the show. In fact, if they'd shown any more enamel, they would have run the risk of being mistaken for a paint store.

From the start, both men stressed their lack of ill will toward one another, despite their long-standing adversary relationship.

Liddy had the honor of busting Leary back in 1966 while an assistant prosecutor in New York State. The heat generated by the two-joint arrest and resultant 20-year sentence eventually forced Leary to flee the country for three and a half years.

Both men began their opening statement with their own versions of the bust. The remainder of Liddy's time was devoted to drug use and the issues of individual vs. societal rights that the issue usually involves. He maintained that "From a social point of view ... it is imprudent to allow the individual to use drugs."

When it was his turn to recount the New York arrest, Leary described Liddy as he first saw him: "A colorful, charismatic, dashing man with a mustache, leading 24 booted troopers." The playful exaggeration typified Leary's attitude.

Leary next announced that the subject of the debate was: "Why did G. Gordon Liddy and 24 storm troopers come to run us off? An historic debate...concerning freedom and liberty. The function of the individual is not to serve the state...but to learn to grow and develop." He then traced previous debates on the subject through 4000 years of history.

When Liddy regained the stage, he continued the history lesson with an examination of law and morality dating back to the middle ages. He noted that the history of man reveals a dualistic nature: "We all hope for a better world...our problem is, man is noble, but also base...there is also greed and aggression." According to Liddy, the prudent bear this in mind and thus survive.

In reply, Leary blamed Christianity and Darwinism for attitudes like Liddy's. Leary termed the bible a "sick comic book" and likened God to a mean mafia condo owner or a cop in a squad car. He then described social Darwinism as "four billion years of mistakes leading to bigger and better macho rapists." For the future, Leary announced, we need natural election, rather than selection.

Leary put his money on the children of the baby boom, "A wonderful race of people moving and mutating west, not fighting

wars." This new generation will be "fired, sired, wired and inspired" by the arrays of TVs, computers and electronics available to them.

"Those of us who want to migrate and mutate will do so," he said. And there is a place in his future even for Liddy. "Gordon, I feel sure you'll be with us ... you protect us and we'll get you movin' along with us."

Liddy would have none of it. Darwinism, he proclaimed, is a reality you might as well accept. In this reality, our greatest aid is our intelligence; it equals power, which equals the right to do what you want. Leary wrapped up the exchange by retorting that intelligence was not power at all, but rather "understanding your own designs." He added that he was "100% pro-drug" and upheld the right of the individual to alter his brain. The problem with drugs, he said, is that no one uses them intelligently.

"We don't have the manuals," Leary explained. "But I'm writing one."

The question and answer subject matter ricocheted: Russia, drugs, assassination. Leary suggested a decentralized "electronic democracy" for America, allowing us to turn "Washington B.C." into an amusement park. Liddy dealt with political misbehavior in 1972, Fabian socialism and the Trilateral Commission.

American strength was a dominant theme. "The world is not full of altruistic Indians," Liddy told us, so we must project the message of "Don't mess with us." Leary, on the other hand, argued that "Defense is too important to let the military handle it...Our duty is to show others how to advance...we don't need tanks and guns, we need science... woman-and man-power to get us into space."



The biggest surprise of the evening, though, was the two men themselves. While presenting widely differing points of view, they seemed strangely similar: dedicated, charismatic extremists pursuing their goals over and above conventions, whether they concern drug use or breaking and entering.

In fact, so affable was the character of what had been billed as "The Great Debate," that some questioned whether or not they were getting what they came to see. Even Leary had his doubts: "We are more in agreement than I anticipated."

Others were not quite so blasé. One young man vented his frustration into a microphone during the question and answer period. "This ain't no debate," he said loudly. "Two people above the law...I say you're the same... resolve this...for \$7.50 I want some argument!!"

"Mud wrestling!" an anonymous voice yelled, and the ensuing laughter covered up any replies.

So was it worth the \$7.50? Definitely. The moral ambivalence that always comes with juggling ends and means was perfectly underscored. But unlike most debates, the insight came not from the differences in approach, but from the similarities.

Alternative Views air

By Jeff Whittington

On Sunday evening, November 15, at 7 p.m., Mother's Cafe at 4215 Duval will host a benefit party for one of the most ambitious and unusual contributions to the Austin mediascape: Alternative Views News Magazine.

Alternative Views is a television program visible every Wednesday at 6:30 p.m. and Sunday at 7 p.m. on ACTV, cable channel 10. The program has existed for three years, and is holding the current benefit to support operations during the next year. The program is an in-depth public affairs show dedicated to airing news and views which aren't ordinarily presented in the mass media. The program is populist in stance, and has featured representatives of over 60 local groups and views ranging from far left to far right and everything in between.

Alternative Views founders Frank Morrow and Doug Kellner will be on hand for the benefit; music will be provided by Bill Nichols. Funds raised will go primarily for the purchase of videotape for the next season, and will also make available copies of previous Alternative Views programs for local groups to use for educational purposes. Those unable to attend but still interested in supporting the show are invited to send contributions to the Alternative Information Network at PO Box 7279, Austin 78712. All contributions are tax-deductible.

People with designs on Austin

By Bernice Collins

To most people, The Third International Conference for Design probably sounds like a typical academic gathering, attended by theoreticians who deal in abstracts rather than practicalities. But the issues discussed recently in Galveston have some very personal applications for Austinites.

The joint themes of the conference, "Snowbelt/Sunbelt Migration" and "Leadership to Shape Cities," were both approached from Austin's perspective. A large crowd turned out to hear Sinclair Black, Austin architect and professor of architecture at UT, present his side of "Houston/Austin: Two Approaches to Downtown Design in Texas." After making the requisite jabs at Houston's development, characterizing it as "the free market on a binge" driven by "unleashed greed," Black discussed the redevelopment potential of the 60-square block warehouse district on both sides of Congress Avenue immediately north of Town Lake.

One of the primary elements of this proposal, generated by Black and some of his students, is an emphasis on maintaining a traditional Austin scale—keeping Austin Austin, and preventing it from becoming another Houston or Dallas. Black's message was that Austin's growth and development can be channeled into functional, human-scale projects if the planning is realistic and comprehensive.

Black himself is in fact already a participant in carrying part of the plan to fruition. With another architect and an engineer, he formed the Cedar Street Partnership to buy and renovate several warehouses on Fourth Street, adjacent to the Gaslight Theatre.

Black's concept has materialized in a splendid confirmation of his theoretical principles. The nearly-finished result hews very closely to the redevelopment plan: the buildings are modest in scale, stuccoed in a warm but unobtrusive tan, and designed for a variety of uses. The buildings currently contain well-lit airy offices on either side of a narrow courtyard, and a cafe fronting Fourth St. is

scheduled to open soon. The courtyard was conceived as an integral part of the overall design; it provides natural light and a feeling of openness for the adjoining buildings.

This design offers some solutions to the small-scale problems which present themselves in Austin, but many of the urban designers at the conference tended to see these solutions as answers to larger, more unmanageable ones. At another seminar, planners from Fort Worth, San Antonio and Dallas presented examples of current projects shaping their cities. All three proudly displayed their new hotel/entertainment complexes, designed to lure tourists and upper-income residents back to the decaying downtowns. Euphemistically called "people places," these developments will stand as monuments to the American insistence on constant entertainment. But these planners have not yet resolved such issues as displacement of low-income residents and the imposition of a synthetic culture. They spoke so enthusiastically of their grand new hotels as a panacea for the city's ills that one might assume they plan to move the local tenement dwellers into Hyatt Regencies.

Another Austin participant, John Pastier of the UT School of Architecture, warned of the need for a holistic approach to design, one that transcends the visual design elements and focuses instead on the impact of development on people's lives. It is clear that Austin must guard against becoming another Houston, but the trend towards designing for total, and programmed entertainment is equally insidious.

Citizen banned

By Jeff Whittington

Once upon a time, most sizeable cities had a choice of daily newspapers — even as many as half a dozen. However, that was before television and radio drastically reduced the number of people in the general public who actually knew how to read. Nowadays, cities with more than one daily are very rare — and, generally, very large.

It was always refreshing that Austin had three dailies. Granted, only the Am-Stat was published seven days a week, and the Texan was hard to find if you weren't a student. Nonetheless, we had three newspapers, just like the old Hearst/Pulitzer era.

Alas, no longer. The Austin Citizen published its last issue at the end of October.

—30—

The Citizen began in January of 1964 as a weekly paper, the Travis County Citizen; it became a daily in 1976. Editorially, the paper tended to be a voice for the conservative and business community; prior to last year's election its columnists included a commentator named Ronald Reagan. The Citizen made a valiant attempt to establish itself as the market's second daily. However, the publishing business is a rough one, and problems began to take their toll. Circulation never surpassed 17,000. In spring of 1979 the Citizen became the city's first newspaper to raise its price to 25 cents. Three months ago, the paper adopted a smaller tabloid format in an attempt to cut costs, but the effort proved ineffective.

The sad fact about the Citizen's demise is that a healthy element of journalistic competition has been removed from the city; Austin is once more a "one-newspaper town," except for those who have access to the Texan. The Austin Press, a weekly which began publication two months ago, may accelerate plans to go daily because of the Citizen's end; however, as that paper's fate plainly shows, starting a new daily newspaper nowadays is easier said than done.

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WHAT A SCREAM! Halloween Day began with enough rain to dampen the costumes but not the spirits of early revelers. By 8 that evening every watering hole on 6th was overflowing with besotted fairy godmothers, lizards, bats, Wookies, male genitals, Frankensteins, Aggies, Pi Phis, strippers, winos, Blooz Brothers, silent film stars, sorcerers, Killer bees, flies, pythons, B-girls, cripples, lepers, pygmies and other assorted phantasmagoria. Fellini, Polanski and Aleister Crowley would've had a field day. The cops didn't. They finally had to close off 6th from Red River past Brazos to accommodate some 4,000 merrymakers and mistifs who initiated an Austin tradition that promises to get even better next year. Mil Gracias! to all 6th Street merchants and residents who participated, but most especially to Sally Pharr, Steve Uzzell, Paradise, Shiner Beer, the entertainers & sponsors.

TAKE THIS NUKE AND SHOVE IT. The voters did, & Steamboat celebrated the no nuke vote with a Uranium Savages blowout election night. Snaveley's, on down the street, is celebrating November with two national acts: The Dillard's November 15 and ole B.W. the 20th & 21st.

OY VEY, COMPADRES! Fred Hanna's Headliner's East honored Councilman Richard Goodman as their Big Shot of the Month. On hand for freebie Freizenet & Tammany Hall toasts were Councilman Ron Mullen, Senator Lloyd Doggett, Cnty. Commissioners Richard Moya, Jimmy Snell, and veteran political observer Ann Richards, who commented to the honoree upon her arrival. "Richard, I'd love to tell you I came down here just for your party, but actually it's my night to work 6th Street."

PEOPLE ARE WHISPERING ABOUT: Robin Cantrell of Arthro's "Dancing Freds" signed and numbered, limited edition prints of Astaire tripping the light fantastic. Catch 'em at St. Charles. Roy Crouse's new Rainbow Works t-shirt — a must-have item for the street scene. Jerry Seagle's paintings at St. Charles. Ruda Blair's startling abstracts on the walls at Paradise. Shirley Estes & Karen Sears at the Printer's Gallery. And El Taller's current exhibition by Amado Pena & Liese Scott.

SPLISH, SPLASH, I WAS TAKING A BATH: down at Waterworks, the hottest tubs in town. Sybaritic swirlings till 2 week nites and 3 a.m. on weekends.

BLOOZ MONDAYS: A rolling stone don't gather no moss when George Underwood & the Blues Groove start cookin' at Brook's Home Cooked Foods Mondays and Sabados at Scotty's Bar-B-Q.

A VOTRE SANTE: Ray Jean of the Essentialist's new theatrical makeup, Leichner from Germany. And his all natural line, the Bare Essentials.

HAVE YOU EATEN? Real New Orleans po-boys or fresh shucked oysters at The 606 — sinfully sensual! Fajitas. The rage on the street and great at the Driskill Bar & Grill, Headliners East, Rita's Cantina, Wylie's and Gardo's. Lavosh at the Paradise. A semi-dieter's pizza on wonderful Armenian soda crackers with your choice of shrimp, mushrooms, canadian bacon or green olives. Or frog legs at the Raw Deal — what a great gig! Note for 6th Street lunch enthusiasts — The 606 & Headliners now open for lunch along with all their other compadres.

PREDICTIONS & PEEKS: Toulouse's in February, next to Juan Goldstein's, with courtyard patio & deck and Court of Two Sisters cuisine. Hawkeye's with Texas grub, next to the Fortress Bookstore, mid-December. A new Back Room? Don't be surprized, Ronnie Roark's been cruisin' the street action in his Mercedes lookin' for another location. Something fishy? A sushi bar — at an as yet undetermined location. A new Fonda San Miguel on the street. And Galleries Midi, a mini-department store (isn't that a contradiction in terms?) at the Savoy Court along with another Mexican restaurant.

Rock'n'roll hootchie coo, Babe, till next time. See ya on the Street.

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Nuke nixed Nick next Gays out in the cold Water plan down the drain

By Diane Jane Morrison

The lemon is dead; long live the voters, who decided last week to authorize the city council to sell Austin's 16% share of the South Texas Nuclear Project.

A decisive 58% of Austin voters favored the sale, but a more significant figure is the 30% voter turnout, almost double the turnout for the bond election last August. Only 18 of Austin's 86 precincts voted for continued participation.

The vote, however, is only the first step in the process of ridding the city of its nuclear albatross. The city council must now go about finding a buyer for its share. Houston Light & Power, the project's managing partner, is considered to be a contender, as is the city of Brownsville. It is expected to take at least a year to at last end Austin's eight-year involvement in STNP.

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In the aftermath of the STNP vote, the city council voted last week to bid on lignite deposits in Bastrop County. Despite the opposition of many Bastrop residents to the mining of the low-grade coal, which they say would cause an environmental hazard, the council approved keeping the option open with a 4-2 vote. A city-wide vote would be needed before any mining could begin, however, in order to raise an estimated \$280 million to cover the costs of the project.

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By the end of this month, Austin will once again officially have a City Manager. On October 31 (Halloween) the city council officially named Nicholas Meiszer to the job by a unanimous decision after less than an hour's discussion, but two months deliberation.

The original 140 applicants had been narrowed to nine who were interviewed, cut down to four, and then two (viable) candidates. Tom Muhlenbeck, Austin's acting City Manager since Dan Davidson's resignation became effective September 1, was one of the final four, but did not make the final cut. It is speculated that he and another of the final candidates were eliminated because of their ties to Davidson.

Meiszer's last job was as County Manager of Chesterfield County, Virginia, near Richmond, where his responsibilities included

transportation, garbage disposal, water and waste water systems and fire and police protection, and he was particularly lauded for his management of the parks system. But what most impressed the Austin City Council was Meiszer's expertise in fiscal management.

Meiszer will assume his duties by November 30, but it will take him some time to acclimate himself to Austin, and become acquainted with the city officials and employees with whom he will be dealing in the future.

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After several false starts, Austin Citizens for Decency have at last gathered enough signatures — over 19,000 — to force the City Council to call for an election on the fair housing ordinance.

The group formed in August to organize opposition to an amendment to that ordinance which would protect homosexuals from landlords' discrimination. ACD instead wants an amendment to allow landlords to discriminate against tenants or prospective tenants on the basis of sexual preference.

If the city council does not adopt the ACD amendment within 60 days — which is highly unlikely, as the majority of the members favor the protective clause — a city-wide election on the issue will be held January 16.

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AND STATEWIDE ...

On November 3, voters passed five Constitutional Amendments, but turned down two others. It's hard to extrapolate any coherent trends in such elections, but it's worth noting that both of the proposals which were nixed had widespread support from ranking government officials, and both would have consolidated more power on Capitol Hill.

No one has come right out and said it, but the vote could be seen as a decisive message in favor of decentralizing state government.

The controversial Water Trust Fund would have designated funds to help deal with the state's supposedly looming water crisis. No one really questioned the need for a plan, but there were so few limitations put on the monies the amendment would have provided that it was seen as a blank check to Texas politicians—one that voters declined to fill out.

The other defeated amendment would have allowed the Legislature to authorize a State Finance Management Committee to oversee funds that were appropriated but not yet dedicated. Proponents argued that such a committee could prevent massive waste by state agencies which now operate with little control over how they spend their money, but voters apparently felt that it would provide little more than extraneous red tape.

Pat Metheny don't play no fusion

By Mike Quinn

At the height of the blues-conscious 60s, Mississippi Fred McDowell made an album entitled "I Do Not Play No Rock and Roll." Thinking back, it seems like Fred was justified in trying to set himself apart from the no-talent hordes then capitalizing on a style of music that, ironically, formed the taproot of rock.

You see, the rudiments of the blues can be conquered in a matter of days—three chords, the right pattern and rhythm and that's all there is. Well, almost. But most weren't concerned about the subtle complexities then (now?). The vogue caught on, albums and tours were put together, labelled "blues" for the sake of convenience, and voila!

So why was Fred so adamant about the absence of rock in what he was playing? It could have something to do with artistry. Fred McDowell *knew* the blues, no doubt about it—not just three chords, but all the permutations, twists, slides, dropped beats and grunts required to make it *art*. Mastery of the essence won't ever come in five easy lessons.

By now you might be wondering what any of this has to do with Pat Metheny. Well, it's easy. Just substitute a couple of nouns and the story starts to fall together.

We are now in the cosmically-conscious 80s and the world has gone jazz crazy. (It might be noted here that jazz is said to be derived from blues, so the chronology seems correct). Everyone marvels at the upswing of jazz, just like they marvelled at the upswing of blues in the 60s. Thousands who have no business even attempting it start jazzing. Then Pat Metheny shouts over the long distance line that he do not play no rock and roll.

And you know, he has something there. Born and raised in a Kansas City suburb, Metheny was weaned on that city's long-famous jazz scene which has basically served as a funnel for a wealth of midwestern cats on their way to Chicago and New York. So, after he learned his craft well enough, Pat migrated to the east coast and soon began playing with the real jazz heavyweights, ending up in Gary Burton's band, later earning his own group and recording contract with prestigious ECM records. You can't get away with all that without knowing the music.

Tradition plays heavily into this. It takes a thorough knowledge of what went before, not only to create and advance, but to merely stay afloat in any field of the arts. Lots of folks who pay their rent with jazz couldn't pass a basic college course in jazz history. Metheny points this out, saying, "Too many of those guys don't have any idea of what has gone into the makeup of the music." But he has nothing to fear in the presence of *any* musical demigod; it is obvious by the fluidity and clarity of his solos that he has done his share of tinkering within his artform.

Recently, with one bold stroke, Metheny demonstrated his prowess on the guitar by venturing into the studio without his commercially-proven band, placing himself in the midst of the absolutely-no-rock likes of Dewey Redman, Charlie Haden and others. The result was an album entitled "80/81" which converted most of the non-believers. It is a straight-ahead jazz record encompassing a mainstream sound, but pushing it just a few steps into the future.

Then, last year, Metheny went to Brazil where he was overcome by the music and the ambience. "There is something in the air, a

unique feeling which makes people relax and feel good. Music happens naturally, and everybody gets involved." Hypnotized by a musical group called a *batucada*, consisting of 80 percussionists, he immediately realized he needed a percussionist for his band. He chose a Brazilian, Nana Vasconcelos, who happened to be performing at the same festival in Rio as the Pat Metheny Group. "After touring with Nana for a few months, I can't imagine my music without percussion. The infinite textures are fantastic." Texture, then, is the by-word of the future.

"My new LP, 'Wichita,' emphasizes textural improvisation instead of melodic improvisation," Metheny says. "The most important facet of jazz is the improvisation; that's what makes jazz."

It turns out that much of his audience comes from a predominantly rock background; they may be a little skittish about the hard core jazz outings Metheny occasionally takes. But that doesn't seem to scare him. His plans for the future include more work with artists who enjoy little, if any, recognition with the typical Metheny fan. There is also a Brazilian record that he is planning, with Milton Nascimento singing Vasconcelos' Portuguese lyrics and including another guitarista, Toninho Horta.

This may seem strange to Dubuque, but it is just another expression of the Metheny tradition which he admits includes "those fifteen Jobim songs everyone learned in the 60s." The only thing he balks at is the "fusion" label for his music. "You can call it jazz-rock if you want, but I've never heard *any* musician use the term fusion."

If it were possible, wouldn't it be great for Pat Metheny and Mississippi Fred McDowell to make a record together? Imagine them sliding around on those three chords, digital delay and gritty vocals in the tradition. The title might be "We Do Not Play No Rock and Roll Or Fusion, But One of Us Might Throw In A Little Jazz-Rock." Doubtlessly solid.



Pat Metheny



Photo by Dana Kofflat

Remember the Alamo



By Tex Zaire

That venerable closet tucked under the Alamo Hotel at the corner of Sixth and Guadalupe will be closing its doors this Friday the 13th. Its spirit, music and beer will be relocating further north on Guadalupe — 3023, to be precise — within the refurbished environs of a former topless bar. The new establishment will be known as EmmaJoe's, in honor of two of America's most prestigious radicals: Emma Goldman and Joe Hill.

The long-term proprietors of the Alamo Lounge, Bobbi Nelson and Martin Wiginton, have kept the name EmmaJoe's in mind ever since their days with the Split Rail. Now they finally have a place to put it on — a completely remodeled one, down to a custom bar courtesy of Butch Hancock.

Practically all the restoration being done at EmmaJoe's has been done with the hands, talent and sweat of volunteers. But then, the Alamo Lounge drew just that sort of clientele since Bobbi and Martin took over the bar years ago — a mixture of patrons given over to the fine music showcased there; to the easygoing intellectual/political/cultural gab that managed, most of the time, to come off as unpretentious; to the lackadaisical card games; or any mixture of the above. The cold beer and sterling selection on the juke box only gave one the excuse to hang around one more hour.

In all the Alamo met a special need of the Austin community, while managing to be one of the best bars in these United Snakes as far as this correspondent is concerned.

The bar boasted a consistently fine schedule of singers, songwriters and musicians — Lucinda, Rosalie Sorrels, Jimmie Gilmore, Pat Mears, the legendary Bill Neely, Rank & File, Nanci Griffith, Townes Van Zandt, the aforementioned Butch Hancock (who is much, much better known as

one of the country's finest songwriters than as a designer of custom bars). The list of talent at the Alamo runs longer than a gambler's wishes.

The same high quality will return to EmmaJoe's, only in much more comfortable environs. The new location has a "for real" stage and a house sound system, which will retain the intimacy that the old Alamo could only force upon audience and performer. In addition to the bar and stage area, EmmaJoe's will have a soundproofed pool room fitted out with three tables.

Under Martin's and Bobbi's care, the Alamo Lounge became much more than a longneck's burial ground. There was always a sense that the place was a community center for a certain segment of the Austin populace — that blend of political activist/artist/poet-cum-dreamer so necessary in these times. The same sensibility will continue at EmmaJoe's, on a more expanded scale.

The Alamo met a special need of the Austin community; the same quality will return to EmmaJoe's.

The last hurrah for the old Alamo will occur November 13th with seven hours of music and song. The lineup includes Butch Hancock, Lucinda, Jimmie Gilmore, Pat Mears, Rank & File and many more. In fact, most everyone who has played at the Alamo and is in striking distance of the place should be there.

Obviously, given the boxcar dimensions of the place, it would be advisable to arrive earlier than is fashionable. Practically nothing will be left in the old Alamo with which to recognize its former ambience. The old bar itself will be going out to well-deserved pasture — much to the dismay of the moving men, who were last seen cringing before its bulk.

EmmaJoe's is scheduled to open Saturday, November 14th, the day after the Alamo closes its doors. While there are a few bittersweet twinges at the closing of the Alamo, it is comforting to know that its soul and music will continue within the walls of EmmaJoe's.

Broadcasts

The Smothers Brothers: Rest in Peace

By Brian Mitchel

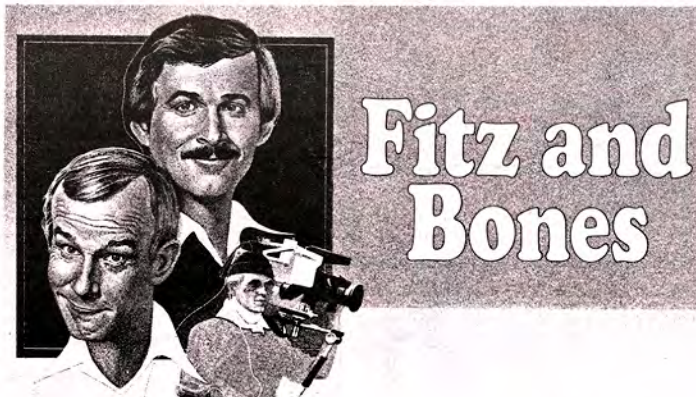
If anyone doubts that the 60s are dead, they need look no further than the Smothers Brothers' new drama-comedy series *Fitz and Bones*. The Brothers rode the crest of the counterculture to a number one spot in the ratings in the late 60s, only to have their controversial variety show yanked off the air by CBS. Two later attempts to revive the series only confirmed the obvious — that the Smothers Brothers were essentially a one-joke comedy team without the talent to carry a show devoid of political content. It's likely that their original show would have sputtered out on its own after a year or two, like its dog-eared contemporary *Laugh-In*, which finally collapsed under the strain of remaining hip.

With *Fitz and Bones*, the Brothers have come to terms with the Age of Pragmatism. Their new series has nothing to offer the viewer aesthetically, emotionally, or (especially) politically. Like the vultures who prey on Country Dinner Playhouses across the nation, they're living off a name.

Fitz and Bones is essentially a cop show disguised as a TV news drama. Fitz (Dick) is a mousy-mouthed TV reporter; Bones (Tommy) is his right-arm cameraman. Neither can act his way out of a grocery sack. The only character development I was able to glean from their performances was that Fitz is a sincere, dedicated professional, while Bones wears dumb-looking hats and likes to fool around with machinery.

Faced with such inert performers, the writers have tried to juice up the stories with some of the meanest, dumbest plots this side of *Hawaii Five-O*. In the first episode, a group of terrorists kidnap Bones and his boss (Diane Muldaur) at the TV studio and hold them for \$2 million ransom. It turns out the bad guys aren't hard-eyed revolutionaries; they're just misguided dupes of a mysterious mind-control cult leader named Raymond, who directs the whole operation by telephone, the coward. The head dupe is a beautiful kidnapped heiress who wears a floppy turtle-neck and threatens to blow people's silly heads off a lot. The others include a stoic, nubian giant who turned political when his mama got conned out of her house, and a sex-starved psycho with a thinning hairline whose mind is tuned to a frequency which has inspired bad TV acting through the ages.

The cultos stumble around the studio,



waving guns and mumbling about positive energy, while they goof on the lights in the control room. Bones, in the finest *Mod Squad* tradition, tries to undermine their fragile belief system, while SWAT-team thugs prepare to storm the control room and rearrange everyone's anatomy.

The sickest scene of the show comes when the psycho prepares to drag Bones' boss to the control room to have his evil way with her. Suddenly, the nubian cuts in and takes her away to do God-knows-what, as we cut to a commercial. As fate would have it, we are spared a scene of *Mandingo*-like depravity. It turns out the black giant only pretended to ravage her to save her from his deranged partner, explaining, "Rape doesn't sit too well with me." It's profundity like that which doesn't sit too well with me.

The worst thing about the show was that it tried to represent terrorists as nothing but brain-damaged puppets. It's hard enough to work up any admiration for people who blow up train stations to advance their political beliefs; but it's the worst kind of cop-out to claim that they aren't serious about what they're doing, that they're all victims of some messianic thug like "Raymond."

If the Smothers Brothers want to participate in this kind of right-wing pornography, let 'em. I just think they might be happier doing *The Odd Couple* at the Country Dinner Playhouse in Des Moines.

For sheer, half-hearted exploitation, you could hardly outdo NBC's made-for-TV clunker *Death of a Centerfold: The Dorothy*

Stratton Story. Based in part on Teresa Carpenter's excellent *Village Voice* article on the celebrated Hollywood murder-suicide, the show failed to live up to the most meagre expectations.

It seemed worthy of interest to see if Jamie Lee Curtis, whose movie career so far has consisted of finding corpses and dodging axes in films like *Halloween* and *Terror Train*, could overcome her obvious miscasting as a *Playboy*-Hollywood glamour queen. She obviously couldn't.

Bruce Weitz, who calls people "dog breath" on *Hill Street Blues*, was only an occasional embarrassment as Stratton's unstable, sleazoid husband Paul Snider. The weirdest performance of the show was dredged up by *Brady Bunch* parolee Robert Reed as Stratton's Hollywood producer/boyfriend (that's Peter Bogdanovich, gossip mongers). In a role where all Reed had to do was make kissy-kissy with Curtis and gravely warn her that her husband is dangerous, Reed turned his character into a howler — a mass of facial tics, absurd gestures, and weirdly inappropriate reactions. He seemed to be making an impromptu audition for the remake of *Airplane!*

Even if the performers had not been so bizarrely miscast, they would have been undone by the "tasteful" script. After seeing last year's *Murder in Texas* mini-series, I am convinced that material which is inherently exploitative shouldn't be watered down. It should be presented in all its lurid *National Enquirer* glory.

TWISTED DIALS

By Steve Swartz

MOLLY MAGUIRES CARTOON HOUR
NBC, Saturday, 9:00 a.m.

The first of a series of politically correct cartoons for kids. Producer Troy Hayden-Fonda supervised a superior group of actors, writers and animators to present the finest, most intelligent cartoon show in the history of television. When these cartoon characters are blown up, believe me, they don't appear again in the next frame! Hats off to you, Mr. Hayden-Fonda. I watched the premiere episode with a young blond boy from my neighborhood. It took him a good ten minutes to appreciate the harsh reality of the show; but once he did, he simply shook his head and said, "I think that's the first time I've ever used my entire brain." Amen.

YOU BET YOUR LIFE

with guest host William Faulkner
PBS (check local listings)

In 1956, Groucho came down with the flu and his good friend William Faulkner filled in for him on five shows. Rediscovered and re-edited by jazz great Dizzy Gillespie, these rare kinescopes can now be seen for the first time in 25 years. On the first show, Faulkner appears ill at ease mimicking the Groucho leer and quick quip. But he settles into the role, and by week two is trading wisecracks with announcer George Fenniman about *As I Lay Dying* and *The Reivers*. A rare treat.

THE HOTEL NEW HAVEN

ABC Movie of the Week, Wed., 8:00 p.m.

The subject for this controversial film for television is the two week period which John Warnock Hinkley spent in New Haven courting actress/undergraduate Jodie Foster. Although the producers claim absolute authenticity, I wonder if Hinkley really gave himself a Mohican haircut and spent hours fondling a teddy-bear, cooing, "Do ums really want to waste big, bad President?" Who knows? There are no questions about the acting, however. Director Sheky Green's first-rate troupe includes an appropriately spaced-out Powers Boothe as Hinkley, a low-key and studious Melanie Chartoff as Jodie Foster, and a light-hearted Bob Lilly as the wounded president.

GET BI ON YOURSELF WEEK

NBC, Sunday through Thursday, odd hours

Following in the footsteps of its enormously popular anti-drug campaign, NBC presents a week-long salute to the UHF/VHF crowd. Dozens of stars come out of their closets to join sexually-confused teenagers in a joyous song of personal liberation. Hosted by Billie Jean King and Elton John.

THEY SHOT SADAT

NBC's Big Event, Wednesday, 8:00 p.m. (opposite ABC's Hotel New Haven)

A rush job, and it looks it. Videotaped in black-and-white for God knows what reason, this travesty features a number of still shots and slides, with one incredibly distasteful scene of Sadat's son dancing at a disco in Coral Gables intercut with home movies of his father's assassination. Fred Silverman is surely rolling over in his grave. With Richard Roundtree as Sadat, Thomas Hearn as CIA agent Bob Selby, and Dean Paul Martin as Muammar Khaddafi. Biting off the head of a chicken would be preferable to watching this abomination.

URGH! A MUSIC WAR

A free copy of the soundtrack album for *Urgh! A Music War* to the first person who can tell us the name used by Led Zeppelin for their first European tour. (They used the name Led Zeppelin on their first U.S. tour as the opening act for Vanilla Fudge.) Call *The Austin Chronicle*, 473-8996, between 4:30 and 5:00 p.m., Wed. Nov. 18. (Special thanks to American Multi-Cinema and A&M Records)

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On Stage

Friedman's black comedy

"Steambath" tackles God, death

By Sidney Brammer

One of the more humorous and accessible plays of the American school of ironic (or black) comedy is being presented downtown at the Fifth Street Playhouse through the first week of December. Bruce Jay Friedman's *Steambath* was one of a rash of plays written and produced in the late '60s/early '70s which dealt with extremely serious matters (in this instance death and the nature of God) in very light-handed ways—a typically American brand of cynicism and irony which paved the way for the humor of the '70s and '80s (Sam Shepard, Frank Zappa, The Mr. Bill Show).

In *Steambath*, Friedman presents us with a collection of Americans from every walk of life, who inexplicably find themselves sitting in a steambath together in varying degrees of undress. Not far along into the action of the play they discover, much to their chagrin, that they have all recently exited this dimension and are now waiting in a kind of limbo before moving on to their ultimate destinations (heaven, hell, or whatever). If that isn't enough, the man in charge, i.e., God, appears to be a Puerto Rican lavatory attendant named Morty, who dispatches every human activity on earth from a TV-like console with about as much thought and sensitivity as a Reagan bureaucrat.

Into the middle of this unbelievable scenario, Friedman thrusts an unbeliever...a young man named Tandy, who proceeds to demand 1) proof that the Puerto Rican is really God, and 2) an explanation or reason for his (Tandy's) untimely death. Tandy gets his proof through a series of third-rate magic act stunts, a drinking contest, and finally a spectacular transfiguration, à la the Ten Commandments, complete with angel choir and heavenly light. As for a reason for Tandy's death, or for that matter, anyone's death, the aggravated Puerto Rican just snickers... "You come in here...you're looking for fair and reasonable...where'd you get that from?" He is an arbitrary God who prefers an ironic twist to an equitable and satisfying end to a person's life.

The Fifth Street Playhouse's production of this very funny play is as entertaining as it should be. The pace and characterizations do justice to the comedy in the play; the full impact of Friedman's statement, however, is not quite felt. The statement is two-fold: death is senseless and has no why or wherefore; but why not? Life is every bit as senseless. The



Photo by Larry Kolvoord

Steambath patrons waiting for judgement.

group waiting in the steambath are senseless, useless, and ridiculous people; the kind of people you meet everyday, just like you and me. Even Tandy, the everyman who pleads for clemency because he has only recently "turned his life around for the better," finally admits that nothing in his life is special enough to warrant postponement of the end. None of the characters really rage against the dying of the light; rather a peevish "but, aw, gee, dad..." a shrug of the shoulders, nothing really deserving of a second chance.

This is Friedman's sharpest indictment, and it is only touched on in this production. The problem lies with an overall lack of a strong directorial arm. The actors, especially Ken Craven as Tandy and Tito Menchaca as Morty, are convincing, comfortable, and seem to have a good intellectual grasp of what they're trying to say. The entire company exhibits a talent for performing comedy in an ensemble. All they needed was the right orchestration...and a sound system that worked.

Lack of resourcefulness in the area of technical production (e.g. sound design) is a shortcoming in community theatre that never ceases to amaze me. Being a veteran of a local production of *West Side Story* where the gun didn't go off, I know the awful feeling of an actor working his tail off, only to be completely undermined by a technical boo-boo.

This production of *Steambath* suffered from not having adequate sound, set, or light design. Complaints of shoestring budgets and volunteer laborers do not hold water with me. Friedman did not place *Steambath* in a steambath simply for the symbolic purging of the human soul; he was also looking for the possible effects that a steambath provides: the cloudlike, ethereal qualities, the ominous mystery of a fog, the smoke of hellfire, not to mention the comic possibilities of hissing steam, clanging pipes, dripping water...all cheap and easy effects to produce. The only effect used, a flushed toilet, was very successful—the one technical attempt at creating an ambience for this production, something the exemplary cast surely deserved. As for set and lights, I realize these things can be expensive, and I commend the proprietors of Fifth Street Playhouse for their unusually reasonable ticket prices, something other theatres in town should take note of.

But truly exciting theatre is that which shows the most imagination and originality in the most difficult of situations. Fifth Street Playhouse's aim to be a "showcase for actors" limits its real potential for being the most exciting theatre in town: a theatre where freedom and innovation come first, and designer-chic-art-gallery-fern-bar-lobbies come last.

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Wolfe wrestles with architects and architecture

By Howard Waldrop

"From Bauhaus to Our House"; by Tom Wolfe; Farrar, Straus, Giroux; 1981; 143 pages; \$10.95.

They're just *not* building them like they used to.

So says Tom Wolfe in this new, very short book made out of two articles which appeared in *Harpers*. His main thesis is that, beginning in the 1920s under the influence of Walter Gropius of the Bauhaus School, American architects changed the way buildings looked, by trying to live up to European designs which just didn't fit here (that is, apartment houses for proles).

Then it got worse. They began to design those big glass boxes, forty, fifty, one hundred stories high, that make the downtown of every big city look just like the downtown of every other big city. Now, he says, architects aren't even building buildings, they're just drawing drawings to impress other architects, and are busy *not* communicating with each other in sort of a pig-jargon filled with terms like *negative thrust* and *semiology of the infrastructure*.

A deplorable state of affairs, indeed. It doesn't take a genius to know these things (a walk down Commerce St. in Dallas is about as frightening an architectural experience as one can face. How high can they go? How much shinier can they get?) and Wolfe doesn't have many answers.

One suggestion he stops just short of making: as soon as an architect walks into a presentation and unrolls plans for another building just like all the other ones, the builder, who actually has to *build and live and work* in the glass monstrosity, should give the architect a good hard fist in his soft decadent face.

But that's a short term solution, and Wolfe tries to get somewhat more to the bottom of the mess. It's probably all the Nazis' fault anyway; they ran the members of the Bauhaus and other European schools of design right into the waiting arms of the American universities in the 1930s. The International Style (stucco and glass box) superceded all the native forms, pushing even old Frank Lloyd Wright out to Wisconsin where he couldn't do any more mischief.

There are names in here, and dates, and some few good things said about architects who either a) tried to do something different, no matter how ludicrous or b) pointed a satirical finger at their cronies.



Tom Wolfe

Wolfe's book has several faults—it's far too short, the pages are double-slugged (one line of type and one of white space) and is therefore terrifically overpriced. The whole thing, as interesting and informative as parts of it are, amounts to a bewildered look around and a hostile glare at something too titanic to comprehend.

Unless you're an architecture student out on the very cutting edge of glass-box design, you'll probably want to skip the overpriced hardcover and wait for the overpriced paperback.

Science fiction writer William Gibson, in a story in *Universe 11* called "The Gernsbach Continuum," pretty much summed up what happened in those pre-WWII days. In the story—which concerns all that stuff predicted in the 1930s in *Popular Mechanics* about how the future would be leaking over into the real 1980s—he said: "They put Ming the Merciless in charge of designing California gas stations. Favoring the architecture of his native Mongo, he cruised up and down the coast erecting raygun emplacements in white stucco."

I think Wolfe and Gibson should get together and work up a Plan.

"November 22": countdown to assassination

By Steve Davis

"November 22"; by Bryan Woolley; Seaview Books; \$12.95.

On November 22, 1963, the city of Dallas earned a reputation that even J.R. Ewing couldn't live down: it was the day that Camelot died. As a result, the popular prejudice is that Dallas, and not Lee Harvey Oswald, killed John F. Kennedy. It's a collective conspiracy theory that exceeds the wildest imagination of any assassination buff, and yet there is truth in it: the volatile conservative climate in Dallas on that fated day provided the ideal setting for the death of a President.



Bryan Woolley

Bryan Woolley capitalizes upon this scenario of Dallas as the "City of Hate" in his new novel, "November 22." Woolley sets this mixture of history and fiction entirely within the purview of the twenty-four hours of the title date, and traces the lives of 30 or so fictional characters as they converge to that dark point in modern American history and then scatter in its aftermath. To facilitate this structure, he divides the novel into chapters which denote what hour of day the action is occurring, and then subdivides those chapters into short vignettes of what a particular character was doing at that time of

day. Although this organization may be practical, it's too mechanical to be comfortable with. Ominous chapter headings like "The Eleventh Hour," and subchapter headings like "Bull" or "Betty Lou" make "November 22" read more like a countdown or an episode of "You Are There" than a literary docudrama.

But despite the distractions of this set-up, "November 22" succeeds in depicting an atmosphere in Dallas ripe for headlines about the President's goodwill visit to the city. Woolley peoples his novel with a variety of John Birchers, bigots and backyard fascists who may or may not be involved in a conspiracy to discredit—or perhaps to murder—the President. These characters are southern gothic grotesques: a grade-school teacher who refuses to allow her students to accompany their parents to see the presidential motorcade because "Kennedy's bad"; an aging self-made oil tycoon who sees Texas as the nation's last frontier for opportunity and democracy; a voracious society wife who plans a post-funeral dinner party which features steak tartare (raw red meat) as the entree; and so on.

The characters in "November 22" aren't all Kennedy-haters, however. There is an oppressed minority of JFK and Jackie admirers who serve as commentators on the ugliness of Dallas's politics. Woolley also incorporates real events surrounding the assassination to flesh out his story, ranging from the infamous full-page ad in a Dallas newspaper

Readers may be offended by this portrait of Dallas as "the only city where it could happen." But Dallas was "built on guts and daring and nothing else."

that equated Kennedy with communism to the internal political fighting in the Texas Democratic Party between Vice President Johnson, Sen. Ralph Yarborough and Gov. John Connally at the time of the Kennedy visit. This collision of fact and fiction, a popular literary device these days, gives "November 22" a good degree of credibility.

Some readers may be offended by this portrait of Dallas as "the only city where it could happen." But they forget that from its first days, Dallas was a town "built on guts and daring and nothing else." In retrospect, it really isn't too terribly surprising that Dallas is where it happened. It is this evocation of doom that makes this novel a notch above average fare. November 22 was not a fateful day in history; it was, rather, a fated one.

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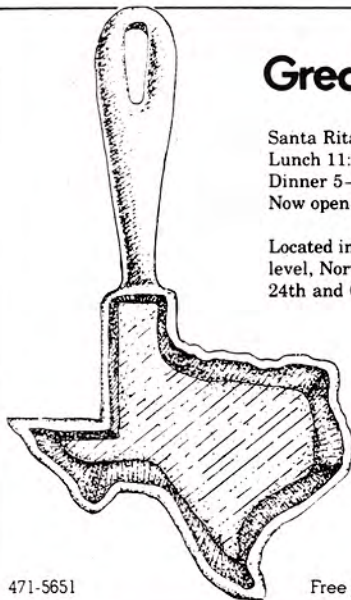
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exploring America's culinary heritage

SOME HISTORY AND A RECIPE TO GET YOU STARTED

And what are you having for Thanksgiv-
ing?

There it is, sitting up there on the calendar in red, the day of America's official love affair with food. You hear the stories about the Indians and the Pilgrims, and then you sit down to eat some huge hunk of poultry that, when alive, was a scraggly-feathered, white, stupid thing bearing no relation to the stately brown bird with the impressive tail-fan that makes up the dime-store iconography of Thanksgiving, let alone the sleek, bullet-shaped guy whose portrait adorns the whisky bottles.

Still, hype aside, the turkey is in many ways an American food. The European bird bearing the same name is different, more of a game bird like a pheasant, with a richer taste. From all I can make out, they don't eat it much over there, but then, they tend to eat much larger chickens than we do. But at a harvest festival — which, alleged brotherhood with Native Americans aside, is what Thanksgiving is — the emphasis tends to be on grains, especially those that can be mashed into something and brewed and distilled into something else.

Crafting a Thanksgiving dinner around a celebration of uniquely American foods can be a challenge, as well as an excuse to eat just about anything. After all, the only members of that huge plant family the *soldnaceae* that had been known in Europe were the nightshades, deadly nightshade in particular. That was the plant that witches were alleged to have used in their ointments, "flying" through the psuedo-psychedelic effects of the strychnine the plant produced. No wonder the first settlers on these shores forbade their fellows to eat the first *soldnaceae* they came across, a plant with fragrant leaves and small red fruit about the size of a golfball. It just looked too poisonous. How were they supposed to know they'd just discovered the tomato?

The tomato and the rest of the New World *soldnaceae* — eggplant, potato — caught on, though, along with another American vegetable family, the chili pepper, which was cultivated as far north as southern New Mexico in prehistoric times and, when it was discovered by the Spanish, had already mutated into a couple of dozen varieties. People never stop to think that these plants were unknown to the rest of the world before 1492 (because whoever it was discovered this continent — and I don't think it was Columbus — neglected to do any trading of foodstuffs, leaving it up to the Europeans), which is why it's amusing to me to make up a classic hot-as-hell Bengali dish called *Baingan alu tamatar* and reflect that if the American ingredients were removed from it, you'd have no eggplant, no tomato, no potato, no green chile, no red cayenne pepper, nothing but onions, oil, and salt. Imagine Italian cooking before the tomato! And JFK would never have been president if there hadn't been a potato famine in Ireland, and all those Irish hadn't settled in Boston to provide the political base for his rise through the ranks.

Not that all of the things pre-Columbian Americans ate have survived as regular parts of our heritage: I've often wondered what the

bread made out of acorn flour tasted like, but not enough to actually go out and do anything about it. Cactus, too, seems to be limited to people wanting to get high, although as any Southwesterner can tell you, *nopalitos* make a great addition to eggs or *chile verde*. And, while the Yankees seized quickly enough on the tiny, sour cranberry (probably because it's so rich in pectin that it makes its own jelly), they left the tiny, sour beach-plum alone, even though it grows right next to the cranberry in the wild. I can also vouch that buffalo tastes delicious, but getting it can be a problem.

If all of the above has any purpose, it's to try to get you to think about American foods, which is what most food columnists try to do around this holiday. Breaking out of a mold is hard and the turkey-dressing-mashed potatoes-cranberry sauce one is enough to drive you crazy. But go off to the library (or a bookstore, since it's so often on the remainder tables) and look for a copy of the *New York Times Heritage Cookbook*. In it, Jean Hewett has collected 2100 solid American recipes. Oh, sure, some of them have the unmistakable stamp of the immigrant on them, and why not? But the book serves as an impressive rebuke to those who would say that there is no such thing as American cuisine. And there's another remainder-table book that can get you thinking about Thanksgiving dinner: Morton G. Clark's *The Wide, Wide World of Texas Cooking*. It'll open your eyes to the culinary heritage of your own home state and probably turn you on to some Texas foods you've never encountered before.

As for me — well, Thanksgiving has always made me think of another native American plant: corn, or, more properly (since in England just about any grain-producing plant is called corn), maize. Ground into cornmeal, it gives us such quintessentially American dishes as tamales, Indian pudding, hotcakes, hush puppies, and cornbread. This cornbread recipe is going to be part of my Thanksgiving dinner because it's got corn from the Midwest, a good sharp Yankee cheese in it, and, of course, some Texas jalapenos.

JALAPENO CHEESE CORNBREAD

- 1 cup cornmeal
- ½ cup white flour, sifted
- ½ tsp. baking soda
- ½ tsp. sugar
- 1 tsp salt
- 1 8¼ oz. can cream-style corn
- 2-3 jalapeno peppers, finely chopped
- ¼ lb. sharp cheese, grated
- ½ cup safflower oil
- 2 large eggs
- ¼ cup milk, maybe a bit more

- 1) Preheat oven to 400.
- 2) Combine everything but the milk and half the cheese in a mixing bowl, and stir until completely blended.
- 3) Add the milk until the mixture stirs easily, but is still just barely too thick to pour: too loose, and the bread will be mushy in the center.
- 4) Grease a pie-plate or cast-iron skillet with bacon grease or other shortening, and turn the mixture into it. Sprinkle the remaining half the cheese on top, and bake 40 minutes, or until it's good and brown. Wait ½ hour before serving it with butter and honey.

HOUSE Favorites

Although certain people forever remind me that the Mexican food at Matt's El Rancho (303 E. First) just isn't authentic, it's still my favorite Tex-Mex restaurant in the world. You're not likely to find out why, however, if you stick with the regular dinner. It's those specialties like the Red Fish a la Mexicana and the Mexican Pizza, which El Rancho drenches in cheese and sour cream, that put Matt's place in a class by itself. My personal favorite is the chili relleno, which you can order stuffed with beef, chicken, or even shrimp. The chili itself is the biggest in the state and is generously filled, but again it's the sour cream and melted cheddar topping that makes the dish. Sprinkled with chopped pecans, raisins, and a stuffed olive, El Rancho's chili relleno gets my vote for the best Mexican dish in Austin.

—Ed Lowry



As American culture becomes more and more homogenized, food is one of the few things that still helps to define regional differences. When I first moved to Austin, it was impossible to find a good delicatessen in this town, so visits north would invariably consist of long deli binges. That situation has been changed for some time now, and, whereas in the abstract I may lament cultural changes, in reality I rejoice, especially at Katz's Deli (618 W. Sixth). My favorite sandwich there features a combination of turkey, pastrami and corned beef. Truly as good as it sounds, each meat manages to maintain its own taste while enhancing the others. I find the overall taste nicely spiced with mustard on one piece of bread and Russian dressing on the other. Complemented by Katz's marvelous (and free) pickles, this is a special delight.

—Louis Black.



It has come to my attention of late that there are those among us who believe that Southern cooking begins and ends with the words "deep fried." These hearty (and frequently fleshy) advocates of fat vehemently insist that their food be bathed in vats of hot grease before deeming it suitable for consump-

tion. Veal, fish, fowl and even vegetables slide onto their plates, caked with a floury crust, soaked through with oil, and smothered with mounds of cream gravy. Unfortunately, this thriving though rather regrettable fetish has not failed to blemish this column. Thus, I feel compelled to write on behalf of my seemingly overlooked culinary heritage and praise that which is truly Southern.

In the eyes of most good ol' boys, the oyster is something which must be deep-fried before being consumed. But the Oysters en Brochette at Alana's (319 E. Sixth) are much more akin to my idea of what a Southern appetizer should be. The oysters are skewered between slices of onion and bacon, rolled in corn meal, fried *lightly*, topped with brown butter sauce and then placed on thin slices of toasted French bread and garnished with lime and parsley. They are light, tangy, tasty, and positive proof that our Southern palates would be sorely neglected if it weren't for the influence of the French.

—Mrs. Demarcus Duchein, III.



Since this issue of the *Chronicle* is devoted to Sixth St., it seemed only logical to recommend a Sixth St. favorite. My favorite place on Sixth St. is Juan Goldstein's Cavier Bar (404 E. Sixth). But that's a problem, since this is a food column, and I don't go to Juan's to eat. I am about to advocate strongly the three-martini lunch—or more to the point, the three margarita lunch (or dinner, or after-work relief). I love margaritas. I also love Juan's. It has long been the one place on Sixth St. where you are not constantly being force fed with Sixth St. ambience. Although I knew that (second to its selection of champagne) Juan's was touted for its margaritas, it was only a few months ago that I finally had my first one there. It was a thrill: not too sweet (an unforgivable mistake, made all too often), not too much salt, not too weak. In fact, they're damn near perfect. Tequila can do strange things to you; there are times I'm certain that it too should be a controlled substance. But everytime I'm drinking margaritas at Juan's, I thank Pepe Lopez it's not.

—Diane Jane Morrison.



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DILLO

DAWN FINDS OUR DILLO
WITH A HOPELESSLY PSY-
CHOTIC CANINE WHO WANDER-
ED INTO TOWN LAST ISSUE:

WHUT KINDA
DAWG ARE YOU,
ANYHOW?



WHUT'S A "DRUG DAWG"?

I'VE BEEN TRAINED
BY THE COPS TO
SNIFF OUT DRUGS
IN HIDDEN PLACES...



I CAN FIND A MARIJUANA
SEED IN A CHEF'S SALAD,
A GRAIN OF COCAINE IN A
JAR OF ONION SALT, A HIT
OF "BLOTTER" LSD IN AN
ENCYCLOPEDIA...



BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO
FIND MY WAY OUT OF
SOUTH AUSTIN

DON'T WORRY,
FRIEND! I'LL
TAKE CARE
O' YA! DRUGS!



--TO BE CONTINUED!

by **SCOTT BEEFER**



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"woman who
fell to Earth"
the trousers:
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bagdads

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1. Matrix Glass (SG), 713 E. 6th, 479-0068
2. Raw Deal (RB), 605 Sabine, 477-8117
3. Private Cellar (SB), 709 E. 6th, 477-0387
4. Snavely's (L), 614 E. 6th, 477-0365
5. Water Works (SM), 701 E. 6th, 478-8122
6. Junior League Shop (SC), 522 E. 6th, 477-7124
7. Pete Espinoza & Sons Furniture (S), 519 E. 6th, 478-3039

KEY

- B — Bars
- C — Clothing
- G — Galleries
- L — Live music
- R — Restaurants
- S — Shops
- T — Theatres
- M — Miscellaneous

8. Rita's Cantina (RB), 508 E. 6th, 478-3676
9. Esther's (T), 515 E. 6th, 474-9382
10. Scotty's (RL), 607 Neches, 478-0332
11. Balboa (RB), 501 E. 6th, 476-5184

24. Juan Goldstein's (RB), 404 E. 6th, 476-1303
25. Rottle's Clothes (SC)
26. Wylie's (RB), 400 E. 6th, 472-3712
27. D'vine Madness (B), 409 E. 6th, 479-0481
28. Trinity House (SCG), 607 Trinity St., 474-9904
29. Steamboat 1874 (BL), 403 E. 6th, 478-2912

30. California Hotel (M), 407 E. 7th, 472-1332
31. The Paradise (RB), 401 E. 6th, 476-5667
32. Bookwomen (S), 324 E. 6th, 472-2785
33. St. Vincent de Paul's (SC), 325 E. 6th, 476-8433
34. Essentialist (S), 322 E. 6th, 472-4950
35. Maggie Mae's (BL), 323 E. 6th, 478-8541
36. Center Stage (T), 326 E. 6th, 477-1012

37. Alana's (RB), 319 E. 6th, 474-9973
38. St. Charles Gift Shop (S), 316 E. 6th, 478-5598

39. La Plaza (BL), 317 E. 6th, 472-0489
40. Pecan St. Cafe (RB), 310 E. 6th, 478-2491
41. Green Spot (B), 315 E. 6th, 472-9043
42. P.C.'s Men's Wear (SC), 306 E. 6th, 473-8685
43. E.G. Bar (B), 313½ E. 6th, 472-0312

So you think you know all about 6th Street. You've been to the fern bars and posh restaurants and chic little late-night shops. You know every conceivable outlet for legal entertainment between IH 35 and Mopac. You're already acquainted with the deluge of traffic and the herds of Top-Sider-Add-a-Beads who pal around in intimate groups of twenty. But what do you know about 6th Street before this current burst of popularity?

Around the turn of the century, 6th Street formed the core of Austin's business district. But when the Depression hit the area began to fall into decay. Honky-tonks began crowding out businesses, and the wild night life soon overshadowed the more sedate activities of the daytime community, earning the area a reputation as the "knifing district." My mother remembers stories about prostitutes who conducted their business out of cars. They drove around town with kittens sitting in their rear windows as a signal for potential customers. But despite the high visibility of the low-life element, old 6th Street was never really dominated by it. Then, as now, 6th Street looked completely different in daylight.

In many respects, little has changed. 6th Street continues to blend new with old, daytime with evening, work with play, poverty with wealth. It is a community of shop owners, waiters, flower peddlers, artists, writers, drunks, whores, shoeshine boys, restaurateurs — people whose needs and interests have brought them to the 6th

Street community. Yet, if your only exposure to the area has consisted of bar-hopping on Saturday night, you may be at a loss to identify these disparate elements. After an evening of Izods, Kleins, Vanderbilts and Laurens, 6th Street can't help but look like the regional headquarters of the *hipoisie*.

There are a lot of ways to get acquainted with the less obvious elements of 6th Street, but for the beginner, a simple mid-afternoon walk is usually the best place to start. By day you can see all sorts of establishments you would never notice at night. There are shoe shops, hardware stores, thrift shops, drug stores and pawn shops, many of which have been in business for over thirty years.

When I started visiting the older 6th Street stores I expected to find a lot of disgruntled old-timers. But everyone I talked to seemed to be happy about the new activity. Joe Robert Lewis claims to be the street's only black businessman. His bar has been in the same location for over 18 years. Joe is all smiles over the rejuvenation of the street. His halls are packed with lively bands and enthusiastic dancers every night. Joe's clientele has always been predominately black, but lately he's been

getting more white customers. "It's really the same as it's always been — the mix is a little different, but it doesn't really bother anything."

Across the street at Henry's Memories, Sally Pharr represents the new breed of 6th Street merchants who open late in the morning and stay open long after dark. Sally decided on a 6th Street location, after having run her vintage clothing store on Medical Parkway for 10 years. Two years ago she moved into the old Henry's Shoe Store building. Since "Henry's" was already spelled out in tiles, she decided to keep the name. As far as Sally is concerned, she's got the greatest spot in town. "Oh...the excitement! There is so much diversity. I have the greatest customers in Austin. They're so appreciative." Sally's customers range from 16 to 45, and include everyone from new wave band members to housewives to serious antique clothing collectors. Her greatest reward seems to be the enthusiastic response her store generates, particularly

after dark.

Of course, Sally Pharr is not the first person to sell old clothes on 6th Street. A couple of blocks down you'll find St. Vincent de Paul's, 6th Street's greatest institution. The store has been in its present location for well over 15 years, during which time it has performed an invaluable service to the 6th Street community. For budget furniture and appliances, as well as used clothing, St. Vincent's is unbeatable.

Of course, the real treasures are the church women who run St. Vincent's. Though they are pleased with the wide range of people who visit their store, they never lose sight of their first concern — serving the poor. Undaunted by the increased activity on the street, these ladies are still talking about the 6th Street Halloween Festival. "It is so exciting to come here to work every day. There is always something going on. This is where our poor people are. We feel that St. Vincent's is an important part of this community."

Unfortunately, at the end of the year, St. Vincent's will lose its 6th Street lease. The

BY DAY

NINA NICHOLS

BY NIGHT

CHRIS WALTERS

Down these mean streets a man must go...

Hank came to Austin from the wastes of West Texas to study Medieval Philosophy. He found it in abundance, but mostly outside the classrooms, and this caused him no little despair. A frustrated intellectual, he had the visioned university life as a whirl of enlightened conversation and earnest copulation. The clique his roommate Mongo ran with was less than satisfactory at best.

In desperation, he fled to Sixth Street on Saturday night to see an avant-garde comedy

about bisexual heroin addicts which a *Daily Texan* reviewer has praised as "hauntingly moving, stunning drama... an epiphany of self-reflexive angst." After standing in line for 45 minutes or so, the door came into view and so did Marcella. Hank's heart leaped. He had seen her before in his "History and Principles of Nihilism" class, but had rejected the idea of asking her out as impossibly utopian. Marcella was inexplicably alone, and when Hank called out her name and offered her a place in line, she accepted. The play, as it turned out, stunk, but by then neither of them cared. At the evening's end, Hank could only think of the famous line from the movie *In a Lonely Place*: "I was born when she kissed me..." He conveniently forgot the

their breakup. Hank arrived late one evening for a date with Marcella at a bar with foliage so abundant as to invoke memories of a dozen Tarzan epics. He rushed in as calmly as he could, apologies readied, only to find her at a table with a handsome young man wearing a Ralph Lauren suit and a look of unflappable assurance. He was, she explained, "a friend of a friend," and the three of them had an uneasy dinner together. Hank saw her eyes glisten when the man addressed her, and he knew it was all over. When the man—a lawyer, it seemed—suggested they attend a small gathering of his friends in Northwest Hills for the purposes of inhaling cocaine, Hank lost control. "Pernicious shyster!" he bellowed, leaping from the table and hurling his copy of *Gravity's Rainbow* at them. "May you choke on your affluence and die!"

Exiting quickly, he made his way west on the Street of Broken Dreams. Stopping at a major thoroughfare, he turned and made his way into the lounge of a fashionable hotel. He ordered a double Scotch and began to fulminate audibly. "Stupid commercialized strip, overflowing with two-bit posers... moronic excuse for cultural life... how could she, the tramp!"

Sixth Street, of course, was the scene of

"Hi." A blonde woman in a black dress and fishnet stockings had appeared at his table. "Wanna party?"

12. Nicholas Brothers Shoe Repair (SC), 422 E. 6th, 472-0333
13. Henry's Memry's (SC), 423 E. 6th, 474-6428

14. A & A Pawn Shop (S), 420 E. 6th, 478-1558
15. Gordo's (RB), 421 E. 6th, 477-8886
16. Brooks Home Cooked Meals (RL)
17. McKlusky's (RB), 419 E. 6th, 473-8924

18. Air Gallery (G), 414 E. 6th 476-3592
19. Freddie's Barbecue (R), 415 E. 6th, 472-0335
20. Cowgirls & Flowers (SC), 408 E. 6th, 478-4626

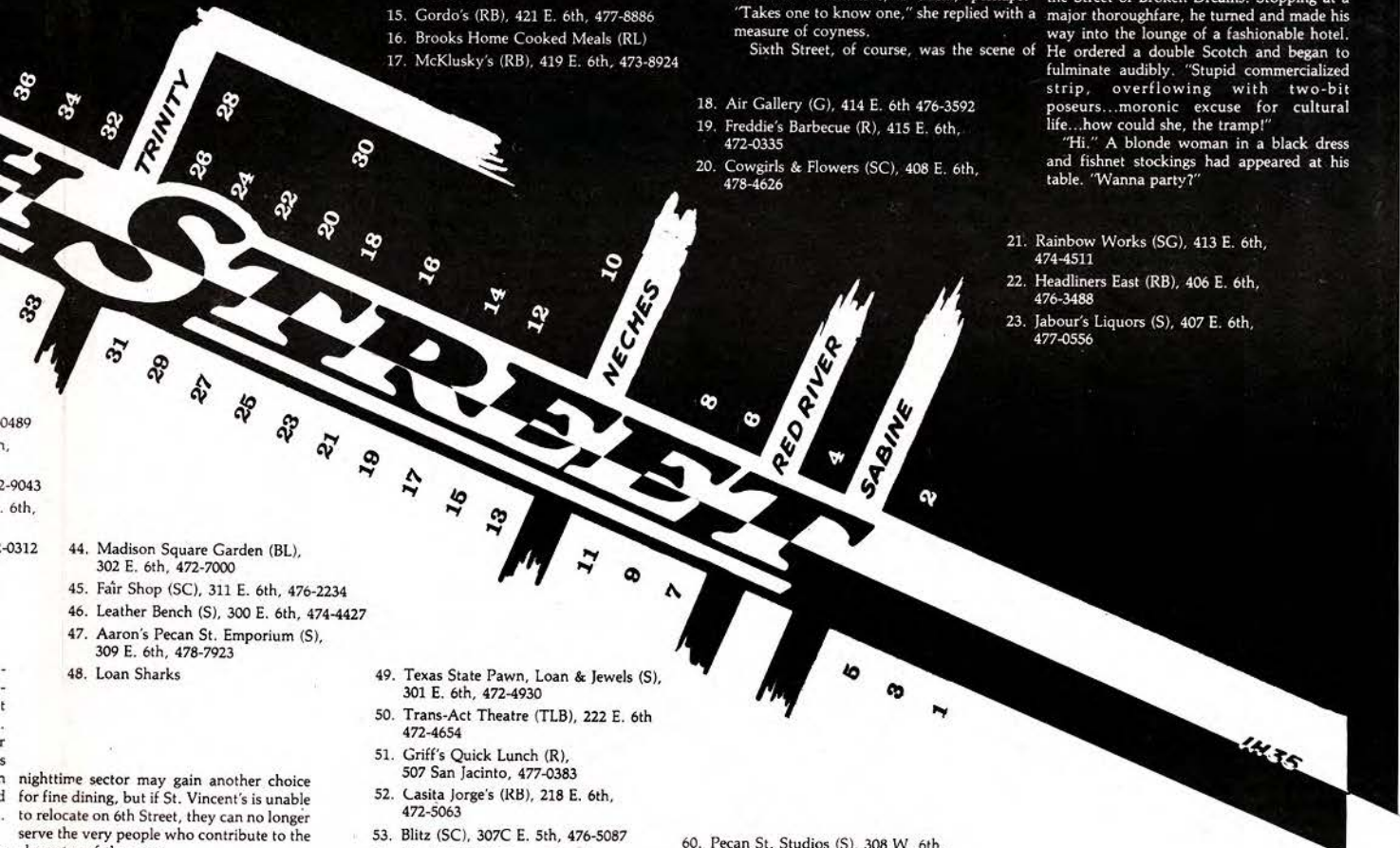
21. Rainbow Works (SG), 413 E. 6th, 474-4511
22. Headliners East (RB), 406 E. 6th, 476-3488
23. Jabour's Liquors (S), 407 E. 6th, 477-0556

44. Madison Square Garden (BL), 302 E. 6th, 472-7000
45. Fair Shop (SC), 311 E. 6th, 476-2234
46. Leather Bench (S), 300 E. 6th, 474-4427
47. Aaron's Pecan St. Emporium (S), 309 E. 6th, 478-7923
48. Loan Sharks

49. Texas State Pawn, Loan & Jewels (S), 301 E. 6th, 472-4930
50. Trans-Act Theatre (TLB), 222 E. 6th 472-4654
51. Griff's Quick Lunch (R), 507 San Jacinto, 477-0383
52. Casita Jorge's (RB), 218 E. 6th, 472-5063
53. Blitz (SC), 307C E. 5th, 476-5087
54. The Driskill (RB), 117 E. 7th, 474-5911
55. Alien Nation Records (S), 307A E. 5th, 472-3058
56. Littlefield Building (M), Congress & 6th
57. Crown Jewelers (S), 211 E. 6th, 474-1987
58. Woolworth's (S), 600 Congress, 478-7046
59. Grove Drug (S), 209 E. 6th, 478-1663

60. Pecan St. Studios (S), 308 W. 6th, 477-1122
61. Scarbrough's (S), Congress, 476-8331
62. Alamo Hotel (RBL), 400 W. 6th, 476-4381
63. Bean's Restaurant & Bar (RB), 311 W. 6th, 477-8999
64. Katz's Deli (RB), 618 W. 6th, 472-2037
65. Hot Jumbo Bagel (R), 411 W. 6th, 477-1137
66. Another Raw Deal (RB), 1110 W. 6th, 473-0015
67. Hofbrau (R), 613 W. 6th, 472-0822

68. Copa's (RBL), 1112 W. 6th, 476-9963
69. Hut's (RBL), 807 W. 6th, 472-0693
70. Wig-Lik Liquors (S), 1130 W. 6th, 472-0469
72. Sweetish Hill (RS), 1200 W. 6th, 472-1347
74. Pecan Square (M)



nighttime sector may gain another choice for fine dining, but if St. Vincent's is unable to relocate on 6th Street, they can no longer serve the very people who contribute to the character of the area.

Success on one level is rarely achieved without failure on another. The many people who have gravitated to the area have stimulated the economy of 6th Street while raising property values. As rents increase, older and smaller businesses are forced to leave the community they helped to build. This may seem a minor loss at first, but the continuation of this trend will eventually deplete the community of its cultural diversity. Although change is inevitable, 6th Street may well be on its way to terminal homogeneity and blandness.

Do you really think you know all there is to know about 6th Street?

FILM

Prepared by Ed Lowry; with Nick Barbaro, Marge Baumgarten, Greg Beal, Louis Black, Scott Bowles and Martin Chait.
All listings are subject to change. Please consult the theatre or newspaper for correct times and playdates.

RATINGS

★★★★ Terrific
★★★ Pretty good
★★ Not so hot
★ Awful

FIRST RUNS

ARTHUR

D: Steve Gordon; with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, John Gielgud.

The funniest sleeper of the summer is still here, and only *Raiders* seems likely to beat its longevity. Dudley Moore plays a rich lush (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 screwball comedy, you can guess the outcome. 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 really unimportant, it's still okay to be filthy rich.

★★★ (E.L.) Capital Plaza, Riverside

BODY HEAT

D: Lawrence Kasdan; with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, Richard Crenna.

A sizzling, sweat-inducing steamer of a murder-suspense mystery, *Body Heat* owes a lot of its inspiration to such writers of the hard-boiled school as James Cain, Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett, as well as such films noirs as *Out of the Past*, *Double Indemnity* and *The Big Sleep*. Writer-director Lawrence Kasdan, now a hot item in Hollywood because of his scripts for the "old-time" adventure movies *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, infuses *Body Heat's* strong, complex plot with a sense of the past so strong that it takes a while to realize it is set in a small Florida town in the present instead of Los Angeles in the 1920s. The plot involves the love affair between a small-time lawyer and a married woman, who concoct a scheme to eliminate her wealthy husband; and the electricity between William Hurt and Kathleen Turner is irresistible. Adding a new, R-rated dimension to the dark eroticism of the classic film noir, *Body Heat* is easily one of the most enjoyable movies in quite some time.

★★½ (L.B.) Aquarius, Capital Plaza

CALIGULA

D: Tinto Brass; with Malcolm McDowell, Teresa Ann Savoy, Helen Mirren, Peter O'Toole, John Gielgud.

This *Penthouse* production of the life of Rome's deadliest and most sadistic emperor was, in its original 3-hour, X-rated version, a festival of gore and sexual excess. Despite its renunciation by virtually everyone involved with it (including writer Gore Vidal and lead actor Malcolm McDowell), and some very pedestrian direction by Italian exploitation director Tinto Brass, it broke box office records in its original engagements on both coasts. Taking no chances on the provincial tastes of us folks in the sticks, however, the distributors decided to cut over an hour of excess, leaving us nothing but the duller chaff. Without the pornography, there's simply no reason to see *Caligula*. What could they have been thinking?

★ (E.L.) Aquarius, Northcross.

CARBON COPY

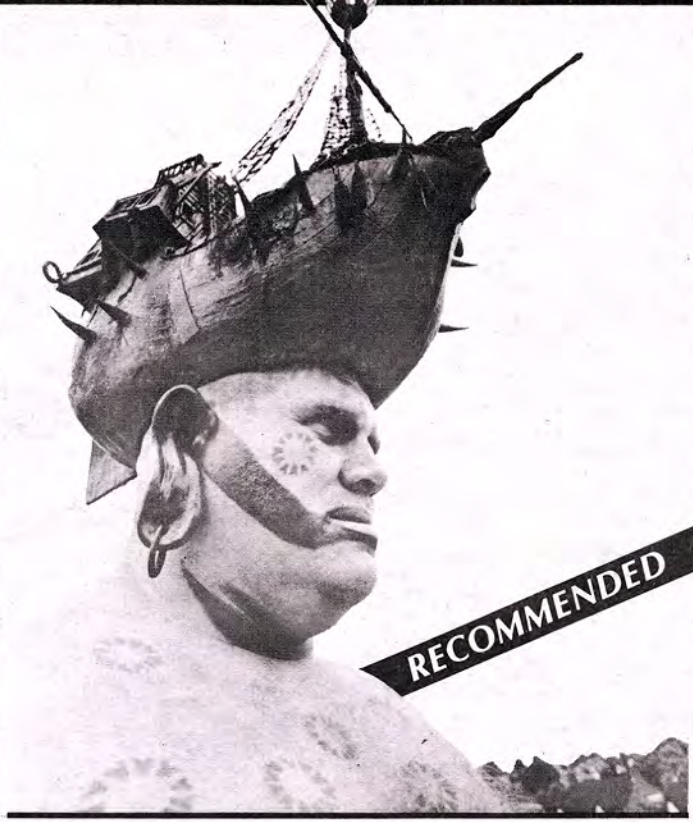
D: Michael Schultz; with George Segal, Susan St. James, Jack Warden, Denzel Washington.

Horribly offensive and gratefully unfunny comedy about a white executive's life falling apart when his illegitimate black son drops in on him. Basically, director Schultz (who's black) parades a series of racial stereotypes across the screen, exploiting them for comic potential (such as it is) and then twisting them so that the viewer feels guilty about what Schultz is doing. Schultz only succeeds in demonstrating that he's a bigger racist than any one of these creeps in the movie.

★ (S.B.) Mann Westgate, Village

A CELTIC TRILOGY

D: Kathleen Dowdley; with Siobhan McKenna. A *Celtic Trilogy* is an ambitious work by



RECOMMENDED

TIME BANDITS

D: Terry Gilliam; with John Cleese, Sean Connery, Shelley Duvall, Katherine Helmond, Ian Holm, Michael Palin, Ralph Richardson, Peter Vaughan, David Warner.

The best kid's fantasy in years proves just as entertaining for adults. No movie in recent memory displays as much imagination and wit as *Time Bandits'* tale of a young British boy from a consumption-glutted present who hooks up with a pack of dwarves on a crime spree through space and time. Armed with a stolen map of the universe's time holes and decked with the costumes and weapons of 20-odd centuries, the merry band hops from the Napoleonic Wars to Sherwood Forest to ancient Mycenae, ripping off everyone in sight and making their escape through the next time hole long before anyone gets suspicious or the setting begins to wear thin. Directed by *Monty Python* animation whiz Terry Gilliam and

filmmaker Kathleen Dowdley which blends together a variety of elements, in such a way as to defy easy categorization, to create an evocative cinematic tone poem about the Welsh people. This episodically structured work encompasses a series of vignettes based on stories from Celtic history and mythology, narrated by the celebrated Irish actress Siobhan McKenna, and interviews with members of the current Celtic liberation movements — all set against the visual imagery of Brittany. As Janet Maslin wrote in *The New York Times*, "The film is more a series of impressions than it is a documentary, and its images flow into one another almost arbitrarily. The mood isn't random, though; it's dreamy, guided by a private vision of which Ms. Dowdley is in full command."

Not reviewed at presstime. (L.B.) Dobie Screens, Nov. 13-15

CUTTER'S WAY

D: Ivan Passer; with Jeff Bridges, John Heard, Lisa Eichhorn.

Directed by Ivan Passer (*Intimate Lighting*, *Law and Disorder*), who escaped his native Czechoslovakia in the wake of the Soviet invasion, *Cutter's Way* is nevertheless American to the core. John Heard's Alex Cutter, a one-eyed cripple and Vietnam vet, is

cast from the *Python* stock company, the movie is something like a *Goon Show* version of *The Lord of the Rings*. It's the kind of film that the Disney studios would give several dragon's teeth to have made: implausible but engaging, fantastic but funny, with almost too many great ideas for a single movie. In fact, it's hard to think of a movie that makes more imaginative leaps or cleverer use of the cinema's capacity for the fantastic since *The Wizard of Oz*. If the special effects are more like hallucinations from *Fellini Satyricon* than the "realistic" pyrotechnics of *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back*, Lucas' films seem almost plodding by comparison to *Time Bandits'* manipulation of the unexpected and the surreal. And when it's all over, the viewer is left with a lot more to mull over than after, say, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. But that only means that *Time Bandits* has something to offer just about anyone who's still enough of a kid to enjoy a trip to Disneyland.

★★★★ (E.L.) Lakehills, Northcross

a cynical, raspy stand-up comic, a swarthy Long John Silver and a Don Quixote all rolled into one. His cohort, Richard Bone (Jeff Bridges) is a yacht-sailing womanizer, not nearly so manic as Cutter, but just as crazy — crazy in love with Cutter's wife Mo (Eichhorn) and with Cutter himself. It is the murder of a high school cheerleader in an affluent California community which propels the trio into a web of intrigue, but the subsequent investigation and cover-up are not so much the point as is the dream of tilting at the windmills of a corrupt society, the dream of riding a white charger to the rescue. Originally released as *Cutter and Bone*, and subsequently shelved by a timid studio, *Cutter's Way* is a film of neon interiors and exteriors, through which is threaded Jack Nietzsche's ominously compelling score. If it isn't the best movie of the year, it comes awfully close.

★★★★ (G.B.) Varsity

ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE

With Steve McQueen, Charles Durning.

This movie version of Henrik Ibsen's play was the late Steve McQueen's long-term pet project, which he completed late in his career, only by raising the money for the production himself. McQueen plays the part of an indignant water commissioner in 19th century

Norway who tries to protect the health of a community polluting its resort baths with chemical waste, only to be accused of corruption himself. A part of the American Film Theatre series, the film is stagey and rather dated, despite its contemporary themes of corruption and apathy. Mainly, it provides us the odd opportunity to see McQueen in 19th century garb, with a beard and long, gray hair.

★★ (N.B.) Village

THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN

D: Karel Reisz; with Meryl Streep, Jeremy Irons, Leo McKern, Hilton McRae.

One has to admire the ambition with which director Karel Reisz (*Morgan*, *Who'll Stop the Rain*) and screenwriter Harold Pinter set about adapting John Fowles' convoluted, ambiguous and self-reflexive bestseller to the screen. Unfortunately, that's about all there is to admire in this obvious and slow work. The aesthetic arrogance of the film is that, within and around the obsessive love story of the French lieutenant's woman in the 1860s, is a second story of an equally obsessive romance set in the present on the set of the production company that is filming the first story. Displaying a sense of irony and symbolism that would do any high school literature class proud, the contemporary romance is between the actor (Jeremy Irons) and actress (Meryl Streep) who play the lovers in the film within the film. This kind of mainstream "modernism" looks like the betrayal of two decades of progressive filmmaking, utilizing what were once innovative techniques to relate an unrelentingly pedestrian story. The intercutting of two bland, badly-conceived plots makes for nothing more than a single dull film.

★½ (L.B.) Capital Plaza

FROM MAO TO MOZART: ISAAC STERN IN CHINA

D: Murray Lerner.

Last year's Oscar winning documentary accompanies conductor Isaac Stern on his tour of the People's Republic. A straightforward record of the musical encounter between Stern and the Chinese, with an emphasis on the music.

Not reviewed at presstime.

Village

GALLIPOLI

D: Peter Weir; with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee.

Gallipoli marks the first film by Peter Weir, Australia's best director, to receive wide distribution in the U.S. It is a movie of near-epic scope concerning the most disastrous sacrifice of Australian troops during the First World War on the Turkish beachfront at Gallipoli. Weir saves the battle itself for the climax, devoting most of the film to the story of two young Australian runners who become fast friends and who, for widely different reasons, end up at Gallipoli together. Given Weir's choice of the calamitous rout at Gallipoli as a subject, and his emphasis on the absurd aloofness of the British-own Australian officers, the dominant theme of the film is quite clearly anti-war. But this stance gains strength from his bold confrontation of the allure held by imagined glory and shortsighted patriotism in drawing able young men to their senseless deaths. At times the film attains that other-worldliness of Weir's *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, especially in its opening scenes on the vast expanse of the Australian desert, and later, when the troops are stationed in Egypt before the Sphinx and the Pyramids. Despite any number of opportunities, however, it never really explores that mysterious distance between cultures which was the very kernel of Weir's masterpiece-to-date, *The Last Wave*. Still, *Gallipoli* represents the state-of-the-art of the Australian film industry, one of the most ambitious in the world today.

★★½ (E.L.) Americana.

HALLOWEEN II

D: Rick Rosenthal; with Jamie Lee Curtis, Donald Pleasence.

Picking up with the final scene of *Halloween*, this sequel follows the mayhem which ensues once the boogeyman — shot six times through the chest — takes off on a spree till dawn, painting the town of Haddonfield red. Back when *Halloween* started off the body-count genre, three corpses were enough to keep us up all night. Now, at (hopefully) the end of the cycle, *Halloween II* chalks up 10 bloody murders plus at least three more extraneous deaths just to keep our attention. Scream-queen Jamie Lee Curtis is back for more abuse, and her lines for the entire movie

could be written on the back of a matchbook. In his first feature effort, director Rosenthal does what he can to keep things moving, never allowing his Steadicam a moment's rest, while paying the requisite in-joke homages to *Night of the Living Dead* director George Romero and Italian horror maestro Dario Argento. But it's no wonder that *Halloween* auteur John Carpenter decided to produce but not direct this hackneyed script which he cowrote with producer Debra Hill. All the cliches from three years of schlock horror movies are distilled into a concoction which is certainly a step or two above the other body-count movies, but only a spectre of the predecessor to which it attaches its Roman numeral.

★★ (E.L.) Aquarius, Fox Triplex

IMPOSTERS

D: Mark Rappaport; with Peter Evans, Charles Ludlam, Ellen McElduff.

One of the most talked-about independent films of the past several years, *Imposters* is a strange comedy about Chuckie and Mikey, two twin brothers who disguise themselves as magicians and embark on a lunatic voyage in search of lost Egyptian treasure. Rappaport describes it as "an unholy union between *The Maltese Falcon* and *Remembrance of Things Past*." Sneak Previews' Roger Ebert also notes its combination of "Victorian intrigue, pulp thrillers, pop art, sexuality, humor and the Marx Brothers."

Not reviewed at presstime.
Looker Screens, Nov. 16-19

LOOKER

D: Michael Crichton; with Albert Finney, James Coburn, Susan Dey.

This high-tech, science fiction, suspense-thriller from Michael Crichton, director of *Coma* and *Westworld*, and author of *The Andromeda Strain* and *Terminal Man*, is not nearly as thrilling as it should be, due to some gaping holes in its plot. Albert Finney plays a plastic surgeon who undertakes a personal investigation of the deaths of some of his most beautiful female patients. What he discovers is a far-fetched, corporate plot masterminded by James Coburn to manufacture Stepford girls for mind-control TV commercials. An interesting premise and some good gimmicks make this a rather enjoyable film, if you can overlook the basically silly script and some rather average direction.

★★½ (M.C.) Mann Westgate, Village

MOMMIE DEAREST

D: Frank Perry; with Faye Dunaway, Steve Forrest, Diana Scarwid, Howard Da Silva. Hollywood's version of Christina Crawford's sensationalistic biography of her mother, the very great Joan Crawford, is not only a vendetta paid in spades, but a genuine horror movie about stardom and family in the American vein. Dunaway is dumbfoundingly brilliant as Crawford, especially when chewing the scenery is in order. The idea of making this film was trashy from the beginning, but the outcome is truly great trash.

★★★ (E.L.) Mann Westgate, Northcross

ONLY WHEN I LAUGH

D: Glenn Jordan; with Marsha Mason, Kristy McNichol, James Coco, Joan Hackett.

This newest Neil Simon package is a surprisingly precise remake of the Susan Hayward weepie *I'll Cry Tomorrow* passing as a comedy. Mason will surely receive another Academy Award nomination for her portrayal of an actress trying to stay dried out after taking the cure. As for laughs, the film is a catalogue of reactionary attitudes, including some fairly grotesque gay schtick by James Coco, a few sour racial and ethnic slurs, and too many elements from *The Lost Weekend*, *Virginia Woolf* and *Mr. Goodbar* to be very funny. The single thing that makes it worth seeing is Kristy McNichol (*Little Darlings*) as Mason's daughter, who performs with the emotional vitality which never seems to fail her. One star for the movie. The second star belongs entirely to Kristy McNichol.

★★ (E.L.) Highland Mall, Lakehills

PATERNITY

D: David Steinberg; with Burt Reynolds, Beverly D'Angelo.

Burt Reynolds plays a contented bachelor who wants nothing to do with marriage, but who longs for fatherhood nonetheless. So he hires Beverly D'Angelo to bear a son for him. Sound like the plot of a comedy? Maybe — except this film, like the earlier Burt Reynolds film *The End*, relies less on black humor than on an uneasy combination of funny scenes and grim ones. Here the comparison between marriage and prostitution is a bit too scathing to make light of. Since this is one of Reynolds' "personal" films in which he plays against his macho image, his character here is less like

The Bandit than like Jack Benny. The movie provides some good laughs if you're in the mood to grin and bear it.

★★½ (E.L.) Fox, Mann Westgate

PRINCE OF THE CITY

D: Sidney Lumet; with Treat Williams, Lindsay Crouse.

A long and reportedly powerful film about corruption in the New York City Police Department, directed by Sidney Lumet, who gave us *Serpico*. Advance word is that the film is more ambiguous, less good guy/bad guy than the earlier film, and that Treat Williams (*Hair*) gives Pacino a run for his money.

Not reviewed at presstime. (E.L.)

Fox Triplex, Riverside

THE PURSUIT OF D.B. COOPER

With Treat Williams, Robert Duvall.

Hollywood never could resist the perfect crime, and we all knew it was only a matter of time until they immortalized the skyjacker who stole a fortune and parachuted into the forests of the Northwest and seemed to disappear from the face of the earth. Universal is giving headline-stealer D.B. Cooper the first-class treatment, casting *Prince of the City* star Treat Williams in his role and Academy Award winner Robert Duvall as his ex-Green Beret nemesis. I hope D.B. is enjoying this, wherever he may be.

Not reviewed at presstime. (E.L.)

Lakehills

RAGGEDY MAN

D: Jack Fisk; with Sissy Spacek, Eric Roberts, Sam Shepard.

Sissy Spacek is perfection as a divorced mother trying to raise two kids while running the telephone switchboard for a small Texas town during the Second World War. Texan Bill Wittliff's script is strongly reminiscent of *To Kill a Mockingbird*, and director Jack Fisk (Spacek's husband) has fashioned from it a film without a single false note.

★★½ (E.L.) Lakehills

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK

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

The latest superproduction from Spielberg and Lucas surpasses even *Star Wars* for sheer entertainment, and looks like it might even surpass its formidable predecessor at the box office. Set in 1936, the film moves from South America to Nepal to Egypt, keeping its tongue firmly implanted in its cheek as it follows 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 memory has provided more non-stop action, more imaginative situations, and more flair for adventure.

★★★★ (E.L.) Lakehills

RICH AND FAMOUS

D: George Cukor; with Jacqueline Bisset, Candice Bergen.

A film about the beautiful people for the college-educated masses, *Rich and Famous* is an updated version of the 40s movie *Old Acquaintance*, which chronicles the life-long friendship of two women authors, widely separated by the barriers of taste. Jacqueline Bisset takes the role originally played by Bette Davis — a sort of highbrow Dorothy Parker cum Susan Sontag — with Candice Bergen playing the Miriam Hopkins role as a leadenly dumb, Southern belle Jacqueline Susann. As directed by the 82-year old "woman's director" George Cukor — who coached Katherine Hepburn in *The Philadelphia Story* and Greta Garbo in *Camille* — Bisset and Bergen are as good as they can be (which in the latter case is not quite good enough). Still, for all the intellectualizing and the drooping of names like D.H. Lawrence, T.S. Eliot and Marcel Proust, the film is amazingly one-dimensional, and the interaction between the lead actresses suggests only the trace of friendship. An amusing film which doesn't begin to live up to its pretenses.

★★½ (E.L.) Highland Mall

ROSIE THE RIVETER

D: Connie Field.

This award-winning documentary examines the role of women in the work force during the Second World War by means of a series of interviews with women regarding their personal experiences, expertly intercut with well-selected footage from newsreels and

Hollywood feature films of the period. A main concern of this beautifully crafted film centers on the actual selling of "Rosie the Riveter" as a national symbol. As more and more men enlisted in the armed services, women were desperately needed to take their places in the work force. The character of "Rosie the Riveter," a female airplane construction worker, was consequently designed and marketed to attract women to take such jobs. Not unlike *Smokey the Bear*, Rosie soon became a recognizable symbol celebrated in all forms of media. After the war, however, the orientation shifted in an attempt to return to the pre-war status quo. As men returned from the services, women were expected to return to the home. Some of the women interviewed in this film remained in the work force, and they talk about their decision to do so. It is to the film's credit that it is not only a fine study of the role of women during those years, but that it also details how the media were used to influence people's thinking and how its position changed when it was no longer expedient. Playing with Susan Wengraf's *Love it Like a Fool*, a documentary about composer/singer/activist Malva Reynolds at age 76.

★★½ (M.B.) Dobie Screens, Nov. 20-26

SO FINE

D: Andrew Bergman; with Ryan O'Neal, Jack Warden, Mariangelo Melato, Richard Kiel.

Admittedly, this film's publicity, emphasizing designer jeans with see-through plastic patches on their backs, seems to give indisputable evidence that writer Andrew Bergman's (*The In-Laws*) directorial debut mines the same thin vein of repulsively sophomoric sexist humor that made his former collaborator Mel Brooks (*Blazing Saddles*) rich and famous. The promise of the kind of moronic, ha-ha, tits-and-ass jokes that win big laughs in every sixth grade boys locker room does a grievous disservice to this ambitious and effective comedy. The almost surreal tale involves a college professor (Ryan O'Neal) helping his dress manufacturer father (Jack Warden) pay off a gambling debt to monster mobster Richard Kiel ("Jaws" in the Bond films). Along the way, Kiel's wife (Mariangelo Melato) takes a liking to O'Neal and attempts to seduce him with a single-mindedness that verges on the suicidal (homicidal for him). Bergman's skilled direction unreels the story at a breakneck pace, combining the stylistic elements of the classic 30s American screwball comedy with the look and bizarre sensibility of the post-Fellini Italian sex

comedy. The result is a unique, often hysterically funny film, which has unfortunately been sabotaged by its incomprehending, dim-witted ad campaign.

★★★ (L.B.) Northcross

TATTOO

D: Bob Brooks; with Bruce Dern, Maud Adams, Leonard Frey, Rikke Borge.

Bruce Dern plays another psycho, and this time he's after beautiful model Maud Adams. A tattooist called upon to do some body painting for a fashion spread, Dern is aroused to kidnap Adams, imprison her and cover her from head to toe with indelible designs. The exploitative ads for this film have already raised some protests, but the critical consensus seems to be that TV commercial director Bob Brooks has done something extraordinary with this script by Joyce Bunuel, daughter-in-law of the greatest of surrealist filmmakers, Luis.

Not reviewed at presstime. (E.L.) Highland Mall, Mann Westgate, opens Nov. 20

TIME BANDITS

See Recommended

URGH! — A MUSIC WAR

D: Derek Burbridge.

The advance word on this film makes it sound less like a brush war than like a new wave holocaust, in its patchwork quilt, cross-cultural intermingling of an incredible number of bands. If this collection of talent ever got together in one place at one time, the results would probably rival anyone's vision of Armageddon. It looks as though Miles Copeland of IRS Records invited every near-successful band on both sides of the Atlantic to perform. The end result of this kind of clustering basically depends on whether you are one of those who sees a glass as half-empty or half-full. I plan on definitely being awake during the Go-Gos, Echo and the Bunnymen, XTC, X, The Police, Magazine, Gang of Four, Steel Pulse, Pere Ubu, John Otway, Au Pairs, Wall of Voodoo and the Fleshtones. Either because I've never heard them or I'm not that familiar with their music, I look forward with interest to ex-Squeeze member Jools Holland, Athletic Spz-80, Toyah Wilcox, Klaus Nomi, the Alley Cats, Skafish, the Members, and Joan Jett and the Blackhearts. Look for me in the hall, however, when Oingo-Boingo, Gary Numan, the Cramps, 999 and Devo are on.

Not reviewed at presstime. (L.B.)

Aquarius



THIEF
Tuesday Weld and James Caan still search for the American dream in the ice-cold, utterly amoral world of Thief.

REVIVALS

The following film listings are chosen from the wide variety of revivals and second runs in town. They represent our recommendations and are by no means complete.

THE AMERICAN FRIEND (1977)

D: Wim Wenders; with Bruno Ganz, Dennis Hopper, Gerard Blain, Lisa Kreuzer, Nicholas Ray, Samuel Fuller.

Wim Wenders' leisurely, episodic style might seem conceptually mismatched with the narratively intricate, cinematically lean 1940s American detective films to which *The American Friend* is both a conscious homage and a linear descendant. In this adaptation of Patricia (Strangers on a Train) Highsmith's novel, Wenders utilizes his abilities to layer the

plot, which centers around an American swindler (Dennis Hopper) who befriends a German artist (Bruno Ganz). Suffering from a fatal disease, Ganz is manipulated by Hopper into working as a hired assassin for a French gangster, which will earn the artist enough money to leave his wife and son a substantial inheritance. Wenders' detail-conscious narrative conceals as much as it reveals, while tangling images of love and alienation, domestic scenes and acts of violence. The visual beauty of the images and the precision of the film's cinematic style provide an unsettling context for the interaction between the traditionally convoluted mystery-thriller plot. Wenders' lazily evocative style, and a dense existential atmosphere. With second feature Werner Herzog's *Aguirre, the Wrath of God*. (L.B.) Varsity, Nov. 15-16.

BEAT THE DEVIL (1954)

D: John Huston; with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Robert Morley, Gina Lollobrigida, Peter Lorre.

Rumor has it that director-writer John Huston, writer Truman Capote and star Humphrey Bogart (who helped finance this film) waited until they arrived on location in Italy to do any real work on *Beat the Devil*. Preparing each day's shooting script the night before, they fueled their collaborative writing sessions with vast, unending quantities of alcohol. After wisely shelving Bogart's trendy suggestion to shoot the film in 3-D, the trio went on to turn out an often screamingly funny black comedy/adventure chronicling the inept machinations of a gang of crooks who collaborate with Bogart in an attempt to pull off a uranium swindle. Amidst a plot that is nearly impossible to relate, Bogart looks charmingly bewildered as he is romanced, dumbfounded and endangered by pathological liar Jennifer Jones (who almost steals the movie), while his wife Gina Lollobrigida retaliates by romancing Jones' boring English gentleman of a husband. This inane virtuoso work by director John

Huston was a bomb when it was released, but has long since become a cult classic. The last word, however, belongs to Bogart, who argued, after losing his investment in the film, that "only phonies think it's funny. It's a mess."

(L.B.) CinemaTexas, Nov. 17

THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT (1956)

D: Frank Tashlin; with Jayne Mansfield, Tom Ewell, Edmund O'Brien, Little Richard, Fats Domino, The Platters, Gene Vincent, Eddie Cochran.

The first rock musical is an attempt to win the rocking bobby-soxers of the 50s and their breast-ogling fathers in one fell swoop. Director Frank Tashlin, who began as a cartoon director at Warner Brothers in the heyday of Daffy Duck and Porky Pig and then honed his talents directing that living cartoon character Jerry Lewis, trots a bigger-than-life Jayne Mansfield through a series of sight gags that defy all laws of physics and taste. Befuddled agent Tom Ewell does everything in his power to make Jayne a rock-and-roll star, meanwhile providing us a chance to see and hear Little Richard, Fats Domino, Gene Vincent, The Plat-

ters and Abby Lincoln deliver some top-notch performances. Nevertheless, the film's highlight may be Edmund O'Brien's power-packed rendition of "Rock Around the Clockpile." A favorite-film of such French New Wavers as Jean-Luc Godard, Tashlin's masterpiece looks more and more like one of the freshest, most innovative and most influential comedies of the 1950s.

(E.L.) CinemaTexas, Nov. 17

MILDRED PIERCE (1945)

D: Michael Curtiz; with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, Ann Blyth, Eve Arden.

This fine adaptation of James Cain's novel features a brilliant and sustained performance by Joan Crawford, which justly earned her an Academy Award. An ambitious blending of melodrama and mystery, this taut film noir not only continues to entertain, but grows more fascinating every year. Pierce, disgusted with her husband's lack of ambition, separates from him and starts a successful chain of restaurants in order to raise her two daughters in a style she has always dreamed of but never known. But material wealth and the single-minded drive that helped her achieve it soon result in trouble — not only in business and romance, but most intensely in a conflict with her eldest daughter, who embraces the rich, high-society life style with a spoiled insensitivity that leads to her ultimate disdain of the very career which has made the luxury possible. Lust, love, tragedy, romance and murder are the emotional elements of this riveting narrative about mothers and daughters, capitalism and violence, Electra and desire. (There, a whole review without a mention of *Mommie Dearest*, the current cinematic biography of Crawford which seems like nothing so much as an hysterical, high-camp encore to this film.)

(L.B.) Texas Union, Nov. 17

THIEF (1981)

D: Michael Mann; with James Caan, Tuesday Weld, Willie Nelson.

This existentialist crime thriller marks a stunning theatrical film debut for television talent Michael Mann (*The Jericho Mile*). Mann demonstrates a breathtaking sense of dynamic imagery and atmosphere, as well as a willingness to take chances in this fictionalized account of the exploits of an upper-echelon safecracker, so skilled in his profession that he only deals in hard goods — cash and jewels. James Caan gives a strong performance as a thief caught up in the classic American dream of a wife, a family and a house in the suburbs. When he meets up with the always electrifying Tuesday Weld, he seems well on the way to fulfilling his goal; but the mob is willing to go to any extreme to own and dominate this maverick. The triumph here is not so much the tense and carefully paced narrative as it is the film's audacious cinematic style. In certain scenes, the color is bled to a point where the screen sizzles with a vibrant black-and-white which evokes a visceral reaction.

(L.B.) Texas Union, Nov. 20-21

PROJECTIONS

by LOUIS BLACK

By Louis Black

Imagine you're a fairly successful filmmaker, sitting in the office of a production executive of a major studio. You've worked up a project that you're extremely excited about and it seems loaded with commercial potential. After pitching it to the executive, he tells you that he's sorry, but he's been in the business a long time, so he really knows what the public wants, and this project just doesn't sound like it. He knows.

He knows, just like the studio executives who held up the release of the movie *Airplane!* for months, convinced that it would find no audience. When it was finally released, it became one of the sleeper hits of the year.

The product of Hollywood is myth-America, a dream territory of heroics, fantasy and romance. Sometimes that product comes in the form of movies and sometimes it comes as "Hollywood," a version of itself that the industry promotes. Aspects of this include everything from the personal lives of the stars to information about the film business.

One widely held belief is that the industry is extremely sensitive to the entertainment desires of the public on the most basic level, and that it accurately aims its output to pander to the lowest common denominator of taste. Producers claim that they are only interested in making money, which they do because they understand the commercial film market, and not in turning out "quality" films. The question then becomes, is their assertion that they can gauge and understand the tastes of the marketplace correct?

When television first became generally available, industry executives pretended that it didn't exist. Even though it was one of the factors economically devastating Hollywood at the time, many of them seemed genuinely to believe that if TV actually lasted at all, at least the novelty would soon wear off and audiences would return to the movie theatres. Eventually, when a few financially strapped companies broke the boycott, it turned out that the TV market was extremely lucrative, both for old films and studio-produced programs.

During the McCarthy period of the early 50s, industry leaders gave in to the threat of pressure groups without gauging their size or strength. Losses in terms of talent and integrity through blacklisting are obvious, though we can only estimate the amount of dollar loss from the production of inoffensive pablum which did little to draw people away from their TVs.

A string of successful, lavishly-produced musicals hit a peak when three of the top four moneymakers of 1965 were Mary Poppins, *The Sound of Music* and *My Fair Lady*. This led to the obvious conclusion that any producer or director interested in doing a musical — the bigger the budget the better — should be given a go-ahead. A healthy percentage of the most expensive of these — *Darling Lily*, *Star, Hello Dolly!* — did graceless industry-damaging belly-flops.

These notches barely hint at the awesome arrogance and egocentricity indicated by an economic track record so pock-marked and seemingly illogical that the suspicion arises that, in Hollywood, learning from one's mistakes is considered a social disease and that there exists a collectively unconscious ambition to verify Santayana's observation that "Those who don't study history are doomed to repeat its mistakes" on a virtual week-to-week basis.

In light of the self-proclaimed business savvy of industry leaders, the funniest joke in Hollywood must be those solemn pronouncements by one studio seer or another, delivered at almost regularly spaced intervals, that the current cycle of slash-and-spurt horror films is finally over. Invariably, this news is enthusiastically and positively played up by both the trade press and general news media, as they create the clear impression that it is good news.

Yes, the same dollar sign hardliners who care only for profits and who know that creativity has no box office, regularly and authoritatively trot out this news, and each and every time they've been wrong. We heard it after Halloween, and then after *The Amityville Horror*, and then after Friday the 13th; and that is neither a complete list of pronouncements, nor of the horror box office successes.

Recently, we've been informed yet again that the genre is dead, just as Halloween II came to life, grossing in the neighborhood of \$7.5 million during its first weekend, while at least three other money-making oozers remain on the *Variety* charts.

Industry leaders have spoken, and they have clearly demonstrated their remarkably consistent misreading of audience interest, their lack of foresight, their poor understanding and their constant substitution of wish fulfillment/fantasy for reality as the basis of decision-making.

Next issue: *Slash/Slash, Hack/Hack, Stab/Stab — It's All Right, Ma, I'm Only Bleeding; or: What Does All This Mean?*

RETROSPECTIVES

AMERICAN INDIAN FILM FESTIVAL

Transact Theatre, 222 E. 6th St., 7:30 & 9:30 p.m.
TUE 17 LEONARD CROW DOG: HOLY MAN OF THE LAKOTA
TUE 24 SACRIFICE AREA

CINEMATEXAS

University of Texas campus, 471-1906.
(Iester Aud. unless otherwise noted)

MON 16 ANTONION'S BLOW-UP (1966)
TUE 17 THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT (See Revivals) Bogart in Huston's BEAT THE DEVIL (Batts)
WED 18 THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME (1932)
THU 19 DePalma's OBSESSION (1976)
MON 23 Coppola's THE CONVERSATION (1974)
TUE 24 Godard's BREATHLESS (1959)

LAGUNA GLORIA AT FIRST FEDERAL

E. 10th & Brazos, 7:30 p.m., 477-1757 or 458-8191.
WED 18 MAKING DANCES: 7 POST-MODERN CHOREOGRAPHERS

TEXAS UNION

University of Texas campus, 471-5651.
(Union Theatre, unless otherwise noted)

FRI-SAT 13-14 ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK (See Revivals) The Who in THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT BLACK AND WHITE IN COLOR (Batts) ANIMATION POTPOURRI (Batts) THE ADVENTURE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES (1939) (Academic Center) THE RETURN OF THE PINK PANTHER (1975) (Academic Center)
SUN 15 WOODSTOCK (1970) THE SORROW AND THE PITY (Batts)
MON 16 Cary Grant & Irene Dunne in THE AWFUL TRUTH Peter Weir's PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK
TUE 17 Joan Crawford in MILDRED PIERCE (1945) Bruce Lee in FISTS OF FURY (1972)
WED 18 THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII (1935) Bogart in Huston's THE AFRICAN QUEEN
THU 19 Marx Bros. in A DAY AT THE RACES Marilyn Monroe in Howard Hawks' GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES (1953)
FRI-SAT 20-21 THIEF (See Revivals) ALIEN Wertmuller's SWEPT AWAY (Batts) Orson Welles in THE THIRD MAN (Academic Center) An animated fable: THE POINT
SUN 22 OLIVER! (1968) SWIFT AWAY (Batts)
MON 23 ROOM AT THE TOP (1958) Kurosawa's SANJIURO (1962) DePalma's PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE
TUE 24 Frank Langella in DRACULA (1979) THE COLLECTOR (1965) PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE
WED 25 Michael Caine in PULP (1972) John Fowles' THE MAGUS (1969) PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE

VARSITY

2402 Guadalupe, 474-4351.
FRI-SAT 13-14 LA CAGE AUX FOLLES II & Billy Wilder's SOME LIKE IT HOT (1959)
SUN-MON Wim Wenders' THE AMERICAN FRIEND (See Revivals) and Werner Herzog's AGUIRRE, THE WRATH OF GOD
TUE 17 Polanski's THE TENANT (1976) & KNIFE IN THE WATER (1962)
WED-THU 18-19 Nastassia Kinski in Roman Polanski's TESS
FRI-SAT 20-21 Who Double Feature: TOMMY (1975) & THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT (See Revivals)
SUN-MON British Madcap Triple Feature: Monty Python's AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in BEYOND THE FRINGE, & Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr in THE MAGIC CHRISTIAN
TUE 24 Nicholas Roeg's BAD TIMING & DON'T LOOK NOW
WED-THU 25-26 Wertmuller's SEDUCTION OF MIMI & ALL SCREWED UP

MIDNIGHTERS

DOBIE SCREENS

WED-TUE DRAGONSLAYER
11-17 GAS

NORTHCROSS

FRI-SAT 13-14 Jackie Chan in THE BIG BRAWL Led Zeppelin in THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD Bruce Lee in ENTER THE DRAGON

RIVERSIDE

FRI-SAT Every weekend:
13-14, 20-21 THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

MOVIE GUIDE

AMERICANA, 2200 Hancock Drive, 453-6641.
AQUARIUS 4 1500 S. Pleasant Valley Road, 444-3222.
AUSTIN 6, 521 Thompson, 385-5328.
CAPITAL PLAZA CINEMAS, I-35 at Cameron Road, 452-7646, June 5-18.
CINEMA WEST, 2130 S. Congress, 442-5719.
DOBIE SCREENS, Dobie Mall, Guadalupe and 21st, 477-1324.
FIESTA DRIVE-IN, 1601 Montopolis, 385-1953.
FOX TRIPLEX, 7657 Airport Blvd., 454-2711.
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 Burnet Road, 454-4147.
REBEL DRIVE-IN, 6902 Burlinson 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.

ROADSHOWS

NOVEMBER

- FRI 13 Canned Heat, Hondo's
- FRI 13 Iggy Pop, Dirty Looks, Club Foot
- FRI 13 Toots & the Maytals, Pressure, Club Foot
- SAT 14 Iggy Pop, Dirty Looks, Club Foot
- SAT 14 Toots & the Maytals, Lotions, Austin Opry House
- MON 16 King Crimson, Austin Opry House
- TUE 17 Garland Jeffreys, Club Foot
- WED 18 Tashi Ensemble, UT Performing Arts Center
- WED 18 Peter Nero & the Philadelphia Pops Orchestra, Erwin Center

- WED 18 Junior Walker & the All-Stars, Club Foot
- WED 18 Justine, Trans/Act
- FRI 20 B.W. Stevenson, Shane, Snaveley's
- FRI 20 Romantics, Producers, Club Foot
- SAT 21 Devo, Coliseum
- SAT 21 Delbert McClinton, Austin Opry House
- SAT 21 B.W. Stevenson, Shane, Snaveley's
- WED 25 James Durst, Snaveley's
- MON 30 Swingle Singers, UT Performing Arts Center
- DECEMBER
- SAT 5 Richie Havens, Steamboat
- MON 7 Earth, Wind & Fire, Erwin Center

RECOMMENDED



Let's bend the rules and recommend two concerts this time out. The Opry House hosts King Crimson on Monday the 16th; the new version of this venerable progressive rock group includes Bill Bruford (formerly of Yes and Genesis) and Adrian Belew (Zappa, Bowie, Talking Heads), in addition to founder Robert Fripp. This tour marks the reemergence of Crismo, which disbanded five years ago.

Iggy Pop performs at Club Foot on Friday and Saturday, the 13th and 14th. If there is a Godfather of punk rock, the Ig is it.

WEEKEND GUIDE

- ALAMO LOUNGE
- AUSTEX
- AUSTIN OPRY HOUSE
- AUSTIN OUTHOUSE
- BACK ROOM
- BROKEN SPOKE
- CLUB FOOT
- CONTINENTAL CLUB
- COPA'S
- COURTHOUSE BLUES
- FOLKVILLE
- HONDO'S
- HUT'S
- LOCK, STOCK & BARREL
- MAGGIE MAE'S
- MOTHER EARTH
- OTHER SIDE
- STEAMBOAT

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13

- last night; 6 bands
- Guanella Pass
- Toots & the Maytals
- Kathy & the Kilowatts
- Dan and Dave
- C.W. Slick
- Iggy Pop
- Explosives
- Passenger
- Texas
- Frank Hill
- Canned Heat
- Rock-A-Dials
- Great Rubber Band
- Grimalkin
- Heyoka
- Medina
- Double Trouble

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14

- Night Cats
- Toots & the Maytals
- Rock-A-Dials
- X-Spand-X
- Diamondback
- Iggy Pop
- Van Wilks
- Suzie Stern
- Texas
- Mike Phelan
- W.C. Clark
- Omar & the Howlers
- Great Rubber Band
- Jazz-Me Blues
- Heyoka
- George Enslie
- Double Trouble

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20

- Candace Howes
- Romantics
- Dan & Dave
- Burt Rivera
- Fabulous Thunderbirds
- Lift
- Passenger
- Southern Rain
- Michael Tomlinson
- W.C. Clark
- Angela Strehli
- Grimalkin
- Release
- Gordie Headlee
- Tommy Hancock
- B.W. Stevenson
- Shake Russell
- New Visions Ensemble
- Uncle Walt's Band

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21

- Slade Rivers Band
- Kathy & the Kilowatts
- Delbert McClinton
- Dan & Dave
- Al Dressen
- Fabulous Thunderbirds
- Rockin' Devils
- Southern Rain
- George Enslie
- W.C. Clark
- Omar & the Howlers
- Alfalfa Brothers
- Release
- Christy Clemons
- Tommy Hancock
- B.W. Stevenson
- Shake Russell
- New Visions Ensemble
- Uncle Walt's Band

- AUSTEX LOUNGE
- AUSTIN OUTHOUSE
- AUSTIN OPRY HOUSE
- BACK ROOM
- BROKEN SPOKE
- CLUB FOOT
- CONTINENTAL CLUB
- COPA'S
- COURTHOUSE BLUES
- FOLKVILLE
- HONDO'S
- HUT'S
- MAGGIE MAE'S
- MOTHER EARTH
- OTHER SIDE
- SHORTHORN
- SNAVELEY'S
- STEAMBOAT
- TRANS/ACT
- WATERLOO

In One Ear

BY Margaret Moser

No Jukes? "Who is this man and who created him?" New York Rocker asked their readers in the October issue. Here's the story so far...

When the Ramones' latest album "Pleasant Dreams" appeared, the cover art (center right) bore more than a passing resemblance to an ad Austin artist Guy Juke had done for the late Raul's Club (above). The Ramones' management had contacted Juke just prior to the album's release, saying that they had noticed the similarity, too. Juke then offered to redo the art, but the management refused, saying that the record was being shipped already.

The reason given as to why the two were so alike suggested that the management believed the idea was borrowed from the Raul's art (which, incidentally, had run as a full-page ad in New York Rocker). The management paid Juke a nominal sum for the general use of the idea even though he had nothing to do with the execution of the cover art.

Not much more was said until New York Rocker brought the subject up in October. When shown the item in NYR, Juke readily produced a book on horror films and opened to the inside cover (below). This is where the image for the Raul's ad came from, a promo still from "House of Wax" — a 1953 Warner Brothers 3D film starring Vincent Price as the character in question.

Interestingly enough, this same film is being re-released in theatres.

Guy Juke believes the Raul's ad was shown to the artist responsible for the cover as the basis for the design. Why Juke himself was not asked to do it is not clear, but in view of the fact that Juke had previously been commissioned for a B-52s ad in NYR, and drawn Talking Heads posters — and all of these bands share the same management — it would appear that Guy Juke was being tapped as a source for ideas that were being produced on a cheaper scale.

Unfortunately, the quality suffered dreadfully, as the cover art isn't nearly as well done as the Raul's ad.

As an afternote, the cover was entered and won first place in an art competition.

The local front has been busy with new albums, with the release of Jerry's Kids' LP "What Can You Say and How Will They Take It?" This is a rather ambitious project for a band with no other records out and considering their relative newness, but Chris Wing has managed to steer them past the comparisons with Wing's last band, STB into what may be one of the better albums on the scene. My personal favorite is "Drugs Will Kill Me," and I look forward to their show at Club Foot with those fabulous Big Boys on the 16th (Watch for more on the BB's in an upcoming issue)...

Delinquents leader Brian Curley has a project of his own up his sleeve. He wants to record another Austin compilation album a la "Live At Raul's" and says any bands interested in talking to him about it should call him at 443-5227 or drop a note to Live Wire Records, 5254 Meadow Creek, Austin 78745...

Working on this column has allowed me the opportunity to get better acquainted with a lot of musicians and groups I otherwise might not get to see. Some of the groups of note I've run across lately are the Foves (they'll be at Studio 29, formerly the Rome Inn, on the 14th); Nasty Habits, featuring ex-Bubble Puppy Rob Hammond on bass, the Rock-A-Dials, who rock Spellman's out frequently, and Craig Calvert and the Alter Egos.

Calvert was a longtime member of St. Elmo's Fire and I saw many a fine show at

WHO IS THIS MAN AND WHO CREATED HIM?

That's what we'd like to ask the proprietors of now-defunct Austin club Raul's, who placed the advertisement pictured (right) in NYR #33 (November, 1980), designed by one Guy Juke. And that's what we'd like to ask the Ramones, since the same mystery man sneaked onto the cover of their new Pleasant Dreams LP, designed by "M & Co." of New York. Where will this menacing figure strike next?



the Armadillo with them. Since their breakup, Calvert has gone on to put two musical groups together (besides the Alter Egos, who include two members of Passenger). He plays with CPR at Snaveley's on the 18th, and he'll be at Steamboat Springs in December with the Alter Egos.

Steamboat will also be the place to catch Shake Russell & Dana Cooper on the 20th and 21st. These guys have a tremendous following out of Houston and may very well be one of the next big acts to break out around here, given the right guidance and management.

And on Monday and Tuesday the 16th and 17th, Ellen McIlwaine will be with the Austin All-Stars there. McIlwaine is a very talented singer/songwriter and is no slouch on slide guitar, either.

What is Stephen Doster up to? There's a rumor flying that he's been in the studio here with James Honeyman-Scott, guitarist with the Pretenders. Honeyman-Scott has been here in town after the Pretenders tour was cancelled visiting with this wife, Austin's lovely Peggy Sue Fender.

The Skunks are back off the road after playing held-over shows in Macon, Georgia and Memphis, Tennessee.

Don't forget the Creative Opportunity Orchestra will be playing at the Paramount on Friday and Saturday, the 13th and 14th. It's free, and the two shows will be completely different.

Also this weekend, Bobby Bridger will be presenting a workshop with a most unusual twist, including various studies and discussions on the Mountain Men and Latoka Indians. It will be an all-afternoon affair ending in an evening's performance. Enrollment is limited, so contact Waterloo Ice House at 474-2461.

Don't forget, if you've got something to say about your band, say it to me at 473-8995, Monday through Friday from 2 to 6 p.m.

CLUBS

(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.)

ABEL'S
24th and Rio Grande, 477-5001.

ALAMO LOUNGE
6th and Guadalupe, 472-0033.
FRI 13 final night with Butch Hancock, Jimmie Gilmore, Nanci Griffith, Rank & File, Lucinda, and Pat Mears

ALEXANDER'S
7711 Brodie, 282-9135.
FRI 13 Mongoose
SAT 14 Hubcaps
SUN 15 Angela Strehli
WED 18 Mongoose
SUN 22 Angela Strehli

ANGLES
3500 Guadalupe, 453-9831.
WED 18 comedy night with impressionist Warren Bradley
WED 25 comedy night with Ron Mitchell from Dallas' Comedy Corner

AUSTEX LOUNGE
1920 S. Congress, 444-9088.
FRI 13 Guanella Pass
SAT 14 Night Cats
SUN 15 Revolvers
TUE 17 Revolvers
WED 18 Guanella Pass
THU 19 Blue Eyes
FRI 20 Candace Howes
SAT 21 Slade Rivers Band
SUN 22 Wiz Brothers
TUE 24 Foves
WED 25 Guanella Pass
THU 26 Night Cats, Guanella Pass

AUSTIN OPRY HOUSE
200 Academy, 443-7037
FRI 13 Toots & the Maytals, Pressure
SAT 14 Toots & the Maytals, Lotions
MON 16 King Crimson
FRI 20 Romantics, Producers

SAT 21 Delbert McClinton

AUSTIN OUTHOUSE
3510 Guadalupe
FRI 13 Kathy & the Kilowatts
SAT 14 Rock-A-Dials
SUN 15 Lucinda
MON 16 Hoot
TUE 17 John Casner
WED 18 Pat Mears
THU 19 Guanella Pass
SAT 21 Kathy & the Kilowatts
MON 23 Night Cats

THE BACK ROOM
2015 E. Riverside, 441-4677.
FRI 13 Dan and Dave
SAT 14 X-Spand-X
SUN 15 W.C. Clark
MON 16 Lewis and the Legends
TUE 17 Morris Code
WED 18 Judy Price Band
THU 19 Your Move
FRI 20 Dan & Dave
SAT 21 Dan & Dave
SUN 22 W.C. Clark
MON 23 Lewis & the Legends
TUE 24 Judy Price Band
WED 25 Wommack Brothers
THU 26 X-Spand-X

BROKEN SPOKE
3101 S. Lamar, 442-6189.
FRI 13 C.W. Slick
SAT 14 Diamondback
WED 18 People's Choice
FRI 20 Burt Rivera
SAT 21 Al Dessen
WED 25 People's Choice

CALIFORNIA HOTEL
407 E. 7th, 472-1332
FRI 13 Stick Figures
THU 19 "Schizophonic"
SUN 22 Austin Friends of Traditional Music: open mike
MON 23 Texas Circuit poetry party

CASINO BALLROOM
9111 FM Rd 812, 243-1584, 243-1584

CHEATHAM STREET WAREHOUSE
1 Cheatham Street, San Marcos, 392-9298
FRI 13 Project Terror
SAT 14 Beto y los Fairlanes
WED 18 Lotions
THU 19 Shake Russell & Dana Cooper

TUE 24 Van Wilks

CHELSEA STREET PUB
Barton Creek Square Mall
Billy Pritchard, every night except Sunday

CHELSEA STREET PUB
Highland Mall, 459-9986
Leroy Parnell, every night except Sunday

CHELSEA STREET PUB
Northcross Mall, 454-6434
Tracy & McColl, every night except Sunday

CLUB FOOT
110 E. 4th, 472-4345.
FRI 13 Iggy Pop, Dirty Looks
SAT 14 Iggy Pop, Dirty Looks
SUN 15 Beto y los Fairlanes
MON 16 Big Boys, Jerry's Kids
TUE 17 Garland Jeffreys
WED 18 Junior Walker & the All-Stars, Cold Cuts
THU 19 Standing Waves, X-Spand-X
FRI 20 Fabulous Thunderbirds, LeRoi Brothers
SAT 21 Fabulous Thunderbirds, Kingpins
SUN 22 Beto y los Fairlanes
MON 23 UHF Video Extravaganza
TUE 24 Lotions
THU 26 Xalapeno Charlie's benefit

CONTINENTAL CLUB
1315 S. Congress, 442-9904.
FRI 13 Explosives, LeRoi Brothers
SAT 14 Van Wilks
SUN 15 Lewis and the Legends
MON 16 Angela Strehli
TUE 17 W.C. Clark
WED 18 LeRoi Brothers
THU 19 Stephen Doster & Scissors
FRI 20 Lift
SAT 21 Rockin' Devils
SUN 22 Lewis and the Legends
MON 23 Cobras
TUE 24 Stevie Vaughn & Double Trouble
WED 25 Tex Thomas
THU 26 LeRoi Brothers

COPA'S
1112 W. Sixth, 476-9963.
FRI 13 Passenger
SAT 14 Suzie Stern, Austin Jazz All-Stars
TUE 17 Estrella
WED 18 Jerry & Nancy Stevens
THU 19 Tina Marsh Quartet
FRI 20 Passenger

WED 25 Estrella

COURTHOUSE BLUES
9063 Research, 837-3505.
FRI 13 Texas
SAT 14 Texas
TUE 17 - THU 19: Mesquite
FRI 20 Southern Rain
SAT 21 Southern Rain
TUE 24 - THU 26: Country Clout

DONN'S DEPOT
1600 W. 5th, 478-0336.
FRI 13 Donn Adelman & the Stationmasters
SAT 14 Loy Blanton
MON 16 Ernie Mae Miller
TUE 17 Donn Adelman
WED 18 Loy Blanton
THU 19 Kerry Pryor
FRI 20 Donn Adelman
SAT 21 Loy Blanton
MON 23 Ernie Mae Miller
TUE 24 Donn Adelman
WED 25 Loy Blanton
THU 26 Kerry Pryor

DRISKILL BAR AND GRILL
117 E. 7, 474-5911

ESTHER'S POOL
515 E. 6th, 474-9382
Esther's Follies, every Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

FOLKVILLE
2911 San Jacinto, 474-0605.
FRI 13 Ky Hote, Frank Hill & Mike Phelan
SAT 14 Jyl Hershman, Frank Hill & Mike Phelan
SUN 15 John O'Neill, Lyle Lovett
MON 16 Cathy Hull, Guanella Pass
TUE 17 Tom Pershey, Jill Fuller
WED 18 Rebecca Stone, Dave Davis
THU 19 Dave Davis, Vince Bell
FRI 20 Jim Montgomery, Michael Tomlinson
SAT 21 Cathy Hull, George Enslie
SUN 22 Dale Buchner, Copin'
MON 23 Rebecca Stone, Guanella Pass
TUE 24 Tom Pershey, Bill Oliver
WED 25 Jo Poize Revue
THU 26 Ky Hote, Brian Cutean

HOLE IN THE WALL
2538 Guadalupe, 472-5599.
MON 16 Dave Scheidel
WED 18 Frank Zigal
THU 19 Omar & the Howlers

CLUB FOOT

Fri & Sat
Nov. 13 & 14
Iggy Pop with Dirty Looks
Thurs., Nov 17
Garland Jeffreys

Wed., Nov 18
Junior Walker
and the All Stars
Cold Cuts
Fri., Nov 20
The Fabulous Thunderbirds
The LeRoi Brothers

Sat., Nov 21
The Fabulous Thunderbirds
The Kingpins
Thurs., Nov 26
Xalapeno Charlie's Benefit

Every Sunday in November
Beto and the Fairlanes

COMING
Los Microwaves ★ The Blasters

110 E 4TH 472-4345

ANGLES
AUSTIN'S NEWEST ROCK - N - ROLL CLUB

MONDAY 50¢ DRINK NITE

TUESDAY 50s Night \$1.00 cover 9-Midnight .50 Highballs

WEDNESDAY COMEDY NITE Austin's funniest floor show starts at 10 p.m. with MC Larry Winston

THURSDAY KLBJ-FM 60's Nite 94¢ Cover 94¢ Hiballs

FRIDAY & SATURDAY Rock N Roll Weekend

A DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE

3500 GUADALUPE 453-9831

HONDO'S SALOON

2915 Guadalupe 477-9114

Fri., Nov. 13
Canned Heat
W. C. Clark Blues Revue

Sat. Nov. 14
W. C. Clark Blues Revue
Paul Ray and Little Charlie

Sun., Nov. 15
B-Side Band

Mon., Nov. 16
LeRoi Bros.

Tues., Nov. 17
Your Move

Wed., Nov. 18
Omar and the Howlers

Thurs., Nov. 19
Angela Strehli Band

Fri. & Sat.
Nov. 20 & 21
W. C. Clark Blues Revue
Paul Ray and Little Charlie

Sun. Nov. 22
B-Side Band

Mon., Nov. 23
LeRoi Brothers

Tues., Nov. 24
Your Move

Wed. Nov. 15
Omar and the Howlers

Thurs., Nov. 26
Angela Strehli Band

2915 GUADALUPE ★ 477-9114

THE CONTINENTAL CLUB

Friday, Nov. 13
Explosives
LeRoi Brothers

Saturday Nov. 14
Van Wilks

Sunday, Nov. 15
Lewis and the Legends

Monday, Nov. 16
Angela Strehli Band

Tuesday, Nov. 17
W. C. Clark Blues Band

Wednesday, Nov. 18
LeRoi Brothers

Thursday, Nov 19
Stephen Doster and Scissors

Friday, Nov 20
The Lift

Saturday, Nov. 21
The Rockin Devils

Sunday, Nov. 22
Lewis and the Legends

Monday, Nov. 23
The Cobras

Tuesday, Nov. 24
Stevie Vaughn and Double Trouble

Wednesday, Nov. 25
Tex Thomas and his Danglin Wranglers

Thursday, Nov. 26
LeRoi Brothers

442-9904

1315 S. Congress

MON 23 Alex Koke Quartet
 WED 25 Frank Zigal
HONDO'S SALOON
 2915 Guadalupe, 477-9114.
 FRI 13 Canned Heat, W.C. Clark Blues
 Revue
 SAT 14 W.C. Clark, Paul Ray, Little Charlie
 SUN 15 B-Side Band
 MON 16 LeRoi Brothers
 TUE 17 Your Move
 WED 18 Omar & the Howlers
 THU 19 Angela Strehli
 FRI 20 W.C. Clark, Paul Ray, Little Charlie
 SAT 21 W.C. Clark, Paul Ray, Little Charlie
 SUN 22 B-Side Band
 MON 23 LeRoi Brothers
 TUE 24 Your Move
 WED 25 Omar & the Howlers
 THU 26 Angela Strehli

HUT'S
 807 W. 6th, 472-0693
 FRI 13 Rock-A-Dials
 SAT 14 Omar & the Howlers
 SUN 15 Tex Thomas & the Danglin'
 Wranglers; Chris O'Connell
 MON 16 Big Money Rhythm Section
 THU 19 LeRoi Brothers
 FRI 20 Angela Strehli
 SAT 21 Omar & the Howlers
 SUN 22 Tex Thomas, Chris O'Connell
 MON 23 Big Money Rhythm Section

LA VILLITA INN
 5510 S. Congress, 442-9119.

LIBERTY LUNCH
 405 W. 2nd St., 477-0461.

LOCK, STOCK & BARREL
 2700 W. Anderson Lane, 451-7521.
 FRI 13 Great Rubber Band
 SAT 14 Great Rubber Band
 TUE 17 - SAT 21: Great Rubber Band
 TUE 24 - THU 26: Rosewood Junction

LUMBERYARD
 9200 Burnet, 837-3418.
 FRI 13 Road Runner
 SAT 14 River City Rounders
 SUN 15 Texas Fever
 MON 16 Texas Fever
 TUE 17 Bert Rivera & the Nightriders
 WED 18 Family Tradition
 THU 19 Bert Rivera
 FRI 20 Texas

SAT 21 Road Runner
 SUN 22 Diamondback
 MON 23 Diamondback
 TUE 24 Bert Rivera

MAGGIE MAE'S
 323 E. 6th, 478-8541.
 FRI 13 Grimalkin
 SAT 14 Jazz-Me Blues
 SUN 15 Steampacket
 MON 16 Emily Kaitz
 TUE 17 Ed Miller
 WED 18 Mark Lang
 THU 19 Intoxicacion
 FRI 20 Grimalkin
 SAT 21 Alifalfa Brothers
 SUN 22 Hearts & Gizzards
 MON 23 Bach to Bach
 TUE 24 Steampacket
 WED 25 No Mercy

MOTHER EARTH
 1907 E. Riverside, 443-1695.
 FRI 13 Heyoka
 SAT 14 Heyoka
 SUN 15 Rabbit
 TUE 17 - SAT 21: Release
 SUN 22 Rabbit
 TUE 24 - THU 26: Crystal Image

O'HENRY'S
 504 E. 5th, 478-0411.
 THU, FRI, SAT: Bobby Doyle
 TUE, WED: Connie Blake
 MON: JoLayne Boyce

THE OTHER SIDE
 21st and Guadalupe, 473-0351.
 FRI 13 Medina
 SAT 14 Robert Keen, George Enslie
 SUN 15 Jo Poize Revue
 MON 16 "Love and Glass"
 TUE 17 Michael Tomlinson
 WED 18 Elliot Lenard
 THU 19 "Love and Glass"
 FRI 20 Gordee Headlee
 SAT 21 Christy Clemons, Hal Messer
 SUN 22 Jo Poize Revue
 MON 23 Bryan Cutean
 TUE 24 Julie Jean Reneaux
 WED 25 Jerry & Nancy Stevens

THE PARK
 1820 Manor Rd., 472-4269

PIGGY'S
 310 Congress, 472-2789

FRI 13 Rich Harney Quartet
 SAT 14 Curtis Voelkel Trio
 MON 16 El Fairlane: Michael Munday Trio
 TUE 17 Beto, Tomas Ramirez
 WED 18 Alex Coke Trio
 THU 19 Donna Menthol Trio
 FRI 20 Rich Harney Quartet
 SAT 21 Curtis Voelkel Trio
 MON 23 El Fairlane: Michael Munday Trio
 TUE 24 Beto, Tomas Ramirez
 WED 25 Alex Coke Trio
 THU 26 Donna Menthol Trio

SHORTHORN LOUNGE
 5500 N. Lamar, 451-5822.
 SAT 14 Wild West Show
 SUN 15 Double Barrel
 TUE 17 Smith
 WED 18 Angela Strehli
 THU 19 - SAT 21: Tommy Hancock
 SUN 22 Double Barrel
 TUE 24 Smith
 WED 25 Angela Strehli

SNAVELEY'S
 614 E. 6th, 477-0365.
 THU 19 Alan Davis & Jim Montgomery
 FRI 20 B.W. Stevenson, Shane
 SAT 21 B.W. Stevenson, Shane
 WED 25 James Durst

SPELLMAN'S
 1401 W. 5th
 FRI 13 Omar & the Howlers
 SAT 14 Leroi Brothers
 THU 19 Fuzz Brothers
 FRI 20 Rock-A-Dials
 SAT 21 Rock-A-Dials

STEAMBOAT
 403 E. 6th, 478-2912.
 FRI 13 Double Trouble
 SAT 14 Double Trouble
 MON 16 Austin All-Stars
 TUE 17 Austin All-Stars
 WED 18 Extreme Heat
 THU 19 Marcia Ball
 FRI 20 Shake Russell & Dana Cooper
 SAT 21 Shake Russell & Dana Cooper
 MON 23 Austin All-Stars
 TUE 24 Tex Thomas
 WED 25 Extreme Heat

TEX LOUNGE
 107 W. 4th, 477-0243

TEXAS TAVERN
 Texas Union, 24th & Guadalupe, 471-5651
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 SAT 14 Dinosaurs
 SUN 15 Donna Menthol & Mixed Brew
 FRI 20 Austin All-Stars
 SAT 21 Your Move
 SUN 22 Nasty Habits

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 WED 18 Kenneth Threadgill, Bill Neely
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 222 E. 6th, 472-4654
 FRI 13 "Willie the Shake," Linda Aum
 Rhyme
 SAT 14 "Willie the Shake," Michael Tomlinson
 SUN 15 "Willie the Shake"
 TUE 17 Don Sanders
 WED 18 Justine
 THU 19 Rank & File
 FRI 20 New Visions Ensemble
 SAT 21 New Visions Ensemble
 SUN 22 Barbara Lau, Diane Payton
 TUE 24 Pat Mears

WATERLOO ICE HOUSE
 906 Congress, 474-2461
 FRI 13 Bobby Bridger
 SAT 14 Bobby Bridger
 FRI 20 Uncle Walt's Band
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(Special thanks to American Multi-Cinema and A&M Records)

SINCE 1939



Hut's HAMBURGERS

<p>Thurs. Nov. 12 Octave Doctors Fri., Nov 13 Rock-A-Dials Sat., Nov. 14 Omar and the Howlers Sun., Nov. 15 Tex Thomas & His Danglin' Wranglers, with Chris O'Connell</p>	<p>Mon., Nov. 16 Big Money Rhythm Section Sat., Nov 21 Omar and the Howlers Sun., Nov 22 Tex Thomas & His Danglin' Wranglers with Chris O'Connell Mon., Nov 23 Big Money Rhythm Section</p>
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Mondays, The Rose gets all screwed up. And you get paid for having good times and meeting the mysterious opposite sex.

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On Vinyl

DEVO "New Traditionalists" (Warners)

If I understand correctly, "de-evolution" implies that the modern world — which increasingly denies individuality by treating its citizens only as cogs in the production/consumption machine — is turning us all into a race of high-tech ants.

This is a pretty grim state of affairs, but Mark Mothersbaugh and Gerald V. Casale are too savvy merely to preach. This may be a sinking ship, but it's our sinking ship; the tension between love and hate of the modern world has been implicit in Devo from the beginning.

With any iconoclastic band there is a tendency to suspect that commercial success will be the group's artistic ruination, and

some Devotees have feared that the platinum-tinged sales of "Whip It" may do the group more harm than good. Actually, there was no need to worry; Devo's ironic distance from the very concept of commerciality — they have *always* embraced it and rejected it simultaneously — gave them their inoculation against "success" a long time ago.

"New Traditionalists" is Devo's best album since their groundbreaking debut of three years ago. On "Beautiful World" and "Going Under" in particular, the wittily ironic lyrics, deft synthesizer work, and undeniable beat combine to make this some of the most engaging and exciting music so far this year.

Devo is the Horatio Alger story of the 80s: a band with a wantonly original look and sound comes out of nowhere, sticks to their guns, and finally hits big. Ronald Reagan



should be proud of 'em but probably isn't. Which, I'm sure, suits Devo just fine. Buy the album and start some new traditions of your own.

— Jeff Whittington

ROGER "Many Facets of Roger" (Warners)

Roger Troutman is the newest star to hit the disco scene; he has definitely hit it big with his like "So Ruff So Tuff" and his remake of one of the biggest soul hits, "I Heard It Through the Grapevine."

For those of you who don't know Roger, he is the youngest of the Troutman family. He formerly played with the Zapp Band, which was led by his brother Zapp Troutman.

"The Many Facets of Roger" is Roger's new album, in which he displays his own instrumental talents. It features "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" — currently number one on the soul charts — and "Do It Roger."

"Grapevine" is the single of the year, and if 1982 is anything like 1981 you better look out the rest of the Troutman family.

— Leon Eagleston, Carl Carlton

NEIL YOUNG "Re-ac-tor" (Warners)

Neil Young's latest record is a bushwhacker. Powered by a howling barrage of distorted guitars and saturated with lyrical moxie, "Re-ac-tor" clears the air, leaving Young an open path to pursue.

The album's carefree spontaneity reflects Young's haphazard musical evolution. Neil goes with the flow, leaving himself open to endless interpretations, which many fans and scribes are only happy to provide. But the primal rock instrumentation on "Re-ac-tor" denies such cerebral intentions by heading straight for the gut.

And Neil's fragile humor is presented on the surface along with the music.

"You were born to rock, you'll never be an opera star," sings Neil, with a chorus of "ho-ho-hos" behind him. An obvious reference to the cultural deficiencies of rock, right? "Ain't got no T-bone, got mashed potatoes," sprouts Neil for nine long minutes. He must be singing about the longevity of poverty.

Well, I doubt it. "Re-ac-tor" has no pretense. Even when Neil tells the tale of "Surfer Joe and Moe the Sleaze," what he is trying to convey is right up front. "Here's a story 'bout Surfer Joe. He caught the big one but he let it go. There's somebody satisfied with winning."

I guess Neil Young sees modern life through ageless eyes.

— Jody Denberg

without hesitation, and his backing vocals consist of rut-tut-tut-tuts and the like.

Which makes this album instantly likeable, in a tacky sort of way. It's nice to know something can emerge from the sanitary studios of L.A. with its funkiness intact. Like the scars on fine leather, the loose ends on "Law and Order" bear witness to its authenticity.

— Jody Denberg

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Mar-Val Masters Vol. 4 — It's Country" (Cowboy Carl)

If you appreciate the uncompromising, hard-core country music sounds of Hank Williams and Lefty Frizzell, then here's an LP that shouldn't be missed. "Mar-Val Masters Vol 4" is a superb reissue of fifties-style hillbilly boogie and country jump that's guaranteed to set your toes tappin'.

These wonderfully obscure sides were originally released on Mar-Val and Glenn Records, an independent label group based in Indiana that recorded primarily southern migrants who ventured north after World War II to work in the factories along the Great Lakes.

The music is replete with Dixie-drenched vocals and spiced with pithy instrumental breaks throughout — jazzy guitar runs, hot twin fiddles and slashing steel guitars. Heading up the list of virtually unknown artists is Lubbock native Jack Bradshaw, whose high twangy vocals are not unlike those of his hometown contemporary, Buddy Holly.

There are no dogs here — all these sides are first rate. If you can't find this album at your neighborhood record shop, write to Cowboy Carl Records, P.O. Box 116, Park Forest, Illinois 60466.

— Jay Trachtenberg

LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM "Law and Order" (Asylum)

Lindsay Buckingham's "Law and Order" will not likely achieve the commercial success of Stevie Nicks' solo album, nor will it be met with the indifference that Mick Fleetwood's African experiment did. It is an eccentric piece of pop — interesting yet harmless, innovative yet mindful of the past.

Before "Tusk," none of Buckingham's work hinted at his avant-garde approach to pop music. The lushness of that double album was occasionally shattered by his quirky, herky-jerky compositions and the strange texture of his voice.

On "Law and Order," Buckingham refines the approach he brought to "Tusk." The bright tones of acoustic guitars and splashing cymbals are set against a rhythm section that sounds like a shoebox and a Dixie cup. His voice rambles from upper to lower registers

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NEW RELEASES

ROCK, POP, & C.

AL STEWART "Indian Summer" (Arista)
BELLE STARS "Slick Trick" (Stiff)
BENNY MARDONES "Too Much To Lose" (Polydor)
BLASTERS "Blasters" (Slash)
BOHEMIA "Deviations" (VD)
CHUCK HAMMER "Guitararchitecture" (JEM)
DEL SHANNON "Drop Down and Get Me" (Network)
DOLL BY DOLL "Doll By Doll" (MCA)
ELVIS COSTELLO "Almost Blue" (Columbia)
FIREBALL "Best Of" (Atlantic)
FLO & EDDIE "Rock Steady with Flo & Eddie" (Epiphany)
J. GEILS BAND "Freeze-Frame" (EMI-America)
KING CRIMSON "Discipline" (Warner/EG)
LEIF GARRETT "My Movie of You" (Scotti)
LOVERBOY "Get Lucky" (Columbia)
MIKE LOVE "Looking Back With Love" (Boardwalk)
PETER CETERA "Peter Cetera" (Full Moon)
QUEEN "Greatest Hits" (Elektra)
RINGO STARR "Stop and Smell the Roses" (Boardwalk)
RUPERT HOLMES "Full Circle" (Elektra)
SNEAKER "Sneaker" (Handshake)
STEVE MARTIN "The Steve Martin Brothers" (Warners)
STEVE MILLER BAND "Circle of Love" (Capitol)
STEVIE WOODS "Take Me To Your Heaven" (Cotillion)
SYNERGY "Audition" (Passport)
TANGERINE DREAM "Exit" (Elektra)
TOM COSTER "T.C." (Fantasy)
U2 "October" (Island)
WILLIAM BOLCOM & JOAN MORRIS "Rodgers & Hart" (RCA)

SOUL, REGGAE, & R&B

AMII STEWART "I'm Gonna Get You Love" (Handshake)
DIANA ROSS "Why Do Fools Fall In Love" (RCA)
EARL KLUGH "Crazy For You" (Liberty)
EARTH, WIND & FIRE "Raise" (Arista)
GQ "Face to Face" (Arista)
KWICK "To the Point" (EMI America)
MARY WELLS "In and Out of Love" (Epic)
PRINCE "Controversy" (Warners)
ROBERTA FLACK "Best Of" (Atlantic)
SWITCH "V" (Gordy)
SYREETA "Set My Love In Motion" (Tamlia)

COUNTRY

DICKEY LEE "Everybody Loves a Winner" (Mercury)
JOHN ANDERSON "I Just Came Home to Count the Memories" (Warners)
MEL TILLIS & NANCY SINATRA "Mel & Nancy" (Elektra)
PATTI PAGE "Aces" (Plantation)

JAZZ

ANDRE PREVIN & HIS PALS "Pal Joey" (Contemporary)
ARNETT COBB "Funky Butt" (Progressive)
ART PEPPER "Saturday Night at the Village Vanguard Vol. 3" (Contemporary)
BOBBI ROGERS, GENE BERTONCINI "Crystal & Velvet" (Focus)
GERALD WILSON "Orchestra of the 80s" (Discovery)
JAN GARBAREK "Eventyr" (ECM)
MARTY PAICH "I Get a Boot out of You" (Discovery)
MILT JACKSON "Big Mouth" (Pablo)
OLD & NEW DREAMS "Playing" (ECM)
RED MITCHELL QUARTET "Red Mitchell Quartet" (Contemporary)
STEVE ELIOWSON/COLLIN WALCOTT "Dawn Dance" (ECM)
TERJE RYPDAL/MIROSLAV VITOUS/JACK DEJOHNETTE "To Be Continued" (ECM)

AUDIOPHILE

AL STEWART "Time Passages" (Mobile Fidelity)
"TCHAIKOVSKY: ROMEO & JULIET," Cleveland Orchestra (Telarc Digital)

THEATRE

Compiled by Cyndi Williams

ARMS AND THE MAN

An all-student cast performs George Bernard Shaw's satire on war and romance at the Mary Moody Northern Theatre at St. Edward's University. The play is set in Bulgaria in the mid-1880s, and the production sports an authentic set design. Shaw is much studied but seldom performed these days so it should be worth seeing. Opens Nov. 17, with performances Tues. through Fri., at 8 p.m.; weekend performances at 2 and 8 p.m. They'll take Thanksgiving week off and resume performances Dec. 1 through 6. Call 444-2621, ext. 352.

ESTHER'S FOLLIES

Esther's Turkey Show. Esthers opens their new November comedy revue with contemporary vaudeville and comic parodies including Dame Della Diva sings pop, the return of W.A.S.P. Man, the Ukrainian Savages go bowling and more. Thurs. at 9 p.m., Fri. at 9 and 11 p.m., and Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. At Esther's Pool, 515 E. 6th, 474-9382.

GLASS MENAGERIE

This classic Tennessee Williams play opens Nov. 12 at the Texas Playwrights' Company Theatre, in lovely Gruene, Texas. The challenging role of Amanda Wingfield is taken on by Claudette Gardner of The Dallas Theatre Center. Gruene, incidentally, is one mile north of New Braunfels, off IH-35. Performances Thurs. through Sun. through Nov. 29. For reservations and directions call 1-625-0561.

HENRY V

Life in west Texas was never very amusing to me personally, but James McClure's two one-acts about good ole boys and gals in mythic Maynard, Texas is doing well enough to be held over one or maybe two weeks at Zachary Scott Theatre Center, Riverside and S. Lamar, 476-0541.

THE ODYSSEY

Homer's classic poem and tale of adventure... with Cyclops, sirens, and storms at sea. For anybody in the 3rd grade or above. Sat. matinee at 2:15, Nov. 14 and 21, at Zachary Scott Theatre Center, Riverside and S. Lamar, 476-0541.

SEEKERS OF THE FLEECE

Bobby Bridger's epic ballads tracing the history of Jim Bridger (Bobby's great, great, great uncle), who was one of several other legendary figures who were the first white men to interact in a positive way with the Native Americans inhabiting the western part of the continent. "The Seekers of the Fleece" transcends the standard club act; Bridger takes on several characterizations and provides an accurate picture of the American West, but still a unique and stimulating evening of music and story. Nov. 13-15, at the Waterloo Ice House, 906 Congress, 474-2461.

STEAMBATH

Purgatory is a steambath and God is a Puerto Rican bath attendant in Bruce Jay Friedman's two-act comedy. Imagine No-Exit as a situation comedy and you've got a good idea of "Steambath." Wed. through Sat., at 8 p.m., at The Fifth Street Playhouse, 120 W. 5th St., 472-9733. Through Dec. 5. No performance on Thanksgiving. (See page 8 for review).

MISC.

Compiled by Hedwig Gorski

AN ALTAR DISPLAY in celebration of Dia de Los Muertos will be on view Nov. 14, at Diseno Studios Gallery, 1203 E. 1st. Call 477-7005.

THE HISTORY OF ANGEL THEATRE by Jon Westerfield is a new collection of humorous, witty and totally modern "abstract" skits that employ what is jokingly called a "cast of thousands," produced by Kathleen Weagar; directed by Lou Rigler, John Keller and Weagar, with music by Pat Mears. On Nov. 16 and 19 at The Other Side, 21st and Guadalupe. Tickets are \$2.

A POETRY READING: a variety of different writers will hold a poetry performance at an evening University class on Wed., Nov. 18, at 7:30, in Parlin Hall at UT. Visitors are welcome. Call 447-9856 for more information.

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE

See Stanley scream "Stella" in the street. Tennessee Williams' classic American drama opens Nov. 13. Directed by Center Stage's Artistic Director Jimmy Costello with sets and costumes by Austin designer Lee Duran. Wed. through Sat. at 8 p.m.; Sun. at 6 p.m. At Center Stage Theatre, 326 E. 6th St., 477-1012.

SUGAR BABIES

Remember burlesque? Well, I don't either, but we can find out what it was all about when the touring company of "Sugar Babies" comes to town. The Broadway version revived the careers of Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller, but they aren't touring. Instead we get Eddie Bracken and Jaye P. Morgan, whom we've seen gracing the little blue screen with her wit on programs such as "The Gong Show" and "The Tonight Show." Glitter, gorgeous show girls, and zany comics. We shall see. Nov. 21 and 22, at 3:30 and 8:30 p.m., at the Paramount Theatre, 713 Congress, 472-5411.

THEY'D HANG YOU IN NASHVILLE

Described as a country western musical comedy about a singer on the way back up the ladder of success. Directed by Olin Fite. At the

Austin Cabaret Theatre in the Village Shopping Center, 454-2591.

THE TINGALARY BIRD

A children's play by Mary Melwood, directed by UT grad student Greta Berghammer. At the Winship Drama Building Theatre Room on the UT campus, at 8 p.m., Nov. 20-22. Call 471-1444 for more information.

WILLIE THE SHAKE

Steven Fromholz stars in this Comedy with Music (as opposed to a Musical Comedy), written by Tom White and Nick Andrews, and directed by Mona Fultz. The story of a college professor and his students, who retire to a small Texas town to produce "A Midsummer Night's Dream." A comedy with sexual entendre. Held over for one last weekend at the Trans/Act Theatre & Bar, Nov. 13-15, at 222 E. 6th, 472-4654.

Cyndi Williams is the co-host along with Roger Allen of "Stageplay," a weekly look at the Austin theatre/lively arts scene. Nov. 15, "Stageplay" will present its first anniversary show featuring the "best of" from the past year. "Stageplay" is heard on KCSW, 104 FM every Sunday night at 7 p.m.



RECOMMENDED

HENRY V

If you think you've already seen Shakespeare's "Henry V," think again. This production, by the UT Department of Drama, promises to be different. For the first time on record, "Henry V" will be set during the Texas Revolution.

Director Brian Gromoff says his fascination with Texas history led him to make the

comparison. Aside from the radical change in setting, the play will be produced with very few changes to Shakespeare's text. "We want the audience to hear Shakespeare and see Texas," says Gromoff.

"Henry V" will play at 8 p.m., Nov. 13-14, 17-21, and Dec. 3-5, at the B. Iden Payne Theatre, 23rd and San Jacinto. Call 471-1444 for more information.

SCHIZOPHONICS will be performed at a visual art exhibition arranged by poet Eleanor Crockett at the California Hotel, 407 E. 7th St., from 9 p.m. to midnight beginning Nov. 19. This is a performance of literature/theatre by E. Crockett and Susan Bright.

AN EXPERIMENTAL WRITING WORKSHOP led by Loris Essary of Noumenon Productions and Chairman of COSMEP will be offered on Saturday, Nov. 21, from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. at 1704 S. Congress Ave. Topics like sound, mathematical and chance processes will be discussed, and put into writing practice. Registration fee is \$45, and includes all materials and the latest issue of the avant mag "Interstate." Call 447-9856 for more information.

DESIGNER'S SPACE CO-OP will hold an open house Sunday, Nov. 22, from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m., to christen their new performance/exhibition space at 1704 S. Congress Ave. Works of Designer's Space members will be on display/sale. Works include etchings, pottery, drawings, sculpture, and paintings, as well as a small-press book display.

POETIC COMINGS AND GOINGS: Poet Ricardo Sanchez and that crazy Russian, Konstantyn Kuzminsky, will have a reading of their original works at 8 p.m., Mon., Nov. 23, at a secret location in Austin. Call 447-9856 to find out where and make reservations. This is the last reading Kuzminsky will give in Austin for a while. He is exporting himself to New York a few days after the reading. In contrast, the internationally loved Sanchez is moving to Austin and will be gracing these hallowed streets for a while. A party will follow to celebrate Sanchez's coming and inebriate Kuzminsky's going. Admission is a donation of \$2.

AN OPEN READING, sponsored by Texas Circuit Writer's Service Organization, will be held at The Other Side, 21st and Guadalupe, Mon., Nov. 30, from 9 p.m. to midnight. Come early for a good seat. Admission is free; all artists are invited.

PAULINE NOGUEIRA and her cast of mannequins will perform her one woman show, "Letters from the Italian Garden," Nov. 17 through 22, at 11 p.m., with two shows on Sun. at 2 and 9 p.m., upstairs at Center Stage Theatre, 326 E. Sixth, 477-1012. Tickets are \$3.

DANCE

Compiled by Dance Umbrella

Wed. 11-13 **"Aman":** International Third World folk music and dance. At 8 p.m. in the Performing Arts Center Concert Hall on the UT campus. Call 471-1444 for ticket information.

Mon. 15 **Workshop** Kay Frances Braden conducts choreography workshops from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. at Dance Associates, 605 Neches. Workshop is \$15. Call 478-0047 for more information.

Wed. 18 **Trisha Brown** will be featured in the film "Making Dances: 7 Post-Modern Choreographers." Also featured will be Lucinda Childs, David Gordon, Douglas Dunn, Kenneth King, Meredith Monk and Sara Rudner. Choreographer Deborah Hay will introduce the film. At 7:30 p.m. at Laguna Gloria at First Federal, 200 E. 10th. A \$1 donation is requested.

Nov. 19 **The Pavlova Celebration** will feature Starr Danias at the Performing Arts Center Concert Hall on the UT campus at 8 p.m. Call 471-1444 for more information.

Fri. 20 **Dee McCandless** performs a new solo piece and "Ziggurat" at 8 p.m. in the Paramount Theatre, 713 Congress. Call 472-5411 for more information.

Nov. 20-22 **Kay Frances Braden** in performance. Nov. 20 and 22 at 9:30 p.m.; Nov. 21 at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m. At Dance Associates, 605 Neches. Tickets are \$4. Call 478-0047 for more information.

Sat. 21 **The Dance Umbrella** rummage and garage sale will be held at Studio 29, 2900 Guadalupe, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. All proceeds will benefit Dance Umbrella.

CLASSICAL

Compiled by KMFA-FM, 89.5 MHz.

SAT 14 **Bethany Beardslee & David Garvey**, performing selections from Schumann, Brahms, Schubert and Babbitt. Recital Hall West, University of Texas.

SAT 14 **Voices of Change**, chamber music ensemble. Festival Hill at Round Top. (713) 249-3129.

SUN 15 **Voices of Change**, Festival Hill at Round Top. (713) 249-3129.

SUN 15 **Bach Chamber Soloists**, Recital Hall West.

MON 16 **Mark Bernat & Lita Guerra**, performing Bach, Schumann and Franck. Recital Hall West.

TUE 17 **Mike Seeger**, traditional Appalachian music. Recital Studio, 25th and East Campus Drive.

WED 18 **Tashi Ensemble**, performing Dahl's "Concerto a Tre," Schoenberg's "String Trio" and Mozart's Quintet in A major for strings and clarinet. Bates Recital Hall, 25th and East Campus Drive. Public. \$5; CEC/PAC, \$3.

SUN 22 **UT Chamber Music for Winds**, performing Milhaud, Rossini, Poulenc, and Onslow. Recital Hall West.

GALLERIES

Compiled by C. Slick

ALTERNATE SPACE GALLERY, 4700 Grover, in the Unitarian Church, 452-6168. All the action happens simultaneously on one plane in Barbara Elaine Brook's meditative, balanced paintings, drawings, collages. They never reveal themselves, exactly. Instead, they're like found love letters. You've had the experience but you've yet to understand the meaning. We want to see more of her work and wonder where it will take her and us. Weekdays 8:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. All day weekends. Those of you who've never experienced the Sunflower Sunday night session should go at 7 p.m. for a double treat.

AUSTIN PHOTO CENTER, 3409 Guadalupe, 453-0047. Dilate your pupils and rush to see Tom Wright's black and white

"Roadwork"—glimpses of rock'n'roll names (Rod Stewart, The Who). Opens Nov. 15, 8-10 p.m., through Dec. 9.

BOIS D'ARC GALLERY, 803 Red River, 478-5068. The Narums—a family of six artists from Austin and Houston using painting, drawing, prints, sculpture—opens Nov. 21, 8 to midnight. Through Dec. 21.

THE DARKROOM, 4228 Duval, 454-4036. When you stop at the ice cream parlor at Duval and 43rd for the BEST HAMBURGER in town (whole wheat bun, too) go around the back to the Darkroom and look at David Baker's photos in which he deals with "surfaces and textures." Or if you're at that laundromat. Or shopping at that Minimax. The point is they're there, waiting for you. Up through Nov. 25.

DOUGHERTY CULTURAL ARTS CENTER, 1110 Barton Springs Rd., 477-5824. A quick pre-opening tour suggests this is one of the most interesting shows around. Eight Texas photographers take the concept "family" and go with it, from hand-tinted photos of family pets, to posed portraits of four generations, to extended families such as women-only and Vietnam Vets, to migrant workers, to Jewish clans, to contemporary archeology (layers to read in the household furnishings), to cousins, brothers, to the emotional beauty of Keith Carter's series on a very, very old loving couple. You could spend five minutes easily before one image in the best of these works and we suggest you do. "The Ties That Bind" closes Dec. 6, a must.

EAGLE'S NEST, 2700 W. Anderson Lane, 453-2021. When your rich lover asks, "What do you want for Christmas?" answer promptly, "Anything at Eagle's Nest." And if your rich lover has any sense or taste, she'll gladly comply and perhaps surprise you with an Olga guilted vest, a leather Indian dress, an Indian ring as big as a burger, a \$4,000 wooden desk, a Dalkin Tiffanyesque stained glass lamp, a bronze cowboy, a gorgeous glass work, an antique pendant, a beaded purse, a hobby horse, a marble clock and on and on. Actually, you can delight yourself for less than \$20 in some cases. Truly, a stunning eclectic assortment.

EL TALLER, 723/725 E. Sixth, 473-8693. A retrospective of that ole rascal, Amado Pena, Jr., coincides with the release of a vignette-filled, coffee table biography, reportedly far more interesting than the title. "Amado Amaraillo Pena, Jr." by Howard Anderson. Book signing gala, Nov. 28, 7-10 p.m. Through Dec.

GALERIA RAVEL, 1210 W. Fifth, 474-2628. Mexican Teodilo Romulo's works go up Nov. 13, 6-9 p.m. opening, thru Dec. 31.

GARNER AND SMITH GALLERY, 509 W. 12th, 474-1518. The next time you're waiting for the shuttle, miss it and take some time to browse through the stock of this well-stocked gallery. Miro, a few Picasso, Segal, many big names, plus a wonderful library to browse.

HILL COUNTRY WEAVERS, 620a W. 34th, 451-2177. "Christmas Affair" includes about 10 local artists' fine crafts including pottery, silkscreens, woven goods. Opens Nov. 21, through Dec. 24. (Attention procrastinators: shop Xmas eve far from the mad mundane mall.)

HUNTINGTON ART GALLERY, Upstairs at the Art Bldg. (23rd and San Jacinto), 471-7324. The Russians are gone; the Indonesians are here in "The Rites of Passage," Symbolic Textiles. Opens Nov. 16. Downstairs, it's the stoney precipitous peaks of Mt. Huang and environs as depicted by the masters of the Anhui School in painting on scrolls, fans, albums and woodblock prints in books. Amazingly abstract, profoundly suggestive, these 300-year-old plus works challenge your endurance, perception, patience. But, ah, the rewards. Don't let the somber blackness of the display enervate you. Refresh yourself by looking at the colored photos of the actual scenery, then

continue the tour. Minimalism at its minaturist. Thru Nov. 22. Over at the HRC, it's the grandeur that was Roman—portraits, mostly marble, of the names and slaves 2nd Century B.C. to 4th Century A.D. One night, they didn't close the curtains and the view from Dobie Mall was breathtaking. Dear HRC: Please leave the curtains open: an astonishing sight. Downstairs until Nov. 15, it's the banned in Bolivia show. About 40 contemporary paintings, prints, drawings.

KERBEY LANE GALLERIES, 3706 Kerbey Lane, 454-7054. Christmas shop early. Select functional ceramics by Melody Lytle. Geneva Moore's batiks, ceramic-cloth creatures, beautiful woven shawls, flying heart flutes, kaleidoscopes, kitchenware, ceramic pins, well, many crafty items. Home of the homemaker.

LAGUNA GLORIA ART MUSEUM, 3809 W. 35th, 458-8191. Jim Hightower, candidate for Texas Agriculture slot, smart as he is about eroding topsoil, could learn from the first comprehensive exhibition of work of the too-soon-dead Robert Smithson. Promising to be among the most exciting shows of the year, the exhibit includes more than 60 sculptures, drawings, and collages plus large-scale photographs and slide projections documenting his earthworks. Killed in an air crash in 1973, at age 35, Smithson's ideas influenced land reclamation and conservation as well as sculpture. Some of his drawings depicting reclamation projects might inspire us to re-think downtown Austin, if it isn't too late. A must.

LAGUNA GLORIA AT FIRST FEDERAL, 200 E. 10th, 477-1757. More works by Robert Smithson in conjunction with Mama Museum's retrospective on view Nov. 24 through Jan. 8.

MATRIX, 713 E. Sixth, 479-0068. The Invitational Contempo show of selected Austin glass artists will be in varying stages of goodbye while works from about 40 glass artists from all over arrive for their "Light Christmas" show. Opens Nov. 29. Closes Dec. 31.

THE PARK, (formerly Beer Park), 1820 Manor Rd., 472-4269. Fridays from about 4-8 is when the Outdoor Arts and Crafts weekly Fair occurs in this most unusual club.

PATRICK GALLERY, 721 E. 6th, 472-4741. A show to separate the lookers from the seers. A show you wished they'd turn the lights down for—not because the art is bad, but because of the profound mood cast primarily by Danville Chadbourn's stick and bones galleys humor sculptures. They stand, waiting, like vultures. Tom Nichols-Bill Dodd's works complement these well in cerebral, magnificently wrought totems that invite you to take their works further. Hills Snyder's three pieces grow more and more enigmatic as you contemplate their messages. Olive Madora Ayhen's watercolors seem aligned with women's mysteries, outer and inner spaces. Gael Steck is spooky; her dark canvasses seem almost devoid of images, yet, if the lights were out, you know meaning would strike. Jill Rosenberg's work seems blatantly overt in comparison. Some of these pieces fulfill John Cage's definition of art, which is taped to the furniture at the end of the gallery and worth reading. Hurry. Closes Nov. 21. Opening Nov. 25, 6-8 p.m., "Holiday Mixt," a show of 14 national artists, all of whom have shown previously at the Patrick. Through Dec. 21.

PRINTERS GALLERY, 719 E. Sixth. Paintings, drawings by Shirley Estes reveal the tutelage of Amado Pena. Handmade basketry and serigraphs by Karen Sears reveal deep SW influence and landscapes. Low prices. Also exhibited is the beautiful pottery of Linda Klassen Kuehl, to be featured in "People, Places, Pottery" show opening Nov. 28. Also, ear cuff earrings by Santa Fe artist Ross Lew Allen. Also, beautiful furniture.

TRANSACT THEATRE, 222 E. Sixth. Photographs by Ellen Wallenstein will be displayed Nov. 11 through Dec. 1, with a reception scheduled for Nov. 20, from 6 to 8 p.m.

WESTLAKE NATIONAL BANK, 200 E. Bee Caves Rd., 327-2321. This reviewer is tempted to rob this bank—not for money but for Vikki Martin's "The House in the Garden," a watercolor and colored pencil drawing. It's so lush, sensuous, alive. Palpable. Her other drawings are phenomenally rendered portraits of people done in pencil which bespeak volumes of below surface emotion. Wonderful work. Contrasting with the controlled realism of Martin is Joyce Leiberman's volatile, emotive, writing, acrylic canvases, again mostly of people. Leiberman's ceramic sculptures are fun, witty, perceptive, narrative. A great complementing duo. The parrot portrait, incidentally, belongs to the bank. 9 a.m. to 2 p.m., through Nov. 27.

Sports

You can't tell the players without a lawyer

By Scott Bowles

If you are like me (and you may thank God that you probably aren't) then you didn't pay too much attention to the new baseball free agent rules which were agreed upon to end last summer's baseball strike. They were, after all, horribly confusing, and since the main concern was imminent resumption of the baseball season, they didn't seem worth committing to memory right away for a free agent draft to be held in November.

Well, it's November now; the draft's scheduled for the 13th and you're probably wondering what the hell's going on. So here it is, as far as I can muddle it out.

Basically, there are four tiers of free agents: Type A players, Type B players, unranked players for whom compensation will be awarded, and players requiring no compensation. The Type A players are those who are ranked among the top 20 percent of the players at their position by a statistical formula nobody understands. A team losing a Type A player gets a player from the compensation pool (more on that later) and a draft pick from the signing club (though who determines the round in which that draft pick comes is unclear).

Got that so far? Good. A Type B player is one who is in the top 20 to 30 percent range at his position according to the mystic formula which determined a Type A player. A team losing a Type B player also receives a draft pick from the signing club as well as a special draft pick that will come between the first and second rounds of the free agent draft. A player who is unranked at his position, yet who is drafted by four or more teams, will cost the team which signs him a draft pick. Unranked players who are not drafted by at least four teams, players who are going through the free agent draft for the second time, and players with 12 or more years major league experience require no compensation.

All teams participating in the free agent draft are required to make part of their rosters available for the compensation pool from which teams losing Type A players will select replacements. Teams signing a ranking free agent may protect 24 players; teams not signing a ranking free agent may protect 26 players; and teams not participating in the draft at all get to protect their entire rosters. Teams losing a player through the compensation pool receive \$150,000 for him.

Now that all of that's perfectly clear, let's get down to specifics. As of the time I'm writing this, only three Type A free agents have not signed contracts: Yankee pitcher Ron Guidry, and relievers Ed Farmer of the White Sox and Dick Tidrow of the Cubs. Three more Type B players are unsigned: Reds outfielder Dave Collins, Expos shortstop Chris Speier, and Cubs catcher Tim Lincecum. (Tim Blackwell?!?) Further, a maximum of only five teams can stay out of the free agent draft (and thus protect their entire rosters against the compensation pool) and the quota has already been filled by the Dodgers, Mariners, Red Sox, Twins and Angels.

All of which makes the Yankees' recent trade for Ken Griffey look a mite stupid. To get Griffey, the Yankees gave up Brian Ryder, generally regarded as the best pitcher in their organization. Since the Reds would have been entitled to a compensation pool pick in another week had they not traded Griffey, then they must have received in

Ryder a better player than they thought would be available in the pool. The Yankees, in receiving Griffey prior to the draft, acquired exclusive bargaining rights to him and successfully negotiated a contract with him. Yet had Griffey not been inclined to sign with the Yankees anyway, he would have effectively vetoed the trade, gone through the draft and played the field.

So what the Yankees gained is the right to protect two more players on their rosters from the compensation pool, the difference between signing and not signing a ranking free agent. Actually, they gain a third protected position—the one which Ryder would have occupied. But with Griffey eliminated from the draft, that means that only three players total will be lost via the compensation pool. It's highly unlikely that all three will or would have come out of the Yankee organization. The odds are that even if the Yanks signed Griffey via the draft (and thus upped the number of Type A free agents to four), they would not have had more than one player selected from their organization, with that player being of lesser caliber than Ryder.

With the signing of Griffey, George Steinbrenner announced that the Yankees would not participate in this year's free agent draft. But that announcement came too late for the Yankees to become one of the clubs which gets to protect its full roster. Further, at the same time, Steinbrenner announced the club's intention to retain negotiating rights to all Yankee players who might go through the draft: Reggie Jackson, Ron Guidry, Bobby Murcer, Dave LaRoche, and possibly Lou Piniella. (Unlike before, under the new rules, the team which has a player go through the draft does not automatically retain negotiating rights to him, but rather must announce the retention of those rights. Apparently, such an announcement may constitute participation in the free agent process, as the Red Sox, who are not participating in the draft, are also not going to retain negotiating rights to their free agent players.) And that makes the Yankees' actions even more inexplicable. If people like Dave LaRoche and Bobby Murcer are re-signed, they will certainly be protected from the compensation pool, meaning that many more young players will be left vulnerable. And the Yanks should be keeping players like Brian Ryder rather than ones like Dave LaRoche.

PLAYING THE Field

BASKETBALL

SAT. 14: Texas vs. People's Republic of China, women's basketball exhibition game, 7:30 p.m., Erwin Center, UT campus, \$4 adults, \$2 students, UT students free with blanket tax.

CROSS COUNTRY

SAT. 14: NCAA District and Regional Championship, 10,000 meters for men, 10 a.m., Kurth Landrum Golf Course, Georgetown. Free admission.

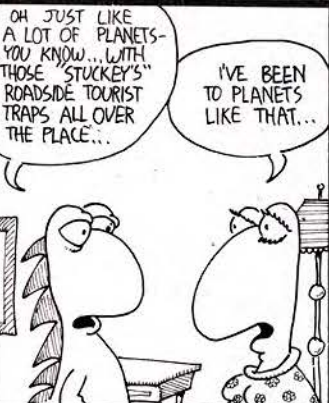
FOOTBALL

SAT. 14: Texas vs. TCU, 1 p.m., Memorial Stadium, UT campus, \$10 general admission.
SAT. 21: Texas vs. Baylor, 1 p.m., Memorial Stadium, UT campus, \$10 general admission.

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INSTRUCTION

"TECHNIQUES OF ACTING" Mona Lee Fultz is offering an on-going class meeting Tuesday evenings at Starfront Studio, 900 W. 29th. Call 472-4827 to register. Cost is \$9 per lesson. **AUSTIN COMMUNITY MOVIE COMPANY** 909 Congress is taking registration for fall workshops in screen acting for children and adults, television production, screenwriting, filmmaking and commercial acting. For more information, call 472-1784.

SERVICES

PLANNED PARENTHOOD offers low cost, quality care birth control services for women and men. For more information or an appointment, call Planned Parenthood at 477-5846.

ACTIVISTS: ACORN is hiring community organizers. We are looking for people who want to help low and moderate income people get power in their neighborhoods over such issues as housing, utilities, development and deterioration, taxation, health care and transit. Our staff is low paid and overworked. Call ACORN 442-8321.

COALITION FOR ECONOMIC ENERGY — if you are interested in info on the Coalition, please call 443-9975 or drop by their offices at 1409 W. Oltorf. 9 a.m. — 10 p.m. M-F; noon — 6 weekends.

THE TIME IS NOW. The National Association for the Advancement of White People. For more information enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope to NAAWP of Austin, P.O. Box 9784, Austin 78766.

THE HOTEL (aka California) — A private arts facility available for public use. "Live free and let your work be seen" — visual arts, performing arts, community issues and concerns, social gatherings. A post-nuclear form and forum. Use it. 407 E. 7th Street, 472-1332.

TEXAS CIRCUIT WRITER'S UMBRELLA needs volunteers to poster around town, greet audience at evening events, produce shows in exchange for free membership and passes to performances. Call Hedwig at 447-9856 to inquire about our volunteer program, or write P.O. Box 2082, Austin 78767.

HOUSING

MATURE HOUSEMATE for large, peaceful house near 45th, Sheal Creek. \$187 plus 1/2 bills. No tobacco, pets. John, 458-8451.

MEETINGS

WEDNESDAY MORNING MUSIC CLUB meets Wednesday, November 18, at 10 a.m. in the Texas Federated Women's Club Building, 2313 San Gabriel. For more information, call 477-0858, 459-6650.

THE BAHAI FAITH brings spiritual teachings to unify humanity. No clergy, just concerned people who believe God's love unifies. Informal discussion meetings every Saturday, 8 p.m. Call 928-1731 for information.

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FOR SALE

GARAGE SALE benefiting the Austin Rowing Club is slated November 14 at the Safeway at 1500 W. 35th. Useful items, clothes, books and firewood sold from 8 a.m. til dusk.

WINDOWS FOR SALE New aluminum bronze anodized 5/8" thermal pane, all sizes 1/2 off lowest retail price per window. 288-3552.

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WANTED! Musicians/Songwriters for all-girl Blitz-Soul band. Guitars, Bass and Keyboards needed. Must be wild and willing to work. Call Cathy at 476-5992 after 3 p.m. or come by TV Ranch, 1900 San Gabriel.

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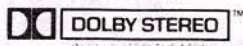
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