

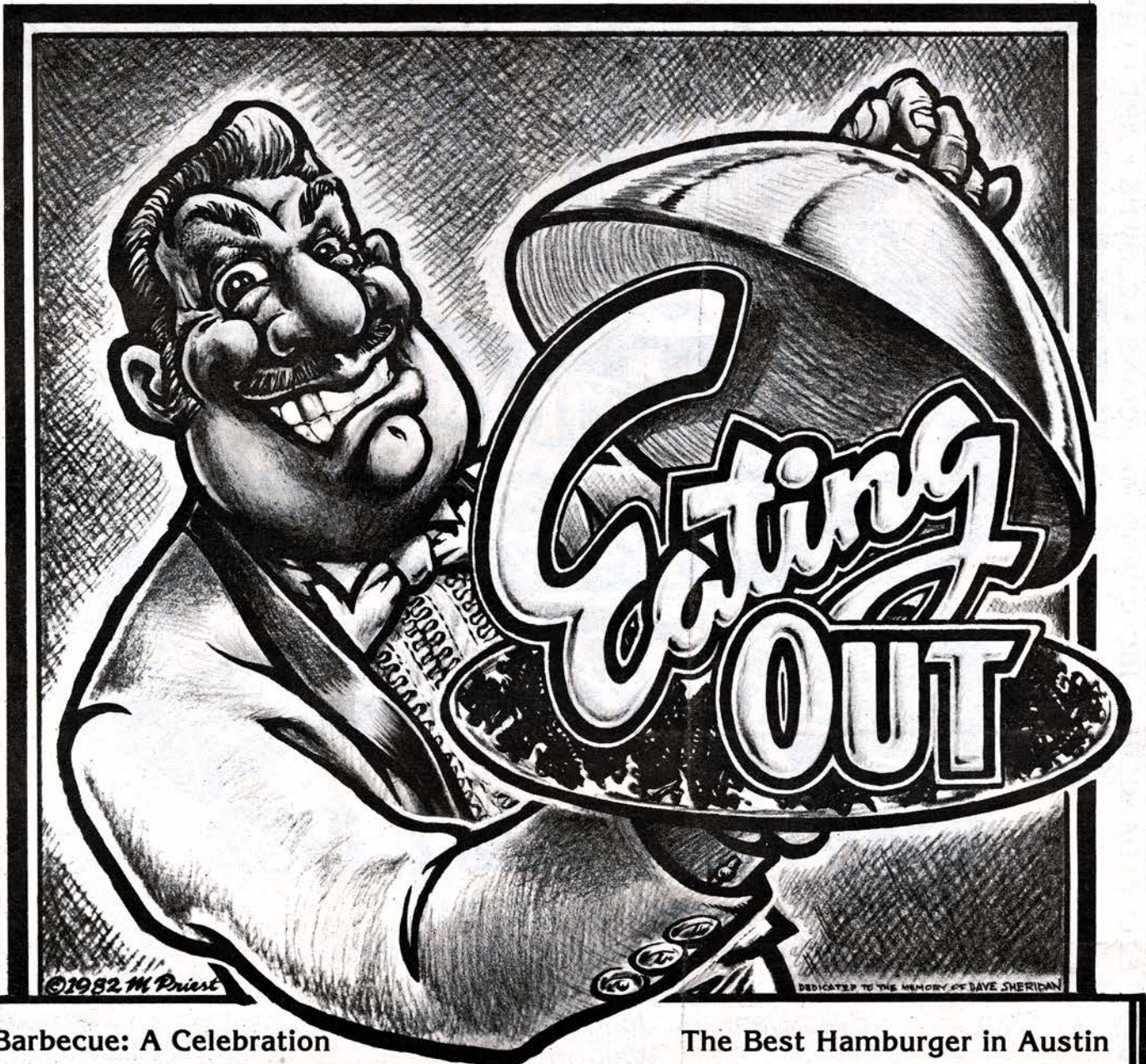
★ THE AUSTIN ★

# Chronicle

AUSTIN'S BI-WEEKLY CULTURAL GUIDE

Vol. 1, No. 18

April 30, 1982 **FREE**



Barbecue: A Celebration

The Best Hamburger in Austin

The Best Pizza: Point/Counterpoint

Frozen in Space: On Being a Bartender

## Special Restaurant Issue

In Quest of Chili Con Queso Cafeterias: An Appreciation Milkshake Addiction

The Hamburger: Dressed or Bare . . . The Controversy Continues

French Fries: A Critical Survey

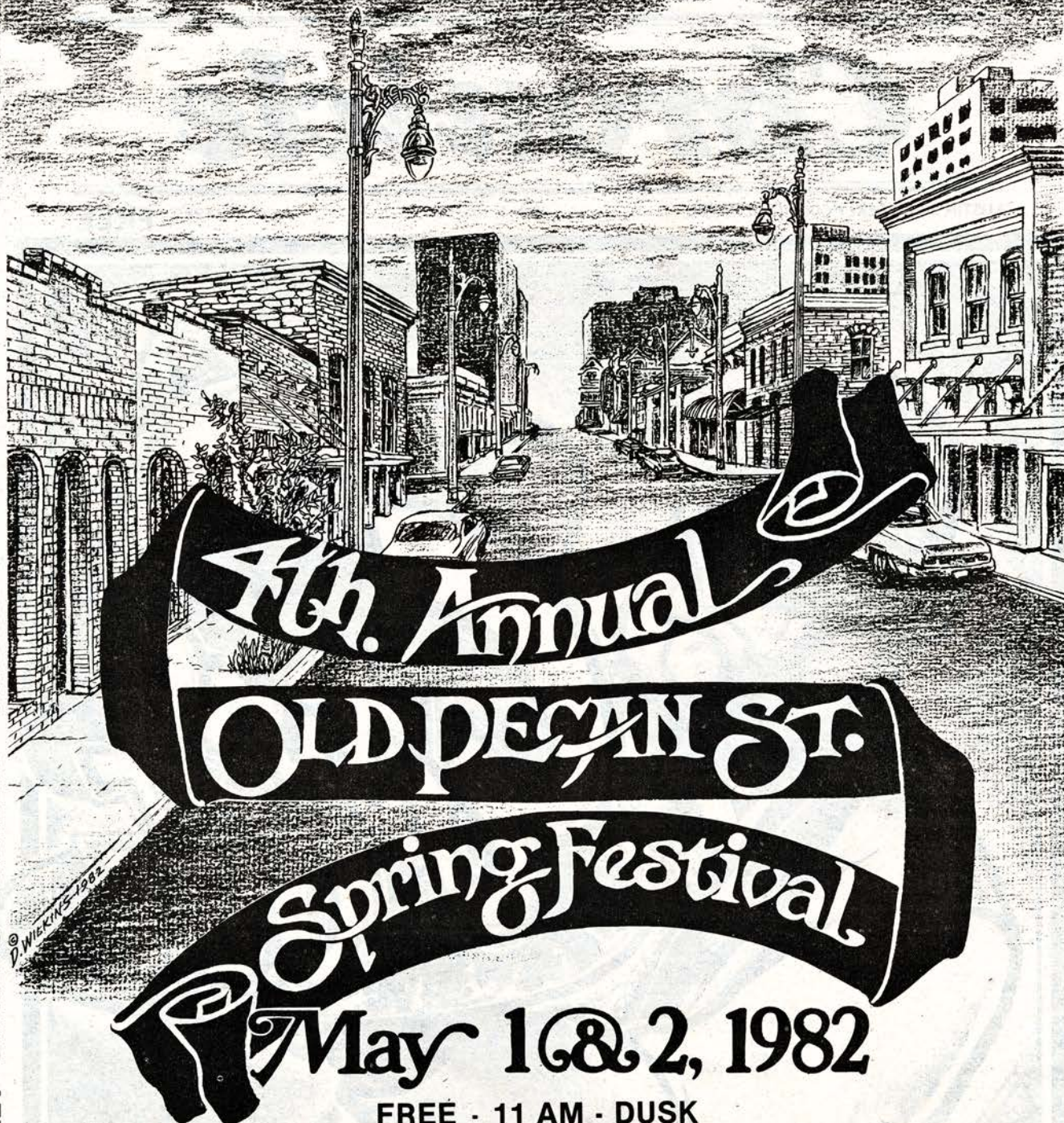
Mama Woon's: Still in Business



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## OUR MISTEAK

Mistakes, actually. Two of them in the last issue, so let's take 'em one at a time.

Wow! I managed a real classic in last issue's review of Hook's. I don't know what was in the building Hook's is in before Hook's, but it wasn't Mama Woon's, which is still very much in business right down the road at 5320 W. Bee Caves Road. I suppose I could plead that the night we went out there, I had the twin distractions of real pea-soup fog and a lovely woman next to me in the car, but I had neither when I wrote the review. Jeez, how do you say you're sorry in Chinese?

— Petaluma Pete

Our apologies also to Michael Ventura and the *L.A. Weekly*. They kindly allowed us to reprint Ventura's piece on *My Dinner with Andre*, and then we didn't even credit the *Weekly*. A thousand pardons and a belated thanks to both the magazine and the writer.

### ★ THE AUSTIN ★

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## Glasses . . . continued

Dear Chronicle,

Lots of girls who wear glasses  
have cute little asses.

and

Seldom do lasses like  
men who wear glasses.

Sincerely,

Johnny Rat

Editor, Xiphoid Process Fanzine

P.S. I wear glasses.

## Disgruntled eater

Dear Petaluma Pete,

I thoroughly enjoyed your accounts on the great problem of eating good seafood in Austin. In Austin we all do better health and money wise by purchasing fresh fish at Quality Seafood and preparing it at home with a simple safe recipe. (No tummy ache this way.)

My "doctor surgeon husband" and my "visiting university student daughter" decided to go out for a seafood treat and we tried to go to Southpoint Fish Co. We were rudely greeted at the front door on a very chilly night by a glum nervous smiling looking young person. We were informed that they were full and that there would be a 45 min. wait. There was no room to wait inside so we were asked to wait outside and they would call us when our table was ready. The "vibes" were really bad at this restaurant and the head of our household was on a limited time schedule. The command to wait outside was not worth any fish dinner especially at this unattractive hole in the wall. Of course, we left starving ready to eat almost anywhere. The most attractive place we go to next was Bridger's Creek where we got good service and a decent meal. My daughter's grilled red fish was the best thing there.

Sign Me, I'm Angry!!!!!!

F. Kay Gourmet



To immediately freeze the production and deployment of nuclear weapons in both the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. is the goal of the Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign both nationally and locally.

According to Austin organizers, several national polls indicate 70% of the American people support a bilateral, verifiable freeze. The local strategy involves getting signatures from 10% of the city's registered voters by May 17th. This would enable the City Council to send the freeze issue to the voters for the August 7th bond election ballot. If Austin votes for the freeze, it will be following the lead of many cities and states throughout the country that have approved the freeze with overwhelming majorities. Five out of every six towns in Vermont and New Hampshire have already approved it, and the state of California will be voting on it during the Nov. elections.

If Austin succeeds in passing the freeze, we will stand in clear opposition to the Reagan administration's nuclear weapons build-up program. "Austin could demonstrate the first opposition to the Reagan policy in the Sunbelt by becoming the first Southern city to endorse the freeze. But," cautions one freeze spokesperson, Tony Switzer, "We must first collect the necessary 25,000 signatures to get it on the ballot, and we will need more petitioners for that to happen." After the very successful Apr. 17th March for Bread Not Bombs, Switzer reflected that there was ample support for a vote if those people who marched would participate directly in the freeze effort. "We want 10,000 more signatures, but we need people to circulate 800 more petitions." He concluded that to say no to a nuclear war and yes to a nuclear freeze, a person could circulate a petition.

Jeff Lanza

## It's Primary Time!

And we thought you might like a reminder about a few of the more interesting local and statewide races that will be decided on Saturday, May 1. We've picked out a few candidates who we feel are particularly deserving of your support.

JIM HIGHTOWER, running for Agriculture Commissioner, has been called a great campaigner. This is undoubtedly true, but the real reason his campaign clicks (and he has gotten a lot of support, even from unexpected quarters) is that he has something to say. His proposals for helping the family farmer have captured attention in both rural and urban areas. Specifically, setting up farm markets in order to eliminate the middleman would result in lower grocery prices for consumers, and higher revenues for farmers. Hightower's plans to ward off the fire ant problem stood in marked contrast to incumbent Reagan Brown's plan to dump toxic chemicals over vast areas of land.

Hightower, ex-editor of the *Texas Observer*, is an exciting politician, an outstanding orator who can communicate well with the public, but he has also done his homework. On issue after issue, he has outflanked Brown, and proven that he has a program that could really help the state of agriculture in Texas.

JIM MATTOX, the "people's politician", has long been a thorn in the side of Legislative conservatives. He so ranks Republicans that they mounted a major effort to eliminate his Dallas legislative district. Now he's running for Attorney General, and, like Hightower, he has gained grudging admiration even from opponents for his experience and grasp of the issues.

BOB ARMSTRONG needs little build-up. He is first serious progressive candidate for Governor to come along since Sissy Farenthold. His 12 years as Land Commissioner show that he is the most deserving candidate for the job.

Among the local races,

RICHARD MOYA, the incumbent County Commissioner in Precinct 4, has been a solid public servant, hard-working and responsive to his constituents. He is being challenged by an entrepreneur with little, if any, experience in public office.

JOHN MILLOY has been a good constable, and is campaigning for County Commissioner, Pct. 3, on a platform of more parkland, a vital concern for us all. This race has drawn a lot of attention, and has become very acrimonious down the stretch.

MARCOS DELEON has spent years working for the people of the East side, and is heavily endorsed by progressives all across town in his race for Precinct 3 Justice of the Peace.

But perhaps the most interesting campaign of all has been for Constable, Precinct 5, where, for a change, both candidates appear to have solid liberal credentials. It's a no-lose situation for progressives, but underdog TIM

MAHONEY is a past officer of the Austin Neighborhoods Council, a cog in the Larry Deuser campaign, and a long-time community organizer. He is running an aggressive door-to-door campaign to bring neighborhood concerns into government, and promises to run an open, sensitive office.

These are just a few of the races, of course, and whether or not you trust our recommendations isn't really the issue. Just remember to vote on Saturday.

Nick Barbato



## HERB TOOLS VI

This will be an intensive course in advanced herbology taught by Michael Moore of Santa Fe, N.M., designed to meet the needs of professionals in the health-care fields.

Knowledge of human physiology will be assumed. This intensive will give the practitioner enough knowledge of herbal pharmacology to accurately formulate & prescribe herbs for their patients who are seeking alternatives to standard chemical drugs. \$250.

MAY 17-28

3 p.m.-10 p.m. M-F

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The Last Word In  
Informal Dining

## DAILY SPECIALS

Austin? A restaurant town? you gotta be kidding, says the outsider. Sure, you'll find good Mexican food, and I'm certain that the state-of-the-art chicken-fried steak lurks somewhere in town, but when I think restaurants, I think New York! New Orleans! San Francisco!

But if growth has had any positive effect on Austin, it has been that people from those places have come here, and they've both discovered the native cuisines and brought their own. Because of

this, Austin is on its way to becoming a city that may not have as many restaurants as some places or as great an ethnic diversity as others, but which is building a restaurant tradition based on quality, innovation, and the proud continuance of its unique culinary heritage.

Just thinking about it makes me hungry. Why not look through our first restaurant section, and let's figure out where we'll go for dinner, okay?

--Petaluma Pete

### FOR NIGHT OWLS \*\*\*\*\*

#### OPEN ALL NIGHT

It is 3:30 in the morning. I am hungry. My housemates have threatened to kill me if they are awoken by the construction noises of a six-egg omelette again, so I have to make a choice of where to go for a more discreet meal. But the choice is limited. Only a handful of all-night joints exist and I know them all intimately. If I missed one, call me. I need a new place.

**Hill's Cafe** (4700 S. Congress) - Chicken fried steak is sometimes covered in a gravy which completely refutes the concept of a flour-milk emulsion. The place's inconsistency and its sometimes surly help make it a gamble. The sound effect of a Sizzling Steak being brought into the dining room is a treat, unless you are the one who ordered it.

**Burba's** (7513 N. IH 35) - A truck stop with all the usual knick-knacks like bumper stickers and roomy never-lose wallets at the cashier, plus condoms and some sort of novelty things in the bathroom that I couldn't figure out. The food is good, the prices reasonable and the jukebox loud enough to hear. Don't miss the biscuits and gravy.

**Stars** (3105 N. IH 35) - The favorite hangout of the UTPD and the APD, maybe because nodrunks come stumbling in to wreak havoc. The biscuits are consistent, the gravy won't make you forget Mom, and the help infallibly friendly. Prices are low, and it is also close to my house.

**Big Wheel** (U.S. 71 S.) Go at 2 a.m. and watch the drunks from nearby bars stumble in, fall down, and talk loudly about guns. Food not as good as the atmosphere.

**Lazy Daisy** (2801 Guadalupe) - A No Man's Land of mediocre-to-bad food. The breakfast tacos will do in a pinch and the coffee refills are endless.

**Flapjack Canyon** (1907 Guadalupe) - Once word got out, everyone in town with a lick of sense commenced avoiding this pancake pit. The result is a clientele of really depressing dimensions. The food is satisfactory, as rubber products go.

The BIG SIGN all-night restaurants (No address needed: you can see them a mile away)

**JoJo's** - Decent, consistent food, though overpriced. Best of the big sign restaurants.

**Denny's** - Decent, consistent food.

**Sambo's** - Decent, consistent food. Sambo is no longer a racial stereotype. He's now a fat man named Sam.

**International House of Pancakes** - They give you a lot of coffee.

**Howard Johnson's** - They give you an orange roof.

**Jim's** - Don't let the smiling cowboy fool you.

**Steak and Egg** - All right for lovers of grease.

### OPEN TILL 4 A.M. \*\*\*\*\*

**Omeletty West** (2304 Lake Austin Blvd.) - Someone who ought to know told me the O.W. is like Marin County. Pancakes, eggs and omelettes all superb.

**Kerbey Lane Cafe** (3704-A Kerbey Lane) - Fine breakfasts, swell dinners, good coffee and occasional live jazz.

**Katz's** (618 W. 6th) - High prices, delicious food. Potato pancakes are a treat.

**Sam's** (2000 E. 12th) - Barbecue of the demigods.

-Dennis Nowlin

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# American Food

## MILKSHAKE ADDICTION

Austin is a real milkshake town. And flesh is weak.

I was lonely and dejected and the thought of a milkshake rolled over and over in my mind. I got a psychosomatic milkshake headache. In a frenzied fury, I lunged to my car and revved up the engine. It was Dirty's (a/k/a Martin's) Kumbak Burgers, 9808 Guadalupe St.) or bust.

I arrived and found my favorite sanctuary closed; my driving, all-consuming lust for their creamy milkshakes had left me numb and senseless. I forgot that it was Monday.

Where now? The closest milkshake havens soon came to mind: Hill-Bert's

## HAMBURGERS

(The ideological debate continues to rage over whether a hamburger should be served plain or garnished. Oddly, as is so often the case in the midst of polemics, though neither of our critics would trust the other's taste even if they were starving, they seem to be in agreement on Austin's quality hamburger restaurants.)

The way I figure it, the difference between a greasy hamburger and a juicy hamburger is a matter of location. If the juice is on top of the meat, it's a greasy burger; if the grease is in the middle, it's juicy.

The only other difference between them is size; the greasy burger, having had more juice squeezed out on top of it, is not going to be as thick as the juicy one (both should be ordered and eaten in the only proper manner, just a simple plain burger in a bun).

The best juicy burger in town, the G&M Steakhouse (1908 Guadalupe) half-pounder, is also inexpensive. Now admittedly, the G&M dining experience takes some getting used to; it's pretty weird having to order a cheeseburger without cheese to get a hamburger and the place always has the ambience of a hospital cafeteria. But it sure beats the joints with more or less comparable burgers.

As for greasy hamburgers, there are a lot of real good ones. I think Hill-Bert's (3303 N. Lamar) hamburgers are the tastiest and that Dirty's display the greatest traditional character. Dan's serves up a good, solid burger and with four locations (1822 S. Congress, 9901 S. Lamar, 844 Airport, 5602 N. Lamar), is probably the most convenient for the most people. But my favorite is the hamburger platter at Whistler's. Not only is it a pretty substantial hamburger, it is also quite inexpensive. And you can't help but admire a burger which is so fundamentally correct.

## FRENCH FRIES — A CRITICAL SURVEY

French fries are the straight men in the world of junk food — what hamburger or hot dog would be complete without these starchy guys? Bean's Restaurant & Bar (311 W. 6th) are the most in town, both in terms of taste and volume. Served in a large basket, these dark, golden-fried spuds are a meal in themselves.

Austin is a paradise for the french-fry lover of varied tastes; at the Raw Deal

(3303 N. Lamar Blvd.)? No, too thick and not mixed well. What I really wanted was something with a little more panache — more flair — like a butterscotch milkshake at Sandy's (603 Barton Springs Rd.). What a superior milkshake. Sandy's seemed as distant as that hallucinogenic oasis in the desert — unreachable — as I frantically crawled through a traffic jam. Overcome with an uncontrollable rage, I began blasting my horn at a cop in front of me. As they hauled me downtown, I pleaded "I know my rights! I want a lawyer and a large butterscotch milkshake — to go."

— Richard Steinberg

Anyone can be a connoisseur of hamburgers. In the under-\$5 category, no other dish offers as much variety and delectability for the working-class gourmand.

Dirty's, that greatest of spoons, has burgers suited to the most discerning palates. You can tell a great burger because it's never round or even elliptical, the way they produce them at fast food franchise joints. A Dirty's burger is amorphous, with ragged edges, the juice still inside the patty and the cheese melted into the meat. My second prize goes to Mad Dog and Beans (519 W. 94th), a laid-back burger stand with limited seating, but a wide variety of superb hamburgers. Every one of them is fat, but well cooked and garnished with whatever strikes your fancy.

In close competition with Mad Dog, but with a far more ordinary menu is Hill-Bert's, an independent fast-food place where the burgers never suffer for the sake of speed. Hill-Berts will bring their burgers to your door at no extra cost (give it a try: 459-8317).

It just wouldn't be fair to talk about Austin burgers without mentioning a few other fine establishments. Dan's is easily the best fast-food chain in town. Hamburgers by Gourmet (9800 Guadalupe, 311 S. Lamar, 1911 W. Anderson Ln.), a slightly ritzier chain than Dan's, offers a number of exotic ingredients and garnishes. Nut's has a great variety of great burgers, too, and some of the best live music in town, to boot. Finally, if you're ever hankering for a good burger in the wee hours of the morning there's always Moyer's Cuck Club (806 E. 51st), an all-night billiard parlor with an all-night grill, where the burgers sometimes verge on greatness.

— Ed Lowry

## A SUB BY ANY OTHER NAME

Hoagies, grinders, torpedoos, submarines, guinea sandwiches, heroos, quagogs, or whatever you call 'em, the robust sandwich on a hunk of Italian bread is the cornerstone of American working-man's lunchtime cuisine. Some day I'm gonna get a grant to study the variety and distribution of the names they've acquired, but in the meanwhile, when I want the classic cold-cuts-cheese-lettuce-olive oil-and-herbs sandwich I learned to love as a teenager visiting relatives in Philadelphia, I'm going to Delaware Sub, at either 8105-C Mesa Drive or 107 W. 5th St. and ask for a small Italian, or maybe a small Spicy. (Or maybe even a large if I haven't eaten all week.) These folks take care with their cold-cuts, the bread is perfectly chewy, and the dressing and

herbs will evoke South Philly even if you've never been there.

For hot sandwiches, though, I'm sticking with Harvey's Heroes, 9499 Guadalupe, because the cheese steak is the best replication of that South Philly staple in Texas. Recently, cheese steaks (beaten flank steak, fried with onions, with shitty cheeseburger cheese melted onto it and jammed into a roll) have become very chic in some parts of the country. A taste of one of 'em will tell you why: like chicken-fried steak with cream gravy, it is at once very basic and very sophisticated. Broaden your cultural horizons (and, if you're not careful, your waistline) today.

— Petaluma Pete

## CHICKEN FRIED STEAK

For some of the best chicken fried steak this side of the Mason-Dixon line, Threadgill's (6416 N. Lamar) is a home-cooked dream. They fry their steak until the crust is thin and tender and then smother it in a thick cream gravy that cascades onto the fresh vegetables on your plate. Just like everything else at this down-home restaurant, the steaks are served in generous portions. Hawkeye's (503-A E. 6th) also does up chicken fried steak that betrays the Southern cooking tradition of supper-table good food.

For those who prefer their chicken fried steaks to be a culinary exercise in the greasy-spoon school of cooking, the Stallion (5534 N. Lamar) offers truck stop atmosphere and a roadside cafe menu. Both Hill's Cafe (4700 S. Congress) and the Broken Spoke (3101 S. Lamar) offer substantial chicken fried steak dinners that are prepared with care and style.

All in all, Austin's not a bad place to be if you like to appease the palate with a hot, gravy-soaked chicken fried steak.

— Steve Davis

## FAMILY DINING

A trip to Threadgill's (6416 N. Lamar) almost always requires a short wait for a table but the food is good enough to warrant it. The number of entrees is fairly limited, but there should be something for almost everyone. The chicken-fried steak and roast beef come highly recommended, and meals are served with generous side portions.

The Stallion (5534 N. Lamar) is a good place to take out-of-town guests who want to view (and consume) some authentic Texas culture and cuisine. The main attraction is the chicken-fried steak, but the burgers are also good, and the onion rings are a must. Sid's (3501 N. Lamar) provides a more restrained atmosphere with your meal. Steaks, chicken, burgers, salads, seafood and, of course, chicken-fried steak are among the offerings and in the evenings delicious, hot sourdough bread comes with the meal.

— Bud Simons

## CAFETERIAS — AN APPRECIATION

Once, when I invited a friend to go to dinner with me at Luby's, he, in the process of rather bluntly turning down the offer, pointed out that cafeterias are one of the few kinds of restaurants that seem to be in shopping centers or malls as often as anywhere else. "Shopping Center Cuisine," he called it. The fact that cafeterias cater to middle America seems to bother a lot of people — and I can't see why.

While the Filling Station and Fandango's strive to "legitimize" the American dining establishment with formalized themes of vintage Americana (rusty gas

station signs and a renovated gas pump in the former; plastic foilage and Mexican tile-top tables in the latter), GM Steakhouse and Dirty's generate a real sense of generic Americana without conscious effort. And so does Luby's. You want Americana? How about the plastic plating in the foyer announcing the Kiwanis Club breakfast every Thursday morning at 6 a.m.? How about the fat lady with the rhinestone-studded, cat-eye glasses behind the cash register? How about all the starchy chicken fried steak and mashed potatoes you could possibly want?

— Chris Jordan

# Eat-a-Fajita

Texas' Famous Tortilla-wrapped Steak

7711 BURNET ROAD

North Village at

Burnet & Anderson Lane

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**\$3.25 value Dinner Special \$3.25 value**  
With This Coupon  
One Free FAJITA PLATE  
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"La Famosa Fajita" Chili Guacamole Salad  
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The "Working Dog" Salads  
And The Best Soup In Town

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**RAW DEAL**

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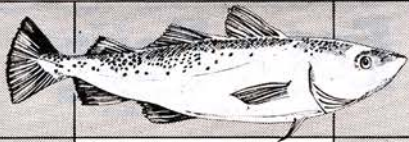


6416 N. Lamar

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Sun. 12-10





Jonah's is now serving Austin's finest recipes for shrimp, crab, lobster, scallops, oysters, trout, red snapper, flounder and salmon. At prices that won't swallow you up.

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RESTAURANT & BAR

Hours—Weekdays: 11:30-2:30, 5:30-10:00. Weekends: 5:30-11:00.  
3407 Greystone—one block south of Anderson Lane on Mopac. 345-8810

## Why Harpoon Henry's changes their menu daily.

Because our catch of the day is served when available fresh, we offer a variety that's unique...every day. From crab stuffed flounder, to haddock parmesan, & Hawaiian yellow tail snapper.



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Lunch & dinner daily. IH35 at 290. 258-4114.

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STEAKERY AND SALOON  
**BABYBACK**  
**RIBS**

For \$7.95.  
With baked potato & scaled beer.

Bring a Rocky Mountain appetite for our mesquite smoke, babyback pork ribs, smothered in a country style barbecue sauce.

Open for lunch, dinner, & Sunday brunch.  
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FEATURING  
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Or choose from our cargo list.



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## Elegant Dining

### Fish

Austin, contrary to popular rumor, does possess a number of fine restaurants offering superior seafood dishes. And although no one can yet claim we're living in a culinary heaven for seafood lovers, the number of these establishments seems to be increasing. Pelican's Wharf (425 Riverside) has a special Sun.-Tues. which includes 1/2 pound steamed Alaskan King Crab plus a vegetable and salad bar. Another treat is the Crab Mornay at the Rutledge Inn (4013 Guadalupe) which features delicious chunks of crab meat, squash, and mushrooms in a rich cream sauce.

For really exciting and innovative seafood, Gianni's (504 E. 5th) is undoubtedly among the best. Their shrimp scampi is well worth investigating and their lobster creations are simply delicious. South Point (2330 South Lamar) offers excellent Louisiana-style cuisine in a picturesque setting, complete with sautéed floors. The catch of the day is always a pleasant surprise, but don't pass up the oysters en brochette or the steamed mussels in butter sauce. And I have always been pleased by the seafood at English's (3010 Guadalupe). Both the Shrimp Vera Cruz and the Shrimp Milano are built around exceptionally large, tender and flavorful crustaceans. And the fried shrimp is a house specialty which comes highly recommended.

This list is by no means exhaustive, especially considering the rate at which new seafood restaurants are opening, but simply a listing of some of the dishes currently available that I most enjoy.

— Deborah Keith

### Wines

The perfect complement for good food is, of course, a glass of fine wine — a fact of which some of our restaurants are well aware. To single out just two: Convict Hill (6502 Hwy 290 W.) has one of the best stocked wine cellars in town. Their ample stock of international wines are hand selected with quality and variety the emphasis. Clarksville Wine & Cheese Merchants (1200 W. Lynn), while slightly smaller in volume, also features an international stock, personally selected by the staff, whose primary goal is a varied stock of moderately priced premium quality wines.

— Deborah Keith

### Steak

When Agostino Crotti, who runs Tommaso's in San Francisco, sees me these days, he's always glad I'm still eating Italian. "In Texas," he says, "nottin' but beef steak!" He's wrong and we both know it, but when and if Agostino comes to Austin, I'm taking him to Dan McKlusky's Butchery (419 E. 6th St.), because the steaks there are very possibly the best I've ever had anywhere. On my last visit, I set them a very difficult task. The waiter brings the steak by for you to check out and asks you how you'd like it cooked. Remembering an order a friend used to give me — and which I could never figure out how to fill — I said "Black on the outside, red on the inside; not blood-rare, but not over-cooked." Damned if that's not how it came. Finding meat as good as McKlusky's is hard enough; a cook to prepare it this well must come along once a decade. And, with a \$13.95 New York strip as tops, it's not even very expensive, as steak joints go. Mind you, my finances being what they are, my steak-eating is usually done either at home or at the two Raw Deals. Their meat isn't of the same quality, but there's the inimitable Raw Deal ambience, the good fried stuff downtown (I like fried okra, and if you don't, move the hell to Boston!), and the late hours. One thing I won't do is eat at the Hoffbrau, though. As a reviewer, I'll quote a British friend of mine who took time from saving his steak to quote me Orwell: "The success of a restaurant is often dependent on the sharpness of its knives." Amen.

— Petaluma Pete

## The World is my Oyster, I shall not want...

I remember the first oyster I tried to eat. I was in high school and I had a six-pack on the line with a teacher if I could do it. I ate the oyster and still didn't get the six-pack. I now cherish the oyster and find amusement in the bumper stickers that claim you can "Eat Oysters and Love Longer." Well, whether or not oysters rank with powdered rhino horn as an aphrodisiac, they are a good — though I will admit suspicious looking — food. Since oysters cannot be added to or subtracted from by a cook because they are served raw, only the ineptitude of the shucker or a lack of freshness can harm the oyster feast. The best time to eat oysters in Austin is not in months ending in "r," (refrigeration solved that problem) but during oyster happy hour, usually from 4-6 p.m. This period of the day affords the cheapest access to oysters in town. Harpoon Henry's (6019 N. Interregional Hwy.) happy hour offers 2 for 1 oyster plates. This means that for \$2.95, the price for a half-dozen, you get a full dozen. On the Half Shell (3300 W. Anderson Lane) offers 25 cent oysters during Happy Hour and 40 cents at all times. Two good deals, if you know how to shuck oysters yourself (it takes a thick-bladed, blunt-edged shell, manual dexterity and patience), are Terry's Seafood Co. (1151 Airport) and Quality Seafood (5621 Airport). For \$19.50, a sack of oysters weighing about 110-120 lbs. is yours. And Quality will sell individual oysters at 20 cents a piece, whole.

— Dennis Nowlin



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## Working

### Frozen in Space

Teetering precariously on the edge of the topmost shelf, a bottle of exotic liqueur shudders and begins to fall. The bartender, his back to the mirrored shelves, is mixing and serving several drinks at once — napkin, cocktail, garnish, stir. Gleaming bottles and spotless glasses, neon lights and ice cubes, flash and spin in a flurry of swirling movement. Amid this comfortable confusion of dream stuff and reality, mysterious and beautiful ladies vie with wealthy, powerful men for the bartender's time and his attention. Courteous patrons and thoughtful tippers are served first. And one such customer, a polite librarian with a lake house and a hot tub, winks and orders an unorthodox concoction. The falling bottle attracts the attention of a caddy nursing a beer at the end of the bar, and an encyclopedia salesman who is recently divorced, three tough ranch hands from Odessa, and a VFW conventioneer from Des Moines. A corporate lawyer with a penchant for gin nibbles on a cocktail onion and jokes about his children and his perforated ulcer with an exchange student from Zimbabwe. The bartender rings up two more drinks and tosses the money in the register. Juggling a shaker glass, a bar spoon, and a lime, he begins to make another highball. Two nurses order four kamikazes. Someone asks for a glass of wine. The conventioneer gestures frantically toward the plummeting decanter. It is only inches from the floor. The caddy gasps. And in one fluid motion, the bartender whirls and snatches the errant bottle in mid-air, twirls it on his finger tips, and with a flourish he pours a generous dollop of the precious liquid into a waiting pony glass. As he raises the drink to salute the wide-eyed multitude, they burst into wild cheering and applause, tossing over the bar wads of money, undergarments, car keys and credit cards. Humbly the bartender acknowledges their homage. And handing the bottle to the librarian, he announces "last call," pours his drink into the cash register, and retires from the profession.

— Nels Jacobsen

### Waiting for the Revolution

One by one, they file through the University of Texas tunnel system carting Kauli wafers, wine, assorted fruits and cheeses. A blanket is laid on the musty concrete and the food is passed around. After it is gone, packets containing pictures and vital information are circulated to each representative by the head of the group. Some look at me with distrust. I tell them I used to work their gig and will not breathe their names on the outside. The Austin Wait Underground accepts me and some of the more recalcitrant ones agree to put their corkscrews back in their hind-pocket. The meeting then continues. The pictures and info are of the enemy: lousy tippers and generally obnoxious people who have proven time and again to have arrested tastes. The waitpeople swear out with a vengeance at those who treat them like underlings simply because they are serving food. The Enemy has names like "Dollar-Man" and "More Water/One Quarter." They are put on a city-wide hit-list that guarantees the cold shoulder wherever they go to dine. The Austin Wait Underground knows what it is up against and that is one reason for their existence. "The economic structure in this country is breaking down to a division between the technocratic upperclass and the lower class service people with no more room for the advance of semi-skilled labor," says one waiter after the meeting is adjourned. "So a restaurant job is going to become more lucrative. Of course then, owners and management will have the work force by the figurative balls and will pay any damn wage they see fit." So if you get cold soup, stale bread and a steak that seems sabotaged, you probably brought it on yourself by being a poor tipper, a grumpy twit or just a plain asshole. Think about it.

— Dennis Nowlin

### Excursion into Thought & Style

I love the smell of bacon and coffee in the early morning. We are open 106 hours a week, run about 95 shifts, thirty or so people work here. If it rains you put the door mats down. Teflon and steam revolutionized the kitchen a few years ago. The fluorescent lights make the cooks crazy. Nigel, the neighbor dog, is on a low protein diet and should not be given weinies. Austin was originally called Waterloo. What does MOPAC mean? When it's slow you clean up and recoup but time still drags. There are two sets of parallel lines of a total of 48 hooks in the ceiling tile in the west half of the dining room. The frog on the counter with the squeeze bulb that makes it hop is my best investment this year (Safeway, roughly \$8). Write everything down. Do it today or you'll forget why you wanted to do it in the first place. Singing and jolliness make any strangeness go away. Young children like crackers. The "poached" eggs are really codified. Hire smart people, explain duties and parameters, and it runs itself. Laissez faire management is best. It saves the nerves. People want to be trusted, smart, and responsible. People grow into their jobs. I am constantly amazed. We can't think of adding more dining space cause it will only fit where cars are now. Most people drive to eat. Where would these more people park? Information is power. Sorry, no to go orders. We sing our Omeletty West jingle in the dining room Sundays sometimes. I used to be a waiter. When you answer the phone say "try West" to save time. Count change out loud. Lake Austin Blvd. is West 6th St.. The choice of music is most important. Work is not apart from your life. It is your life, when you're there or when you're thinking about it. People are happy when they can express themselves. Always listen. We do the same thing over and over again, with infinite variations. The airplanes are from Radio Shack in LaGrange. Finish what you start. The better the organization, the less you sweat. I have been a manager here since before we opened. Omeletty is spelled "O me let try."

— Kent Cole

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# Nachkornal

**XALAPENO CHARLIE'S** Their nachos are topped with less greasy **white** cheese for a change, either Monterrey Jack or some close cousin. The Xalapenos that sit atop the molten queso are sliced so many different ways — diagonally, lengthwise, across — and into so many different sizes that they looked like an extra in **Halloween**. Ah, sweet disorder! None of

which is intended to belittle the gut-pleasing qualities of the standard cheddar cheese nacho. If you are a purist, however, and don't care for Monterrey Jack cheese, sprouts, or weirdly diced and spelled xalopenos, then check out the archtypes offered at The Texas Chili Parlor (1409 Lavaca) or The Tavern (1201 N. Lamar).

— Henry O'Hare

## Quest for Con Queso

**A YANKEE FRIEND** of mine (well she's Korean, but what the hell) was visiting from New York, and, as she will, put herself in my hands for *le grand tour de la cuisine*. As usual, the first stop was Casita Jorge's. And, again as usual, we started with an order of their *chile con queso*. Her eyes lit up. She poked at it with

her chips, and finally said "What's it made out of?" When I told her Velveta and Ro-Tel tomatoes with Green Chiles, she wouldn't believe me. Being the sort of person who gives cooking lessons in her house, she experimented for months when she got back home, and announced that she'd come up with a mixture of

think, cheddar, fontina, muenster and light cream that worked. I'm sure it does, but whatever Jorge's uses, the result is a gooey, tasty dip that is the apogee of junk-food, the summit of hors d'oeuvres, the ne plus ultra of nosh. No other queso in town comes close.

— Petaluma Pete

# Tacos, Tacos, Tacos

**TEX-MEX FOOD ADDICTS** of a spiritual bent agree: the reason God invented chickens and charcoal was that in His infinite wisdom, He knew that one day they would combine to make the barbecued chicken tacos at El Arroyo (1624 W. 5th). The luscious juicy strips of breast meat nestle in the flour tortilla with crisp shredded lettuce and a smoky, slightly sweet barbecue sauce, and with the addition of El Arroyo's justly-famous hot sauce, you have what is unquestionably Austin's finest taco. The main

thing wrong with them, in fact, is that El Arroyo doesn't necessarily prepare them every day. Perhaps a prayer — or a phone call — would be in order before heading on over. If your prayers aren't answered, you certainly won't feel cheated if you go instead to

**MARTINEZ' TACOS** (2019 E. Riverside). This new place in the middle of franchise-land features the **taco al pastor**, familiar to those of us who've gobbled 'em in Guadalajara as the tacos made of tiny bits of marinated char-boiled

pork with the spicy brown sauce. Martinez will sell you two tacos, a generous hunk of guacamole and some chips, and a bunch of tasty beans. And they're open till 3 a.m. Friday and Saturday for those of you who need a taste of **el buen pastor** before retiring. Breakfast starts at 8, so you can't lose. Aside from these, let me recommend Jorge's brisket taco as a good all-round Tex-Mex fusion: Texican barbecue in a Mexican tortilla with onion, avocado, and lettuce, as well as killer dipping sauce.

— Petaluma Pe

## Fajitas of the Night

**I HAVE BEEN** a fajita junkie ever since that fatful day three years ago when my first mouthful of soft taco and charbroiled meat took my Tex-Mex sensibilities by storm. The virtues of the fajita are many. The simplicity of the two-part fajita recipe is soothing. A reminder that small can be beautiful. Austin's fajita median is best defined by spots such as Eat-A-Fajita (four locations in central and north Austin) and Fajita Flats (512 W. 29th). These guys are the commercial standards against which new discoveries should be judged; while the competition is tough, a hardy few manage to stand out.

**KERBEY LANE CAFE'S** (3704-A Kerbey Lane) decor perfectly compliments their fajitas. Both are simple in appearance and execution while delicious in effect. Further, their black beans, picante and chopped vegetable side dishes combine to take them to the top of the fajita heap. There always seemed to me to be a bit of a discrepancy between the uptown interior of

**ENGLISH'S RESTAURANT** (3010)  
Guadalupe) and its downhome fajita. You'd think any place with a name this Anglo could screw up Fritos, but English's confounds any

such expectations. Their fajitas are among the best available in the city.

**XALAPENO CHARLIE'S** fare, overall, is as different as their spelling. Not only is it different, it's **good**. I suspect many a fajita fan has found his meadream here, underneath the "It's all HQT" sign. The meat is tangy, with the sweet bite that bespeaks a fine marinade. The Fajita Deluxe is loaded with sprouts and guacamole. Jalapenos are abundant. For both execution and innovation, give Xalapeno Charlie's and their fajitas a solid A.

— Henry O'Hara

## Mexican Breakfast

**RUNNING THROUGH A BOOK** on ethnic slurs the other day, I came upon one I'd never heard: "Mexican breakfast" — a glass of water and an unfiltered cigarette. "Anybody who'd say that never ate breakfast in Austin. There is no question that the various types of egg tacos, as well as the superb invention known as migas, are one of the glories of Texas eating."

**EL TAQUITO CHEF**, at 5130 E. 5th, serves the finest around, in the building where Jorge's empire started. The chip-fragments are crisp, the sauce on top spicy, and the chile con queso on the top is the perfect touch. The overall best breakfast is at **Las Manitas**, however, a spanking clean, honest, and well-decorated eat in the midst of grunge at 211 Congress. Fine tacos, fresh-squeezed juice, the wonderful *huevos moltenos* (from the bottom: tortilla, black beans, two over easy, very not sauce) are a delight, and the prices are people's prices.

**AND IF YOU'VE NEVER BEEN** to the famous **La Reyna Bakery** at 1811 S. 1st, by all means go, although they've gotten so erratic that I can't guarantee quality. Still, it's the place to go on Sunday morning (when Las Manitas is closed) to see who slept with whom in South Austin Saturday night.

—Petaluma Pete

— *Petaluma* Petaluma



## Malai Kafta

**HAVE YOU HAD** the malai kafta at Shalimar in Capitol Plaza? Well, would you mind telling me, then, just what the hell it is? I mean, I know it's a vegetable ball in a cream sauce, but that's what it says on the menu. I went to my shelf of Indian cookbooks and found out that kafta means "shaped into a ball," which I

red into the mixture that the meat or vegetable has been cooking in at the very last minute, and that mostly, cream dishes are northern dishes. Okay, fine. I can spot the carrots in the kafta, already knew, and that kafta can be made of meat or vegetables, and that malai means cream. And, from making Indian food at home, I know that cream sauces are mostly cream stir-

and I think there are some nuts there as well. The sauce is rich and thick. I know what goes into almost everything else at Shalimar, partially because I've been there so often that I've had nearly everything on the menu by now. But the malai kafta stumps me. Guess I'll just have to go back and order it again...

—Petaluma Pete

## Gala Falafel

**FALAFEL IS FOR THOSE** who do not wish to know what they are eating. No two falafel share the same ingredients. But they do share one common lack of ingredient — meat. Even more difficult than defining what is included is determining where it is from. It's a Middle Eastern cuisine common to Israel, Lebanon, Syria and Turkey, but the most persistent in

staking a claim to originating the cuisine are the Armenians, whose ancient empire included parts of all these countries until 1375. There are two distinct types of falafel available in Austin.

**KING DAVID'S RESTAURANT** (920 Congress) serves Lebanese style falafel. Prepared with chickpeas, garbanzo beans, wheat and

various spices, their deep-fried falafel has a crunchiness with a moist center. **Armen's** (2222 Rio Grande) serves Armenian style falafel prepared with potatoes, eggs, sparsmint, pepperminth (huh?), parsley and specially imported spices. Pan fried in shallow olive oil, Armen's falafel is the perfect dish for vegetarians who secretly crave the taste of rump roast.

—Melissa Hirsch

## Chinese Food

**SOME HOTELS IN CHINA** offer "American" food to fussy tourists. It's what you'd expect—some roast pork, boiled potatoes, and some leafy vegetables — but still thoroughly Chinese in taste. The reverse is also true, unfortunately. There are few Chinese restaurants in the United States that successfully make the cultural transition. The native Chinese ingredients differ subtly from what's available in this country. Americans would reject the strong or exotic flavors of heavy garlic seasoning, rich thousand-year eggs (pickled and soft, or bok choy fertilized with nightsoil). Further, most Chinese restaurants prepare a confusion of regional dishes — Mandarin,

Cantonese, Hunan and/or Szechuan — and mask the difference with m.s.g., corn starch, and sugar. With these limitations in mind, my favorite in Austin is the

**HUNAN (9306 N. Lamar)** — not only will they omit the m.s.g. and load on the chili peppers on request, but they offer some exotic specialties on their reasonably-priced menu, and they also provide at least two outstanding off-the-menu Korean noodle dishes to regulars. Though in a higher price range, the Hsin Yuan (11350 Research Blvd.) also offers to without the m.s.g. and does a fine job with a varied menu which includes preserved eggs and bean curd, minced pigeon, steamed dumplings, Hsin Yuan sea cucumber and Peking duck. The latter loses a lot in the translation, lacking all the

varied courses concocted of different duck parts that you would find at, say, the Front Gate restaurant in Peking.

**LIN HAI** (2007-G E. Riverside) and The Sisters (4708 Burnett) offer few surprises, but are reliable and will respond to requests. The best advice to anyone fond of Chinese cooking is to find a good restaurant and become a regular. Experiment with the items on the menu, learn what seasonings are appropriate, and make requests. Your efforts will be rewarded with better dining, or at the very least, as in the wording of the Hsin Yuan menu, "an illusory sensation evocative of dining in a garden of Hsin."

—John Peterson

## Bar.B.Q Heaven

**NOW THAT McDONALD'S** has inflicted their "McRib" sandwich on the marketplace, the corporate assault on good eating has reached its ugly and terrifying apogee. Though prefabricated barbecue has been around for some time, the fact that America's most pervasive fast-food chain has decided to deconstruct the beloved barbecue rib has awful connotations. What can you do to fight back? Support independent barbecue, that's what! There are two in Austin which outclass all the rest:

**B.L. HOWARD'S and SAM'S**. Howard's (4505 M.L.K. and 1713 E. 15th) offers exquisite smoked pork ribs and brisket in the urban tradition. Unfortunately, it is available only as

take-out food. Ribs are usually not available until early evening. As great sit-down joints go, Sam's (2000 E. 12th) is unsurpassed. Again, the meat is superbly, subtly smoked; chicken, brisket, mutton, sausage and ribs are offered in various sandwich and plate combinations. Their sauce is high upon perfect, mild and undemanding, but with a spicy aftertaste.

**SALT LICK** (FM 1826 a/k/a Camp Ben McCulloch Rd., 12 miles South of Hwy. 290 West) offers rich, delicious meat cooked for 18 hours over crushed pecan shells; it's a treat and then some. They complement it with a light orange sauce which derives from a Japanese dressing. Neither too hot nor too sweet, it has a tangy flavor not to be found anywhere else. The

half-hour it takes to get there is more than worth it. The owner of a popular barbecue restaurant in the Barton Hills area recently told a local paper that he started his overpriced, obviously upscale establishment in an effort to get away from the raunchy ambience of old barbecue joints. Once you've sampled Sam's, Howard's or the Salt Lick you'll know how full of shit he was.

**ALSO RECOMMENDED IS THE PIT** (6155 Hwy. 290 West) — this chain's other locations cause me to flee in horror. This is the best by far, meaning it's decidedly all right. Their all-you-can-eat arrangements make it ideal for heavy feasting.

—Chris Walters

## Pizza

**I DON'T KNOW** what artistic pizza is, but I know what I like. It is the universal foodstuff. Bread, vegetables and dairy products in every bite, meat if you want it. With that consistency, pizza has a basic quality level no matter who serves it up, though certainly the variations between different pizzas are distinct and important. Still, pizza is much better fitted for the not overly critical fanatic, rather than the snobby, and snotty, connoisseur. Austin has yet to offer anything approaching a classic, but there are

some good pies in town. **MILTO'S and CONAN'S** are consistently good: not too heavy with the crust, lots of cheese, thick sauce and plenty of toppings. If you're thinking strictly in terms of cost-per-unit factor, try the lunch buffet at one of the several Pizza Ints or Pizza Huts around town. God-father's has awful commercials and pizza to match.

**A WORD ON** the delivered pizza. For God's sakes don't call Milto's or Conan's. Neither

place has ever taken less than an hour and 45 minutes to bring by any order I've phoned in; the pizza arrives stone cold and has absorbed the flavor of the cardboard delivery box. For the prices charged and the promises of quality made, eating in with these two is a major disappointment. If you must have pizza hand delivered to your home, call Domino's. Wipe that sneer off your face. True, Domino's is only mediocre pizza, but a hot mediocre pizza is light-years better than an ice-cold "good" pizza.

—Brian Dunbar

## Counter Pizza

**I'M SORRY**. This won't do. I had deformed taste-buds when I was a college student, too, but my upbringing gave me the sure knowledge that pizza is not something to be gobbled on the run, but one of the consummate examples of

peasant food. I have yet to really do a pizza search in Austin, but none of these suggestions make it. At the moment, I find superb pie at **Al-Jen's** (730-A Stassney Lane), a Trenton chain with an Austin outlet, the **Grinder Factory** (6622

S. Congress), and, in a pinch, **Joe's** (1614 W. 5th St.). Mind you, that's just a preliminary list, and I hope to amplify it in the very near future.

—Petaluma Pete

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## Blues Heritage Festival

### A tradition begins

By Slim Soon

On Sunday, May 9, you are invited to become a member of the audience at the First Annual Blues Heritage Festival. The event will take place from noon until 10 p.m. at Auditorium Shores, and admission is free.

The Austin Blues Heritage Festival has the potential for becoming as big an event for Austin, both culturally and economically, as the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival is for that other musical river city. A 10-year commitment to the people of the City of Austin has been pledged by promoters Ed Sims and Steve Dean, who are among the foremost authorities on blues and rhythm-and-blues in these parts. Their ten-year plan combined with their legendary commitment to the music should insure that the first Festival will be only the beginning of an Austin tradition.

Two stages will be provided to guarantee that the music never stops. The Festival is dedicated to Blues Boy Hubbard and will feature performances by Blues Boy himself, as well as over 20 other performers of local, national, and international repute.

There will be more than music. There will be food, of course; C-Boy's famous barbecue, Sonny Falcon's fajitas, seafood Cajun-style courtesy of Dockside, nachos, and much more. Thanks to the assistance of Larry

Smith (Hut's, Smitty's) a liquor license was obtained, so the audience won't have to do the unthinkable and go without beer. Additional goodies on sale will be T-shirts for the Cobras, Stevie Ray Vaughan and the Festival itself, plus vintage records courtesy of Treasured Tracs and Buzzard Reconciling.

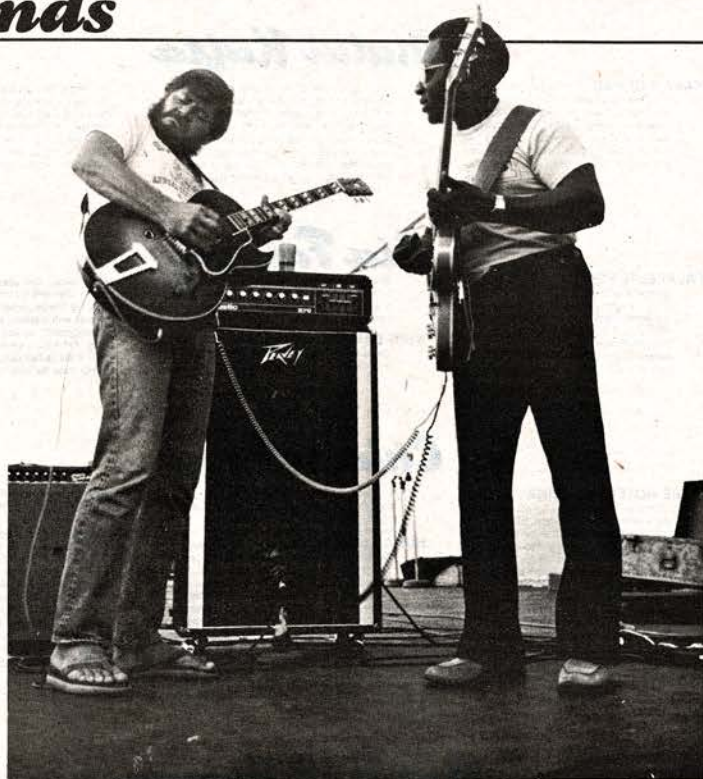
Parking is available at the Palmer Auditorium and Coliseum parking lots. For the usual precautionary reasons, no cans, coolers or bottles will be allowed. The same goes for lawn chairs, but with this much musical talent around it is unlikely that anyone in the crowd will want to sit still anyway.

The complete roster of musical talent at the Festival is as follows:

W.C. Clark, George Underwood's Blues Groove, Angela Strehli, Lewis & the Legends, Omar & the Howlers with Fingers Taylor, Alex Moore, Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble, Major Burke's Blues Revue, Mark Pollock & the Midnighters.

The Cobras, LeRoi Brothers, Macumba Love, Barbara Lynn, Tex Thomas & the Danglin' Wranglers, Anson Funderburgh & the Rockets, Big Money Rhythm Section, Dr. Hep Cat, the Juke Jumpers, Kathy & the Kilowatts, and Frank Rodarte & the Dell Kings.

Bring your best sun hat and be prepared to dance.



Blues Boy Hubbard (right) shows how it's done

Photo: Melinda Wickman

This week we begin a new regular feature in the Chron — a section devoted to capsule reviews of live performances, from the biggest concerts to the most typical club dates. Since we'll be reviewing live music in the heart of Texas, it was only fitting that we steal the title from what many consider to be the greatest live album by a Texas artist — "Live Shots" by Mr. Joe Ely. Also, since we stole the title from his album, we figured it would be only fitting to start out with a review of Mr. Ely's latest show, an extravaganza with the Blasters and Rank & File.

#### Joe Ely The Blasters

Some folks in the know have been using the term for some time now, but it has taken the Blasters from L.A. to finally make a definitive verbal and musical statement as to what "American Music" is all about. Their set was a superb blending of indigenous American stylings (rockabilly, blues, R&B and good old R&R) that covered everything from the Texas country blues of Frankie Lee Sims to Professor Longhair New Orleans rumboging to Bo Diddley gospel rock.

A special added treat was the inclusion of saxophone colossus Lee Allen, the man who blew most of the solos on New Orleans R&B records throughout the 50s. His workout of the calling card "Walkin' with Mr. Lee" sent this reviewer into second-line ecstasy. Mr. Lee provided the touch of class that made the Blasters set a true knockout.

Joe Ely, too, plays American Music but with a distinctive Texas flair. What can one say about the quintessential Texas rocker that hasn't been said countless times before? I'll add no new superlatives here other than to note that Ely and company were outstanding as always. There is no band in the land more deserving of stardom.

— Jay Trachtenberg

#### David Crosby Austin Opry House

Although our interview had been scheduled for three weeks, I wasn't surprised when David Crosby skipped our conversation and his soundcheck before his April 15 concert.

After all, he had been arrested two nights before in Dallas on a weapons charge — his second bust since I'd first arranged to speak with him. When Crosby failed to show, his bass player Tony Saunders volunteered to tell me what the ex-CSN and Byrds member had been doing since he last released a record five years ago.

Saunders explained that this solo tour was to show that "C" was the artistic equal of his mates "S" and "N." We were then joined by the band's guitarist, Carl Schwindeman, and the two soon relaxed enough to recount Crosby's arrest in Dallas. They also talked excitedly about their future as the David Crosby Band, even though their leader is re-joining CSN for an album and tour this summer.

After opening act Revolver finished their set, I was asked to come backstage by Jim Ramsey, whose Touring Company promoted the concert. He told me that Crosby's lawyers had heard about my interview with the band and wanted my tape immediately. Just as I began to protest, Crosby was whisked backstage amidst heavy security. With his once-broad shoulders now sagging a bit, a pale and nervous Crosby was led to the stage — and met by an emotional outpouring of applause. "I had trouble getting here, but I made it," he said.

Crosby opened with a song he said he just recently began playing again — an ironic version of "Almost Cut My Hair." Alone with just a guitar, he spat out an updated verse about "looking in my mirror and seeing a police car," and laughed when singing "when I finally get myself together." The haunting

"Leeshore" and the mesmerizing "Guinevere" were rendered flawlessly, and when the acoustic set was finished I was driven home by a member of the Touring Company to retrieve my tape.

Crosby's electric set was intense yet bittersweet; songs like "Deja Vu" and "Wooden Ships" recall an era that is now a long time gone. It's hard to believe, as Wavy Gravy once said, that the eighties are just the sixties 20 years later. Especially when you're told that David Crosby has carried a .45 revolver ever since John Lennon was shot.

— Jody Denberg

#### Jerryskids Stick Figures Sunday Worship Service Studio 29

It was my birthday so I celebrated at Studio 29. Here's who I celebrated with:

Jerryskids is a band which started out good — as STB — and has gotten steadily better; a band with a punk rep which nonetheless has the potential to appeal to broader audiences if only the broader audiences ever get a chance to hear them. (I second their call for "barrier-free music.") Singer Chris Wing actually has a viable midrange — rare in rock, where most vocalists either growl or scream at the bottom or the top of the register respectively. The only problem with this approach is that you can understand the words, and everybody knows that rock lyrics are supposed to be incomprehensible. But we won't hold this against them.

Stick Figures is also a band distinguished by superior lead vocals, courtesy of Melissa Cobb — previously heard in the Delinquents,

everybody's favorite surf-punk band (well, my favorite, anyway). Not to slight the Delinquents, but Stick Figures is a more aggressive group whose music is far better suited to Ms. Cobb's high-energy vocals. Also notable in the high-energy department is drummer Phil Jenkins, one of the best new percussionists to turn up in quite some time. (Actually, he first turned up in Skip Seven's band, but I never saw 'em and you probably didn't either). Pick hit: "Rules Of War."

Sunday Worship Service sound like they listen to Black Flag and Dead Kennedys. A lot of Black Flag and Dead Kennedys.

— Jeff Whittington

#### Albert King Club Foot

Standing alone in the shadows outside the flood of stagelights, his huge frame cast amidst thick clouds of smoke billowing from his long-sloped pipe, Albert King evokes an eerie image indeed. But once front and center, King's commanding presence as a blues shaman was unquestionable as he rang out cascades of spine-tingling blues notes from his Flying-V guitar upon an entranced Club Foot crowd.

Whether playing funky dance tunes like "Oh, Pretty Woman" and "Cadillac Assembly Line," or after-hour dirges like "Years Gone By" and "The Sky Is Crying," King's unmistakable sound and bare-fingered picking is rife with an intensity that is unrelenting.

But what sets King aside from hundreds of other blues guitarists is his uncanny ability to play the blues soft and ever-so-sweet. It's the quality that separates the men from the boys and it is this virtue that makes Albert King one of the finest bluesmen alive.

— Jay Trachtenberg

#### Dinosaurs High Noon Saloon

Did you miss Woodstock? Are you just sick that not only did you miss the Monterey Pop Festival but Janis went and croaked herself? If the passing of the 60s keeps you up nights I hope you went to the Meltdown



# Is Haircut 100 into reality?

By Drew Dillard

In England, unemployment is higher than ever, they're just now beginning to recover from a terrible winter, racial violence has gotten out of hand, and as you read this the Union Jack may even be at war in the Falkland Islands — but at the top of their charts, **Haircut 100** is singing about what a "Fantastic Day" it is. What does it mean? It is unlike the British not to reflect their immediate world in their music, but not much since the *Specials'* "Ghost Town" has (and if you think there might be a tinge of satire in the Haircut 100 song, just run to your favorite record shop and look at their faces — there's not).

All of which probably means nothing except that it says a lot about how I feel about this week's Spotlight Album. Its title? *Music of Quality and Distinction*, a collection of politically irrelevant dance tracks by such guests artists as Tina Turner, Gary Glitter, Sandie Shaw and seven more, singing songs like "Ball of Confusion," "These Boots Are Made for Walking," and "Wichita Lineman." It is produced by Marilyn Ware and Ian Craig Marsh, who also head up *Heaven 17* for the British Electric Foundation, B.E.F.

The title says it all. Unlike most American disco, which lacked quality and certainly distinction, this does, though it is in fact disco music (or "dance music," as we are now told to call it). It is very carefully thought out, technically perfect, high gloss music in

high gloss packaging — and it's popular. Draw your own conclusions.

They say that punk is dead, but the newer punk bands are selling much better worldwide than most of the originals. New albums from the *Circle Jerks* (*Wild in the Streets*), *Four Skins* (*The Good, the Bad, and the Four Skins*) and *Flipper* (*Generic Flipper*) are all hot.

New American releases include *Toto IV*, *Jethro Tull The Broadsword & the Beast*, *Carole King One To One* (recorded right here in Austin), *John Hiatt All of a Sudden*, *Split Enz Time & Tide* and *Bow Wow Wow The Last of the Mohicans* which includes four new tracks sporting — wait for it — the nude cover! Good job, America.

## HemiSemiDemiquavers

Copa's has undergone extensive changes over the past few weeks, with the musical format being just about the only thing to remain the same. They've put in a new patio, a completely new menu, an upstairs bar, a new sound system, improved acoustics, ripped out the downstairs bar and put in a dance floor (!) and even changed the name.

No longer content with the typical Austinite's idea of 6th street, meaning the east side of Congress, they've changed to Copa's West End, emphasizing the alternatives they offer on the west end of 6th (like hassle-free parking, for one).

Austin's own Jackalope record label has just released a new 45 by Kimmie Rhodes. "You'll Take Care Of You" is the A-side, with "No Next Time" on the flip — the latter credited to Kimmie Rhodes, Bobby Earl Smith & the Jackalope Brothers. "You'll Take Care Of You" is a Joe Gracely song — Gracely also co-produced the record and helped mix it (the man gets around). "No Next Time" was written by Smith and Mickey Cherry.

Also new is Jill Fuller's 45 "Good Morning"/"Love on the Line," on the Full Sun label. This one features a cornucopia of Austin's finest players, including Mitch Watkins on guitar, Spencer Starnes on bass, Rich Harney on piano, and John Mills on reeds. Not to mention the engineer and co-producer, the ubiquitous (that means he's everywhere) Joe Gracely.

West End Productions has decided to take heed of the Chronicle poll results, calling for "more jazz" — they plan to bring nationally-known jazz acts to the Ritz, with tentative bookings for Tito Puente in June, and Flora Purim & Airtio Moreira soon after that.

UT is sponsoring a big jazz festival this weekend. Lew Tabackin will be featured on Friday, April 30. Saturday, May 1st, includes Passenger and Austin's Big Band, with the UT Jazz Ensemble performing both nights.

On Memorial Day Weekend, about 350 radio stations across the country will be broadcasting a special three-hour program called "Beatles at the BBC." BBC producer Kevin Howlett discovered more than 80 songs by the Beatles that were played over the BBC between 1962 and 1965, many of which have never been heard since. Many of the tapes were uncovered by Howlett in the BBC's "unofficial archives"; others were collected from listeners who recorded them off the air. "Taping off the air is illegal in Britain," says Howlett, "but in this case we're thankful that they did it."

Only three days before his death, John Lennon was quoted as saying, "We did a lot of tracks that were never recorded on record for (BBC's) 'Saturday Club.' There was some good stuff." KLBj will air the program from noon to 3 p.m. on Sunday, May 30 and 9 p.m. to midnight on Monday, May 31.

(Compiled by Alana, Jim Ellinger, and Jeff Whittington).

II at the High Noon Saloon.

The most interesting act on the bill turned out to be the Dinosaurs — so named because they play 60s and early 70s rock and roll with a respect and sense of humor that is similar in spirit to Sha-Na-Na's interpretation of 50s music. With this audience they were in their element. Often, it was eerie because the band was kidding but the audience wasn't.

For example, they had the unbridled cheek to cover Hendrix's "Purple Haze." Guitarist Tommy Cox leapt off the stage and crawled through the grass singing "help me, help me." Nary a snicker was heard even though this was one of the finest examples of 60s camp I have ever seen.

The Dinosaurs responded to the crowd's appreciation by putting on an enthusiastic show that incorporated all the histrionics and overblown theatrics characteristic of 60s music. The result was a fond parody of an era that revolutionized and sometimes even radicalized a generation. I truly enjoyed taking a trip courtesy of the 2222 time warp back to a place where cynicism and disillusion took a back seat to optimism and hope for change.

— Kathleen Barbaro

## Bad Brains

Esther's Pool

Howcum nobody told me that the best hardcore band in America was in town? I found out about this show ten minutes before it started, when I saw a poster tacked up on a wall. I immediately rushed down to Esther's, where the Bad Brains had just taken the stage: four real-live Rastafarians (we'll forgive them for that) who play like the Ramones at 78 speed and occasionally play reggae songs to vary the pace a little. They were great, and I might have found it to be the profoundest punk experience of the year if I hadn't gotten a raging headache from all the high-frequency sound reflecting off Esther's legendary stone walls. (Somebody really needs to buy this place an equalizer).

Bad Brains, please come back! Only play at a bigger place and advertise it better.

— Jeff Whittington

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Sun., May 2 — Craig Calvert and  
Alter Ego  
Mon., May 3 — The Darts &  
J.D. & The Jammers (\$1)  
Tues., May 4 — Omar & The  
Howlers & Leroy Brothers  
Wed., May 5 — Octave Doctors  
Thurs., May 6 — Beto y Los Fairlanes  
Fri.-Sat., May 7, 8 — Extreme Heat  
Sun., May 9 — Craig Calvert &  
Alter Ego  
Mon., May 10 — Blue Mist (\$1)  
Tues., May 11 — Explosives &  
The Devils  
Wed., May 12 — Stephen Doster &  
The Scissors  
Thurs., May 13 — Beto y Los  
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# On Stage

## Zach Scott strangles Little Foxes



Scooter Cheatham, Carole Hecker and Mary Louise Parker in 'Foxes'

By Sidney Brammer

It is curious to consider the actual effect artistic protest has on the classes of people meant to be affected or changed by the artist's message. Do they bow their heads in remorse as they study Picasso's *Guernica*? Do they dump their Dow Chemical stock after hearing a moving rendition of *Where Have All the Flowers Gone*? Experience unfortunately tells us no, they do not.

How do the guilty feel when faced with blame, either real or allegorical? They gaze ahead, unperturbed, assuring themselves that "that's some other guy they're talking about, not me...I'm a good liberal. I only voted for Reagan to get us out of the economic mess." A character in Lillian Hellman's message drama, *The Little Foxes*, says, "There are people who eat the earth and eat all the people on it...and other people who stand around and watch them eat it." It is that indecisive multitude "standing around and watching" — those of us who aid and abet with our silence and inaction — who are still vulnerable to a good hard kick from the likes of Ms. Hellman...unless of course her work is twisted, added to, overacted and weakened by an irresponsible group like the one currently producing *The Little Foxes* at Zachary Scott Theatre. Small wonder the comfortable Tarrytowners left the production with no deeper thought than "Wasn't it amazing how that actress could cry?"

Yes, it really was amazing, friends; not since the Memorial Day flood have I seen that much running water. Surpassing even her own mighty record for self-indulgent over-acting, the (all too) familiar Scottie Wilkerson presented us with a truly incredible water-works display, followed closely by Mary Louise Parker's cry-baby interpretation of the pivotal character, Alexandra Giddens.

Crying, like vomiting, is one of those bodily functions we hate to have happen to us. We fight back tears like we fight back nausea; we hide them in the bathroom or muffle them in our pillows at night. Any actor remotely observant of real human behavior should know better than to stand and bawl, with mascara running, in front of an audience, purportedly to express emotion. The seasoned director of this soap opera should have taken better care to control her actors, in addition to herself.

From the moment the audience hears the *Twilight Zone* theme music that begins and reappears at odd moments throughout this production, they are sure this is going to be about something unsavory. The story of the Hubbard brothers and their sister, Regina, who bite, scratch, and claw their way to the

top in the post-war South is a scathing depiction of everyday avarice and power-lust. The Hubbards represent the "spirit" of Americans and the deterioration of the American family better than any other group of characters in our dramatic literature. But this is something an audience must discover gradually. We should not expect that Regina Giddens is capable of murder until she actually commits murder. Perhaps Regina herself does not know what she is capable of until she does it. Whatever the case, it pulls the rug out from under the play's impact to have scary, dissonant music heralding climactic moments and actors who adjust to everyday meanness and abuse (after all, this family has been together for years) with horrifying stares and unbearable pregnant pauses.

Granted, these are conceptual devices which a director has a prerogative to apply if the statement of the original work remains intact. The unforgivable thing that director Mavourneen Dwyer has done with this play is twist its meaning by elaborating subtextual inferences that Hellman did not find necessary to elaborate in the original playscript. Hellman gave us subtle allusions to Regina's sexuality; we speculate as to how she may have used it in the past to get what she wanted, especially from her husband and brother. In this production, there's no speculation. Regina slinks around like a cat in heat, making over passes at visiting businessmen and her brother Ben. This directorial concept undermines an already flimsy portrayal by Carole Hecker, who hasn't a strong enough vocal quality or stage presence to pull off this focal role. She is also perpetrator of one of the most laughable examples of property improvisation I've ever seen—a large hat pin which she melodramatically brandishes during Regina's final argument with her husband Horace...causing some of us to wonder would she stab an already dying man just to make sure we got the point?

There are many more examples of this heavy-handedness: the overt sexuality in Ben's attitude towards his niece Alexandra (not in the playscript); the histrionic eye-rolling, whining, and bawling of Miss Parker as Alexandra; and Horace's Hollywood-style collapse on the stairway. The two notable exceptions were Scooter Cheatham's solid portrayal of Ben Giddens and Ada Harden's restrained and sensitive Addie. But with an uncharacteristically poor set design by Mike Sullivan and very unmemorable costume design, *The Little Foxes* is, at best, a tacky soap opera in no danger of affecting or offending its audience—an audience in dire need of the message Hellman has to offer.



## Sheehan's latest expose

# Some of that ole time journalism

By Sarah Whistler

"Is There No Place On Earth For Me?"; by Susan Sheehan; Houghton Mifflin; 333 pages; \$14.95

In a world of Hunter Thompson excesses and Tom Wolfian ego fests, pity the poor investigative journalist. Plying their trade without the luxury of subjectivity, the refuge of personal opinion, these reporters are like the plump girl in a beauty contest, making a bid for our attentions armed only with their talent and intelligence. Given the unglamorous task of presenting us with the "facts," most of them content themselves with the obvious. The best of them find a way to show us what familiarity has hidden.

Susan Sheehan gives us some of that ole time journalism in *Is There No Place On Earth For Me?*—the story of a woman she calls "Sylvia Frumkin," a 33-year-old schizophrenic who has spent the last 17 years bouncing in and out of mental institutions. Weeding through the tangle of data and emotional baggage that complicate this story, Sheehan paints an incredibly detailed and wildly objective portrait of this troubled young woman and of the Creedmoor Psychiatric Center, where she met Sylvia in 1978. It's a complex subject—the world of the mentally ill and the institutions that "serve" them—but Sheehan tackled it with single-minded thoroughness. She studied Sylvia's psychiatric records; she spent holidays with the Frumkin family; she interviewed physicians, attendants, hospital administrators. The only unknown quantity here is Sheehan



herself, who somehow resists the lure of melodrama and self-righteousness and approaches the story with an amazing mixture of compassion and detachment.

This reporter's distance tones down the hysteria that runs through Sylvia's story. Sheehan's deadpan, third-person delivery gives the book a weird immediacy. "As Miller started the car, turned on the car radio, and began to drive toward the hospital, Miss Frumkin seemed to get excited. The radio was playing Paul McCartney's song 'The Lovely Linda,' and he was singing the words 'La, la, la, la, la, the lovely Linda.' Unknown to Miller, Miss Frumkin thought he was singing the lyrics sarcastically,

because he had fallen in love with her and was no longer in love with Linda, his wife. Miss Frumkin began to talk fervently to the radio." We become so familiar with Sylvia's delusions that we begin to understand her when those around her cannot.

And understanding Sylvia requires a lot. Her life is a frustrating pattern of disappointments, irrational fantasies, domestic confrontations, occupational dilemmas. Sheehan reviews Sylvia's beginnings as a normal, intelligent child through her troubled adolescence and adulthood. We learn her family history. But none of this parades as explanation. Sheehan seems to have a larger purpose in mind: to make us see past Sylvia's bizarre behavior and understand how much we have in common with the Sylvias of the world. And she somehow teaches us not only to identify with Sylvia, but to like her, as well.

Sylvia's character is a ferocious mixture of intelligence and derangement. She has a flair for the dramatic, for verbal wit. In a normal person this is called creativity. Sylvia's creative outlet seems to be her illness. One doctor suggests that "she's a genius at being insane." Even her psychotic monologues, so disturbing yet comic in their wild illogic, seem inspired by something more than lunacy. "Teddy Kennedy cured me of my ugliness. I'm pregnant with the son of God. I'm going to marry David Berkowitz and get it over with. Creedmoor is the headquarters of the American Nazi Party. They're eating patients here. Archie Bunker wants me to play his niece on his TV show. I work for Epic records. I'm Joan of Arc. I'm Florence Nightingale. The door between the ward and the porch is the dividing line between New York and California. Divorce isn't a piece of paper, it's a feeling. Forget about Zip Codes. I need shock treatments. The body is run by electricity. My wiring is faulty. A fly is a teen-age wasp. I'm marrying an accountant. I'm in the Pentecostal Church, but I'm considering switching my loyalty to the Charismatic Church."

Sheehan recorded this monologue at the Creedmoor Psychiatric Center, a state institution in Queens, New York, where Sylvia was hospitalized 10 times between 1978-1981. Sheehan found Creedmoor understaffed, the staff undertrained, and the resident physicians overworked and often incompetent. Her report covers everything from patient theft to the menu served in the hospital cafeteria. Sylvia's experiences there offer an introduction to the state-of-the-art in the treatment of schizophrenia. Sylvia gets it all: shock treatments, insulin comas, megavitamins, therapy, and the full range of antipsychotic medications—all of which seem to be applied capriciously. Sheehan gives an especially thorough overview of the history, use and abuse of antipsychotics. It's an educational and highly depressing account but Sheehan avoids any heavy-handedness; she's trying to understand the complexities of the problem, not find a scapegoat.

*Is There No Place On Earth For Me?* is an extremely ambitious book. Sheehan set herself what would seem to be an impossible task: to get at the essence of not only a sociological phenomenon, but of another human being. Whether or not that can actually be done finally matters little. Sheehan's report comes close enough for us to supply the rest. It's what this book asks of us that makes it so remarkable. Sylvia's story forces us to examine our humanity, and when something touches that part of us, we're thankful—thankful for the reassurance that we can still escape the self-absorption that characterizes the way most of us view the world and feel real concern for someone else. Susan Sheehan and Sylvia Frumkin offer us such an escape. It's a great book.

## No disasters in Hannay's 'Love'

By Ann Levin

"Love and Other Natural Disasters," by Allen Hannay; Atlantic-Little, Brown; 241 pages; \$12.95.

*Love and Other Natural Disasters* is the story of 19-year-old Bubber Drum and his love affair with a 35-year-old woman, Rose Butts. And once you accept the highly unlikely premise that someone could sabotage a nurse's diaphragm and that she could wear it for months with discovering it, it's a wonderfully comic account—a domestic thriller where the suspense doesn't let up until the last page.

Bubber is caring and unmanly; he won't treat Rose like a sex object though she claims she'd prefer it. In this modern love story it's the man who wants to take the emotional risks, and the woman who's cynical and out for a lark.

The boy is girlish; the woman is tough. As Bubber says at the end: "...this was a different, more complicated world, where hairless women couldn't be dominated by a man and his club. In this world, modern men had to whine to get what they wanted."

And so Bubber whines when necessary and continues to care. At the University of Texas on a football scholarship, he forfeits playing a critical pre-season scrimmage—ruining his chances of making the team—to accompany his lover to a Houston abortion clinic.

The abortion clinic scene is one of the few times Hannay's story disappoints. Another couple is waiting in the office. The husband wants to have the baby; she fears getting "swollen" and interrupting her blossoming real estate career. Bubber and Rose are shocked by her "single-minded devotion to her body." Though we've learned earlier that Bubber, once a fat kid, went on a diet after his mother died ("...I worked out hard and became muscular. What I looked like mattered."), we're supposed to find this woman's

concern for her appearance grotesque.

Bubber tells the husband not to give up because "it's not just their lives anymore. You have to fight for your fetus." And somehow, after briefly meeting this couple, Rose changes her mind and decides to have the baby.

If Hannay is less than sympathetic about abortion, maybe it's because at this time of his life he's enchanted with the miracle of birth—he and his wife recently had a baby. But Bubber's attempts to imagine what pregnancy is like for Rose are touching, never maudlin or obscure. And the author is equally sensitive in writing about old people. Charlie, Bubber's father, a retired veterinarian who runs a gas station/serpentarium, pals around with three other 70-year-olds who can outdrink and outdance the kids. In the grocery store, arms laden with Hungry Man frozen dinners, Bubber gets this advice about Dad from one of the town's older ladies: "...you be sure to get some pot pies down him before tonight. Nothing's worse for a man his age than getting drunk and throwing up empty. My own daddy, bless his soul, upchucked himself to death on Texas Independence Day. State holidays... they take such a toll on the family."

If you didn't know this was Hannay's first novel, you might guess it from Bubber's totally inexplicable decision, after getting kicked off the football team, to write his Rosey's memoirs. Bubber, a writer?

Still, in spite of a few small lapses, the book is well-written, funny, and brimming with details of rural Texas. Hannay, who teaches English at UT, shows us love, birth, senility, drunken brawls, visits to the Chicken Ranch and other natural disasters. But Hannay's two main characters turn these catastrophes into comedy with their resilience, persistence, good humor and sanguiinity. *Love and Other Natural Disasters* is a very respectable first effort.

# RITZ THEATRE

Variety at the Ritz!  
(May 1st weekend)  
Spring Festival Weekend

Friday, 30th  
Tommy Hancock & the  
Supernatural Family Band

Sat, 1st  
Chef Emil's Gumbo Booth

Sun & Mon, 2 & 3  
Cats & Dogs  
Austin's Night Out in Austin

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The Big Boys  
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# FOOTPRINTS



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AUSTIN, TEXAS



## THE JUDYS

**Friday, April 30, with the Jitters and the Kamikaze Refrigerators**  
**Saturday, May 1, with R.E.M. and the Make**

Somewhere, in a place never disturbed by human touch or voice, there is the appliances' burial ground. As with the fabled elephant site, this is where old vacuum cleaners, television sets, fans, blenders, eggstirers and other common house-hold appliances go to die. And in this mechanical Valhalla, all day and all of the night, the music of the Judy's is played, inspiring the dying to one last whirl or grind. Little dancing appliances fill the landscape and instead of the air of a funeral, one can't help but feel the vibrancy of a party. In point of fact, of course, whenever the Judys play, audiences have a tendency to wildly party as the irresistible hooks and cleverly infectious lyrics inspire them to new and wilder heights. Friday night begins with the esoteric high-tension suicide-waltz neo-apocalyptic orchestrations of the ever innovative Kamikaze Refrigerators, followed by the go-for-broke intoxicating dance music of the Jitters. On Saturday the increasingly exhilarating music of the Make opens the evening followed by R.E.M. out of Athens Georgia, a band that captures a feeling that spans decades of pop music. Another musical conglomerate from the home of the B-52s and Pylon, R.E.M. are currently riding on a wave of enthusiastic national press for their single Radio Free Europe.

**X-SPAND-X, one of Austin's most popular progressive pop bands, perform at Club Foot on Wednesday, May 12, with The Models.**



## Stanley Turrentine: May 3

At the age of seventeen, Stanley Turrentine took to the road with pianist Ray Charles and the rest of blues guitarist Lowell Fulson's band. In 1953 he replaced John Coltrane in the big band of Earl Bostic and in 1959 he was in New York playing with Max Roach. During the 60s Turrentine led his own group with organist Shirley Scott. Since then he's continued to play and record with a seemingly endless list of jazz and crossover greats including names like Hubbard, Carter, Mason, Sample, Benson, Ritenour, and DeJohnette. On Monday, May 3, Stanley Turrentine and his ensemble will be performing at Club Foot. Don't miss this versatile tenor saxophone master.



## B.B. KING

**Tues. May 4 and Wed. May 5 Angela Strehli opens both shows**

You're feeling the blues and whether you have them because of lost love, the weather, or general helplessness frustration really doesn't matter, does it? They are so damn damaging yet at the same time they provide a comfort, a known refuge from the day-to-day, a painful though familiar resting spot from failure.

When B.B. King plays, his blues licks cut deep inside to the wounds in your soul. His music is so richly evocative and so starkly beautiful that the feeling of the blues in the room transforms one tinged with menace to a certain soulful, spiritual intensity. King's playing fills the room, serving to heal by changing pain, fear and despair into a cathartic experience. The fact that his music is derived from those emotions yet is so filled with power and grace, is, in and of itself, cause for hope and celebration.

B.B. King is simply among the best at what he does. As critic John Swenson has written, "B.B. King is perhaps the greatest figure on the postwar urban blues scene, a powerful performer, a consolidator of blues

styles, a great bandleader, an even greater singer and an innovative guitarist who's influenced virtually every blues guitarist to come after him. His clean, economical style can be heard quite clearly in the work of Eric Clapton and Michael Bloomfield, to use two standout examples among rock players."

And this Club Foot appearance should be something of a mini-Blues festival because not only will the master himself be playing (as he does all across the country to all kinds of audiences, night after night, club after club) but Austin's own Angela Strehli will be opening both shows. And the combination of these two talents on the same stage should be something special. Now that might sound like hype but those that know, well, they know it's true. This should be a very special occasion. And if B.B. King and Angela Strehli together weren't enough, a ticket stub from their concerts will get you two dollars off the cover price to see Dr. John on May 6. You can feel the spirits in the air already.

## THE PROFESSIONALS: MAY 8 with METHOD ACTORS and MAX AND THE MAKEUPS

May 8, 1886: Coca Cola is invented in Atlanta, Ga. by John S. Pemberton.

May 8, 1940: Ricky Nelson is born to Ozzie and Harriet.

May 8, 1944: Gary Glitter is born.

May 8, 1956: "Look Back in Anger" by John Osborne premieres in London.

Groundhog Day 1960: Gary Glitter makes his first TV appearance on "Cool For Cats".

May 8, 1967: "Happy Together" by the Turtles reaches #1 hit status in BILLBOARD.

May 8, 1975: Paul Cook (drums) and Steve Jones (guitar) are playing sixties classics with the band Swankers.

May 8, 1977: As Sex Pistols, Paul Cook, Steve Jones, Sid Vicious, and Johnny Rotten prepare to release "God Save the Queen."

Groundhog Day 1979: Vic Varney (keyboards) and David Gamble (drums) open for the B-52s in a band called the Tone-tones.

May 8, 1979: Vic Varney (guitar now) prepares to manage Pylon in Athens, Ga.

May 8, 1980: The Chickadees play their last gig at Dukes.

Groundhog Day 1982: Max and the Make-ups perform with the Lift at Club Foot.

May 8, 1982: Paul Cook and Steve Jones, as Professionals, join Vic Varney and David Gamble, Method Actors, and Max & the Make-ups at Club Foot for a night of music that will live forever in rock and roll history.







<b>SUN. 5-2</b> <b>DANCING AND DRINKING</b>	<b>MON. 5-3</b> <b>STANLEY TURRENTINE</b>	<b>TUE. 5-4</b> <b>B.B. KING</b> Angela Strehli	<b>WED. 5-5</b> <b>B.B. KING</b> Angela Strehli	<b>THU. 5-6</b> <b>DR. JOHN</b> Red Beans and Rice	<b>FRI. 4-30</b> <b>JUDYS JITTERS</b> Kamikaze Refrigerators	<b>SAT. 5-1</b> <b>JUDYS R.E.M.</b> The Make
<b>SUN. 5-9</b> <b>DANCING AND DRINKING</b>	<b>MON. 5-10</b> <b>JOHN HIATT</b>	<b>TUE. 5-11</b> <b>THE TAKE</b>	<b>WED. 5-12</b> <b>X-SPAND-X</b> The Models	<b>THU. 5-13</b> <b>THE LIFT</b>	<b>FRI. 5-7</b> <b>ROKY ERICKSON</b>	<b>SAT. 5-8</b> <b>PROFESSIONALS</b> Method Actors Max & Makeups
					<b>FRI. 5-14</b> <b>SKUNKS</b> Tav Falco's Panther Burns	<b>SAT. 5-15</b> <b>PETE SHELLEY</b> Standing Waves



#### DR. JOHN AND THE RED BEANS AND RICE REVUE

On Thursday, May 6, The Red Beans and Rice Revue join storied New Orleans performer Dr. John for an evening of particularly Louisianian music and celebration.

Born and raised in New Orleans, Malcolm John Rebennack, a.k.a. Dr. John, learned to play piano from people like Professor Longhair, Al Johnson, and Huey Smith. As a popular New Orleans session musician during the late fifties, he played with the top jazz and R&B artists in the country. In the mid-sixties he moved to L.A., where he continued to work as a session man, and where he put the finishing touches on his own distinctive musical/theatrical concept voodoo rock. On stage, Mac Rebennack became Dr. John, a bearded blues sorcerer in spangled silver robes and flashy feathered head-gear. He recorded the album, "Gris-Gris" in '68 and then "The Sun, Moon and Herbs" in 1971 (with the likes of Eric Clapton and Mick Jagger), and in so doing he created and perpetuated his own unique musical tradition, voodoo gumbo funk.

Over the years Dr. John's performances have become less theatrical and more musically involved. With John Hammond

and Mike Bloomfield, he formed the group Triumvirate in 1973. He was featured performer at The Band's farewell concert, "The Last Waltz." And he just recently released an album of solo piano work entitled, "Dr. John Plays Mac Rebennack."

"Wanna Dance?" is an aptly titled album by the Lafayette based Red and Rice Revue. Since 1976, this colorful quartet has been luring people out of their easy chairs and onto dance floors all over Louisiana and the Gulf South with an irresistible mixture of rock and roll and zydeco rhythm and blues. **Billboard** has pronounced them "... one of the area's rising young acts." And Del Moon of Baton Rouge TV fame, commenting on the band and their chosen name — The Red Bean and Rice Revue — says, "For several years they have been as much a musical staple to south Louisiana as the famed meal is to the happy cajun's diet ... pity to the one who hasn't had a taste!"

Don't miss Dr. John and his special guests, The Red Beans and Rice Revue, on May 6, when they move Louisiana to Club Foot. And keep in mind that a ticket stub from the B.B. King concert on May 4 or May 5 is worth two dollars off the cover price on May 6.



#### JOHN HIATT: MAY 10

"John Hiatt should be a contender," says Max Bell of **New Musical Express**, "... he is beyond a doubt a diamond in the rough of current American pop writing. His material bears a healthy relation to the style and passion of his best compatriots, from Chuck Berry, through Motown and Stax to the fringe literacy of the great country western mentors." Before meeting Ry Cooder, John Hiatt played in a band called White Duck, recorded the albums "Hanging Around the Observatory," "Overcoats," "Slug Line," and "Two Bit Monsters," and contributed to the score of the movie "American Gigolo." After meeting Ry Cooder, he toured England with him and helped Cooder record the score to "The Border," along with Freddy Fender and Sam ("The Sham") Samudio. Max Bell calls John Hiatt "one of America's best kept secrets." On May 10, John Hiatt will be at Club Foot. Pass it on.

#### ROKY ERICKSON: MAY 7

Since the days when he rode out of Texas and into rock and roll history with the 13th Floor Elevators, Roky Erikson has been a legend. His 1966 hit, "You're Gonna Miss Me," has become a certified classic. And more recently, his colorful reputation has been enhanced by catchy little ditties like "The Creature with the Atom Brain," "Two-Headed Dog," and "Cold Night for Alligators." Roky and his band will be at Club Foot on Friday, May 7.

#### THE SKUNKS AND TAV FALCO'S PANTHER BURNS



Supposedly, Gustavus "Tav" Falco named his band after a plantation near Greenville, Mississippi where a marauding panther was trapped and burned to death in a cane field at the turn of the century. He formed the blues/rockabilly band with Alex Chilton in 1979 after Chilton saw him chain-saw a guitar to smithereens during an emotional rendition of Leadbelly's "Bourgeois Blues" at the farewell concert of Mud Boy and the Neutrons. On May 14, Tav Falco's Panther Burns will be opening the show for Austin's favorite power rock trio, The Skunks, recently profiled in NME (4-3-82) by writer Cynthia Rose.

#### PETE SHELLEY Sat., May 15 with Standing Waves

The good thing about machines is that they don't talk back."

—Pete Shelley

Pete Shelley has changed a bit since the dissolution of the Buzzcocks, a band that featured guitars resembling coordinated variable-speed drills. Now Shelley is progenitor of an electronic dance style that is both socially aware without falling into fatalism and almost pop in its conventions. Shelley's new solo album takes risks the Buzzcocks never did. For instance, his 1981 single "Homosapien" showed the genius he had for substantive wordplay and musical idioms he could never explore with his prior bands.

Since he has spelunked quite a few musical caves and come out with some real jewels, Shelley has found a way to circumvent the detachment that befalls some synthesizer artists and function as a very human, extremely danceable entity. As **The New York Rocker** says: "Just as Shelley was able to transform punk rock dynamics into catchy hit singles, he was also able to fashion unique, innovative rock music from basic disco instrumentation." Pete Shelley offers a break from the drone of micro-chip cacophony; his machinations are almost human.



#### THE LIFT: MAY 13

In Britain a lift is an elevator. In Austin the Lift is a mood elevator — a rock and roll band that aims to make you feel good. "(Our) music is fun," says bassist, lead singer, David Cardwell, "It has a real good, hard rock, dance type disco beat in almost every song ... hard rock foundations with melodies on top." The Lift were voted Austin's best new band in The Chronicle music poll and they will be performing at Club Foot on May 13.

#### UPCOMING

The Neville Brothers	May 17
The Nighthawks	May 18
Joe Cocker	June 3
The Rockets	June 11





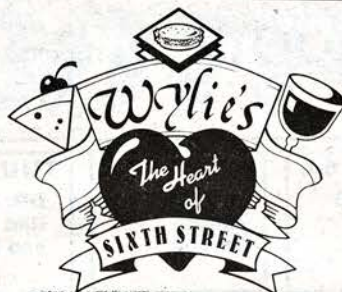
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ALL SYSTEMS GO AND COUNTING. The countdown is on for this year's Old Pecan Street Spring Festival. Even as you're reading this, Saturday's kick off time of 11 AM is only hours away. If you're from out of state or outer space, you may not know what we're talking about. It's Sixth Street's answer to the Rites of Spring. And this, the fourth year, promises to be the wildest yet. Come on down to the Street and join 25,000 other Austinites in springtime revelry, continuous live entertainment from jugglers, mimes, clowns, acrobats, magicians and Austin's finest musicians, ranging from mariachis to blue grass, New Wave to conjunto, Dixieland to rock'n'roll. There'll be tons of food including Sonny Falcon "The Fajita King's famous fajitas, burritos, tacos, shishkabobs, Greek & Lebanese delicacies, eggrolls, barbecue and house specialties from Sixth Street restaurants — boiled and chilled shrimp from Juan Goldstein's (who just held their Big Birthday Bash a week ago with free beer and champagne), house sandwiches from Gordo's, shishkabobs from Dan McKluskey's Butchery & Restaurant, and giant crawfish from the 606. In addition, look for over 250 artists and craftspeople displaying their works.

AND MORE. The Fifth Annual O. Henry Pun-Off Sunday May 2nd at the O. Henry Museum, 5th and Neches. A carnival with moonwalk and a variety of skill games like darts and ball tosses. A Chili-Tasting sponsored by the Driskill Hotel. And, naturally plenty of beer from permanent sponsor Old Milwaukee Beer, wine and champagne.

BEST OF ALL, IT'S FREE. Concessions and food profits go to the Old Pecan Street Assoc. to revitalize and preserve the Street. WE TELL ALL. Santiago's, owned by "the Fight Doctor" Zamora, now scheduled for opening the weekend of the Spring Festival. Manager Abel Granados tells us it's Tex-Mex with handmade tables, tiled floors — an overall rustic look — fine, there's enough ferns down here anyway. Santiago's is finishing up restoration at the old Scotty's Bar-B-Q location, 6th and Neches. Licks is open and features all Bluebell ice cream flavors including such tantalizing numbers as Fudge Brownie Nut, Pecan Pie, Cookies 'n Cream, and Red Velvet Chocolate. You can even have such sinfully delicious goodies as M'nMs on your sundaes. And Dr. Neon outdid himself on the ceiling! Freddie Dagar's Catering in the 500 block of 6th to become a jazz cafe (as yet unnamed).

Warehouses are junk. So says Developer John Byram, who plans to develop a huge downtown apartment complex called the Railyard along E. 4th, from Red River to Brazos. \$7 million and one year from next fall will see another apartment city where the trains used to run. Pretty soon the area will be indistinguishable from Greenville Avenue.

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## Bob recycles hope

By Scott Bowles

Bob Hope did a benefit for the UT Performing Arts Center the other day. For only \$30, you could see him tape a television special. If the price was too steep, for only \$10 you could watch the event on TV at the Opera Lab Theatre.

Now this strikes me as a little weird. Why the heck would anybody spend \$30 to discover that Hope's timing is slipping with age, or that the material he uses is more unsuitable for service than the volunteer army's enlistees? Hell, if all you want is to be able to say you've seen Bob Hope in person, you'd have been better off buying a ticket for the pro-am portion of the Legends of Golf Tournament. At least you'd stand a chance of getting an autograph as well.

But that's not as silly as paying \$10 to watch him on TV. At least when you pay to see the closed-circuit telecast of a boxing match, you're seeing something that's not going to be on TV. (This of course is balderdash. The fights are always on "Wide World of Sports" within a month. But when you buy your ticket you're assured they won't be.) Paying to watch Hope on TV makes about as much sense as installing a microwave dish on your roof to intercept network feeds and catch this week's episode of "Real People" an hour early. Sure, Hope was scheduled to come down to the Opera Lab Theatre during the breaks, but come on. Did you really think Hope would save his good material for the people who only paid \$10? Did you really think he'd spend much time before this crowd when he could be backstage taking a nap? Didn't you know that Bob Hope is, in fact, a zombie energy creature who can only survive by sucking the enthusiasm out of live audiences?

But that's not the point. Rather, why was Bob Hope doing a benefit for the Performing Arts Center? Well, yeah, Hope has to have fresh audiences thrice weekly, but he could have done a show for, say, the United Negro College Fund. After all, why does the PAC need a benefit? The whole purpose of the place, as I understand it, is to offer second-rate elitist entertainment at prices students can't afford. If the joint isn't making money, then they can always jack up their prices some more; trends looking for a culture fix would surely pay an extra \$5 to see a flautist without a recording contract, if they were told it was proper. Doing a benefit for the PAC makes about as much sense as doing one for Texaco. But then, Hope does that too.

Of course, there's the outside chance that Hope did the benefit to give the PAC more money so they could afford to make art accessible to the masses. Rudolph Serkin for \$14. Thanks for the memories, Bob.

LEGENDARY

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## I guess it's just as well the Braves finally lost a game. I was getting headaches.

You see, as a lifelong Braves fan, I played a major part of their winning their first 13 games. On opening day, I bought me a new Braves hat (albeit, a Boston Braves hat) and when Rick Mahler shut out the Padres on two hits that night, I concluded the hat was a lucky one. (Odd, considering it usually takes a football jersey a full year before it acquires any good luck.) Therefore, it was my duty to wear the hat every day until they lost. Unfortunately, the hat is size 7 1/2 and I usually wear a 7 1/4. Nonetheless, I sucked it up and went, played through pain and got the Braves through the first two weeks without a loss. Somehow, I doubt they'll remember me when they vote shares.

## OUT OF BOUNDS

Anyway, I'm back to wearing an Atlanta cap which doesn't squeeze my brain. And the relieved constriction has made a couple of things really clear — namely, that a couple of National League teams are dangerously close to swirling down the pipe to the polishing pond.

The two I'm talking about are the Phillies and the Astros. The Reds, so far, are actually doing worse than either of them, but having switched out five everyday starters from last season, their performance isn't entirely unexpected. The Reds may jell yet and move back into contention. The problem with the other two teams is that the basic elements of their squads remain and they still aren't playing for squat.

The Phillies did make a lot of moves in the off-season, but they were all of a peripheral nature: swap out shortstop Larry Bowa for the younger Ivan DeJesus, acquire the strong-armed Bo Diaz to catch and unload Bob Boone and Keith Moreland. The current team is built around the talents of Mike

Schmidt, Pete Rose and Steve Carlton and as long as those three remain steady, the Phils figured to be all right.

Except none of those three have been steady so far. Rose is off to a terrible start; he usually does that though, so that's no big deal. But Schmidt's on the disabled list, and as long as he's there, the Phillies have no power, probably not a player on the team who will hit as many as 15 homers. As Philadelphia has generally muscled its offense in recent seasons, they're not especially adept at scraping for runs and are having trouble scoring. Most distressing though, is the performance of Carlton. So far, Carlton's 0-4 and looking suspiciously as though, at the age of 37, he's finally lost it. If he has, the Phillies will have trouble finishing above fifth.

Like the Phillies, the Astros entered this season leaving their supposed strength — starting pitching — untouched. And like the Phillies, the Astros have seen that strength collapse. It shouldn't be too surprising. Nolan Ryan, who can't find home plate with an Astrodome tour guide, is 35; Vern Riffe, who's been only marginally less awful, is 31 and has a long history of arm problems. The others, Joe Niekro, Don Sutton and Bob Knepper, have only been inconsistent.

But even if the latter were to start pitching well every time they went out, the Astros would still be out of contention. With the paucity of runs the Astros score (a problem the Astros have aggravated by trading off two of their best baserunners, Enos Cabell and Cesar Cedeno, in the last two seasons,) they have to get swell starting pitching every time out. But the Astros are against a wall. They don't have anybody in their minor league system who can come and provide immediate help, no team wants any of the veterans they're offering for trade and their lack of power makes it doubtful the Astros will ever put together a very long winning streak. That being the case, the Astros are going to have to stick reasonably close to first to have a chance of winning. I'm afraid if they slip much further behind, you'll be able to write them off by the Fourth of July.



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# CALENDAR

## Film

Prepared by Ed Lowry; with Nick Barbaro, Louis Black, Martin Chait, Steve Davis, Steve Fore and Chris Walters. All listings are subject to change. Please consult the theatre or newspaper for correct times and playdates.

Louis Black can be heard reviewing films on K98-FM.

### RATINGS

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

## First Runs

### THE AMATEUR

D: Charles Jarrott; with John Savage, Christopher Plummer, Marthe Keller.

This movie's plot is sort of like *Three Days of the Condor*, but its ponderous sense of suspense and bleak European settings remind me more of *Avidsen's* deadly *The Formula*. John Savage (*The Deerhunter*, *Hair*) plays a meek but tightly wound computer programmer for the C.I.A. When his girlfriend falls victim to some international-type terrorism, Savage's face begins to tic, his mainspring snaps and he uses his expertise to get himself entwined in a web of intrigue — an "amateur" in the game of international espionage. The stunning, stone-faced Marthe Keller (who persuaded Bruce Dern to waste the Superbowl in *Black Sunday*) co-stars as a C.I.A. operative in Prague, but mainly follows Savage around as he bungles through the corruption of the international conglomerate-state on a mission of vengeance. ★★ (E.L.) Aquarius, Northcross

### CAT PEOPLE

D: Paul Schrader; with Nastassia Kinski, Malcolm McDowell, John Heard, Annette O'Toole, Ruby Dee, Ed Begley, Jr.

Four decades after Val Lewton's low-budget horror classic, Paul Schrader (*Blue Collar*, *American Gigolo*) has made a new version of *Cat People*, which is visually stunning, intriguing and complex. But as Lewton demonstrated, suggestion often works better than explicit detail; and in Schrader's film, the graphic triumphs over the illusory, especially in terms of gore, sex and the supernatural. It's only on the level of the plot that vagueness seems to predominate. Nastassia Kinski discovers she is descended from a race of half-cats/half-humans who must have sex with no one but their siblings lest they become panthers. Raised as an orphan and still a virgin, Kinski has no idea of her terrible lineage until she meets up with her brother, an especially satanic Malcolm McDowell. Though it's too bad the script is more the product of writer Alan Ormsby's (*My Bodyguard*) provincial sense of the esoteric than of the warped and driven imperative of Paul Schrader (who wrote *Taxi Driver*), *Cat People* succeeds in leaving one with the vague, uncomfortable feeling of a dream just remembered or a nightmare only half forgotten. ★★ (L.B.) Fox Triplex

### CHARIOTS OF FIRE

D: Hugh Hudson; with Ben Cross, Ian Charleson, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Davenport, Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud.

If you enjoyed the Prince Charles/Lady Di wedding, you might love *Chariots of Fire*. This most highly-acclaimed British production in ages is indeed a handsome film, with the most gorgeous cinematography and ponderous pacing since David Lean. But Academy Awards notwithstanding, its story of two runners in the 1924 Olympics — one a Jew (Ben Cross) and one a devoutly religious Scot (Ian Charleson) — sports the kind of stiff-upper-lip "Britannia rules the world"/"Wars are won on the playing fields of Eton" jingoism that Monte Python and the Kinks have been making fun of for over a decade. Despite some breathtaking running sequences, plenty of pomp and circumstance,



## RECOMMENDED

### POLYESTER

D: John Waters; with Divine, Tab Hunter, Edith Massey, David Samson, Mary Carlington, Ken King, Mink Stole, Joni Ruth White, Stiv Bators.

Baltimore kitsch mogul John Waters has finally made a masterpiece, not to mention the greatest audience participation movie since *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. Reviving the delightfully unappealing 1950s gimmick of Smell-O-Vision, *Polyester* pioneers a process called Odorama, which undoubtedly makes it the first scratch-and-sniff movie. But Waters' new film is more than a great gimmick; it's the vehicle by which the weird-o who grossed everybody out with *Pink Flamingos* is at last able to parade his sensibility in front of a broad, middle-American audience. Well almost. You see, *Polyester* is sort of like those 1950s melodramas where our sad middle-class heroine watches her life fall apart around her ears. Except that Francine Fishpaw, the heroine of *Polyester*, is played by Divine, the 300-lb. transvestite whom Waters made a superstar. But transvestism is not the issue. What's wrong with Francine's life is that Dexter, her leering, uncaring husband, runs a porno theatre, which brings the pickets and invective of the Moral Majority to the door of her suburban home. And even as Francine wrings her hands over this dilemma, Dexter runs away with his writhing secretary and launches a campaign of telephone terror against his unfortunate wife. Meanwhile, Francine's spandex-swathed daughter sneaks out of the house to "date" Stiv Bators of the Dead Boys;

and her glue-sniffing son leads a secret life as the Baltimore foot-stomper — a psycho who derives sexual pleasure from trampling the petite toes of hapless female mall-shoppers. Through it all, Francine has but one ally — Cuddles (Edie the Egg-Lady from *Pink Flamingos*), a 70-year-old debutante and former maid who's fallen heir to a fortune. The whole thing is like *Mary Hartman* in drag. For Francine, life just stinks. In fact, she goes around for most of the movie sniffing the air like a bloodhound. At strategic moments, a number flashes in the corner of the screen, and that means we too can smell what Francine smells, simply by scratching the numbered patch on the Odorama card we received at the door. While Francine turns up her nose, we scratch, sniff, turn to the person next to us, and ask something like, "Gasoline?" or "Pizza?" I dare not give away any more of the smells, since much of the movie's suspense is olfactory. (Though I might advise avoiding Number 2.) Of course, as in all domestic "weepies," our heroine finds a savior (or so she thinks) — and Francine's salvation is Todd Tomorrow, played with precisely the right amount of odious vim and vigor by 1950s pretty-boy Tab Hunter. When I saw Waters' *Desperate Living*, I couldn't get over how great the first 20 minutes in suburbia were by comparison with the rest of the movie, which took place in a sort of outhouse Oz. If Waters could sustain that level of suburban sickness, I thought, he'd have something great on his hands. Well, all I can say now is that he's really done it this time.

★★★★ (E.L.) Aquarius, Northcross, opens May 7

and some bit roles by illustrious talents, it's ultimately as pointless and transparent as Queen Victoria's Crystal Palace, with its one-dimensional protagonists driven to win foot races for the glories of their separate-but-equal religions. Ostensibly, the film explores anti-Semitism and the human will to triumph; but the only issues it really confronts are whether a devout Protestant can run on Sunday and whether it's proper for a Cambridge man to hire a private trainer. Coming from a country in the midst of one of the worst social and economic crises in its history, *Chariots of Fire* is a Margaret Thatcher fantasy, steeped in a nostalgia for a time when the sun never set on the British Empire. ★★ (E.L.) Fox Triplex

### DEATH WISH II

D: Michael Winner; Charles Bronson, Jill Ireland, Vincent Gardenia, Anthony Franciosa.

According to reports, *Death Wish II* sounds like *Death Wish* to the second power, with the violence and body count of the original

escalated to suit the tastes of the splatter-movie generation. In *Death Wish*, Charles Bronson, an angry citizen turned lone-wolf executioner after the murder of his wife and the rape of his daughter, stalked the streets of Manhattan on a crusade to gun down punks. By the time the movie was over, his exploits graced the cover of every news magazine while he remained anonymous enough to escape West. Part II finds him (nearly a decade later) in Los Angeles, where (guess what) a street gang murders his housekeeper and kidnaps his daughter. Well, you know what a man's gotta do. The problem with the first movie — far more than its self-evident fascism — was the sheer dullness of its pacing. That's why it's no good news that *Death Wish II* is also directed by the redoubtable Michael Winner, whose stylish sense of urban composition tends to ripen and rot under a remarkable incapacity to move the plot along.

Not reviewed at presstime. (E.L.) Capital Plaza, Mann Westgate

### DEATHTRAP

D: Sidney Lumet; with Michael Caine, Christopher Reeve, Dyan Cannon.

Michael Caine is paunchy and even more perfect than usual as a once-famous, now over-the-hill playwright who decides to rip off the work of his most promising student, Christopher Reeve — playing the flip-side of Superman (and it ain't Clark Kent). To say any more would be to spoil the machinations of this screen adaptation of the gimmicky, but superbly clever stage play by Ira Levin (*Rosemary's Baby*, *The Stepford Wives*). A must-see for aficionados of the sleuth genre. ★★★ (M.C.) Highland Mall

### FORBIDDEN WORLD

D: Allan Holzman; with Linden Chiles.

This Roger Corman production is one of the gooiest, most visceral movies I've seen in my whole life. It's also one of the finest low-budget films in a long, long time. It begins with the obligatory *Star Wars* battle, but spends the rest of its 75 minutes in confined, claustrophobic spaces, where everyone concerned is menaced by an oozing, flesh-eating mistake from a DNA experiment. Obviously, it's a lot like *Alien* — but with no frills. Yet, what it lacks in production values (and with some really creative sets and terrific color, it hardly shows), it makes up for with a good story, unbelievable grossness, and lots of soft-core nudity (not to mention a psychedelic sex scene). In its own field — which it plays for all its worth — this is a really top-notch movie. ★★½ (M.C.) Lakehills

### IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT I HEAR

D: Eric Till; with Marc Singer, R.H. Thomson, Sarah Torgov, Shari Belafonte Harper.

All we know about this independent production at the moment is that it's supposed to be an inspirational film about the handicapped, and that Roger Corman's brother Gene is one of the executive producers. Not reviewed at presstime. Highland Mall, Lakehills

### A LITTLE SEX

D: Bruce Paltrow; with Tim Matheson, Kate Capshaw, Edward Herrmann, John Glover, Wallace Shawn.

The first feature film from MTM Productions (Mary Tyler Moore, Bob Newhart, Lou Grant, *Hill Street Blues*) sounds both leeringly coy and sneeringly lewd, but not as stupid as the worst examples of the "sex comedy" genre. Tim Matheson (*Animal House*) plays a TV commercial director who marries Kate Capshaw, but still finds himself attracted to other members of the opposite sex. When his wife discovers him in an illicit liaison, she decides to sleep around in order to get her revenge. If I sound prejudiced against this movie, it's because director Paltrow is the creator and executive producer of TV's unforgivable *The White Shadow*. Not reviewed at presstime. (L.B.) Village

### MAN OF IRON

D: Andrezej Wajda.

Poland's best-known director took his biggest chance when he confronted the current struggle of the Polish people in this highly political film. He's paying for it now in prison. Wajda gained international recognition in the late 1950s with films like *Ashes and Diamonds* and *Kanal*. In the past few years, his new films (*The Young Ladies of Wilko*, *Man of Marble*) had earned him a new following in Europe and in America. *Man of Iron* was nominated for Best Foreign Language Film this year; and you would think that, with the current concern over Poland, the Academy might have given it the prize just to demonstrate some solidarity. But you'd be wrong. Not reviewed at presstime. (E.L.) Village, opens May 7

### MY DINNER WITH ANDRE

D: Louis Malle; with Wallace Shawn, Andre Gregory.

Who says a dinner conversation is not a movie? We've all sat around a table talking for a couple of hours, and we know it can be pretty entertaining. What makes *My Dinner with Andre* an enjoyable and refreshing experience is the wit, the verve and the



storytelling expertise of avant-garde theatre director Andre Gregory, who pours out his feelings, his philosophy and the story of his life to an incredulous Wally Shawn. Except for an occasional waiter, Andre and Wally (who wrote this film together) make up the entire cast. Directed by former French New Waver Louis Malle (*Atlantic City*, *Pretty Baby*), the film never becomes dull or even repetitive in its presentation. In fact, there's a lot of excitement in watching two old acquaintances catching up — their gestures, their glances, the circuitous route of their conversation and, finally, their repartee. In the great but limited tradition of verbal cinema — from the latter films of Danish transcendentalist Carl Theodore Dreyer to those by thewily Gallic Eric Rohmer — *My Dinner with Andre* has earned itself an enduring place at the table.

★★★★ (E.L.) Varsity

#### ON GOLDEN POND

D: Mark Rydell; with Henry Fonda, Katharine Hepburn, Jane Fonda, Doug McKee, Dabney Coleman.

On *Golden Pond* almost lives up to its reputation, since both Henry Fonda and Katharine Hepburn turn in genuinely brilliant performances. The film itself, however, is terribly unambitious and its story of the meeting of generations blatantly refuses to take any narrative or emotional chances. Confronting grandfather Henry Fonda, Doug McKee seems somewhat diffused — more like the Kinks' David Watts than a Sal Mineo-type hood. Jane Fonda is dreadful in the first half of the film, but by the end has reminded us again that she can be one of the best actresses on the American screen. Still this surface-deep drama is more interested in emphasis than honesty, humor than emotion, appearance than reality. Recommended for *Reader's Digest* fans of all ages, it's a pleasant way to pass two hours; and you really only feel robbed afterwards.

★★½ (L.B.) Mann Westgate, Village

#### PARTNERS

D: James Burrows; with Ryan O'Neal, John Hurt, Kenneth McMillan, Robyn Douglass. Ryan O'Neal likes girls; John Hurt likes boys. Both are cops, teamed up by headquarters to pose as a gay couple in order to snare a gay killer. What results is a sort of adventure drama sex-comedy — like *La Cage aux Folles* meets *Cruising*, but without the excesses of either. This is Hollywood's fifth "gay" release in four months. I wonder what's going on in Southern California (or maybe I should say, in middle America?).

Not reviewed at presstime. (E.L.)

Fox Triplex, Mann Westgate

#### PERSONAL BEST

D: Robert Towne; with Mariel Hemingway, Scott Glenn, Patrice Donnelly, Kenny Moore. Robert Towne's foray through the locker rooms and bedrooms of women's athletics is neither a sensationalistic expose of lesbianism in sports, nor an exploitive *Playboy* spread. It is instead an intense, but low-key film tightly focusing on the personal endeavors of two women athletes, their relationship and their competition. As a young runner in training for the Olympic Pentathlon team, Mariel Hemingway is as natural and unaffected as she was in *Manhattan*. Her mentor, friend and lover is played just as expertly by Patrice Donnelly. The true triumph of this, Robert Towne's directorial debut is the depiction of a relationship between the two women which exudes the natural quirkiness of the best moments from films graced by Towne's screenplays — *Shampoo*, *Chinatown*, *The Last Detail*. That the relationship is a sexual one between two women never comes close to being the central issue. That it manages to survive the contingencies of cut-throat competition is the ultimate glory of the film.

★★½ (E.L.) Lakehills, Northcross

#### POLYESTER

See Recommended

#### PORKY'S

D: Bob Clark; with Jim Cattrall, Scott Colomby, Kiki Hunter, Nancy Parsons, Alex Karras, Susan Clark.

The grossest, the raunchiest, the most sophomoric, the best schlong-pulling scene in the history of the cinema. These are but a few of the reasons *Porky's* is a runaway hit, rating the kind of sizzling fat box office to earn it the title of "Sleeper of the Year." Superficially, it's nothing more than another recycling of *American Graffiti* in Florida circa 1954, with large helpings of *Animal House* thrown in. But while my highly developed snob reflex keeps me from really liking it (stupid trash doesn't thrill me like perverse trash, which I love), *Porky's* is certainly great for a few rip-snorting

belly laughs. Director Bob Clark has defended his movie against charges of pandering to morons by calling it "a film about sexual mores," boasting of its historical accuracy and claiming that the female characters are intelligent and treated with respect. Don't believe him for a second. This movie is about the pursuit of nookie and cheap thrills above all else, the period details aren't so hot (people didn't say "That really turns me on" in 1954), and the women in it are lithe, pneumatic lust objects and little more. Still, when the bacon is put to the fire, the movie is neither mean-spirited nor particularly misogynistic. So don't feel guilty for liking it. I mean, that scene in the principal's office is hysterical...

★★½ (C.W.) Aquarius, Capital Plaza

### 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.

**DOBBIE 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, 454-5147.

**REBEL DRIVE-IN**, 6902 Burleson 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, 478-4364.

**VARSITY**, 2400 Guadalupe, 474-4351.

**VILLAGE** 4, 2700 Anderson Lane, 451-8352.

#### QUEST FOR FIRE

D: Jean-Jacques Annaud; with Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, Rae Dawn Chong.

Despite its purported anthropological accuracy, with Desmond (*Naked Ape*) Morris and Anthony (*Clockwork Orange*) Burgess on hand as advisors, this gorgeously photographed dawn-of-man narrative remains unavoidably locked into the cultural codes of modern Western civilization. Since we have to be able to identify with these grimy, lice-infested apemen, our hero is your basic macho cowboy type and looks like the lead guitarist of a heavy metal band; his two sidekicks provide comic relief; and the female lead is a post-Audrey Hepburn gamine — a shrill, but winningly resourceful and emotionally mature liberated woman. The film is perhaps too schematically concerned with demonstrating (gruesomely) how tough life was 80,000 years ago; and the plot is top-heavy with epochal events: the development of weaponry, the discovery of the missionary position and, of course, the building of one's fire. But despite its compromises, *Quest* emerges as a rather intelligent, insightful and entertaining film.

★★★ (S.F.) Americana

#### RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK

D: Steven Spielberg; with Harrison Ford, Karen Allen, Paul Freeman, Denholm Elliott.

The latest superproduction from Spielberg and Lucas surpasses even *Star Wars* for sheer entertainment, and may even surpass it 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 on a mission to find Moses' ark of the covenant before it falls into the hands of the Nazis. The climax is almost as dazzling as that of Spielberg's last movie, *Close Encounters*. For fast-paced action, imagination and sheer entertainment, *Raiders* and *Time Bandits* are in a league by themselves.

★★★★ (E.L.) Lakehills

#### RICHARD PRYOR LIVE ON THE SUNSET STRIP

D: Joe Layton; with Richard Pryor.

Three years ago, madman Richard Pryor's

first "in concert" film became a runaway success, outstripping everyone's expectations and bringing devotees back to the theatre again and again. Now, after burning for his sins, Pryor returns — a little less angry, a little more tolerant, and a lot mellower. As in the earlier film, the presentation is simple: Pryor does his stand-up routines routines before a live audience while the camera makes a record. Great cinema it's not; but Pryor makes it an unforgettable night at the movies — traversing the terrain of Lenny Bruce, cajoling his audience from their complacency with a swift kick to the groin. Pryor is the funniest, most disarming stand-up comic around, even if his brush with death has calmed him down to the extent that he actually gets serious a couple of times. Still, there are more laughs per minute than in any other comedy in recent memory; and Pryor's stories of his cocaine addiction and self-immolation find that level of comic hysteria and panic where his savage sense of humor works best. If not quite the rip-snorter its predecessor was, this is still a rare chance to glimpse a new facet of our greatest comic iconoclast.

★★½ (E.L.) Northcross

#### SCREAMERS

With Barbara Bach, Mel Ferrer, Cameron Mitchell.

Corman's New World Pictures is at it again. They bought the rights to a 1979 Italian potboiler, *Isle of the Fishmen*, starring Barbara Bach, shot some extra American footage with Ferrer and Mitchell, added some R-rated gore effects and released it as *Something Waits in the Dark*. When popular and critical response proved non-existent, they took it back, retitled it and marketed it by promising a scene in which a man is turned inside out before our very eyes. Reports are that no such scene is to be found in the film. Rick Sullivan of NYC's *Gore Gazette*, who is something of an expert in this field, describes *Screamers* as "an embarrassing, directionless melange of disjointed footage about flesh-eating gill-men." You've been warned.

Not reviewed at presstime. (E.L.)

Riverside, Village

#### SOME KIND OF HERO

D: Michael Pressman; with Richard Pryor, Margot Kidder, Ray Sharkey, Ronny Cox.

I'll admit right off that I'm a sucker for Richard Pryor; and given his recently phenomenal box office record, I'm obviously not alone. Yet despite the surprising number of films he's made (craziness and accidents aside, he has been extremely prolific), Pryor has rarely been used effectively on the screen, except in his two concert films and in Paul Schrader's *Blue Collar*. In *Some Kind of Hero*, based on James Kirkwood's bestseller, Pryor is captured in combat in Vietnam, interned for several years as a P.O.W., and forced to sign a confession in a vain attempt to save a friend. Returning home, he finds himself a temporary media hero, in debt, deserted by his wife, under suspicion by the army for his confession and without much future. Against all odds, and with the help of Margot Kidder, a high-priced call girl with a heart of gold, he somehow manages a kind of triumph. Though Pryor lends some hysterical moments, the film isn't as tight or as funny as it should be; but it is unusually sensitive, if somewhat extreme, about the problems of returning vets.

★★½ (L.B.) Mann Westgate, Northcross

#### SWORD AND SORCERER

D: Albert Pyun; with Lee Horsley, Kathleen Beller, Simon MacCorkindale, George Maharis, Richard Lynch.

The name of the game is beat the big guys to the punch. It's not easy producing and marketing a low-budget film, so you take advantage of the contingencies that present themselves. Everybody knows that the "Sword and Sorcery" genre is hot; and John Milius' *Conan* promises to be one of the biggest movies of the spring. So why not find a beefy Schwarzenegger look-alike, hand him a Viking sword, dress everybody in skimpy Frazetta-style costumes (which saves on cloth) and release your film a couple of weeks before *Conan*. Maybe, just maybe, you'll get lucky and actually make some money.

Not reviewed at presstime. (E.L.)

Aquarius

#### VICTOR, VICTORIA

D: Blake Edwards; with Julie Andrews, Robert Preston, James Garner, Lesley Ann Warren, Alex Karras, John Rhys-Davies.

I found this picture utterly charming, but then again, I've never liked musicals; if you do, *Victor/Victoria* may be a major disappointment. Blake Edwards has no feel for musical pacing and camera movement, and for some reason he loves to work with Julie

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Andrews and Henri Mancini, neither of whom is exactly a dynamic talent. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. But you can make a good movie without good musical production numbers. Julie Andrews is almost convincing as a female impersonator (think that one over). Robert Preston is great as the old queen who manages her. Alex Karras continues to be surprisingly brilliant, and Edwards shows some of the comic flair that made the Pink Panther series so successful. Still, a movie with all this talent, and such an intriguing premise, should have been better.

★★★ (N.B.)

Capital Plaza, Riverside

## 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.

### CHARADE (1963)

D: Stanley Donen; with Audrey Hepburn, Cary Grant, Walter Matthau.



## "Sail Away" Beach Party

Fri, April 30  
8 PM — 2 AM  
featuring The Chevelles  
& the Darts  
at the  
**TEXAS UNION**  
UT Campus, 24th & Guadalupe

\$2 w/ UT ID, \$3 public  
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UTTM outlets



This Hitchcockian thriller set in Paris comes pretty close to matching the wry wit and wrenching suspense of the master himself, while Grant and Hepburn exude as much charm and sophistication as the average viewer can stand. Clearly director Stanley Donen's best film since the musicals (*Singin' in the Rain*, *It's Always Fair Weather*) he co-directed, with Gene Kelly.

(E.L.) Texas Union, May 2

### DR. STRANGELOVE (1964)

D: Stanley Kubrick; with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Slim Pickens.

The 60s zeitgeist classic whose time has come again. Director Kubrick (2001, *A Clockwork Orange*, *The Shining*) is utterly relentless in this simple story of how a bunch of Pentagon types decides to end the world. In the 60s, it marked the moment when a populace emerging from the paranoid brinksmanship of the Cuban missile crisis learned to love the idiotic, but thoroughly cleansing possibility of instant and total annihilation. In 1982, it should remind us that, though the faces may have changed, there's still a group of idiots making life-and-death decisions for us all.

(E.L.) Texas Union, May 5

CinemaTexas, May 6; Varsity, May 7-8

### THE HONEYMOON KILLERS

D: Leonard Kastle; with Shirley Stoler, Tony Lo-Bianco.

The *Honey Moon Killers* is the film where art melds perfectly with exploitation. A stark black-and-white drama about a sleazy lonely hearts' club heel (Lo-Bianco) who "marries" rich women to steal their fortunes, yet who inexplicably falls head-over-heels for the massive, monstrous Shirley Stoler — an actress whose entire cult reputation rests on her brilliantly appalling performance in this film. Posing as Lo-Bianco's sister, she accompanies him in his nefarious occupation, encouraging him like Lady Macbeth to kill and kill again. A hideous film about true love based on a real incident from the 1950s, this intensely distasteful, brilliantly artful crime drama was begun by Martin Scorsese (*Taxi Driver*, *Raging Bull*), but largely completed by the mysterious Leonard Kastle.

(E.L.) CinemaTexas, May 4

### LOVES OF A BLONDE (1965)

D: Milos Forman; with Hana Brejchova, Josef Sebanek, Vladimir Pucholt.

Before director Milos Forman embarked on his career as the successful Hollywood director of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, *Hair* and *Ragtime*, he was a leader of the Czech New Wave — which ended abruptly with the Soviet invasion of Prague in 1968. *Loves of a Blonde*, a dark but hilarious boy-meets-girl story, marked the first big success of the New Czech Cinema in the international film market. The screenplay is by another Czech exile named Ivan Passer, who recently directed *Cat's Way*.

CinemaTexas, May 5

### MICHAEL KOLHAAS (1968)

D: Volker Schlöndorff; with David Warner, Anna Karina.

Schlöndorff came to the attention of America with *The Tin Drum*, though his earlier and (in my opinion) much better film *The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum* got a fairly wide release. But Schlöndorff has been around since the beginning of the Young German Cinema, and his 1966 film *Young Törless* is frequently cited as a starting point for the movement. Michael Kolhaas was made soon after.

Based on the novella by Heinrich von Kleist, it's a sweeping, epic tale with an impressive international cast; and, until now, it's been completely unavailable to American audiences.

(E.L.) Texas Union, Apr. 30 - May 1

### ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST (1969)

D: Sergio Leone; with Charles Bronson, Henry Fonda, Jason Robards, Claudia Cardinale.

The greatest of the spaghetti Westerns deserves a place next to Ford's *Stagecoach* and Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch*, even though for operatic sweep and mythological impact, it might beat them both. After making some pretty brilliant movies with Clint Eastwood in Spain (*A Fistful of Dollars*, *For a Few Dollars More*), director Leone finally made it to Monument Valley, gave Bronson his most iconic role, turned the kindly Henry Fonda into a ruthless rattlesnake, fitted Cardinale in her lowest-cut dress ever, and threw Jason Robards in for comic relief. The story is great and multi-layered, the camera magnificent and hallucinatory, and Ennio Morricone's score his very best. One of the five greatest Westerns of all time.

(E.L.) CinemaTexas, May 3

### VIXEN (1968)

D: Russ Meyer; with Erica Gavin.

This is the movie that brought porn to middle America. Russ Meyer's soft-core, audaciously stylized story of a Canadian wilderness pilot and his loving, voluptuous wife packed theatres in the late 1960s with couples (no less) and shooed away the guilt with lots of tongue-in-cheek humor. Meyer explains part of the success by the presence of the remarkable Erica Gavin, whose sexuality, he suspects, appealed to women as much as men. *Vixen's* enduring popularity certainly suggests that it was something more than a passing fad. For my money, Meyer is one of the cinema's greatest formalists since Sergei Eisenstein; and on top of that, his campy, outrageous humor seems, if anything, funnier today than it ever did before.

Texas Union, May 7-8

## Retrospectives

### CINEMATATAS

University of Texas Campus, 471-1906.

(All screenings in Jester Aud. unless otherwise noted.)

#### Mon., May 3

Sergio Leone's *ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST* (1969) (See Revivals)

#### Tue., May 4

Art Meets Exploitation:  
*THE HONEYMOON KILLERS* (1970) (See Revivals)

#### Wed., May 5

Milos Forman's *LOVES OF A BLONDE* (1965) (See Revivals)

#### Thu., May 6

Stanley Kubrick's *DR. STRANGELOVE* (1964) (See Revivals)

### TEXAS UNION

University of Texas campus, 471-5651.

(Union Theatre, unless otherwise noted)

#### Fri.-Sat., Apr. 30 - May 1

Disney's *DRAGONSLAYER* (1981)

Sidney Lumet's *PRINCE OF THE CITY* (1981)

*THE BEATLES AT SHEA STADIUM*

Volker Schlöndorff's *MICHAEL KOHLHAAS* (1968) (Batts Aud.) (See Revivals)

FROM MAO TO MOZART:

ISAAC STERN IN CHINA (1979) (Batts)

Bogart & Bacall in *Howard Hawks'*

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (1944)

(Academic Center)

Peter O'Toole in *Richard Brooks'* *LORD JIM*

(1965) (Academic Center)

#### Sun., May 2

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR

CHARADE (1963) (See Revivals)

MICHAEL KOHLHAAS (Batts)

FROM MAO TO MOZART (Batts)

#### Mon., May 3

Mike Nichols' *THE GRADUATE* (1967)

Marilyn Monroe in *Billy Wilder's*

*THE SEVEN-YEAR ITCH* (1955)

Ralph Bakshi's *WIZARDS* (1977)

#### Tue., May 4

Tracy and Hepburn in *George Stevens'*

*WOMAN OF THE YEAR* (1942)

Bruce Lee in *RETURN OF THE DRAGON*

*WIZARDS*

#### Wed., May 5

Bogart & Bacall in *Howard Hawks'*

*THE BIG SLEEP* (1946)

Stanley Kubrick's *DR. STRANGELOVE* (1964)

(See Revivals)

#### Thu., May 6

Hannah Schygulla in *R.W. Fassbinder's*

*THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN* (1979)

Dolores del Rio and Pedro Armendariz in

*MARIA CADELARIA* (Spanish Only)

Cary Grant & Irene Dunne in *Leo McCarey's*

*THE AWFUL TRUTH* (1937)

#### Fri.-Sat., May 7-8

RICHARD PRYOR LIVE IN CONCERT (1978)

ZOOT SUIT (1981)

Russ Meyer's *VIXEN* (1968) (See Revivals)

*THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN* (Batts)

Count Basie, Jay McShann, Big Joe Turner in

*THE LAST OF THE BLUE DEVILS* (Batts)

William Holden & Barbara Stanwyck in

*GOLDEN BOY* (1939) (Academic Center)

D.H. Lawrence's *THE VIRGIN AND THE GYPSY*

(1970) (Academic Center)

#### Sun., May 9

Audrey Hepburn in *George Cukor's*

*MY FAIR LADY*

*LAST OF THE BLUE DEVILS* (Batts)

#### Mon.-Tue., May 10-11

Sean Connery is James Bond in

*YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE* (1967)

An Animated Fable: *THE POINT* (1971)

#### Wed., May 12

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE

Klaatu Barada Nicto: *THE DAY THE EARTH*

STOOD STILL (1951)

#### Thu., May 13

Sean Connery is James Bond in *THUNDERBALL*

Dudley Moore is *ARTHUR* (1981)

*THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL*

### VARSITY

2402 Guadalupe, 474-4351.

#### Fri.-Sat., Apr. 30 - May 1

Cult Double: Ashby's *HAROLD AND MAUDE*

& de Broca's *KING OF HEARTS*

#### Sun.-Mon., May 2-3

A Communist "Gone with the Wind"

Bernardo Bertolucci's *1900* (1977)

#### Tue., May 4

Hard-Core Double:

*INSATIABLE* (1981), starring Marilyn Chambers

& *THE JOY OF LETTING GO* (1980)

#### Wed.-Thu., May 5-6

Robert Duvall in *THE GREAT SANTINI* (1980),

plus George Roy Hill's *A LITTLE ROMANCE* (1979)

#### Fri.-Sat., May 7-8

Terry Southern Double:

*DR. STRANGELOVE* (See Revivals)

& *THE MAGIC CHRISTIAN*

#### Sun.-Mon., May 9-10

New Swiss Film: *THE BOAT IS FULL* (1981)

#### Tue., May 11

Double Dutch Treat:

Paul Verhoeven's *SOLDIER OF ORANGE* (1978)

& *TURKISH DELIGHT* (1973)

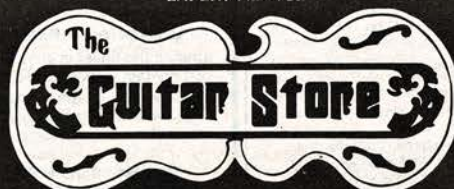
#### Wed.-Thu., May 12-13

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# In One Ear... BY Margaret Moser

## Show of the Week: The Mike Martin Trial

Gee, we're not gonna have Rep. Mike Martin to kick around anymore. Just as the trial began to look interesting, Martin goes and wimps out by copping a guilty plea to a misdemeanor charge of lying to the Travis County Grand Jury and resigning his seat in the Texas House of Representatives. Too bad, I was looking forward to hearing him explain in a courtroom why he was found in a speaker box at his parents home when being served a warrant. Lastly I will miss his overwhelming humility evidenced in things like telling reporters he would have to "change his name and grow long hair and beard" so as not to be recognized and that he's sure a movie will be made about the shooting episode. Whatta guy!



Pictured above is the most boring publicity picture to come in the mail this week. I am dutifully re-printing it and inviting readers to submit a caption for this photo of U2's Bono Hewson and Joe Cocker exchanging hand signals or whatever. I'll print the best five entries and maybe award the first place winner with the photo. Address submissions to: In One Ear Caption Contest (great name, eh?), Austin Chronicle, Box 49066 Austin, Texas 78765

Here's the word on the Clash Tour; They've been playing hot and heavy about England and begin their American Tour this week. They are scheduled to play the Coliseum here June 8th, but no opening act has been announced. Though Joe Ely is of course being considered, the official word from Stuart at Clash Tour Headquarters doesn't sound very promising about the possibility. Their upcoming CBS album "Combat Rock" is scheduled to be released in Britain May 14th, but no word on the American release date. Drew at Inner Sanctum swears the new single "Know Your Rights" (not to be confused with D-Day's "Right To Know," you know) will be in stock as of the publication date of this issue, or at least Monday May 3 at the latest. The single includes a free sticker, but I expect they will be a limited run. Meanwhile, circle June 8th on your calendar for the Clash Concert, but circle the 9th too, though I can't tell you why just yet. Maybe next issue...

Slash Records prez Bob Biggs made a

special trip out here too, for Rank and File's opening gig with the Blasters and Ely a couple weeks back. It seems that Carlyne Majer has taken over officially as their manager and did swing the record deal with Slash for RAF. The tapes that you heard made in San Francisco will be shelved as demos, and RAF will get to work recording an album on the West Coast very soon. Wouldn't it be nice if Warners exercised their distribution option with Slash Records and picked up on Rank and File? That agreement, incidentally, was a result of Warners keen interest in the Blasters, who are doing quite well, chart wise.

New trouble in town, boys, courtesy of the Trouble Boys, the newest contenders in the rockabilly ring around town. They've unleashed their secret weapon, and it's not their stand-up bass either. No, their weapon's name is Alice "Don't Print My Middle Name" Berry whose endless wardrobe of fluffy dresses and spike heels makes me green with envy. Sings good too!

I went by the 23rd Street Dance Saturday the 17th only to find myself bored by the "band" (two guys singing some pitiful blues, the kind that makes me embarrassed to hear) and repelled by the motley street people it attracted in droves. Half Chicken To Go must have better days. They sounded like they were being played on a portable tape recorder with rundown batteries.

I left disgustedly and turned down Guadalupe, where the sound of electric guitars came from the University West Mall by the sidewalk. Here's this group, the Ventilators, nonchalantly cranking out good, solid rock, and an open guitar case in front for donations and a respectable crowd gathered around, not unlike the days of the Re'Verrible Cords' impromptu shows.

And in reference to the upcoming Austin Blues Heritage Festival, promoters Steve Dean and Ed Sims wasted no time giving me the business over last issue's column, where I took them to task for not bringing in national acts. In all fairness, they had made numerous attempts to book ALL the people I listed as possibilities, but more importantly, the Festival was to have been dedicated to Robert Shaw. Unfortunately, the date conflicted with Shaw's previous commitments. The honors will now be directed at Blues Boy Hubbard and Alex Moore, also scheduled to play. Am I out of the doghouse now, guys?

Gee, no more space and I didn't even get to mention the Soul Bashers at Liberty Lunch or to vote for J.R. "Bob" Dobbs for World Overlord.

Confidential to the Smug Caller: Gatemouth Brown is most certainly not dead. He will be at the Kerrville Festival too. Perhaps you're thinking of Lightnin' Hopkins, who did die a few months back. Get your facts straight, cookie.

P.S. Thanks to Cynthia R. at NME.



Austin's Race Track, Rodeo Arena & Complete Entertainment Complex Just off Hwy 290 East

## 1982 QUARTER HORSE RACE DATES

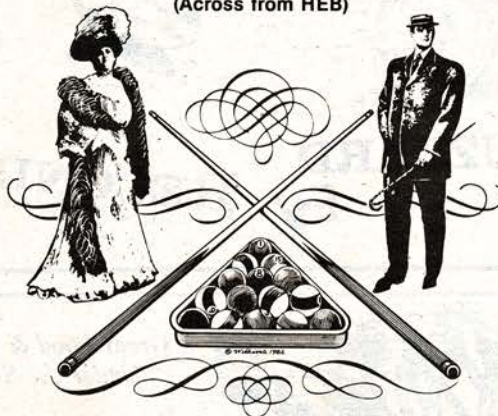
# May 1, 8

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Rec. Info. 512/272-4042

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# 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.)

## A.J.'s BACKSTAGE

1201 S. Congress, 445-2685  
FRI 30 Beto y los Fairlanes  
SAT 1 Angela Strehli Band  
MON 3 C-Boy's Blues  
TUE 4 Ernie Sky & the K-Tels  
WED 5 Cobras  
THU 6 Brave Combo  
SAT 8 Your Move  
MON 10 C-Boy's Blues  
TUE 11 Ernie Sky & the K-Tels

WED 12 Cobras  
THU 13 Brave Combo

## A.J.'s MIDTOWN

2915 Guadalupe, 477-9114  
FRI 30 Rank & File  
SAT 1 Rank & File  
MON 3 Austin All-Stars  
TUE 4 Pressure  
WED 5 14K  
THU 6 Lotions  
FRI 7 Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble  
SAT 8 Double Trouble  
MON 10 Austin All-Stars  
TUE 11 Pressure  
WED 12 14K  
THU 13 Lotions

## ALEXANDER'S

7711 Brodie, 282-9135  
FRI 30 Hubcaps  
FRI 7 Hubcaps

## ANGLES

3500 Guadalupe, 453-9831  
WED 5 Paul Provenza

WED 12 Don Ware

## AUSTEX LOUNGE

1920 S. Congress, 444-9088  
FRI 30 W.C. Clark  
SAT 1 Groovemasters, Guitar Charlie  
SUN 2 Nick Smith Band, Life's Hell Band  
TUE 4 Groovemasters, Guitar Charlie  
WED 5 W.C. Clark  
THU 6 W.C. Clark  
FRI 7 Groovemasters  
SUN 9 Nick Smith, Life's Hell Band  
TUE 11 Groovemasters  
WED 12 W.C. Clark  
THU 13 Groovemasters

## AUSTIN OPRY HOUSE

200 Academy, 443-7037  
THU 6 Renaissance  
SAT 8 John McLaughlin, Katia & Marielle LaBeque  
SUN 9 Ricky Skaggs

## AUSTIN OUTHOUSE

3510 Guadalupe, 451-2266  
FRI 30 Gordee Headlee Band  
SAT 1 Purely Physical  
SUN 2 Cody Hubach  
MON 3 Ventilators  
TUE 4 Coulee Rats  
WED 5 Mickey White  
THU 6 Revolvers  
FRI 7 Dinosaurs  
SAT 8 Frog & Lizard  
SUN 9 Soul Vampires  
MON 10 Mark Luke Daniels  
WED 12 Seedeers, Sweat & Slappy  
THU 13 Ventilators

## THE BACK ROOM

2015 E. Riverside, 441-4677

## BALBOA

SUN Bopcats  
MON Dixie Land Jazz Band  
TUE Bopcats  
THU Dixie Land Jazz Band

## BASIN STREET

219 W. 15th, 478-4812  
SAT Cheezmoschmaltz  
SUN Dixie Land Jazz Band  
MON Medina  
TUE - FRI: Fernando Miramon

## BROKEN SPOKE

3101 S. Lamar, 442-6189  
FRI 30 Country Clout  
SAT 1 Nightlife  
SUN 2 Alvin Crow & the Pleasant Valley Boys  
WED 5 Alvin Crow  
FRI 7 Alvin Crow  
SAT 8 Al Drensen & the Sunset Riders  
WED 12 Alvin Crow

## BROOKS HAMBURGERS

418 E. 6th  
WED 12 Nightcats  
CACTUS CAFE  
FRI 30 Guy Van Sickle  
SAT 1 Greg Cox  
WED 5 Lighthouse  
THU 6 Suzie Stern, Chuck Pinnell  
FRI 7 Dizzy Dogs  
SAT 8 Jeff Haesel, Andy Carrington

## CALIFORNIA HOTEL

407 E. 7th, 472-1332  
SAT 1 Steve Marsh  
TUE 11 Chinanine

## CASINO BALLROOM

9111 FM Rd 812, 243-1584, 243-1584  
FRI 30 Los Babies, El Grupo Paloma, Fipo Olivares  
SAT 1 Rudy Davila  
SUN 2 Bobby & the Flames, Maso Band, los Materos del Norte  
FRI 7 Victor Hugo Ruiz, Los Aztecas, Grupo Sensacion  
SAT 8 Los Formales, Bobby Navarjo, La Maffia  
SUN 9 Rubin Valdez

## CHEATHAM STREET WAREHOUSE

1 Cheatham Street, San Marcos, 392-9298

## CHELSEA STREET PUB

Barton Creek Square Mall  
FRI 30 Ain't Misbehavin'  
SAT 1 Ain't Misbehavin'  
MON 3 - SAT 8: Sky's Unlimited  
MON 10 - THU 13: Sky's Unlimited

## CHELSEA STREET PUB

Highland Mall, 459-9986  
FRI 30 Billy Pritchard  
SAT 1 Billy Pritchard  
MON 3 - SAT 8: Texas Water  
MON 10 - THU 13: Reed & Weston

## CHELSEA STREET PUB

Northcross Mall, 454-6434  
FRI 30 Harlequin  
SAT 1 Harlequin  
MON 3 - SAT 8: Harlequin  
MON 10 - THU 13: Seven Star

## CLUB FOOT

110 E. 4th, 472-4345.

FRI 30 Judys, Jitters, Kamikaze Refrigerators  
SAT 1 Judys, REM, Make  
SUN 2 Dance & Drown  
MON 3 Stanley Turrentine  
TUE 4 B.B. King, Angela Strehli  
WED 5 B.B. King, Angela Strehli  
THU 6 Dr. John, Red Beans & Rice Revue  
FRI 7 Roky Erickson  
SAT 8 Professionals, Method Actors, Max & the Makeups

SUN 9 Drink & Drown  
MON 10 John Hiatt  
TUE 11 Take  
WED 12 X-Spand-X, Models  
THU 13 Lift

## COMMON INTEREST

4014 Medical Parkway, 453-6796

FRI John Gregory  
SAT Marc Sanders  
TUE John Gregory  
WED John Gregory  
THU Marc Sanders

## CONTINENTAL CLUB

1315 S. Congress, 442-9904.  
FRI 30 Explosives  
SAT 1 W.C. Clark, Paul Ray  
SUN 2 Lewis & the Legends  
MON 3 Explosives, Cobras  
TUE 4 W.C. Clark  
WED 5 Tex Thomas  
THU 6 Macumba Love  
FRI 7 LeRoi Brothers  
SAT 8 Lift, Devils  
SUN 9 Major Burke  
MON 10 Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble  
TUE 11 W.C. Clark  
WED 12 Tex Thomas  
THU 13 Stephen Doster & Scissors

## COPA'S WEST END

1112 W. Sixth, 476-9963.  
FRI 30 Passenger  
SAT 1 Suzie Stern & Austin Jazz All-Stars  
SUN 2 Amaya & Gypsy Fire  
WED 5 John Mills & Carmen Bradford  
THU 6 Julie Christensen  
FRI 7 Passenger  
SAT 8 Suzie Stern & Austin Jazz All-Stars  
SUN 9 Barbara Amaral  
WED 12 John Mills & Carmen Bradford  
THU 13 Sabia

## COURTHOUSE BLUES

9063 Research, 837-3505.  
FRI Texas Style  
SAT Texas Style

## DONN'S DEPOT

1600 W. 5th, 478-0336.  
FRI 30 Donn Adelman  
SAT 1 Loy Blanton  
MON 3 Ernie Mae Miller  
TUE 4 Donn Adelman  
WED 5 Loy Blanton  
THU 6 Kerry Pryor  
FRI 7 Donn Adelman  
SAT 8 Loy Blanton  
MON 10 Ernie Mae Miller  
TUE 11 Donn Adelman  
WED 12 Jess DeMaime  
THU 13 Kerry Pryor

## DOUBLE EAGLE

5337 Hwy 290 West, Oak Hill, 892-2151  
FRI 30 People's Choice  
SAT 1 Texas Highriders  
WED 5 People's Choice  
FRI 7 Bert Rivera & the Nightriders  
SAT 8 Gold Rush Mountain  
WED 12 People's Choice

## EMMAJOE'S

3023 Guadalupe, 477-7044  
FRI 30 Ramblin' Jack Elliott  
SAT 1 Ramblin' Jack Elliott  
SUN 2 Toqui Amaru, Dana Cooper  
WED 5 Uncle Walt's Band  
FRI 7 Butch Hancock, Bob Gibson  
SAT 8 Odetta  
TUE 11 Gonzo Survivors  
WED 12 Don Sanders  
THU 13 Ponty Bone & the Squeezetones

## ESTHER'S POOL

515 E. 6th, 474-9382  
THU, FRI, SAT: Esther's Follies  
FILLING STATION  
801 Barton Springs Rd., 477-1022  
FRI 30 - SUN 2: Cool Breeze

## GAMBRINUS

314 Congress, 472-0112  
MON 3 Julie Christensen

## GOLDEN SPUR

336 E. Ben White, 444-2790  
SUN 2 Sundance  
MON 3 Silver Creek  
TUE 4 Moods  
WED 5 Bert Rivera & the Nightriders  
SUN 9 Sundance

SINCE 1939



# Hut's HAMBURGERS

*Fri., Apr. 30*  
**Omar & the Howlers w/  
Fingers Taylor**

*Sat., May 1*  
**Tex Thomas &  
His Danglin' Wranglers**

*Fri., May 7, Sat., May 8*  
**W. C. Clark Blues Revue**

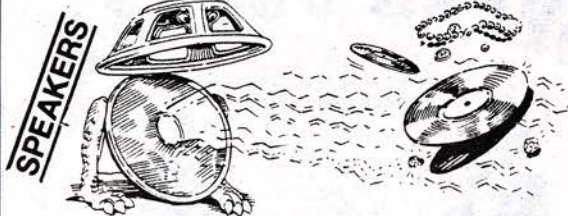
*Thursdays — Angela Strehli Band*  
*Sundays — Tex Thomas & His Danglin' Wranglers*  
*Mondays — Big Money Rhythm Section*

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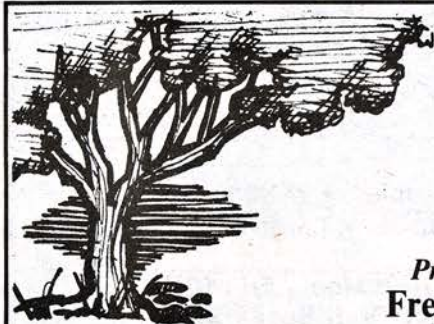
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MON 10 Moods  
TUE 11 Silver Creek

**HOLE IN THE WALL**  
FRI 30 Blue Mist  
WED 5 Frank Zigal  
WED 12 Frank Zigal

**HUT'S**  
807 W. 6th, 472-0693  
FRI 30 Omar & The Howlers, Fingers Taylor  
SAT 1 Tex Thomas & his Dangler  
Wranglers

SUN 2 Tex Thomas & his Dangler  
Wranglers

MON 3 Big Money Rhythm Section  
THU 6 Angela Strehli Band  
FRI 7 W.C. Clark Blues Review  
SAT 8 W.C. Clark Blues Review  
SUN 9 Tex Thomas & his Dangler  
Wranglers

MON 10 Big Money Rhythm Section  
THU 13 Angela Strehli Band

**LIBERTY LUNCH**  
405 W. 2nd 477-0461  
FRI 30 Lotions  
SAT 1 Uranium Savages, Jitters  
MON 3 J.D. & the Jammers, Darts  
TUE 4 Omar & the Howlers, LeRoi Brothers  
WED 5 Octave Doctors  
THU 6 Beto y los Fairlanes  
FRI 7 Extreme Heat  
SAT 8 Extreme Heat  
MON 10 Blue Mist  
TUE 11 Explosives, Devils  
WED 12 Steven Doster & Scissors  
THU 13 Beto y los Fairlanes

**LOCK, STOCK & BARRELL**  
FRI 16 Allen Damron  
SAT 17 Allen Damron  
TUE 20 — SAT 24: Michael Ballew  
TUE 27 — THU 29: Michael Ballew

**LUMBERYARD**  
9200 Burnet, 837-3418.  
FRI 30 Dixie Flyer  
SAT 1 Rounders  
SUN 2 Texas Fever  
MON 3 Texas Fever  
TUE 4 Bert Rivera & the Nightriders  
WED 5 Texas Fever  
THU 6 Bert Rivera & the Nightriders  
FRI 7 Texas Fever  
SAT 8 Rounders  
SUN 9 Texas Fever  
MON 10 Texas Fever  
TUE 11 Bert Rivera & the Nightriders  
WED 12 Texas Fever  
THU 13 Bert Rivera & the Nightriders

**MAGGIE MAE'S**  
323 E. 6th, 478-8541.  
FRI 30 Grimaldin

**MOTHER EARTH**  
1907 E. Riverside, 443-1695.  
FRI 30 Impact  
SAT 1 Impact  
SUN 2 Agent I  
TUE 4 — SAT 8: Scratch  
SUN 9 Crystal Image  
TUE 11 — THU 13: Joxx

**THE OTHER SIDE**  
21st and Guadalupe, 473-0351.  
FRI 30 George Enslie  
SAT 1 Blue Devils  
SUN 2 Janet Anderson  
MON 3 Blue Monday  
TUE 4 Steve Wilson  
WED 5 Coulee Rats  
FRI 7 Darden Smith  
SAT 8 George Enslie  
SUN 9 Grigadean  
MON 10 Blue Monday  
TUE 11 Steve Wilson  
WED 12 Ted Sparks, Bill Rawling  
THU 13 Brian Cutean

**THE PARK**  
1820 Manor Rd., 472-4269  
FRI 30 Darden Smith  
THU 6 Darden Smith  
FRI 7 Darden Smith

**PIGGY'S**  
310 Congress, 472-2789  
FRI 30 Rich Harney  
SAT 1 Tomas Ramirez  
SUN 2 Rich Harney & Suzie Stern  
MON 3 Michael Munday Trio  
TUE 4 John Mills, Carmen Bradford  
WED 5 Passenger Trio  
THU 6 Tomas Ramirez  
FRI 7 Rich Harney  
SAT 8 Julie Christiansen  
SUN 9 Rich Harney, Suzie Stern  
MON 10 Michael Munday  
TUE 11 John Mills, Carmen Bradford  
WED 12 Passenger Trio  
THU 13 Tomas Ramirez

**PURPLE PICKLE**  
12518 Research 258-9737  
FRI 30 Connie Blake  
SAT 1 Gayel

MON 3 Gayel  
TUE 4 Gayel  
WED 5 Chris Kingsley

**RITA'S CANTINA**  
508 E. 6th, 478-3676  
THU Night Cats

**RITZ**  
479-0054  
FRI 30 Tommy Hancock & The Supernatural  
Family Band  
SAT 1 Cobras  
SUN 2 Cats & Dogs Show  
MON 3 Cats & Dogs Show  
SAT 8 Black Flag, Big Boys

**SHORTHORN LOUNGE**  
5500 N. Lamar, 451-5822.  
FRI 30 Red & Wesley Show  
SAT 1 Wild West Show  
WED 5 Candace Howes, Sidewinders  
FRI 7 Country Lovin'  
SAT 8 Wild West Show  
WED 12 Candace Howes, Sidewinders

**SILVER DOLLAR**  
9323 Burnet, 837-1824  
FRI 30 Alvin Crow & the Pleasant Valley  
Boys  
SAT 1 Mill Creek Band  
TUE 4 T.G. Thornton Band  
WED 5 Lee Roy Parnell Band  
THU 6 Texas Fever  
FRI 7 Susie Nelson Band  
SAT 8 Maines Brothers  
SUN 9 T.G. Thornton  
WED 12 Geezinslaw Brothers  
THU 13 Texas Highriders

**SNAVELEY'S**  
614 E. 6th, 477-0365.  
FRI 30 Tim Henderson, Rattlesnake Annie  
SAT 1 Tim Henderson, Rattlesnake Annie  
THU 6 St. Croix Philharmonic Steel Orchestra  
FRI 7 Better Than TV Players  
THU 13 Better Than TV Players

**STEAMBOAT**  
403 E. 6th, 478-2912.  
FRI 30 Marcia Ball  
SAT 1 Extreme Heat  
SUN 2 Juke Jumpers  
MON 3 Monday Night Live  
TUE 4 Wynd  
WED 5 Extreme Heat  
THU 6 James Anderson & the Takers  
FRI 7 Vince Vance & the Valiants  
SAT 8 Van Wilks  
MON 10 Monday Night Live  
TUE 11 Automatics  
WED 12 Extreme Heat  
THU 13 Gatemouth Brown

**STUDIO 29**  
2900 Rio Grande, 474-0974

**TEXAS TAVERN**  
Texas Union, 24th & Guadalupe, 471-5651  
FRI 30 Chevilles, Darts  
SAT 1 Mirage

SUN 2 Medina  
MON 3 Nightcats  
THU 6 Octave Doctors  
FRI 7 Austin All-Stars  
SAT 8 Beto y los Fairlanes, Cheez-moschmaltz  
SUN 9 River City

**THREADGILL'S**  
6416 N. Lamar, 451-5440.  
WED 5 Kenneth Threadgill and Bill Neely  
WED 12 Kenneth Threadgill and Bill Neely

**TRUDY'S TEXAS STAR CAFE**  
SAT 1 Jerry & Nancy Stevens  
WED 5 Bruce Newman  
THU 6 Mike & Jerry  
FRI 7 Tim Bushong  
WED 12 Bruce Newman  
THU 13 Mike & Jerry

**WATERLOO ICE HOUSE**  
906 Congress, 474-2461  
FRI 30 Barbara Amaral  
SAT 1 Barbara Amaral  
FRI 7 Dark Mesa  
SAT 8 Dark Mesa

## Roadshows

**APRIL**  
FRI 30 Judys, Jitters, Kamikaze  
Refrigerators, Club Foot

**MAY**  
SAT 1 Judys, R.E.M., Make, Club Foot  
MON 3 Stanley Turrentine, Club Foot  
TUE 4 B.B. King, Angela Strehli, Club Foot  
WED 5 B.B. King, Angela Strehli, Club Foot  
THU 6 Dr. John, Red Beans & Rice Revue, Club Foot  
THU 6 St. Croix Philharmonic Steel Orchestra, Snavely's  
FRI 7 Vince Vance & the Valiants, Steamboat  
FRI 7 Roky Erickson, Club Foot  
SAT 8 Professionals, Method Actors, Max & the Makeups, Club Foot  
SAT 8 John McLaughlin, Katia & Marielle Labeque, Austin Opry House  
SAT 8 Black Flag, Big Boys, Ritz  
MON 10 John Hiatt, Club Foot  
THU 13 Gatemouth Brown, Steamboat  
FRI 14 Alabama, Erwin Center  
SAT 15 Pete Shelley, Standing Waves, Club Foot  
MON 17 Neville Brothers, Club Foot  
TUE 18 Nighthawks, Club Foot  
WED 19 Charlie Daniels Band, Bonnie Raitt, Erwin Center

**JUNE**  
FRI 4 George Strait, Liberty Lunch  
SAT 5 Mighty Joe Young, Liberty Lunch  
SUN 13 Blue Riddim Band, Liberty Lunch

## On Vinyl

### CHIC "Take It Off" (Atlantic)

Remember "Good Times"? Welcome to bad ones. Looks like the Chic Organization has spent so much time with Diana Ross and Debbie Harry and so on that they've fallen into self-parody. Even good ideas, like "Your Love Is Cancelled" or the title tune sound too damn familiar to anyone who's heard Chic's Greatest Hits. *C'est dommage, Chic.*

—Tony Sivle

### VARIOUS ARTISTS "Echoes of an Era" (Elektra)

Lenny White, Stanley Clarke, Chick Corea, Joe Henderson, Freddie Hubbard, and Chaka Khan know they've got the fusion kids snowed, so when they got together this replica of a '50s Rudy Van Gelder-style jam, they knew they could get away with murder. From Chaka's histrionic screeching to Hubbard's soloing, this whole mess is so overplayed that it's like a Classics Illustrated comic book. And since Fantasy/Milestone has plenty of the real thing in their catalogue — two albums for the price of this one — you might as well pick up Kenny Burrell's *All Day*

Long/All Night Long or Wynton Kelly's Keep It Movin', or Bobby Timmons' Moanin', or...

—Tony Sivle

### RITA MARLEY "Who Feels It Knows It" (Shanachie)

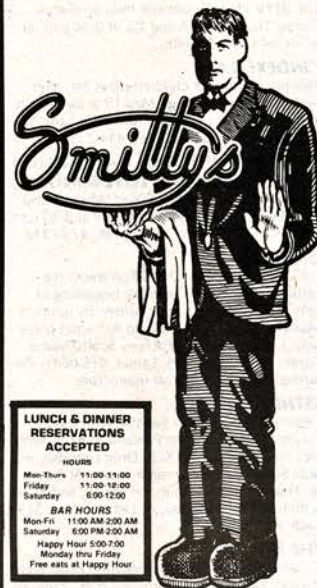
Have you noticed people going around singing "I want to get high" a lot recently? Well, they're reacting to the best reggae record to come out in a long while: Rita Marley's "One Draw," a smash hit in Jamaica, New York and Austin.

While the 12-inch has a funny rap with Rita as schoolteacher discussing music and ganja with her students, the album has nine other songs that are just as good — including three written or co-written by her late husband.

One of the things I like most about this record is that it isn't one of those leaden Sly-and-Robbie productions, and that it features actual melodies instead of the two-note gruntings of Black Uhuru. There's such a thing as being too rootsy, after all. But Rita doesn't have to worry about that; from her re-recording of an old Wailers hit to such new gems as "That's the Way" and "Easy Sailing," this record will get you high. With or without ganja.

—Tony Sivle

Stop!  
Now that you're ready  
for a change of pace, it's  
time to try...



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# Theatre

Compiled by Cyndi Williams

## BETTER THAN TV PLAYERS

The BTTV Players continue their off-the-air humor Thurs., May 6 and 13, at 9:30 p.m. at Snavely's, 614 E. Sixth.

## CINDERELLA

This production for children plays Sat. afternoons at 2 p.m. through May 15 at the Austin Cabaret Theatre, 1700 W. Anderson Lane, in the Village Shopping Center, 454-2591.

## CRABBITING WITH PAUL GAUGAIN (sic) and REQUIEM FOR A LOVE SONG

Two theatrical pieces by David Wheeler and Loris Essary, respectively, May 5-9 at 8:30 p.m. at the California Hotel, 407 E. 7th, 472-1332.

## DANDELION

For kids five and up, *Dandelion* traces the earth's development from the beginning of time. This musical/fantasy written by Judith Martin with music by Donald Ashwater plays May 1 at 2:15 p.m. at Zachary Scott Theatre Center, Riverside and S. Lamar, 476-0541. Performed by the Zach Scott Interactors.

## ESTHER'S FOLLIES

Esther's holds forth on Sixth St. with their Mayfest Show featuring Peelathon '82, (Olympics for strippers), the KLBJ Drug Line, Banana Boat Song and much, much, more. At 9 p.m. on Thursday, 9 & 11 p.m. on Friday, and 8, 10, & midnight on Saturday. At Esther's Pool, 515 E. Sixth, 474-9382.

## THE HOLLOW

A Dame Agatha Christie whodunit. Plays Thurs. through Sat. at 8 p.m., Sun. at 2 p.m., through May 16. At the Austin Cabaret Theatre, 1700 W. Anderson Lane, in the Village Shopping Center, 454-2591.

## I HEAR VOICES

See RECOMMENDED.

## I LOVE MY WIFE

The musical that brought the sexual revolution to Trenton, New Jersey, opens May 14 and runs Wed. through Sat. at 8 p.m., Sun. at 2:15 p.m., through June 6. At Zachary Scott Theatre Center, Riverside and S. Lamar, 476-0541.

## THE LITTLE FOXES

Greed and family rivalry in the Old South, from the pen of the great Lillian Hellman. Wed. through Sat. at 8 p.m., Sun. at 2:15 p.m., through May 8. At the Zachary Scott Theatre Center, Riverside and S. Lamar, 476-0541. See page 12 for review.

## THE MANY DEATHS OF DANNY ROSALES

A docu-drama written by Carlos Morton about Texas justice. Based on the true story of a Chicano construction worker who was shot and killed by a Texas lawman. Directed by Lee Duran. May 6-8, at 8 p.m., in the UT Opera Lab Theatre, 25th and E. Campus Drive. Admission is free.

## SHOESTRING THEATRE

Playwright X Three, three new plays by UT

# RECOMMENDED



Photo: Mark Kane

## I HEAR VOICES

This original, one-woman show stars Lou Montgomery in a series of vignettes written specifically for her by Austin playwright Marla McDonald. Montgomery plays ten contemporary women characters in *Voices*: among them: Connie, a valium-popping housewife; singles bar regular Nadene; Jo Lynn, a state senator's wife who harbors a secret desire to be a

stripper; and Olivia Neutron Bomb, a machine-age punk rocker. Musical director G.K. Koumantaros has written seven cabaret-style songs used in this production; San Antonio songwriter Melissa Javors contributes four original songs to the show; and Austin musician Bruce Truitt provides the soundtrack. *I Hear Voices* will run May 7 and 8 at 8 p.m. in the Capital City Playhouse, Fourth and Lavaca, 472-2966. Tickets are \$5.

undergraduate playwrights, plays at 8 p.m. April 30 and May 1. Plays to be presented are *Game Play* by John McGarvey, *Shattered Visage* by Will Kern and *Family Portrait* by Steve Adams. In the Lab Theatre, behind Winship Drama Bldg., 23rd and San Jacinto. Admission is free.

# Misc.

**PECAN STREET FESTIVAL** — Continuous live entertainment by musicians and performers is slated for May 1-2 on historic E. 6th Street during the 4th Annual Old Pecan Street Spring Festival. Over 250 artists and craftspeople will set up booths. Bands, belly dancers, magicians, jugglers and acrobats will perform throughout the festival. Contests include the Waitron Relays, a race between the waitperson staffs of the 6th Street restaurants and bars, a special chili-tasting sponsored by the Driskill Hotel, and a pun-off (see next listing).

**5th ANNUAL O. HENRY PUN-OFF**: Sunday, May 2, at 2 p.m. The annual pun-fest will be conducted at the O. Henry Museum at 5th and Neches, as part of this year's Old Pecan Street Spring Festival. Participants need only the ability to talk at all to join in the fun, and may register at the O. Henry Museum before the contest. Call 472-1903 for additional info.

**UGLY CAR BLUES? KNOW** Radio is looking for Austin's Ugliest Car. Call 477-9841.

**WPA — WOMEN'S PUBLIC ART.** a team of twelve visual artists have recently formed to present experimental art projects within Austin. Upcoming events include a day-long lighthearted celebration of spring that will include large-scale art environment (sculpture, painting, fabric), and musical and dance performances from 1 p.m. to dark, May 8, Woolridge Park.

**DESIGNERS' SPACE BENEFIT** — On Sunday, May 2 at 8 PM some of Austin's finest dancers, musicians, poets and performance artists will be presenting a benefit for Designers' Space, 1704 S. Congress Ave. The entertainment will focus on the humorous and unusual and will include a scene from Gertrude Stein's comedy *The World is Round* and many solo acts.

**BASIC VIDEO WORKSHOPS** at Austin Community Television begin May 4. The \$30 price includes a six month membership to ACTV and free access to ACTV's equipment in order to produce programs for cable channel 10. Call 478-8600 for more info.

**MODABASH** moda magazine presents a new venue for listening and dancing to recorded dance music. Featuring hours of tunes, Modabash promises an evening of non-stop-shake-your-groove-thang-love-action! Beer & wine available at bar. Come see and be seen! (Looking your best is strongly encouraged.) At Esther's Pool, 515 E. 6th, Sunday, May 9, 9 pm-2 am. \$2 donation at door.

**EEYORE'S 19th BIRTHDAY PARTY** Friday afternoon, April 30 at Pease Park. Beer, food &

drink available. Sorry, no parking; no cans or bottles please. Rain date: Friday, May 7. Wear a costume!!!

**THIRD ANNUAL EYORE'S B-DAY CELEBRATION**, an afternoon of singing, dancing, magic and costume contests, will be held May 1 at the UT Winedale Historical Center in Round Top. The birthday party begins at 2 pm, with a program of scenes by Shakespeare and contemporaries, performed by Dr. James Ayres students, starting at 7:30.

**CINCO DE MAYO** The Texas Union Chicano Culture Committee at UT is sponsoring a program of lectures, films and entertainment April 27-May 5. For more info on the "Cinco de Mayo Fiesta" call 471-5651.

**INVASION OF THE ALUMINUM PEOPLE** will be shown at Studio 29, May 1 before the music starts at 9:00. Music by DeCasse and Patterns. Cover \$3, full bar. Y'all come.

# Classical

Compiled by KMFA-FM, 89.5 MHz.

FRI 30

— **SUN 2: UT Opera Theater** presents three evenings of opera, including excerpts from "The Barber of Seville" on Friday and Sunday, excerpts from "Simon Boccanegra" on Friday and Saturday, selections from "Samson and Delilah" on Saturday and Sunday, and act I of "La Rondine" on all three evenings. At 8 p.m. in the Opera Lab Theater, on East Campus Drive. Free. 471-1444.

SAT 8

**Handel's "Solomon"** will be performed at 8 p.m. in the Moody Hall Atrium on the St. Edward's University campus by the St. Edward's Hilltopper Chorale and the Good Shepherd Episcopal Church Choir. Two string quartets, two flutes, harpsichord and organ will accompany the two choirs in this famous oratorio. Free.

# Dance

Compiled by Dance Umbrella

Sat. 1

## Austin Repertory Dancers

Sun. 2

**Company** presents a Spring Concert featuring a new work by Dee McCandless, "Hall of Mirrors," and a piece by Robert Small, "Patio." At 7:30 p.m. both nights at Dance Associates Studio, 209 1/2 E. Sixth, 478-0047. Tickets are \$5 and available in advance.

Sat. 1

**Kidwork**, a dance theatre performance for children by the Austin Repertory Dancers Company. Choreography by Felix Graham-Jones. At 4 p.m., May 1, and at 12, 2, and 4 p.m., May 2. Admission is

Maxine! with a special guest appearance by T.S. her FORMER FLAME!



Maxine often thought about T.S.



their parting had been painful



but she had no regrets about it.



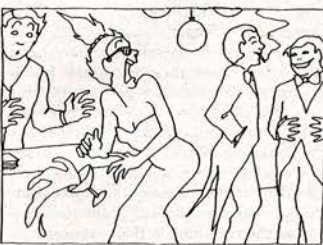
No bitterness...



or bile.



And if she saw him again someday



she would react maturely.



Because old lovers can always be friends



- Sat. 8  
Sun. 9 **Cinderella** The Austin Ballet Theatre presents this full-length ballet with new choreography by ABT artistic director Stanley Hall. At 8 p.m., May 8, and 2 p.m., May 9, in the Paramount Theatre, 713 Congress. Call 478-9957 for more information.
- Sat. 8  
Sun. 9 **Workouts** This choreographers' showcase, sponsored by Dance Umbrella, will feature 6 performers both nights. At 8 p.m., in the Dougherty Cultural Arts Center, 1110 Barton Springs Rd. Admission is \$2. Call 472-2788 for more information.
- Fri. 14  
Sat. 15 **"The World Is Round"** The premiere of Gertrude Stein's whimsical story will be sung, danced, and acted by Phil James, Tim Hurst and Diana Prechter at 8 p.m. both nights at the Capital City Playhouse, Fourth and Lavaca. Call 476-4352 for more information.
- Sat. 15  
Sun. 16 **"Dances"** Choreographer Kay Frances Braden presents two afternoons of her work performed by dancers Kate Fisher, Sharon Vasquez, and Patti Willey. At 3 p.m. both days at Invisible, Inc., 2316 San Gabriel. Admission is \$4. For more information call 480-8151.

## Litera

Compiled by Hedwig Irene Gorski

**OPEN READING**, the one you've been waiting for...at Half Price Books on Lavaca and 16th, will begin at 7 p.m., Sat., May 1. This time "virgin" readers who mustered up the courage to share their works in public are encouraged to attend. Poets will be trading off their poems and reading each others work.

**ATTENTION...MAY 1** at midnight is the deadline for the submission of press-sponsored manuscripts in any literary genre applying for the first Texas Circuit Austin Book Award. The award of \$1,000 will be announced at the end of the summer. No fee for submission. Bring the manuscript and production notes to 1704 S. Congress Ave. (call first, 447-9856), or mail to P.O. Box 2082, Austin, Texas 78767.

**RADIO LITERATURE** "Book Talk," a short review program on KLBj radio, hosted by Geraldine Buckley, airs at 11:30 a.m. Wednesdays and Saturdays.

**PERFORMANCE ART**, an art-variety show, will include a poetry reading by Phil James, as well as an excerpt from the Gertrude Stein play he is currently directing. Also dance, music, and literary mutant/performance artist David Gene Fowler. His work is not to be missed...some deep thoughts that are not didactic (thank God) At 8 p.m. in the Designer's Space Co-op, 1704 S. Congress Ave. Admission is \$3.

**RONNIE DUGGER** will be celebrating his new LBJ biography, *The Politician*, at an autograph party May 9, at Another Raw Deal from 5-8 p.m. Call the store for more info.

**SO YOU WANT TO BE A WRITER?** Registration for limited enrollment is now open for a basic nuts and bolts writing workshop led by Chuck Taylor, co-manager/owner of Paperback Plus Bookstore. The six sessions between May 6 and June 10 will be held at Paperback Plus every Thursday at 7 p.m. Mail the \$30 tuition to Texas Circuit, P.O. Box 2082, Austin, Texas, 78767.

**CROSS CULTURAL/BI-LINGUAL POETRY WRITING** is a six-session class series to be taught by Ricardo Sanchez, Ph.D. He is the author of nine books of poetry and is considered one of the leading poets of the Chicano movement. The classes will cover poetic workings of Spanish and English and their social/cultural/historical and aesthetic confluence. The sessions will be held each Thursday night at 7:30 p.m. and will run from May 6 to June 10. Tuition is \$30. Mail the fee to "Cross Cultural Poetry Class," Texas Circuit, P.O. Box 2082, Austin, Texas, 78767.

**TEXAS WRITERS**, register before May 10 for a UT conference called "Writers and Writing, Texas Style," for those who want to focus on or learn about Texas regional writing. Events are all day May 20 and 21. Contact the UT Division of Continuing Education, TCC, 471-3121. Fee is \$77.

**TEXAS CIRCUIT** is in a membership drive and offering a useful small press directory to those

joining or renewing their memberships this month. The \$15 annual fee includes newsletter, flier, reduced rates, and more. Mail fee to Membership Drive, Texas Circuit, P.O. Box 2082, Austin, Texas 78767.

## Galleries

Compiled by Manny A. Tear

**ALTERNATE SPACE GALLERY**, 4700 Grover, in the Unitarian Church, 452-6168. B&W photographs by Dan Kallick opens May 1, with reception May 2, noon to 3 p.m. Closes May 31.

**ATRIUM GALLERY**, Moody Hall, St. Edward's University, 3001 S. Congress, 444-2621. Annual Student Art Exhibition through May 12.

**AUSTIN CONTEMPORARY VISUAL ARTS ASSN.**, exists for the promotion and support of visual arts in all media in Austin. Call 451-0445, 1-5 p.m., for membership info.

**AUSTIN PHOTO CENTER**, 3409 Guadalupe, 453-0047. "Surprise Photo Show" opens May 1 and stays up till June 1.

**AUSTIN PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY**, in Precision Camera, 3004 Guadalupe, 477-3841. B&W photographs by highly respected UT instructor (Photo-Journalism) and working photographer Dennis Darling. Up May 1-31.

**BENSON LATIN AMERICAN COLLECTION**, adjacent to Rm. 1.106 in Sid Richardson Hall on the UT campus, 471-3818. "Cine Cubano: Posters from the Cuban Institute of Art and Film" is a collection of 35 posters created to promote Cuban, Latin American or foreign films shown in Cuba by such artists as Bachs, Julioly, Niko, Ramirez, and Rostgaard. The posters were gathered in Cuba in 1978 by members of Austin's Women & Their Work arts group.

**RUTH BORENSTEIN GALLERY**, 1701 West Ave, 472-6943. If you don't know Chagall's work, this collection of out-of-print posters, lithographs, serigraphs, and old posters will acquaint you with his exuberant, colorful, romantic style. Spring is the perfect season for a Chagall exhibit, which is not as superficial a statement as it may appear. Through April 20 and possibly longer.

**GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER MUSEUM**, 1165 Angelina, 472-8954. The Black Arts Alliance presents the native paintings by self-taught artist Alma Pennell Gunter, May 6 through June 5, with a reception May 6, 6-8 p.m. Gunter is included as an Outstanding Woman in the Woman in Texas History Project on display at the LBJ Library. Call 477-9660 or 472-8954 for more information.

**DREAMS INTO REALITY**, 1801 Koenig, 459-4934. An artist's co-op gallery. Hours are Tues. through Fri., 1-7 p.m., Sat. and Sun, 11-5 p.m.

**DOUGHERTY CULTURAL ARTS CENTER**, 1110 Barton Springs Rd., 477-5824. ACVAA's Fourth Annual Austin Contemporary Art Exhibition is a knockout. Through May 1. Second Annual Membership Show of the Waterloo Watercolor group opens May 8 with a reception 4-7 p.m. Through May 30.

**EL TALLER**, 723/725 E. Sixth, 473-8693. Still celebrating its well-deserved second anniversary, this gorgeous gallery features the graphic and original works by Amado Pena, Jr., and Liese Scott.

**GALERIE RAVEL**, 1210 W. Fifth, 474-2628. This leading dealer in contemporary art, specializing in Latin American artists, displays its recent acquisitions. Of them, we admire Morales' work very much. His ability to manipulate light, to capture it, to reveal an ambiguity so great that people and objects float in and out and to create space and dimension on one plane result in gems of craftsmanship. His pastel "Women Entering a Mirror" (\$3,000) channels an intellectual pursuit of light, prism, mirror effects into a sensuous, mysterious evocation of a nude, an oval mirror, a sea, light and its sources. Erwin Binder's cast paper "Moon Goddess" (\$850) is his bronze "Moon Goddess" (\$2,500) cast into white paper. The paper Moon Goddess is better than the bronze. The Amada Pena-like oval face and contoured body rises out of the stark white paper as a pock-marked moon watches. She seems to float. The bronze Moon Goddess is fixed, knowable. Binder's sculptures, though, are interesting. Larry Rivers is represented by a lithograph, "Big B Signs Up," which shows hands, arms, and the signature of Ben Franklin amid those of other signers. The sculptor Marisol has a lithograph of Pocahontas. Kenneth Hale has an untitled oil and sand painting full of frenzy, demons, torsos, crosses, Xs that fill the viewer with terror and awe as its deep reds and blacks howl and lash

# CARAVAN SERAI

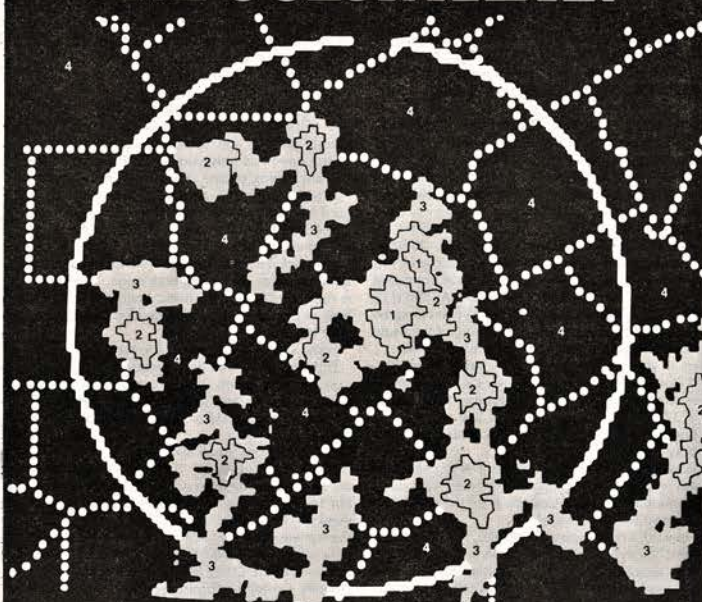
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## LIVE COLOR RADAR



1 RED-STORMS 2 YELLOW-RAIN 3 GREEN-DRIZZLE 4 BLACK-CLEAR SKIES

**Color Radar.** It pinpoints and identifies severe weather in a manner you can easily understand. With color. Red for storms generating over two inches of rainfall an hour, yellow for over one inch per hour, and green for anything less than that's still wet. It means you can see

more of the weather as it's happening. And coupled with the Channel 24 weather computer and satellite receiver it provides a complete, accurate picture of the area's weather. 24 Action News with Tim Ross. We don't make the weather, we just understand it.

24  
KVUE-TV



So, you thought The Mule Team Newsletter was just another flash in the alley? Well, we intend to communicate with you via *The Austin Chronicle* for as long as they can put up with us. The newsletter will appear in every other issue. (fifty thousand frogs can't be wrong: "readit readit readit") The big news this time is that The Mule Team is giving away money. It's your typical radio give away contest... only we do it a lot better than most. Monday through Friday, every hour between 6 a.m. and midnight, (except during Astro games, County Line and The Steve Fromholz program) we will call out a Mule Team card number. The possessor of that card has 14 minutes and 40 seconds to call in and verify theirself and win the money. 14 minutes and 40 seconds... cute 'eh? We stayed up all night thinking that one up. We start off with 14 dollars and 40 cents (we're so creative!) If there is no winner that hour, we add a dollar forty-five to it the next hour... and the next hour as for as long as it takes to get a winner... it adds up pretty fast. The cash winners' numbers are placed into the drawing for the GRAND PRIZE. We do not know what the grand prize is yet... but you can bet it'll be a prize... and it'll be grand. Did you see us in the Rodeo Parade? We waved at you and slung bubble gum at you. The mules (Jasper and Mobile Mule Two) were on their best behavior. Wagon Master Arthur Matetzsch had no trouble with them at all. (You may recall how they tore up Elgin in last year's Western Days Parade. I try not to think about it.) We have had

groundhog cannot possibly see its own shadow. Thus a swift conclusion would be brought to what has been called the coldest winter in the history of the world. However, six more weeks of winter would be extremely advantageous to certain businesses and individuals. Thus the banding together of another powerful organization: C.O.K.E. which stands for "Capitalize Our Klondike Environment." And so again, America was torn apart... with half of the population thinking snow, and the other half not giving two hoots in hades if they ever saw another flake. The groundhogs themselves issued a statement a week ago to both sides that said quote, "You can all stick it up your nose 'cause we ain't coming out at all. We like it where we are. Why do you think we are called 'groundhogs'?" It was a classic stand-off. The rock and the hard place. The immovable object versus the irresistible force. SNUG would not budge. COKE claimed that it had been stepped on too much already. And the hogs would not hedge. Two days ago, Robert Young was called in to bring about a compromise, which he did in his own inimitable decaffeinated style. So here we are in Penciltucky at high noon awaiting the outcome of the representative groundhog. The atmosphere is tense. We will return with our live coverage of Groundhog Day 1982 after these messages... this is where you hear Houston Astros baseball. Dan: This is Dan Plangent speaking! Live coverage of Groundhog Day 1982 is being brought to you by the D.B. Cooper Skydiving



## KELG 1440



several requests to repeat our live coverage of Groundhog Day 1982. It would be real tacky to play it on the air again since it ain't exactly Groundhog Day everyday. But I can't help but think that if every day were Groundhog Day, this ole world would be a better place. Since we need to kill some space anyway, we decided to put the script from that festive occasion in this newsletter. You will want to clip it out and save it in your Mule Team scrapbook. Have you heard ELECTRIC BUBBALAND by John Kelso and The Bubbatoones? It's the latest release on the RUDE label. The lyrics are from the mind of "Who else but Kel's" and the vocal is done by Sweathog. The Mule Team had the distinguished honor of playing it for the first time ever on the radio. As it graced the airwaves, I could not help but think to myself, "gee whiz... at any other radio station I'd be fired for playing this @+1\$." I was also privileged to play the new release by KIMMIE RHODES on Jackalope Records. It went into our regular rotation immediately. I can't decide which side I like best. One side is a Joe Gracery song called "You'll Take Care of You"... a nice two-steppin' tune... pretty song. The other side was written by Bobby Earl Smith... he even sings with Kimmie on it. The title is, No Next Time... actually, this is the two-step... the other side is a waltz... I think... I ain't no dancer... but my ears never lie. Kimmie Rhodes & The Jackalopes have a couple of hits on their hands. This is the first local song that everybody likes at Radio Free Texas. All the d.j.s play it: Congratulations Kimmie. We never agree on anything. If you have not yet joined the Mule Team, fill your application out and send it in... or fill your application in and send it out pronto. If you can't find applications, call me and I'll send you one. Our toll-free number from Austin is 272-4102. As promised, our live coverage of Groundhog Day 1982 follows. You deserve a brag today.

Walter: This is Walter Cobpipe. The big news today is the Groundhog. Radio Free Texas Correspondent Howard Costello is on the scene live in Penciltucky. Howard.

Howard: This is Howard Costello, holedside at the Penciltucky Wildlife Park where we are awaiting the appearance of the Groundhog on this, Groundhog Day 1982... a Groundhog Day surrounded by controversy. You may recall that several months ago, the federal government tried to have Groundhog Day moved up one day so it would occur on a Monday and the civil service employees would have another flimsy excuse to take a day off. When the groundhogs refused to cooperate, the military threatened to blast them out of the ground. This was all the excuse that was needed for another flock of nitwits to band together and form another worthless organization. Thus was the formation of the group that calls itself "SNUG"... S.N.U.G.... The Society for the Nuclear Unearthing of Groundhogs. Their contention was that a dead

School. There is big money to be made leaping out of airplanes! But, before you jump to any conclusions, let the D.B. Cooper professionals show you how to do it and get away with it! And buy the canned dogfood without the can... what a mess that is! But it's easy to get to. Recommended by 4 out of 5 dentists for their patients who eat dogfood. The canned dogfood without the can: Pick up a handful today! And buy Rhino-in-a-bag: The safe, convenient way to whip up a full grown rhinoceros right in your own sink! Dehydrated rhinos are the one sure way to beat the 80's... the only problem you'll have is deciding what to do with all that extra storage space!

Howard: We are back now live in Penciltucky just moments away from the scheduled surfacing of the subterranean son of the sod. Let's listen in now as Reverend Lonnie Mertz of the First Methodist Assembly of Positivity delivers the obligatory invocation.

Mertz: Lord... we most vigorously beseech you to bend forth out of your cloudy to partly cloudy palaces and bestow upon us a blessed beseechment as only you can as we prepare for the unearthing of one of your charming critters... our brother... the groundhog. We ask it Lord because we are selfish people. And if we could pull it off without you, we would surely do so. Amen.

Howard: The clock in the Penciltucky Hall of Repercussions is chiming high noon. The crowd is rubbernecking in aromatic anticipation at the hole of the groundhog... I believe I see a fuzzy little head...

Eddy: Oh, uh, excuse me Howard... Howard: Eddy, you pencilheaded ignoramus! You are blocking my view... go sit down! Here it comes ladies and gentlemen... the groundhog is surfacing! He is about to step out of the hole...

Eddy: That's one small step for... Howard: Shut up Eddy! The groundhog is looking around... he does not... I repeat: he does not see his shadow! Winter will last for six more weeks. The people from C.O.K.E. are beside themselves with joy. We will try to get an interview with one of the SNUG leaders and a word from one of the COKE heads. But, for now, this is Howard Costello returning you to the studios of Radio Free Texas.

Walter: And that's the way it is... high noon on Groundhog Day 1982.

The Mule Team is all excited about a new feature that or may not have started by the time you read this. We have gained exclusive rights to carry Chilly Ray Ano, the Prognosticator from Mexico City who forecasts the weather a year in advance. Join the Mule Team! Join us every day on your AM radio at 1440. And, by the way, we are looking for a suitable name for our Newsletter. If you come up with anything, send it to us at P.O. Box 1440 Elgin, Texas 78621.

and writhe. Diego Riviera is represented by a \$1,500 (unframed) liquid drawing, "Nude With Long Hair." The hair streams down the thighs while the pubic hair sprouts and gushes like a fountain. Romulo's "Vacas Astronautas" shows orange, magenta, pink-striped cows flying over a planet. The Ravel rarely has showings of more than one artist. It was fun to see the diversity.

**GALLERY 104**, 104 Congress, 474-6044. B&W large format photographs by Ron Wohlauer, "Outer Hebrides and Other Lovely Places." His "Storm Front, Oban, Scotland" contains the most threatening storm cloud we've seen. "Peat Bogs, Outer Hebrides, Scotland" recreates their lumpy volume so vividly you expect to see the bogs shift. This really is a wonderful image. If it weren't for the utter Scotlandness of the land, it might be a documentary photo of an ear-thrums sculpture. A caterpillar-like expanse of stone fences cuts the lighter pastures in "Stone Barns and Fences." Well, we were lusting after many of these, when we hit a poster for his "Nudes: The First Fifteen Years," which truly made us lust. Now there was a show... Meanwhile, upstairs, the excitement increases one hundredfold as we walk around a huge room filled with the work of Austin and local photographers. Something here for everyone. It's the best photo gallery in town. We still have the phenomenal image of a Paul-Newmany-looking man before us thanks to Nancy Floyd and her "Photo of a Man." We considered buying it as our birthday gift (but how to explain it to the men in our life). Barbara Buckland manages to turn junkyard heaps into subtle hues that seem impossible, considering their origins. Jim McJunkin has a memorable image of S. Vietnamese children hamming it up, a face of war we haven't seen. A must for any photo buff.

**GRAPHIC CONCERN**, 1202B W. Sixth, 472-7428. A collection of rare and unusual film graphics, including posters and lobby cards, opens May 20, 5-8 p.m. Through June 20.

**HILL COUNTRY WEAVERS**, 620A W. 34th, 451-2177. My God, if you're even remotely interested in marrying, rush here for all-white inspiration. "Tying the Knot—Ceremonial Fibers for Alternative Weddings," features the masks of Janis Linder-Tate, the crocheted bridal gowns of Suzanne Thompson and Barbara Halls, the dishes of Norma Gist and more. Through April 30, perhaps longer.

**THE HOTEL**, 407 E. Seventh, 472-1332. "Golden Treasures" by Ward Walker and Timothy J. Healy, May 14-23. Public opening May 14, 8-11 p.m. Sounds verrry interesting.

**HUNTINGTON ART GALLERY**, Art Bldg (23rd & San Jacinto), 471-7324. UT Art Students MFA Thesis Show opens April 28, reception 5-7 p.m. Through May 30. Over at the HRC, 2nd Floor, it's "Collaborations: Artists and Architects" through May 13.

**KERBEY LANE GALLERIES**, 3706 Kerbey Lane, 454-7054. No exhibition, just regular stock of the work of local artists and artisans. Probably the best low-to-mid range art/crafts shop in town. Excellent gift-giving grounds.

**LBJ LIBRARY & MUSEUM**, 2313 Red River, 397-5279. "Texas Women, A Celebration of History" has brought tears to the eyes of feminists. Also some grumbling. Well, we love controversy, so see you there. Through May 16.

**LAGUNA GLORIA ART MUSEUM**, 3809 W. 35th, 458-8191. The Texas Fine Art Association Annual National Exhibition opened April 16, and if it's not the newest art in town, it's at least the most committed. This commitment comes from a struggle, which only now begins to make sense of the 70s. Called feminism, the struggle

was the call for women to be recognized. The TFAA Exhibition depends on the art of women for its successes and validity. The show might be subtitled "Women at Work." These women mean business. They're making art as if their lives depended on it. The works of Claire Eike, Priscilla Robinson, Sara Rosenbluth, Joann Smith, Judy Miller, and Gloria DeFillips-Brush in this show are daring yet well-done; they literally shine in commitment, toughness, in follow-through. Overall, the women's work here seems more adventurous, but of the men, let's note David Morrison's fabulous charcoal drawing of something mechanical; Dan Schweers' "After Dinner" (oil on photo), which seems almost "womanly" in its concern; and William Berry's meticulous colored pencil work. The vigor of the women is astounding; the variety of works is fun. The show is exciting, thank God and the 1200 artists who entered the competition. "Recollections: 10 Women of Photography" opens May 21.

**MATRIX**, 713 E. Sixth, 479-0068. Having heard so much about how experimental Paul Marioni is, we were sadly disappointed by his works displayed. The portraits were unremarkable and made less so by the monotony of glass used. His "Floating Figure" series, however, is truly splendid, mystical. Figures with dabs of color float out of a black background. Carl Powell, one of the eight NEA glass artist winners, seems to be getting even deeper into glass as he continues his beveling wizardry, creating such jewels as "Nebulonic Curve." He seems to be doing to glass what diamond cutters do to diamonds: revealing innermost secrets. Through May 5. New glass works by local glass artist Patrick Wadley opens May 7, with reception 7:30-10 p.m. Closes June 9.

**NI-WO-DI-HI GALLERIES**, 2104 Nueces, 472-3049. Contemporary American Indian art, rugs, pottery, antiquities, and some jewelry. Hours 9-6, Mon. through Fri.; Sat. 10-6.

**PATRICK GALLERY**, 721 E. 6th, 472-4741. New works by sculptor David Deming are of two kinds: the close-in, tight building blocks hunk models (like his sculpture in front of the downtown public library) and opened-up slabs, which are more impressive. Although presented as finished works, these wood works and slablike bronzes really cry out to be executed on a monumental basis. It's like looking at a house model made out of toothpicks. The "Vietnam Memorial to Those Who Served and Died" is a very beautiful configuration of thick slabs reminiscent of Stonehenge. His "Merrill Lynch Dreams of Longhorns" is witty, something bronze seems impossible of being. The show-stopper, though, is his masterful "Dynamo Woman," a foot-high bronze work atop a 4-foot pedestal. Exhibit continues through May 8. Solo exhibition of color photographs by Gibbs Milliken, May 12 through June 12.

**PUERTA DEL SOL**, 606 W. 12th, 472-7542. Batik paintings by local artist Mary Gordon opens May 1, with reception from 7-10 p.m. Closes May 29.

**TROIS GALLERY**, 609 Trinity, 478-3321. Los Angeles transplant Charles Trois displays his incredible surreal paintings that resemble a blend of Bosch and R. Crumb. With painstaking detail in people as tall as an apple seed, Trois depicts a world of funny sex and violence. We caught this once, briefly, but it's enough to say there's a new artist in town that's gonna have to be reckoned with. He also does miniature guns out of silver and other precious metals that are exact in detail. He's having an opening May 7 of new sculpture. A very interesting artist indeed.

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**TEXAS CIRCUIT WRITER'S UMBRELLA** lends volunteers to poster around town, greet audience at evening events, produce shows in exchange for free membership, class enrollment, and passes to performances. Call Hedwig at 447-9856 during afternoons for more information.

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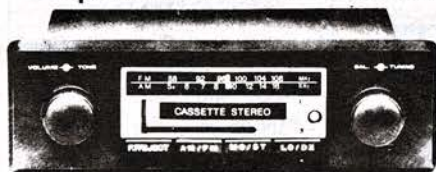


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