★ THE AUSTIN ★

Chronicle

AUSTIN'S BI-WEEKLY CULTURAL GUIDE Vol. I No. 13 Feb. 19, 1982 FREE

Putting Back The Ritz

Chelsea Girls from Andy Warhol

U2: Religion, Ireland, and Rock'n' roll.

WWIII — The Ultimate Hard-sell

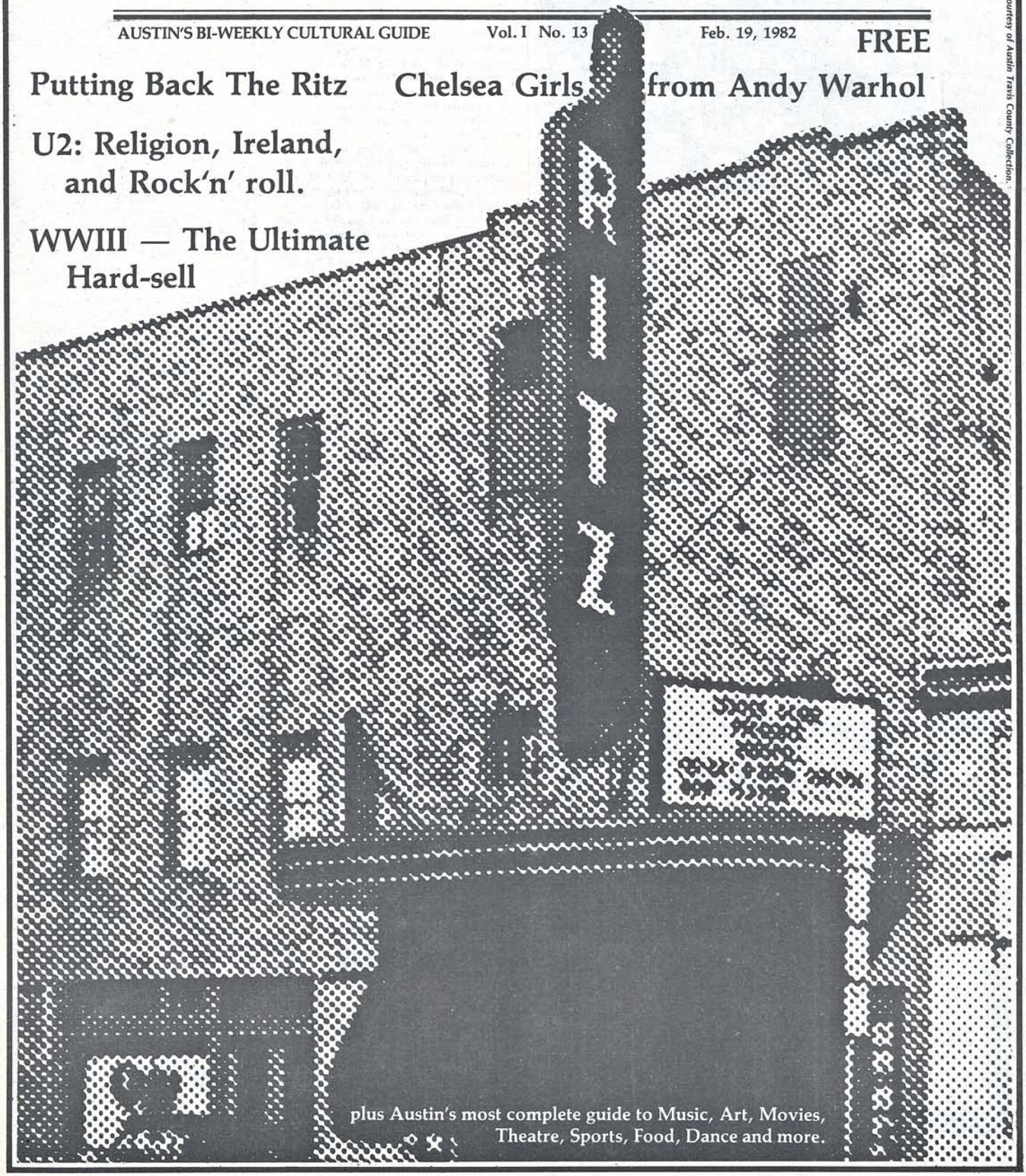


Photo Courtesy of Austin Travis County Collection.

plus Austin's most complete guide to Music, Art, Movies, Theatre, Sports, Food, Dance and more.

POSTMARKS



WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

If you were wondering about that great art on our back cover last issue, it was a shot of just a small part of the murals at **Smitty's**. Murals by Micael Priest, Danny Garrett, Guy Juke, Cliff Carter, Jim Franklin, Kerry Awn, Robert Frye, Robert Ekstrom & Dale Wilkins (several regular *Chronicle* contributors in there, ironically). Photo by David Fox.

Thanx, guys.

Who says Texans can't talk good?

Dear Ms. Brammer,

I always enjoy reading your columns for the *Chronicle* and this issue's was no exception. However, I beg to differ with you in your hasty assessment of the abilities of Texas' actors. ("All a Texas actor can really hope to accomplish with Shakespearean language is to make sense of the words and speak clearly enough to be understood . . .")

Of course, I can understand your impression that this is the case if the only Texan productions you have seen are those of Austin's amateur community theater or UT's abysmal drama dept. I'm pretty impatient with these guys myself — so much so that I felt the need to vent my spleen when I reviewed Small Potatoes' *The Tempest* for the *Texan*.

I used to hold the hip contempt for those cocky American actors who had the *nerve* to attempt British accents onstage. I blithely asserted (as so many still do) that no *American* can really handle the Bard. But, eventually, I saw the light!

Say what? I saw Americans (Texans!) performing Shakespeare with sensitivity and feeling. Where? Winedale, Texas, that's where! Shakespeare-at-Winedale performances put more life into Shakespeare's plays than I ever saw in any reverential Olivier film or misconceived university production. And those actors read their lines *well!*

The effects of these epiphanies were two: 1) I realized that Texans *can* act Shakespeare and 2) I'm now a lot harder on those who do it badly. Catch a summer performance at Winedale sometime and you'll eat them nasty words.

Best Wishes
Michael Godwin

Dear Mr. Godwin:

Well taken! I'm glad you afforded us the opportunity to plug the excellent work undertaken every year at Winedale. For more information about their performances, folks should contact Professor James Ayres at the U. T. English Department.

Thanks for your response!
Sidney Brammer

Who's afraid of the Commies?

Sometimes it looks like the boys up there in Washington are taking nutmeg, but they're straight about one thing. El Salvador is not going to be another Viet Nam; the country's in Central America and there aren't too many gooks down there. There is quite a ruckus, and Haig and co. are just chaffing at the bit to get into the fray.

The lads are really getting impatient with Congress for bringing this whole human rights thing into the picture. After all, we're talking Communist revolution here; I mean it is tragic about the nuns and all but . . .

Back to brass tacks. Congress is really pussyfooting around with this bullshit about tying further aid to El Salvador to progress on the human rights front. Forget that shit. Why are we messing around in banana republic revolution civil war scenarios in the first place? Regardless of how much Soviet involvement we are actually dealing with (and who knows where reality takes over from imagination on that one), Russia simply can't afford to finance another Eastern Block in Central America. Minister of War Haig needs to realize that whoever finally gets control down there is going have to play ball with Uncle Sam. Russia is on the other side of the ocean, for Christ sakes. Duarte, the Chiquita Peoples Liberation Front, or whoever will eventually need to reach some kind of accord with America (U.S.A.).

So much news to the effect that this country is bankrupt and vulnerable is making us into a bunch of paranoid political schizophrenics. Hell, let the Cubans raise some shit. We could have this Hemisphere eating out of our palm if we just larn to speak some Spanish and mellow out a little. You think they are going to start drinking Vodka down there all of sudden or something? Let's get serious. Let's get fucking real. Let's stop making the "Ugly American" movie every chance we get.

Mark Leon

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Carnaval... and more!

By Nick Barbaro

Austin, strangely enough, has become a major center for Brazilian culture. There's a Brazilian radio show on KUT; local record stores sell an astounding number of Brazilian imports; there are Brazilian movie in town with surprising regularity — and then there's *Carnaval Brasileiro*.

Now in its 11th year, *Carnaval* has developed into the "best public bash" of the year, according to *Texas Monthly*. If you've never been, you owe it to yourself to dress up for a truly remarkable costume ball, the Brazilian version of Mardi Gras. But there's more to Brazilian Culture Week (Feb. 20-26, as designated by Mayor McClellan) than sambas, conga lines, and a night of exotica, erotica and serious revelry in the City Coliseum.

Don't miss out on the revelry, but pay a little attention, too, to the other events. You won't be disappointed.

One of the major highlights is a rare series of films by Glauber Rocha, to be shown in the Academic Center Auditorium at U.T., at 7:30 p.m., Monday, Feb. 22 through Friday, Feb. 26. Rocha, who died in 1981, was the leading director in *Cinema Novo*, the Brazilian film movement that took the movie world by storm in the 60s, and did much to revive Brazilian cultural tradition at home. Roughly speaking, *Cinema Novo* was an attempt by Brazilian filmmakers to take back their own culture — to develop and exploit the cultural richness of native Brazil, instead of relying on American and European models of entertainment and cinematic language. The result is mesmerizing: as seen through its films, Brazilian culture is tantalizingly familiar, yet strangely distant.

As Mike Quinn, DJ of KUT's *Horizontes*, and the driving force behind Austin Braziliana, likes to point out, Brazil's is a surprisingly sophisticated culture — in many ways more so than our own. In Quinn's words, "the Portuguese Empire virtually relocated to Rio de Janeiro in about 1820," bringing with it a richly developed European culture. Brazil, for example, had opera long before the U.S. did, and the Brazilian arts bear a closer kinship to Europe than to the Indian heritage which influences the rest of Latin America so heavily. In other ways, too, Brazilian history closely parallels our own — heavy slave trade established a virtual black state in Bahia, and led to serious racial tensions in this century, for instance.

It's just in recent years, though, that the parallels have begun to converge. Since a military coup in 1964, Brazil has emerged as a truly industrialized nation. Today, Brazil is the world's second largest food exporter and third largest shipbuilder; they are working on nuclear technology, and launching a space program with completely domestic engineering.

It is an "economic miracle" which has cost dearly in political and cultural terms. Only recently have free elections been reinstituted, and the rush to industrialization has destroyed much of the country's traditional heritage. These, then are the major themes of *Cinema Novo*, and indeed, of much of the music you hear on *Horizontes*.

But enough background — just go and enjoy the movies. And if you want to hear more, Randall Johnson, one of the country's leading experts on Brazilian cinema, will be in town to talk about Rocha and *Cinema Novo*, starting with a talk on Monday at noon at the U.T. Union.

Other scheduled events include a talk and sampling of Brazilian food on the 26th (and if you want more, the Avenue is serving Brazilian dishes this week only), and a variety of other talks at the U.T. Union. For more info, call the Institute for Latin American Studies at 471-5551.

Maya Angelou highlights Black History Month

By Louis Black

The great tragic failing of America is that 200 years after our founding, 100 years after the civil war and 30 years after the modern surge in the civil rights movement, we still have to have a Black History Month. Some may dismiss it as knee-jerk liberalism and others as blatant tokenism. The truth of the matter is, however, that despite the gains of the last few decades, the orientation and concentration of almost any kind of communication within American society still overwhelmingly privileges white Christian heterosexual males.

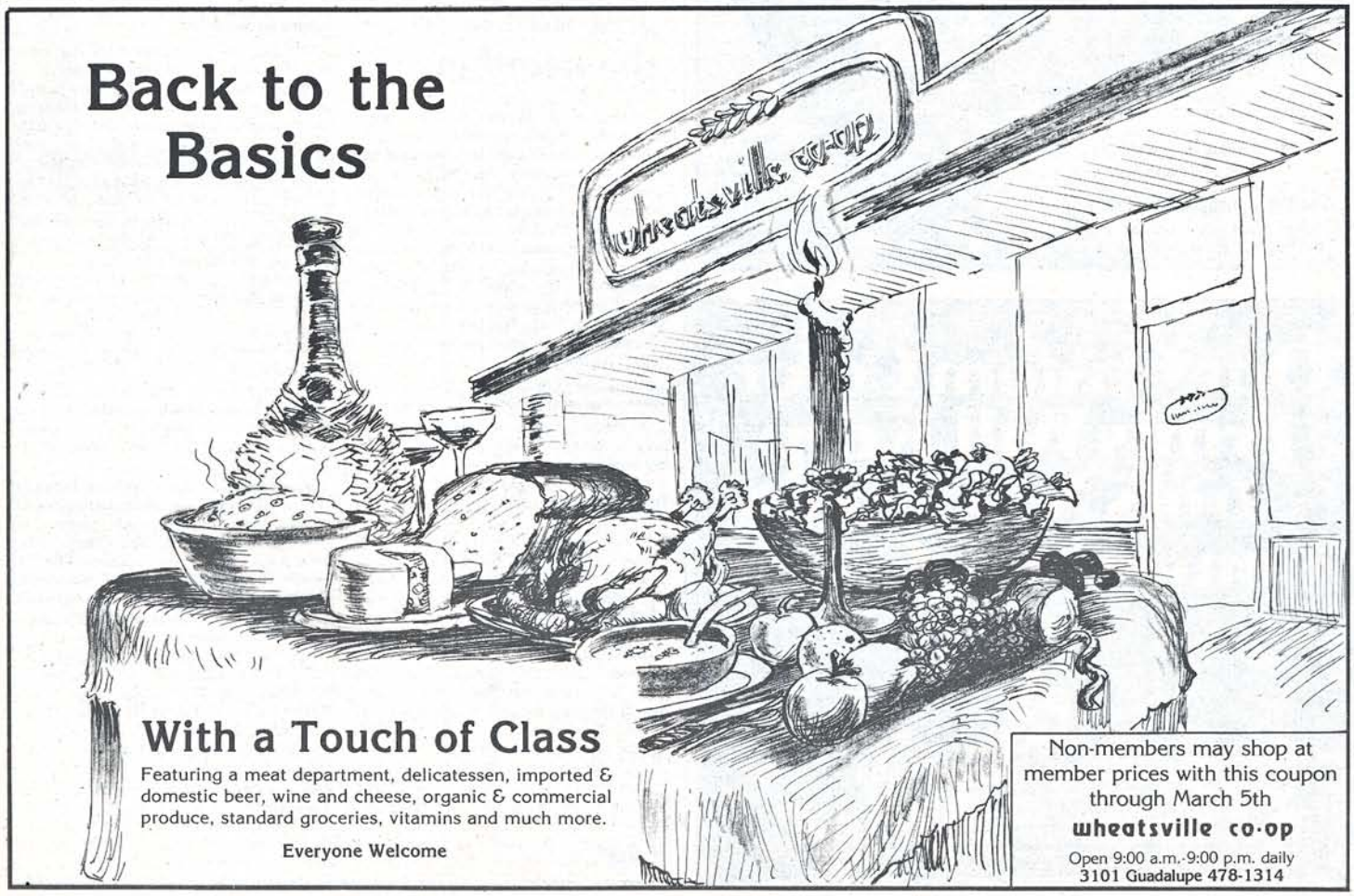
Given that prejudice, specific events are needed in order to help preserve and expand knowledge and information about the history and heritage of other ethnic, racial and religious groups. Currently as part of Black History Month (February) the Texas Union Afro-American Culture Committee at U.T. is sponsoring a wide range of activities.

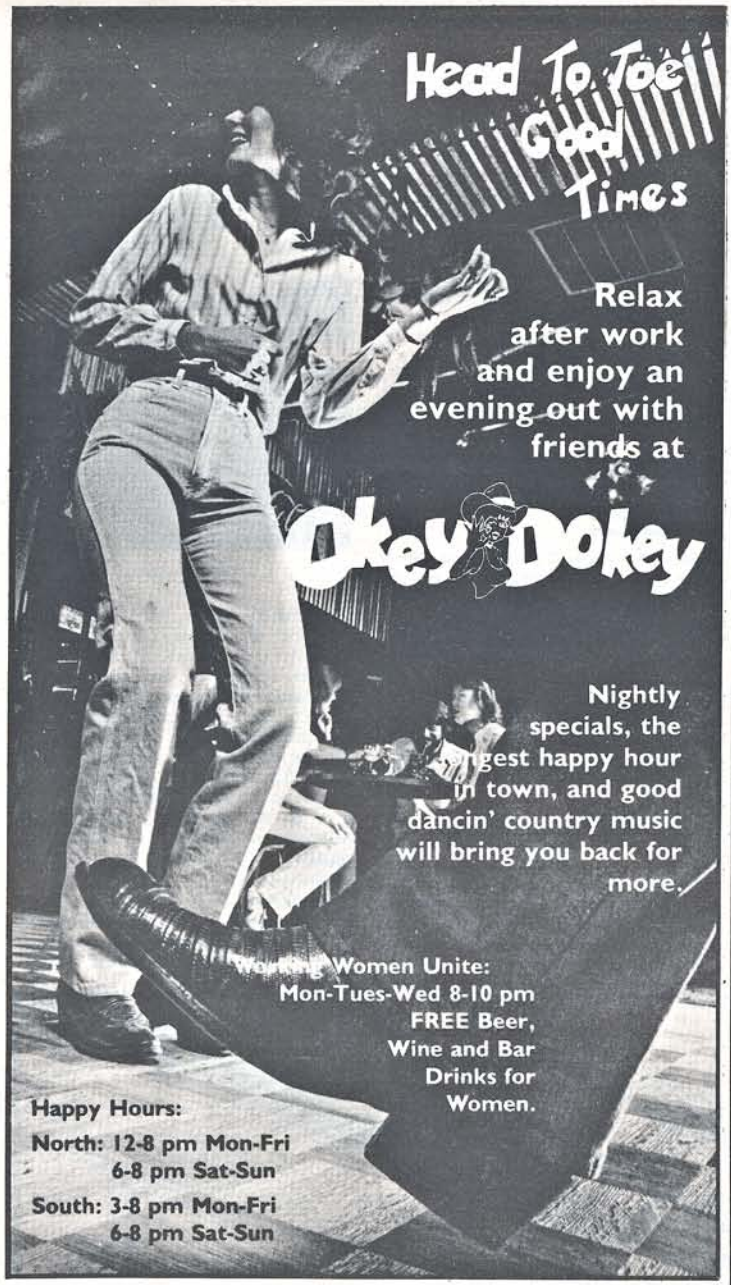


Maya Angelou

Among the events still to come are a screening of *Greased Lightning* starring Richard Pryor on Feb. 21 at the Union Theater, a concert by the Preservation Hall Jazz Band at the Performing Arts Center on Feb. 27, and "Gospel Extravaganza" featuring a number of Austin area choirs on Feb. 28. The high point of the month, however, may well be a talk by Maya Angelou, author of *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* at 7 p.m. on Feb. 25 at the Student Union Ballroom. Angelou will be speaking on "equal rights, politics and the role of black culture in society."

For information on these or any of the other events still to occur as part of the Black History Month program, call the Texas Union Program Office at 471-5651.





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Chronicles

So you think you know your body?

By Nick Barbaro

Austin's pretention to the role as the cultural mecca of Texas has always included an awareness of the human body in all its myriad and mysterious splendors. Health in Austin means more than Brackenridge and the family M.D. — the city supports an astounding number of legitimate massage parlors, yoga and meditation centers, midwives, chiropractors an other businesses on the fringe of the medical community.

And it looks like medical science is finally catching up to popular medicine. In the past 10 years, research has repeatedly proved the value of techniques that people still think of as flaky or mystical: acupuncture, hypnosis, meditation, bio-feedback, float tanks, the list goes on and on. The human body is simply more sophisticated than the current state of medical science.

If you want to learn more about your body, check out "Awakening to Health," a major annual health conference Feb. 19-21 at the Texas Union at U.T., sponsored by the Austin Area Holistic Health Association. There will be workshops and presentations on massage, hypnotherapy, bioenergy, yoga, herbal first aid and alternative childbirthing, among other things, and entertainment by Bobby Bridger Saturday night.

Registration begins at 6 p.m. Friday, Feb. 19 at the Union, or call 476-8125 for more information.

Gardening dos and don'ts for the neophyte

We here at The Austin Chronicle *spend an inordinate amount of time inside, so it's heartening to know that there are people out there who still enjoy the pleasures of the great outdoors —even if it is only in their own backyards. Eleanor McKinney of Austin Community Gardens has kindly given us some advice on what to do in the yard, just in case you manage to get out there. These gardening tips are mainly for the beginner, not the seasoned gardeners among you. But we feel sure that there are enough pale-skinned, sedentary types out there who will benefit from her advice.*

By Eleanor McKinney

Attention, all aspiring organic gardeners: now is the time to shake off those winter doldrums and get in shape for those tasty treats from the garden. There's still plenty of time to do some planning and preparation for the weeks ahead.

If you've never gardened before, do a site evaluation before the actual work begins. Take a look at the area you want to plant. Does it get full sun at least six hours a day? Are there some places which have shade part of the day? Look up the light requirements of different plants to determine the best place for them to grow. Do you have a fence which could be used to train cucumbers or pole beans? Do some spots have richer soil than others? These areas would be good for vegetables which like a lot of fertilizer, such as corn, squash, or beans.

Next, plan your garden on paper. Draw a diagram of the area and fill in which plants you want to grow. This is a good time to consult a chart on companion planting so you can have an idea of which plants grow well next to each other. For instance, cucumbers and sunflowers grow well together; but beans and onions, forget it.

Now you're ready to get out there and do some basic hard work. Either use a tiller to break up the soil or work the soil with a few hand tools like a digging fork or spade. You might want to try raised beds this year — and if you don't know what that is, there's a good book by John Seymour called *The Self-Sufficient Gardener* which can get you started.

After you dig and shape your beds, turn in as much organic matter as you can — compost, leaves, grass clippings or sawdust. Of course, you'll also need to add some nitrogen in the form of manure. Plants use up nitrogen every season so you have to give them a continual supply.

Finally you're ready to plant. Late February is the time to plant seed potatoes in rich, well-drained beds. It's also time to sow seeds for cool weather crops such as peas, beets, chard, spinach, lettuce and carrots. You can even set out transplants of onions, broccoli, cauliflower and cabbage. For herbs you can plant seeds for parsley, dill, chervil, coriander, and caraway.

After March 15—the average late frost date in Austin—you can plant just about anything. Be sure to plant something new along with the old favorites.

If you don't have a place to garden, give Austin Community Gardens a call at 458-2009. They have spring garden plots for rent and a tool co-op for those who want to join.

Happy gardening!

Men's Music: the word is out

By Louis Black

The most exciting *movements* that have occurred in the area of popular music in recent years have been those attempts by people to essentially take the music back from the giant corporate monoliths. Punk gleefully asserted that rock'n'roll was as much energy and attitude as musicianship and that anyone could be in a band. Rap music not only extended generations-old traditions of black culture (such as scat singing, testifying and toasting) into today's pop but as a form it demands audience participation.

Those two forms received a lot more press coverage than other similar ones, though it's hard to tell whether this was because of entertainment standards or because the others were potentially more dangerous politically.

One of the most important of these is Women's Music, mainly available on small independent labels owned and operated by women, especially Olivia Records in California.

Most recently a Men's Music has begun to emerge. Blackberri, one of the leading figures in this new movement, will perform in Austin at Hogg Auditorium on Friday, Feb. 26 at 8 p.m. The concert, sponsored by UT Law Students for Human Rights, is a benefit to help pay off the $15,000 debt incurred by Citizens for a United Austin during the recent fair housing election.

Blackberri has been a working musician for most of his adult life as a member of everything from gospel groups to hard rock bands. He has played at clubs and bars all over North America, some of his music was used in the film **The Word Is Out**, and he has appeared on albums and tape. A San Francisco-based singer/songwriter/guitarist, Blackberri is also, according to one reviewer, "...a gay black man and a political activist whose music and ideology are inseparable from one another."

House Favorites

Doing It Right

So you're walking down 6th Street bluesed out of your mind. You've got three dollars in your pocket, an empty belly, and you're surrounded by these places that want $1.75 for a beer and $3.95 for a burger. So you walk into a semi-greasy place called **Brook's**(418 E. 6th), order a beer and a big bowl of delicious beef stew (served with 6 half slices of white bread — hot sauce optional) and a beer. Total bill? $2.65. You know you've scored.

— Steve Chaney

Gone Deli In The Sun Belt

At one point in time, when I was living in Boston, Mass., the main restaurant critic at one of the alternative weeklies began a quest for the best pastrami in town. Periodically, over the course of what seemed like years, he would devote his whole column to the pastrami sandwiches at one dive or another. This search was totally insane; if anything, it was even loonier than the one for the grail. Despite the existence of a number of ethnic neighborhoods, including a large Jewish community, there was no decent deli anywhere in Boston. What passed for pastrami there would, in any place else, be used either to poison rats, mend shoes or illustrate those horrid high school health lectures on what VD does to your body.

One would therefore logically assume that as sun-belt-pure a place as Austin would be even more barren. Happily, this is just not true as there are a number of places where you can find good deli. And there is even one place where one can get *great* deli. I know this may sound a little bit hard to believe, but the corned beef available at the deli counter at the **Wheatsville Co-op** (3101 Guadalupe) is, quite simply and in all honesty, the best I've ever had. My first encounter with it ended only when concerned friends, claiming it was for my own good, dragged me screaming from the room. Fantastically and vibrantly seasoned, this corned beef, even given our current President, is enough to make one a believer again. And the word I've heard is that the rest of the meats are equally as good. Now if only my heart and ever expanding stomach can take it.

—Louis Black

Well, if you move the highway...

Last issue we spent an unseemly amount of space raving about the wonders available at **Sam's Bar-B-Que** but then when we gave the address we managed to locate it several miles in the wrong direction. Just to set matters straight, not only is the barbeque pretty great, but they are open until sometime around 4 a.m. most evenings. The location, ah-hem, is at 2000 *East* 12th. There, now I think we got it right this time.

Something for Nothing

CONTEST RULES

Now that the holidays are behind us and the music poll is over, its time to reinstitute *Chronicle* contests. These will be appearing fairly regularly from now on.

1. Unless otherwise stated, only the winner of a contest will be notified either by phone or letter. Those who enter but do not win will receive no special notification of their status.

2. A person can only enter one contest in any given issue.

3. A person can only win a Chronicle contest every other issue (meaning that if you win a contest you are ineligible for any of the contests in the following issue, but you are eligible the issue after that).

4. In case of a tie, the winner will be picked by random drawing.

5. Please allow 7-10 days after the end of the contest to receive your prize.

6. We are always looking for prizes; if you would like to donate something please contact us at 473-8995.

THIS ISSUE'S CONTESTS:

A. We still have a few of those spectacular *Reds* posters left. The first five people to call 473-8995 between 4:15 and 4:30 p.m. on Wednesday, February 24 and tell us the first film that Warren Beatty produced will win one.

B. *Montenegro*, currently playing at the Varsity, is supposed to be a hot one. We will give passes good for two to the first three people to call 473-8995 between 5:00 and 5:10 on Wednesday, February 24 and name at least one other film by the same director.

RED HOT FOOD AND A BLUE PLATE SPECIAL.

Headliners East is now serving both for lunch. Indulge yourself in a fiesta of South of the border delights ranging from our hearty migas to spicy flautas de pollo. Or ask for our Blue Plate Special prepared fresh daily and guaranteed to be as delicious as anything from mama's kitchen. Food served daily from 11:30 to midnite Monday through Saturday.

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6TH ST. INNUENDO by Kandi

VIVE L'AMOUR. Especially on 6th Street where the bars and bistros feted sweethearts and sweeties in style Valentine's Day — **Driskill Bar 'N Grill, Wylie's,** and **Galleries Midi,** to name a few, all gave away flowers to the ladies. **Forbidden Fruits** and **Rainbow Works** had a run on hearts, hards and cards.

TALKIN' CRUDE HERE. **Vic's Opec Lounge**, the brainchild of **Wylie's** and 606 owners, **Vic & Ralph**, debuted Saturday nite in the warehouse space next to 606 with a packed house sambaing the nite away to the **Devil & Mr. Jones.** The future calls for monthly gigs and more as soon as the price per barrel drops.

ROLL OUT THE BARREL. For legendary duo **Alex Moore & Robert Shaw** tickling the ivories barrel-house style in a late March **Hotel California** gig promoted by longtime blooz aficionado **Steve Dean.**

35 MM DREAMS: At **Fred Hanna's Headlines East** as Dick Kooris' Texas & Pacific film company shot a bar scene spoof for the upcoming **Austin Addy Awards** to be held at the Paramount Theatre at the end of this month. Rumored to be in like Flynn for the next **Headliners East Big Shot Award** ex-County Commissioner **Ann Richards,** now running for State Treasurer.

KO ON 6th STREET. Pecan Street wheeler/dealer **Terry Boothe** and UT's **Dr. Terry Baylo** of the Adult Cardiovascular Fitness Program make plans for **Billy White's East 6th Gym** — complete with sweaty socks and jocks, health bar and no women allowed at this point. Owner **Terry Boothe** says the jury's still out on that issue.

KUDOS & CONGRATS to **Snaveley's & Jerome Shields** for showcasing the reunion of **Frummox:** read **Steve Fromholz/Dan McCrimmon** who haven't played together for 12 years since the release of their legendary LP "From Here to There".

THE CARRASCO NACHO? It's in the works says **The King's** former manager **Joe Nick Patoski.** The nacho to end all nachos was reputed to be debuting at **Rita's Cantina.** And Rita's is talking gigs with West Side San Antonio Sax genius **Frank "The Wild Jalapeno" Rodarte.** He's back in Austin and better than ever after a first gig at **Brooks' Home Cooked Foods.**

WHO ELSE WOULD TELL YOU ALL THIS? **Lone Star Studio's Bobby Earl Smith** to bring back the infamous **Los Rabies** in a farewell reunion gig at an as yet unannounced 6th Street Bistro. **The LeRoi Brothers** hot off opening gigs for **Delbert McClinton** at **Club Foot** to open for **Joe King Carrasco** in New York. US Olympic Cycling Team to race a course down 6th end of March — what are they in training for? An Olympic Drink-A-Thon???

Til next time — keep reelin' and rockin'.



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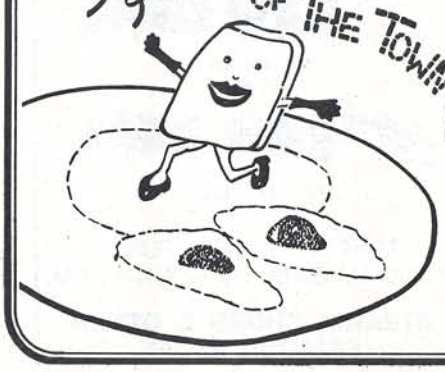
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WAISTLINES

Petaluma Pete

Crescent City recipes

Catching Lakeview seafood

It looked like a hit squad. The Boss and Big Lou were standing in my doorway, and they looked like they meant business.

"We want to talk to you," said The Boss. "Yeah," Big Lou chimed in. "Let's go out to dinner." Looks like they meant it about the restaurant review, I thought, but a protest was in order. "I'm still on my diet," I cautioned. "That's okay," said The Boss. "You can eat seafood."

I sure can, and I have been. Seafood isn't as much of a folly in Central Texas as it might seem, you know. The gulf of Mexico is only a few hours' drive away, and fishermen in both San Pedro, California and Gloucester, Massachussetts with the miracle of aviation, get their catch to Austin in less time than, say, the Gloucester guys can get it to Hartford, Connecticut. And seafood 12 hours out of the ocean is plenty fresh.

Still, aviation is, as those things go, a relative newcomer to the Texas scene, and a tradition of seafood-cooking hasn't sprung up here like it has on the coasts, obviously. Thus, the Texas seafood chef tends to wrap his fish (usually of the cat-variety) in a batter and deep-fry it. And, on fish whose flavor isn't so delicate as to be destroyed by the process, it can be a wonderful taste: there is nothing like sweet catfish enveloped by cornmeal with some cayenne in it fried until golden. Even clams and oysters, carefully prepared, can be transformed. After all, a Bostoner named Howard Johnson built an empire on fried clams.

Still, the diet says no breaded, fried fish, so we had to seek out someplace where I could get grilled or sauteed food. We pulled up at the Lakeview Cafe, 3800 Lake Austin Boulevard, and I was skeptical right off the bat: it looked like a fern bar. Inside (once we got there: you have to go all the way around to the back), I saw that it *was* a fern-bar but one with a good-smelling kitchen attached. Okay, I thought, I'll do this.

The waitress was amazingly forthright, informing us that yes, there was snapper, grilled, but she wouldn't touch it herself, at least not tonight's snapper. The Boss found fried cheese on the menu, and started grinning. We ordered.

"What we want to talk to you about is the restaurant issue, which is coming up soon," The Boss said. "We want you to help us find The Best of everything in Austin, fancy and ordinary, common and exotic." My half-dozen oysters arrived. Big Lou made a face. Would you believe that some people don't like raw oysters? "We're going to cover hamburgers, tacos, steaks, Mexican specialties — the works. Can we count on your help?" Sure, I said, as the waitress plunked down our salads. Mine was a spinach salad covered with strips of super-sharp cheese, apples, cabbage, and a nice tart dressing. The boss didn't make out as well: his blue-cheese dressing was clearly commercial.

I started telling him about what I thought was the best taco in Austin. Big Lou, who hadn't had anything to eat yet, was looking uncomfortable. The Boss was munching on his fried cheese, bars of mozzarella (string cheese) covered in a batter and fried. It was fried a little dark, and in the breading could be discerned the taste of the fried fishies with whom it had shared oil. Big Lou was crunching the ice in his Coke.

Finally the entrees arrived. Mine was the redundant "shrimp scampi," eight or so of the little suckers lined up, butterflied, sauteed with not quite enough garlic, and covered with a light dusting of breadcrumbs and browned. Big Lou had barbequed shrimp, which sure weren't the barbequed shrimp they eat in new Orleans: more like shrimp *en brochette*, with green pepper, onion, bacon, and a fine mysterious dipping sauce made up of bacon drippings, lemon, maybe white wine . . . But The Boss didn't have as good luck: his fried catfish (which I'd been told was the joint's *piece de resistance* had that same too-brown breading the fried cheese had had. Not that it was bad, and there was plenty of it, but it could have been a bit better if it hadn't been fried too long, and if the breading didn't have a fish taste of its own.

"Pretty good," I said, as we declined dessert. "I'll come here again after the diet. But I wonder where the best catfish in Austin is?" "Maybe we can find out by the restaurant issue," The Boss said.

Maybe, but I still want to give you a recipe, because the 23rd is Mardi Gras, and a friend of mine came in from New Orleans with a whole bunch of groceries for me: Zip Poor Boy Bread, Zatarain's mustard, Dixie Beer, *boudin blanc*, and a small pack of Camellia red kidneys: classic red beans. And, on the package, a classic Red Beans & Rice recipe for those of you who celebrate Mardi Gras. I've Peted it up just a hair, but this cheap, hearty, nutritious, traditional Monday washday meal will soften the blow if you aren't actually in the Crescent City, and you can feed all your friends for just over two bucks.

RED BEANS AND RICE

1 lb. red kidney beans
½ lb. ham or "seasoning meat," ie, ham hocks, bacon ends
8-10 cups water
1 large onion, chopped
5-8 cloves garlic, chopped
2 ribs celery, chopped
2 Tablespoons parsley, chopped
1 large bay leaf
½ teaspoon cayenne
salt to taste
rice

1. Rinse and sort the beans, eliminating odd-colored ones, stones, unmentionables, etc.

2. Render the meat in a heavy pot or kettle. Set the meat aside, and saute the onion, garlic, parsley, and celery in the fat.

3. Add the meat, bay leaf, cayenne, salt, beans and water. Bring to a boil, lower heat, and simmer gently for 1½ to 2 hours, stirring occasionally, and adding water if necessary.

4. Cook some rice, and, to serve, lay the rice on a plate, scoop plenty of beans over it, maybe dust a little parsley on top, and *laissez les bon temps roulez!*

On Stage

The Return of the Ritz

By Sidney Brammer

Sometimes I feel there's nothing more exciting than a group of people about to embark on a creative entertainment project. Who doesn't thrill to the old Andy Hardy movies when Mickey Rooney grabs Judy Garland and says "I got it! We've got a band! We've got a place! Let's get the gang together and do a show!!"? Of course, the real life rub comes when entrepreneurs have to ask themselves "do we have the *money*? Do we have the *talent*?" and, in the final analysis, "do we have an *audience*?" It is these questions and their experiential answers that nip so many theatre projects in the bud or cause them to crash and burn within a year or so of their advent.

There are two groups about to take that giant risk this spring: Esther's Follies are moving from their original home (Esther's Pool) to the recently resurrected Ritz Theatre (formerly Center Stage); and Michel Jaroschy (former managing director of the defunct Gaslight Theatre) has obtained a city contract to reopen the Gaslight under a new name, Capitol City Playhouse. Ironically, both of these undertakings have been made possible by the untimely death of Center Stage Theatre. Esther's has taken over the space at 320 E. 6th St.; Capitol City has taken over the $8,000 City building utilization money that Center Stage used to get in exchange for producing city-funded projects (much like the Paramount exchange, but on a smaller scale). Though I'm sure the egos and personalities involved would hardly agree, it seems somehow appropriate that the ruins of one theatrical undertaking should be picked up and recycled by two new ones. That's what the theatre ritual is all about: striking the old show and using the old materials for a new dream. If Austin theatre people could resolve some of their age-old difference, perhaps they would see it that way.



Anyhow, Esther's Shannon Sedwick plans to kick off the opening of the Follies' new stomping ground with a fundraising Mardi Gras Ball (co-sponsored by the *Austin Chronicle*) titled *Puttin' Back the Ritz*, on Feb. 23rd, Fat Tuesday, from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m., $5 general admission, free beer, crawdads, and Ritz crackers while they last. Entertainment will be provided by the Follies, the Uranium Savages, Ponty Bone and the Squeezetones, One Half Chicken to Go, and Del Durango and Never Never. Proceeds will go to the Ritz renovation team, a group of artists and designers who are currently restoring the Ritz to its former art deco movie house splendor (which hopefully will be an improvement over both the Armadillo acoustic foam vomit look it had as the Ritz, and the chi-chi artsy-fartsy look it had as Center Stage). The forestage has been torn out to provide a dance floor and a back wall has been removed, though not in time for Valentine's night. The Ritz will be used for Follies/Savages performances, movie festivals, concerts, and possibly other kinds of performance space for new groups starting out from scratch.



Photo Courtesy of Austin Travis County Collection.

Over on W. 4th St., Managing Director Michel Jaroschy has high hopes for the Capitol City Playhouse. With the possible enlistment of Lee Duran as Artistic Director, and a Board which so far includes businessman Joe R. Sharp, former Metro Theatre owner Tom Bullard, critic John Bustin, Martha Koock and Tillie Katz, Jaroschy plans a seven-month stint as a city-projects playhouse, during which time private funds will be raised for Capital City Playhouse productions to begin next year. Six weeks of every major season will be devoted to co-producing the city showcases, and the rest of the time will be for Capitol City projects: major productions, a new play festival (following a state-wide search for new works by Texas playwrights), a new play workshop in conjunction with Mona Fultz and the Storefront Studio, classes in technical theatre and acting, & co-productions with other groups like Black Artists' Alliance and the Deborah Hay Dance Company. Jaroschy hopes to have activities going on in the theatre seven days a week, 24 hours a day. Capitol City is currently accepting resumes from designers, directors, technicians, and actors (contact Michel Jaroschy, 472-2966); those interested in participating on the Board of Directors or involving themselves in the financial end of things should contact Joe Sharp, 476-7028. Future productions may include Lee Duran's much-awaited *West Side Story* and another opera directed by Jess Walters.

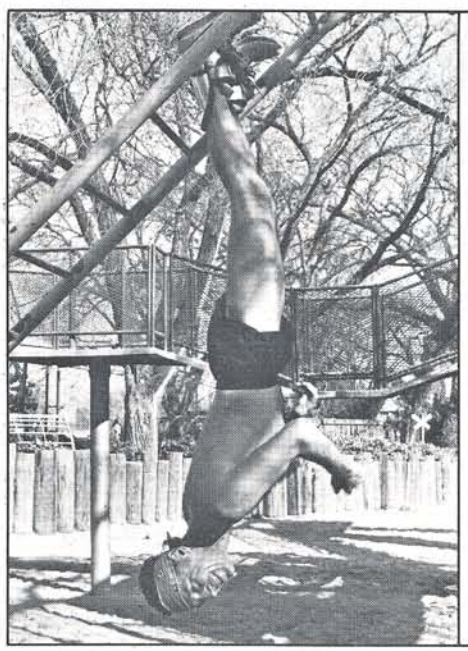
Will Esther's Follies survive the big move from a 100-seat house to a 500+ hall? Will the old Pool be able to hang on to a semblance of clientele so that other groups can find the same success the Follies did there? Will the Capitol City Playhouse organization learn from the mistakes of the Gaslight, by providing a more organized, stable production process, and a more informed and enlightened selection of new plays and major productions? Will these new projects divest themselves of the energy-depleting backbiting and cozy clique limitations that have been the hallmark of so many past theatrical endeavors? Let's hope so . . . and let's hope that Austinites will support these theatres in their formative months in 1982.



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On Screen

Chelsea Girls, Vinyl, Loves of Ondine

Andy Warhol Silver Screen

By Marge Baumgarten and Ed Lowry

The cinematic event of the Austin season will be unfurling on the U.T. campus during the week of February 22-25, when three of the most fabled celluloid classics of the 1960s — unseen in these parts for a decade — play a very exclusive engagement. Products of the aluminum foil-covered, Eastside loft known in its heyday as the "factory," *Chelsea Girls, Vinyl* and *Loves of Ondine* mark the film-making crest of the 60s' chic-est superstar, the underground tycoon of passivity and the world's favorite pop artist, Andy Warhol.

About ten years ago, in a period of reclusiveness following an attempt to assassinate him by S.C.U.M.-activist Valarie Solanis, Warhol pulled all his films from distribution. Since then, the only "Warhol" films available have been those made by his associates — primarily Paul Morrissey, who directed *Trash, Women in Revolt* and the ultra-violent, 3-D *Frankenstein*, among others. Some of the Warhol flavor remains in Morrissey's early work; but the real Warhol films are mostly known as descriptions in textbooks.

Back in the early 1960s, Andy Warhol's silk-screens of Campbell's soup cans set the critical establishment on its ear with a new, super-cool concept of art, tailored to a mass-production, consumer society. Turning his talents to celluloid, Warhol once again made the medium the message: in 1963 a 6-hour film of a man sleeping, followed the next year by an 8-hour film of the Empire State Building doing nothing. By the mid-60s, his films actually seemed to be leaning toward some sort of narrative — but one constructed by the people in front of the camera, which stood by impassively recording the raps and the psychodramas. Once again, Warhol's art was the epitome of consumer-democracy: everybody's a star.

The superstars who talked and posed before Warhol's camera were transvestites, artists, speed-freaks, rock singers, fugitives, hustlers and hangers-on — all part of the "factory" family, thrust into the limelight by Warhol. Among them were Warhol's assistants Gerard Malanga and Brigid Polk, filmmaker Marie Mencken, the Velvet Underground's Nico, *Rock and Roll High School* principal Mary Woronov, physique model Joe Dallesandro and factory-made celebrities with names like Viva, International Velvet, Ingrid Superstar and Ondine.

It's thanks to Ondine, who has his own prints of *Chelsea Girls, Vinyl* and *Loves of Ondine* and Warhol's permission to show them, that these avant-garde rarities will be playing at CinemaTexas. And Ondine himself will be on-hand to supervise all four screenings.

The *piece de resistance* of the series is the epic *Chelsea Girls* (1966), which proved to be Warhol's commercial breakthrough. It turned into such an underground blockbuster that *Variety* even began to list its box-office grosses. Projected on two screens at once, *Chelsea Girls* consists of seven hours of footage, which the dual projection brings to a total running time of about three hours and forty minutes — as some fans like to point out, the same length as *Gone with the Wind*.

Each of the twelve reels of film corresponds to the goings-on in one room of New York's Chelsea Hotel, thus providing



Superstar Ondine



On the set of Chelsea Girls: *Everybody's a star*



The many faces of Andy Warhol

the framework for the simultaneous projection. In the spirit of Warhol's mechanical arbitrariness, eight of the reels are in color and four are black-and-white. Each consists of an entirely unedited thirty-five minutes in which various "factory" personalities talk or act out sketchy vignettes. Their only instructions from Warhol were to remain within the frame and to occupy the time in whatever way they chose.

Chelsea Girls' simultaneous projection, its rejection of editing and its stationary camera propel the viewer toward a heightened awareness of the conventions of perception, narrative, time and tolerance. For the superstars, these techniques spawn a new kind of screen presence as each is forced to establish a kind of personal relationship with the camera.

For these reasons, the "Pope Ondine" episode is the most celebrated segment in *Chelsea Girls*. Playing Pope, Ondine listens and responds to the confessions of his flock. When a woman penitent tells him she can't confess to him because he is a phony, her accusation prompts a violent rage from Ondine, who attacks her until she flees the room. Enraged and hysterical, Ondine is unable to regain his composure and asks for the film to be stopped; but the camera refuses, and bit by bit, Ondine returns to his movie persona.

Vinyl (1965), made the year before *Chelsea Girls* claims to be the first screen adaptation of Anthony Burgess' *A Clockwork Orange*. Focusing on the story's theme of the sexuality of violence, *Vinyl* provides the perfect Warholian blend of sado-masochism and comic amateurism. Although the film had a prepared script, Warhol thwarted any attempts for rehearsal, so that the actors in the film are left to read their lines from off-screen cue cards.

Providing ample instances of the wit and wisdom of superstar Ondine, and structured around dramatizations of his life, *Loves of Ondine* (1967) marks a new phase in Warhol's filmmaking — one that was cut short by the attempt on his life. Featuring the first screen appearance of superstar Viva, the movie's highlight is a nearly endless food fight among a large number of Spanish-American men in various stages of undress.

By popular demand, *Chelsea Girls* will be shown three times: Monday, February 22 in Burdine Auditorium, and in Jester Auditorium on Tuesday, February 23 and Thursday, February 25. *Vinyl* and *Loves of Ondine* will be screened together one time only, on Wednesday night, February 24 in Batts Auditorium. All the screenings are at 7:00 p.m.

The *Austin Chronicle* is delighted to be co-sponsoring Ondine's visit and the screenings of Warhol's classics along with CinemaTexas.

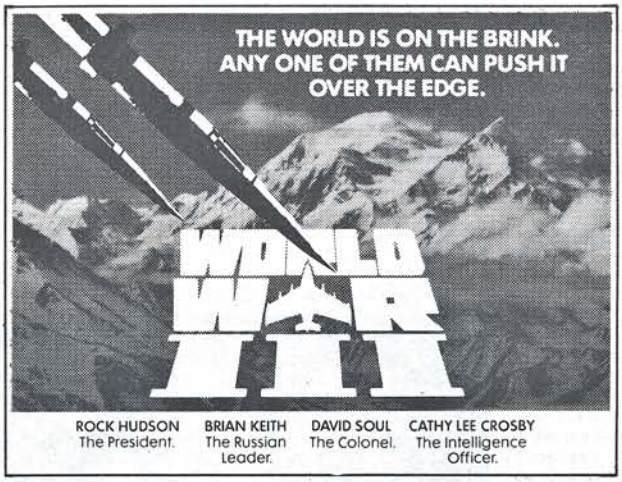
A-Bomb from NBC

Selling Us the End of the World

By Steve Fore

I knew NBC's bluntly-titled *World War III* was a must-see proposition as soon as I saw a teaser/promo a full two weeks in advance of the broadcast of this two part made-for-TV miniseries.

I was intrigued because this ad was the first genuinely obscene thing I'd ever seen on television. It was an attempt to sell nuclear holocaust—the end of the world—to the mass audience as "The Ultimate Human Drama." Granted, the death of mankind could be construed as a tough sell by the Mad Ave folks; but to promote it as another *Towering Inferno*-ish disaster epic constituted a fairly outrageous trivialization and misrepresentation of the issues involved.



Granted, the death of mankind might be construed as a tough sell for the Mad Ave folks, but to promote it as another Towering Inferno*-ish disaster epic ...*

Too, *World War III's* cast—washed up Hollywood types and familiar faces from the TV-only ghetto—seemed to peg this as a run-of-the-mill, schlock melodrama: Rock Hudson a President of the United States (egad!), David Soul (a not-bad actor permanently stigmatized by *Starsky and Hutch*), Cathy Lee Crosby (current contender for the most obnoxious TV persona, now that Suzanne Somers has priced herself out of the market), and Brian Keith (who makes five stinkers for every good movie or TV show he's in). On the face of it, then, this program had the potential to be one of those rare finds—an unrepentently, irredeemably and (perhaps even) transcendentally repulsive viewing experience.

As is too often the case with hypes of this kind, though, *World War III*, the TV movie, turned out to be far less inflamatory than its promo blurbs. It was fascinating and sort of disgusting, but in ways that were surprisingly more subtle and complex than I had expected.

The film's scenario is this: in the not-too-distant future, the Cold War (so recently brought out of mothballs) is proceeding apace. The Russians are still in Afghanistan and (gulp!) Poland; the Americans have reinstated the grain embargo against the Soviet Union (Hudson as President McKenna talks of "the mistake we made in removing it in '81") with apparently devastating effect: they're having food riots in Leningrad. In desperation, certain high Russian officials decide to sneak a crack KGB-led commando platoon into Alaska to seize the U.S.'s main oil pipeline, thereby acquiring the means of blackmailing the Americans into ending the grain embargo. Significantly, Brian Keith's Soviet Party Secretary Gorny has not been let in on this plan; that is he is no cold-fish communist bureaucrat who would go along with the KGB's mad scheme is telegraphed in an early scene showing Gorny relating to his adolescent son in a folksy, John Walton sort of way.

As luck (all bad) would have it, the only American troops in the vicinity of the Russian invasion force are two units (about 30 men) of vastly inexperienced National Guardsmen, one of which is almost immediately massacred to the last man by the Russians. There will be no reinforcements, since the Soviets have shrewdly moved their combat team in just ahead of a huge snowstorm which effectively immobilizes American and air and ground forces. The remaining troops are left in the hands of Col. Jake Caffey (Soul), a rugged individualist in an organization man's Army who has just been sent to Alaska for his sins. Also on hand is intelligence officer Kate Something-or-Other (Crosby), Caffey's old flame. The *de rigeur From Here to Eternity* scene is trotted through with merciful economy. At a cocktail party, Jake and Kate discover they still have the hots for each other "Still tough and raunchy, aren't you?," Jake leers admiringly, as Crosby (with the full complicity of the telefilm's all male creative crew) undulates through that peculiar rendition of the "new" woman which equates liberation with nymphomania.

As it turns out, this is *World War III's* last extended capitulation to interpersonal schmaltz. The rest of the film is devoted to more global concerns — the widening gyre of truculence, arrogance, stupidity, and escalation leading finally to nuclear destruction. Shifting between parallel narratives in Alaska—where Caffey, Kate and the Guardsmen defend the pipeline in a series of brutal skirmishes, the blood from bullet wounds contrasting nicely with their white winter uniforms—and the command centers in Washington and Moscow. The denoument is plenty bleak: Caffey and Kate and all the American soldiers are killed, Gorny is assassinated by the KGB, and after a roundelay of we-know-that-they-know-that-we-know anti-logic, both sides push the button.

So what do we have here? Is *World War III* truly a TV movie which (to quote *TV Guide's* "Closeup") "makes a telling antiwar statement with disturbing objectivity"? Not hardly, since what this movie finally tells us is that, if there is a nuclear holocust, it won't be America's fault. (Some consolation.)

This skewed point of view is the result of several deliberate narrative strategies. Rock Hudson plays the President as a myth-laden, eighth-grade history textbook combination of FDR and Harry Truman—a sophisticated yet folksily friendly, downright decent man. Brian Keith's Gorny is simply a Soviet echo of Hudson, which sets him up as the perfect foil for the KGB, the true villains of the piece. It is the KGB which sets the doomsday machine in motion; its functionaries are uniformly cold, bloodless, bureaucratic pragmatists; and they push the button first, almost with a shrug, seemingly in a snit of (literally) terminal cynicism. And, while most of the invading Russian soldiers are throwbacks to the '50s cold war archetype of the Russkie as a faceless killer, the American National Guardsmen are peach-fuzzy refugees from *Guadalcanal Diary*.

In a particularly grotesque generic cross-reference, the Russians, like a band of marauding Apaches, ruthlessly massacre an elderly American couple (read: settlers) in their own log cabin. Meanwhile, the American platoon—purportedly all-Eskimo—wiped out at the beginning of the movie marches into the fatal ambush heartily singing "Oh Susannah" like a troop of Boy Scouts. I kept looking around for Mickey Rooney in a Smokey the Bear hat.

This is "disturbing objectivity"? To the contrary, *World War III* stacks the deck so heavily in America's favor that it becomes both a sop for liberal misanthropes and an object lesson for right-wing nuts.

What is more, the program's emotionally wrenching climax inadvertently clashed somewhat surrealistically with the structural conventions of commercial television. The movie seems to end with a five-second shot of a lovely sunset symbolizing the end of mankind, then suddenly—BLAM—the world ends, not with an explosion, a firestorm or a fade to white *a la Dr. Strangelove*, but with a Selsun Blue commercial. Even this apparently total narrative rupture carried bizarre iconic echoes: the Selsun Blue logo resembles a mushroom cloud.

Ultimately, *World War III's* impact was enervated and its message cheapened by a combination of overly formulaic storytelling, a reluctance to take any thematic (political) risks, and the syntactical demands of commercial television itself. Most tragically, though, it simply never communicated (or attempted to do so) *why* the course of events it depicts must never happen. It failed, that is, to give any sense of the horror and enormity of being a witness to the end of a world. Our world.

(NOTE: For a temperate yet quietly impassioned discussion of this last point, I would refer the reader to Jonathan Schell's chronicle of a generation of nuclear dementia, currently unfolding in the *New Yorker*.).



WE STAY ON TOP OF THE NEWS. SKY CAM.

KVUE-TV

Ireland's U2

Breaking barriers with Christ and rock

By Margaret Moser
With Alice Berry and E.A. Srere

It was chilly outside Saturday night, but inside the Opry House the Irish band U2 had worked themselves and their audience into a sweat. With a group spirit rarely seen in larger concert halls, Austin rejoiced with the four young men from Dublin. Chronicle *staffers spoke before the show with bassist Adam Clayton and lead singer/songwriter Bono Hewson.*

CHRONICLE: *On the last tour you mentioned a compilation album of American groups you liked. Whatever happened with that?*

HEWSON: When we were on tour of the U.S. we found, as we used to find in Ireland, that there would be a lot of U.S. bands imitating European bands, just as European bands used to imitate U.S. bands. When you found a U.S. band that had its own identity and was just beginning, we always took notice. But we're only thinking about the album. We're playing with the idea, you might say.



U2's Bono Hewson gets down.

CLAYTON: We've also been very busy, and haven't had any time to do it. When we got back from America the last time, we went and recorded *October*. After that, we went out on British and American tour, then did the first half of this American tour. We got home for Christmas, and here we are again.

HEWSON: With that kind of schedule, you either take off some time to do personal projects, or you leave out half of Europe.

CHRONICLE: *How has* October *been received?*

HEWSON: I think it's fourth album of the year in *NME*.

CHRONICLE: *You also placed two albums* (Boy, October) *in this year's* Village Voice *poll, so you really are a critics' favorite.*

HEWSON: Well, we are and we aren't. Sometimes a critic — a person that has their ear to the ground — is often *aware* of what we're doing, because they're one step ahead of the posse. Because they're aware, an understanding of what we're doing follows. We've just had a lot of acclaim, but there are others who just want to go away at the sight of us.

CHRONICLE: *But you've never been* reviled *in print.*

HEWSON: I'm sure it will happen someday. We've gotta be thankful for the sort of reception we've had in the press, because it's an important way to get across to the public.

CHRONICLE: *I've seen your lyrics attacked as being simplistic.*

HEWSON: All my lyrics are autobiographical. If writing about myself isn't important enough, that's really a blow to the ego. But I find that writing about myself and the things that affect me is the only honest way I have of communicating, rather than writing about issues, like Northern Ireland.

CHRONICLE: *I think that what makes an artist popular is people being able to share the experience of the lyrics. That's why I dislike musicians who claim that what they sing isn't important, because that's simply not true.*

CLAYTON: I think the essence of communication is simplistic anyway. You must be able to cross racial, class and age barriers, and to do that you must approach people emotionally, not intellectually. Emotions are very complex things, but the triggers of emotions are quite simplistic. That's the way Bono approaches what he does.

CHRONICLE: *Your music is very emotional, and it strikes a chord in me.*

HEWSON: That's the most important thing you could say to me. That is success. That's communication, and it's all you really want. It sinks in, and takes on different forms — it's the trigger. If it affects you, good; if not, we're not the band you want. We don't believe in posing, we don't hide behind our haircuts. We don't stand in the shadows of the stage and stare at our feet. We try to approach the audience — like the last time we played Austin, it was a wonderful experience.

CHRONICLE: *I also saw you in Houston last year.*

HEWSON: Yes, we got a present from someone in the audience in Houston and we thought, "aren't these Houston people nice!" We opened it up and it was a pair of earplugs.

CHRONICLE: *I understand that your music is based on classical music.*



We're Irish and we're nonviolent.

Photos by David Sprague

HEWSON: What we do is very instinctive, and it's classical by nature, not by form. It's not like three-minute pop, but at the same time we don't like that big dinosaur "classic rock" tag. But, indeed, a tutor of ours tutored us in Renaissance music. He's teaching at NTSU in Denton now. A lot of people see the classical influence in our music, but it's no big deal, and it certainly isn't planned. I often find critics know much more about music than I do. I think John Lennon once said that he learned how he wrote songs by reading it from critics.

CHRONICLE: *I think that writers are jealous because they don't have that musical instinct.*

HEWSON: I think the best piece about U2 is a piece where *I* learn something about the band. It's their insight that I like. It's good because I don't write story songs that you hear once and then don't want to hear again. I use images — they spark off an atmosphere. The meaning of songs, since they took a long time to come out of me, just sinks into people and takes on different meanings for different people. I think that's good. We've also been accused of not being specific enough in our lyrics.

CHRONICLE: *It's specific enough for me, because I've been through a lot of the same things that you describe in your songs. It fits my different moods.*

HEWSON: It is an atmosphere. I listened to *October* after I hadn't listened to it for a while, and I was floored. I couldn't believe that I was part of the record. It made me feel very warm inside.

CHRONICLE: *I'm curious to know what "Gloria," in particular, is about.*

HEWSON: It's *not* about a girl.

CHRONICLE: *No, it's more like an incantation, or a Gregorian chant.*

HEWSON: You hit it on the button. I believe in God. I'm a spiritually oriented person. I *don't* consider myself a very religious person, in the cliched sense of the word. But I have a very strong belief in God, and I can't express that. And the song goes, "I *try* to sing this song," because I *can't* sing it. It ends up resorting to a Latin chant. That's how people have expressed it in the past.

CHRONICLE: *Is it difficult to express your feelings about religion because of the way people react to it?*

HEWSON: "Religion" is a word that people react to very negatively, probably for the right reasons. I come from a country where religion has cut the country in two, has set one ethnic group against another. Therefore, I've no time for religion. I think Jesus Christ can actually break down barriers. When I see barriers coming up in religion, that's when I worry. Also, in this country, there's some very right-wing connotations of religion.

CHRONICLE: *Like the Moral Majority.*

HEWSON: I don't want to judge them because I don't *know* them. My own impression is that they *seem* a right-wing group. But it's love that's the root of it all. Without love, what are we? Whatever amount of truth there is, without love or empathy, I've no time for it.

CHRONICLE: *But you must understand that you come across very differently from most Christians. I don't know if it's conscious or not, but you've sort of broken the mold.*

HEWSON: I've no time for molds of any sort. People who book us ask, "Are you a punk band?" We say, "don't call us a punk band or we'll spit in your eye!" I *hate* molds. The band is four people. We're U2; we want to be taken as U2. We believe that we have an originality in our sound and our approach. I think most people have got to be themselves. They shouldn't compromise what they believe to suit a mold.

CHRONICLE: *I don't like born-again Christians who feel that everyone around them must convert once they have.*

HEWSON: It just comes through love, really. Some have big mouths and can't shut up, and that's an indication of what's happening inside them. It can be distressing when you're on the other end, but I'm sure it's for the right reasons in them.

CHRONICLE: *You said earlier that you don't have time for the situation in Northern Ireland. Surely it must affect you in one way or the other.*

HEWSON: It affects me in that I fear divisive forces. But I have a deep belief in the people of my country, I have a great love for them. That's why we live there, and not in London or New York. We have strong roots there. That's why it was so difficult to leave this time. Whenever there's violence in a country, there's also a joy of sorts. We've played some of our best concerts in Belfast. They're really joyful people. Whenever they come to our concerts — Protestants, Catholics — they forget about the violence. It's a uniting force. That's the greatest thing about music. Music *breaks* barriers, it shouldn't make them.

Lightnin' Hopkins

1912-1982

By Al Buchanan

The blues community was saddened to learn that Sam "Lightnin' " Hopkins — singer, songwriter, and one of the few remaining old-time country blues musicians — lost his battle with cancer on Saturday, January 30. He was 69.

Born in the east Texas town of Centerville in 1912, Hopkins' love for music was influenced early on by Texas Alexander and Blind Lemon Jefferson. He teamed with singer Alexander from the late 1920s to the late 40s, playing streets and clubs throughout Texas.

His recording break came in 1947 when he worked with pianist Thunder Smith (hence the sobriquet, "Lightnin' ") and his older half-brother Joel, who taught Lightnin' how to play the guitar as a youth. From this point Hopkins went on to tour the U.S. and Europe in the fifties, sixties and seventies, developing a worldwide following for his high-pitched vocals and loose, gutsy guitar playing.

In 1962 he won Down Beat magazine's International Jazz Critics' Poll as New Star, Male Singer; the film "The Blues Accordin' to Lightnin' Hopkins" won the Gold Hugo Award of the Chicago Film Festival as best film documentary of 1970.

No one captured the essence of Hopkins better than Mack McCormick, in the liner notes of Tradition album TLP-1035:

"He is — in the finest sense of the word — a minstrel: a street-singing, improvising song maker born to the vast tradition of the blues. His only understanding of music is that it be as personal as a hushed conversation."

On Vinyl

Blazing 45s

The past few months have seen a bumper crop of local records of the seven-inch variety; foremost among the lot has to be D-Day's new 45. It represents a quantum jump musically from the band's debut, "Too Young To Date," which I always found to be more cute than substantial (no wonder it was such a big hit in LA).

"Right To Know" features neo-psychedelic guitar, an abundance of pop hooks and a punk-funk synthesizer line in one of the most promising local releases in quite some time. I'm glad to see that the Lolita syndrome was only a passing phase.

If the LeRoi Brothers were Brian Eno, they probably would have subtitled their new EP "Music For Parties." *Moon Twist* is precisely the kind of record that was meant to be played at full volume in a dimly-lit room filled with thick smoke and dancing bodies.

This is rock with a firm r&b foundation, for industrial-strength boogieing. The sound quality leaves a bit to be desired, but that's okay. All those dancing bodies in the room would tend to muddy the sound anyway.

The party continues with the Rattlecats' 45, which features crisper recording and an even higher energy level, owing more to rockabilly and mid-60s rock than to r&b. It's an auspicious vinyl debut, and a perfect companion piece to the Lerois' record. (No wonder they were released simultaneously). Major complaint: the sleeve doesn't include the Cats' exclamation-paw logo.

For me, the only record of the current lot that didn't exceed expectations was "Channel 19," which seems to make the late-60s mistake of equating a sparse arrangement and soft-edged vocals with spaciness. It's listenable enough, but not particularly memorable.

— *Aleriyn Weitano*



RATTLECATS "Run My Life" (Scratched)
LEROI BROTHERS "Moon Twist" (Amazing)
MIKE RUNNELS "Channel 19" (Stress)
D-DAY "Right To Know" (Moment)

New releases

Specials splinter

By Drew Dillard

Life in the Ghost Town. Last fall we saw the split of the **Specials**, soon after their expertly-crafted and insightful single "Ghost Town" practically became the national anthem of riot-torn England. To counter the seriousness the Specials had slipped into, three members, **Terry Hall**, **Lynval Golding**, and **Neville Steples** formed the **Fun Boy Three** and released a single, "The Lunatics Have Taken Over the Asylum."

Since then, the remaining Specials have teamed with fellow 2-Tone artist and ex-**Bodysnatcher Rhoda** and released a single called "The Boiler" under the name **Rhoda with the Special A.K.A.** It is a controversial, terrifying, yet innovative song in which Rhoda narrates the events leading up to a rape, to background music reminiscent of "Ghost Town."

At the other end of the spectrum, the Fun Boy Three have now teamed up with the nothing-but-fun-and-frolic all-girl group, **Bananarama** to release a harmless, if not boring single "It Ain't What You Do, It's the Way That You Do It."

All this is taking place in England, of course; in America, Chrysalis will predictably be releasing "The Specials' Greatest Hits" in March.

Treat your feet to the beat that's neat. Salsa-disco-new romantic-rappers **Modern Romance** have just released their album *Adventures in Clubland* in the U.S. It's a long shot better than most American disco of the past few years, but still doesn't touch the work of **Kid Creole and the Coconuts** (who are one of Modern Romance's biggest influences.)

Other new American albums worth giving a spin are **Phil Collins Beat**'s *The Kids are the Same*, **Gun Club**'s *Fire of Love*, and **Simple Minds**' *Themes For Great Cities*, a greatest hits compilation subtitled *Definitive Collection 79-81*. This album is a must for any fan of European cerebral music.

Is this what they call Reaganomics? Two very excellent albums released in England as double albums are only going to come out as singles here in the States. Both the **Method Actors**' *Little Figures* (which features innovative, layered bass lines and steel drums under catchy lyrics) and **XTC**'s *English Settlement* will receive this shearing, in neither case benefiting the product.

Other domestic releases worth noting are **Human League**'s *Dare*, which has been the number one album in England for nearly two months, and **Japan**'s *Tin Drum*. The Japan album will feature three tracks, including "Gentlemen Take Polaroids," not found on the UK pressing, which will sacrifice two of its cuts in the transition.

Compilation fans will be interested in the new *Life in the European Theatre*, which features previously unreleased tracks by the **Clash**, the **Jam**, **Echo and the Bunnymen** and various other biggies. It's a charity album for various No Nuke organizations.

In a last-ditch effort to cram as many new releases into this column as possible here's the "best of the rest": **Dwight Twilley**, *Scuba Divers*; **Lou Reed**, *The Blue Mask*; **Poco**, *Cowboys and Englishmen*, **Loretta Lynn**, *I Lie*; **Gordon Lightfoot**, *Shadows*; **Smokey Robinson**, *Yes, It's You, Lady*; **UFO**, *Mechanix*; the **Oak Ridge Boys**, *Bobbie Sue*; and *Electric Rendezvous* by **Al DiMeola**, on which he gets some assistance from **Paco DeLucia**.

So, vinyl junkies, that should keep you fixed — for the next couple of weeks anyway. 'Till next time, happy listening.

MARVIN GAYE • THE TEMPTATIONS • TH
UPREMES • SMOKEY ROBINSON & TH
IRACLES • THE FOUR TOPS • STEV
ONDER • JR. WALKER & THE ALL-STAR
JIMMY R... LOU RAWLS
RETHA FRANK... MI TERRELL
LY & THE F... NE • JERR
...DELFON... ES • FRE
...OVEMENT... BROTHER
SISTER R... STAPL
INGERS • WAR • THE DRAMATICS
ACKIE MOORE • MEL & TIM • SPINNER
O'JAYS • HAROLD MELVIN & TH
LUENOTES • WILSON PICKETT
RIGHTER SIDE OF DARKNESS • ROBERT
LACK • TOWER OF POWER • THE MAI
GREDIENT • THE STYLISTICS • BILL
AUL • KIKI DEE BAND • ELTON JOHN
LAN O'DAY • WILLIAM DEVAUGHN
WEN McCRAE • BLOODSTONE • K.C.
HE SUNSHINE BAND • YVONNE ELLIMA
THE BAR KAYS • HOT • THE JACKSON
CURTIS MAYFIELD • FLOATERS
LADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS • B.B. KING
IALO • SKYLARK • KOOL & THE GANG
UFUS FEATURING CHAKA KHAN • BLU
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ARLTON • LABELLE • THE THRE
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MARILYN McCOO & BILLY DAVIS, JR.
OROTHY MOORE • THELMA HOUSTON
/ILD CHERRY • KATHY BARNES • EARTI
/IND & FIRE • THE EMOTIONS • BRICK
HE OHIO PLAYERS • VICKI SUE ROBINSO
THE FOUR SEASONS • BOZ SCAGGS
IAXINE NIGHTINGALE • BEE GEES
/ALTER MURPHY • POLLY BROWN • TH
UPREMES • SMOKEY ROBINSON & TH
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ACKSONS • THE COMMODORES • L
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Dr. John and Mac Rebennack: Together at Club Foot, Feb. 23

Dr. John is Mac Rebennack. Born and raised in New Orleans, Malcolm John Rebennack 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. This was just about the time that 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 a 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." The album is receiving enthusiastic reviews and so are Dr. John's public appearances. "He is currently working with a superb quintet." writes Mike Joyce of the **Washington Post** about a recent performance. "They provided lean, tasteful, aggressive backing . . . The addition of a tenor sax lent a soulful tinge to the music, but it was Dr. John himself, his voice a gravelly mix of southern drawl and Cajun jive, who focused the set in New Orleans. He pulled a surprisingly warm and human sound from his electric piano, particularly on the extended and delightfully syncopated 'Such a Night,' 'Iko, Iko' and 'Running in the Jungle were given similarly robust treatments. In the end, though, it was 'Tipitina,' a tribute to the late Professor Longhair, that captured the essence and tradition of Dr. John's music." Dr. John will be at Club Foot on February 23. So will Mac Rebennack.

Standing Waves; February 19

For the last six weeks, "Vertigo" by Standing Waves has been the number one selling record at Inner Sanctum, Austin's most storied record store. On Friday, February 19, and on Wednesday, March 2, Standing Waves will be at Club Foot.

X-spand-X: February 21 (W. H. Auden's Birthday—1907)

It's farewell to the drawing-room's civilized cry,
The professor's sensible whereto and why,
The frock-coated diplomat's social aplomb . . .
W. H. Auden
from "Danse Macabre"



CLUB FOOT: when you need to get away from it all

Charlie Musselwhite: Feb. 22

"Since my baby left me,
I've found a new place to dwell.
It's down at the end of Lonely Street
— that Heartbreak Hotel."
—**From "Heartbreak Hotel."**
On this date in 1956, with this song, Elvis Presley hit the U.S. charts for the first time.

"Blues says it might be bad, but by God it ain't gonna be bad long. I'm hanging in here for the term . . . Blues is a thing that'll take you through the world."
— Charlie Musselwhite

In 1956 Charlie Musselwhite was playing harmonica on the streets of Memphis, Tennessee. He was twelve years old. It was on June 17, of that same year that John Lennon and Paul McCartney first ran into each other in Liverpool. They were sixteen and fourteen; and "Heartbreak Hotel" had been number one on the Hit Parade for eight consecutive weeks. Reportedly, it was because Paul bore a vague resemblance to Elvis that John first noticed him. In 1962, The Beatles recorded their first single, "Love me do" and introduced the world to "the dry look." Charlie Musselwhite, in 1962, slicked his hair back, slipped into his dark glasses, slapped his harmonica into a suitcase, and moved to Chicago.

Today, after having courted the blues for more than two decades, Musselwhite is considered one of the world's greatest blues harpists. In Memphis he was tutored in the blues by Will Shade and Furry Lewis. In Chicago he played with Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, Sonny Boy Williamson, Little Walter, and Big Johhny Young. Charlie's current band includes Big Walter Shufflesworth (drums), Reynaldo Arvizu (sax and flute), Rob Kohn (piano), Bob Klein (bass), and Rick Welter (guitar). Like a well-tuned, hard-driving blues juggernaut, Musselwhite and his band are rolling toward Austin.

On February 22, you can experience the powerful eloquence of Charlie Musselwhite and his blues harmonica at Club Foot — two streets this side of Lonely Street and several milestones past Heartbreak Hotel.

RETRACING OUR STEPS

In the last issue, we mentioned that the Skunks' Jesse Sublett had written "Can't Get Loose" for Kathy Valentine. The tune he wrote for Kathy, when they both played with the Violators, was "Gimme Some."



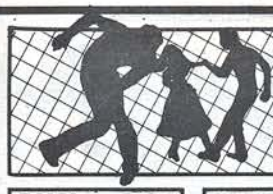
Leon Russell

From Tulsa to Bangladesh and back, to "Hank Wilson's Back" to Willie Nelson's side, Leon Russell has been just about everywhere and done everything with everyone. He first left his hometown of Tulsa to travel with Jerry Lee Lewis. In Los Angeles he worked with Phil Spector, Ike and Tina Turner, The Byrds, and Frank Sinatra. On the "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" tour he shared the spotlight with Joe Cocker. He harmonized with George Harrison and Bob Dylan at the "Concert for Bangladesh." Marc Benno collaborated with Russell in 1972 and then got "lost in Austin." In '73 Russell released a country album, "Hank Wilson's Back" and a couple of years ago he teamed up with Willie Nelson on the well-received double album, "One for the Road." On March 3, Leon Russell will fill Club Foot with his charismatic persona and the best of his road-tested tunes.



Celebrate Chopin's birthday with the John Hall Band

[Advertisement]



Club FOOT

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SUN. 2-21 X-SPAND-X Nasty Habits $1.99	**MON. 2-22** CHARLIE MUSSELWHITE $3.00	**TUE. 2-23** DR. JOHN The Octave Doctors $7.00	**WED. 2-24** LISA RHODES Take $1.99	**THU. 2-25** FLIPPER Big Boys $4.00	**FRI. 2-26** THE FABULOUS T-BIRDS $7.00	**SAT. 2-27** T-BIRDS James Anderson $7.00
SUN. 2-28 WOMMACK BROTHERS $1.99	**MON. 3-1** THE JOHN HALL BAND	**TUE. 3-2** STANDING WAVES $1.99	**WED. 3-3** LEON RUSSELL $9.00	**THU. 3-4** FLESHTONES RED ROCKERS $5.00	**FRI. 3-5** THE COLD Jitters $4.00	**SAT. 3-6** THE COLD The Take $4.00

FRI. 2-19
STANDING WAVES, Jitters
Max & Makeups
$3.00

SAT. 2-20
ROKY ERICKSON
Bats
$4.00

LISA RHODES RETURNS

On Wednesday, Feb. 24, Lisa Rhodes and her band return to Club Foot for the first time since they performed to a standing room only crowd at the D-Day record release celebration last month.



Photo by Michael Lyon



Photo by Carolyn Woolfork

THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS

"Right here in Austin, you've got one of the best harp players in the world — Kim Wilson of the Fabulous Thunderbirds." That's the opinion of Jerry Portnoy, for several years the harmonica player with Muddy Waters and currently touring with Pinetop Perkins and the Legendary Blues Band. Before a recent performance at Club Foot, Portnoy talked about his friendship with Kim Wilson and his respect for the Fabulous Thunderbirds as bluesmen. He told a story about being in Utrecht, Holland during a recent tour when he received an unexpected phone call. "It was Kim calling me from Austin, Texas just to say hello. I couldn't believe it." Kim and his fellow Thunderbirds, bassist Keith Ferguson, drummer Fran Christina, and guitar ace Jimmy Vaughan, are currently winding up a month-long east coast tour. They've recently played Baltimore, D.C., Raleigh, Atlanta, Birmingham, and Nashville, and in Richmond they opened for the J. Geils Band. On February 26 and 27, the Fabulous Thunderbirds are returning to Austin and Club Foot. Help us welcome them home.

Club Foot Welcomes The Cold

You've just survived the nastiest winter of the century. You've coped with freezing and flooding and bitter winds and now they tell you The Cold is coming to Austin. Don't worry about gathering firewood or running out to check the anti-freeze in your Gremlin because this Cold doesn't appear on any meteorologist's weather map. The Cold is the name of New Orleans' hottest and most energetic rock and roll band. After a recent show in Jackson, Mississippi, Richart Hart penned this enthusiastic review: "The Cold, the hottest thing to come out of New Orleans since Popeye's chicken crust, nearly fried the flash out of the neon at the Lamar Monday night with a loud, sharp rock and roll show . . . From the first chord of a cool, tough, upbeat version of Pet Clark's juke-box standard, 'Downtown' and Barbara Menendez' wild vocals and humanoid gyrations, the nearly 300 people with the savvy to struggle out on a Monday night were treated to a show and experience the likes of which this city hasn't seen in years . . . For pure danceable fun, The Cold was a sharp burst of fresh air." The Cold will be at Club Foot on March 5 (with the Jitters) and on March 6 (with the Take). Bring your picture I.D. and your dancing shoes, but leave your overcoat at home.



The Fleshtones

"1975: Marek Pakulski makes three dollars an hour innoculating sick fowl in a chicken farm in his home state of Maine. One weekend, he goes to New York to visit his close long-time friend Keith Steng. The two go bar-hopping with Keith's high school friends Peter Zaremba and Brian and Gordon Spaeth. Keith suggests that Marek move to New York. 'It took me about an hour to decide, and that was that,' says Marek." So begins the official Fleshtones press release biography. And the rest, of course, is history. Pakulski (bass), Streng (guitar), and Zaremba (harmonica) eventually formed a band and called themselves the Fleshtones. They attracted the favorable attention of Suicide's Alan Vega, **New York Rocker, Melody Maker,** and the **Village Voice,** added drummer Bill Milhizer to the band, appeared in the movie, URGH . . .", released the records "Up Front" and "Roman Gods", and gained an army of loyal fans. They will be playing with Red Rockers on March 4, at Club Foot.



Photo by David Sprague

NY's Fleshtones discuss Ovid's "Metamorphoses" in Club Foot's lavishly appointed backstage lounge.

Red Rockers

Red Rockers play unadorned punk rock. The band was formed in New Orleans in late 1979. After achieving a respectable modicum of success locally they moved to California where they ran into David Kahne (whose recent projects include Romeo Void's album, "It's a Condition") and Jello Biafra (lead singer of the Dead Kennedys). Biafra was attracted to the thrash and flail enthusiasm of Red Rockers so he performed with them on their Kahne-produced debut album, "Condition Red." In style, they're usually compared to bands like "Stiff Little Fingers", "DOA", or the early "Clash". Regarding content, Darren Hall, the bass player comments, "Our politics in our songs don't deal with, say, El Salvador. It's mainly like personal politics on our level, on a street level, stuff we have to deal with every day." on March 4, Red Rockers will be at Club Foot with the Fleshtones.

Coming Up:

3-15	Maria Muldaur
3-23	Mitch Ryder
3-30	Chubby Checker
4-5/4-6	James Brown
4-15	Carl Perkins
4-16	Albert King
5-4/5-5	B. B. King

[Advertisement]

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CALENDAR

Film

Prepared by Ed Lowry;
with Nick Barbaro, Louis Black and Martin Chait.
All listings are subject to change. Please consult the theatre or newspaper for correct times and playdates.
Ed Lowry and Louis Black can be heard reviewing films on KUT-FM.

RATINGS

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

First Runs

ARTHUR
D: Steve Gordon; with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, John Gielgud.
The funniest sleeper of 1980 is the longest running movie in town next to *Raiders*. Dudley Moore plays a rich lush (read: drunk) who meets an impetuously wacky, but surprisingly endearing Liza Minnelli. They fight, they fall in love, they're kept apart by an arranged marriage, and if you ever saw a screwball comedy, you can guess the outcome. But the real surprise is Gielgud as Moore's impeccably bitchy butler-and-best-friend who, against all odds, almost steals the show. A genuinely funny, good humored film which reminds us that, while money is really unimportant, it's still okay to be filthy rich.
★★★ (E.L.) Aquarius, Northcross

BARBAROSA
D: Fred Schepisi; with Willie Nelson, Gary Busey, Isela Vega, Gilbert Roland.
The legendary outlaw Barbarosa, played by Austin's-own Willie Nelson, is not only hunted by the law for his bank-robbing exploits, but also by his wife's family, who thinks the world would be a better place without him. On the run, he hooks up with a naive farm boy (Gary Busey), and the resulting gun-play and traditional Western action add up to what *Variety* calls "a wonderfully visual picture." Written and co-produced by another of Austin's own, Bill Wittliff (*Raggedy Man*), and directed by Fred Schepisi, the Australian talent responsible for *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith*, this film promises to be something special.
Not reviewed at presstime. (L.B.)
Capital Plaza, Mann Westgate

THE BEAST WITHIN
D: Philippe Mora; with Ronny Cox, Bibi Besch, Paul Clemens, Don Gordon.
It's 1964, and newlyweds Ronny Cox (*Deliverance, The Onion Field*) and Bibi Besch (*Hardcore*) are driving through rural Mississippi on their way home. When their car breaks down on a deserted road, they're attacked and Besch is raped. Recovering from the trauma, she discovers she is pregnant; but life continues as normal until 17 years later, when their son develops a mysterious illness. Made with a slightly bigger-than average budget, this horror movie boasts some fairly impressive credits, including three-time Emmy-winning cinematographer Jack L. Richards and producer Harvey Bernhard (*The Omen* trilogy, *If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium*). None of this would be worth getting excited about if the movie weren't being helmed by Philippe Mora, who directed *Mad Dog*, the most manic of recent Australian films, as well as a number of clever documentary hybrids like *Swastika* and *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?*.
Not reviewed at presstime. (L.B.)
Capital Plaza, Riverside

THE BOOGENS
D: James L. Conway; with Rebecca Balding, Fred McCarren.
The boogens are voracious little octopus creatures who live in an abandoned silver mine in Colorado. When the mine is reopened, they are unleashed on an unsuspecting public, which they regard as an appealing food supply. Supposedly, this film is a clear stand-out among the current glob and drip horror/monster movies, with ample shocks, excellent pacing and strong direction. It is even rumored to have an intelligent script. The boogens themselves are supposed to be as appealing as hell, in an odd sort of way.
Not reviewed at presstime (L.B.)
Aquarius, Northcross

THE BORDER
D: Tony Richardson; with Jack Nicholson, Warren Oates, Harvey Keitel, Valerie Perrine.
Nicholson gives his best performance in several years as a paunchy border patrolman in this bleak and brutal drama, shot mostly on location in El Paso. Disgusted by the corruption of fellow patrolmen Harvey Keitel and Warren Oates, who take money for allowing illegals to be brought across the border for cheap labor, Nicholson finds himself so financially pinched by a spendthrift wife (dumbly played by Valerie Perrine) that he too must get involved. But things take a radical turn when a Madonna-like Mexican woman Nicholson has befriended has her child stolen by Keitel's Mexican partner to be sold on the black market. *Deerhunter* screenwriter Deric Washburn provides the film with a hard-hitting, social-realist script perfectly suited to the talents of British director Tony Richardson (*Look Back in Anger, Tom Jones*).
★★★½ (M.C.) Highland Mall, Mann Westgate

CANNERY ROW
D: David Ward; with Nick Nolte, Debra Winger, Audra Lindley, Frank McRae, M. Emmet Walsh, Tom Mahoney.
Hollywood's adaptation of John Steinbeck's episodic novel about a bunch of low-lifes who hang out around the bars and canneries of Monterrey, California. Powerhouse Nick Nolte (*North Dallas Forty*) was first paired with Raquel Welch, who swore she was going to *act* this time; but somebody in the executive office didn't believe her, so she was replaced early in the production by Debra Winger. The cinematography is by Sven Nykvist, who shot all those Bergman films; and the film is narrated by that most Steinbeckian of Hollywood celebrities, John Huston. But it's hard to know what to expect from first-time writer-director David Ward — especially with the weight of a literary classic on his shoulders.
Not reviewed at presstime. (E.L.)
Village

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, Patrick Magee.
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 whatever movie David Lean made last. But, frankly, its story of two British 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 at least a decade. The two main characters are thoroughly one-dimensional, both driven to win foot races solely for the glories of their separate-but-equal religions. There are a few breathtaking running sequences and plenty of pomp and circumstance, not to mention some bit roles by such illustrious talents as Sir John Gielgud, Lindsay Anderson, Brad Davis, Dennis Christopher, and Patrick Magee. But, Academy Award nominations notwithstanding, the film is ultimately as pointless and transparent as Queen Victoria's Crystal Palace. Ostensibly, it 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

THE KIRLIAN WITNESS
D: Jonathan Sarno; with Nancy Snyder, Ted Leplat, Joel Colodner, Nancy Boykin.
This handsomely photographed, independent production is an odd combination of murder mystery and consciousness-raising about the psychic life of plants. When a spacy plant fanatic is killed on a rooftop, her sister becomes obsessed with finding out what happened from a plant that was at the scene of the crime. Using the technique of Kirlian photography, which reveals colored auras emitted by objects, and attaching a polygraph to the leaves of the plant, our heroine begins having plant-induced visions which lead her to some terrifying conclusions. Despite the absurdity of the premise — or perhaps because of it — the film turns out to be pretty intriguing.
★★½ (E.L.) Texas Union, Feb. 19-20

MAKING LOVE
See Recommended

MONTENEGRO
D: Dusan Makavejev; with Susan Anspach, Erland Josephson, Per Oscarsson, Patricia Gelin, Bora Todorovic.
This sultry, surreal comedy is the first film is seven years from the boldly experimental and bawdy Yugoslavian director Dusan Makavejev (*WR: Mysteries of the Organism, Sweet Movie*). Susan Anspach (*Five Easy Pieces; Play it Again, Sam*), playing the neurotic wife of Swedish businessman Erland Josephson (*Scenes from a Marriage*), falls in with a group of Yugoslavian "guest workers" while her husband is off in Brazil on business. Soon she is tagging along with them through the underbelly of Stockholm, hanging out at their sleazy, hole-in-the-wall night club, and making eyes at a hot number by the name of Montenegro. Touching on those topics of sexual freedom and Yugoslavia's strange relationship with the West, *Montenegro* is, according to its director,



RECOMMENDED

MAKING LOVE
D: Arthur Hiller; with Michael Ontkean, Kate Jackson, Harry Hamlin, Wendy Hiller, Arthur Hill.
Hollywood's long-awaited sympathetic treatment of a male homosexual relationship is something more than a gay *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*. Michael Ontkean (*Voices*) plays a successful young doctor coming to terms with his sexual identity at a point in life when such things are usually settled. Though he seems happily married to Kate Jackson (*Charlie's Angels*, the smart one), who's also successful as a network TV exec, we find him cruising the streets in his sports car and stopping in at gay bars for a drink. Always, at the crucial moment when he's approached by another man, he flees the scene — until he becomes friendly with one of his patients, a handsome gay novelist played by Harry Hamlin (*Clash of the Titans*). The movie gives not one hint that homosexuality is a tragedy, viewing it instead as a matter of self-acknowledgement made very difficult by a society where it's the ultimate taboo. (Witness the nervous laughter and catcalls during Ontkean's and Hamlin's love scene, from an audience that surely knew what they were paying to see.) Inevitably, Ontkean's gay affair shakes his marriage to Jackson, but it's finally treated with a sort of melancholy, post-*Annie Hall* acceptance. The actors not only play their parts with intelligence, but with great charm and even humor. Ontkean is especially appealing as the man coming out, never playing down to the part or around its emotional and sexual implications. Kate Jackson gives the kind of subtle, heartfelt performance that should confirm the suspicions that she can act; and Harry Hamlin manages to play gay without succumbing to stereotype. But the central strength of *Making Love* is its up-front, romantic and humane script by out-of-the-closet screenwriter Barry Sandler, who will no doubt catch flak from certain "hip" reviewers for being too sincere. For once, the bland direction of Arthur Hiller (*Love Story, The Hospital*) seems like an asset, following Sandler's script to the letter and neither avoiding the actualities of gay life, nor exploiting the bars and cruising spots for cheap thrills *a la Cruising, American Gigolo* or you-name-it. There's no denying this is a thoroughly middle-class, polite film; the characters seem to have no earthly concerns but their happiness; and Sandler's dialogue has a tendency to want to say everything at once, as when Ontkean blurts out to Jackson in a single breath at least six possible reasons for his homosexuality. But these criticisms are no more damning here than they were for such personal melodramas as *Kramer vs. Kramer* and *Ordinary People*. The bottom line is: *Making Love* is a tolerant, humanist film — and as Reagan's dark age grows darker, that makes it all the more welcome.
★★★½ (E.L.) Aquarius, Capital Plaza

dedicated to "the new invisible nation of Europe . . . 11 million immigrants and guest workers who moved north to exploit rich and prosperous people, bringing with them filthy habits, bad manners and the smell of garlic." Varsity

NIGHT CROSSING

D: Delbert Mann; with John Hurt, Jane Alexander, Glynnis O'Connor, Doug McKeon, Beau Bridges, Ian Bannen.

This ideologically-loaded, human-rights adventure film about two East German families who try to sail over the Iron Curtain in a hot-air balloon is another attempt by the Disney people to be taken seriously. But even if you're ready to accept *Swiss Family Robinson* in the context of the New Cold War, the stodgy direction of the stagey Delbert Mann (*Marty, Separate Tables*) may keep you from enjoying it.

Not reviewed at presstime. (E.L.)
Lakehills, Northcross

NIGHTMARE

D: Romano Scavolini; with Baird Stafford.

The story of a New York mental outpatient, plagued by dreams of bloodlust, is somehow involved with that of a "normal" Florida family, where Oedipal tensions reach horror-movie proportions. Supposedly a cut above the average psycho movie due to some doses of "real" psychology and an attitude that avoids blaming the victims for their victimization.

Not reviewed at presstime.
Northcross, opens Feb. 26

ON GOLDEN POND

D:Mark Rydell; with Henry Fonda, Katherine Hepburn, Jane Fonda, Doug McKeon, Dabney Coleman.

Next to *Reds*, this looks to be the big winner at the Oscars weenie roast this year, and not undeservedly so. Hepburn and the Fondas (*pere et fille*) are as exciting as their advance billing; and Ernest Thompson's script, based on his play about the interactions of an aging couple with their daughter and grandson, is telling, witty and (ugh) heartwarming, without getting overly sappy. *But*: Mark Rydell for best director? He's got a good shot at the Academy Award for a thoroughly mediocre piece of work. A film director has two tasks: to get good performances from his actors, and to make the visuals interesting and relevant. On the first count, no one could really believe that Rydell *directed* Kate Hepburn and Henry Fonda. They — and Jane — can obviously take care of themselves, and they do, romping around Golden Pond with no apparent guiding hand. On the second count, Rydell's idea of creative filmmaking is intermittent, lyrical nature-shots with bird noises that seem out of place anywhere but in a student film — scenes that add nothing to the film except an awkward way of getting from one set piece to the next. That aside, it's a nice, lovely and often moving film.

★★★ (N.B.) Mann Westgate, Village

RAGTIME

D: Milos Forman; with James Cagney, Brad Dourif, Mary Steenburgen, Howard E. Rollins, Elizabeth McGovern, Robert Jay, Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer.

Director Milos Foreman proves that he can get to the heart E.L. Doctorow's bestseller as well as he did with *Hair* and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. The major flaw of the film, however, is that, predictably, it is not as ambitious as the book. Like Doctorow's novel, Forman's film weaves a whole cultural tapestry of America at the turn of the century, intertwining the story of a fictional Family with real and imagined events from the lives of Stanford White, Eleanor Nesbitt and J.P. Morgan, among others. Gradually, however, the scope of the film narrows to focus almost entirely on the story of jazz pianist Coalhouse Walker Jr., a much-wronged victim of America's racial oppression, and his interactions with both the Family and a healthy percentage of the New York City Police Force. Despite its narrative eloquence, visual richness and thematic sophistication, *Ragtime* is far more a carefully crafted work within limited boundaries than any kind of vibrant aesthetic exploration.

★★★½ (L.B.) Village

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 is 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

REDS

D: Warren Beatty; with Warren Beatty, Diane Keaton, Jack Nicholson, Gene Hackman, Maûreen Stapleton, Jerzy Kosinski.

Don't expect any weighty political analysis from this epic romance based on the life of John Reed, journalist, revolutionary and author of the definitive account of the Soviet Revolution, *Ten Days That Shook the World*. Warren Beatty worked five years and spent some $40 million to bring this labor of love to the screen, but the outcome says far less about turn-of-the-century American socialism than it does about the romance of revolution. History is a mere backdrop for the passionate modern relationship of Reed and Louise Bryant, and their triangle with Eugene O'Neill (Jack Nicholson). But the final message of the movie is less political than universal: a condemnation of bureaucracy, dogmatism and all the forces which deny the individual his or her autonomy. It's just the story of a man and a woman, and a pretty good one at that — one which at least guarantees that you should bring along a handkerchief.

★★★ (E.L.) Americana



Cross-cultural surrealism in Dusan Makavejev's MONTENEGRO

Movie Guide

AMERICANA, 2200 Hancock Drive, 453-6641.
AQUARIUS 4 1500 S. Pleasant Valley Road, 444-3222.
AUSTIN 6, 521 Thompson, 385-5328.
CAPITAL PLAZA CINEMAS, I-35 at Cameron Road, 452-7646. June 5-18.
CINEMA WEST, 2130 S. Congress, 442-5719.
DOBIE SCREENS, Dobie Mall, Guadalupe and 21st, 477-1324
FIESTA DRIVE-IN, 1601 Montopolis, 385-1953.
FOX TRIPLEX, 7657 Airport Blvd., 454-2711.
HIGHLAND MALL CINEMAS, Highland Mall, 451-7326.
LAKEHILLS, 2428 Ben White, 444-0552.
MANN 3 WESTGATE, 4608 Westgate Blvd., 892-2775.
NORTHCROSS 6, Northcross Mall, Anderson Lane and Burnet Road, 454-5147.
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.

THE SEDUCTION

D: David Schmoeller; with Morgan Fairchild, Andrew Stevens, Michael Sarrazin, Vince Edwards.

A slicker than average, but sillier than usual movie about another TV newswoman pursued by a crazy fan. The heroine is Morgan Fairchild (*Flamingo Road*), who gives a remarkably wooden, unappealing performance, despite a lot of nudity; and her much-advertised "revenge" is as faltering and unsatisfying as her acting. As a nutso photographer, Andrew Stevens is, as someone remarks, "a handsome devil," and you're almost ready to care about his frustration, when suddenly the movie loses any thread of motivation or intelligibility. Director Schmoeller (*Tourist Trap*) is a UT graduate whose only homage to the Lone Star state is an opulent scene in an L.A. branch of Neiman-Marcus. He seems to have learned most of his licks from Hitchcock via DePalma, but without any understanding whatsoever of their sense.

★½ (E.L.) Aquarius, Northcross

SHOOT THE MOON

D: Alan Parker; with Albert Finney, Diane Keaton, Karen Allen, Peter Weller.

Some high-powered talent in front of and behind the camera make this story about the breakup of a modern marriage sound more interesting than it might. The superb Albert Finney (*Tom Jones, Wolfen*), who seems to be entering his Mannerist phase, plays a successful writer whose menopausal longings bring him to the brink of psychosis. As his wife, Diane Keaton suffers less than nobly, while Finney takes comfort in the arms of his young mistress, Karen Allen (*Raiders of the Lost Ark*). Although you may have seen it all before, it seems a fair bet that screenwriter Bo Goldman (*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, Melvin and Howard*) may have a new angle. And if not, director Alan Parker (*Midnight Express, Fame*) may be able to add a twist or two.

Not reviewed at presstime. (E.L.)
Highland Mall, Riverside

TAPS

D: Harold Becker; with George C. Scott, Timothy Hutton, Sean Penn, Ronny Cox, Tom Cruise.

The socio-cultural implications of this story of a group of West Point-bound cadets who arm themselves and cordon off their military academy in order to prevent the bureaucrats from tearing it down and building condos in its place are somewhat chilling. But, *Taps* is somehow gripping in its premise, convincing in its emotional tenor, flawless in its execution and complex in its ideology. Timothy Hutton plays the newly appointed cadet master who is left to make some tough decisions about preserving his alma mater, once the academy commander — a blustering father-figure played with aplomb by George C. Scott — is carted off to jail and then to the hospital. Questions of honor, commitment and the meaning of humanity arise in the context of an edge-of-your-seat game of brinksmanship, as the armed cadets face off the National Guard at the academy gates. The tension is dulled only slightly by some problems of credibility, the movie's idealization of military life, and its depiction of the townies as vicious lunatics. As the boy with the weight of the world on his shoulders, Hutton's emotional fine tuning is as perfect as it was in *Ordinary People*. Harold Becker, who directed the profoundly disturbing cop drama *The Onion Field*, here confirms his mastery of a neo-classical cinema, steeped in the sombreness of the new conservatism and presented with a visual symmetry that verges on obsession.

★★★½ (E.L.) Lakehills, Northcross

VICE SQUAD

D: Gary A. Sherman; with Season Hubley, Gary Swanson, Wings Hauser.

The newest movie from sleaze-exploitation director Gary Sherman (responsible for *Dead and Buried*, which has yet to open here, and the minor cult film *Raw Meat*) is centered on the activities of the L.A.P.D. vice squad and their interactions with a hooker with a heart, more or less, of gold (Season Hubley), who works the streets to support her daughter. The action heats up when a psycho goes on a spree of woman-killing. According to Bill Landis of *Sleazoid Express*, the reigning authority on such matters, the film "could have been very good if it was played either as complete exploitation or straight *film noir*. As it is, it's a half baked combination of both, executed in a blaringly, self-consciously garish manner, but with enough scenes that grab you as you begin to lose interest."

Not reviewed at presstime. (L.B.)
Riverside, opens Feb. 26

WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY?

D:John Badham; with Richard Dreyfuss, John Cassavetes and Christine Lathi.

Based on the Broadway play of the same title, this movie begins with sculptor Richard Dreyfuss losing the use of both his arms and legs in a car accident. Wanting to end his life, he is confronted by moral and philosophical resistance from friends and doctors. It's not the stuff of great cinema, but director John Badham (*Saturday Night Fever, Dracula*) somehow manages to pull it off without things getting too dull or too maudlin. He's helped a lot by some top-notch acting, by John Cassavetes as the head of the hospital, Bob Balaban as Dreyfuss' lawyer and Christine Lathi as a doctor with whom he becomes involved. Mugging and wisecracking his way through a fairly difficult role, Dreyfuss is almost a cinch for another Academy Award nomination.

★★★ (E.L.)
Fox Triplex, Lakehills

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.

ALTERED STATES (1980)

D: Ken Russell; with William Hurt, Charles Haid, Blair Brown.

Ken Russell's psychedelic rendition of Paddy Chayevsky's pseudo-scientific journey into man's chromosomal past was one of last year's greatest movie-going experiences and Russell's best film since *The Devils*, almost a decade earlier. Scientist William Hurt (*Body Heat*) uses everything from magic mushrooms to sensory deprivation tanks to get himself back to a primeval past, while destroying his health, his career and his family life. As his anthropologist wife, Blair Brown has as much trouble understanding their relationship as she does believing that her husband can alter his shape at will. And *Hill Street Blues'* Charles Haid is superbly cantankerous as Hurt's disbelieving colleague. Chayevsky hated what Russell did to his characteristically overwritten script; but the result is a movie where the break-neck intellectualizing creates exactly the proper frenzy for the plunge into some of the greatest psychedelic effects since *2001*. Some people contend that the conclusion is a big copout, though I can't see how anybody could think that love between anti-matter entities consititutes a happy ending.

(E.L.) Texas Union, March 3-4.

Andy Warhol Retrospective: CHELSEA GIRLS (1966), VINYL (1965), LOVES OF ONDINE (1967)

The cinematic event of the season offers the rare opportunity to see three of the celluloid milestones of the 1960s avant-garde.

CinemaTexas: *Chelsea Girls;* Feb. 22, 23, 25
Vinyl & Loves of Ondine, Feb. 24
(See On Screen, P. 8)

HOUSE OF WAX (1953)

D: Andre de Toth; with Vincent Price, Frank Lovejoy, Phyllis Kirk, Carolyn Jones.

The 3-D revival has led Warner Brothers to strike new prints of this 1950s classic, the first major studio feature in 3-D. A remake of the 1930s film *Mystery of the Wax Museum* (the source of Guy Juke's Raul's poster, which illegitimately sired a Ramones cover), *House of Wax* was made by cult director Andre de Toth (*Pitfall, Day of the Outlaw*), who, though blind in one eye, managed to turn out a visually rich film that takes full advantage of 3-D instead of relying simply on the novelty of the gimmick. Many claim this atmospheric thriller about a crazed wax sculptor (Vincent Price) who uses human victims in his work is the best 3-D film to date.

(L.B.) Aquarius, Northcross

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS (1932)

D: Edward Cline; with W.C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Andy Clyde, Ben Turpin, Hank Mann, Dickie Moore.

Herman Mankiewicz, the screenwriter of *Citizen Kane*, wrote the screenplay for this rarely-shown madcap masterpiece from the early 1930s. A frenetically-paced, non-stop barrage of outrage and nonsense, *Million Dollar Legs* features W.C. Fields as the President of Klopstokia, an unusually athletic nation, whose daughter is romanced by travelling brush salesman Jack Oakie. The plot involves this nation's entry in the 1932 Los Angeles Olympics, but along the way it features a marvelous and intentionally campy Mata Hari subplot, endless sight gags (by an all-star roster of silent film comedians, including cross-eyed Ben Turpin, Andy Clyde and Hank Mann), and "Woof Bloogle Jig," Klopstokia's mating song, which you may not understand, but you won't soon forget.

(L.B.) CinemaTexas, March 2

A SENSE OF LOSS (1973)

D: Marcel Ophuls; with Jack Lynch, Bernadette Devlin, William Craig, Ian Paisley.

Marcel Ophuls, son of the great Max Ophuls (*Lola Montes, Letter from an Unknown Woman*) and creator of the epic documentary exploration of France during and after the Nazi Occupation, *The Sorrow and the Pity*, turns his attention to the irreconcilable conflict in Northern Ireland. Suggesting the complexity of the situation, Ophuls' steers away from broad, ideological issues, turning his attention instead to the lives of those affected. As in *The Sorrow and the Pity*, Ophuls' interest here is, as he puts it, in "individual lives in collective happenings." The result is a powerful, poignant and disturbing film.

(E.L.) Texas Union, March 4

Retrospectives

BLACK HISTORY MONTH

Texas Union Afro-American Culture Committee. U.T. Campus, Jester Auditorium, 7:00 p.m. Admission $1.25

Sun., Feb. 21
Richard Pryor in GREASED LIGHTNING

CARNAVAL BRASILEIRO '82

U.T. Campus, Academic Center Aud., 7:30 p.m., Free

Mon., Feb. 22
BARRAVENTO (THE TURNING WIND) (1967)

Tue., Feb. 23
Glauber Rocha's BLACK GOD, WHITE DEVIL (1964)

Wed., Feb. 24
TERRA EM TRANSE (LAND IN ANGUISH) (1967)

Thu., Feb. 25
Glauber Rocha's ANTONIO DAS MORTES (1968)

Fri., Feb. 26
THE LION HAS SEVEN HEADS (1971)

CINEMATEXAS

University of Texas Campus, 471-1906. (All screenings in Jester Aud. unless otherwise noted.)

Mon., Feb. 22
John Ford's STAGECOACH (1939)
Andy Warhol's CHELSEA GIRLS (1966) with superstar Ondine in person
Co-Sponsored by the *Austin Chronicle* (Burdine Aud.) (See On Screen, p. 8)

Tue., Feb. 23
Andy Warhol's CHELSEA GIRLS (1966) with Ondine in person (Jester Aud.)

Wed., Feb. 24
Visconti's LA TERRA TREMA (1948)
Andy Warhol's VINYL (1965) & LOVES OF ONDINE (1967) with Ondine in person (Batts Aud.) (See On Screen, p. 8)

Thurs., Feb. 25
Andy Warhol's CHELSEA GIRLS (1966) with Ondine in person (Jester Aud.)

Mon., Mar. 1
Howard Hughes' THE OUTLAW (1943) with Jane Russell

Tue., Mar. 2
W. C. Fields in MILLION DOLLAR LEGS (1932)

Wed., Mar. 3
Federico Fellini's THE WHITE SHEIK (1952)
Rabid Anti-Communism: MY SON JOHN (1952) with Helen Hayes, Robert Walker (Batts Aud.)

Thurs., Mar. 4
The Marx Bros. in DUCK SOUP (1933)

THE HOTEL

407 E. 7th, 8:00 p.m.

Mon-Tue, Feb. 22-23
Austrian Underground Filmmaker Kurt Kren: Retrospective of 20 Years of Work

TEXAS UNION

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

Fri-Sat, Feb. 19-20
THE BLACK STALLION
Blake Edwards' S.O.B.
Robert Altman's M*A*S*H (1970)
Werner Herzog's AGUIRRE: THE WRATH OF GOD with Klaus Kinski (Batts Aud.)
The Psychic Potential of Plants: THE KIRLIAN WITNESS (1978) (Academic Center)
Buster Keaton's THE GENERAL (1926) (Academic Center)

Sun, Feb. 21
Gene Wilder in WILLIE WONKA AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY (1971)
SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS (1954)
AGUIRRE: THE WRATH OF GOD (Batts Aud.)

Mon., Feb. 22
Show-Biz Religion: MARJOE (1972) Documentary with Marjoe Gortner
WIFEMISTRESS (1972)
YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN

Tue., Feb. 23
A LITTLE ROMANCE (1979)
Nabokov's LAUGHTER IN THE DARK (1969)
Jan Kadar's THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET (1965)
YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN

Wed., Feb. 24
Monroe, Bacall and Grable learn HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE (1953)
Fay Wray in the Original KING KONG (1933)
YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN

Thurs., Feb. 25
Tennessee Williams & Elia Kazan: A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (1951) with Marlon Brando and Vivien Leigh
R. W. Fassbinder's EFFI BRIEST (1974)
YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN

Fri-Sat, Feb. 26-27
EYE OF THE NEEDLE (1981)
Bob Fosse's ALL THAT JAZZ (1980)
Bo Derek is Blake Edward's "10"
16th ANNUAL TOURNEE OF ANIMATION (Batts Aud.)
Werner Herzog's HEART OF GLASS (1976) (Batts. Aud.)
Peter O'Toole in THE RULING CLASS (1972) (Burdine Aud.)

Sun., Feb. 28
THE SOUND OF MUSIC (1965)
THE MAKING OF THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK (1980)
16th ANNUAL TOURNEE OF ANIMATION (Batts Aud.)
HEART OF GLASS (Batts Aud.)

Mon., Mar. 1
Mike Nichols' CATCH 22 (1970)
Roman Polanski's MACBETH (1972)
Dudley Moore in Stanley Donen's BEDAZZLED (1968)

Tue., Mar. 2
Anthony Quinn in ZORBA THE GREEK
Frank Capra's ARSENIC AND OLD LACE (1944)
BEDAZZLED

Wed., Mar. 3
Astaire & Rogers in THE GAY DIVORCEE (1934)
Fellini's AMARCORD (1974)
BEDAZZLED

Thurs., Mar. 4
Woody Allen's ANNIE HALL (1977)
Tragedy in Ireland: Marcel Ophuls' Documentary A SENSE OF LOSS (See Revivals)
BEDAZZLED

VARSITY

2402 Guadalupe, 474-4351.

Fri-Sat, Feb. 19-20
YELLOW SUBMARINE & A HISTORY OF THE BEATLES

Sun-Mon, Feb. 21-22
New German Cinema: Fassbinder's THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN & Schloendorff's THE TIN DRUM

Tue. Feb. 23
Double Camp: Richard Lester's THE RITZ (1976) & William Friedkin's THE BOYS IN THE BAND (1970)

Wed-Thurs. Feb. 24-25
Australian Film Festival: Nicholas Roeg's WALKABOUT (1971) & THE PICTURE SHOW MAN (1976)

Fri-Sat, Feb. 26-27
The Rolling Stones: Godard's SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL (1970) & Maysles Bros.' GIMME SHELTER (1970)

Sun-Tue, Feb. 28-Mar. 2
Peter O'Toole & Richard Burton in BECKET (1964)

Wed-Thurs, Mar. 3-4
Ken Russell's ALTERED STATES (1980) & TIME AFTER TIME (1979)

PROJECTIONS

Louis Black

Many of Hollywood's most prestigious releases, like *Reds* and *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, are almost consistently misjudged by both audiences and critics.

The prejudicial criteria responsible for this do not, as is generally assumed, emanate from either obscure critical standards or general audience taste. They derive from the films *themselves*, as they declare in every way possible, from ad campaigns to narrative tone, that they are aesthetically ambitious and culturally important.

Not just general audiences, but scholars and critics as well allow films to dictate the terms by which they are regarded. Thus **Reds**, a well-done, though overblown, melodramatic love story, manages to convince everyone that it is an epochal work of screen art.

This phenomenon is especially perplexing when you consider the genuine hostility towards critics for constantly "imposing" their taste upon others, while there is no similar reaction to these class-act films which insidiously dictate how high up in the inner circle of culture they should be located. But the truth of the matter is that for the most part critics willingly cooperate with the industry's pretenses.

For example, I just saw **Rocky Horror Picture Show** again and realized that, even though the film is no longer taken seriously in many circles because of its cult status, it is one of the few recent musicals evidencing any sense of style or visual intelligence. Next to it, the pacing, style and photography of such poorly executed works as **Zoot Suit** or **Grease** look as though they were done for a particularly grueling segment of TV's **Divorce Court.** Yet in the terms of high culture, **Rocky Horror** is considered, at best, only minor and unimpressive.

A recent letter attacked my taste because I like low budget exploitation films. Although it was obvious that the writer had seen few if any of the films he so vehemently dismissed, he felt he could still attack me for liking them. This is because he *knew* they were bad. How? Not by viewing them; but simply because, by the standards of dominant culture, it *is* unarguable that these films are the lowest form of commercial cinematic fodder and completely without merit.

To clarify this point, let me really soar off into space and suggest that the women's prison film **Black Mama, White Mama** is more interesting and politically challenging than such predictably liberal, socially myopic films as **Absence of Malice** and **Coming Home.** The instant reaction to this statement will quite probably be extremely negative. The very idea, first, of comparing these films, and then, of finding the former a better work is almost unthinkable. Even though you have probably never seen **Black Mama, White Mama**, you know it can't be that good. How?

My point here has nothing to do with the truth of the above statement, but with the cultural baggage we carry with us that enables us to judge a work sight unseen.

★ ★ ★

Recently, *Chronicle* staffer Nina Nichols and I spent a pleasant morning talking with actor Paul Clemens, in town to promote **The Beast Within**, a new horror film in which he has the title role. The son of actress Eleanor Parker, Clemens has established an impressive track record in television, played a major role in Jerome Hellman's critically acclaimed but commercially disappointing **Promises in the Dark**, and narrowly missed getting both the Michael O'Keefe role in **The Great Santini** and the Timothy Hutton role in **Ordinary People.**

"**The Beast Within** was quite a departure from anything I've done," he told us. "I do like good horror films. I have certain favorites such as **The Haunting** by Robert Wise, the original **Cat People**, the original **Invasion of the Body Snatchers**, **The Exorcist**. I like so many of them; there are a lot of very good ones.

"I don't care for the body count films, however, except for **Halloween**, which was done with style. I don't usually like that genre at all where you just have a maniac going around eliminating teenagers in a speedy and very explicit fashion. I think that the best that were ever made were the ones that were completely camp: **Dr. Phibes**, and **Theater of Blood**, which was marvelous. Those are terrific; they don't take themselves seriously, and the ways in which Vincent Price kills people are absolutely outrageous. They are bloody, but they are ridiculous."

Clemens then cheerfully revealed that he was very young when he "became obsessed with monsters. I saw **House On Haunted Hill.** Big mistake. I was terrified, and when that woman came out of the closet with the white hair I went right through the ceiling. At four years old, you're not quite prepared for that; all I'd seen was **Bambi.** This was something different. I was really scared, but that sort of engendered in me an obsession."

Thus, when he was offered the role in **The Beast Within**, "Naturally it was sort of like a dream come true. I'd always wanted to do one really good part in a horror movie, a classy horror movie."

The extent that Clemens is a fan as well as a talented actor was brought home when someone mentioned that **Texas Chainsaw Massacre**-star Ed Neal lives in Austin. **Chainsaw**, it turns out, is one of Clemens' favorite films and he particularly loves Neal's totally disquieting virtuoso performance. A meeting between them was easily arranged, and it soon spiraled off into hysterical verbal schtick, with both of them quoting large chunks of the film's dialogue verbatim. Every so often it is nice to be reminded that some people make movies, not because it is hip or lucrative, but simply because they love it.



THE BEAST WITHIN: Actor Paul Clemens' dream come true

IN ONE EAR

Margaret Moser



B-52s scan the skies.

Mick Jagger really was here in Austin last week, with **Jerri Hall**. Other than their appearances around town, they kept a low profile during their stay here. Though I can't reveal any details, I can tell you that this isn't the first time he's been here, nor will it be the last...

Actually, the **Rank and File** deal with Slash isn't inked... yet. They are on their way to San Francisco to finish their album, but will be making a trip to LA to play a date with the great **Blasters**. LA, you know, is where Slash records is located, and word is that **Carlyne Majer**, who manages **Marcia Ball** and the **Savages**, is the one who is representing them out there.

X-Spand-X has been picked up by Republic Records, a new label here in town, the same company that will be putting out the **Skunks** album. I know X-Spand-X will do well in the studio and I hear that the Skunks recordings are killer.

Is the Concert Of The Year going to be the **B-52s** with the **Judys** at the Coliseum, or the **Police** with the **Go-Gos** and **Joe "King" Carrasco** at the Erwin Center? It's too early to tell, so you are advised to see both... By the way, the Go-Gos' album just entered the top ten, the first debut album to do so since **Christopher Cross** almost two years ago...

Miss Lou Ann's much-heralded debut album is out and what an album it is! From **Jerry Wexler**'s famous touch to the oh-so-sexy photo on front, it's a winner. I dearly love "Stop These Teardrops" and am convinced that's **Jimmie Vaughan** of the **Fabulous Thunderbirds** doing some of his pickin' right behind her. Miss Lou Ann put in a guest appearance with the **Legendary Blues Band** at Club Foot on Monday the 8th. Now if only **Angela Strehli** would get this kind of deal, too...

I got a chance to hear a four-song tape by the **Lift** and loved it. I've always regarded them as an excellent band, but this tape is so good, I hope they consider putting it out on vinyl. (That's a hint, guys.) I'm quite taken with what a fine songwriter bassist **David Cardwell** has developed into, and if I don't mention what a good drummer **Billy Mansell** is, he'll never speak to me again. Now if I leave out **Michael Ramos** *he'll* get mad. And avove all, I think **Jon Dee** is one of the best guitarists in Texas — and I'm very indebted to him for helping me move.

Max and the Makeups drummer **Mike Alvarez** pointed out that they did *not* used to be the **Ray-vons**. I assumed that since three of them were the Ray-vons that was the case, but he says not so. So there you are, Makeups, free and clear.

Delbert McClinton's Thursday show at Club Foot held a few surprises for the audience, when who should appear but **Rusty Weir** and **Willie Nelson**! Well worth the $9 ticket price, I should think..

I also hear that **Patrick Keel** is producing a practice tape for **Max & the Makeups**. Keel is doing a show with the **Phoenix Dance Troupe** at Studio 29 on the 19th and 20th, and solo at the California Hotel on the 26th.

Dan Del Santo is off to New York for some dates at the Lone Star Cafe. His LP *Life in the Big City* is still getting good mention as it gets around, and is now being distributed by Jem...

The song by the **Take** that you may have heard on their ads isn't available on vinyl, though they've been doing some practice tapes. There's a rumor going around that they may get picked for a rather lucrative touring offer...

D-Day will be off to California about the time you read this to play some dates promoting their new release "Right To Know." Among the places they'll be there will be the Whiskey, and I expect they will go over quite well since they have their strongest radio support out there.

Best rumor of the week: that **Jim Ramsey** of the Touring Company has got the **Clash** tour for Texas in June. I also hear that he's been feeling out the possibliity of bringing LA comedian **Pee Wee Herman** (the best, really!) to town and has been getting negative feedback!! For shame, Austin, once you've seen **Captain Carl** and **Miss Yvonne**, you'll never be the same. If you didn't see him on HBO, you may remember him from *Cheech & Chong's Next Movie* or the recent **Steve Martin** special.



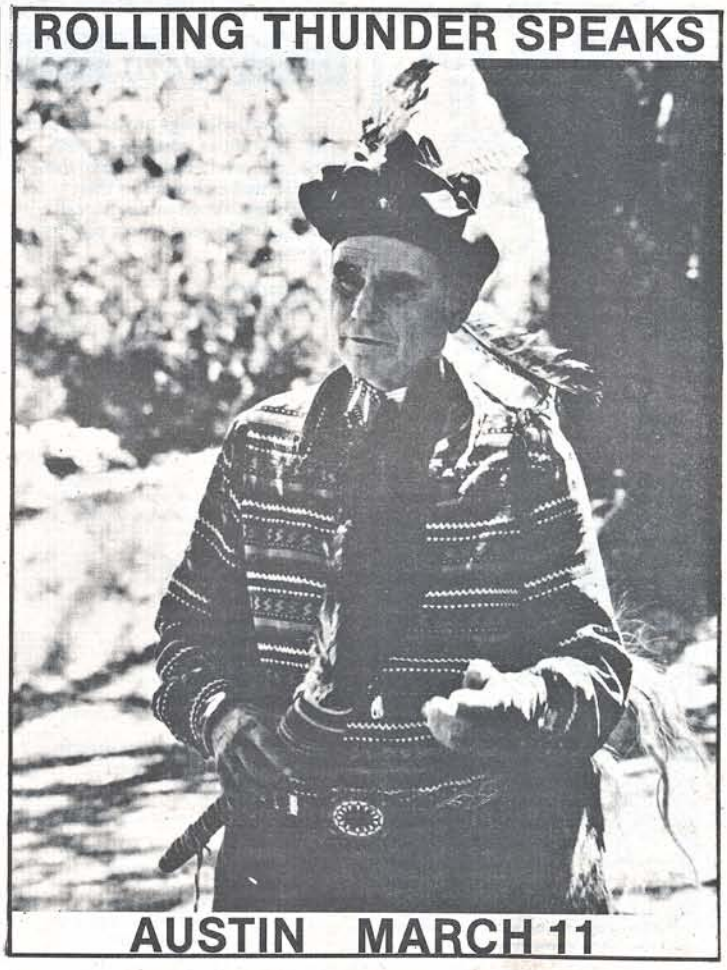
Miss Lou Ann Barton, looking sexy.

More about the wonderul **U2** concert elsewhere in the issue, but something should be said about **Standing Waves**' excellent opening and the debut of **Cevin Cathell** (ex-**Radio Planets**, **Sapphires**), who is always good, and her new band **Network**. Cevin has obviously had vocal training, and her lovely voice is always refreshing to hear.

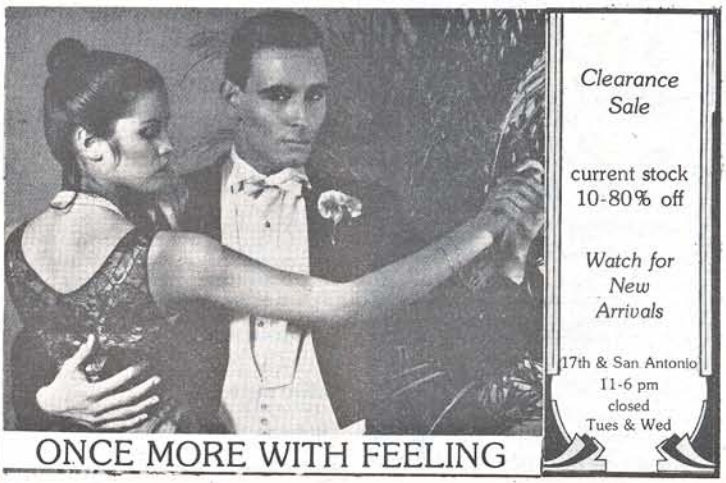
The Silver Dollar is expanding their audience appeal a little by booking a larger variety of bands. They've started out on the right foot certainly with the **Rank and File**/-**Joe Ely** show last weekend. I barely had enough time to make it there from the gala opening at Smitty's that night. (More on the Smitty's opening in the upcoming restaurant issue).

Confidential to the All Night Party Man: your mother wears combat boots.

Got a tip? Got some info? got a question? Call me at 473-8995.







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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 MIDTOWN
2915 Guadalupe, 477-9114
FRI 19 Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble, Omar & the Howlers
SAT 20 Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble, Blues Boy Hubbard
MON 22 Austin All Stars
TUE 23 Pressure
WED 24 Cobras
THU 25 Lotions
FRI 26 Little Queenie & the Percolators
SAT 27 Little Queenie & the Percolators
SUN 28 Barton Creek Benefit, Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble
MON 1 Austin All Stars
TUE 2 Pressure
WED 3 Beto y Los Fairlanes

ALEXANDER'S
7711 Brodie, 282-9135.
FRI 19 Hub Caps

AUSTEX LOUNGE
1920 S. Congress, 444-9088.
FRI 19 Angela Strehli Band
SAT 20 Angela Strehli Band
SUN 21 J. D. and the Jammers, Austex All Stars
MON 22 Ponty Bone & the Squeeztones
TUE 23 Randall C. Banks & the Groovemasters
WED 24 Dollar Short
THU 25 T. Texas Tommy & his Precious Little Darlings
FRI 26 Tex Thomas & his Danglin Wranglers
SAT 27 Randall C. Banks & the Groovemasters
SUN 28 J. D. & the Jammers, Austex All Stars
MON 1 Ponty Bone & the Squeezetones
TUE 2 Randall C. Banks & the Groovemasters
THU 4 Cody Hubach

AUSTIN OUTHOUSE
3510 Guadalupe, 451-2266
FRI 19 LeRoi Brothers
SAT 20 Rock A Dials
SUN 21 Dave Schiedel
MON 22 Commotion
TUE 23 Mark Luke Daniels
WED 24 The Make
THU 25 Purely Physical
FRI 26 Revolvers
SAT 27 Gordee Headlee Band
TUE 2 John Casner

THE BACK ROOM
2015 E. Riverside, 441-4677.
FRI 19 Dan & Dave
SAT 20 Revolvers
SUN 21 W.C. Clark
MON 22 Lewis & the Legends
TUE 23 Jet
WED 24 Dr. Patterson Barrett & Associates
THU 17 Morris Code
FRI 26 Dan & Dave
SUN 28 W. C. Clark Blues Band

BALBOA CAFE
501 E. 6th, 476-5184
SUN 21 Austin Baroque Soloists (afternoon), Bop Cats
MON 22 Bop Cats
TUE 23 Bop Cats
THU 24 Bop Cats

BROKEN SPOKE
3101 S. Lamar, 442-6189.
FRI 19 Bert Rivera & the Nightriders
SAT 20 Al Dressen & Pleasant Valley Boys
WED 24 Alvin Crow & Pleasant Valley Boys
FRI 26 Mesquite
SAT 27 Roadrunners
WED 3 Alvin Crow & Pleasant Valley Boys

CACTUS CAFE
24th & Guadalupe, 471-5651
FRI 19 Jerry and Nancy Stevens
SAT 20 Mark Luke Daniels
THU 25 Jeff Haese & Andy Carrington
FRI 26 Jerry and Nancy Stevens, Peter Beck
SUN 27 Michell Dedman, Peter Williams

CALIFORNIA HOTEL
407 E. 7th, 472-1332
FRI 26 Patrick Keel and the Pool

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

CHEATHAM STREET WAREHOUSE
1 Cheatham Street, San Marcos, 392-9298

CHELSEA STREET PUB
Highland Mall, 459-9986
FRI 19 Harlequin
SAT 20 Harlequin
MON 1 Leroy Parnell (through Thur., Mar. 4)

CHELSEA STREET PUB
Barton Creek Mall
FRI 19 Rising Star
SAT 20 Rising Star
MON 22 Harlequin (through Sat., Feb. 27)
MON 1 Rising Star (through Thur., Mar. 4)

CHELSEA STREET PUB
Northcross Mall, 454-6434
FRI 19 Driving Sideways
SAT 20 Driving Sideways
MON 1 Southern Star (through Thur., Mar. 4)

CLUB FOOT
110 E. 4th, 472-4345.
FRI 19 Standing Waves, Jitters, Max & the Makeups
SAT 20 Roky Erickson, Bats
SUN 21 X-Spand-X, Nasty Habits
MON 22 Charlie Musselwhite
TUE 23 Dr. John, Octave Doctors
WED 24 Lisa Rhodes, Take
THU 25 Flipper, Big Boys
FRI 26 Fabulous Thunderbirds
SAT 27 Fab T-Birds, James Anderson
SUN 28 Wommack Brothers Band
MON 1 John Hall Band
TUE 2 Standing Waves
WED 3 Leon Russell
THU 4 Fleshtones, Red Rockers

CONTINENTAL CLUB
1315 S. Congress, 442-9904.
FRI 19 Brave Combo
SAT 20 Jitters, Uh-Uhs
SUN 21 Lewis & the Legends
MON 22 Angela Strehli Band
TUE 23 Major Burke
WED 24 Doug Sahm, Augie Meyers and the Westside Horns
THU 25 Bats, Cartoons
FRI 26 LeRoi Brothers, Explosives
SAT 27 Lift, Jacks
SUN 28 Lewis and the Legends
TUE 2 W. C. Clark Blues Revue
WED 3 Tex Thomas and His Danglin' Wranglers
THU 4 Stephen Doster and Sicssors

COPA'S
1112 W. Sixth, 476-9963.
FRI 19 Passenger
SAT 20 Suzie Stern, The Austin Jazz All Stars
SUN 21 Boyd and Fegan
TUE 23 Ponty Bone & the Squeezetones
WED 24 Cheezmoschmaltz
THU 25 Diana Cantu and the Southside Band
SUN 28 Barbara Amaral
TUE 2 Ponty Bone & the Squeezetones
WED 3 Cheezmoschmaltz
THU 4 Diana Cantu and the Southside Band

COTTON-EYED JOE
12173 Burnet Rd., 835-2698
FRI 19 Johnny Lyon
SAT 20 Alvin Crow
WED 24 Bert Rivera
THU 25 Allen Damron
FRI 26 Red Steagall
SAT 27 C.W. Click
WED 3 Bert Rivera
THU 4 Bubba Cox

COURTHOUSE BLUES
9063 Research, 837-3505.
FRI 19 Candace Howes
SAT 20 Candace Howes

DONN'S DEPOT
1600 W. 5th, 478-0336
FRI 19 Donn Adelmann & the Stationmasters
SAT 20 Donn Adelmann & the Stationmasters
MON 22 Ernie Mae Miller
TUE 23 Donn Adelmann
WED 24 Loy Blanton
THU 25 Donn Adelmann & the Stationmasters (through Sat., Feb. 27)
MON 1 Ernie Mae Miller
TUE 2 Donn Adelmann & the Stationmasters
WED 3 Loy Blanton
THU 4 Kerry Pryor

DOUBLE EAGLE
5337 Hwy 290 West, Oak Hill, 892-2151
FRI 19 Sundance
SAT 20 John Wesley Riles
SUN 21 Sundance

EMMAJOE'S
3023 Guadalupe, 477-7044
FRI 19 Jimmie Gilmore
SAT 20 David Rodriguez
SUN. 21 Bill Neely
MON 22 Melissa Javors
TUE 23 Third Rail
WED 24 Angela Strehli Band
THU 25 Bobby Earl Smith, Joe Gracey, Kimmie Rhodes
FRI 26 Pat Mears
SAT 27 Nanci Griffith
SUN 28 Fletcher Clark
TUE 2 Ray Wylie Hubbard
WED 3 Dark Mesa
THU 4 David Rodriguez

HUT'S
807 W. 6th, 472-0693
FRI 19 Juke Jumpers
SAT 20 LeRoi Brothers
SUN 21 Tex Thomas & His Danglin' Wranglers
MON 22 Big Money Rhythm Section
THU 25 Angela Strehli Band
FRI 26 Omar & the Howlers
SAT 27 Omar & the Howlers
SUN 28 Tex Thomas & His Danglin' Wranglers
MON 1 Big Money Rhythm Section
THU 4 Angela Strehli Band

KERBEY LANE
3704 Kerbey Lane, 451-7521
TUE 23 Andy Biskin, Cola Rogriguez
THU 25 Paul Ostermeyer, Spencer Starnes, Hank Hehmsoth
TUE 2 Andy Biskin, Cola Rodriguez
THU 4 Paul Ostermeyer, Spencer Starnes, Hank Hehmsoth

LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL
2700 W. Anderson Lane, 451-7521
FRI 19 Great Rubber Band
SAT 20 Great Rubber Band

HOLE IN THE WALL
2528 Guadalupe 472-5599
FRI 19 Big Money Rhythm Section
SAT 20 Blue Mist
SUN 21 Carl Michael Band
MON 22 Diana Cantu and the Southside Band
TUE 23 Jazz Me Blues
WED 24 Frank Zigal
THU 25 Kingpins
FRI 25 Dan Del Santo
SAT 27 Blue Mist
SUN 18 Kingpins

LUMBERYARD
9200 Burnet, 837-3418
FRI 19 Texus
SAT 20 Roadrunner
SUN 21 Texas Fever
MON 22 Almost Brothers
TUE 23 Bert Rivera & the Nightriders
WED 24 Country Cold
THU 25 Bert Rivers & the Nightriders
FRI 26 Diamondback
SAT 27 Almost Brothers
SUN 28 Texas Fever
MON 1 Almost Brothers
TUE 2 Bert Rivera & the Nightriders
WED 3 T. Gosney Band
THU 4 Bert Rivera & the Nightriders

MAGGIE MAE'S
323 E. 6th, 478-8541
FRI 19 Dark Mesa
SAT 20 Grimalkin
SUN 21 Lost Austin Band
MON 22 130 Strings
TUE 23 Roy Nardine
WED 24 Steve Ciccetti
THU 25 CPR
FRI 26 Jazz Me Blues
SAT 27 Alfalfa Brothers
SUN 28 All Person Band

MOTHER EARTH
1907 E. Riverside, 443-1695
FRI 19 Zipper
SAT 20 Zipper

OTHER SIDE
21st and Guadalupe, 473-0351
FRI 19 Darden Smith
SAT 20 Lewis & the Legends
SUN 21 Jerry & Nancy Stevens
MON 22 Ted Sparks and Willie Rawlings
TUE 23 Coulee Rats
WED 24 Elliott Leonard and Lee Mitchell
THU 25 Gordee Headlee Band
FRI 26 Grimalkin
SAT 27 Lindsay Haisley
SUN 28 Rumour Has It

PIGGY'S
310 Congress, 472-2789
FRI 19 Rich Harney Quartet
SAT 20 John Mills Trio w/ Carmen Bradford
MON 22 Michael Munday Quartet
TUE 23 John Mills Trio w/ Carmen Bradford
WED 24 Bobby Meyer Trio
THU 25 Tomas Ramirez Quartet
FRI 26 Rich Harney Quartet
SAT 27 John Mills Trio

RITA'S CANTINA
508 E. 6th, 478-3676

SHORTHORN LOUNGE
5500 N. Lamar, 451-5822
FRI 19 Country Lovin'
SAT 20 Tumbling Dice

SUN 21 Southern Rain
WED 24 Hillbilly Jukebox
THU 25 Southern Rain
FRI 26 Country Rain
SAT 27 Wild West Show
SUN 28 Southern Rain
TUE 2 Tommy Hancock & the Supernatural Family Band

SILVER DOLLAR
9102 Burnet Rd.
FRI 19 Rusty Weir
SAT 20 Bert Rivera & the Nightriders
TUE 23 Rabbit, Sneaks
WED 24 Steve Fromholz
THU 25 Texas Fever
FRI 26 Asleep at the Wheel, Debonaires
SAT 27 Nashville
TUE 2 Marcia Ball, Crystal Image
WED 3 Ray Wylie Hubbard
THU 4 Texas Highriders

SNAVELEY'S
614 E. 6th, 477-0365
FRI 19 Barkett Brothers
SAT 20 Barkett Brothers
WED 24 Dan Huckabee
FRI 26 Tim Henderson, J. D. Hutchison, Allen Damron, Bill Moss
WED 3 Dan Huckabee

TEXAS TAVERN
UT Union 24th and Guadalupe, 471-5651
FRI 19 Craig Calvert and Alter Ego
SAT 20 Austin All Stars
SUN 21 River City
MON 22 Medina
THU 25 Iron Cross
FRI 26 Passenger
SAT 27 Wommack Brothers Band
SUN 28 Steve Fromholz

WATERLOO ICEHOUSE
905 Congress, 474-2461
WED 24 Grimalkin

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Roadshows

FEBRUARY

FRI 19 **Rusty Weir,** Silver Dollar
MON 22 **Charlie Musselwhite,** Club Foot
TUE 12 **Kool & the Gang, Luther Vandross, Skyy,** Erwin Center
TUE 23 **Dr. John, Octave Doctors,** Club Foot
WED 24 **The Cars, Nick Lowe,** Erwin Center
THUR 25 **Flipper, Big Boys,** Club Foot
THUR 25 **Oak Ridge Boys,** Erwin Center
FRI 26 **Red Steagall,** Cotton-Eyed Joe
FRI 26 **B-52s, Judys,** Coliseum
FRI 26 **Fabulous Thunderbirds,** Club Foot
FRI 26 **Little Queenie & the Percolators,** AJ's
SAT 27 **Fabulous Thunderbirds,** Club Foot
SAT 27 **Little Queenie & the Percolators,** AJ's

MARCH

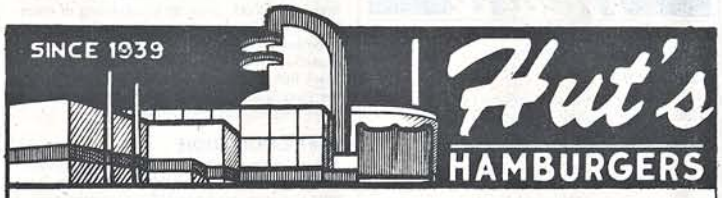
MON 1 **John Hall,** Club Foot
WED 3 **Leon Russell,** Club Foot
MON 15 **Maria Muldaur,** Club Foot
WED 17 **Molly Hatchet,** Palmer Auditorium
FRI 19 **Rickie Lee Jones,** Performing Arts Center
SUN 21 **Police, Go-Gos, Joe "King" Carrasco,** Erwin Center

Weekend Guide

	FRIDAY, FEBRUARY, 19	SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 20
A.J.'s MIDTOWN	Stevie Vaughan, Howlers	Stevie Vaughan
ALEXANDER'S	Hubcaps	
AUSTEX	Angela Strehli	Angela Strehli
AUSTIN OUTHOUSE	LeRoi Brothers	Rock A Dials
BACK ROOM	Dan & Dave	Revolvers
BROKEN SPOKE	Bert Rivera	Al Dressen
CACTUS CAFE	Jerry & Nancy Stevens	Mark Luke Daniels
CLUB FOOT	Standing Waves, Jitters,	Roky Erickson, Bats
CONTINENTAL CLUB	Brave Combo	Jitters, Uh-Uhs
COPA'S	Passenger	Suzie Stern
EMMAJOE'S	Jimmie Gilmore	David Rodreguiz
ESTHER'S POOL	Esther's Follies	Esther's Follies
HOLE IN THE WALL	Big Money Rhythm Section	Blue Mist
HUT'S	Juke Jumpers	Leroi Brothers
LOCK, STOCK & BARREL	The Great Rubber Band	The Great Rubber Band
LUMBERYARD	Texus	Roadrunner
MAGGIE MAE'S	Dark Mesa	Grimalkin
MOTHER EARTH	Zipper	Zipper
OTHER SIDE	Darden Smith	Lewis & the Legends
PIGGY'S	Rich Harney Quartet	John Mills Trio
SHORTHORN	Country Lovin	Tumbling Dice
SILVER DOLLAR	Rusty Weir	Bert Rivera
SNAVELEY'S	Barkett Brothers	Barkett Brothers
SPELLMAN'S	Rock-a-dials	Omar & the Howlers
STEAMBOAT	Van Wilks	Van Wilks
TEXAS TAVERN	Craig Calvert, Alter Ego	Austin All Stars

	FRIDAY, FEBRUARY, 26	SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 27
A.J.'s MIDTOWN	Little Queenie & Percolators	Little Queenie & the Percolators
AUSTEX	Tex Thomas	Randall C. Banks &Groovemasters
AUSTIN OUTHOUSE	Revolvers	Gordie Headlee Band
BACK ROOM	Dan & Dave	
BROKEN SPOKE	Mesquite	Roadrunner
CACTUS CAFE	Jerry & Nancy Stevens	Mark Luke Daniels
CLUB FOOT	Fabulous Thunderbirds	Fabulous Thunderbirds
CONTINENTAL CLUB	LeRoi Brothers, Explosives	Lift, Jacks
COPA'S	Cheezmoschmaltz	Suzie Stern
EMMAJOE'S	Pat Mears	Nanci Griffith
ESTHER'S POOL	Esther's Follies	Esther's Follies
HOLE IN THE WALL	Dan Del Santo	Blue Mist
HUT'S	Omar & the Howlers	Omar & the Howlers
LUMBERYARD	Diamondback	Almost Brothers
MAGGIE MAE'S	Jazz Me Blues	Alfalfa Brothers
OTHER SIDE	Grimalkin	Lindsay Haisley
PIGGY'S	Rich Harney Quartet	John Mills Trio
SHORTHORN	Country Lovin	Wild West Show
SILVER DOLLAR	Asleep at the Wheel	Nashville
SNAVELEY'S	Tim Henderson, J.D. Hutchison, Allen Damron, Bill Moss	Tim Henderson, J.D. Hutchison, Allen Damron, Bill Moss
SPELLMAN'S	Rock-A-Dials	LeRoi Brothers
STEAMBOAT	Johnny Dee & the Rockin' 88s	Cobras, W. C. Clark
TEXAS TAVERN	Passenger	Wommack Brothers





Fri., Feb. 19
Juke Jumpers
Sat., Feb. 20
LeRoi Brothers

Fri., Feb. 26; Sat., Feb. 27
Omar & the Howlers

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

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Misc.

THE HEALING PATH, Rosalyn Bruyere, a psychic healer from Los Angeles, presents a workshop Feb. 26-28 at the Storefront Studio, 900 W. 29th St. For more information call Liz Darrow at 445-4441 or Storefront Studio at 472-4827.

HOLLYWOOD ACTING COACH Eric Morris, who helped to develop the talents of Jack Nicholson, Linda Ronstadt, Michael Parks, and many other major stars, is returning to Storefront Studio to conduct an acting marathon March 10, 11. Cost is $125.00 per person. Call 472-2827 or 452-3963 to register.

WOMENSPACE COFFEEHOUSE presents *Parents Against Legal Kidnapping* on Friday, Feb. 19 at 7:30 p.m. A discussion of the "legal" crime of child stealing as a women's issue. They will describe their own services and answer questions. And on Feb. 26, 7:30 p.m. the Coffeehouse presents members of *Altrusa*, who will discuss Trailblazing by Austin women in business and the professions. For more info, call Womenspace at 472-3053.

NATURAL DYES WORKSHOP at *Hill Country Weavers, 620 W. 34th.* Feb. 27, from 10 am-3 pm. For more info, contact Marta Shannon at Hill Country Weavers.

1982 CENTEX ULTIMATE FRISBEE TOURNAMENT, hosted by the UT Frisbee Club and the Division of Recreational Sports, at the intermural fields (51st & Guadalupe). Play will begin at 10 am both days and continue until dark. Admission is free.

AUSTIN ROWING CLUB announces midwinter tryouts Feb. 27 on Town Lake. Training in 8 and 4 man rowing; midwestern competition. Interested men and women call Steve Martin, 454-5326.

AUSTIN CIVIC WIND ENSEMBLE will present a "pops" concert at the School for the Blind, on Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8 pm. Marches, classical pieces, and arrangements of popular songs. Free.

Theatre

Compiled by Cyndi Williams

AUDITIONS

Auditions for *The Little Foxes* by Lillian Hellman (for a future performance at the Zachary Scott Theatre Center) will be held at the Dougherty Cultural Arts Center, 1110 Barton Springs Rd., 7-9:30 p.m., Feb. 22-24. Break a leg.

BETTER THAN TV PLAYERS

Cheap thrills at last! The Better than TV Players bring you The After Cactus Show, Genital Hospital, the non-adventures of Norman and Norma, Chaste Twichell, and other random acts. Saturday nights, inside Liberty Lunch, 405 W. Second, 477-0461. $2 cover.

CHILDREN'S CAROUSEL

A children's program with magic, marionettes, magic and fun. Saturdays in Feb. at 2 p.m. at the Austin Cabaret Theatre, in the Village Shopping Center, 474-2591.

ESTHER'S FOLLIES

Celebrate the Love Month (gag) with Esther's. W.A.S.P. man returns! Dame Della Diva takes a bath! (double gag) And Valentine Varieties. At Esther's Pool, 515 E. Sixth; Thurs. at 9 p.m.; Fri. at 9 and 11 p.m.; Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight; 474-9382.

FROM THE LAND OF THE FEATHERED SERPENT

A collection of myths and folk tales of ancient Mexico presented by Theatre for Youth. At 2:15 p.m. Sat., Feb. 27 at the Zachary Scott Theatre Center, Riverside and S. Lamar, 476-0541.

JOE EGG

A British "comedic drama" written by Peter Nichols. Set in England, 1969, *Joe Egg* is about the parents of a young, totally disabled girl. The Austin directorial debut of Ken Craven. Wed. through Sat. at 8 p.m. at the Fifth Street Playhouse, 120 W. Fifth, 472-9733. Hurry, it closes Feb. 20.

LITTLE MURDERS

Jules Feiffer's savagely—and we do mean savage—comic look at violence in American society. Directed by Ken Webster. Opens March 5 and plays Wed. through Sat. at 8 p.m. at the Fifth Street Playhouse, 120 W. Fifth, 472-9733.

MESCAL, MESQUITE AND MURDER

The UT Shoestring Theater presents a piece by John Forster, directed by Elizabeth Rape. Feb. 19 and 20 at 8 p.m. in the Lab Theatre, 23rd and San Jacinto, behind the Winship Drama Bldg., 471-1444. Admission is free.

PUTTING BACK THE RITZ

Esther's Follies kick off the opening of their future stomping grounds, The Ritz. With entertainment by the Follies, the Uranium Savages, Ponty Bone and the Squeeze Masters, One Half Chicken To Go, and Del Durango and Never Never. See page 7 for details. At The Ritz, 320 E. Sixth.

TINY BOAS

Look out, Austin Citizens for Decency! A controversial gay comedy by Roger Gorton. On stage every Sunday through February. After that, they go on tour to Houston and San Francisco. Catch it while it's still in Austin, at 8 p.m. at Esther's Pool, 515 E. 6th, 474-9382.

A TRIBUTE TO BLACK WOMEN ARTISTS

The Black Arts Alliance, an affiliate of Women and Their Work, presents this evening of entertainment to honor Mrs. Ada Simond for her contributions to the black cultural arts. Dance, music and theatrical performances by local black female artists. Sun., Feb. 21, at 6 p.m. at the Paramount Theatre, 713 Congress. For more information call 477-9660.

VERY GOOD EDDIE

A story of the marital mishaps of two mismatched couples by Jerome (*Showboat*) Kern. A light comic musical farce based on mistaken identities. Feb. 26 and 27 and March 2-6 at 8 p.m. in the B. Iden Payne Theatre in the UT Drama Bldg.; call 471-1444 for more information.

WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY?

Yes, it's the very successful play which was recently released as a theatrical movie starring Richard Dreyfuss. Written by British playwright Brian Clark, the play concerns a young sculptor who is paralyzed in an automobile accident. He decides that life is longer worth living so he begins a crusade to be allowed to die. It's not a great play, but it's worth seeing. A Theatrical Production, directed by Tom Byrne. At the Zachary Scott Theatre Center, Riverside and South Lamar, 467-0541. Wed.-Sat. at 8 p.m.; Sun. at 2:15 p.m., through Feb. 28.

Galleries

Compiled by I. Con

ALTERNATE SPACE GALLERY, *4700 Grover, in the Unitarian Church, 452-6168.* We really enjoyed John Bowles' photographs. His candid street-caught shots of people are among the best we've seen in Austin. In his "Untitled, of course," 3 male street toughs festooned with leather and chains, shirtless, crotches big as grapefruits, stand menacingly around a telephone pole. A toothbrush lies in the gutter at their feet. In "The Kiss," A Marcia Ballish-looking woman smooches a dachshund. In "Feet/Us," 2 young blonde heterosexual preppies in summer wear eye each other primly, knees pulled up, feet close, crotches insinuating themselves but somehow diffused by the niceness the couple emits. In "Oreo Cookies," anybody's Betty-Crocker grandmother sits behind a table with a platter of 2 Oreos amid the perfection of her *kitsch* kitchen, including an apparent paint-by-number deer scene above the stove. Bowles brings to nature the same sensitivity and kinship with the what-is-ness of things. He shows us beauty without sentiment. Through Feb. 28.

ATRIUM GALLERY, *Moody Hall, St. Edward's University, 3001 S. Congress, 444-2621.* Exhibition of A.I.S.D. Art Students at the junior and senior level. Opens Feb. 28, 1-3 p.m. Through March 21st.

AUSTIN PHOTO CENTER, *3409 Guadalupe, 453-0047.* B&W and some color photographs by Bill Kolberg whose recent work will reflect artistic changes caused by what he saw this summer. Lots. Through March 13.

AUSTIN PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY, *in Precision Camera, 3004 Guadalupe, 477-3841.* Assorted color and B&W photographs by James "Bear" Baker of Denver through March 1.

RUTH BORENSTEIN GALLERY, *1701 West Ave, 472-6943.* GOLLY! Dali, and boy was it great to see a master. We won't forget "Lincoln in Dali-vision" or half of what we saw for a long time. When Dali's good, he's on, and when he's off, he's still got something to say, and show. The Book of Cellini illustrations, interested us. Hell, practically everything did. We love his humor, as in "Sailor Blue" wherein a small nattily dressed boy encounters a mangled, revolting, headless torso. On its left stump, a wrist watch. His line in etchings is breathless. Thru Feb. 28. Take your surreal sweetheart. The gallery collection of 20th Century masters remains on view until an April Chagall exhibition.

CUSTOM PHOTOGRAPHIC LABS, *601 W. MLK at Nueces. 474-1174.* B&W and color prints by Sharon Armstrong-Wellborn.

THE DARKROOM, *4228 Duval, 454-4036.* B&W and some color photographs by Dennis Fagan, Feb. 12-Mar. 12.

DOUGHERTY CULTURAL ARTS CENTER, *1110 Barton Springs Rd., 477-5824.* What you expect is what you get from the city-sponsored exhibit of PARD employees' art. Administrators, secretaries, welders, etc. exhibit their avocational handiwork (color photos of nature, handspun and woven dresses, drawings of animals). Two surprises — Charles Eskridge, an administrator, exhibits a very handsome needlepoint and a surprisingly nifty semi-abstract petit point and Sherry Sybesma's baskets, particularly the smaller one with glitter threads. Some PARD employees exhibiting are professional artists, a fact not indicated by the title cards. Can you tell the real artists from the avocational ones? An interesting question. Of the artists exhibiting (and known to this reviewer) we were most taken by Pedro Rodriquez's simple eloquent protrait, "Hombre Sano," and Beniot Ornelas' moving woodcut, "Child of Battle." Through February 28.

EL TALLER, *723/725 E. Sixth, 473-8693.* Amado Pena, Jr. and Liese Scott and gorgeous furniture. American Southwest manifestations. Ongoing.

GALERIE RAVEL, *1210 W. Fifth, 474-2628.* Peter Paone is a curious artist. In his self portrait, he looks like a 19th century scientist. Based on his watercolors, he seems a queer duck. How to account for these images of flowers, vases and midget orientals? We were ready to dismiss him, despite his arm-length credentials, when "Beach Figure" presented itself. A perfect *New Yorker* image, this charcoal and white chalk drawing depicts a disconsolate-looking, grim man in glasses huddled on a wood and cloth beach chair, under a Chinese coolie hat, in a striped shirt, buttoned to the neck, a blanket over his pulled up crossed legs, right fist to cheek, a thin tight line for a mouth. The beach is empty. It might be some wealthy suburban pre-suicide. When you start looking at the prices, $1800-$2500 for watercolors, you begin to see what a farce this is. For example, for $2500, you can buy an image of an orange pumpkin-like vase full of artists' brushes, a vase with an oversized red poppy and smaller flower, a blue palette hanging on a nail, and a catlike female form suspended. We liked his 1977 "Toy Collector". Fascinating, amusing, maddening. Through Feb. 28. Gallery collection of contemporary Latin American painters until next scheduled exhibit.

GALLERY 104, *104 Congress, 474-6044.* Beauty to be durable should be slightly flawed. This maxim comes to mind on viewing the 11x14 archival contact prints of Colorado photographer Ray Whiting. He has chosen the technique that allows "the paragon of photographic image quality" as is obvious in his incredibly clear prints. For once high, middle and dark values exist. Black is black and grey is possible. But the images are so stale. How many birches, waterlilies, reflected pond scenes can we stomach? Everything he does he does well, but he's like a factory. Where is the human element? We sense he will be doing exactly the same thing five years from now, perfectly correct, imaginatively devoid. These are prints for lobby walls. Upstairs, the Gallery shows selected images from Austin photographers in varying stages of experience and reknown. Overall, the emphasis on print quality, formal structure, classical composition, and the grand nature sweep enervates. We craved ugliness, crudity, incipience. At best, we got David Kennedy's images of Mexican people, allowing emotion and drama into the refined company of landscapes. By themselves, these might not be so impressive but compared to the sterile sameness of 95% of the other photos they stood out. So did Peg Runnels' "Iced Tea," which remains the sole abstraction. Jeff Rowe, who shoots in a formal, classical manner transcends the obvious and banal. Rowe reminds us of things we cannot see and of order we're too careless to note. Well, this is definitely a must for all camera buffs, freaks, addicts, wielders. Photographers should contact the gallery to see if their work qualifies.

GARNER AND SMITH GALLERY, *509 W. 12th, 474-1518.* George Segal, a great Dali, Daryl Howard, new ones from Doug West, Tamayo, and Harold Altman. A comfortable art library, too.

HILL COUNTRY WEAVERS, *620a W. 34th, 451-2177.* (interested in) "possibilities for altering, molding and breaking a fiber plane, in two and three dimensions . . . creating irregularly shaped relief sculptures . . . imagery connected

The Fifth Street PLAYHOUSE

Presents

Peter Nichols'

JOE EGG

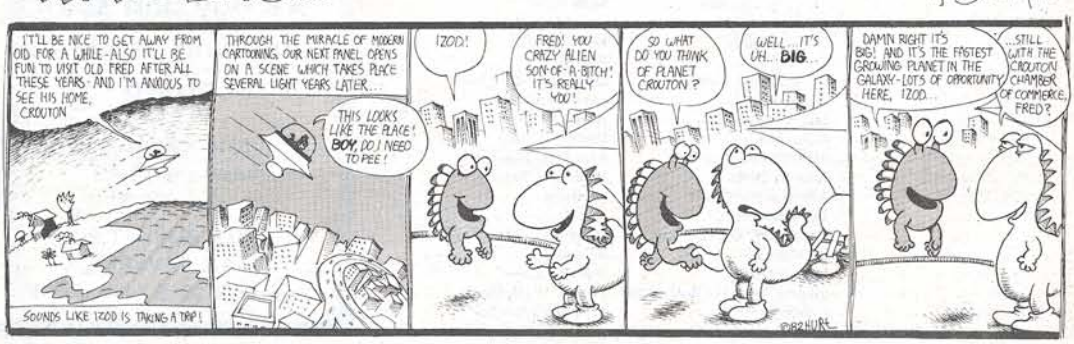
Call for Reservations

Extended for 2 special shows
Fri., Feb. 19 & Sat., Feb. 20 8:00 p.m.
Opening March 5:
Little Murders by Jules Feiffer

120 w. 5th @ 472-9733

PLANET Oid

by Sam Hurt





Linda Smarzik

Austin artist Linda Smarzik's paintings and drawings evoke dreams and fairytales, loneliness and repression. Among the 25 works on display are vibrant abstracts, luminous watercolors, and delicate needs, all combining a memorable visual image with a well-honed, though often enigmatic phrase. Smarzik's works are on view at the California Hotel, 407 E. 7th, 4-9 p.m. Thursday-Saturday and 2-6 on Sundays through Feb. 28th.

with forces of change — infinitely slow processes of coming together, adhering, growing . . . falling apart" from the artist's statement by Anne Dodson relating to her "Shapes of Change" exhibit. In some, she succeeds well. Others remind us of K-mart which this kind of art often does, which is why we let her words speak for her. Show ends Feb. 20.

THE HOTEL, *407 E. Seventh, 472-1332.* See RECOMMENDED.

HUNTINGTON ART GALLERY, *Art Bldg (23rd & San Jacinto), 471-7324.* You don't often see giant retrospectives of artistic giants. The Gottlieb show presents almost 50 years in this pivotal artist's career, ranging from the portraits to the pictographs to the "bursts." Through Feb. 20. Over at the HRC, corner of 21st and the Drag, it's some 17th Century Dutch and Flemish Landscape Drawings, including some Rembrandt and Jan van Goyen, which we only glimpsed, having sated ourselves on the taxing "Next to Nature: 19th and 20th Century American Landscape Paintings" from the National Academy of Design. We're going back to have a gander at all of these phenomenal offerings. Take advantage of these freebies, folks. I mean, who hates the outdoors? See what painters did to it. The drawings depart Mar. 7; the paintings are up through Mar. 14. Symposium Mar. 2, 10 to noon.

KERBEY LANE GALLERIES, *3706 Kerbey Lane, 454-7054.* Their stable of crafts artisans with an emphasis on jewelry until a solo show of the celebrity potter, Ishmael Soto, opening March 9, 7-9 p.m.

LBJ LIBRARY & MUSEUM, *2313 Red River, 397-5279.* It's here — the highly touted "Texas Women, A Celebration of History" exhibit organized by some Austin women. Over 150 women's lives are documented in an attempt to show history has a her in it. Obviously, this is bound to arouse, stimulate, educate. Closes May 16. Do fit it in.

LAGUNA GLORIA ART MUSEUM, *3809 W. 35th, 458-8191.* The best time we've had at an art show in a year. Maybe two. Against your will, these cunning chairs open you. We arrived morbid. We stayed standoffish in the first room (even to the seductive charms of "Odalisque" and they were considerable). Yet, we no more walked up the steps to the second room when the force of Margaret Wharton's transformations, dissections, associations waloped us. An excellent show for folks who avoid art. Immensely accessible — you don't need to know anything about anything. Just look and let the marvelous playfulness do its work. Her "Portrait of Frida Kahlo" bears an uncanny resemblance to Kahlo's "Self Portrait" that hangs in the HRC. How can a chair back resemble a persona? Drop everything and go. Take some kids. Through Feb. 20. "Kites Above All!" — an exhibition of kites from a private collector—opens with a children's opening Feb. 27.

DANA LOY GALLERY, *204 W. 13th, 478-8773.* This new handsomely housed, well-located, high-ceilinged gallery expands the horizon of contemporary art significantly. The grand opening show was impressive. The frames were of beautiful woods and identified. Museum mats were used. The art deserved such care. Clever variety. Paintings, drawings, photographs, ceramics, masks, bead work. Overall, a southwest theme but such manifestations! The range is so wide, you'll find an artist to celebrate. Ours was David Bradley who applies a Pop, near-cartoonist's eye to his part-Indian heritage and to the larger imperialist world. Several Austin artists included. Priscilla Robinson's well thought out, color perception works are well-wrought, cerebral, sensuous. Pat Brown's paintings were fun. Do go by.

MATRIX, *713 E. Sixth, 479-0068.* We're beginning to sound like a broken record in our reviews of this gallery, but Matrix continues to stage interesting shows. This current one, featuring glass artists of the Southwest, again extends our way of thinking and looking about glass. Ann Rodgers makes it resemble caramels in her clever "Candy Box," in which metallic chunks resemble candy nesting in white paper cups. One's missing. Damian Priour stacks thin sheets of green glass, fastens them with rusty bolts and turns out small beguiling sculptures. Larry Fielder weaves space and dimension in and out of his standing series and in his wonderful curved wall series. Valerie Arber paints on flat glass, shapes it, fires it, to create bowls and plates with boogeying (Weather Series), bogling (her one Martini plate with its whoozy shape and blowsy design) and trite (Texas plate). Jenny Langston opts for pretty in her decorative vessel series. Our town's Susan Stinsmuelhlen's "Xched X" wowed the mailman. "That's beautiful, a cloak of arms. Look at the craftmanship that goes into it." For ingenuity and virtuosity, however, the award goes to Dulany Lingo Young who exhibits some panels in which a broken egg stars against a desolate landscape. These are lonely, curious, isolated, mysterious images. Through Feb. 28. March 5-31st, 8 National Endowment for the Arts recipients exhibit the glass that made them grantees. slide presentation by one of them March 5th, 6 p.m.

PATRICK GALLERY, *721 E. 6th, 472-4741.* Solo exhibition of Helena de la Fontaine, Feb. 27-March 27.

PUERTA DEL SOL, *606 W. 12th, 472-7542.* We have tried to establish coherency with this gallery but it is impossible. Call them and good luck.

1601 RIO GRANDE, This is all we have about this new gallery, which calls itself a "fantasy craft gallery." It opened Feb. 14 with tools of magic by Rick Dodson and Fancy Hats by Cheryl Shepherd Elms whose hat-masterpieces we loved at Kerbey Lane Galleries. Hours: Wed.-Sat. noon-6 p.m., Thurs. noon- 8 p.m.

SID RICHARDSON HALL, *Unit 2, Barker Texas History Center.* Written materials and photographs documenting the roles of women in Texas history on display.

TEXAS MEMORIAL MUSEUM, *2400 Trinity St., 471-1604.* "Implements of Women's work: U.S. Patent Models of the 19th Century." Yet more herstory in conjunction with the big blowout at the LBJ.

Dance

Compiled by Dance Umbrella

Fri. 19, Sat. 20 — ***Phoenix Dance Theatre*** A new company with Judy Dillen, Sandra Alvarez and Nancy Dean premieres new works by each member at 8 p.m. in Studio 29, 2900 Rio Grande. Call 474-8273 for more information.

Sun. 21 — ***Sunday Afternoon*** Diana Prechter and Beverly Bejema serve tea and dances at the California Hotel, 407 E. Seventh, from 4-5 p.m. Admission is free.

Mon. 1, Tues. 2 — ***Ballet West*** An evening of dance beginning at 8 p.m. in the Performing Arts Center Concert Hall on the UT campus. Call 471-ARTS for ticket information.

Litera

Compiled by Hedwig Gorski

YOKO ONO/CASS ELLIOTT HONORARY GODDESS READING" . . . what?! . . . Austin women will share their favorite stories of goddesses and saints at Paperbacks Plus Bookstore, 407 Lavaca, at 8 p.m. on Feb. 19. Scheduled readers and open readers welcome. This program being produced by Our Ladies Mission, a spiritual woman's group which aids the personal discovery of the Womanspirit rising within.

POET/MUSICIAN PHIL JAMES will be performing his earthy-person-looking-for-the-higher-meanings-and-forces-of-life-through-nature-and-watching-his-own-personal-evolution poetry, on Sat. Feb. 20, at 8 p.m. at the Storefront Studio, 909 W. 29th St. Besides reading, Phil will be performing new songs (chant type things and new dances). He uses non-traditional instruments like the harmonium and percussive contraptions. Sound hard to pull off without being corny or sounding like Ginsberg, you say . . . it is . . . but he and his guest artists do it pretty well.

NOW A BOOKSTORE with those small press books most stores are too timid to sell . . . new and exclusively small press. The location itself is also small, but large enough to hold a crowd. Saturday, Feb. 20, from noon to 5 p.m. for a GRAND OPENING PARTY. ALL WELCOME they say at 1704 S. Congress Ave.

OPEN READING at Paperbacks Plus Bookstore on Friday, Feb. 26, 8 p.m.

AFFINITIES A publication celebration presents a reading and social gathering to celebrate the publication of "Affinities" (an excellent new literary journal from Robert Bonazzi's Latitudes Press) will occur on Sunday, Feb. 28 at Capitol City Playhouse (formerly Gaslight Theatre) at 214 W. 4th St. Wine and cheese at 7 p.m. and poetry reading at 9 p.m. Some of the more recognizable poets who will be performing that evening are Julio Ortega, Vassar Miller, Paul Christensen, Cecilia Bustamante among others.

TEXAS CIRCUIT DOWNTOWN LITERATURE SERIES The talents and perversions of Larry Goodell are being brought to Austin by Texas Circuit. Goodell is an ex-student of Robert Creeley, editor of Duende Press. He is a playwright as well as poet who's work has been described as "a shamanistic jam session at a kundalini beach party." With Goodell, Austin playwright and performance artist David Gene Fowler will present his creative humor in this expanded new genre of Performance Art. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 9 p.m. in Studio 29, 2900 Rio Grande. Admission is $2.

DO YOU HAVE spare poems, stories, experiments, photos and other pictures laying around that would interest this new magazine's editor? The name of the mag is *Hubris* and editor S. E. Gilman says, "My personal taste runs to imagist/expressionistic/surrealist, but no work will be rejected on traditional or non-traditional grounds . . . I want work of high emotional content, work that means something to reader/writer/world . . . no sexist, racist claptrap, etc." Submit to: Gilman, *Hubris Magazine*, 100 S. State St., Concord, New Hampshire 03301.

TEXAS CIRCUIT AUSTIN BOOK AWARD of $1000 will be given to a small press, for the publishing of the winning manuscript. Manuscripts will be judged by an out-of-town panel. The award is for any literary genre. For Application forms, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to "Book Award", Texas Circuit, P.O. Box 2082, Austin, TX 78767. Deadline is May 1, 1982.

Classical

Compiled by KMFA-FM, 89.5 MHz.

FRI 19 — **Austin Symphony Orchestra** with guest conductor Stephen Simon at 8 p.m. in the Orchestra Hall, Performing Arts Center, UT. Concert features Brahms double concerto with Leonard Posner, violin, and Paul Olefsky, cello. For information call 476-6064.

SAT 20 — **Austin Symphony Orchestra** with Stephen Simon, Orchestra Hall.

SUN 21 — **UT Symphony** in concert at 8 p.m., Bates Recital Hall. Free admission.

TUE 23 — **New Music Ensemble** will play at 8 p.m. in the Bates Recital Hall. Free.

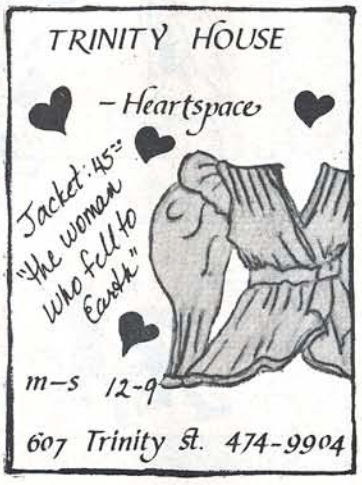
THU 25 — SUN 28: **Opera excerpts** at 8 p.m. each night in the Opera Lab Theatre, UT. Admission is free.

FRI 26 — **Guarneri String Quartet** in concert at Incarnate Word College, San Antonio. For more information in Austin call 282-1555 after 5 p.m.

SUN 28 — **Texas Opera Theatre** presents Verdi's "Rigoletto" at 8 p.m. in the Paramount Theatre. Call 472-5411.

SUN 28 — **UT Symphony** in concert at 8 p.m., Bates Recital Hall. Free.





Akers of delusion

Recruiting iffy, lacks depth

By Scott Bowles

To hear people around here talk, you'd think that Fred Akers and his staff had just finished recruiting a full set of All-Americans. I mean, if what people are saying is right, then the Longhorns' recruiting class is good enough that Texas could thoroughly muff the recruiting of the nation's top running back and still have a great season. I guess it's all a matter of how you look at it.

If you look at it from the viewpoint of how Texas recruited each position, then it doesn't appear that good. The only quarterback Texas picked up, Troy Taylor, is still limping from the knee surgery he had early in the season. The second-hand reports from the doctors insist that he'll be fine, but then, you'd hardly expect the reports to state that Taylor will be a cripple for life. As I write this, the Horns have only signed one running back, Mike January of Louisiana, and seeing as he has 4.7 speed, he'd appear better suited for linebacker. But seeing as the Horns have a penchant for slow fullbacks, January will fit right in. Texas is still in the running for two other backs, Gary James, an underrated halfback from the New Orleans area, and Anthony Byerly, an overrated halfback from Newton. My guess is that Texas won't get James and will get Byerly and that Byerly will give the Longhorns a tailback to back up John Walker who is every bit as slow as the fullbacks.

So let's see, the recruiting class is iffy and lacking in depth as quarterback, and not so good at running back. Elsewhere, Texas didn't recruit a wide receiver, got a lot of bodies (but not a lot of quality) at tight end, and picked up a big bunch of linemen, most of whom are best suited for offense and several of whom are very good. On defense, they landed a large number of linebackers, about half of them top-notch, and three defensive backs, one good (Richard Peavy), two not so good (Mark Mitchell and Eric Jeffries). So looking at things position-by-position, especially considering the lack of talent Texas has picked up at the skill positions, you'd have to say the Horns did okay, but not great.

If Texas were to ever have a great recruiting season, this should have been it.

But that's not the only way of looking at it. In the era of the 30-scholarship limit, teams can't really go out and recruit every position every season — they have to recruit to fill needs. Akers said the Longhorns recruited their priorities well, but you get the feeling that if Texas had signed three guys in wheelchairs, Akers would have said the team's priority was quadraplegics. Texas recruited extremely well on the line, where the Horns are in desperate need of depth, and at linebacker, where they have three high school All-Americans (Jeff Leiding, June James and Mike Edwards) with two or more years of eligibility still around. Those, according to Akers, were Texas' priorities. After signing no wide receivers and only one first-rate defensive back (unless Peavy is moved to wide receiver, in which case Texas would have signed one receiver and no good defensive backs), Akers must have decided those two positions, where Texas lost every starter from last season, weren't priorities. Texas also lost starters from tight end and tailback (heck, Texas lost starters at about every position), and if they sign Byerly, will have done all right at both positions, but not especially great.

Okay, so how did Texas do against the rest of the conference? Well, if they sign Byerly, the Longhorns pick up five high school All-Americans, two off the *Parade* list (Byerly and Allert), another first-teamer from the National High School Coaches Association (linebacker Brent Johnson of Stillwater, Okla.) and a couple of NHSCA honorable mentions (Gene Chilton and Kip Cooper). That's probably better than anybody else in the conference; A&M picked up six (Chris Lammers, Steve Evans, Jeff Bolton, Jared Marks, Jimmy Hawkins and Aubrey Richburg), but they were all NHSCA honorable mentions. TCU had the next-best in first-teamers, picking up Egypt Allen and Gerald Taylor from the Parade list, but no others.

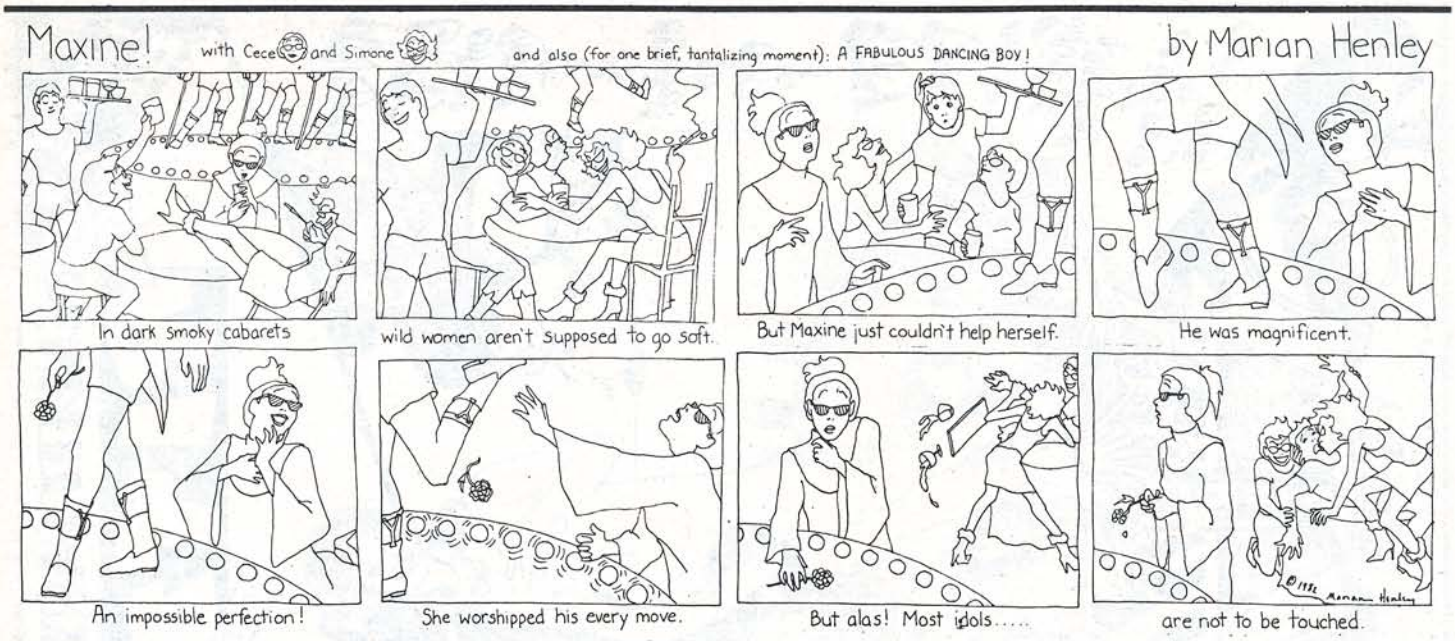
Keeping closer to home, the Longhorns led in signings from the local blue chips lists, but didn't exactly dominate them. If the Horns get Byerly, they will have signed seven players off the *Dallas Times-Herald's* blue chips list (Allert, Byerly, Chilton, Cooper, James McKinney, Todd Parks and Terry Steelhammer), which is two better than Houston, which signed five (Jeffrey Fields, Eddie Gilmore, Sebastian Harris, Carl Hilton and T. J. Turner). Texas led in getting players off the Dave Campbell's *Football Magazine* list, signing eight players from the top 30 and 17 from the top 90 to just edge A&M, which signed six and 16. Again, by that standard, the Horns did very well, but they didn't exactly slaughter everybody.

So maybe it would be a good idea to look at who the Horns *didn't* sign. They didn't get either of the state's top quarterbacks, Tom Muecke and Cody Carlson, both of whom signed with Baylor. Likewise, they missed out on the state's best running back, Arthur Allen (SMU), best defensive back, Egypt Allen (TCU), best interior defensive lineman, T. J. Turner (Houston), best kicker, Todd Tschantz (A&M) and best player, James Lee (OU), as well as every wide receiver worth squat. Texas did get the state's best offensive lineman, Chilton, and the best linebacker, Allert, and if James McKinney is projected as a tight end rather than a linebacker, perhaps the state's best tight end. But seeing as McKinney's a better linebacker than tight end prospect and that Carl Hilton (Houston) might be better anyway, that probably doesn't count. So, again, the Longhorns did pretty well, but not great.

The problem is this: if Texas were to ever have a great recruiting season, this should have been it. The Longhorns didn't quite win the Southwest Conference, but they did manage to get to the Cotton Bowl and win it to finish at 10-1-1 and No. 2 in the nation. That's the best Texas has done since 1977 and after the 1977 season, the Horns cleaned up. Under similar favorable circumstances this season, Texas didn't dominate Southwest Conference recruiting nearly as much. A&M did nearly as well, despite a coaching change that left Jackie Sherrill only two and a half weeks to recruit. Houston signed more top players than they usually do, and the Cougars are generally competitive with less highly acclaimed talent. And TCU might just have had the best recruiting year of all, signing a couple of dozen junior college transfers, most of whom appear to be blue chippers.

That's three teams which stayed in the ballpark with Texas in recruiting in a season in which the Longhorns should have blown everybody off the field. And looking at it from this perspective, the Horns' recruiting was not nearly as good as it should have been.





CLASSIFIED

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Mail ads to **Austin Chronicle**, P.O. Box 49066, Austin, TX 78765. Deadline for all classifieds is 5 p.m. Friday, seven days before publication. We reserve the right to categorize, edit and refuse classified ads.

Ads for recognized community service organizations and musicians' referrals are free. All others are 10 cents a word, with a 30 word ($3) minimum.

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Display rates are $10 per column inch.

COMMUNITY SERVICES

SICK OF DIETING? Overeaters Anonymous may be the answer for you. The only requirement for membership is a desire to stop overeating compulsively. For more information, call 327-2802.

WOMENSPACE, a peer counseling and referral center for women will hold a training session for women interested in joining the collective. Orientation 7-9 p.m. February 24 at Womenspace, 2330 Guadalupe. Call 472-3053 or come by.

AUSTIN TRAVIS COUNTY HEALTH DEPT. is sponsoring a 7 week group series for recently divorced men. Free. Meetings begin March 2, 1982 at the Carver Branch Library from 7 to 9 p.m. Space is limited. For info and registration, call 447-9908.

AUSTIN COMMUNITY GARDENS at 49th and Guadalupe has garden plots available for spring rental. The plots measure 26 x 26 feet and rent for $25 for six months; price includes water, free access to leaves for mulch and compost, and a gardening newsletter. For another $10 you can join the tool coop. Enjoy the benefits of community gardening. Call 458-2009.

IS MASS MEDIA BULLSHIT BORING YOU? Then tune in to Alternative Views — for something completely different. Wednesdays at 6:30 p.m. (repeated Sundays at 7:00 p.m.) on cable channel 10 (ACTV).

HELP ALTERNATIVE VIEWS continue progressive public affairs programming on ACTV. Any size donation welcome; $25 buys one videotape. Send your tax-deductible contribution to: Alternative Information Network, P.O. Box 7279-AC, Austin, TX 78712.

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

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

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

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

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

SERVICES

WEIGHT LOSS, HABIT CONTROL, stress reduction, assertiveness, through the effective enjoyable processes of hypnosis and self-hypnosis. Call now for an appointment. Kent Christensen, M.S. Austin Wellness Center. 451-6519 or 441-1902.

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HYPNOSIS: an effective aid to relaxation, weight loss, habit control, child birth & personal achievement. Diane Mitchell 474-1066.

CURIOUS ABOUT HYPNOSIS? Free presentations held Mondays 7-8 p.m. Ask questions. Experience an actual hypnosis demonstration. For more information and reservations call: The Jackson Institute. 516 E. 6th St. 480-9800.

STRETCH AND STRENGTH Co-ed fitness class with music. South Austin Multipurpose Center. FREE CLASS March 2, 6-7 p.m. 444-3528

POSTPARTUM FITNESS Jazz-dance exercises for mothers. Free babysitting provided. South Austin Rec. Center 444-6601. Hancock Rec. Center 454-5151. Austin Rec. Center 476-5662. Northwest Rec. Center 458-4107.

SPACE

ARTIST STUDIO/RESIDENCE SPACE, 1800 square feet upstairs — all or part. Lots of windows, high ceilings, kitchen and bathroom. 45 cents per sq. ft.; partial bills paid. Available late February. Downtown, near 6th. Call Martha or Joanna, 474-9904.

UNIQUE DOWNTOWN OFFICE SPACE for rent. Gyla McFarland, 472-3775.

WORK

TYPIST NEEDED 50 WPM + General clerical experience. Assignments open. VOLT TEMPORARIES 1507 Guadalupe, 472-6916, 8300 Research, 454-4741. Equal Opportunity Employer M/F.

PORTRAIT WORK, MURALS available on commission from Austin artist. Clint Ray Paintings from $50-$200. Will work from existing photograph. Works available for viewing by appt. CALL CLINT, 472-9817.

I SEEK JOB in Mgmt., finance, research, consumer peace, equal rights, human services, energy, disability issues. Bennett 327-7691 (w) & 445-4318 (h).

ADVERTISING SALES REPRESENTATIVE. The Austin Chronicle is looking for a few good people. Sales experience preferred; businesslike wardrobe and operational car a must. 473-8995.

I SEEK A JOB which will allow me to use my intelligence, energy & talents in a creative fashion without ethical compromise. Jim 445-4318 (evenings).

FOR SALE

MOTORCYCLE: 1980 Yamaha 250. Excellent condition, low mileage, low price — must sell. Call 475-3090 weekdays, ask for Matt.

REJECTS — "suppressed" writings on children, religion, academics, psychiatry, leftist publications, pedophile liberation, etc. 80¢ (stamps/cash): David Sonenschein, PO Box 4755, Austin TX 78765.

BILLBOARD MAGAZINE, almost-complete set, 1976-81. Most of the charts have been yanked out but the rest of the magazine is fairly complete. Make an offer; call 453-3081 and ask for Jeff-with-the-Billboards.

MUSICIANS REFERRAL

QUALITY BASSIST & VERSATILE PERCUSSIONIST needed. For info & aud. call 835-4294, 443-4670

TWO UPSTARTS from the Delinquents forming new band. Need creative bass player and hard-driving drummer for original rock and roll. No Bimbos. 479-8324 Andy or Becky.

ROCK BAND FORMING. Need female drummer to round out all girl band. Doing all original material. Must be serious and willing to work hard. Call Marty at 447-8301

WANTED: FEMALE RHYTHM GUITARIST/VOCALIST for new band. Influences: 60s r'n'r and new wave. Interested in developing original material. Experience not necessary. Call 451-5308.

VOCALIST AND SAXAPHONE PLAYER needed for R&B band. We cover T-Bone Walker to Otis Redding, Hank Ballard to Howlin' Wolf, lots in between. 478-9409, Michael (after noon).

PERSONALS

SINGLES — COUPLES
A unique way to meet people with similar interests and desires.
CAPITOL SWING CLUB
is a completely confidential introduction service. Send $2.00 to C.S.C.; Box 3635; Austin, Texas 78747 for details and sample magazine.

OVERWEIGHT
Volunteers Needed
LIFESTYLE
WEIGHT CONTROL
CLINIC
452-0082

THE GRATE SPIRIT SPEAKS! Fourth floor men's room, UT biology library.

SUN GODDESS WANTED. Female needed to share the sun rays and cliffs at paleface park this summer. Write Frank, PO Box 26462 Austin, TX 78755.

NEED SPACE?

WE HAVE ALL TYPES OF RESIDENTIAL COMMERCIAL, OFFICE AND RETAIL PROPERTIES FOR RENT IN AUSTIN.
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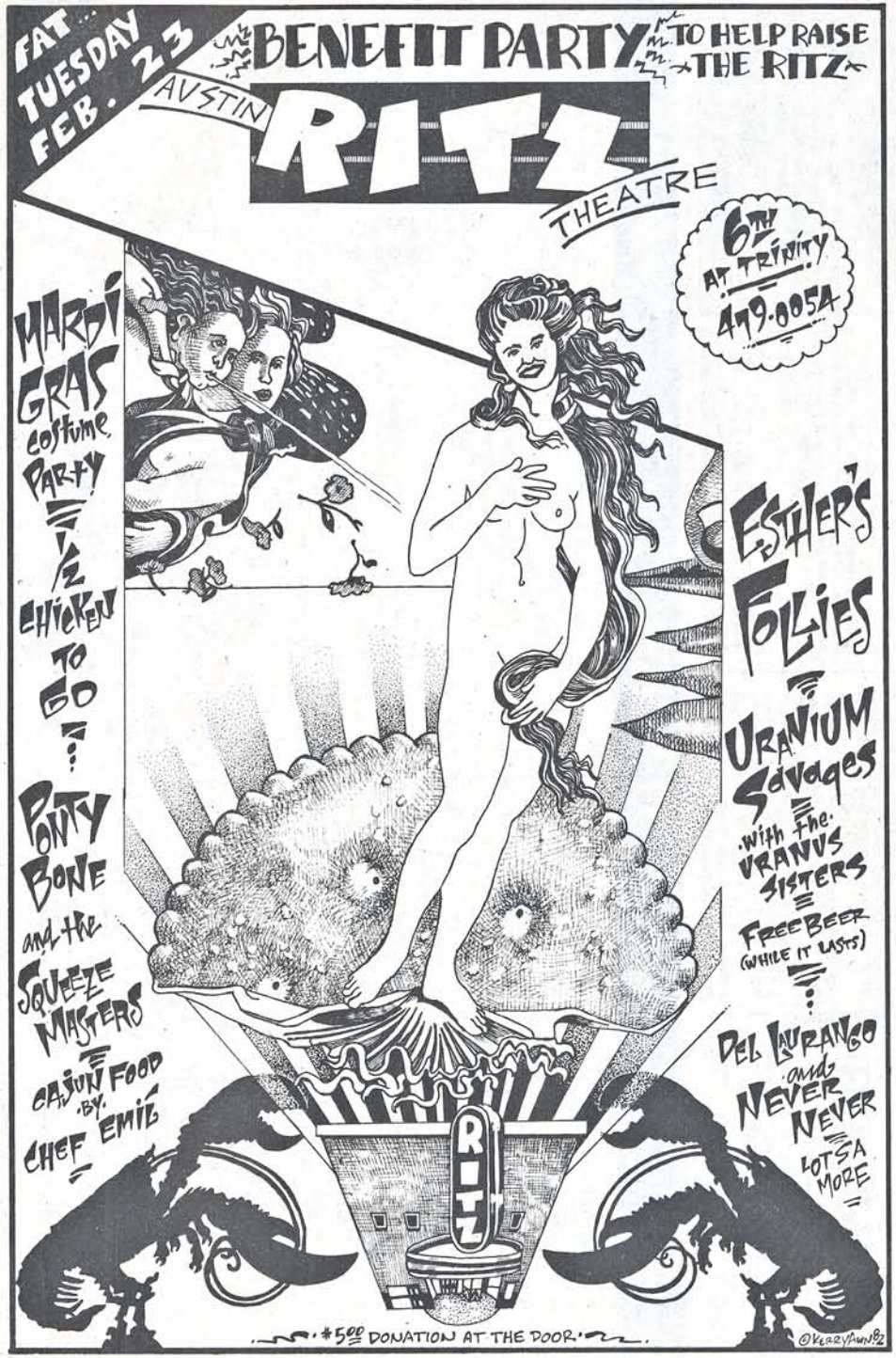
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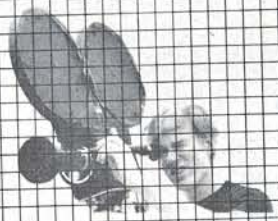
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