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SPACE CITY!

VOLUME III, NUMBER 39

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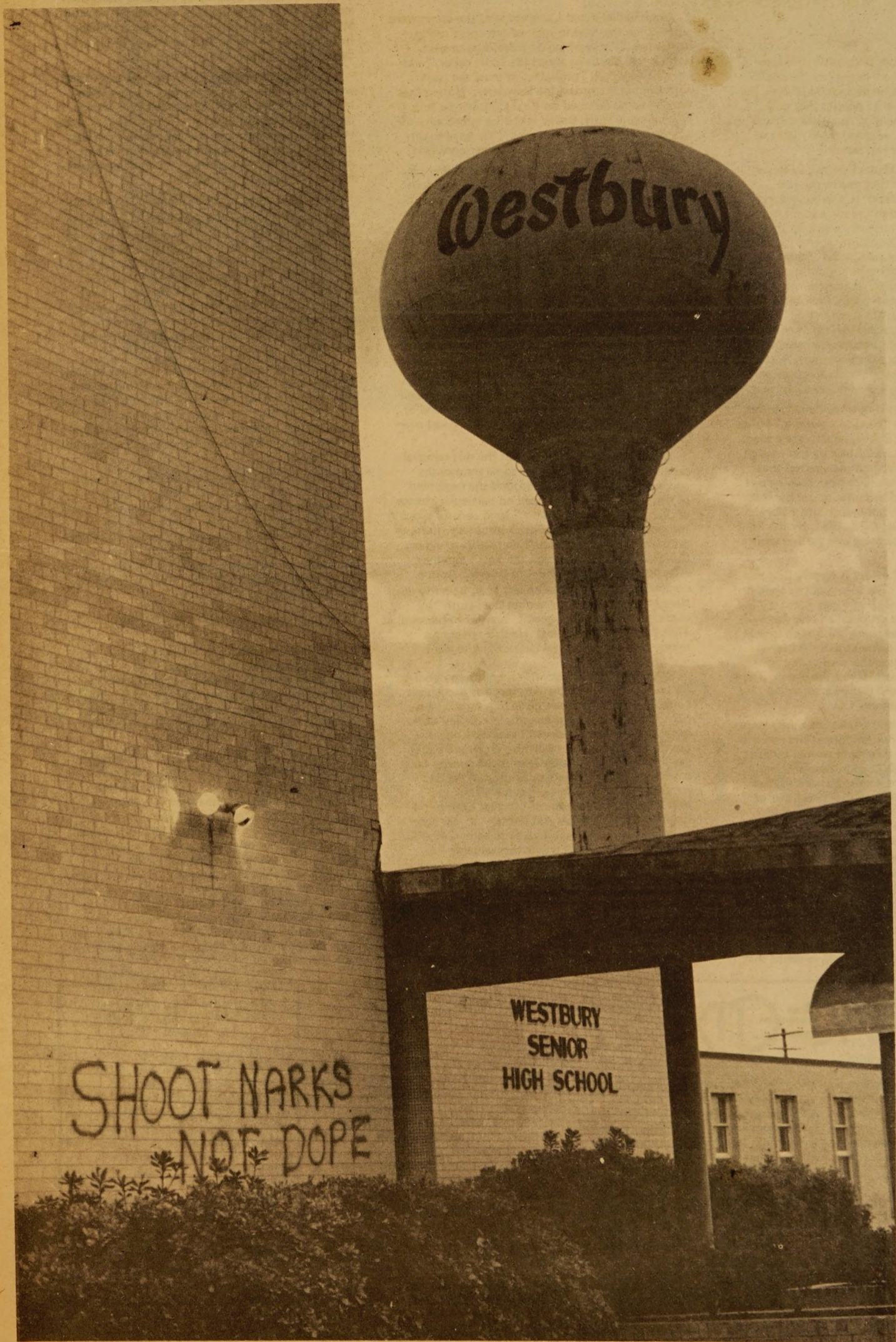


Photo by Bryan Baker



by Victoria Smith

COURT BAN NOTWITHSTANDING COUNTY WORKS ON "ROAD TO NOWHERE"

Government officials are frequently dismissed by critical citizens as being "stupid" or "crazy." Usually, this is not a precise evaluation, if only because elected officials tend to possess that odd brand of intelligence known as "political shrewdness." They may be evil, wicked, mean, bad and nasty, but they're usually not dumb.

The men who govern Harris County, however, seem to be the exception that makes the rule. "Stupid with a dash of crazy" is, I think, an apt description of most (though I readily admit not all) of the officials who currently make up that hopeless bureaucracy. The county seems to be the repository for every lamebrain in the area who ever sought and won election or appointment. At commissioners court sessions, if they're not screaming juvenile inanities at each other, they fall asleep, television cameras or no. But most telling is the ease with which local reporters can catch county officials engaging in some questionable activity or another - it happens about once a month. - and the officials seldom have the smarts to come up with anything resembling a credible excuse.

The latest so-what-else-is-new incident involves the notorious San Felipe "road to nowhere." Houston Post reporter Ernest Bailey, who keeps a sharp eye on county activities and probably has enough material by now to fill two volumes, writes that county flood control crews have been hauling dirt from the road's dead-end to a site several hundred yards away. This work is going on quite visibly, despite an order issued Sept. 28, 1971, by the First Court of Civil Appeals, banning any further work on the project.

The "road to nowhere" effort is largely Commissioner Bill Elliot's baby. The idea was to condemn certain land areas in the City of Piney Point Village (an extremely unpopular proposal among some citizens who knew what was going on) and to extend the quarter mile road to connect with Memorial Drive. A district court gave the county the go-ahead, but an appeals court stayed the order. The commissioners court voted this year to appeal that decision to the Texas Supreme Court.

Meanwhile, flood control trucks are busily transporting dirt from under two bridges at the end of this road and depositing it on land owned by First Continental Development Corporation of Long Island, New York. Tom Langford, county flood control engineer, told the Post that the dirt now belongs to First Continental, which purchased 27 acres on either side of the road from a Dr. Chester Reed. The company is planning a multi-million dollar development project there. The county jumped in and got 10 right-of-way acres of the land for the road project, which, although it's apparently going nowhere, has already cost Houston taxpayers more than \$2 million. (Many have questioned the value of spending so much on this rather specialized project when other county institutions are wanting for funds; oddly enough, it seems that

the most ill-funded county projects are those geared toward social welfare, like Jefferson Davis Hospital.)

When Bailey asked Langford why the crews were working on the road in spite of the court ruling, he replied, "I'm working on a drainage project. I don't know anything about the court order," adding that he would "probably" discuss the issue with County Attorney Joe Resweber. Noting that the dirt being dumped on First Continental property is valuable stuff, Bailey asked Langford why the county was just giving it away. "We have to dispose of it," the flood control engineer answered.

Why does the dirt have to be moved? Well, it might have something to do with another government project. - straightening and concreting up Buffalo Bayou. This was to be an Army Corps of Engineers effort until conservationists forced the corps to abandon the idea. The two bridges at the end of the "road to nowhere" were built to cross the bayou after it was straightened. Bailey says that Commissioner Elliot told the Post last year that the county would take over the bayou-straightening job but would not cut a new channel under the bridges until after the road went through. Now, Bailey writes, Elliot denies having made the statement. at all.

The Post observed that the flood control crews seem to be a big hurry about their work (although it's pretty hard to hide a huge, growing mound of dirt readily visible to motorists on Voss Road nearby.)

Commissioner Elliot said that the dirt removal project has been going on for some six months and was delayed by floods around the beginning of this year. "There has been no particular change of plans," he told the Post. "Flood control is doing the work in a routine manner without any haste or pressure." (Of course there's no reason to expect Commissioner Elliot to give the Post - or anyone else, for that matter - the time of day. At one commissioners court session last year, he hotly declared that one would never get the "truth" by reading the "morning paper." Everyone chuckled. That Commissioner Elliot! He sure speaks his mind - but only when he has nothing to say.)

Whereas Elliot just doesn't seem to care about his public image - he behaves more as though his commissioner's seat were given him by divine right rather than by the electorate - Bailey's other source, Langford, doesn't seem to know his nose from the mound of dirt his crews are piling up. How should he know how much county taxpayers are going to have to lay out for the dirt removal project? "I haven't run a total," he told the Post. Bailey points out that County Engineer Dick Doss has run a total - a year ago, to be precise - and that it came to some \$40,000. And the county is just giving this valuable fill dirt to First Continental! But then, the company probably donated the 10 acre right-of-way to the county - a common practice, the Post says, because such roadways can increase the value of a developer's land. It's one of those symbiotic relationships, I guess.

Well, a Houston reporter has once again un-

covered still another suspicious county activity. And once again, county officials have failed to offer any remotely believable explanation. Not even a sneaky parry! Not even a feeble display of double-talk!

Bailey's article is the sort of piece that makes one want to laugh. Can it be that the Harris County government is really full of such dunderheads? Are they all like that? But it's actually not so funny at all. They may be clowns, but the citizens of Harris County are fools for letting them get away with their antics.

MONTROSE COMMUNITY COUNCIL SEATED ON HCCAA BOARD

Last week Space City! reported that the newly-formed Montrose Community Council (MCC) took over and occupied the county's Fourth Ward Community Center for two and a half days. As a result, MCC received three major concessions from Open, Inc., the area six administrative arm of the Harris County Community Action Association.

At a March 3 meeting, Open, Inc. agreed to seat an MCC delegate on its board, to finance a Montrose community center and to open the various community centers in the area for use by any group at any time. (Until now, the community centers in question operated only from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., which tended to exclude many students and working people from the services.)

Now, MCC must find a building for its center.

MCC is also engaged in organizing a group of legal advocates to assist Montrose residents who rendered their property before the Board of Equalization last month. In late February, MCC had distributed information urging property owners to render rather than comply with the city's recent ad valorem tax hike in the Montrose area. (Rendering involves telling the board what you think your property is worth. Rendering deadline was Feb. 29.)

Those who rendered now have the right to protest any tax increase, and MCC is offering aid during the forthcoming assessment hearings. The group needs volunteers to serve in this program and will train anyone on the assessment procedure. If you want to help, call MCC chairwoman Eileen Hatcher at 523-6319.

Upcoming MCC activities include a box lunch picnic at 1 p.m., Sunday, March 12, at the Wilson Elementary School grounds at Fairview and Yupon. A general meeting at 7 p.m., Sunday, March 19, at the Fourth Ward Community Center, 302 Pierce (at Bagby). If you're a concerned Montrose resident, whether in body or spirit, you might want to check it out. (Thanks to Rick Fine for gathering the information for this item.)

IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED . . .

The Environmental Protection Agency, that well-known federal body that brings us lots of bad news about our air and water but runs into state and local roadblocks when it tries to take action, recently reported that the air over Houston and Galveston contains enough lead to be harmful to human health.

Houston's airborne lead level is 2.8 micrograms per cubic meter, while the so-called safety limit is 2.0. The report said that 99 per cent of airborne lead comes from the refining, transportation and burning of gasoline. It was also noted that lead levels rise in areas near highways. Good news for a city whose transportation burden falls largely on the automobile and whose future revolves around a growing tangle of freeway systems. Good news also for those who reside in areas near crowded freeways. And it doesn't take much to figure out exactly what kinds of people are unfortunate enough to live in highly-trafficked areas - you can be sure they're not the petroleum company executives.

SPACE CITY!

Collective: Noelle Kanady, Karen Northcott, Victoria Smith, Ernie Shawver.

Advertising: J. Russell Noland, Tino Ocheltree, Randy Chapman, Dave Benson.

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Mews: Victoria Smith, Karen Northcott.

Arts: Alex Stern, John Lomax.

Production: Noelle Kanady, Ernie Shawver.

Art: Bill Narum, Kerry Fitzgerald, Dennis Kling.

Staff: Bryan Baker, Pearl Chason, Eddy Reed, Trey Wilson, Gary Chason, Tom Hylden, John Goodwin, John Lomax, Jerry Sebesta, McElrath, Ron Young, John Carroll, Zengi, Ann Jorjorian, Jane Stris, Susan Montgomery, J. William More, Henry Fernandez, Thorne Dreyer, Clarence Kemp, Robert Finlay, Joel Barna, Scout Schacht, Rick Fine, Jim Dennison, Benny Lauve, Jamie Yeager, Ebenezer Cooke, Mark Johnson, Patricia Gruben.

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PHOTO BY E. F. SHAWVER, JR.

Subpoena Never Served

Mayor Misses Chance To Visit Abilene

by Jamie Birmingham

Having to go to Abilene this week for the bribery trial of Texas House Speaker Gus Mutscher would have spoiled Mayor Louie Welch's travel plans. He left Sunday for a meeting in Washington, D.C., followed by an eight-day visit to Paris as the guest of the French government and a two week jaunt to Japan as a guest of the Japanese trade association.

Our popular mayor (of "unprecedented-fifth-consecutive-term" fame) is wanted everywhere these days. Mutscher's attorneys wanted him, too. The defense attorneys were to have subpoenaed the mayor as a witness in the bribery-conspiracy trial of Mutscher and others. The speaker is accused of accepting bribes in the form of bank loans in 1969 from Houston banker and developer Frank Sharp to secure passage of two state banking bills.

Welch stated that he did not know why he would be needed to testify.

Of course, Welch's first major campaign contributor was Frank

Sharp back in the old days *before* the largest statewide stock scandal to be revealed in more than a decade.

Then, not to be forgotten is that \$235,000 loan from Dallas Bank & Trust that Welch acquired to finance the purchase of 10,000 shares of National Bankers Life (NBL) stock. Welch bought the stock for \$15.60 a share, while the market value was \$28 a share. He saved \$124,000 on the transaction.

Welch later denied knowing that Sharp controlled Dallas Bank & Trust at the time. Later, the loan appeared at Sharpstown State Bank (SSB) where it was collateralized by NBL Stock worth \$60,000. Oddly enough, the stock was not even in Welch's name, but in that of Sharpstown Realty Company. According to Dallas Robert Johnson, one time chief executive officer of Sharpstown bank, the bank technically had no collateral for the loan.

Welch received 12 other SSB loans totaling \$94,937.50 during a period between 1967 and 1971. The bank collapse left Welch with worthless stock and a serious debt. He is current-

ly paying off the \$235,000, plus about \$16,000 on the other loans.

Welch says he lost \$357,696 during 1970 which he has used as proof of his honesty. He has said, "It should dispel for all time the rumor that all people in public life become wealthy."

Well now, that may be, but Sharp's frequent phone calls to Welch certainly were under scrutiny during the first week of testimony at the Mutscher trial. A secretary's notebook introduced by the prosecution listed Sharp's calls among those with whom he talked daily was none other than the mayor of Houston.

Sharp's private secretary, Ms. Sharon L. Gilleon, described Sharp as fanatic about phone calls.

Mutscher's attorney Richard ("Racehorse") Haynes tried to impress the jury with the many prominent people with whom Sharp talked daily to detract attention from the charges made against his client.

Welch's subpoena was part of a defense strategy to show that Sharp arranged loans for persons other than

those with legislative influence. (Others subpoenaed in the case were Governor Preston Smith, Lieutenant Governor Ben Barnes, golf pro Doug Sanders, First Methodist pastor Rev. Charles L. Allen, Houston Baptist College president Rev. W. H. Hinton and George W. Conrad, a General Motor's employee.)

Although Welch's subpoena was announced, it was never served before the mayor's departure. Welch's real estate dealings — and his involvement in the business — is undisputed — have long been the concern of his opponents in their bids for the office of mayor. It is well-known that as mayor, Welch has the business advantage of acquiring early information on city growth and services.

It's too bad that Welch will not be able to make it to Abilene. He is a 1944 graduate of Abilene Christian College and sits on the board of trustees for the institution. His visit would have aroused much interest in the town, and he would have been in good company with Smith, Mutscher, Barnes and other business-minded Texas politicians.

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Seems Like We've
Been Here Before...

KPFT Reporter Ejected

by Bryan Baker

Houston's "people's free radio" station, Pacifica, KPFT, seems to have more trouble than just about anyone in covering news stories.

Like Space City!, KPFT's reporters have faced almost insurmountable obstacles in obtaining press credentials, and every so often they get refused access to events to which the commercial media have free access.

After two years of hassling out these problems, one might expect KPFT and the big-time newsmakers to work out their problems more amicably and less dramatically, but an incident Monday, Feb. 6, seems to mark an escalation in the hostilities.

On that afternoon Donna Straley, a KPFT volunteer news reporter, was forcibly ejected from a meeting of the Associated General Contractors of America national convention, where she had come to tape a speech by Governor Preston Smith.

Ms. Straley arrived at Jones Hall a few minutes early to set up her microphone on the speaker's podium. She says she was shown the way to the stage by a member of the Association's public relations staff to whom she had identified herself.

She said that as she was setting up her recording equipment next to that

of the other media, one Hubert Beatty, an Association official, asked her what station she represented. She told him and, after he had convinced other convention officials that she should not be allowed to tape the speech, Beatty grabbed her by the arm and tossed her bodily out the back door.

Ms. Straley said that while she was being thrown out, the governor was standing 10 feet away, but she does not know whether he actually saw Beatty grab her arm.

After landing outside Jones Hall, Donna went back to the station's headquarters across the street. She showed the bruises on her arm to news director Charles "Scoop" Sweeney, who was at that moment on the phone to an Association public relations official. (This official had apparently not yet received the word on KPFT, and was, according to Scoop, very cordial and seemed pleased that their convention would be covered on the radio.)

After Donna filled him in on the situation, Scoop asked the man why she had been thrown out. The official remarked, "They shouldn't have done that," and abruptly hung up, Sweeney said.

Later Scoop and Donna returned to Jones Hall just as the session was opening to make another attempt to



PHOTO BY BRYAN BAKER

gain entrance. They were stopped at the door by convention officials and armed guards, and while the "Star Spangled Banner" played in the background, convention officials reiterated their refusal to admit KPFT news people.

(All of this is reminiscent of events which transpired last summer during the American Legion's national convention (although no one got bruised in the process). The Legion refused access to KPFT reporter Gary Thiher and Space City! reporters Bryan Baker and Karen Northcott, KPFT was

finally admitted to that convention; Space City! was not.)

As of this writing, KPFT news staff members have had no luck in gaining admission to the convention; the station may file suit against the Association of General Contractors to get such access, (as it threatened to do during the Legion convention).

Ms. Straley filed aggravated assault charges against Hubert Beatty at the District Attorney's office on Monday afternoon, naming Smith and James Baxter (a convention official) as witnesses.

New York Pacifica Manager Jailed for Contempt

by Charles "Scoop" Sweeney

The manager of Pacifica's New York radio station, WBAI, was jailed Friday, March 3, after a New York State Supreme Court justice found him in contempt of court. He was released two days later through a federal court order.

Station manager Ed Goodman had refused to turn over station news tapes and materials pertaining to the New York "Tombs" prison uprising in October of 1970. State Supreme Court Justice Gerald P. Culin ordered Goodman jailed for 30 days, after he refused to cooperate with the Manhattan District Attorney's office. The office is hoping to use the news material, which includes tapes of telephone conversations with the prisoners involved in the uprising, as evidence with which to prosecute

persons allegedly participating in the disturbance.

In his ruling, Culin said that WBAI has forfeited its rights to call the tapes privileged material because they were aired on the station and heard by the public. He said that for material to be privileged it "must not be divulged to a third party, let alone to the general public."

Pacifica's attorneys, however, argued that the tapes are privileged material and are protected by the New York State Civil Rights statute (79-H), which provides that "no professional journalist or newscaster . . . shall be adjudged in contempt of court . . . for refusing or failing to disclose news or the source of any such news coming into his possession in the course of gathering or obtaining news."

They claim that the comments on

the tapes are "public only for the fleeting moment during which they are actually broadcast. The public record exists only in the minds and recollections of the listeners," the lawyers maintained. "Indeed, if the information broadcast were truly a matter of public record, the District Attorney would not need to obtain it by subpoena."

In the news conference Saturday, March 4, WBAI news director Paul Fischer said, "For the first time possibly since John Peter Zenger, a newsman has been jailed before he has had an opportunity to exhaust his right of appeal." The jailing, Fischer said, "is a grave blur to the exercise of a free press. It can only serve to inhibit all newsmen in their role as guardians of the public right to the free flow of information. Other newsmen similarly threatened with con-

tempt can only be expected to waver from a vigorous assertion of their rights both as citizens and as representatives of the press."

Fischer said that news gatherers and reporters "must never become an investigative arm of government. To comply with the District Attorney's subpoena would be to place such a function on WBAI."

On Saturday, March 5, Federal Judge Marvin Frankel stepped into the case and in a surprise move ordered Goodman released. He said that substantial questions of freedom of the press are involved and the federal courts should have jurisdiction.

"There is a definite trend against freedom of speech," Goodman said after his release. "We must resist the government's use of the media for information purposes."

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Did ITT Buy It's Way Out Of Anti-Trust Suit?

International Telephone and Telegraph (ITT) received a favorable settlement from the Justice Department in an anti-trust action after it pledged \$400,000 for the Republican National Convention.

This charge by columnist Jack Anderson has delayed the confirmation of Attorney General nominee Richard Kleindienst and has resulted in a special hearing into the matter by the Senate Judiciary committee.

Anderson's charge is based on this memo allegedly written by ITT lobbyist Ditta B. Beard. (The parenthetical identifications were made by Anderson and are not part of the original memo by Ms. Beard.)

"I just had a long talk with EJG (E. J. Gerrity, head of public relations for ITT). I'm so sorry that we got that call from the White House. I thought you and I had agreed very thoroughly that under no circumstances would anyone in his office discuss with anyone our participation in the convention, including me. Other than permitting John Mitchell, (Lt. Gov.) Ed Reinecke (of California), Bob Halderman (of the White House staff) and Nixon besides (Rep. Bob) Wilson (of California), of course, no one has known from whom that \$400 thousand commitment had come. You can't imagine how many queries I've had from "friends" about this situation and I have in each and every case denied knowledge of any kind. It would be wise for all of us here to continue to do that, regardless of from whom any questions come, White House or whoever. John Mitchell has certainly kept it on the higher level only. We should be able to do the same.

"I was afraid the discussion about the \$300-\$400 thousand commitment would come up soon. If you remember, I suggested that we all stay out of that, other than the fact that I told you I had heard Hal (Harold S. Geneen, president of ITT) up the original amount.

"Now I understand from Ned that both he and you are upset about the decision to make it \$400 thousand in services. Believe me, this is not what Hal said. Just after I talked with Ned, Wilson called me, to report on his

meeting with Hal. Hal at no time told Wilson that our donation would be in services only. In fact, quite the contrary, there would be very little cash involved, but certainly some. I am convinced, because of several conversations with Louie (B. Nunn, former governor of Kentucky) re Mitchell, that our noble commitment has gone a long way toward our negotiations on the mergers eventually coming out as Hal wants them. Certainly the President has told Mitchell to see that things are worked out fairly. It is still because of (Richard W.) McLaren's (former head of the antitrust division) Mickey-Mouse we are suffering.

"We all know Hal and his big

mouth. But this is one time he cannot tell you and Ned one thing, and Wilson and me another:

"I hope, dear Bill, that all of this can be reconciled - between Hal and Wilson - if all of us in this office remain totally ignorant of any commitment ITT has made to anyone. If it gets too much publicity, you can believe our negotiations with Justice will wind up shot down. Mitchell is definitely helping us, but cannot let it be known. Please destroy this, huh?"

The Justice Department, of course, denies that it made a deal, but it did give ITT an out of court settlement - and money was pledged to the

Republican Convention. Both actions occurred about the same time last summer.

Kleindienst admitted that secret meetings were held with ITT but denied that Attorney General John Mitchell was in any way connected with the settlement. National Democratic Party Chairman Lawrence O'Brien, however, said that he learned at the time that Mitchell was personally in charge of arranging a quiet settlement in the case. And California's Republican Lieutenant Governor Ed Reinecke, said last week that last spring he gave Mitchell a full briefing on plans to bring the convention to San Diego - including an account of ITT's commitment to underwrite a major portion of the convention costs.

Kleindienst and former Assistant Attorney General Richard McLaren (Whom Nixon recently appointed as a U.S. District Court judge), testified last week that the department knew nothing of ITT's pledge until after reading it in the newspapers late last year. However, Sen. Edward Kennedy produced two letters which indicate the department was queried on the link last September. One letter, dated Sept. 21, came from Ralph Nader, asking Kleindienst about the possible connection and the other is a reply from McLaren, dated Sept. 22, denying any connection.

Hearings resumed Monday, March 6, with ITT's President and board chairman Harold Geneen testifying. The key witness, Ms. Beard, is seriously ill in a Denver hospital and it is not known when she will be able to testify. When the Senate attempted to subpoena her last week she could not be located; she turned up in the Denver hospital on Saturday, March 4.

Early Saturday the San Diego Union quoted Rep. Bob Wilson, (Rep. - Calif.) as saying he talked with Ms. Beard on Wednesday, March 1, the day after Anderson published the memo, and she told him she had been to New York. ITT had put her on leave and she was reportedly "going to get out of town" saying, "where I'm going they won't be able to find me, and I won't be able to talk to them."



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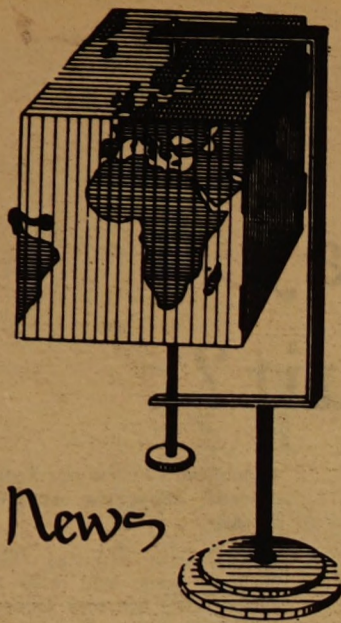


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INDIANS LAY CLAIM TO CALIFORNIA LAND

Forty Pit River Indians are setting residence on U.S. Forest Service land and laying claim to 3.4 million acres of northern California territory they say was taken from them 120 years ago by gold miners. They have set up teepees and plan to build a church which "the white man would not dare tear down," a spokesman said.

A forest service official said that they would not create a confrontation, explaining that the Indians were not breaking any laws at present. He added, however that the erection of a permanent structure would be illegal.

The Indians tried this once last year and were ejected from the land by some 100 Federal officers.

U.S. TO SELL JETS TO GREEK MILITARY?

The United States may sell jet fighter planes to the Greek military junta, the State Department announced. Negotiations for the sale of several squadrons of F4 Phantom fighter bombers are in progress now.

SHIVA PRIEST TO APPEAL MARIJUANA CONVICTION

A San Francisco minister of the Shiva faith will ask the State Appeals Court this month to overturn his 10-years-to-life prison sentence resulting from his marijuana conviction last year.

According to Earth News, Minister William (Willie) Minzey was sentenced to the harsh prison sentence last May after he was convicted of giving marijuana to a minor during his weekly religious service in Golden Gate Park. At the time of his arrest, Minzey had publicly announced that he was using cannabis as part of his regular religious service — and insisted that the Indian Shiva religion has used marijuana as an integral part of its ritual for centuries.

Police photographers in the crowd took pictures of a juvenile taking a puff of a cigarette which Minzey had handed out to one of his adult followers. He was arrested, tried and found guilty of possessing marijuana and of giving marijuana to a minor.

Presiding Judge S. Lee Vavuris, the same judge who is now sitting on the "Soledad Brothers" case, then sentenced Minzey to a minimum of 10 years in prison.

Minzey's attorney Tony Serra told Earth News that he is scheduled to file an appeal to the conviction with the State Appellate Court on March 17th. Serra said he is appealing the case on the grounds that Reverend Minzey's freedom of religion was violated — and on the grounds that the jury was improperly instructed.

Minzey is currently locked up in the Men's Colony Prison at San Luis Obispo.

"SAN QUENTIN SIX" BACK IN COURT

Six inmates who are charged with murder and conspiracy because of last August's bloody uprising at San Quentin returned to court in Marin County, Calif., on Monday, March 6, according to Earth News.

The six prisoners — Hugo Pinell, Fleeta Drumgo, John Spain, David Johnson, Luis Talamontez and Willie Tate — entered their pleas in front of presiding Judge Warren McGuire that day.

The case against the six had been delayed for two weeks because of a prejudice motion filed by the inmates in an attempt to dismiss McGuire. But Superior Court Judge Joseph Murphy ruled last week that Judge McGuire was not "prejudiced" — and ordered the court proceedings to continue on Monday.

The "San Quentin Six" were indicted by a county grand jury on

murder charges following the prison uprising which left six men dead — including prisoner George Jackson. A seventh man who was indicted, attorney Stephen Bingham, is still missing.

"KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL" A POLLUTER FRONT?

Environmental Action Magazine has charged that "Keep America Beautiful" is an organization formed and controlled by polluters in an attempt to convince Americans to dispose of un-recyclable cans, bottles and containers in a proper manner, Earth News reports.

The environmental magazine said that the president of "Keep America Beautiful" is William May, the chairman of the American Can Company. Other officers in "Keep America Beautiful" include its president James Bowling, who is a vice president of the Phillip Morris Company, and vice presidents Victor Bonomo of the Pepsi Cola Company and Robert Hatfield of the Continental Can Company.

"Keep America Beautiful" was given \$50 million worth of free television time last year to talk about ecology and saving the environment.

ARMY SPIES ON SENATORS: CHARGES PLOT

Army intelligence surveillance of civilian officials from late 1967 into 1970 was more extensive than had previously been revealed. This disclosure came in a brief filed in a Supreme Court suit by Sen. Sam Erwin (D. - N. Carolina). A spokesman said subjects of the spying included Senators Erwin, Edward Kennedy, George McGovern, Edmund Muskie, Eugene McCarthy, Fred Harris, Ralph Yarborough and Congressman Adam C. Powell, Allard Lowenstein and some governors.

Yarborough said that the spying was used in an attempt to defeat him for reelection in 1970 — and defeated he was. He also said that the man who defeated him, Sen. Lloyd Bentsen, had indirect access to the information obtained by the Army.

SPLATS: NEW RIOT-CONTROL TECHNIQUE

The San Diego Police Department is experimenting with a special shotgun shell designed to fire plastic pellets which painfully bruise without piercing the skin, Earth News learned last week.

The new devices, called "SPLATS" are being tested for possible crowd riot control during the Republican National Convention in San Diego in August.

SPLATS can be fired at ranges of anywhere from three to 100 feet without causing permanent harm.

Several police departments on the East Coast are already equipping their men with the plastic shells.

The manufacturers of SPLATS, Systems, Science and Software of San Diego, reports that a box of 25 sells for \$50.

TWIN CITIES JUDGES TO SIT IN STEEL

Hennepin County, the Minnesota county which includes Minneapolis and St. Paul, is in the process of building a new government office building which will include 42 courtrooms, Earth News reported last week.

Stanley Cole, of the county administrative offices, tells Earth News that the county has decided to install 2.3-inch-thick steel plates in the boxes where the judges sit. The steel plates are 2.5 feet high and six feet wide. Cole says the idea is that the plates will provide protection for the judges in the event that someone goes berserk in the courtroom and tries to shoot the judge. The plates are so thick that if the judge has time he will only have to duck down under his podium-like desk to avoid being hit.

GREEK JUNTA BANS CONTROVERSIAL BOOKS

The military dictatorship in Greece is distributing a list of "Communist and Antigovernment" books to intimidate Greek bookstores, says The Militant. Censorship was supposedly lifted in 1970, but all "antigovernment" writings are still banned. The list of 124 books includes the "anti-American" *Pentagon Papers*, and Norman Mailer's *Armies of the Night*, which is said to represent "Trotskyism."

U.S. AIRCRAFT CONTINUE NORTH VIETNAM RAIDS

U.S. war planes attacked North Vietnam for five consecutive days, this last week. According to the U.S. Command, the planes attacked anti-aircraft defenses in what they continue to describe as "protective reaction."

North Vietnam issued a second statement in two days on Monday saying the United States "continued to send aircraft to attack many populated areas, committing many more crimes against the Vietnamese people."

MARIJUANA DETECTION VIA SATELLITE?

The U.S. Bureau of Narcotics and the Agriculture Departments are spending \$2 million in an attempt to isolate what they call "the peculiar signature of the marijuana plant," says Earth News. If successful, they will be able to find marijuana fields by using satellites in orbit.

Dr. Robert Miller of the U.S. Agriculture Department explained that a "signature" is the growth pattern of a plant during its one-year growth to maturity. Miller said that scientists hope to uncover the pattern during which the marijuana plant absorbs light and heat — and when it gives off light and heat.

Using this information, satellites would be able to locate cultivated marijuana fields with the use of sensors from orbits in space. The information would then be radioed to appropriate enforcement agencies on the ground.

According to the January edition of "Aviation Week and Space Technology," Miller said that government test centers to study marijuana would probably be located in Texas, Arizona and Florida.



Cissy Farenthold, candidate for governor, and State Representative Tom Bass, candidate for Harris County Commissioner, exchange meaningful glances at a \$1-a-plate rice and beans dinner at Liberty Hall, Wednesday, March 1.

Photo by Thorne "Briarpatch" Dreyer.

The Hobbit Hole: Light, Summery Food, Plus Tolkien Motif

by Jim Dennison and Victoria Smith

(This is the second article in a series on "healthy food restaurants" in Houston.)

Avocado sandwiches, smoothies and yogurt sundaes may not be the most exotic dishes in the world, but there aren't too many restaurants in Houston where you can buy them.

The Hobbit Hole, 1715 S. Shepherd, was conceived around the idea of the "smoothie," a cold blended drink with fruit and honey, according to Forrest Edmonds, 24, Edmonds, his brother Raymond, 25, and John Butler, 25, started the restaurant after Raymond got excited about a place in Austin called Mother Nature Smoothie.

Forrest says he isn't sure which of the items served at the restaurant bring in the customers, whether it's the eight different kinds of smoothies, the six different vegetarian sandwiches, the fruit salad or just the atmosphere. Whatever the attraction, however, the Hobbit Hole, which opened in mid-January of this year, has caught on — far beyond the expectations of the owners, Edmonds said.

He hastened to add that the three young men aren't in the business for the money. "We wouldn't be doing this if we were," he said. "We mainly wanted to be on our own, to work for ourselves, to get away from our downtown jobs." He said the restaurant is just about at the break-even point financially.

One reason the Hobbit Hole has become so popular so quickly, besides the unique cuisine, is the relatively low prices. The highest priced single item on the menu, except for wine, is the fresh fruit salad at \$1. The sandwiches, which seem a vast improvement over a \$1.25 roast beef sandwich obtainable at other restaurants in the city, range in price from 75 to 95 cents. The smoothies range from 55 to 90 cents.

"We want to hold the prices where they are," Edmonds said. He said that people have come into the restaurant, saying they've heard prices there are going up. "I don't know where *that's* coming from," he said. "Not from us." He added that the restaurant doesn't plan to cut back on quality or quantity of the food either. If the owners find they have to start economizing, he said, they'll eliminate wasteful habits in the kitchen, if that means saving every extra pat of butter and every drop of salad dressing.

Butler and the Edmonds brothers were not experienced restaurateurs. They all just decided they wanted to start a restaurant. From what we can gather from Forrest, the whole development process was rather haphazard, but now the place seems to operate with remarkable efficiency. (Service is as prompt as can be expected, and always friendly.)

For example, they found the little red brick house on S. Shepherd while they were out to buy pet food for Forrest's dogs. "If you go looking intentionally for a place, you'll probably look for months," Forrest observed. It took them some two months to obtain a lease, but then they set about turning the place into a restaurant. "The house was completely trashed," Forrest recalled. "We did all the construction ourselves, except for the plumbing."

He said they never had any problems in obtaining a city restaurant license. "We must have been real lucky," he said.

"We didn't sit down and decide, *this* is what it's going to be," Forrest said. "It was more a day-by-day thing. In fact, we didn't even have a name for the place until about a month before it opened." The idea for the name came from a friend of Forrest's in Austin, who apparently always wanted to name some institution the "Hobbit Hole." The Tolkien motif followed, and it extends even to names of items on the menu. For instance, you don't order a cream cheese and nut sandwich on fruit bread, for instance; you order a "With Windle." (The



theme seems a bit overdone, particularly for those of us who never much liked "The Rings" et. al. in the first place. But if it annoys you, you can always point to the item and say, "I want that.")

Forrest admitted that he and the other two owners didn't decorate the restaurant all by themselves. Friends Ernie Leo and Nyki Hamilton conceived and executed much of the design, both inside and out, including the big, Tolkien-inspired mural on one wall. Leo and Hamilton are interior decorators for Foley's and their work on the Hobbit Hole, especially the subtle coordination of colors, looks professional.

The tables are built like picnic tables, with backless benches, but the wood is smooth and polished. Large, pastel sand candles sit on the tables and hang from the ceiling, supported by chain or woven ropes. The lighting is soft and gentle.

The seating capacity is small, and sometimes, particularly on weekend evenings, customers have to wait for a place to sit down. Forrest said that by summer they may open up the back yard as a dining area, "if the demand is great." The Hobbit Hole parking lot is tiny, but there's plenty of parking space nearby, if you don't mind walking half a block or so.

The whole project, from the time it was begun to the opening day, cost approximately \$6,500, Forrest said.

The menu is entirely vegetarian. If you like the general *category* of food the restaurant serves, you may go wild over the Hobbit Hole. It's not so much that the food is extraordinarily well prepared (which it is, but then, how much skill does it take to make an avocado sandwich?) It's more the inventiveness and imagination that goes into developing and preparing the food that makes the Hobbit Hole appealing.

One of the most popular items is the "Gandalf," a sandwich made with sliced avocados, mushrooms and melted cheese on wheat bread. The Gandalf costs 95 cents. Another is the "Bilbo the Magnificent," also 95 cents: guacamole, cucumbers, bacoes and sprouts. Hobbit Hole cooks mix up a cracked wheat concoction called Tabouli, which goes either into a salad or between two slices of wheat bread, with melted cheese. They call the sandwich "Thorin Oakenshield," 95 cents.

The smoothies are also in great demand, particularly, Forrest says, the "Misty Mountain Strawberry," 85 cents. These drinks are tart and icy, and Forrest expects that they will become increasingly popular as the weather warms. Most of the items on the menu, in fact, seem to be especially appropriate for warm weather, like "Frodo's fruit salad," with apples, bananas, strawberries, oranges, nuts and a "secret" dressing.

The wine list includes various red, rose and white wines, Sangria, English Woodpecker cider, Strawberry Delight and a couple of weirdos — Polish Blackberry and Polish mead. Most of the wines cost 50 cents a glass, although the Polish mead cost 75 cents and \$4.75 per bottle. But then you can always buy a bottle of Strawberry Delight at \$2.25. Beer — Budweiser, Schlitz and Shiner — cost 40 cents a bottle. As far as beverages go, however, the spicy Mu tea (plus refills) is the best buy at 15 cents.

Forrest emphasized that the owners want to keep the menu changing and expanding. They're waiting on an ice cream maker now, and hope to turn the upstairs area into a bakery, where they will produce their own bread. (At present, the bread that goes into the sandwiches is purchased from a commercial dealer, as are many of the basic supplies, including the yogurt.) Forrest said that within a few weeks they plan to add one staff member who will spend much of her time on "research and development" of new, original dishes. "We want more summer drinks," he said. "You know, exotic drinks, drinks you can't buy anywhere else." And so on.

Forrest said that the owners at least two of the three managers work at the restaurant from the time the doors open until closing time, which means about a 15-hour work day. They have a paid staff of about eight people, who receive a small wages plus meals. "We hope to raise the pay as soon as we can," Forrest said. "The staff people aren't making a lot of money, but they're making more than we are," he said generally.

The owners do as much of the restaurant-type work as the workers, he said, which includes everything from making sandwiches to mopping floors. "One guy told me the other day that he's never seen a boss who empties garbage or washes dishes," Forrest said. "We don't think anything of it."

Hobbit Hole hours are from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 11 a.m. to midnight Friday, 11 a.m. to 1 a.m. Saturday and noon to 9 p.m. Sunday. The restaurant is closed on Monday, but by summer, should stay open seven days a week.

(Next week: The Oak Tree Health Bar. Also, keep your eye on the new Cornucopia restaurant at the corner of Willard and Converse, one block off Montrose. It looks as though it's about to open, after a long, hard struggle with the city.)



Mime, Mask and the

DISCOURSE / VIETNAM

by Jamie Yeager

Playwright's Showcase, the producers of Peter Weiss's *Discourse/Vietnam* at Autry House, provides three militarily-mimeographed sheets as your program. Two of them offer a rapid chronology of events in Vietnam from 500 BC to 1953 AD; such a brief attempt at historical analysis is barely more superficial than the artistic structure of the play.

The two acts operate antiphonally. The first sets up a consideration of U.S. involvement in Vietnam by litanizing previous lackeys, invaders, revolutionaries from the Emperor Hue to Uncle Ho. The peasants are starving, are oppressed, are murdered, are drafted to fight for the empire; some of the people take to the hills, where a leader arises among them who enables the populace to drive the invaders/landlords/usurpers out. He or his descendants then prove corrupt, and the process is repeated. Whether Ho's legacy will be less deleterious to the people was deliberately left ambiguous.

The second act details — through enactments of Senate speeches, diplomatic talks, and Presidential decision-making — what the full title calls, "the Attempts of The United States of America to Destroy the Foundations of Revolution." Beats all hell out of

an AP — or even an LNS — summary of events. See John Kennedy the warmonger! Hear Lyndon B. Johnson moan like a dove! Have all your John Foster Dulles preconceptions confirmed! It's all quite lively, and suitably demeaning to the United States.

What the play basically says is "Act I. Folks always get the shaft. Act II. The U.S. has developed a very sophisticated shaft. The end."

Those interested in the precise ramifications of U.S. policy in Vietnam will enjoy the fine sport of checking Weiss's accuracy, much as some people go to war movies to eagle-eye the weapons and decry the inevitable anachronisms.

Experts in Southeast Asian history and geography can engage in similar mental isometrics. Flagging antiwar supporters can rally their energy and zeal. Those who still haven't made up their minds against the war (am I kidding?) will be properly proselytized.

But there is some question as to how much these activities are a function of the play as a work of art, and how much they embody the keep-awake reflexes of bored audiences.

Now, I can't imagine anyone being consciously bored at this production.

Director Roger S. Glade has choreographed the voices and bodies of his actors with astonishing verve and inventiveness. But I suspect the reason he and his cast had to work so hard lies precisely in the fact that boredom must be staved off.

The political points the play makes are hardly intricate, nor are they couched in particularly inspiring language. If the Vietnamese, American and Chinese names and dates were replaced with those opposite to, say, the Russo-Turkish War of 1877 and its doubtless-convoluted context, a certain decrepitude would appear in the play. Ideology and art are not incompatible, but they can't be substituted for each other.

And it does strike me, when the lines are pronounced as thunderously as they are in this production — and when this device is used as frequently as it is in this production — that the cosmetics of emphasis are designed to distract one from full contemplation of his work, rather than to enforce such contemplation.

The Autry House production, which runs every Friday and Saturday night at 8 p.m. until March 25, thus allows for consideration of a serious aesthetic question — in fact, it positively encourages such aesthetic investigation. That question is, "If it's

a good play for actors and their director — because the paragraph speech patterns of the script offers such Protean room for their maneuverings — does that mean it's a good play?

Not necessarily; nor, of course, does it necessarily mean the play is flawed. On the evidence of the present production, though, I conclude that a performer's play with supercharged political overtones is tastier meat for the players — and the political scientists in the audience — than it is for those viewers who desire more to be transported by a play than to be relocated by it.

Naturally, any play which can inspire thought about the nature of theater as a whole is not only not dismissible, it is mandatory viewing. But innovation ("breaking new ground in the theater," and so forth) doesn't always lead directly to progress. The trial-and-error method of advance — the only successful one yet developed, in theater or anywhere else — by definition includes a proportion of mistakes. And Weiss probably has a higher quota proportion of them in *Discourse/Vietnam* than will be acceptable in 50 years. But error in the pursuit of truth is no unwarrantable liberty, to paraphrase the notorious senator from Arizona.

THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE. Sam Peckinpah's best — and least known — film. A fine, sensitive musical structure (thus the "ballad") and a rare good performance by Jason Robards. Should be seen, if only to blot out "Straw Dogs." 7:30 and 10 pm, Mar 10, AH Auditorium No. 1, U of H. Admission 90 cents. Also the drive-ins.

BIRTH OF A NATION. The pick of the week. One of the three or four greatest films ever made — and, after possibly "Intolerance," the most important. To see this film is to realize how little the art of the cinema has advanced since 1915. The film features Lillian Gish, the finest actress to ever grace the screen, and Mae Marsh in a stunning performance. Pitifully few people turned out for this film at the Park III Film Festival last fall: now you have no excuse, it's free. 7:30 pm, Mar 12, University Center, U of H.

BOOT HILL. Western spaghetti, or the inverse, with Woody Strode, who STILL doesn't get top billing. Around town.

THE BOY. "A good man can be a good citizen only in a good country." Japanese director Nagisa Oshima provides a corollary to Aristotle, 8pm, Mar 17, Rice Media Center. Free.

THE BOY FRIEND. Or, as the trade papers put it (and would "Variety" lie?): "Ken Russell's Boy Friend." Russell attempted a recreation of those mindless Warner's musicals of the thirties, but he's too mean-spirited to succeed. The result is dry bones, Twiggy (another sort of bones) is altogether charming, except Russell makes her look grotesque in close-up. Like a plucked chicken — which, come to think of it, describes the whole movie. Opens March 15 at the Memorial, 465-5258.

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE. Mike Nichols directed this cold-hearted whore of a movie. Multicinas and drive-ins.

FLASH GORDON. Chapter two ("Tunnel of Terror") from the original Republic Pictures serial. With Buster Crabbe and his platinum tresses, Dynamite. (Don't worry if you missed chapter one — this is where "Instant replay" was invented.) Co-feature at the Park III Film Festival, 522-5632.

THE HONKERS. Not the story of a traffic jam, but one of the spate of new rodeo pictures. Bad. World Premiere Engagement. Loew's State, 222-2040; Memorial, 465-5258, PG

THE HOSPITAL. Fun trash. Played straight, this might have been the worst movie ever made. George C. Scott (again) knew better. Gaylynn Terrace, 771-1261, PG

THE HOT ROCK. The only important thing about this throw-back to the era of "caper" pictures is that it will make a ton of money. Dialogue by William Goldman sounds like left-overs from his script for "Butch Cassidy." But the actors make the movie: George Segal, Paul Sand, and Ron Leibman are dynamite. Robert Redford, also a left-over, stands around and looks pretty. Opens March 10 at the Alabama, 522-5176.

INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS. Made in 1956 (a good year for UFOs) and directed by Don Siegel. Genuinely frightening. With director Sam Peckinpah (he's all over the place this week) in a small role. With chapter three of "Flash Gordon." Opens March 15 at the Park III Film Festival, 522-5632.

J.W. COOP. Another rodeo picture — better than "The Honkers," but that's faint praise. Geraldine Paige walks through your-basic-Geraldine-Paige role. Multicinas and around. PG.

JULES AND JIM. Jeanne Moreau's Kathie is one of the great women in the history of film. Francois Truffaut directs. One of his finest films. 8 pm, Mar 12; Rice Media Center. Also 8 pm, March 17; Library Auditorium, U of H. Both showings free.

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW. Peter Bogdanovich directs Ben Johnson, Ellen Burstyn, Cloris Leachman — all of whom are superb — and Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, and other merely excellent. If you miss this movie, you deserve next year's New York Film Critics Award. They missed it this year, and deserve a plague on all their (pent)houses. Delman, 529-1257. (Long lines, go early) (DISSENTING OPINION, Page 15)

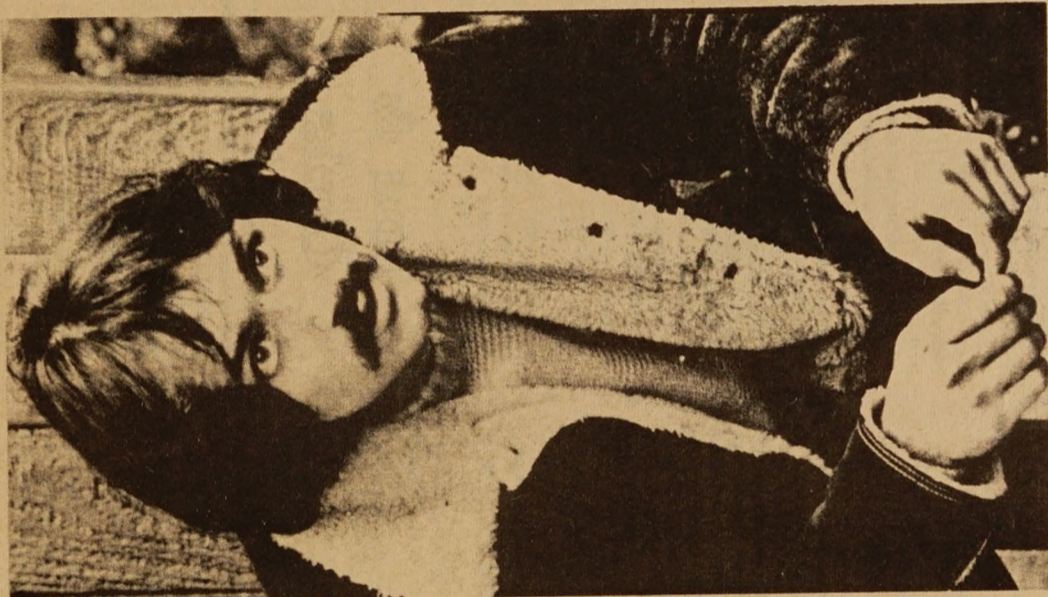
M*A*S*H. Probably the funniest screenplay ever written, often butchered by the aimless direction of Robert Altman (that football game do go on ...). But plenty remains — not terribly sharp, but expertly played by the Goldust Twins and others. 7 and 10 pm, Mar. 15-16, Oberholzer Ballroom, U of H. Admission 75 cents.

MACBETH. Willie, Judy, and Maury combine forces for a romp on the heath. Actually it's quite good — academic, perhaps, but good. One day only (March 9) at the Alabama, 522-5176.

MISSISSIPPI MERMAID. A late Francois Truffaut effort, practically laughed out of town. But it's charming, in a simple-minded sort of way. Godard once praised Truffaut as being both "rigorous and tender"; here the rigor is completely absent. 8 pm, March 11, Rice Media Center. Free.

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDER. The most leaden of epics, obviously the payoff picture for director Franklin Schaffner — but if he's smart he'll go back to the ape movies, with relative unknowns in the title roles — but half the English stage showing up in small parts. Produces

Space in



Above: Jesse Colin Young. His new album is reviewed in John Lomax's PLATTER CHATTER column—now in SPACE-IN.

Theater

- Trey Wilson takes a look at *Salvation* (page 17).
- Meanwhile, Jamie Yeager casts a critical eye on *Discourse/Vietnam* (page 8).
- Ron Bozman's camera does most of the looking in special coverage of French mime Jacques LeCoq. Text by Patricia Gruben. (pages 8 and 13)

that "hey look, it's Larry Olivier" effect. Deadly. Reserved seats. Gaylynn, 771-1261, PG

POCKET MONEY. Lee Marvin's acting technique has worked down into nothing but odd bits of business — as if he's trying to remember how to tie his shoes. And costar Paul Newman is in no position to help him. River Oaks, 524-2175, PG

STRAW DOGS. If director Sam Peckinpah is fated to produce the real image of America, please God let it be "The Ballad of Cable Hogue." Or anything but this atrocity. Around town like a plague.

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY. A perfectly realized film that nevertheless lacks resonance. Perhaps the people and events are too bound to their time, place and caste—in any case, especially on repeated viewing, the film wears thin. Shamrock Four, 666-1546; and Bellaire, 664-0182. (SEE REVIEWS, pages 14 and 16)

TWO DAUGHTERS. Directed by Satyajit Ray. Difficult, but worth it. 8 pm, March 10, Library Auditorium, U of H. Free.

VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED. Whether you caught the sequel ("Children of the Damned") on television or not, see this British terror. Accompanied by chapter two of the original "Flash Gordon" serial. Park III Film Festival, 522-5632.

X, Y, and ZEE. Elizabeth Taylor if still playing Martha — only this time it's for real. Michael Caline and Susannah York are fine, but they fade into the background when Taylor is on screen. Galeria Cinema, 626-4011. (SEE REVIEW Page 14)

ZERO FOR CONDUCT. Lindsay Anderson failed to make "if ..." come alive — largely, perhaps, because he had this classic starting over his shoulder. Directed by Jean Vigo in 1932. One of the greats. 8 pm, March 10, Rice Media Center. Free.

FONDRENN STREET THEATRE
Fondren at Daffodil, 783-9930.
PINOCCHIO. A musical adaptation of the classic tale, 2 pm, Saturdays and Sundays thru March 12.
SALVATION. A rock opera. C.C. Courtney, coauthor of the off-Broadway show, has made script alterations for this production — and assisted Phil Oeser with the direction. 8 pm, Thurs-Sat; 7 pm, Sundays. Student discounts. (SEE REVIEW, Page 17)

HOUSTON MUSIC THEATRE
7326 Southwest Freeway, 771-3851.
THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES. A musical for children mostly, 2 pm, Saturdays thru April 8.

PLAYWRIGHT'S SHOWCASE
6265 Main, 524-3168.
DISCOURSE/VIETNAM. Playwright Peter Weiss does the discoursing, through the mouths of a good cast directed by Roger Glade. With Anthony Blyth, Stewart Papavassiliou, Al Footnick, 8 pm, Fridays and Saturdays thru Mar 25. (SEE REVIEW, Page 8)

SOUTHWEST THEATRE GUILD
2419 Times Blvd. 528-8813 or 667-8480.
HAY FEVER. Community theater groups — even above-average ones like this — might be ill-advised to take on Noel Coward. But see this for yourself. Opens Mar. 10, weekends thereafter thru Mar. 25th.

THEATRE SUBURBIA
1410 W. 43rd. 682-3525.
27 WAGONS FULL OF COTTON and three other one-act plays by Tennessee Williams. 8:30 pm, Fridays and Saturdays thru April 1.

AUDITIONS: For a new three-act play by Houston attorney Walter Boyd, 2pm, March 12, at the theatre.

Music

SHIRLEY BASSEY. What else can you say? 8:30pm, March 25, Jones Hall.

La Bastille
716 Franklin, 227-2036.
BUDDY RICH. The jazz drummer and his band. Two shows nightly, thru March 19. Tickets are \$5 each or one lid per couple.

BEAUTIFUL DAY and SEATRIN.
Day has been living off the proceeds of their album "Marry'n Malden." Seatrain uses a wa-wa pedal on violin. Is the word for that far-out? Southwest Concerts, 8pm, March 21. Music Hall.

(more "Music" listings on next page)

Music

Cont. from 9

DEEP PURPLE and BUDDY MILES.

Deep Purple plays good rock but is a little too heavy on the psychedelic crap. The last time they played here with Rod Stewart, they used a strobe light. Buddy Miles has played and played his dues—and is worth the listen. Concerts West and KILT. 8pm, March 19. Coliseum. No reserved seats.

GORDON LIGHTFOOT. Practically a must. Don't let his recent Top-40 air play throw you. He's been writing songs for years and has been a steady folk staple. 8pm, March 9. Music Hall.

THE MOODY BLUES. Number one vocal group in Playboy?? How 'bout that, kids? 8pm, April 5. Coliseum.

Houston Baptist College Opera Company

AUDITIONS. For Benjamin Britten's comic opera "Albert Herring," to be produced in May. The company is ambitious and glowing with talent, and it deserves widespread audience and performer support. March 11. For information call Dr. William Guthrie, director of the company, at 774-7661.

Houston Civic Music Association

Ticket information: 668-6605.
ERICH FRIEDMAN. No program given, 8pm, Mar. 14.

Houston Symphony

615 Louisiana, 224-4240.
CHRISTOPHER PARKENING, guitarist. With the orchestra, under the direction of Lawrence Foster. 8:30 pm, Mar. 13-14, Jones Hall.

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ. Conducting the orchestra in a performance of works by Prokofiev, Weber, Enesco and Tchaikovsky. 8pm, Mar. 11. Coliseum. One of the "Chronicle Concerts Series"; tickets at all Foley's.

SONNY & CHER. With the orchestra. Travesty night. Foley's "Sounds of the 70's series." 8:30pm, Mar. 23. Coliseum. Tickets at all Foley's.
ALEXANDER NEVSKY. Sergei Eisenstein's gargantuan classic film, with the orchestra performing the score. An event! 8:30 pm, Mar. 26. Jones Hall. Tickets at all Foley's.

Museum of Fine Arts

1001 Bissonnet, 526-1361.
NEW MUSIC ENSEMBLE. Jeffrey Lerner conducting. In a performance of works by Robert Karfins, George Crumb, Lukas Foss, David Burge, Michael Horvit and Hleitor Villa-Lobos. 4pm, Mar. 12. Jones Lecture Hall. Free (Phone and check on this one.)

Willie's Pub
120 Milam, 226-8755.

SWEET PETER. Every Friday and Saturday. No cover. Beer is \$2.50 a pitcher. Mondays and Tuesdays they have George Joseph. Wednesdays it's Sean.

Paintings and Plastics

("plastic, adj. having to do with or involving molding or modelling; that expresses itself in three dimensions")

Contemporary Arts Museum
Montrose & Bissonnet, 526-3129
Will you enter expecting the unexpected? It opens March 20.

Museum of Fine Arts

1001 Bissonnet, 526-1361
ARY STILLMAN RETROSPECTIVE: Works by the late Ary Stillman. Jones Gallery.
NATURE AND FOCUS: American Painting in the 19th Century.
LECTURES: "Money and American Impressionism," Monet and Modern Vision Series, Sunday Mar. 12, 2:00.
BAYOU BEND, Exhibit of looking glasses, girandoles and mirrors, from the 17th to 19th Centuries. Winedale Cottage, 1 Westcott St., 529-8773.

Rice University
6100 S. Main, 528-4141
INSTITUTE FOR THE ARTS
Works from the Menil Foundation and family, including paintings, sculpture, and objects d'art. Thru April 15.

Photographs by Garry Winogrand. 120 prints that reflect his preoccupation with the absurd, the lamentable, and the ridiculous.
SEWALL HALL GALLERY. "Paintings from 1971 by Dorothy Hood." The exhibit will consist of approximately 15 exceptionally large canvases. Thru Mar. 23.

Galleries:

ADEPT GALLERY. Luther G. Walker in one-man show of paintings, poetry and prose. 6 - 9 pm weekdays; 1 - 5 pm Sun, 1317 Binz.

ART LEAGUE. Membership show. Includes 48 works selected from Art League members. Thru March 12. 1953 Montrose, 523-9530.

ARTISTS OUTLET COMMUNITY CENTER. Local black artists on the black lifestyle. Most media, 9 - 5 pm, Mon-Sat, 2603 Blodgett.

The Tube

Thu, Mar 9—

7:30 pm—**ISADORA DUNCAN,** biography of the great dancer, directed by Ken Russell (Women in Love, The Devils). Repeats Sun, Mar 12 at 4:00 pm, Ch 8
10:30 pm—**THE SANDPIPER,** Burton & Taylor will warm the cockles of your heart, Ch 11

Fri, Mar 10—

6:30 pm—**VIEWPOINT,** guests Pluria Marshall, Rev. William Lawson, and Alan Saltzstein, Ch 8

7:30 pm—**RULES OF THE GAME,** satiric film made by Jean Renoir in 1939. Ch 8

8:00 pm—**BAREFOOT CONTESSA,** this one has Bogart, but probably very little else to recommend it. Ch 39

10:30 pm—**FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED,** no Boris Karloff, more's the pity. Ch 111

12:30 am—**ERROL FLYNN ALL-NITE ON CHANNEL 11.** Waste hours and hours with America's best-loved swashbuckler in **ISTANBUL, GENTLEMAN JIM,** and **OBJECTIVE BURMA.** Ch 11

Sat, Mar 11—

1:30 pm—**GHOST DIVER,** sci-fi (of unknown quality). Ch 11
10:30 pm—**ISLAND IN THE SUN,** James Mason, Harry Belafonte, Ch 13

Sun, Mar 12—

12:30 pm—**DARLING,** a fairly recent number starring Julie Christie and Laurence Harvey. Ch 2
3:30 pm—**CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON,** a classic (but you know that) Ch 11

8:00 pm—**LORD JIM,** Part 1, stars Peter O'Toole. Ch 13

10:30 pm—**CAMILLE,** Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, a biggie. Ch 2

Mon, Mar 13—

7:00 pm—**BETWEEN TIME & TIMBUKTU,** a space fantasy adventure drama based on early novels and short stories by Kurt Vonnegut, Ch 8

8:00 pm—**LORD JIM,** Part 2, also stars Peter O'Toole (surprise!). Ch 13

8:00 pm—**AL CAPONE,** Rod Steiger as the incorrigible gangster chief, Ch 39
Tue, Mar 14—

7:00 pm—**WEST SIDE STORY.** Part 1.

Sat, Mar 18—

1:30 pm—**THE MAZE,** features the only giant frog in sci-fi history. Ch 11

1:05 am—**HIRED GUN,** gives you the unbeatable (even if somewhat incredible) team of Rory Calhoun, Vince Edwards, and Chuck Connors. Ch 13

Sun, Mar 19—

3:30 pm—**ASPHALT JUNGLE,** the archetypal urban jungle movie. Marilyn Monroe, Sterling Hayden, James Whitmore, Ch 13

10:30 pm—**THE HIGHWAYMAN RIDES,** the pick hit of the week. A Billy The Kid epic featuring Johnny Mack Brown and Wallace Beery. Ch 2

Mon, Mar 19—

3:30 pm—**SAIGON,** Stars Alan Ladd & Veronica Lake in a scenic paradise. Based on a plot by the CIA. Ch 11

6:30 pm—**GUNS AND/OR BUTTER: WHAT PRICE NATIONAL SECURITY?** Sens. Stennis (the bad guy) and William Proxmire (the bad guy). Ch 8

9:30 pm—**PRECONCEPTION CARE & DIAGNOSIS OF PREGNANCY,** first of a 12-part series on maternal & child health care; includes various tests for pregnancy. Ch 8

Tue, Mar 20—

8:30 pm—**BLACK JOURNAL** visits Trinidad, tracing evolution of steel bands & calypso. Ch 8

Inns & Outs

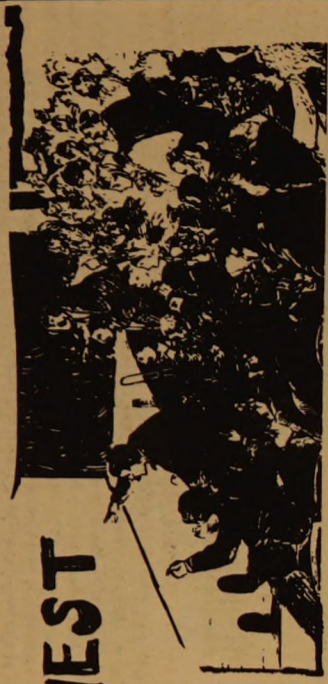
ABORTION CONFERENCE
The Women's Abortion Action Committee (WAAC) at UT/Austin is sponsoring a state-wide conference for all women interested in working for the repeal of all anti-abortion laws and restrictive contraceptive laws, and an end to forced sterilization. Sun, Mar 19, from 10 am to 4 pm on the UT/Austin campus. Contact WAAC at (512) 471-4528.

THE SALT OF THE EARTH

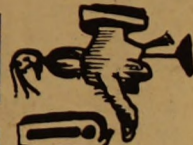
Portrayal by a communist filmmaker of working class struggle in the southwest. Blacklisted by Hollywood in the 50's. Showing in University Center at UH on March 11 at 7:30 pm and 9:30 pm, 504 SDS.

CINEMA

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1403 Congress, 226-7902.
DON SANDERS, Townes Van Zandt might come in, March 10-11, \$1.

The Palace

3400 Montrose, 528-8970.
High in the Houston sky, it's the counter-culture answer to the Houston Oaks. Also a good view of KILT headquarters. Good boogie to canned music.

Ruby Red's

717 Franklin, 222-2713.

SEAN, SCOTT CHAMBERS and DAVE RAINWATER, Acoustical folk, beer and peanuts. Only the beer costs.

Sandees

4822 South Park, 748-9500.
PRAIRIE, Beer \$2 per pitcher, 8-12pm, March 10; 8pm-1am, March 11. 50 cents cover.

Society for the Performing Arts.

615 Louisiana, 227-1111.
JULIAN BREAM, super nova guitarist, Performing Robert de Visee's Suite in A; Leopold Slivius Weiss' Partita in D; a Prelude and Gavotte of J.S. Bach; Spanish Dances 5 and 10, and "Tonadilla: La Maja de Goya" of Enrique Granados; Five Preludes of Heitor Villa-Lobos; and the Fantasy of Malcolm Arnold, 8:30 pm, Mar. 18, Jones Hall.

Texas Southern University

TSU JAZZ ENSEMBLE, "The Ideas of Jazz" with special guest star Arnett Cobb. Cobb will perform the second movement of Lanny Steele's "Space City Blues," 8pm, March 15, Main Auditorium at TSU. Tickets \$4.

Auditorium at TSU. Tickets: TSU students, \$1. all others, \$2.

University of Houston

April Concert Schedule:
SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE, 8pm, April 8, Hofheinz Pavilion,
EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER, 8pm, April 23, Hofheinz Pavilion,
ELTON JOHN, 8pm, April 28, Hofheinz Pavilion.

U of H Coffeehouse

(closed March 10-11 for mid-terms)
BRADY AND SONJA, Folk music and contemporary dance, 8pm, March 23, UH students, \$1; other students, \$1.50; public, \$2. (Dance master class in Melcher gym: 10-11:30am, same day)

WEST, BRUCE AND LANG, Leslie West and Corky Lang of Mountain and Jack Bruce of Cream mix it up as they try to make a little money. Who really wants to hear Bruce solo on an eight-string bass anyhow? 8 pm, March 29, Music Hall.

CONTRACT GRAPHICS, Paintings by Dallasite Sam Gummelt, 5116 Morrison, 524-1595

CARVEL GALLERY, Original Eskimo stone graphics, 11 am - 5 pm, Tues. - Sat, 3719 Westheimer.

DAVID GALLERY, works by Univ. of St. Thomas professor, Earl Staley, 2243 San Felipe, 524-9977.

DUBOSE GALLERY, Sculpture by Robert Russin of the Univ. of Wyoming. Works include sculptures made of bronze, marble, and polyester amalgams 2950 Kirby, 526-2353.

GALLERY OF ORIGINAL ARTS, Continuous line drawings by Tommy Bush and William E. Brooks, 9629 Katy Rd, 467-6577.

GARRET GALLERY, Works by Art Arlon from Southwest Texas State University. Mixed Media. This gallery is new on the scene, 3014 Brazos.

GOOD EARTH GALLERY, A great gallery featuring Houston artists. The price is right. Hours are 11 am - 3 pm and 7 - 10 pm daily, 508 Louisiana. (See "Happening," Page 18)

HIGH SCHOOL FOR THE PERFORMING AND VISUAL ARTS, It's an exciting place: "Textural Weavings and Drawings," 9am-4 pm, weekdays, 3517 Austin.

HOOKS - EPSTEIN GALLERY, The "Salt-imbalance" Suite by Picasso, honoring his 90th year. 1200 Bissonnet, 529-2343.

KIKO GALLERIES, Mixed show of contemporary "masters." Graphics, 10am-5 pm, Mon-Sat, 419 Lovett, 522-3722.

LATENT IMAGE, Old and new photographs of Houston, A feast for the eye, 1122 Bissonnet, 529-2343.

ALFRED LEE GALLERY, Sculptures, paintings, drawings and graphics by Joseph Sternberg and Janice Jacobs, 3404 Roseland, 522-2519.

MARJORIE KAUFFMAN, "Banners" a traveling exhibition of tapestries by well known contemporary artists. Thru March 11, in the Galleria, 622-6001.

MERDITH LONG AND CO. New York artist George L.K. Morris, in a one-man show, 2323 San Felipe.

MILLIGUO GALLERY, Etchings and aquatints by Goya, 10 am - 4:30 pm, Tues - Fri, 1-5 pm weekends, Lamar Tower, West Alabama at Buffalo Speedway.

RIVER OAKS GALLERY, Fabric collages by Israeli artist Ella Rayoni, River Oaks Blvd, at Westheimer, 522-6401.

ROBINSON GALLERIES, "Olympic Art 1972." Artists' concepts of the Olympic games. You must see them to believe them, 3220 Louisiana, 528-7674.

Natalie Wood & Richard Beymer (remember him?) do a creditable job of lip-synching, but they sure can't act. Ch 2

7:30 pm—**THE ADVOCATES**, subject for debate is "Should the govt. regulate the foreign operations of multi-national corporations?" Ch 8

Wed, Mar 15—

1:00 pm—**THE STRANGLER**, you read about him in The National Inquirer, now see him in the privacy of your own teevee room, Ch 39

7:30 pm—**WEST SIDE STORY**, Conclusion, Your heart will go out, tears will flow, gorge will rise, Ch 2

Thu, Mar 16—

1:00 pm—**A YANK IN VIETNAM**, made in 1964, the less-than-credible saga of a bloodguts Marine who fights off the Cong Cong for the country & the girl he loves, Ch 39

7:30 pm—**BYRON**, an NET film biography, Ch 8

Fri, Mar 17—

6:30 pm—**BILLY GRAHAM**, God (and his inseparable companions, the son and the holy ghost) really does have a wonderful secret plan for your miserable life, and Billy bought a big chunk of teevee time just to tell you about it, Ch 13

7:30 pm—**INTIMATE LIGHTING**, fine comedy by Czech film-maker Ivan Passer Ch 8

10:30 pm—**SWORD OF LANCELOT**, Cornel Wilde in a film which is rapidly becoming a classic in phallic imagery, Ch 13

12:30 pm—**ALL-NITE MOVIES ON CH 11** Feast your bleary eyes on **THE QUIET MAN** (John Wayne), **LUCK OF THE IRISH** (Tyronne Power), and **THE RISING OF THE MOON** (God Knows), Ch 11

FREE CONCERTS IN AUSTIN

The Yippies of Austin say they are going to have free concerts at "a park" every Sunday afternoon. You know what incurable ills they are, but they just might pull it off. Call the Austin switchboard for more info: (512) 476-5657.

BENEFIT FOR INLET

The Phoenix Whole Earth and Metaphysical Book Center, at 524 Westheimer, is having a benefit for the Inlet Drug Crisis Center on Sat, Mar 11; 10 am-6 pm. All proceeds are to go to INLET.

DISCUSS THE ISSUES

KUHT-TV is sponsoring discussion groups at each and every one of Houston's branch libraries following the telecasts of Great Decisions... 1972. If you're interested in participating, call Lupe Mier, 861-4149, or Mike Benedict, 224-5441. Discussion dates & times vary from one branch library to the other.

PEACE CALENDAR

(compiled by Houston Committee to End the War in Vietnam, HCEWV)

Thu, Mar 9—10:30 am—Meeting of Clergy and Laity Concerned. No telling where, Sat, Mar 11—David Harris will be in Houston, 5:30-7:30 pm he will be at a picnic in Hermann Park; bring food to share. At 8:00 pm he will speak at the Rice University Chem Lecture Hall.

GARAGE SALE

Garage sale every weekday at Daeflower Free School, 1401 Blodgett (at Austin), noon to 5:00. Bring by junk for us to sell anytime.

GI COFFEEHOUSE

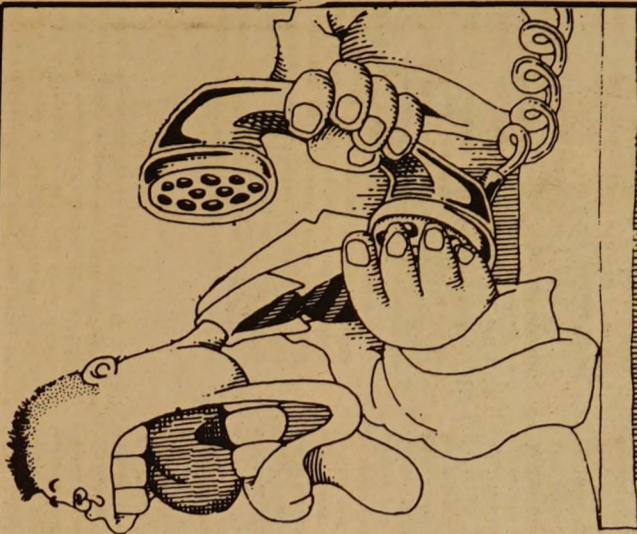
The Haymarket Square Coffeehouse, serving Gis and dependents at Fort Bragg, needs contributions (money, green stamps, used books) to keep it together and to relocate their facilities. To contribute, or to subscribe to their monthly newspaper, or to just find out what the hell's going on, write: Haymarket Square Collective Box 1312 Fayetteville, N. C. 28302

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FOLKSY STUFF

by Scout Schacht

"Don Quixote" is the title of Gordon Lightfoot's new release on Reprise. To our good fortune he will be performing at the Music Hall this week (See "Space-In"). I think he is a performer like no other except perhaps a minstrel in the time of Robin Hood or King Arthur — or that imaginary knight that he writes about. Lightfoot has been around for quite awhile; I read somewhere, a star that rises slowly, shines long and bright.

It's been a coon's age since I've heard him on the radio. Lightfoot's voice vaguely reminds me of Fred Neil, except softer. It has a distinctive tone like Van Zant. Some people would probably say this album is nothing new, but everything he has done before has either been good or excellent — and not very popular.

A song off the album called "Alberta Bound," is a somewhat lively tune that reminds me of Ian and Sylvia (wonder if we'll hear from them soon?). The last cut is called "Patriot's Dream," very sad and beautiful, I hope he plays it at his concert. A purist — that is no electric whas-whas etc. A definite addition to any collection.

Another great guitar player has come to my attention — his name is Leo Kottke; his album Greenhouse is on Capitol. Old Leo is quite good although he looks very young (look out John Fahey). A very clear voice, a little like Tom Rush, maybe stronger. Most of the cuts are instrumentals on a 12-string, with a lot of slide work. More like Ry Cooder in tradition than experimental like Leo Kottke, who I think discovered Leo.

The album is called Greenhouse because guitars used to be plants (still singing). Leo plays beautifully, almost technically perfect.

Jesse Colin Young is alive and well with an album called Together on Warner Bros. From the old days of Earth Music and San Francisco Beat-in's, Jesse still makes you feel like dancing. Opening cut "Good Times," flows through your soul like green grass. The only thing I miss is "Banana" on keyboards. Jesse's wife Suzi sings harmonies like sunlight filling a cup.

Remember Buffalo Springfield's "What's that sound / everybody look what's going down,"? Well, Jesse's written the equivalent with "Peace Song," a plea for everybody to get it together. Remember Nixon's best friend is the disunity of the movement. Peace.

Platter

Don't It Drag On *** Chris Smither
*** Poppy (distributed by United Artists) SI 18m57sS2 15m 59s

According to Chris, Man exists in four conditions: as animal, as Spirit, as Energy and as God. Okay, it took me awhile to become acquainted with Chris; a friend had to point out the way he masterfully caresses each word. After I got him to work, sparkling flocks rising from the flow of his bass' drone tones.

Then I relaxed and let Chris take me into his blue world of women, boredom, death and parting. Chris wrote seven of the eleven tunes — then completed the album with the Dead's "Friend of the Devil," "Statesboro Blues," "Down in the Flood" from Dylan and a stately go-round with "No Expectations."

Smither is more blues-folk than anything else — mournful, sadly pretty song tales of lives unled and moments of decision. Just when you think he is too heavy, out comes "Mail Order Mystics":

Can't you just go out and see the stars at night
Without asking someone lucky how to see them right

Yes, mail order mystics never had it so good

You go ahead and listen like I knew you would

Then its' hours of conversation all about my sign

When all I want to talk about is lovin' and wine.

The world needs more of Chris Smithers (and fewer Led Zeppelins). 89

Stories We Could Tell *** The Everly Brothers *** RCA *** SI 20m 0s S2 18m 35s

It's been 16 years since the Everlys have had to struggle to have their music heard. "Bye Bye Love" got them started in a big

Softly Whispering I Love You *** The English Congregation *** Signpost (distributed by Atlantic) *** SI 15m 41s S2 17m 40s

The Congregation is a "musical wall consisting of massed choirs, rough vocal voices, and languid guitar." There are 90 voices, an orchestra, the "diametrically opposite sounds of Brian Keith's full voice to strengthen the melody, plus the sizzling tones of Alan Parker's guitar work gave *Softly* that magic touch."

I listened to three cuts, then they came at me with that Coca-Cola song about teaching the world to sing when 16 Carousels projectors in perfect synchrony snapped on in my brain and madly began flashing closeups of many jacksal retching. Not wishing to disturb them, but knowing action must be taken, I wadded *Softly* up into the syrup jar and poured it over my pancakes. Honey's better though. And I couldn't find "jangular" in the dictionary. 42

Merry Clayton *** Ode (distributed by A&M) *** SI 19m49s S2 17m24s

She's only as good as her musicians, a noted crew including Billy Preston, David T. Walker, husband Curtis Amy, the James Cleveland Choir and Carole King. Merry is now 24 and this record, her second, should bring Merry the acclaim she so richly deserves.

I'd be nitpicking to knock this disc, Merry is so good for you it would only dull the ecstasy. I'm no expert on soul but this lady has got it just oozing from her tonsils.

"Nuff said. It's got tunes from James Taylor, Leon Russell, Preston, Carole King and Neil Young. Stand back and watch Merry catch fire. 90

Hendrix in the West *** Warner-Reprise *** SI 20m 27s S2 20m16s

We'll be getting Hendrix albums from here to Pittsburgh. This one was recorded at the San Diego Sports Arena, the Berkeley Community Center and the Isle of Wight. No dates are given. So who cares? Hendrix incites his guitar to run amuck through "Johnny B. Goode," "Blue Suede Shoes," "Sgt. the British National Anthem and "Sgt. Pepper." To balance things out there are four Hendrix originals with characteristically undecipherable stage patter.

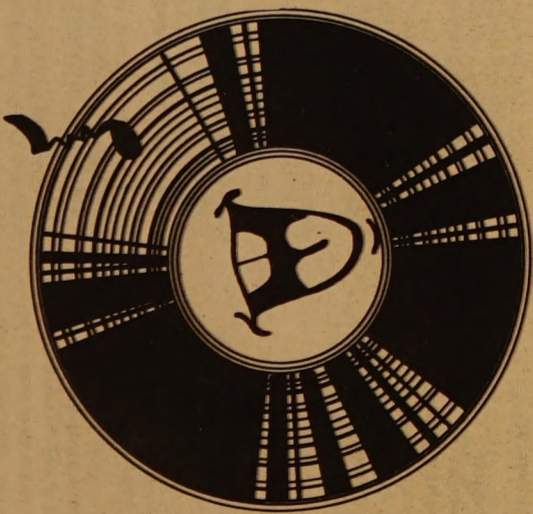
Billy Cox and Noel Redding share bass duties with ever-present Mitch Mitchell drumming. 41 more minutes of Hendrix make his loss even harder to bear. Check out the way he ends "Blue Suede Shoes" if you really think anyone has caught up to him yet. You may also find yourself sucked into an eight-minute version of "Voodoo Child." "If I don't see you in this world/meet you in the next one."

Scant criticism of this. One could do much worse than to listen to Hendrix constantly. The greatest fusion in history of blues, jazz and rock — the likes of which we may never hear again. 96

Together *** Jesse Colin Young *** Warner-Reprise *** SI 18m 11s S219m 26s

I swam! that Jesse Young has just got to be the mellowest thing since Coors. *Together* just glides along, and if you thought JJ Cale was laid-back this'll flat you right out.

"Six Days on the Road" but smoothly done so there aren't any truck tracks up your back. "Sweet Little 16" sung without Chuck's snappy leer but with a lazy sensuality. And "Creole Bell." Sure does my heart good to hear that again. And five of Jessie's songs. Couldn't ask for more than that, now could you? 91



by John M. Lomax

(NOTE: For those just tuning in, that is not a typo at the end of each of my review. It's a number grade — yes, just like school, given in an attempt to provide a quantitative guide to my reviews. You know where I stand on a scale of 1-100, and that is important . . . for one thing, it means that you can skip the text, look only at the rating — and have a relatively constant index of new albums. Number grades for new albums and ratings below 75 imply a warning: careful consideration should be given before anything so impulsive as a \$4 outlay is even remotely contemplated. A 95 or above calls for immediate ear-attenuation. No 100s however . . .)

Teenage Licks *** Stone the Crows *** Polydor

Stone the Crows coalesced in the tough neighborhoods and back alleys of Glasgow. Absurd! Not only is Rod Stewart a foppish clown, but the Crows can get it on better. And the Maggie Bell; she may have some Stewart sandpaper in her style, but there the comparison collapses. The other Crows (Les Harvey, Colin Allen, Ronnie Leahy and Steve Thompson) provide a solid drum, bass, keyboard and guitar-recorder background. They are capable of flying high but Miss Bell soars above even their lorry levels. She has a caressing yet raw, husky voice which can soothe or bellow raucously. Unquestionably up there with Jagger, Slick, Morrison and Joplin as a rock vocalist.

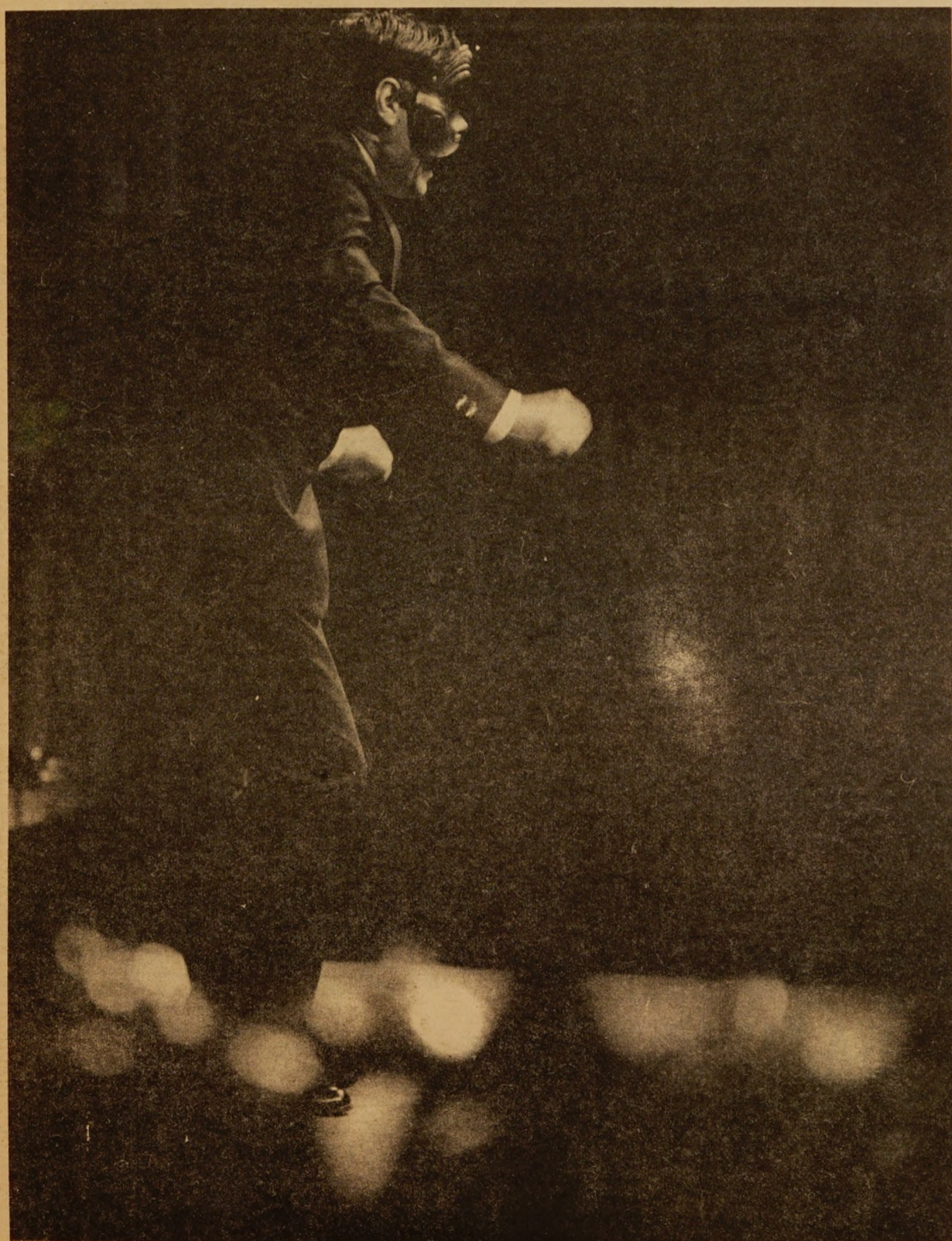
They take you on a smooth slowed-down version of "Don't Think Twice" in this, their third album. (Their second opus was never released here; hopefully *Teenage Licks* can rekindle desire in the public eye.) The Crows are much more popular in Europe than here: this album should remedy all that, for it's a gem. They do play in the same vein as the Faces. Just better. 94

Chatter



Photos by Ron Bozma

Language of Gesture



The French mimist Jacques LeCoq came to Rice last week for two lecture/performance and a five-day workshop. He described the two years of study at his school in Paris, and the art of mime.

It is in the gesture under the gesture, in the gesture under the word, in the movement of materials, of sounds, of colors and of lights, that the school finds its basis. We recognize all that which moves by the faculty of man to mime, that is to identify himself to the world in replaying it with all his being.

It is in the silent body of man where are formulated the bursts of expression and in particular those of dramatic creation.

The fire which I see burns in me. I can know the fire in identifying myself with it by the game. I give my fire to the fire.

The impressions of the body make words live, and when the words leave the body to travel in the comfort of their definition, they stiffen and die, only carrying emptiness.

So then our approach begins with the body.

— Patricia Gruben

Theater

by Alex Stern

The movie industry has always had cycles both economic and narrative — I don't suppose a single commercially-successful movie has ever been *not* followed by a spate of copies. Copies of the theme, copies of the plot, copies of the stars — all in an attempt, of course, to copy the popular success.

Perhaps it's just a function of the very few commercial successes of late, but now the cycles seem to have a life of their own. The rodeo cycle is with us, without there being a *Sound of the Bull-Pen* to set it off. Also current, seemingly without provocation, are three new major-production movies about sexual triangles, *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, *Cabaret* and *X, Y and Zee*.

There's a corollary to the rule about cycles that I forgot to mention: the first is almost always better than the rest. But as the cycles are on their own, the corollary has broken down. At this writing (more are coming), all the rodeo movies are bad. Sexual triangles are faring better; in their own widely varying ways, all three are good.

And since *Jules et Jim* is back in town, it seems worth noting that all three of the newer triangles have a woman at the center. Not geometrically speaking — Glenda Jackson is firmly an end point, as is Elizabeth Taylor until she makes end-run around Michael Caine to get at Susannah York. And Liza Minnelli? Well, she seems secure in the center until discovering the boys have been holding hands behind her back.

But geometry aside, all three women are central to their respective movies. They're the ones who make demands, who force the issues and break the bonds.

The similarities are striking, especially in such disparate films. And even more especially when seen as part of an industry that has pretty systematically oppressed women — in many ways, no doubt, but I'm speaking in terms of plot — since about 1939.

XY AND ZEE, Directed by Brian Hutton. Original screenplay by Edna O'Brien. Cinematography by Billy Williams. With Elizabeth Taylor, Michael Caine, Susannah York.

X, Y, and Zee has somehow no right to be anything more than a forties "woman's picture," but it is more. Joan Crawford would have done anything to hold on to her husband, too — but she couldn't do the things Elizabeth Taylor does. (And I do *not* refer to the very oddly handled bit of 1972 lesbianism.) Taylor has dropped the corsets and the shoulder-pads, and the change is more than one of fashion. Crawford suffered nobly — suffering does ennoble, doesn't it? — but Taylor doesn't bother: she just tramps right up to the camera and brays.



Elizabeth Taylor has become an almost impossible slut, and her acting technique is no firmer than it ever was. Still, she's dynamite — coarse and vulgar and ludicrous, really, but powerful. And what's more, she communicates that power through a sketchy characterisation and up to the back row of the balcony.

The contact between this power and the role of the left-behind spouse is what raises this silly movie about its genre. Edna O'Brien's screenplay has the feel of being written at several different times (and the only time that counted, seemingly, was the last-minute brouhaha she handed to Taylor). And Brian Hutton's is unfelt. (If it were felt, certainly, it would have ruined the one asset the movie has, so I shouldn't complain.) Michael Caine and Susannah York are also on hand, but their presence (although impeccable) doesn't count much.

CABARET. Produced by Cy Feuer. Directed and choreographed by Bob Fosse. From the Broadway musical produced by Harold Prince. Adapted by Jay Allen, with Hugh Wheeler. Music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb. Cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth. With Liza Minnelli, Michael York, Joel Grey.

friend of mine turned to me after the movie and inquired what had happened during the last 15 minutes of the picture. The plot synopsis said that Ms. Taylor seduced Ms. York, but the director had a failure of nerve not shared by the publicity department.

Cabaret, although presumably aimed at just the same (mass) market, doesn't flinch. Michael Caine turns and informs Liza Minnelli that he has been screwing her baron/lover too — and that, as they say, is that. To be sure, the movie doesn't treat the homosexual liaison in any depth (although it may spend really too much time on it) — but it doesn't leer. No mean feat.

Spending too much time away from Minnelli is the possible mistake, for Minnelli is what makes this occasionally cumbersome and over-serious movie work. I've never much cared for her, either — and still don't like her singing. She works too hard, and her face in close-up is uncontrollable. (Emotions skitter across that face like dragonflies). Her projection is amazing but unfocussed. Now *Cabaret* provides the role to focus it.

THREE BY THREE

The wheel of movie fortune has turned— and sexual triangles are the latest thing.

What counts, however, is who's at the

apex. . .

Cabaret is in all ways a finer movie than *X, Y, and Zee*. But it's still, in a very crucial way, also a movie — of the big-budget, mass-audience variety. This is important to keep in mind, for it makes clear just exactly how good this movie is.

X, Y, and Zee becomes more than a little embarrassed when the implications of its triangle become clear. Or, more appropriately, murky. A

Sally Bowles, from the memorable Christopher Isherwood stories, is one of the great roles imaginable. But it could easily trip up the most expert of actresses. The temptation, of course, is to play her straight — as the wild, seductive vamp she imagined herself. And the alternative is an equivalent pitfall — play her for pathos and she becomes unworthy of respect.

Minnelli may be no expert, but she is flawless. By never giving into the pathos and yet making the self-delusion clear, Minnelli performs the impossible: Sally Bowles becomes — in our eyes, as she was in Isherwood's — what she imagined herself to be. She's silly at first, and we recognize this. But by the time she wriggles her "divinely decadent" emerald green nails in farewell — *and doesn't turn back* — she's hooked us. She's Sally Bowles, that "international sensation" the Master of Ceremonies introduces her as.

To play a deluded woman without resorting to "womanish" delusions — that's a piece of acting. And for a major-production movie to not fall back on the old assumptions — that's progress.

Unfortunately, *Cabaret* does not solve the problems of the movie musical; mostly, it just avoids them. The music is used solely in counterpoint (and sometimes a bit heavily) to the main narrative. One advancement is made, however, in that Bob Fosse has very firmly shown the uses to which the wide screen can be put for musical numbers. More than just space, the wide screen can reinforce a musical rhythm — and does so admirably in the "Money" and "Willkommen" numbers.

SUNDAY, BLOODY SUNDAY. DIRECTED BY JOHN SCHLESINGER. SCREENPLAY BY PENELOPE GILLIATT. CINEMATOGRAPHY BY BILLY WILLIAMS. STARRING PETER FINCH, GLENDA JACKSON, MURRAY HEAD, PEGGY ASHCROFT, TONY CHILTON, VIVIAN PICKLES, MAURICE DENHAM, BESSIE LOVE.

Sunday Bloody Sunday has been too long with us in these pages, and I've seen the film five or six times by now — and am beginning to hate it. However, the performances in the film are beyond reproach.

While the director pitches the film to Peter Finch (playing the Jewish homosexual professional in a way that makes one think it impossible that the three characteristics could ever be anything but together), scenarist Penelope Gilliatt seems to have the sole woman of the triangle on her mind.

Glenda Jackson — even apart from Ken Russell — has always been in danger of becoming the Marilyn Horne of the screen. Like Horne's voice, her acting range seemed to have no middle. Always on the periphery of emotion (and occasionally the boundaries of tolerance), she was, well, sort of a drag. Her performance here as Alex Greville redeems her career.

And although Alex is only half the object of Bob's affections, she's a good deal more of the film. She — not Daniel (Peter Finch) — makes the demands, and she alone expresses what the technological apparatus of the characters demands: "Don't phone."

Crucial to her character — both as a party in a relationship and as a woman — is the line so recognizably Gilliatt: "I'm tired of something is better than nothing; there must be times when nothing is better than something."

I don't much like *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, and although I know people exactly like the characters (and their reality is perfect), the film is just too thin. The best scene, an after-dinner conversation between Alex and her mother (the marvelous Peggy Ashcroft) just doesn't have the resonance it should.

In its sloppy and inane fashion, *X, Y, and Zee* is a more rewarding experience. If only because the characters and situations are so amorphous, there are more loose ends to chew on.

One hopes the movie industry will chew on a few; the old designation of "woman's picture" might come to mean something entirely new — and infinitely better.

Two By One: Dissenting Views

by John Goodwin

The Last Picture Show. Directed by Peter Bogdanovitch. Screenplay by Peter Bogdanovitch and Larry McMurtry. Based on the novel by Larry McMurtry. Cinematography by Robert Surtees. Design by Polly Platt. Starring Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Ben Johnson, Ellen Burstyn, Cloris Leachman, Cybill Shepherd, Clu Gulagher, Eileen Brennan.

A *Clockwork Orange*, to me, is a textbook exercise in how a film can go wrong; well, *The Last Picture Show* is the corresponding demonstration of how to make a great one. The demonstration is great — but not the film. From the first show, Bogdanovitch conditions us to the notion that we are seeing a great film — and not simply a textbook demonstration — an artful but hardly artistic manipulation of the film medium.

One certainly can't accuse Bogdanovitch of failing to achieve a sense of time and place, divided as it is between the West Texas and the Hollywood of 1951. There's the nostalgic black and white cinematography of Robert Surtees, and Polly Platt's designs — which are, academically speaking, superb. If there were still any doubt as to where and when, Bogdanovitch has slipped in almost every pop tune from the period to counterpoint scene after scene after scene. Indisputably *The Last Picture Show* is a film about the past. By a director whose sense of history possesses no more depth than the clips from old films, the antiquated hair styles, the black and white photography, the old tunes can conjure.

As an academic study of the passing of an era, every point is driven home with unquestionably clarity. It's the reality, not to mention the integrity, of the work that must be seriously questioned.

The events of the film (adapted by Bogdanovitch and Larry McMurtry from McMurtry's novel) are so calculated to underline the academic reconstruction of Augustan decline, that the only decline they appropriately illuminate is the decline of the Hollywood classic in the hands of a director like Bogdanovitch. Certainly Orson Welles, John Ford, Howard Hawks and George Stevens never labored so long on the meaning of their films as he does here. *The Last Picture Show* is celluloid necrophilia carried to a rather absurd extreme.

McMurtry's novel is an appropriate departure for Bogdanovitch's treatment in that it is full of regional (Hollywood, not Texas) types and lots of intellectual moralizing. The film then manages to eliminate what little human complexity the original work possessed. Regardless of the novel's calculated narrative, there was sufficient development to provide more convincing theatrics — and in a somewhat less heavy-handed manner.

The emotional tone of the film couldn't be less sympathetic to the characters that are entrapped in the synthetic proceedings. Instead of offering compassion, Bogdanovitch passes judgment, and reduces real feeling to pathos. Virtually every character in the film is too stupid and base to inspire any real sympathy, and the

acting can't always provide it.

As the central figures, Sonny and Duane, Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges are aided by the fact that their characters are somewhat developed by the screenplay. But it is only because of Bottom's magnetic combination of stocism and sensitivity that we are able to believe to any extent in Sonny's susceptibility to destructive situations. What the screenplay fails to deliver is any reason to believe. Bridges has two advantages that make him somewhat more believable. First, a lot of youthful bravado. And then — secondly — I'd be willing to believe in any character that manages to have enough sense of self-preservation to extricate himself from the proceedings, even if it is only the machinations of the plot that provide the out.

Ben Johnson, as Sam the lion, really the only admirable character in the film, is a fine actor, filling in as well as possible the caricature which the screenplay provides. But his is a sympathetic figure only by default, a victim of the schematic moralizing of Bogdanovitch and McMurtry. His big scene, a long literary reminiscence, is so overstated by indulgent camera work that the force of the man is reduced to a pseudo-heroic Hollywood cliché. It would seem that Johnson and Ellen Burstyn (as Lois Farrow, Sam's former lover) have been so highly acclaimed for their performances only because they are the only characters who possess any insight into the dreariness of their situation. Unfortunately, although their acting skill is unquestionable, both characters are given too simplified treatments by

the film. And Billy, Sam's mute son, is reduced to a mere symbol.

As Jacy Farrow, the cunning bitch who initiates much of the anguish of the central characters, Cybill Shepherd is so utterly transparent that her manipulative facility over the other character might as well be magic. The other acting disaster is Cloris Leachman as Ruth Popper, the coach's wife and Sonny's lover. To be sure, Bogdanovitch overstates everything that is grotesque and pathetic about her sad love for Sonny. But still, Leachman's performance is devoid of any attraction that might make Sonny's feeling for her remotely credible. Her last scene, an outburst of self-pity over Sonny's neglect, is self-indulgent and inappropriately funny.

What *The Last Picture Show* delivers is a cinematic essay on sex and death in the American past that is so consciously articulated that it is an assault on the aesthetic sensibility of an audience. Emotionally and intellectually, nothing is left for an audience to discover — all of the sex scenes come with distorted camera angles and offer predictable repetition of correspondent loss for every promise of gain which the screenplay provides.

The stylization becomes both arbitrary and gratuitous. Each scene is exaggerated, not out of any unified sense of the whole, but out of a premeditated fascination with devices. In the end, the film fails to create a single point of view — except to

cont. on 16

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consistently call attention to its own self-consciousness as an exercise in "classic" film-making.

Sunday Bloody Sunday. Directed by John Schlesinger. Screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. Cinematography by Billy Williams. Starring Peter Finch, Glenda Jackson, Murray Head, Peggy Ashcroft, Tony Chilton, Vivian Pickles, Maurice Denham, Bessie Love.

John Schlesinger is not a great film director, nor even, academically speaking, a very good filmmaker. His best films are his earliest (and mostly unseen) efforts, *A Kind of Loving* and *Billy Liar*. From then on, from *Darling* through *Midnight Cowboy*, his work has taken on an unwarranted visual complexity and a purely technical fascination. A particularly unsettling fact in view of the essential thematic simplicity of all his films.

One of the precise reasons Schlesinger is not a great film director is that in simplest terms, every film is about the same thing: the fantasies which people possess about themselves and other people (and the world) bring people together and take them away again. Not a particularly profound or original notion, but in Schlesinger's hands it is of consistently human interest. His one real gift as a director seems to be an honest and perceptive sense of human relationships. Even when he is erring or superficial in his feeling for individual characterization, he can create a remarkable sense of that individual in a relationship.

Even *Darling* and *Midnight Cowboy* possess distinctive quality by comparison with films sharing the same audience and low-brow critical appeal. No matter how much Schlesinger overappraises his facility for creating a meaningful context for the simple bases of his films, it is the magnetic fascination of his people that draws an audience into buying the whole thing.

Perhaps that's why actors and audiences like his films so much, and critics like them so little. The urgency of his observations is reflected in the immediacy of his actors' responses, so generally only viewing professionals notice how arbitrary and artificial those observations are.

What makes *A Kind of Loving* and *Billy Liar* so much better than later efforts is that the fantasies are so well contained, and so well defined in relationship to the working class of industrial England. Once Schlesinger moved into the urban world, into the past, or to America (for *Midnight Cowboy*), the environment took on the fascination of fantasy itself, offering the filmgoer an opportunity for escape that was not an open avenue to his characters. The fantasies of the couple in *A Kind of Loving* and Billy in *Billy Liar* possess more power because they are brought on by the unambiguous authority of the real world.

Sunday Bloody Sunday is Schlesinger's slickest film yet, but his skill at creating relationships indisputably remains. This in spite of Penelope Gilliatt's bloody pretentious screenplay and Billy Williams's nervous cinematography. But Schlesinger deserves as much blame for obviously encouraging the excesses, for drowning most of the film out with Mozart accompaniment which serves as a kind of Mozak for the proceedings — and for the whole cultural-commercial veneer which the film possesses.

What there is in *Sunday Bloody Sunday* is a triangle of human relationships that is honest, convincing and very simply touching. Not a surprising discovery. I could easily substitute the name of any other Schlesinger film, changing the number of significant relationships appropriately. This does alter the fact that the characters are real: Alex Grenville, an intelligent and somewhat neurotic divorcee; Daniel Hirsch, a cultured Jewish doctor; and Bob Elkins, the upward mobile young artist whose affections they share.

Not only are they real, their relationships are interesting, and for all their failings and ambiguities, they are understandable and worthy objects of our attention.

It does not hurt that Glenda Jackson and Peter Finch, in the roles of Alex and Daniel, give the best performances of their film careers. Neither does it hurt that Murray Head in the role of Bob, in spite of a set of almost unanimous bad reviews, delivers a commendable and convincing performance. (Most of his unfavorable notices seem to concentrate upon the fact that he isn't Glenda Jackson or Peter Finch. That is true.) Their support includes succinct and effective performances from Peggy Ashcroft, Maurice Denham, Tony Britton, Bessie Love, and Vivian Pickles, among others.

Sunday Bloody Sunday, like *Midnight Cowboy* before it, is blighted by an obsession with contemporary Hollywood cinematics — cinematics dazzling, mindless, and/or superfluous. Both films overstate the context of the film's central relationships, and spend a great deal too much time exploring flashbacks and sidetracks that offer no important insight into the story. And both place an exaggerated emphasis upon the formal structure that is unnecessary and artificial.

Which is precisely where Penelope Gilliatt's screenplay goes wrong. The subject matter (the treatment of a multi-sexual triangle) is opportunistic, but Gilliatt is honest and intelligent in her treatment of characters and relationships. Her dialogue is excellent, largely because of its ability to clarify what is left unsaid. But she, like Schlesinger, is not content to leave well enough alone, bringing to the surface all sorts of observations that serve only to demonstrate an unnecessary sense of social consciousness and mechanical facility.

The division of the film into 24-hour periods is a formal conceit, and an arbitrary one. The beginning scene with the hypo-chondriacal patient, the contrived accident in which the dog is killed, the scene in which Daniel meets up with a former (and altogether obnoxious) pick-up, the cutesy inclusion of the children's pot-smoking, the two flashbacks into the pasts of Alex and Daniel, the arrival of the rowing couple at Daniel's party, the Bar Mitzvah sequence, the self-conscious monologue of Daniel at the end of the film, all of them: they're calculated devices. Except for the monologue at the end, none offer any real insight into the characters and their world that the performances themselves don't provide.

And the performances are where

the strength of the film lies. As Daniel, Peter Finch is remarkable for his authoritative simplicity and sincerity, his lack of mannerism. To play a doctor, a Jew and a homosexual without any intrusion of generalizing or editorializing is in itself a substantial achievement. But in addition the performance is both effortless and engaging. A definitive lesson in communicative underplaying.

Glenda Jackson as Alex is (for once) free of the psychiatric excesses of Ken Russell and we have an opportunity (for once) to discover what a radiant and agile actress she really is. Her Alex is crisp, intelligent, admirable, un-sentimental, and avoids almost as completely as Finch the excesses and mannerisms that could easily accompany the role. And Murray Head is honestly and charmingly superficial without being vacant; his two-dimensional personality is filled in by the suggested anxieties that prevent him from being more complete. In fact, Schlesinger, Gilliatt's screenplay, and the performances illuminate the fact that it is Bob's essential superficiality that makes him so attractive to both Daniel and Alex, allowing them to fill in the depth which their affective natures require.

If only Schlesinger and Gilliatt had seen fit to practice the same economy in the creation of the whole film.

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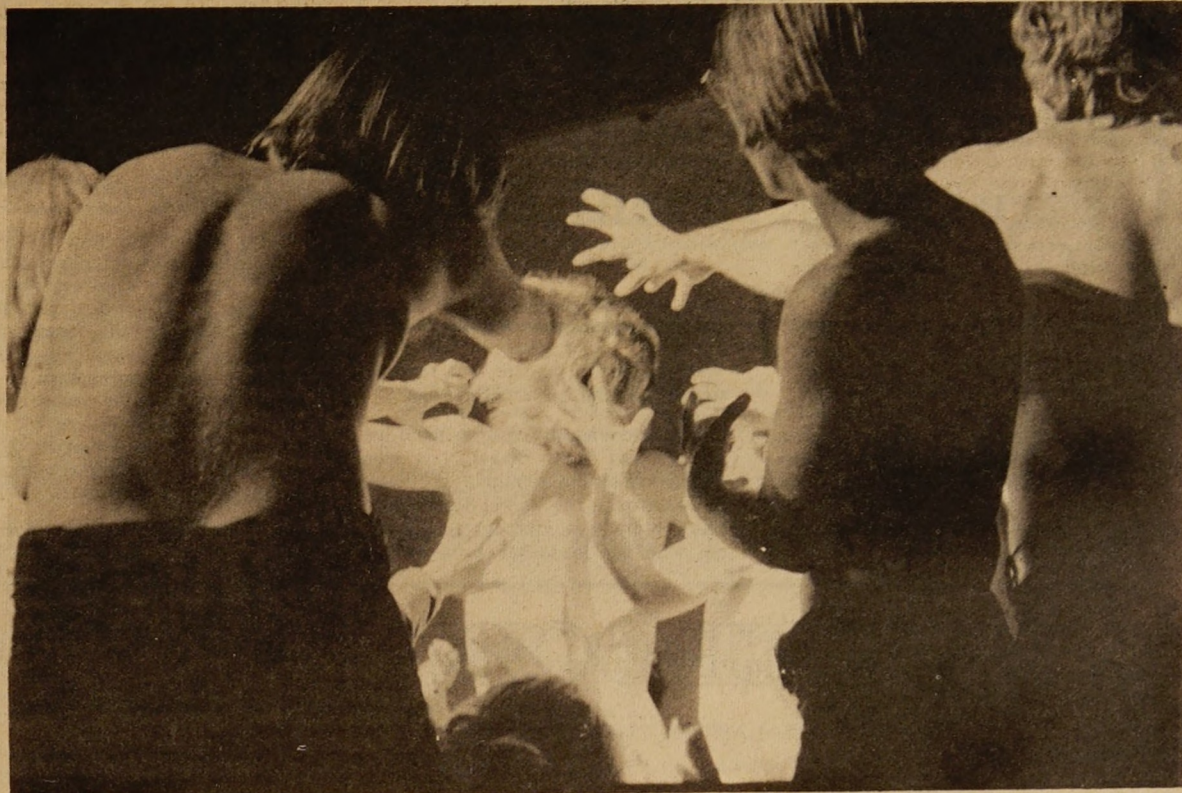


PHOTO BY JERRY JUDNICK

by Trey Wilson

The Fondren Street Theatre: *SALVATION*, By C.C. Courtney and Peter Link, Produced and directed by Phil Oesterman, Sets by Jim Sink, Choreography by Janice Amaimo, Musical Director, Doug Lacy, Special Material by Frans Dahman, David Christian, Ed Rudnick.

Sometimes you walk into a theater and are tipped off immediately that excitement is on the way. When I walked into the Fondren Street Theatre last week, I saw swings dangling from the ceiling, odd screens hanging about, an island in the middle of the audience and other strange bits and pieces.

Those swings, I guess, must have done it. Now a swing isn't anything really exciting — until you put it in a theater and have a silver spangled girl glide out over the audience for a bit of the old hubba hubba. Which, as it turns out, was what they did. Those folks at the Fondren put not one but a whole mess of girlies up on them swings and swungem (swangem?) out over the audience, then brought 'em back and sent them out for more. Yes my friends, there was a little excitement for all.

Salvation could be the show that "makes" the Fondren Street Theatre. You should see it, pure and simple.

Of course there were things wrong with the presentation, but if you're at all interested in the theater — or just enjoy an occasional odd bit of fun — *Salvation* is one to see. Director Oesterman has finally assembled a group of people who are really interested in their material. Excitement, dedication and good times seem to pour from the case — even if they miss now and then.

That's what I meant about "making" the theater: no theater is really a theater until a nucleus of hard-working, dedicated people has been developed. And Oesterman has finally managed it. It may be the excitement of the show, it may be the "thrill" of shouting obscenities from the stage, it may be a simple feeling of family — whatever, a theater is being born.

As a show, *Salvation* rambles; it plays with questions of morality and God, but never really says much. Nor should it. It's a theater piece, and a great little playground for a director. For a designer, too: Jim Sink provides a good set for Oesterman and his cast to explore and use, and they do so in interesting and im-

aginative ways. Technically the show is sharp, and in fact the technical effects make up for some other areas that may be lacking.

Carl Deese as *The Preacher* turns in an exhausting but fine performance. The show rests on his shoulders, and Deese carries the load splendidly. He's often electric, and when he works directly to the audience he pulls everyone in the cavernous warehouse into a tight little group.

Other members of the cast are grouped into a single category, "*The Whole Family*," and there are some outstanding performances here too. Janice Amaimo is a "hot little number" who at times carries her seductive writhing a bit far — and comes off somewhat ludicrously. However, bluntly stated, she does know how to shake that thing, and her number "*In Between*" early in the show, if nothing else, gets things rolling.

Another high-spot is "*1001*," sung simply by pianist Doug Lacy. Lacy is a good singer and he sings a good song well — and that's about all that need be said. Except that it's one of the best moments in the show.

Now as far as the minuses go, well, there are a few. At times the whole family (or "*The Whole Family*") can get a little silly. There's a lot of "fuck" and "shit" and "ball" and all those other shockingly obscene words, that the family screams at us seemingly for the shock value alone. Come on, now. This can't help being a little adolescent. No doubt that's the way the show is written, but frankly I feel it's a waste of time to just mouth a bunch of dirty words from the stage. For what? To show that we are "liberated and free" for doing so?

There's no one left to impress, really, and the cast often looked like a group of first grade boys who had just discovered that a whipped-out sexual organ could embarrass a little girl on the playground.

And then, some of the voices were weak. Ray Colbert has made good progress as an actor since I last saw him, but his singing still needs a lot of work. Steve Collins and Carl Cochran, too, might put in a bit more time on their duet. Many, in fact, of the group numbers are vocally thin.

Salvation is just around the corner from being a terrific show. With the kind of spirit and enthusiasm Phil Oesterman has created in his Fondren Street Theatre group, the future looks bright.

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MARCH 9/PAGE 17

Happening

Good Earth Gallery Struggling, Inventive

by Ann Jorjorian

Located at 508 Louisiana The Good Earth Gallery is, as its name suggests, a "good" gallery. The concept for the gallery was first conceived in 1969 — and vigorously promoted since by owner Barbara Fleming. She first located her gallery at the Flea

Mart in Market Square, but recently moved it to the Louisiana address.

Ms. Fleming, wearing a black hat with a hot pink flower, is seen frequently selling bouquets of flowers in and around the Market Square area. She is a gracious, vibrant young woman, who has made her personal con-

cept of art galleries a reality.

Selling flowers is the means by which she pays the rent. Assorted boors often give her the "Why don't you get a real job?" number. Well, she has a "real" job. During the day she is employed as a surgical technician making a more traditional contribution to society. But in addition, Ms. Fleming is deeply concerned at helping local artists as they struggle for recognition.

Artists do not pay rent for space to show their works; Ms. Fleming does not even receive a sales commission. The artists simply fill her small shop and take turns selling flowers and painting. They follow a rotating schedule, each taking a turn at the various selling tasks. As a result, there is an overwhelming feeling of compatibility among the members of the group, each working with the other to make the gallery productive.

There are eight artists, most of whom are in their early twenties. The

pieces shown run the gamut of art forms; jewelry, ceramics, oils, graphics, pencil drawings, pen and ink, sculptures and even some macromae. The artists price their own work and the prices are as versatile as the media. \$7-\$200 is the general range — all very reasonably priced.

The eight "resident" artists do not identify themselves with any particular style. They are truly eclectic.

There are two artists in particular who attracted my attention: Rusty Arena, a junior at the High School for the Performing and Visual Arts, and Anthony Listi, a junior at Dominican College. Both are native Houstonians. They in particular look promising.

At the present time Listi is developing what he believes will become an accepted School of art called "Cosmicesque." The cosmicesque idea is to utilize several people working together in an ordered system, hoping to produce art works as a harmonious whole.

NOTEBOOK

THE NEXT-TO-LAST PICTURE SHOW

Since we're carrying a major reconsideration of *The Last Picture Show* this week, it might be a good time to print some of the replies we've received about another portion of Alex Stern's original essay review some weeks ago. Stern declined to enter the fray on the point of the Newsweek blurb, "the best American film since *Citizen Kane*"; others have not been so timid (or circumspect). Other candidates for the best: Orson Welles' *The Magnificent Ambersons* and *Touch of Evil*; Chaplin's *Monsieur Verdoux* and *Limelight*; films by Preston Sturges including *Morgan's Creek*, *Sullivan's Travels*, and *Mad Wednesday*; Rossen's *All the King's Men* and *The Hustler*; John Huston's *Beat the Devil*; Alfred Hitchcock efforts like *Rear Window*, *North by Northwest*, *Psycho* and *The Birds*; Stanley Kubrick's *Paths of Glory*, *Lolita*, *Dr. Strangelove*, *2001*; Frankenstein's *The Manchurian Candidate*; Lester's *Petulia*, Penn's *Mickey One* and *Bonnie and Clyde*; Cassavetes' *Shadows* and *Faces*; several Billy Wilder films, including *Sunset Boulevard*, *Ace in the Hole*, *Stalag 17*, and *Some Like it Hot*; Ophuls' *Letter from an Unknown Woman*; Altman's *M*A*S*H* and *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*; Hawk's *Red River* and *The Big Sleep*; Ford's *My Darling Clementine*, *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*, and *The Searchers*; and — finally — Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch*, *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*, and *Straw Dogs*.

Whew! (Stern's only comment on most of the listings could be roughly translated as "snort.") So there you have it — and please don't send any more.

HOLMES AGAIN HOLMES

If I ever utter another bad word about Ann Holmes, Fine Arts Editor of the Houston Chronicle, may the saints strike me dead. I noted in this column last week that Ms. Holmes had come out with an extremely brave attack on the state of Houston theater. Well, not content with a single hit-and-run, she eloquently defended her position in another column this past Sunday. (Admittedly, the letter-writer she was answering was something of a paper tiger — but give the woman her due.)

COMING:

We will be continuing our series of articles aimed at familiarising our reading audience with the producing organizations around town responsible for your entertainment fare — next week: Joel Barna's interview with Jim Bernhard, Managing Director of the Society for the Performing Arts.

Also in the works: a team effort of several of our film critics — dealing with the controversial *A Clockwork Orange*, and then with some of the local product shown in the recent Experimental Film Festival at Liberty Hall.

AND PAST:

We were extremely sorry that Jamie Yeager's review of *Discourse/Vietnam* had to be dropped from last week's issue because of space problems. The people at the Playwright's Showcase deserve your support — and we apologize to them for not requesting it earlier.

Godfrey

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PRISONER IN CA, STATE PRISON would like to correspond with people from home state of Texas. If possible, please send picture. James K. Glosop, Box B-35888, Jamestown, Ca., 95327

KATHI: I do still love you and care a lot about you. Terry.

PRISONER would very much like to receive some mail for a change. Loney, need to correspond with someone. Thanks very much. Jimmy Teague, no. 127716, Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

TO THE WOMAN FROM PORTLAND, Me.: Please get in touch with me (swamp fox, the Space City! vendor on the bench at the Melanie concert). Even though we didn't talk that much (probably because we're both kinda shy) I knew you were an honest friend, something not many people have. So please call 785-0275 and leave a message or come by 5621 Westward, no. 17, cause I really want to see you again.

WHAT ARE YOUR HEALTH RIGHTS? All medical patients have rights that are protected by law! Information and referral to free legal assistance in Harris Co. Call after 5:00, 523-1445. Medical Committee for Human Rights (MCHR).

GOOD MECHANIC needed by Daeflower Free School to work on our double-decker London bus, in exchange for free 2-month trip with school to Nova Scotia. Call 529-0579 or come by 1401 Bladgett.

GUILD ELECTRIC GUITAR, dual pickup, perfect condition — \$175. Consider trade for violin. Jim at 527-8101.

REALBREAD
for Real People
Green Acres Organic Foods
1338 Westheimer 2512 Rice Blvd

IN HONOR OF TRICKEY DICKIES CHINA VISIT

POTLUCK

PRESENTS ITS FIRST ANNUAL
PINKO COMMIE SALE



MAEO HATS \$2.50
WITH RED STAR \$2.90
KHAKI WORK COATS \$7.00

Both Made in Mainland China by real Pinko, Commie Communal Living Freak Types. Also to help celebrate this momentous event King Size Waterbed complete with pedestal frame, liner, pad and mattress, \$99.00 Pipes, posters, papers, paraphenalia, jeans, and

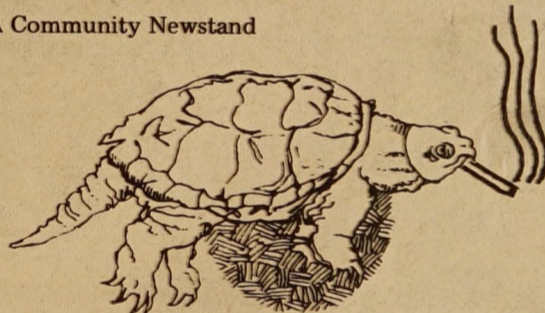
GOOD THINGS FOR YOUR HEAD AND BED

POTLUCK

POTLUCK # 1: 3814 WHEELER: BETWEEN UOFH AND T.S.U.—747-0959
POTLUCK # 2: 6128 VILLAGE PKWY. IN THE RICE VILLAGE—528-7732
CHRIS' POTLUCK: 5004 BISSONNET: BELLAIRE NEAR CORNER OF RICE
POTLUCK BY THE SEA: PIER 66, KEMAH

TURTLE NEWS

A Community Newstand



This Turtle Is Loaded

News — Information — Fun

- *60 Different Head Comic Titles
- *Underground papers from across Amerika
- *Info about —
 - Crafts
 - The Earth & how to preserve it
 - Drugs: How to make 'em How to grow 'em Good ways to enjoy 'em
 - Women's Liberation
 - Gay Liberation
 - Cooking: All sorts of goodies
 - Worldwide struggles of oppressed peoples
 - Nationwide struggles of oppressed peoples
 - Our American Indian ancestors
 - Cosmic consciousness
 - Kids Liberation
 - Fixing mechanical stuff
 - Legal rights & self-defense
 - Arms & self-defense
 - Healthful eating & living
 - Survival: Urban & rural
 - Rock & Roll (which, by the way, is here to stay)

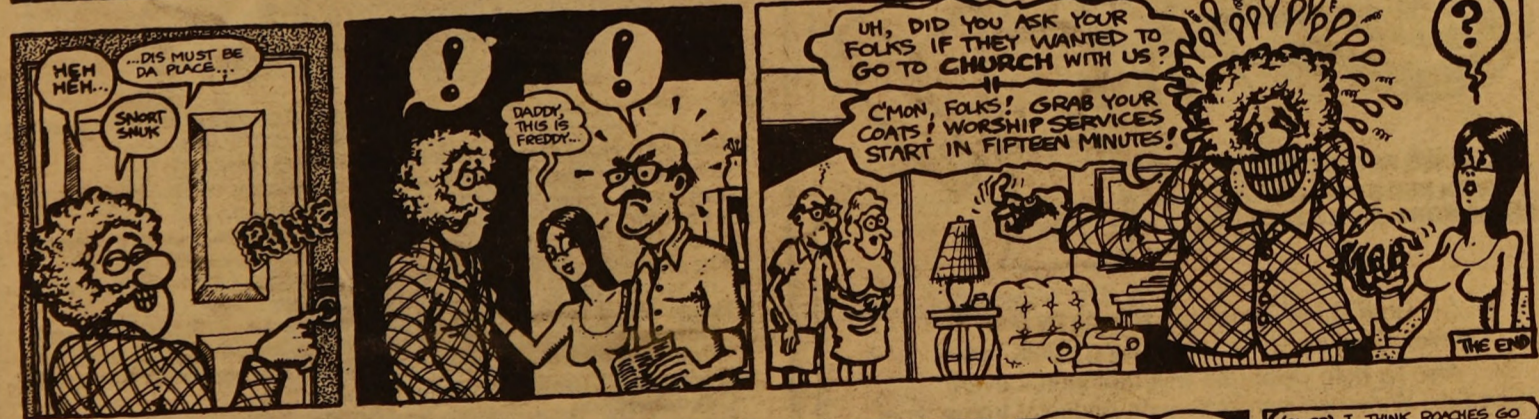
- Historical roots of hippiedom
- *Other Stuff, too
- *Lending library
- *Community crafts (bring us your wares)
- *Pipes, candles, posters, papers, T-shirts, incense
- *Used books (& old National Geographic mags)
- *Current mags (R. Stone, Ramparts, Ms., Earth, Clear Creek, Mad, Mother Earth News, Lampon, etc.)
- *Interesting selected paperbacks
- *Free literature table
- *Local news & info (bulletin board)
- * The Turtle has a stash of records which you can order at discount prices. These records (old blues, Dixieland, Jazz, Fugs, etc.) seem to be very difficult to locate anywhere else the Turtle has looked. Come on in & check it out.

712 1/2 Fairview near Montrose
— Space City vendor center —

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SPACE-CITY! 25¢

the FABULOUS FURRY **FREAK** BROTHERS



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