

Coming Attractions

A **BOGART FESTIVAL** is set for Wednesday at 8 p.m. in the Rudder Tower. The first show is "Casablanca." Ingrid Bergman and Peter Lorre join Bogey in the melodrama set in the North African city. It won the 1943 Oscar for Best Picture and Best Screenplay.

The second show is "The Maltese Falcon." A statue filled with jewels is sought by private eyes LORI and BOGART. The film is vintage 1941.

WHEN AN AMERICAN astronaut is "ship-wrecked" on Mars, he must rely on a monkey to find water, he wanders across an alien world he befriends and calls Friday, and generally makes paradise out of no man's land.

The story is "Robinson Crusoe On Mars" and will play in room 701 of the Tower Thursday night at 8 and 10.

WHEN A LUXURY liner is capsized by a tidal wave a group of survivors is united against nature to reach the sky through an open propeller shaft.

"Poseidon Adventure" will play Saturday at 8 p.m. in the Rudder Theater.

"RED DESERT" is the story of a man stripped naked of purpose and emotion by a stark environment.

"Red Desert" is a foreign classic, the work of Italian director, Michelangelo Antonioni. "Red Desert" will be shown at 8 p.m. Monday in the Rudder Theater. A discussion following the film will be led by Dr. Harriett Andreadis. Tickets are \$1 and on sale at the box office, first floor of the Rudder Theater.

FREDERICO FELLINI'S "La Dolce Vita" is the story of Rome, its splendor and squalor. Marcello Mastroianni stars. The film will show Tuesday in the Rudder Theater at 8 p.m.

IT'S BLACK MUSIC.

To funk up and fire up those Aggies, free tickets are available to the Hues Corporation and Mandrill concert Friday night for Student Activity card holders. Hues Corp. is on a tour visit to A&M with their brand of bubbly-souly sound. Mandrill, a little less known has a broad background sound encompassing rock, folk, gospel, Latin, calypso and New York City-blues. The musicianship of the group ranges to some 30 instruments. They're best known for their showmanship.

The concert starts at 8 p.m. Friday in G. Rollie White Coliseum.

CLASSICAL PIANIST, Robert deGaetano, will perform Tuesday at 8 p.m. in the MSC Ballroom. He also will conduct a workshop Monday at 8 p.m. in the same area. DeGaetano graduated from Juilliard School of Music and has performed throughout the United States, Canada and Europe. He is especially comfortable with the Russian composers of the last century.

THE COFFEEHOUSE will open its doors at 8 p.m. Friday and Saturday. A 50-cent cover charge will be collected at the door.

Thomas Shields, a new performer in the Coffeehouse, and Richards-Dewlong Team, a "Dylan-type" folk sound, will play Friday. Luis Jaurique, a Mexican with a feel for American folk-rock, and Paula Lozano-Canning, a "Carole King-type" vocalist-pianist, will play Saturday.

Tickets are available at the box office, first floor Rudder Tower.

AT MINNESOTA UNIVERSITY, a hefty football star approached English puppeteer Peter Arnott after a performance. He stood silently staring for sometime and finally spoke saying, "That was like eating meat."

At 8 p.m., Oct. 1, Arnott, a master in the neglected medium of marionette theater will bring meat to A&M. "Oedipus the King" will be presented by Arnott in the Rudder Theater.

Sophocles' play focuses on the attempt of the Theban king, Oedipus, to find the cause of the blight threatening his country. He is told by the gods that the country will be cleansed once the murderer of the former king, Laius is found and punished. All of Oedipus' energies are spent on this goal. With slow agony, Oedipus realizes that he killed Laius, that Laius was his father and that his wife is his mother. A tragic end befalls both Oedipus and his wife.

Tickets for the marionette production are available at the box office, first floor Rudder Tower or at the door. Admission is \$1.

A CHANCE TO become better acquainted with the skills of weaving, macrame and stichery will be offered Tuesday and Wednesday.

Ann Mitchell, a nationally recognized fiber designer will conduct workshops in these skills from 1 to 4 p.m. and 7 to 10 p.m. Each workshop has a \$6 fee for supplies and will be held in the Arts and Crafts Center, basement of the MSC.

Basement offers relaxation

By STEVE REIS
Battalion Staff Writer

Sitting in the dark surrounded by the muffled voices of people, the lights begin to come up.

The reddish light brightens and a white spotlight picks out a lone figure with a guitar in her lap.

Then the sounds of country music fill the air and a sweet voice sings of highways, flowers and days passed.

This is the Basement Committee's Coffeehouse.

Located beneath the Post Office of the Memorial Student Center, the Coffeehouse is open Fridays and Saturdays from 8 p.m. to midnight, said Jeff Davis, chairman of the Basement.

The Coffeehouse started as a bare concrete brick room with fluorescent lights.

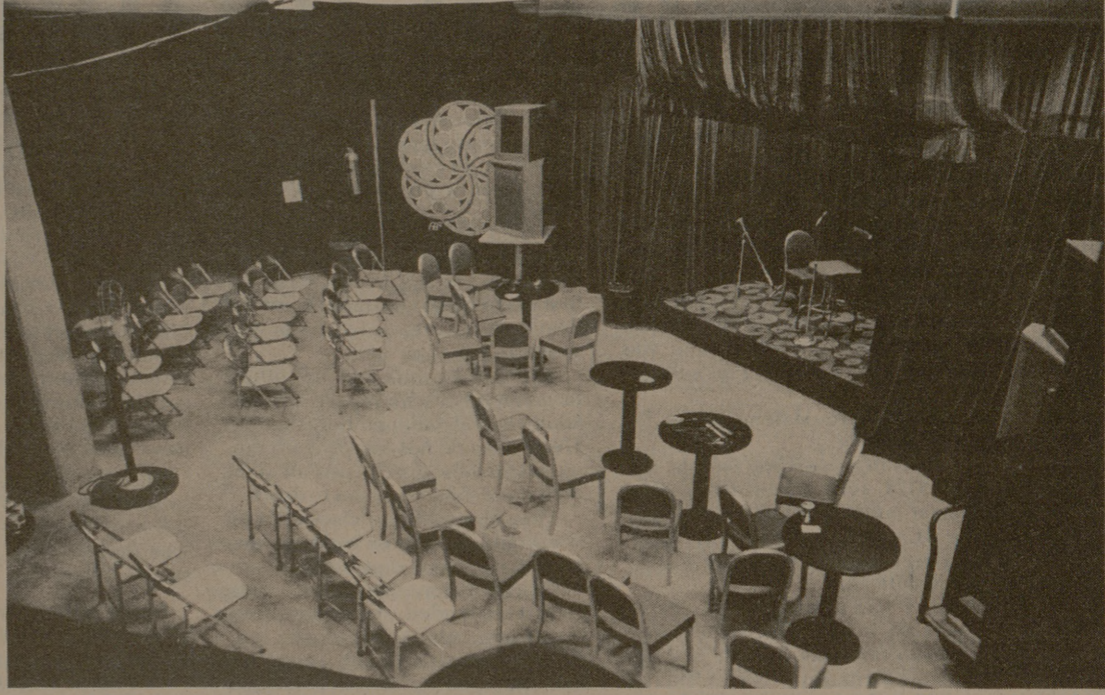
It has since blossomed into a room filled with chairs and tables. It contains an upper level, a sound booth, a stage, a concession stand and a back room for the entertainers to prepare.

The room is painted black with a large colorful painting on one wall. Wood pillars hold the upper deck firm. Candles sputter on the tables, adding to the general effect of a true coffeehouse.

It is completely atypical to the rest of the MSC. Members of the Corps can go without uniforms and the atmosphere is very relaxed, said Davis.

Davis added that all the changes and work that have been done have been through the perseverance of members of the committee.

The music played in the Coffeehouse fits no one category. "Most of the performers may imitate different styles ranging from



true folk to contemporary folk or country rock," explained Davis.

The different repertoires include Latin music, blues, dirty ditties but not much rock and roll. It is primarily good foot stomping music.

Eight to twelve performers play each night. They audition before a group of Basement committee members before they are allowed to play in the Coffeehouse.

"But one of the amazing things about the

performers," said Davis, "is that they are talented yet intelligent people."

"Some mediocre musicians may decide to go professional instead of going to college. But our performers are ambitious people," he explained. "They want to further their education and share their talents, too."

Davis contends that this makes the Coffeehouse a place for unique entertainment. "Of course we don't compete with Town Hall, we couldn't do that. We are some-

thing entirely different."

And the Coffeehouse is growing. Davis explained that the sound system will be renovated—air conditioning will be installed—and the stage will be enlarged and lifted higher off the floor for better viewing.

"But it will take time," said Davis.

The Coffeehouse is a pleasant place to spend a weekend evening, if the style of music fits your taste. It is a relaxed atmosphere that offers an escape from the studies that are an inevitable part of A&M life.

The Basement, empty and deserted, awaits the crowd of people and the strains of foot-stomping music.

Cajun weekend

Bourbon St. highlights trip

By DON MIDDLETON
Battalion Staff Writer

When Old Army invaded Louisiana this past weekend, the Louisiana State Police turned out in force to repel the assault, as evidenced by the large number of Cajun cop-cars sitting along the swampy road-side.

But Aggies, armed with citizen's band radios and bolstered by several species of liquid courage, broke through the militia and landed on the shores of Lake Ponchartrain by moonlight.

The true story of the L.S.U. weekend, however, began Saturday afternoon, Sept. 13, on the steps of G. Rollie White Coliseum. There, amid sleeping bags and dogs chasing frisbees, Aggies with senior-ticket coupon books calmly waited for the honor of receiving passes to the last of the annual L.S.U. gridiron classics.

Since L.S.U. wisely refused to come to Kyle Field to play, A&M refused to renew the contract that has bound them for the last ten years. The contract set the game in Tiger Stadium, and allowed L.S.U. to allocate the number of tickets the Aggies receive.

When Monday morning arrived, many walked away empty-handed, but 798 Twelfth Men clutched in their hands the promise of football excitement and hurricanes at Pat O'Brien's.

By Thursday afternoon, the Aggie delegation started trickling out of College Station. Some went by bus and still others by plane. Several Aggies couldn't remember how they got there.

All they know for sure is that on Friday night, they found themselves on the streets of the French Quarter in New Orleans.

To an Aggie, the Rue Bourbon is a tradition. The bars, strip-joints and little black boys tap-dancing in the street mean you are at home 500 miles from Aggieland.

But not just any place on Bourbon Street will do. Pete Fountain's and Al Hiatt's clubs were noticed in passing, but few Aggies actually stopped.

The Hotsy-Totsy Club and the Swedish Massage Parlor were laughed at, and some even walked to the doorways of strip-joints.

Usually, a good hard tug on the belt from a good Ag's date put him quickly back on the right track.

Bar after bar was passed by the people from the Brazos Valley. The crowd moved in a steady stream towards the Rue St. Pierre. A right turn at Crazy Shirley's bar and the multitude of people standing in the street told of making it to Mecca—Pat O'Brien's.

The line moved steadily in the front door, but no one ever came out. It was never understood how so many people seemed to fit inside with no one leaving. The only theory which appeared viable was that the most inebriated of guests were stuffed in empty hurricane glasses and carried out at closing time.

Tables in the courtyard were stacked high with the fabled hurricane glasses. Rumor circulated that unless you had at least six glasses you wouldn't be allowed back into College Station.

Some of the pickled patrons were confused about the occasion. One red-eyed guzzler yelled "Go Gators" every time an Aggie passed him on the way to the bar. He didn't seem to care that Florida was playing in North Carolina.

A group of Ole Miss fans, remembering their defeat a week ago by the Farmers, chanted "who the hell are we?" with clockwork regularity. By the end of the evening, they weren't even sure who they were.

At a quarter to midnight, O'Brien's began to clear. Staggering, stumbling and leaning on relatively stable comrades, the Aggies gathered at the intersection of

Bourbon and St. Peter Sts.

"Farmers Fight!" and "Gig Em!" echoed off the historic walls. Most people found that swaying to "Saw Varsity's Horns Off" was never so easy.

When the Aggies called it a night, the river of people reversed direction on the Rue Bourbon. Aggies whooped and whoo-wahed their way towards Canal St., darting into the Japanese Takee-Outee for a giant egg roll or a souvenir shop for a Bourbon St. t-shirt.

The next morning found Aggies in various states. Unfortunately, some thought, none of them was Texas. For some reason, Louisiana bangovers are worse than the homegrown variety. Even thick, black Cajun coffee with an order of grits didn't seem to be the cure.

Somehow, most made it to Tiger Stadium before the kickoff. However, after seeing the size of the arena and the number of Tiger fans, not everyone was sure he wanted to stay.

But stay the Aggies did, and when the game was over even the shower of cola provided by angered Tiger supporters couldn't alter the sweet taste of victory.

The walk back to the parking lot after the game was a touchy situation. But if, when accosted by catcalls and jeers, you yelled back as loud or louder, you stood a good chance of making it to your car unscathed. Walking in groups of twenty or more also seemed to aid the situation.

Just as they had come, the Aggies trickled back to Aggieland at different times and in different ways.

By STEVE REIS
Battalion Staff Writer

Cushioned barstools line the counter and behind it are the many curios that make Joe's unique.

Sitting on the right end of the bar is a watermelon that has been grown in a three pound coffee can. Ask about it, the gentleman behind the bar will be more than happy to explain.

Behind the bar are price lists, commemorative Pearl beer cans, licenses and a glass case stocked with meats, beer and other assorted edibles and drinkables.

Also behind the bar are shelves of unknown artifacts, which the more curious visitor may ask about.

Beyond the bar and tables are a jukebox, two pool tables and a bowling pinball machine that doesn't work. It only costs a quarter to play a game of eight ball and some of the cue sticks are even straight.

There is a faucet and bucket to wash the chalk from your hands when finished playing. And a roll of paper towels sometimes hangs there for your convenience.

The jukebox is filled with music that would delight any druggster cowboy. There is even a selection of true "kicker music."

One delightful fact about Joe's is the price and temperature of the beer on tap. It is only 40c and quite cold. Often the beer is served in mugs so cold that the liquid freezes at the bottom and floats to the top.

The atmosphere is very relaxed. Anyone sitting at the tables is more than happy to talk to a receptive ear about the President or next year's crop.

Occasionally, a girl, about 15 years old, may come storming in the back door asking where her mother is and raiding the ice cream chest. But if you ignore her, she goes away; sometimes she doesn't even slam the door on her way out.

But Joe's Place is great for the student who wants to get away from the loud commercialized places close to campus.

It offers an escape from the fast moving pace of University life to a friendly country atmosphere.

Remember that the beer is cheap and cold. The company is friendly. And the music is good if you like country. Don't even worry about the little girl, it's doubtful that she bites—too hard anyway.

Jazz brass sounds off

By DON COONROD
Contributor

The Preservation Hall Jazz Band came like they were going to a funeral. This apparently fooled a lot of strangers to their kind of music. They didn't know if it was permissible to make any noise. They knew better by the end of the concert Wednesday night.

The band opened the night up with a bright razzzy tune that brought visions of Bourbon Street and Pat O'Brien's to mind. The music they played was entirely traditional tunes that only sound good when played by the masters.

Except for a few muddy notes from the trombone and one or two squeals from the clarinet, the overall sound of the band was excellent. The show was dominated by Percy Humphrey's clear clean notes on the trumpet and by Paul Barnes' skill on the clarinet. It might have been the sound system or that the other mikes didn't pick up the rest of the Band's sound as well.

During the first half, the piano was not coming across as well as could be expected. It was soon remedied by the second half. "Cie" Frazier was extremely smooth and fluid on the drums, during all of his solos. He also supplied a fantastic rhythm for the others to follow. Al Jaffe, the leader of the band, played an old beat-up tuba that showed it still had quite a few mellow notes in it. Marvin Kimbell and "Sing" Miller proved to be a harmonious combination on the banjo and piano. Frank Demond played a good trombone on most of the tunes and came across very well on some.

It happens that when a musician plays a solo, his individual mistakes show more readily than when he is covered by his partners. It is a tribute to these performers that they played so well with so few blurs.

The audience did not start reacting until Percy Humphrey started to belt out "Hold That Tiger." Upon hearing the song, people started to whoop, holler, and clap. The audience was not as familiar with "Clarinet Marmalade" as they were with "Hold That Tiger."

After the intermission, the crowd began to loosen up. At first one of the band members would have to get the people to clap; but soon the fans would start their own accord. It was toward the end when the audience began to give the Preservation Hall Jazz Band its due.

The grand finale moved the band into the audience playing "When the Saints Go Marching In." They led the crowd around the Theatre and up on stage where they finished. Some of the tunes they played Tuesday night were "Just A Closer Walk With Thee," "Ain't Got Nobody," "Ice Cream," and "Basin Street."

A short interview was held in order to facilitate the groups' departure for the rest of their tour. I spoke with Al Jaffe about the Band and Preservation Hall.

"The Preservation Hall Jazz Band has been in existence for 14 years. We are in our 15th year. This band here tonight has played together in New Orleans but never really toured together," said Jaffe.

"It is a composite of three bands. They all play in Preservation Hall. We were put together for this trip especially. From here we go to Oklahoma, New Mexico, California, Oregon, Washington, Canada, Utah, and home."

When asked if he thought Dixieland Jazz was the foundation for the other pop music forms, he replied, "What we play is New Orleans Jazz which was played long before anything that could be called Dixieland."

"Dixieland is something that did come out of New Orleans Jazz. Swing and also Bop came out of it. I don't think you can necessarily say that all popular music did one way or another come from it, either as a logical extension or as a reaction against it," said Jaffe.

"I found more students at Preservation Hall than out here tonight. When Yall played at LSU, you couldn't get near the Hall for the A&M students. It was really jam-packed," concluded Jaffe.

Atlantic Crossing Rod's come-back

By JOHN VANORE
Reviewer

After a severe slump, the music world is pulling itself together once again. Performers who sounded like they were washed up are getting back in the mainstream. And one of those performers is Rod Stewart.

Stewart rode on the crest of popular acclaim with "Every Picture Tells a Story," and kept up the high quality with the release of "Never a Dull Moment" back in '72. After that, though, his music all started to sound the same. Sort of like he was trying to play the Hit Parade formula game. And losing.

I'm glad to say Rod is on the right track again, and, while some may contend that "Atlantic Crossing" is not up to the caliber of those previously mentioned LPs, it is definitely an indicator that Stewart is headed in the right direction.

There exists the distinct possibility that Stewart got bored with his old band, the Faces. That would largely account for the diminishing quality of the earlier albums, and also for the fresh and exuberant sound of "Atlantic Crossing."

Oddly enough, "Atlantic Crossing" is divided into a Fast Side and a Slow Side. A producer as talented as Dowd should have

used the opportunity for variety to make the record flow more smoothly. It's a nuisance, but only a minor one.

At any rate, Fast Side gets off to a rollicking start with "Three Time Loser," a raucous song about—are you ready?—venereal disease. Really, Stewart's gravelly voice covers up most of the lyrics, but the message gets through. It's a sort of nasty, rocking version of "Maggie May."

"Alright for an Hour" is a joint effort written by Stewart and guitarist Jesse Ed Davis. It's another catchy tune with a mild reggae beat about a girl who was "... alright for an hour/Alright for a day/But it could not last/It could not last a weekend

From a one-night-stand, Stewart rocks into "All in the Name of Rock and Roll." The harsh vocals are occasionally subdued, but the fine performances on guitars, keyboards, and horns more than make up for it.

The single from "Atlantic Crossing" is "Stone Cold Sober," and it wraps up Fast Side. I think it's more than a match for any single he's yet released, and just a trifle better than "Three Time Loser."

Sounds really great so far, huh? Well...

Slow Side is not quite as well-done as

Fast Side. Dividing the selections like that made the slower repertoire seem like it's going to drag on, ad infinitum.

"I Don't Want To Talk About It" opens up Slow Side rather listlessly. "It's Not the Spotlight" features some nice mandolin, and there's no cigar for figuring out that Stewart is picking up on some of the basics that made "Every Picture Tells a Story" such a successful album.

"Still Love You" is the real beginning of Slow Side. It sounds like an out-take from the days of "Every Picture Tells a Story," with heavy overtones on "Mandolin Wind." It even follows in the same theme; that of a lost love that may once again be revived.

It's almost as good as "Sailing," the finale. "Sailing" is a highly symbolic song, full of imagery and metaphors. It almost sounds like something used in a Prose Poetry English course. "Sailing," is soft but intense, with smooth strings and Stewart's gravelly voice in juxtaposition. It's about an idyllic journey "To be near you/To be free."

Like I said, "Atlantic Crossing" may not be the best Rod Stewart album to date, but it sure is a step in the right direction.

Welcome back, Rod!



EDITOR'S NOTE: Special Section will be a weekly feature. Its purpose is to inform about the lighter (or as they say in the journalism profession, the softer) side of life.

This section is open to contribution and comment. Call the S.S. editor between 8 a.m. and 11 p.m. Monday through Thursday at 845-2611 for further information.