

entertainment

# 'Rocky Horror' is a sing-along with comedy, fantasy, eroticism

By J. WAGNER TYNES  
Battalion Staff  
I just had a nightmare... or an erotic fantasy, I'm not sure which. You see, there's this movie, and... well, uh... it's about this transvestite named Dr. Frank-N-Furter... uh... I mean, it's a satire... well, actually it's a science fiction comedy... and there's a handy-man named Riff Raff... and the audience is singing along and throwing rice... oh, it's also a musical... uh... uh...  
Oh hell, there's only one way to explain the Rocky Horror Picture Show. Go see it.

The movie has been playing a midnight feature at a College Station theater for the past several weeks. Almost every night they have had a full house.  
Oh, and when you go see it, be prepared. To put it mildly, the audience likes to get involved. In fact, unless you have an I.Q. of 5 or less, you'll notice things are a little unusual the minute you walk in.  
Yes, that is a guy sitting over there. Yes he is wearing makeup and a dress. No, don't ask questions, just relax. After the movie's over you'll understand everything.

The movie begins with a huge pair of crimson lips. Yes, lips. Big ones. Fully equipped with big white teeth and a strangely, um, unsettling tongue.

Review

The lips sing a song. Listen carefully to the words because they will be your final warning. Consider them a mere indication of things to come. If you find yourself com-

pletely repulsed, leave quickly. In a few scenes you'll be getting the shock treatment.

The star of the show is Dr. Frank-N-Furter. He's a scientist who is creating a man. He's also a sweet transvestite from Transsexual, Transylvania. Honest. Those aren't my words, they're straight out of the movie.

Maybe I'd better stop right here. You'll probably think I'm crazy if I tell you any more. In fact, you probably think I'm crazy right now, don't you? Well, I'm not. It's just that I happen to like the film. I've seen it six times. I even bought the soundtrack. So who cares what you think? I'll keep going.

In addition to Frank, there are Brad and Janet. They are the healthy, normal kids who are ravaged by Frank's "crazed imagination" when they are forced to stop at his castle because of a flat tire.

Then there are Riff Raff and Magenta, Frank's servants who turn villain in the end. There's also Frank's creation, Rocky Horror, a tanned musclemann with the mentality of a grasshopper. And there's Dr. Scott, a rival scientist; Columbia, a groupie; and Eddie, Dr. Scott's nephew who serves a somewhat grisly purpose for Frank.

And last, but by no means least, there's the audience. That's right, I said the audience. The movie has been playing for several weekends in College Station and up to a year or more in some major cities. Yet each weekend the audiences keep getting bigger, wilder and weirder.

Most of them have seen the show at least five or six times. Consequently, they know every part and every song by heart. They don't hesitate to sing along, either.

In addition, there are several parts of the movie to which everyone responds physically. There's a wedding scene (cover your head or you'll get rice down your shirt), there is a song called "There's a Light" (everyone holds up a candle or lighter), a rainstorm scene (the guys with the squirt guns are really starting to multiply), and a scene featuring a dance called the "Time Warp" (don't sit next to the aisle, the dancers will block your view.)

If you decide to risk your sanity and see the movie, plan to see it twice; once to get used to things and watch all the weirdos in the audience, and another time to really watch the film.

The experience would not be nearly as impressive without all the help from the crowd, but the movie is superb in its own right. If you can manage to keep your eyes on the screen and hear all the dialogue, you'll realize that it successfully ridicules horror movies, science fiction movies, today's sexuality, and about a dozen other things that have been needing a good swift kick where it counts.

But enough of all this. I'm getting the itch to do the Time Warp again. Go. Leave. Stop reading right now and go see the Rocky Horror Picture Show for yourself.

It's either a nightmare or an erotic fantasy. I'm not sure which, and I want a second opinion.

Director improves style

## Gore prevails in 'Fury'

By JEFF GILLEY  
Like a barker at a sideshow, the ads for this new movie promise "terror and suspense." Actually, "The Fury" is about as terrifying as a Ziggy cartoon.

headed by John Cassavetes. Robin believes his father (Kirk Douglas) has been killed. Not so. To find his son, Robin's father joins forces with Gillian, who has the gift of making people hemorrhage. The writer injects lots of forced humor along the way for the true masochists in the audience.

It's hackneyed and confused, but rarely boring. "The Fury" is well-paced and has enough dead bodies to please anyone. Winsome, believable Amy Irving and a straight-faced Kirk Douglas keep the film afloat, with a little help from John William's score.

Director Brian DePalma ("Sisters," "Obsession," "Carrie") doesn't plagiarize Alfred Hitchcock even once in this one, which may make "The Fury" something of a landmark for him. His style has improved, too — less of the artsy nonsense of his earlier films.

But DePalma's mania for turning

characters into caricatures is painfully evident, much to the chagrin of bad guy Cassavetes, who must slink through the melodrama like an embarrassing parody of Dr. Stangelove, complete with black suit, crooked, black-gloved arm, and the same silly grin.

What DePalma never seems to learn is that gore does not substitute for suspense and a clever plot. He should take a lesson from Hitchcock, who insists he made "Psycho" in black and white so he wouldn't have to show the blood in red. That's good taste. DePalma reportedly used 20 gallons of the stuff in just one scene of "The Fury," and that's not even in the imaginatively bloody climax.

Those who like that sort of thing will love "The Fury." Otherwise, there is little to recommend it, and the people who pay \$3.50 to see this unthrilling thriller may be the really furious ones.

Review

"The Fury," like its predecessor "Carrie," is about psychic forces gone wild. Robin (Andrew Stevens) and Gillian (Amy Irving) are two teenagers with powerful psychokinetic abilities (the power to move objects at will). That means other characters had better just smile and tiptoe out of the room if Robin and Gillian get mad. Robin is kidnapped by a secret but frugal government agency

## Hoax fools Titusville

United Press International  
PHILADELPHIA—Six students recently pulled an elaborate hoax that fooled the president of the University of Pittsburgh at Titusville, a newspaper, and almost—but not quite—the Quaker State Oil Refining Corp.

The students wanted to see how people in western Pennsylvania's oil country would react to an impressive—if fake—entourage of rich Saudi Arabian oil barons traveling around in public.

To stage the hoax, the students spent \$1,000 on costumes, makeup, stationery, flags and a rented car.

Christopher Krynski, 19, who came up with the idea, contributed \$600 to the scheme.

"We just thought it would be fun," he said. "Some people go to Walt Disney World and spend a thousand dollars. We just did it in Titusville."

Krynski played the fictitious Crown Prince of Geptwab, Saudi Arabia. His entourage included Chris Rasmussen, 20, as his chauffeur, and four others who impersonated Bal Shey-tar, the prince's secretary; his half-brother; a bodyguard, and an interpreter.

"We just walked around and apparently people believed us," Krynski said.

Thinking it authentic, the Titusville Herald published a letter in which the prince called Titusville an "excellent location to live, work and invest." A reporter said the newspaper took the gag in good humor and said the group had become "folk heroes" to their fellow students.

A letter to the president of the university's Titusville branch, however, had a different impact. It said the prince had been "rudely insulted by students on a visit and found the school's housing facilities 'deplorable.'"

"I had visions of \$2 million going down the drain when I read that let-

ter," Joseph Ball, the school's president, told the Herald. But he added, "It was a good-natured spoof of self-viewed importance."

Krynski and Rasmussen also said the hoax sparked rumors that the Quaker State Oil Refining Corp. in Oil City would be sold to Arabs. On April 9 the retinue took pictures of the company's headquarters.

However, Quentin E. Wood, president and chief executive officer, said the only thing the group did was attract the attention of a security guard who called police.

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