

radio (John doesn't have a radio in his truck) and a couple of Big Block Mr. Good Bars and we hit the road.

Highway 6 runs both ways, but contrary to popular belief, it doesn't go through Austin. As I recall, it took some backroads to get there.

We only had to switch the station three times to keep the Aggie game against the Razorbacks tuned in — that and John holding the antenna in his teeth. You know how the game turned out.

We had just pulled up behind the drag when the Aggies were figuring out how to make the final play of a losing effort last forever.

We listened to the last few plays, said, "Aw dang," grabbed our gear and moved out to find the story that we'd been sent after.

The first place we hit was the market. It's on Guadalupe and 23rd and it's exactly that, — an open market where trade goes on — lots of jewelry, T-shirts and such. There were only about 60 people there because it was getting dark. Most of the vendors were packing up.

John looked for photo opportunities while I strolled around, micro-recorder in hand looking for people willing to talk.

It doesn't take but a second to catch the atmosphere of the drag. The look of the people is different, and just the feel of the street is unlike anything in College Station.

What struck me right off was what a hairy place it was. There were people with long hair, LONG hair, short hair, no hair, regular hair and, well, "different" hair. The clothes pretty well matched the hair — wild hair — wild clothes.

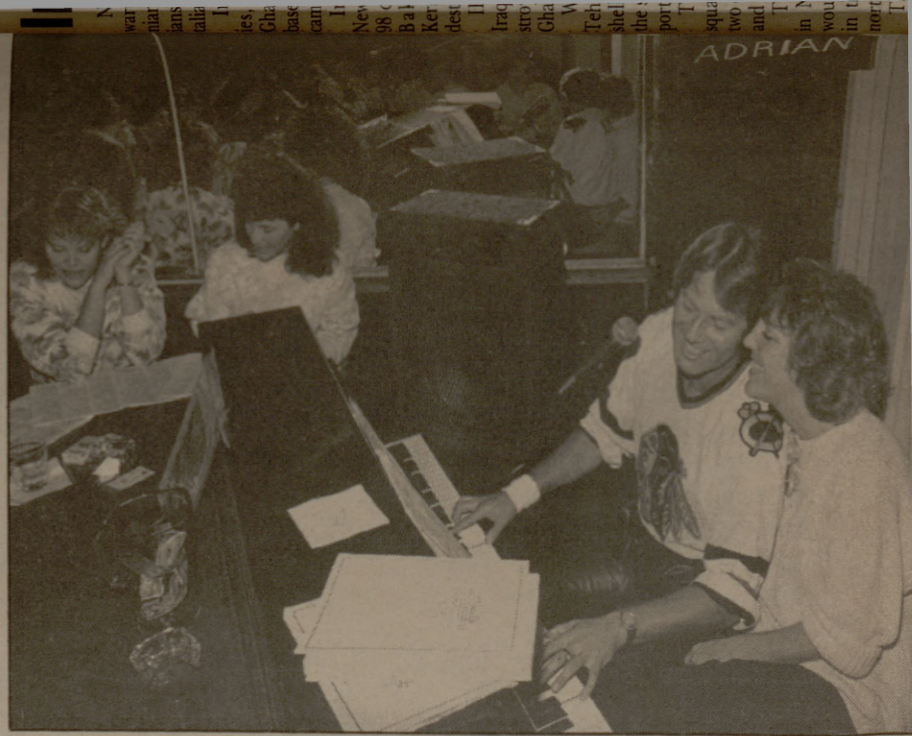
Olivia McClelland was gathering her beaded jewelry together to leave when we spied her.

She really had that Austin look. McClelland said that she'd lived in Austin nine years, had gone to school in Austin and had been selling in the market for about a year. She liked the drag.

"It's like a visit to the '60s, but it's modern, too," McClelland said. "It's real interesting. I like all the different people. There's all the dragworms and a lot of gentle people. There's everything out here. People get along."

Selling jewelry in the market isn't McClelland's only vocation. She's also an astrologer.

McClelland directed our attention to a guy selling T-shirts. She said he



**Adrian and his piano are fixtures at Speedy's, where the songs flow as freely as the beer.**

was quite an artist and she was right.

Drew Garcia grew up in Houston and has been selling his T-shirt art in the market, stores and exhibitions for a couple of years. That's him on the cover of this issue with some of his work. Garcia said he likes the market's easy-going atmosphere.

"That's what I like about out here," he said, "You can have a few beers and it's real cool."

So, make a stop by the market and maybe you'll catch Drew and Olivia and all of the other vendors.

We headed out onto the drag to see what was going on elsewhere.

We hit a T-shirt shop that had probably every tasteless T-shirt ever made. The Cramps, the Dead Milkmen and the Dead Kennedys were well represented. It was a good shop. You just can't buy those kinds of shirts in College Station.

The daylight was really going fast and John and I hadn't even rendezvoused with Russ, the keeper of the Austin road trip pad.

On the way back to the car we talked to some sidewalk surf-daddies, Asia and Otis, and a trio of dragworms, names unknown, and an herb vendor.

Don't miss a chance to talk with a dragworm. I think John really thought I'd gone above and beyond the call of duty when I struck up a "conversation" (he sort of used words) with this person, obviously nuked out of his mind, carrying a jambox blasting Bob Dylan.

Whatever you do, don't tell a dragworm you're involved with the media. He'll say ugly things about your mother.



**Known simply as "The Button Man," this guy has just about anything that can be put on a button.**

**Austin**