



## Delbert McClinton: Room to Breathe

by J. Reichard



Delbert McClinton (photo courtesy of New West Records)

Delbert McClinton is a musician who cannot be classified into any one particular genre. His blends reflect his West Texas roots along with his love of road-house rhythm and blues, soulful “blue-eyed soul,” and country rock. His harmonica and vocal styles cover a wide spectrum and he has played with notables around the world. Ask Delbert what kind of music he plays and he’ll tell you, “Fun Music.”

After playing and singing for more than 40 years, his efforts have paid off handsomely when he won a Grammy® Award in 2002 for *Nothing Personal*, a compilation recognized as the “Best Contemporary Blues Recording.”

Delbert was born in Lubbock in 1940, and he moved to Ft. Worth at age 12. Some of his earliest memories of Lubbock are going with his parents to The Cotton Club to see Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys.

McClinton’s rhythm and blues influences came at an early age too. In fact, Delbert’s epiphany (recounted for *Musician Magazine*) came when he walked past an old south Ft. Worth R&B place near where he hunted squirrels.

“I was coming home that day and went past this old, black barbecue place. I heard Joe Turner’s ‘Honey Hush.’ The closer I got, the more excited I got. My heart went to pounding, and I said, ‘Who is that and what is it?’ I’ll never forget that – There’s no way to explain what I felt. I just went nuts! That stuff still does it to me. Boy, I wish I could hear more music that could do that to me now.”

Delbert formed his first band – The Mellow Fellows – during his teenage years with

several friends of his, and they played any gig they could get just for the experience.

By the late 1950s, Delbert began to build a name for himself around Ft. Worth. He played in several bands including The Straightjackets, the house band for an all-black blues club south of the city. He got his first tastes of the musical styles of the great blues artists Howlin’ Wolf, Bobby “Blue” Bland, and “King of the Harmonica” Sonny Boy Williamson.

McClinton earned the distinction of being the first white artist to have a record played on Ft. Worth’s KNOX, the rhythm and blues station, in 1960. Having a song played on the air – a cover of Sonny Boy Williamson’s “Wake Up Baby” – was a distinction and the taste of recognition Delbert sought.

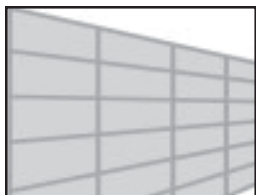
In 1962, McClinton toured with another Texas musician, Bobby Channel, who wrote the hit, “Hey! Baby” wherein Delbert played harmonica.

Channel took Delbert with him on his tour in England, where the opening act for Bobby’s band was a young British band called The Beatles. Because Delbert was an accomplished blues harmonica player, John Lennon asked Delbert to teach him a few harmonica lines. Lennon turned out to be an apt pupil during their short 15-minute visit. You can hear the similarities between what Delbert taught and what Lennon learned listening to “Hey! Baby” and The Beatles’ “Love Me Do” in sequence. Lennon said later that the harmonica in “Love Me Do” was inspired by Delbert McClinton and “Hey! Baby.”

continues on page 4  
See McClinton

Concert poster from 1962  
(courtesy of Bruce Channel)





Perspective from the Publisher:

## Fear Factoring

by J. Reichard

It is rare that I become so repulsed at something in my own home that it makes me feel queasy. We were sitting quietly finishing a pizza, a snack which has become a normal dinner on deadline nights. We ate and we were glancing at the tube only half-heartedly waiting for a weather briefing to break in.

I believe I have stated in print previously that we watch perilously little television programming. Even though there is a small dish receiver on the roof of the house, the other end of the coaxial cable dangles inside, connected to nothing. There's no receiver to catch the dreck from space that masquerades as quality entertainment. Neither is there a cable box nor a connection in our home. When broadcast signals move to all digital signals as is rumored to be in the works and my poor 20-year old TV is no longer usable, I probably won't be too sad. Additionally by then, I figure that anything I might want to see will be on the worldwide web before long and I'll see it there.

I've never watched TV much – it has always held very little for me. I have never become very involved with having a special show over the years, nor have I had an evening of MUST WATCH / CANNOT MISS television stuff. I've enjoyed very few programs; even with the couple TVs I have bought. I have to admit I did get wrapped up in *Dallas* when J.R. was at his slimy, villainous best. He reminded me of some acquaintances at the time and I used to enjoy waiting for him to get his due from any one of his enemies the same way I waited for my adversaries to get theirs.

Maybe not watching much TV over the years has something to do with why I am not more gravitationally challenged at my age than I am. I don't have the time or the patience to

sit and be bombarded with waves from the tube telling me what to buy, how to think, and where to shop or eat. I am a big enough boy – thank you very much – to figure these things out for myself usually. I can and do prefer to think for myself at all costs. Seriously, I've just never had much time for programming, if that's what you choose to call it.

Tonight, however, I was mesmerized by the horrific images I saw being emitted from the cathode ray tube. It was like the voyeuristic inability to look away from a horrible accident. The images were so ghastly and perverse I found I just could not look away. It was the stuff of nightmares! What was on the tube to elicit such a recoil from me?

It was the allegedly popular program called *Fear Factor*. You know, the program where somehow, the production staff manages to find a group of six individuals each possessing a single, firing brain cell. It's the show where one of these cretins is going to walk away with \$50 grand for attempting to be the most arrogant, selfish, macho (even for the women contestants), and all out disgusting as a human can attempt to stoop to being.

Tonight's contestants – three women and three men – were given "stunts carefully planned by professionals" that had to be performed in a specified amount of time. The first stunt required climbing a steel cable ladder to a truss suspended at least 30 feet in the air from a crane. The truss was started spinning at just the time that the contestant was trying to climb the ladder, already standing out at a 15-degree angle due to the centrifugal force. The object of the contest was to work one's way across the 20-foot long truss, hand over hand while it spun, grab a flag on the other end, and then drop to the water below. This stunt wasn't bad, but the show got worse.

After two of the contestants were eliminated from the first round for failing the ex-

ercise, the remaining contestants were ushered into a barnyard setting and seated at a picnic table. They were shown what they would have to eat. The offerings were partially formed duck embryos still in their shells, silkworm larvae by the ladleful soaked in brine, and milkshake-looking stuff that was purported to be pureed hog's livers.

The object of this contest was that the remaining four had to use a slingshot to shoot at milk bottles containing a number which determined how many of each of the items the contestants would have to ingest to move on to the next round in the battle for the big money.

Needless to say, most of the competitors were lousy shots with a slingshot and most drew at least several of each of the items on the menu, provided by the demented producers of this show. I could not for the life of me figure out why we were still watching this as one after another, the contenders each struggled to keep from retching on camera. Hopefully, the shots were edited, because I cannot figure out how these people were doing this, let alone what kind of sick minds came up with this stuff in the first place.

We struggled to watch the last few minutes of the show waiting for a weather briefing, hoping for it to pre-empt the sordid images being beamed across the planet.

If aliens did crash land at Roswell, NM in 1947 and their kinfolk are still floating around in the universe just beyond our cosmic shores, programming such as this should make them fly quickly to another galaxy in search of intelligent life.

Unfortunately, I keep losing hope that there's much left here on this planet if programming such as this is celebrated as entertainment. Beam me up now, if that's the case. My fear factor increases more each day that the brainwashing appearing on TV is what people want to watch. The reality shows, for which I have only ever seen commercials before this evening, are hardly real. Neither are they entertaining.

Maybe it is just time to pack it up and head over to Roswell and wait for the return of the Mother Ship. If *HubStuff* fails to appear some week without an explanation, that might just be what has happened.



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If large numbers of people believe in freedom of speech, there will be freedom of speech, even if the law forbids it. But if public opinion is sluggish, inconvenient minorities will be persecuted, even if laws exist to protect them.  
—George Orwell, author, c. 1945



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# Delbert McClinton Returns to Lubbock

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Bobby Channel's "Hey! Baby" rose to number one on the Billboard® charts on March 10, 1962 and stayed there for three weeks. Delbert had other aspirations however and formed his own band, The Ron-Dels, who recorded for a number of national record labels. Delbert's "If You Want Me To Go, I'll Go" was written during this period and it later scored a hit for Waylon Jennings and Doug Sahm. Delbert always maintained that he wanted to be a performer and not a recording artist. He has fairly consistently kept up with that ideal, in some years performing at as many as 200 shows.

After kicking around in Los Angeles in the early 70s, writing and recording, he decided to return to Ft. Worth in 1974. There, he landed a recording contract with ABC Records where he released three records be-

fore 1977. Although Delbert's music was on the rise and becoming quite popular, it never really fit into what was evolving as the progressive country movement popular across the country at that time. McClinton's music was more about blending guitars, horns and fiddles, pedal steel guitars and funky rhythm into a mix that was his own.

## Wide acceptance

By 1980, Delbert's music was being noticed by an eclectic mix of recording artists like Emmylou Harris, The Blues Brothers, Bonnie Raitt and artists such as The Allman Brothers, and Marshall Tucker. McClinton signed a recording contract with the famed studios at Muscle Shoals, Alabama – the home of southern rock, where he recorded his album *The Jealous Kind* that produced "Giving It Up

For Your Love." That single finally afforded McClinton a spot on both the country and pop charts simultaneously.

In 1992, Delbert won a Grammy for his duet "Good Man / Good Woman" with Bonnie Raitt. In 1993, he was nominated for a Country Music Association award for his duet with Tanya Tucker, "Tell Me About It."

Delbert has played with top artists Vince Gill, Garth Brooks and Trisha Yearwood, Joe Ely, Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Butch Hancock, Guy Clark, Billy Joe Shaver, and many others too numerous to mention. His album, *Live From Austin* was recorded as the soundtrack for the nationally syndicated *Austin City Limits* on PBS.

For the last ten years, Delbert and friends have been embarking on Caribbean cruises centered around a musical theme. This year's Sandy Beach Cruise (SBC) departs January 11, 2004, from Florida aboard Holland America's ms Maasdam for a seven-day trip sure to delight music fans aboard. Ports of call for the trip include the Bahamas, St. Thomas, and Tortola.

Fourteen acts are already scheduled for the cruise including Texas' own Asleep At The Wheel. To have a party like that onboard a ship while lolling away the January days makes me wish I could go and be part of it. Partying with 2,000 friends would certainly be a great way to pass the time during the winter doldrums during some of Lubbock's coldest days and nights. For right now, it will be fun and much more rapid gratification to see Delbert and friends perform on July 4 for America's birthday.

Delbert McClinton, Chris Duarte, Los Lonely Boys, and Steve Lott will perform at the Canyon Amphitheater for the Independence Day show. This will be a great celebration and fine day to have one of Lubbock's own back home again.

Canyon Amphitheater poster (left, courtesy of Canyon Amphitheater)

## Roswell UFO Festival

**Thursday, July 3, Starting at 6pm**

Carnival opens, Various pre-festival activities around town

International UFO Museum and Research Center Guest Speaker:

Derrel Sims from Houston is an international speaker, investigator, and researcher of alleged human and alien encounters. He gathers evidence, has it reviewed by professionals in various fields, and with deductive reasoning, attempts to explain the results to us. He makes no effort to explain the term "alien" as it is still unexplained, as well as alien implant. (7:00 pm) For more information contact (505) 625-9495, or see the web site: [www.roswell2k.org](http://www.roswell2k.org), or you may e-mail him at [dwsims@neosoft.com](mailto:dwsims@neosoft.com).

**Friday, July 4, Starting at 10am**

Opening ceremonies, Carnival opens, Vendors open, Classic Sci-Fi Film Festival, UFO Independent Music Festival, UFO Workshops for all ages, City fireworks display for all ages, Road Show Independence Day

Independence Day Celebration: A tribute to American veterans with the city's largest fireworks display.

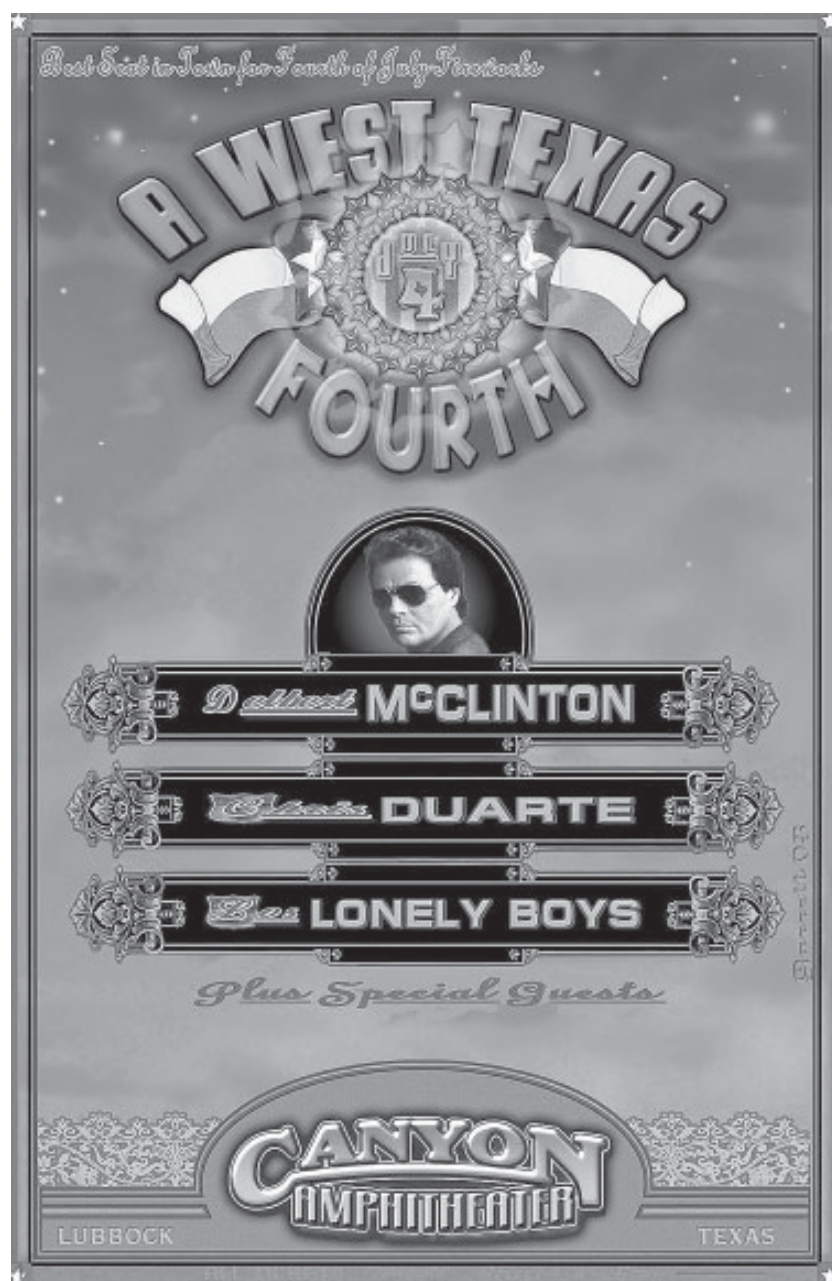
**Saturday, July 5, Starting at 7am**

Alien Chase, Vendors open, Costume Contest and parade, Carnival opens, Classic Sci-Fi Film Festival, UFO Independent Music Festival, UFO workshops for all ages, Electric light parade and Moonlight Extravaganza

International UFO Museum and Research Center-Guest Speaker:

The "Roswell Dig" panel discussion, including Don Schmitt, Tom Carey, William Doleman (archeologist), and VIPs from the SciFi Channel. The September "Dig" two hour program was aired on 22 November 2002 with plenty of advertising, thanks to Spielberg. What will happen with the 66 bags of "material" locked in a Roswell bank vault. (7:00 pm) For more information contact (505) 625-9495.

All times and dates subject to change.



## Leave Wallets and Purses at Home, Not in Vehicles

by Laura Cook

Recently I was talking to several Lubbock Police Detectives about the normal types of car burglaries that occur in Lubbock. Several had some interesting stories to tell. For example, one fellow came out of his house at 7am to go to work and found a man in the open trunk of his car unhooking his speakers. The burglar told the owner it was okay that he was in the trunk, because he was fixing them. (Had this not been the owner, it may have even worked.) Unfortunately, not many vehicle owners are as lucky as to catch the robbers in the act. Most burglaries happen in just a few seconds, and quite often don't involve items that the burglar must take the time to carefully unhook from the car. Most are things that could've easily been protected from theft.

Detectives told me how often people leave purses, wallets, and other items in their vehicles when they go shopping, see movies, visit bars and restaurants, and watch concerts. Quite often they leave the valuables in plain sight, knowing that the vehicle is locked. Burglars do not normally care about car locks; they usually break the window, grab the items, and run. Occasionally they even stay for a moment and look for additional things in the vehicles that they can grab. If someone is willing to leave a wallet on the front seat, he likely will leave other things inside as well. One detective told me about a woman who couldn't understand how she was so unlucky to have her purse stolen again. This was the third time her purse was stolen from her car – always from the front seat where she left it. (Do you suppose she should've stopped leaving it in the car after the first time?) Then there's the lady who couldn't believe that the burglars broke her SUV window to get her purse – because there was no money in it. (I suppose the bur-

glars left their X-Ray money goggles at home that day.) Oh yes, and the same lady wondered why they went through the rest of the vehicle looking for other things. They got her husband's wallet, too.

I don't mean to sound cynical about the above persons, because I do feel bad for them. However, a theft from your vehicle like these can be avoided; yet they happen every day at many different places around the city. Here are some tips to keep Lubbock vehicle owners safer.

If you won't need your purse or wallet, leave it home. Put your I.D. and some money in your pocket and leave everything else at home. If you must take your purse or wallet, the trunk is a better place to store it, but put it there before you leave home. A burglar who sees you put something in the trunk before going into an establishment only has to pop that one lock to get at it. And they will, if they know it's there for the taking! Oh yes, and make sure you shut the trunk tight. Many a person has lost his or her valuables because the trunk wasn't shut correctly and all the robber had to do was open the top.

Newer vehicles are more likely to be broken into, because if you spend more money on your car, you probably have more money to spend when you go out. However, anyone who leaves valuables in plain sight is a potential victim.

Purses and wallets are the main target for "break and go" burglars, but anything of value can encourage a break-in. Take out or cover everything – cameras, video games, TVs, and purchases. Even backpacks and gym bags are potential problems. You might know that one contains your library books or dirty gym clothes – but robbers don't. If there's a chance it could contain valuables, they might break in to get it.

Locking all doors, closing all windows, parking close to the business, and under lights are helpful but not foolproof. It only takes a moment for a break-in, no matter where your vehicle is parked or whether it's locked. Don't give burglars things to see inside it, even if you're going to be leaving for just a minute.

And finally, to the person who left her purse, full of money, credit cards, and checkbook with keys in her car and the window wide open: The Police Detective who found it, called your family to let them know, and gave it to you, didn't need a reward or anything, but a thank you would've been nice. He saved you from a possible bigger problem if it had been stolen, which likely was only minutes away.

*Laura Cook is the manager of Movies 16 and wants your movie or shopping excursion to be enjoyable with no surprises at the end.*

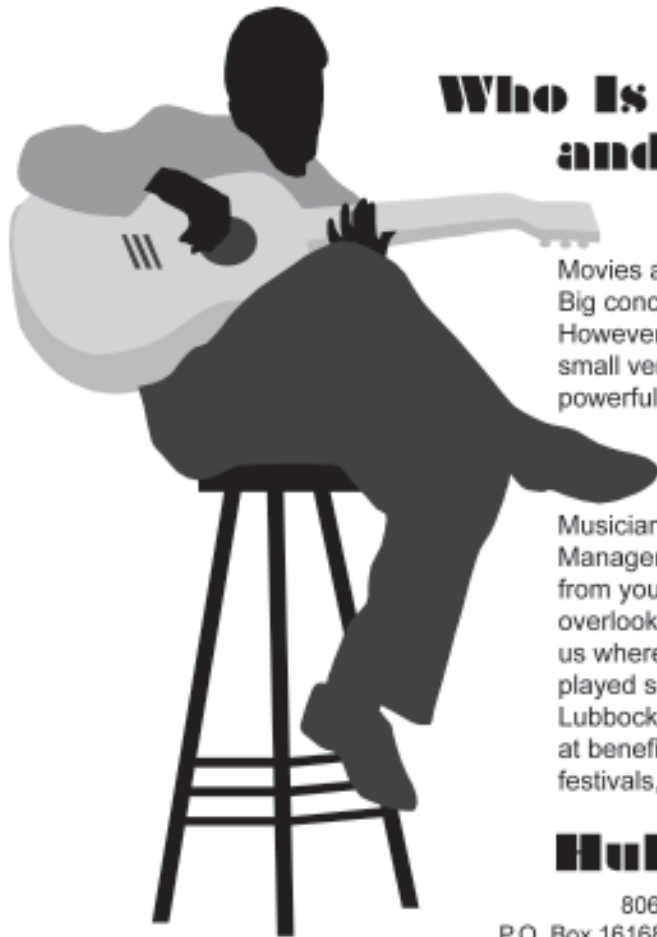
## 80s Combat's New CD, Tour

Local pop punk band Eighties Combat will be releasing its first CD since signing with DarkWhite Records (out of Freemont, CA) on Thursday, June 26, at Daybreak Coffee at 4210 82nd Street. The concert will begin at 8 pm and the cost is \$3.

Eighties Combat was formed in September of 1999 and is the current winner of the FMX 21-and-under Battle of the Bands. This is the band's sixth CD; the other five were pressed independently. This release party will also serve as a kick-off of their east coast tour.

Eighties Combat will be touring Florida and the entire Atlantic coast with stops in Virginia Beach (VA), Philadelphia (PA), New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maine, Michigan and ending in Fayetteville (AR).

The band will also play a farewell concert the following night at their venue, Tokyo Joe's, with popular punk band Asking Autumn. This concert will begin at 8:30 pm and the cost is \$5. The band is currently on a compilation being sold nationwide at all Hot Topic stores.



### Who Is Playing and Where?

Movies are predictable. Big concerts are sterile. However, live music in a small venue can be a powerful experience.

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### Stuff and Nonsense:

## Family Resemblance

by Susan E. L. Lake

Summers bring family reunions like red sports cars bring speeding tickets. A strange comparison you may say. Not really. In both cases, what started out looking like a good idea turns out to have unexpected consequences.

Recently, I've attended not one but two family gatherings which is surprising since for many years I haven't attended any such gatherings other than a funeral here and there. That makes me something of an anomaly perhaps, but we aren't exactly known for our close family ties. I have an uncle (long since dead) who I never met and a set of cousins (my only ones) who I have no knowledge of other than their existence.

I've always found it fascinating that my friends actually spoke of cousins as if they were nearly siblings. Often they actually seemed closer to these family members than I was to my only brother. Since there were times in my life when I didn't even know where my brother was, this cousin closeness probably isn't unlikely.

As a result, spending a weekend at a family reunion wasn't something to which I looked forward. However, unlikely consequences did occur. I found that being in a room filled with people with my family's DNA was fascinating. I've always enjoyed people watching at airports and malls, but a

"Smile. Don't grimace." My head came up in surprise. What! The realization came with a shock. It's a family trait. Who would have known?

A second observation was that these clones separated by a generation had married quite similar women. The wife and I found that we



Beware of those who study certain family resemblances. Perhaps they should become disowned or at least avoided while they hold a camera.

reunion turned out to be the best place in the world to people watch. This reunion was a little unusual in today's world because there were no second spouses to distort the genetic message I observed. Every single person in the room was directly related to one or more members of the group. I found myself beginning to catalog similarities.

The unexpected consequence was a discovery that I made in my observation mode. We expect faces to be similar – ears, mouths, and hair color. What I didn't expect was that other characteristics are also passed down the family tree. Rear ends turn out to be more distinctive than I expected. I could have traced the genetic code with little more than a back view of the group. It was as if one should take family photos of both the front and rear in order to clearly record family resemblances. However, I doubt that this will be a popular addition to most family albums.

From a more traditional angle, it was fascinating to see a child shrug or even laugh in a way that mimicked the previous generation or even the one before that. Two male members – one the uncle to the other – are so alike that they appear to be clones separated by nine years. I've known about the similarity for a long time, but what I realized this time was that genetics extends to smiling patterns or the lack of. For these two men don't smile. They grimace instead as if afraid to show teeth to strangers. I always thought the uncle was unusual in this, but then I heard the echo of my own words as the wife of the nephew made the request I've heard myself use so often.

had far more in common than we would have expected. We both grew up as transients and swore to protect our children from the gypsy life – only to see our children leave the nest to wander afield unaware of our gift to them. We both cherish our adopted "home towns" enjoying the knowledge that we remember when that street corner was the site of a store others don't even remember. As we continued our get acquainted experience, it felt like a kindred soul was on the other side of the face. I began to wonder if spousal choice might be more genetic than I would have ever considered. All these years I thought it was just my scintillating personality and great toenails that attracted him to me. Turns out it was that and more.

All in all, the reunion was a good way to spend a weekend. I know far more about the "family" than I did before and the next time I won't avoid such events. Such experiences are clearly valuable in ways I would never have expected. And the sports car and the speeding ticket just might turn the testosterone-possessed owner into a safer driver, or not. It's in the genes.

*Susan Lake is a retired English teacher from Lubbock-Cooper High School who currently spends her free time writing educational materials and pondering the great mysteries of the universe.*



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# The Feel of Sunday Morning

by Eric Herm

*On a Sunday morning sidewalk  
I'm wishing, Lord, that I was stoned  
'Cause there's something in a Sunday  
That makes a body feel alone  
And there ain't nothing short of dying  
Half as lonesome as the sound  
Of a sleeping city sidewalk  
Sunday morning coming down*

— from "Sunday Morning Coming Down" lyrics  
by Kris Kristofferson, sung by Johnny Cash

Johnny Cash was right — there is something in a Sunday. But unlike ol' Johnny's lyrics sing, it is not loneliness that makes this day unique in my world. There's really ...just something in a Sunday, you know. There exists this natural easiness, a comforting quiet, a blissful peace that endures through the sounds of lawnmowers, electrical saws, the cries of children, and that God-awful jingle of ice cream trucks. On Sundays the breeze is cooler, the trees sway more in sync, the grass is softer, and flowers appear more colorful than the rest of the week. Even if it is a feeling that lasts only a day, as I get older I am more appreciative of its meaning. Sunday is a day to relax, a day to enjoy one's self and the more glorious aspects of this life. It is a day of reflection, solitude, and meditation. Sunday is the day where life and death seem to come to a mutual decision with one another in a hazy dream as everything else slips away. 'Tis fitting — after all, it is the only day of the week named after the very source (that golden fire in the sky) that enables all living things to endure and prosper. In fact, what the hell is a Mon or a Tues or a Wed or Thurs or Fri or Sat anyway? Guess I should look up such things instead of just asking.

With these realizations comes another. Sundays used to have a much different meaning in my life. Sunday was the designated day to wake up, put on freshly ironed clothes and shiny shoes, and go to a red-bricked building for two hours of class and worship service. These days my worshipping tendencies want no service at all. My relationship with my Creator has become an estranged one I suppose. My beliefs have become more liberal, poetic, scientific, and mystical than doctrinal. Fire and brimstone sermons no longer faze me. In fact, I can't really remember ever being able to completely focus on an entire sermon while sitting in a silent pew, unable to utter a thought to anyone around me. All you are supposed to do is just...sit...and listen ...to a man talk. I don't get it. I believe many

children look at church as a reverent Sunday prison — a place they cannot turn around to look behind them, a place where they cannot speak, a place they cannot laugh, a place they cannot have fun. In return, church becomes a place they cannot understand and that lingers into our adulthood. It is a guest appearance we feel we have to make, a social gathering to save face. Often it is a nostalgic, mandatory attendance that lasts throughout the better part of our days. We go to church when we don't fully comprehend why, yet there is this inherited obligation to join everyone else week after week — trying desperately to gain insight into our souls, into our existence from a man who is suppose to have more knowledge on a particular book than we do. Never have I had an epiphany from a sermon or a hymn or a lecture of any sort. My greatest inspirations and aspirations have stemmed from late night conversations with friends or complete strangers and through my own travels and daily experiences. Didn't someone say "life is the greatest teacher"? Maybe it is just me, but I can't evolve by listening to someone else's weekly speech.

Before you start beating me over the head with your Bibles, I am not speaking out against God, religion or anyone's particular faith, I am merely relating my own transformation — a metamorphosis, if you will — dealing with a day set aside for rituals and what-not. Instead of getting all dressed up on the first day of the week (or last, pending what you were taught to believe) and confining myself to a classroom or an auditorium, I have a couple cups of coffee and take a walk. Whether it is just around my backyard or down the street or in a park, I just walk. Soon, a smile spreads across my face as I appreciate the freedoms that such a celebrated day brings. It is difficult for me to feel free in a crowded room, forced to listen to another man's version of a story, a verse, or a character I've heard countless times before as my ass falls asleep just ahead of my brain. Maybe it is arrogance in the fact that I feel I know more than the person wearing a microphone behind a podium, performing dramatic gesticulations to keep the attention of a heavy-eyed crowd. As I get older, most of our versions of religion come off as yet another form of entertainment to me — a way to woo ourselves into thinking everything we do is good and everybody else who does not think, act, dress, and speak the same is doing wrong. It is chicanery at its best.

## Another Day That Ends in Why?

I am not bitter about my younger Sundays spent in church. In fact, I am extremely grateful for being surrounded by it during my childhood. I just do not agree whole-heartedly with all that I was taught. As life passes by, we slowly adjust, adopting our own take on life and our own thoughts and practices of how to live it. Too much wasted energy is spent on differences in opinion, on one culture, country, or religious group coercing others to worship their god and take on their beliefs without question. This has been going on since man attained a halfway arguable vocabulary. It just seems silly to me that something as precious as religion creates more segregation than unity in this world. Many religions encourage separation from others who do not believe the same, which in turn creates disdain and division amongst humanity. Everyone needs to unclench their butt cheeks, take a walk, smoke a bowl, and smell the damn roses not only on Sunday but on every other day of the week.

When it gets right down to the nitty gritty, we are all a bunch of pathetic mammals grasping at straws. Fear makes us do insane things, and we fear what we cannot understand. Inevitably, it comes down to our fear of life after death — the great unknown. Humanity has been on this planet for however millions of years, and we still don't get "it." Who is to say what is right and what is wrong in the grand scheme of things? Who is to say that any of us is right? I mean, it seems to me that none of us really is. What exactly is our mission? What guidelines must we abide? Sure the Bible has a set list of rules pertaining to many things, but not all things. No matter how much we are taught to read and memorize each passage, it is still only a book of several books — a part of history. And I cannot accept all of its content to be true simply because too much is left unexplained. Last weekend at our garage sale I sold a Bible I've had since I was eight-years old for one dollar and felt no remorse whatsoever. (I got it for memorizing the books of the Bible.) Maybe I'm going to hell...or maybe I'm just going to die and cease to exist or maybe I'll come back as a butterfly or maybe I'll have vast concubines in heaven or maybe my soul will roam restlessly forever or maybe I'll be forced to listen to ice cream trucks passing by or maybe I'll...oh, who is to really say for sure? I'll let you know when I get to the other side.

But I guess until the heavens open and the great Creator reveals his immanent face, I'll just do my own thing, sing along with the man in black, take a stroll, and keep on enjoying the feel of a Sunday morning, of a day turning into a dream, of a dream becoming yesterday, and of life slowly drifting toward the sun.

*In the park I saw a daddy  
With a laughin' little girl that he'd been swingin'  
And I stopped beside a Sunday school  
Listened to the songs that they were singin'  
I headed down the road,  
Somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin'  
And it echoed through the canyon  
Like a disappearin' dream of yesterday*

Eric Herm is a West Texas native and author of *Laughter in the Valley of Madness* which can be purchased at the *Buddy Holly Center*. He can be reached for comments, questions, and suggestions at [e\\_herm@hubstuff.com](mailto:e_herm@hubstuff.com).



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## Feedback

*We at HubStuff know what it takes to sit down and put pen to paper in an attempt to create words worthy of reading. We do it every week. We appreciate the effort behind the correspondence we receive and will do our best to post the thoughts and opinions of others within these pages as space permits. We look forward to your letters.*

### Wine and Clay Festival Coverage

Thank you for the wonderful article by Susan Lake in your periodical on the recent Wine and Clay Festival at Llano Estacado Winery. This is such a fun event every year and she made it sound like something everyone should want to plan on! I particularly appreciated her selection of my gourds to photograph for the article.

Beth Bartley  
via e-mail

Food Review:

Good Fun at 50th Street Caboose

Sometimes, you just have to go where the fun is. You'll probably find it at the 50th Street Caboose (5027 50th St.) unless you're just plain having a bad day. Still, stopping in here for a bite to eat is bound to lift your spirits. According to Caboose's website, the original Copper Caboose at 4th and Boston was the first restaurant in Lubbock to serve fajitas.

The updated version and Caboose's newest restaurant opened at its current location at 50th and Slide Road in August of 1990, expanding the concept of the original restaurant whose agenda was to serve up great Mexican dishes along with quality service and good fun.

We showed up as a mystery shopper team from First Impressions Quality Service Company to see what we could find wrong with service and food. Much to the delight of this reviewer, there was not much wrong to be found. As a mystery shopper, the idea is to not expose yourself to the establishment nor to the wait staff. Also, as a shopper and discriminating customer, you try to find some things with which to take exception.

### Generous portions

We started the meal at the suggestion of our waiter with Caboose's fried mushrooms. Expecting several large mushrooms to be delivered, imagine our surprise when the appetizer showed up and appeared to be roughly the size of an NFL football. The "mushies" were piled high on the plate and were crisped to just the right stage. The batter was tasty and not soggy from having sat in the fryer too long. They were served hot with a side of ranch dressing that was just about right.

Austin, our waiter responded with great knowledge of Caboose's full menu when we described a dish we saw at another patron's table on the way to ours. Without knowing the name of the dish, we hoped we would be able to stump the waiter. Instead, Austin was able to perfectly describe the Longhorn Style Deep Dish Enchilada plate. Obviously that was the order that went to the kitchen.

What arrived after an acceptable short wait was two beef enchiladas smothered in Texas style chili and covered with cheddar cheese in a sizeable chafing dish, including rice and

flour tortillas. Here again, an oversized portion was what the Caboose is known for. We also tried the rib eye steak platter. At 10 ounces, it was more than we bargained for in terms of quantity. The baked potato, served with butter, sour cr me, chives, cheese, and bacon bits would have been plenty. It too was gigantic, and fitting everything on the plate must have been a challenge in the kitchen before it was served to the table.

### Extraordinary service

We tried to frustrate the waiter in a kind way, asking for extra lemon, ice water, and extra sugar because of the mystery shopping plan to check his responses. Austin was a gem in every respect and returned from each trip to the server's station with what was requested and a smile, asking if he could do more for us.

When it came time for dessert, he tried to entice us with the cheesecake and several other suggestions, but the appetizer and main course had done us in. We were verging on being uncomfortably full from the size of the portions so we had to refuse this time. We saw several grand desserts pass by with other servers, and believe it when I write that the temptation was certainly there!


The next time we go to the Caboose, it will certainly be to enjoy more of their wonderful Tex-Mex dishes. We are determined to try the fajitas on the next visit along with one of those giant slices of cheesecake or a hot fudge brownie sundae. We think we'll just not eat all day before we show up again there for dinner.

For a young family, an added bonus of the 50th Street Caboose is the huge arcade where exhausted parents can dispatch the kids and enjoy a few minutes to themselves. We choose to sit as far away from the din of the kids of having fun, but ours are grown now. We have been there and done that!

Ratings-wise for the mystery shopping experience, the Caboose rated tops in nearly every category. Prices were good, the food was tasty, the portions were more than equitable, and the service from our waiter, at the very least, was stellar.

The 50th Street Caboose was a fun experience for a casual night out.

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## Ellis Paul: The Speed of Trees

If you listen closely to singer and songwriter Ellis Paul's new CD *The Speed of Trees* – to the spaces between the notes – you can almost hear the sound of roots growing. On his first studio album since 1998 breakthrough *Translucent Soul*, he sounds like just what he is, an artist at the summit of his craft and a musician who has arrived where he set out to be, artistically, professionally, and personally. It is less a work of becoming than of being.

Ellis' star is rising, with a loyal national audience, a string of successful records, 12 Boston Music Awards, and as much concert work as he can handle. Millions heard his songs in the recent films *Me, Myself and Irene* and *Shallow Hal*. Paul's music is heard regularly on folk and non-commercial radio stations, and he packs major concert halls and front-rank music clubs wherever he tours – and, he tours quite a bit.

"There is sort of a been-there-done-that thing going on with me these days, and that's nice," Ellis says. "I am in a long-term contract with a record company I've been with for many years. I have had the chance to tour, develop, and become an act with a committed fan base. My career is about my fans; all my success has been based on that."

That mood permeates his newest CD, *The Speed of Trees*. It is quiet and lyrical, although exquisitely produced by Mary Chapin Carpenter's guitarist Duke Levine. It sounds this way not because Ellis is trying to make a statement, but because the songs want breathing room, the space to unwind the finely crafted human stories. He has absorbed much from his own musical roots, from the pop and folk-rock of Lennon-McCartney and Bob Dylan, and folk songwriters from Woody Guthrie to Bill Morrissey. While his sound has always been entirely his own, he creates melodies that are familiar when we first hear them.

In the four years between *Translucent Soul* and *The Speed of Trees*, he has redesigned his career, no longer aiming upward but outward, toward something more settled and lasting than the quick demise of today's pop mainstream.

Paul's lyrics brim with what songwriters call killer lines, word craft that immediately invite us inside his songs.

Woody Guthrie's daughter, Nora Guthrie, is a good friend and fan of Ellis's. She invited him to pore through her father's archive of unpublished songs, from which he brilliantly molded "God's Promise" into a vital, modern hymn. At first, she resists comparing Ellis and Woody, stressing the uniqueness of each artist; but then said there was a "job description

my father left behind, and that Ellis has taken on."


"Ellis is most like Woody in that he is true to himself. Every time I see him, there is brightness about him – a hopefulness, a liveliness. You never get this feeling of the drudgery of the folk singer's life, which many people write songs about. I don't like that; I never heard it in my dad's songs. You would hear criticism, but never complaining. I feel the same thing in Ellis' music; there is never anything pathetic or self-pitying in him. That really attracts me to his work – that and his humor, which is something else I would compare to my dad; that very dry, subtle, witty humor."

Ellis continues to tour relentlessly as he has for the past decade, but hopes to have a life that, if not lived at the speed of trees, can at least pause now and then to visit the tranquility of the New England countryside where he has recently purchased a home.

It may be in this way that Ellis is like his hero Woody Guthrie. Over the last few years, the world has come knocking on his door, offering him the shiny promise of pop stardom, and he has said, "Thanks for asking, but I want more. I want a life." Likewise, he relates that his career is not there to immediately overwhelm listeners, but to last.

"To call me a folk singer in a traditional sense probably doesn't fit," Ellis says thoughtfully. "I want to play music that reflects who I am and the music I grew up listening to – music that is more on the rock and pop side musically, and more on the folk side lyrically. I'm a folk musician in that I'm writing about real life. It's not aimed at any market; it's more journalistic, writing what I see and what I know, the times we're in, and the things that people face today."

Ellis Paul is appearing in concert at The Lubbock Inn, 3901 19th Street at 7:30pm Saturday, June 28, for one show only. Tickets are \$15 and are available at the door. Seating is limited. Call 792-5181 for information and reservations.



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# Friday, June 27

Tommy Barker 4-6pm; karaoke starts at 10pm at Crossroads. See Local Music.

Irish Traditional Music session at Klusoz at 6:30pm. See Local Music.

Monster Jam Summer Heat at Lubbock Motor Speedway, 8:00pm. See Events.

*Honky Tonk Angels* is performed at the Cactus Theater at 8pm. See On Stage.

Asking Autumn, Farewell to Fashion, and '80s Combat perform at Tokyo Joe's at 8pm. See Local Music.

Indigenous with Los Lonely Boys & Low Dog play in concert at 19th St. Warehouse at 9:15 pm. See Events.

HubKatz play at Moose Magoo's at 10pm. See Local Music.

Phil Pritchett plays at The Blue Light. See Local Music.

Electric Gypsies play at Bleacher's. See Local Music.

Klifnotes play at the Red Door. See Local Music.

## Events



Monster Jam Summer Heat is presented at Lubbock Motor Speedway on Friday and Saturday, June 27 and 28, at 8pm, and Sunday, June 29, at 2:00 pm, \$18 / \$13 / \$8. Call 770-2000.

Indigenous with Los Lonely Boys and Low Dog play in concert at 19th St. Warehouse on Friday, June 27, at 9:15 pm, \$15.

Ellis Paul, the quintessential Boston songwriter and intelligent storyteller, appears at the Lubbock Inn Wrangler Room, 3901 19th Street on Saturday, June 28, at 7:30pm, \$15. Call 792-5181.

Illuminance Photography Exhibit closes at Buddy Holly Center, 19th and Avenue G, on Saturday, June 28, free. 767-2686. See also Exhibits.

Westwinds Brass Band Concert in the Park, led by conductor Phil Anthony, plays at Wagner Park (26th and Flint) on Sunday, June 29, at 7:30pm, free.

Last day of J. Marcus Weekley Painting / Photography / Poetry Exhibit at Lubbock Regional Arts Center at 511 Avenue K is Monday, June 30, free. Call 762-8606. See also Exhibits.

KORN and Chevelle with guests Revolution Smile play at Canyon Amphitheater at 602 E 19th Street on Monday, June 30. Call 770-2000.

## Tours



Cap Rock Winery, 408 E. Woodrow Road, Tasting room and tours Monday through Saturday 10am to 5pm, Sunday noon to 5pm, 863-2704.

Llano Estacado Winery, south of Lubbock, 3.2 miles east of US 87 on FM 1585, Tours and wine tasting Monday through Saturday 10am to 5pm, Sunday noon to 5pm, 745-2258.

Pheasant Ridge Winery, 1-27 north of Lubbock to exit 14, east 2 miles, south 1 mile, tours and wine tasting Friday and Saturday 10am to 5pm, Sunday noon to 5pm, 746-6033.

## On the Horizon



Delbert McClinton, Chris Duarte, Los Lonely Boys, and Steve Lott, perform in concert at Canyon Amphitheater at 602 E. 19th Street on Friday, July 4, \$27. Call 770-2000.

Old Mill Trade Days happen Friday through Sunday, July 4 - 6, at Post, TX. Call toll-free 866-433-6683.

Pat Green performs at Canyon Amphitheater on Saturday, July 12. Call 770-2000.

Miss Texas USA 2003 Pageant is presented on Saturday, July 26, \$32-\$77, at Lubbock Municipal Auditorium. 770-2000

Fleetwood Mac comes to the United Spirit Arena on Thursday, August 7. Tickets are \$101.75 to \$56.25 (\$46 tickets may become available as other seats sell out).

## Local Music



Bash Riprock's, 2419 Main Street, 762-2274

Bleachers Sports Cafe, 1719 Buddy Holly Avenue, Electric Gypsies play Friday and Saturday, June 27 and 28, 744-7767

Blue Light (The), 1806 Buddy Holly Avenue, hear Phil Pritchett on Friday, June 27, Harris & Ryden play on Saturday, June 28, 762-1185

Buckhorn Saloon, 5001 B Avenue Q, 749-5801

Buddy Holly Center, 1801 Avenue G, free weekly concert in the Meadows Courtyard from 5:30 to 7:30pm. On Thursday, July 3, hear Henry Turner Jr. and Flavor play reggae, 767-2686

C.C.'s Bar & Grill, 1605 50th Street, 765-9000

Canterbury Student Association Building, 2407 16th Street, an Irish Music Slow Session (great for learners of all ages and levels of expertise), free, 4-6pm, Saturdays. 749-9569

Cattle Baron Steak & Seafood Restaurant, 8201 Quaker Avenue, Susan Grisanti plays on Wednesday, June 25, 7-9pm, 798-7033

Cheddar's Restaurant, 4009 S Loop 289, Tuesdays 6:30-10pm hear Swamp Donkey, two-man acoustic band, 785-6100

Club Zoo, 13 to 18 years only, open Thursdays 7-11pm, Fridays and Saturdays from 7pm to midnight; live entertainment, DJs, 6602 19th Street, \$7 cover charge, 792-3200

Cricket's Grill & Draft House, 2412 Broadway Street, John Sprott plays on Tuesdays at 10pm; Plain Brown Wrapper plays on Wednesdays at 10pm. 744-4677

Crossroads, 1801 19th Street; on Fridays: Tommy Barker, country jam 4-7pm and Karaoke at 10pm; Wednesdays: Kristin Draves, acoustic jam, 6-10pm; Thursdays: Jack Neal, country and classic rock, 6-10pm. 749-8708

Cujo's Sports Bar and Grill, 5811 4th Street, 791-2622

Graham Central Station, 6302 Iola, Thrift Store Cowboys play Tuesday, July 1, four bars inside He's Not Here Saloon, 3703 B Avenue Q, 747-3848

Jake's Sports Cafe, 5025 50th Street, live entertainment Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, 687-5253

Klusoz Martini Lounge and Espresso Bar, 1802 Buddy Holly Avenue, Irish traditional music on Fridays from 6:30 to 8:30pm, 749-5282

Koko Club, 5201 Avenue Q, 747-2512

Mean Woman Grill, 209 E Hwy 114, Levelland, Joe Gillis plays original and folk / Americana music Thursdays 6 to 9pm, (806) 897-0006

Moose Magoo's, 8217 University Avenue, HubKatz play Friday, June 27; Karaoke every Thursday and Saturday starting at 10pm; no cover, no one under 21 after 9pm, 745-5005

Red Door, 1801 Buddy Holly Avenue, Klifnotes play on Friday, June 27, 749-3733

River Smith's Chicken & Catfish, 406 Avenue Q, Thursdays hear Mariachi Mi Tierra from 7 to 9pm, 765-8164

Rocky Larues, 2420 Broadway Street, Open Mike Nights on Wednesdays, 747-6366

Soho Grille, 2608 Salem Avenue, 793-7646

Sports Form, 3525 34th Street, 799-7178

Texas Cafe & Bar, 3604 50th Street, 792-8544

Tokyo Joe's, 4230 Boston Avenue, no alcohol, no smoking, on Friday, June 27, hear Asking Autumn (acoustic), Farewell to Fashion, '80s Combat for \$5 at 8pm; on Saturday, June 28, hear Coldfuse, StringHalt, Phylon for \$5 at 8pm; on Monday, June 30, hear As You Wish, With Pins Pulled for \$4 at 8pm ; on Thursday, July 3, hear The Stained Glass Perspective, Fell Short for \$5 at 8:30pm.

Tom's Daiquiri Place, 1808 Buddy Holly Avenue, 749-5442



## Literary



*Painting the Wind* is read aloud at Barnes & Noble Booksellers, 6707 Slide Road, on Saturday, June 28, at 11:00am, free. 798-8990.

World War II Memoir, *Tank Driver: With the 11th Armored from the Battle of the Bulge to VE Day* will be signed and discussed by founding chairman of TTU Department of Orthopedic Surgery, Ted Hartman, at Barnes & Noble Booksellers, 6707 Slide Road, on Saturday, June 28, at 2pm. 798-8990.

Cookie Decorating Contest for kids (cookies, icing, sprinkles supplied; bring your talent and your sweet tooth) at Mahon Library, 1306 9th Street, on Monday, June 30, at 2:00pm, free. 775-2838.

## Exhibits



The art of J. Marcus Weekley is on display at the Lubbock Regional Art Center through June 30. View his photography, paintings, and poetry, tell him you enjoy his writings in *HubStuff*. 511 Avenue K. 762-8606

Abstract, acrylic paintings of Plainview resident, Ann Pollard, a nationally recognized artist, are on display at Choochai Thai Cuisine through August 31; 2330 19th Street, Lubbock. Her art can be viewed Tuesdays through Fridays from 11am to 9:30pm and Saturdays from 11am to 9pm. 745-7106

Winds Across the Llano, a 13-panel exhibit in the Croslin Room of the University Library, focuses on the wind, environment, how folks used and adjusted to the wind. Display ends June 30; moves to Southwest Collection / SCL building for July. 742-3749

Wonders of the Universe is presented by the Moody Planetarium while it undergoes summer renovations. Free, 21-minute DVD show highlights sites of the heavens through the Hubble Telescope. Museum of Texas Tech University at 3121 4th Street (at Indiana) in the New Assembly Room, through Sunday, August 24, showings daily at 3:30pm, one evening show on Thursdays at 7:30pm, one Sunday matinee at 2pm. Closed Mondays. 742-2432.

Illuminance 2003 photography submissions are on display at the Buddy Holly Center through June 28, 19th and Avenue G, 767-2686.

Maybe Life is a Railroad Crossing: The Photography of Butch Hancock is on display. Butch Hancock, member of the Flatlanders, displays photos he has taken while musically touring the world. Exhibit runs through December 3 in the Texas Musician's Hall of Fame at the Buddy Holly Center, 1801 Avenue G. 767-2686

Visions for the Next Millenium: Wilderness Photography — Focus on Preservation by Clyde Butcher is on display at the Musueum at Texas Tech University. 37 large format black and white photos will be on display until June 29; 4th Street and Indiana Avenue; closed Mondays. 742-2490

Lynwood Kreneck: Printmaker, an exhibit of 70 works of Texas Tech art professor Kreneck at the Museum of Texas Tech University on the southeast corner of 4th Street and Indiana Avenue through August 17, closed Mondays. 742-2490

Ranching Heritage Center, 3121 4th Street (at Indiana), Lubbock, free admission, donations accepted. 742-0498

The American Wind Power Center is a museum for the American-style water pumping windmill and related machinery with exhibits on wind electricity, in Mackenzie Park, 1701 Canyon Lakes Drive. Open 10am to 5pm Tuesdays through Saturdays; closed Sundays and Mondays. 747-8734

Silent Wings Museum, a tribute to glider pilots of WWII and their planes, has been open less than one year, 6202 N I-27. 775-2047

Texas Air Museum, Slaton airport on FM 400. 794-0190

## Workshops



Watercolor Workshop: "I Need Watercolor Help!" Bring your watercolor works for help and solutions on four consecutive Tuesdays at Garden & Arts Center, 4215 University Avenue, starting Tuesday, July 1, from 1-3pm, \$40. 767-3724

Beginning Photography, a basic introduction with an emphasis on developing an eye for photographs; bring your own 35mm camera, preferably manual; color and black and white film required; first of four Tuesday classes is taught at Garden & Arts Center, 4215 University Avenue starting on Tuesday, July 1, at 7:00 pm, \$100. 767-3724

Drawing Class, learn perspective and contour drawing; first of four Tuesday classes, is taught at Garden & Arts Center, 4215 University Avenue starting on Tuesday, July 1, at 7pm. 767-3724

Watercolor One-Day Workshop, presented effectively for all skill levels by Jo Beth Gilliam, is taught at Garden & Arts Center, 4215 University Avenue on Tuesday, July 1, at 9am, \$40. 767-3724

Weekly Swing Dancing lessons, every Thursday from 7-9pm, no partner needed, admission includes a one-hour lesson taught by Jake, Haning at St. Paul's Chapel, 40th and University on Thursday, July 3, at 7pm, \$5. 763-5622

## On Stage



*Honky Tonk Angels*, the last weekend of performances appear at the Cactus Theater at 1812 Buddy Holly Avenue on Friday, June 27, and Saturday, June 28, 8pm, \$20. Call 762-3233.

A Night of Talent, a talent show competition, is presented at the Garza Theatre, 226 E. Main Street, Post, TX, on Saturday, June 28. Call 495-4005.

Froggy Comedy Club, 5131 Aberdeen Avenue, 785-4477

## Saturday, June 28

Illuminance Photography Exhibit closes at Buddy Holly Center. See Exhibits.

*Painting the Wind* is read aloud at Barnes & Noble at 11:00am. See Literary.

World War II memoir will be signed at Barnes & Noble at 2pm. See Literary.

Irish Music Slow Session is presented at Canterbury, 4-6pm. See Local Music.

Ellis Paul appears at Lubbock Inn Wrangler Room at 7:30pm. See Events.

Monster Jam Summer Heat is presented at Lubbock Motor Speedway at 8:00pm. See Events.

A Night of Talent is presented at the Garza Theatre in Post. See On Stage.

*Honky Tonk Angels* final performances at Cactus Theater at 8pm. See On Stage.

Coldfuse, StringHalt, Phylon perform at Tokyo Joe's at 8pm. See Local Music.

Harris & Ryden play at The Blue Light. See Local Music.

Electric Gypsies at Bleacher's. See Local Music.

Karaoke at Moose Magoo's at 10pm. See Local Music.

## Sunday, June 29

Last day for Clyde Butcher Exhibit at the Museum at TTU. See Events.

Westwinds Brass Band Concert in the Park plays at Wagner Park at 7:30pm. See Events.

Monster Jam Summer Heat is presented at Lubbock Motor Speedway at 8:00 pm. See Events.

## Who Wants Free Movie Tickets?

Movies 16 and *HubStuff* have teamed up to offer a lucky winner just that! Laura Cook, manager at Movies 16, has offered a pair of movie tickets to any prequel or sequel showing at the theaters for the best 50-word short essay. The essay should be about what story line you would enjoy seeing in a Hollywood movie that either takes place before or after your favorite movie.

Essays should be 50 words or less, concise, and contain a plot line about what you would like to see in a film. The winning entry will be published in *HubStuff* the week following the close of the contest on Friday, July 4. In addition to the movie passes, the winner will receive two medium drinks, a large popcorn, and a *HubStuff* t-shirt.

Entries must be mailed to: Prequel / Sequel Contest, c/o Cinemark Movies 16, 5721 58th Street, Lubbock, TX 79424.

Please don't forget to include your name, address, phone number, and good time to catch you at that number. Without this information, we won't be able to contact you!

## Seven From Austin: Art Show at TT Landmark Gallery

by J. Marcus Weekley

What do you say in a review about seven artists who all appear to be doing vastly different (but fascinating) things?

This is the delightful dilemma with "Seven from Austin: Recent Post-Pluralist Painting," a new show that opened at Texas Tech's Landmark Gallery recently. The exhibit, curated by Elizabeth Joblin, an artist and gallery owner in Austin, features seven artists, with two paintings by each artist (with the exception of Heyd Fontenot, who has three). The artists include Susan H. Chen, Heyd Fontenot, Eric Gibbons, Eric K. Harvey, Elizabeth Joblin, Stephanie McMahon, and Nina Rizzo.

All the paintings offer different uses of abstraction (or somewhat steering clear of recognizably representing visual reality), to a certain degree, so the best way to go about such a review seems to be to talk about what I liked as a painter looking at the works. First, let me say that I'm impressed with the fact that most of the painters are relatively young (five out of the seven were born after 1973), and to see young people's paintings in a gallery excites me, makes me see that there's new talent out there painting well and that curators are insightful enough to notice (plus, duh, it means I might get included one day).

So, the work. Nina Rizzo, originally from Chicago, IL, paints cartoonish, what she calls, "fast and plastic," pieces. Her "Jellybelly" and "Diaper Rash" feature central playful-pink blob-like creatures joined by less obese, more active rounded (for the sake of a better comparison) headless chickens. Sound hilarious and grotesque? The creatures and the colors that make them, are, as Rizzo puts it in her artist's statement, "teetering between sweet and sour, mak(ing) up the world these creatures inhabit, giving them a personality that is at the same time, like laughter, both funny and menacing."

Take "Diaper Rash" particularly. In it, the pink blob perches in a swing-like contraption of blue and gray fabric, held up by a pulley and strap on the left side of the painting, and a realistically rendered screw on the right side of the painting. Also, a chord of tangerine, orange marmalade and lemon chiffon jelly beans wraps around the pink baby blob, and attaches itself to the gray fabric. It sounds complex, and, looking at the picture, it is.

The wowie colors ("Diaper Rash" also has a light mint green background) contrast with the precarious content of the painting: why does the pink blob have what appear to be

claws or horns at its top? Why do the chicken-like creatures appear to be tugging at the straps that hold the blob precariously? Tongue in cheek: What does it all mean? I don't get that Rizzo had one definite statement in mind when she created "Diaper Rash," or maybe she didn't rationally understand her statement, but the way the paint's put onto the canvas and what the painted images add up to intrigues me.

In "Diaper Rash," the pink blob shimmers in a latex sheen, while the other aspects of the painting, the strap, the chickens, the background, recede into the space of the painting, making the blob the most important aspect of the painting. She not only centers the blob in the picture compositionally, but also, through the medium of the paint, focuses all attention on the blob's situation. Admirable.

And Stephanie McMahon's paintings offer a whole other range of ideas about abstraction in painting. Her "untitled (green cascade)" and "untitled (suspended loop)" both offer the narrative of a painter painting rather than the narrative of a fictional character proceeding through events. "untitled (green cascade)" principally illustrates McMahon's playing with process demonstrated through paint.

McMahon's artist statement speaks to her method of construction: "I choose a subtle form (for the frame), slightly off the rectangle to generate a physical sensation. This is the jumping-off point for the composition." The bottom left and the top right of the picture frame curve slightly inward, and indeed, standing back, the picture seems composed with these turns in mind. On the left of the painting, a dark green series of wide lines snakes down the space, ending in a curl of overlapping lines. It appears McMahon scraped the darker paint over an under-layer of a cascade of lighter green and a lemon yellow that twists from top to bottom of the left portion of the painting.

These left passages create the left side of a "v," with the right passages creating the answering right side of the "v." The right space consists of overlapping stripes of flesh, rust, and sandy orange moving diagonally up to the top right of the canvas. As the stripes repeat up to the top of the painting, they dissolve with a mixture of turpentine, creating dripping lines rather than straight-edged ones. McMahon is all about process, and "untitled (green cascade)" shows the process as a series of additions and alterations to the previous image.

Her statement isn't so much directly about life as it is about the life of a painter. The

painting shows her time spent with the art, exploring the contrasts of methods of application of paint, the interplays and co-workings of colors, and I enjoy seeing this on the canvas, sharing it with her.

Then you have Susan Chen's "untitled #4" and "untitled #5," which do something entirely different with abstraction. Chen acknowledges, in her artist statement, that she blows up her own photographs to transfer those enlarged images onto canvas. She says, "the images look like candy-colored viscera from the body. There is a sense that you could be looking at a strange landscape or an internal zoom of the flesh," but I got the impression that I was looking at pieces of non-biological implements inserted into flesh. Take "untitled #4" for instance: in it, a series of hard and soft forms (hardness and softness suggested by color and light) extend across the canvas.

One chief form, composed of grays and blues, with white highlights, cuts from the upper center of the picture to the bottom left, splintering in the middle of its journey. Is this a piece of glass enlarged? Why the apparent refractions of light? While on the right side of the painting, a divided triangle of light yellow and light green grows from the top of the picture to the bottom. And Chen composes these forms against a background of various crimsons, dioxarine purples, and midnight blues, like the shaded innards of some animal (or human).

Her paint, applied in meticulous hatchings and brief extended lines, looks gorgeous close-up, and makes me think of her as a creator building something living with her brushwork. But always in the back of my mind, I think of her desire for the painting to represent something real, or something physically tangible or graspable and already existing in the world at the least. So in this, she differs from the previously mentioned artists.

Not talking about the four other artists shorts them, and I enjoyed their works immensely, but for the sake of time and space, I can't talk about them other than to say you should check out their art. And it's not like we get lots of painting shows around these parts anyways. But these painters really are worth your time.

"Seven From Austin" runs through August 9<sup>th</sup> at the Landmark Gallery at Texas Tech (in the Art Department building across from the Flint St. parking lot). For more information about the show, and an upcoming (unannounced date) reception and gallery talk, contact Joe Arredondo at 742-1947.



## Alex & Emma

**Starring**

Kate Hudson and Luke Wilson

**Screenplay**

Jeremy Leven

**Director**

Rob Reiner

**Website**

warnerbros.com

**In short**

A perfectly average romantic comedy.

**Rating: PG-13**

93 minutes

**Cranky's Rating System**

With a Director's Guild Card, movies are free. The rest of us must pay the amount posted. Cranky Critic rates movies on the money he would pay for what he just saw.

- \$10 Plunk down the full price just to watch it again (rare)
- \$8 Highly recommended
- \$5 Date flicks, popcorn flicks (just plain fun movies) fall here
- \$4 Pay-per-view price, NYC
- \$3 Weekend video rental. If you must see a flick twice to "get" it, this is mandatory
- \$2 Midweek video rental, NYC
- \$1 Barely tolerable
- \$0 Wretched

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## Standard Chick Flick with Some Redeeming Qualities

by The Cranky Critic

Alex Sheldon is having a miserable day, which is nothing compared to Adam Shipley's miserable day. Except for the fact that Adam's day exists only in the mind of writer Alex who is on deadline to finish the unstarted novel which will keep him from getting killed by Cuban loan sharks (and / or) mafia and he doesn't have the slightest idea what to write – OK, everyone who can guess that the movie-story-in-a-story (Adam's) is going to parallel the main movie story (Alex's) raise your hands. All of you. – OK, we'll skip the end of that sentence, write this review of *Alex & Emma* and think about declaring the end of Rob Reiner's creative career.

Thinking . . . Thinking . . . No, Reiner didn't write this thing so we've decided to call it a stumble on his part and move on to the next 'graph in which we make the stunning admission that, yes, we're ...

... male. All the femmes in our advance screening of *Alex & Emma* – not critics but "real" people – loved the thing. Reiner made a comedic chick flick (which means the rest of us men are spared the heavy-duty wetworks that usually stuff a standard c.f.). Save one exceptionally out of the usual scene that occurs about two thirds of the way through, and which made sitting through all that came before and after worthwhile, y'all could write this story in your sleep and pocket the ten bucks a first run ticket will cost you. The only positive note to be struck is the almost universally delightful performance of Kate Hudson in multiple roles, all with their own accent.

Briefly, Alex Sheldon (Luke Wilson) is the "real life" writer who has thirty days to deliver his second novel to his publisher, played by director Reiner. He doesn't get paid until delivery and he may not live long enough to deliver as the Cuban mafia is literally banging down his door to collect on a gambling debt. Stuck staring at a yellow pad, Alex hires stenographer Emma Dinsmore (Kate Hudson) to take down his every fictionalized thought. Emma happens to be a fan of Alex' first book *Love Is Always Having To Say You're Sorry*, else her personality would be borderline abrasive. Alex has no idea what he is going to write and Emma forces him to work in a manner that would make those Cubans envious. Don't worry, those of y'all who live for those moments of threatened physical violence, they'll show up exactly when you think they will. All [is] very much by the screen writing handbook.

At least it's not love at first sight. It could be love at first assault if Emma wasn't packing pepper spray and a stun gun and annoyed as all get out since she thought she was getting a high paying job at a legal firm intriguingly named after a whole bunch of dead presidents. Adam is struck dumb. Worse than that actually, but telling would spill the first real joke of the movie so stay planted. There are enough of these small moments that the truly annoying stuff will soon come to be less truly annoying. But, knowing that the lovely Emma has a fiancée, he manages to calm down and get working.

So, Alex starts dictating the story of Adam who, in the 1924 time setting, is hired to tutor the children of French beauty Polina Delacroix (Sophie Marceau). On the train ride up to Maine, the fictional Adam meets John Shaw (David Paymer) who has lent half a million dollars to Polina to free her from debts and intends to collect his end of the deal with her hand in marriage. Alex will be tormented by the hot-looking servants of the Polina household – a Swede, a German, a Spanish beauty and a down-to-earth American (all played by Ms. Hudson who drops her foreign accent only once in the whole *megillah*. OTT she gets a thumbs-up for creating distinct characters.) even as he desperately tries to figure out how to raise half a million to buy the hand of the lovely Polina. One option is intriguing. The other involves a casino on the other side of the island these rich folk inhabit. Lessee, Adam had a money problem that led to loan sharks. Now Alex does, too.

And all the while Emma keeps ripping the audience out of the lovingly created 1920s story by pointing out every dumb move and bad character action and motivation that Alex comes up with. Gee, you'd think she'd write the story on the sly and save the day and her eventual boyfriend's neck wouldn't you? Sorta Kinda NotQuiteA. If there had been more moments just off the mark like that one, or the others we've hinted at, *Alex & Emma* could rank as the first must see dateflick of the year. Maybe from the femme POV. Our nod went to another, *The Italian Job*, a couple of weeks back. What flushes *Alex & Emma* for good is the very last scene, a tacked on job whose reason and resolution were so obvious that our audience started streaming for the exits with a full five minutes to go.

On average, a first run movie ticket will run you Ten Bucks. Were Cranky able to set his own price to *Alex & Emma*, he would have paid \$4.50. An average dateflick is one that's perfect for at least half the dating audience. Everybody else, suck it in.

## Monday, June 30

Last day of J. Marcus Weekley's Art Exhibit at Lubbock Regional Arts Center. See Events.

Last day of *Winds Across the Llano* in the Croslin Room of the University Library. See Events.

Cookie Decorating Contest at Mahon Library at 2:00pm. See Literary.

As You Wish and With Pins Pulled play at Tokyo Joe's at 8pm. See Local Music.

KORN and Chevelle play at Canyon Amphitheater. See Events.

[www.CrankyCritic.com](http://www.CrankyCritic.com)



**Looking for ...**

- other recent movie reviews?
- reviews over the last five years?
- interviews?
- answers to movie trivia bets?
- a gift for a movie buff (movies, posters, memorabilia)?

**Visit the Cranky Critic online.**

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Angel, and Matt LeBlanc plays the heart throb. (Not unlike his Friend's character!) Movies 16: 11:10am, 11:40am, 1:50, 2:20, 4:30, 5:00, 7:10, 7:40, 9:45, 10:05; Tinseltown: 11:20am, 11:50am, 2:00, 2:30, 4:40, 5:10, 7:20, 7:50, 10:00, 10:30 (LC)

Daddy Day Care

Finally Eddie Murphy is making a film that will rival the laughs of his early days as a Beverly Hills cop. If you've ever thought about why very few men work in day care centers, you'll see why this film will be a huge laugh. Steve Zahn and Angelica Huston star with Murphy as he makes his home into a day care after losing a high paying executive job. Movies 16: 11:15am, 1:30, 4:00; Tinseltown: 11:35am, 2:10, 4:40 (LC)

Dumb & Dumberer

This "prequel" to the *Dumb and Dumber* film doesn't star Jim Carrey or Jeff Daniels. Eric Christian Olsen and Derek Richardson play the two younger *Dumb and Dumber* stars when they meet in high school. If you liked the gross antics of the first film, you'll likely enjoy this one. Movies 16: 11:45am, 2:05, 4:20, 6:55, 9:10; Tinseltown: 10:35am, 12:55, 3:15, 5:30, 7:50, 10:05 (LC)

Finding Nemo

The creators of *Toy Story* are back at it—this time with an animated tale of the journey of two fish, Marlin and his son Nemo, who become separated in the Great Barrier Reef. All the bad fish get involved in the adventure and say those great quips that keep even those of us without kids interested in seeing the film. Movies 16: 11:10am, 11:40am, 1:45, 2:15, 4:25, 4:55, 7:00, 7:30, 9:25, 9:55; Tinseltown: 10:45am, 11:15am, 1:30, 2:00, 4:15, 4:45, 7:10, 7:35, 9:55, 10:20 (LC)

From Justin to Kelly

The winner and runner up of last year's *American Idol* show, Kelly Clarkson and Justin Guarini, team up to add to their 15 minutes of fame by making this film. It's a musical romantic comedy of the two falling in love on spring break in Miami. It's only a film, say the two of them, who supposedly are just friends. They also say, "It's just a cute film. Don't expect too much." Well, moviegoing crowds like musicals, so hopefully the tunes outweigh the silliness. Movies 16: 11:35am, 1:40, 4:05; Tinseltown: 10:20am, 12:45, 3:10, 5:35, 8:00, 10:25 (LC)

Holes

An ancient family curse sets young Stanley Yelnats on a bad trip to an even worse summer camp. The boys at Camp Green Lake must dig holes to build their character, and in the process, they find some mysterious things. Sigourney Weaver, Jon Voight and Patricia Arquette star. Showplace: 1:15, 4:30, 7:10, 9:30 (LC)

Hollywood Homicide

Harrison Ford and Josh Hartnett star as veteran and rookie cops (respectively) investigating the murder of the member of a rap group. It's being called a *Lethal Weapon* type match, but the only way it really appears to mimic *Lethal Weapon* is that they're cops and have some comedy intertwined with their action scenes. In any case, it makes for good entertainment. Movies 16: 6:40, 9:20; Tinseltown: 7:30, 10:10 (LC)



Hulk, The

Those of us who remember Lou Ferrigno playing the Hulk on TV will undoubtedly compare this new film to the many nights we sat home glued to that show. It's a live-action film, but the green guy looks a bit cartoonish. We'll see if audiences go for his outlandish look. Eric Bana (from *Black Hawk Down*) plays the Hulk, and it also stars Jennifer Connely, Nick Nolte, Josh Lucas and Sam Elliott. Movies 16: 11:45am, 12:30, 3:10, 4:10, 6:30, 7:45, 9:40; Tinseltown: 10:00am, 12:30, 1:15, 3:45, 4:30, 7:00, 7:45, 10:15, 11:00 (LC)

Italian Job

Mark Wahlberg plays a thief who pulls off a huge gold bullion heist in Italy, just to be doublecrossed by one of his crew. Charlize Theron plays a safe cracker who helps him seek revenge back in the United States. This remake of the 1969 film of the same name also stars Edward Norton and Donald Sutherland. Movies 16: 11:15am, 1:55, 4:40, 7:20, 9:50; Tinseltown: 11:30am, 2:05, 4:35, 7:25, 10:20 (LC)

Malibu's Most Wanted

Brad "B-Rad," the baddest Malibu rapper is causing his Dad some problems during his race for governor of California. B-Rad wins everyone's affection in the end, and Dad wins the race. (Sure, that's the whole story, but there's a lot more in between.) Stars include Tye Diggs and Jamie Kennedy. Showplace: 1:40, 3:40, 5:35, 7:45, 9:40 (LC)

Man Apart, A

It's Vin Diesel, and he's avenging the killers of his wife by becoming the angriest, most violent DEA agent fighting drug wars that you've ever seen. The violence and action will be intense. (But with Vin Diesel in it, I'm expecting that women will still be willing to watch. Just keep telling your man that you're watching it for HIM, Ladies.) Showplace: 4:10, 9:20 (LC)

Matrix Reloaded, The

The 1999 *Matrix* won four Academy Awards and sealed Keanu Reeves' fate as a box office winner after several misses. This action thriller has been talked about by many as the sequel *not* to miss. Carrie Anne-Moss, Laurence Fishburne and JadaPinkett-Smith also star. Movies 16: 6:30, 9:35; Tinseltown: 10:10am, 1:10, 4:15, 7:15, 10:20 (LC)

Phone Booth

Colin Farrell stars in this thriller about a man trapped by a serial killer in a New York City phone booth. Farrell must stay on the line with him or be shot. The theme of the film —your life is on the line — is reminiscent of Sandra Bullock in *Speed*. Showplace: 1:50, 7:30 (LC)

Rugrats Go Wild

Fresh on the heels of *Finding Nemo* we are presented again with a summer children's film. This next installment in this Rugrats series boasts all of the same cute characters that keep the kids happy, but not so much to keep the adults awake. (Animated) Movies 16: 11:25am, 1:35, 3:55, 6:35, 9:00; Tinseltown: 10:15am, 12:15, 2:35, 4:50, 7:15, 9:40 (LC)

X-Men 2

The principal cast members of the original *X-Men* come back to star in this action film based on the comic book series of the same name. Patrick Stewart, Halle Berry, Hugh Jackman, Anna Paquin, and Rebecca Romijn-Stamos are some of the talented stars taking on the roles of superheroes. Comic book fans should be impressed, as several new mutant characters from the comic series will be portrayed. Showplace: 1:30, 4:15, 7:00, 9:45 (LC)

Wednesday, July 2

Kristin Draves, acoustic jam, 6-10pm at Crossroads. See Local Music.

Open Mike Night at Rocky Larues. See Local Music.

Plain Brown Wrapper at Cricket's at 10pm. See Local Music.

Top Ten Movie Rentals  
Hollywood Video  
As of  
Tuesday, June 24, 2003

1. Tears of the Sun R
2. Old School R
3. Die Another Day PG-13
4. Just Married PG-13
5. National Security PG-13
6. The Recruit PG-13
7. About Schmidt R
8. Biker Boyz PG-13
9. Catch Me If You Can PG-13
10. Narc R

# Thursday, July 3

Henry Turner Jr. and Flavor perform at Buddy Holly Center at 5:30pm. See Local Music.

Jack Neal plays country and classic rock, Crossroads at 6:00 pm. See Local Music.

Joe Gillis at The Mean Woman Grill at 6pm, Levelland. See Local Music.

Weekly Swing Dancing lessons at St. Paul's Chapel at 7pm. See Workshops.

Mariachi Mi Tierra plays at River Smith's at 7pm. See Local Music.

The Stained Glass Perspective and Fell Short play at Tokyo Joe's at 8:30 pm. See Local Music.

Karaoke at Moose Magoo's at 10pm. See Local Music.

Book Review:

Going to Pieces:  
The Rise and Fall of the Slasher Film: 1978-1986

by Robert G. Weiner

Rockoff, Adam, *Going to Pieces: The Rise and Fall of the Slasher Film: 1978-1986*. Jefferson, NC: McFarland, 2002. ISBN: 0786412275.

The slasher film is not taken very seriously among film historians; film critics and even many horror film fans hold it in disdain. Long considered the bastard child of the horror film, no other type of film has the bad reputation that the slasher film does. Even the author had a hard time explaining to people why he would write such a book. Despite such a bad name among film aficionados, the slasher movie has proven its economic worth time and time again at the box office. Because some of these movies have made millions in box office receipts, their place among popular culture and film history is secure.

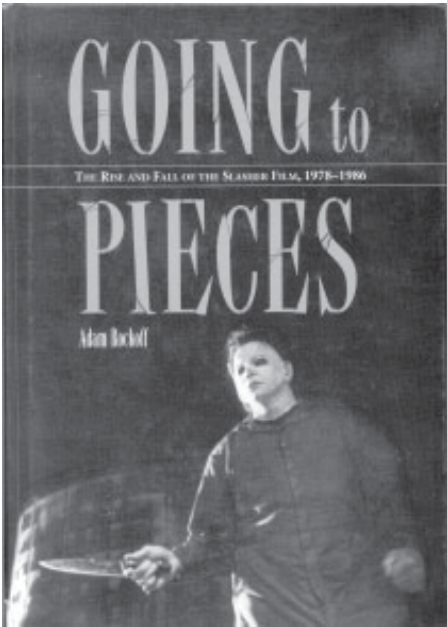
The slasher storyline is nothing new in popular culture. The late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries saw the birth of the French theater known as the *Grand Guignol*. People came to the theater to be shocked and disgusted by murder, rape, and torture. In fact, one actress during her tenure in the theater was murdered 10,000 times and raped 3,000 times (p. 25).

Rockoff pays tribute to the pre-slasher gore films such as the movies of Hershell Gordon Lewis (ie., *Blood Feast* 1963 the first gore movie ever made) and movies like *Psycho*, *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *I Spit on Your Grave* and *Last House on the Left*. While the latter batch of films is a serious attempt at scaring the audience (*Chainsaw Massacre* is one of the highest grossing independent films ever made), the former Lewis' films are far too humorous to be taken seriously.

The slasher really had its genesis in 1978's *Halloween* directed by John Carpenter. Rockoff rightly devotes a whole chapter to this movie and its influence. Even staunch film critics like Roger Ebert gave this movie a great review while panning nearly all of the offspring of *Halloween*. The author devotes a great deal to lesser-known but excellent films like *Driller Killer*, *When a Stranger Calls*, *The Sitter*, *He Knows You're Alone*, *Terror Train*, and *Night School*, among many others. Although there is the criticism that slasher films all have the same sort of plot, Rockoff manages to point out that while all the films feature a killer. The plot, the filming technique, the atmosphere are actually quite different from film to film.

Films that have a reputation for having no redeeming values are re-examined and stud-

ied in more detail. A notorious example is William Lustig's 1981 *Maniac*, considered one of the most violent and graphic films ever made. At the time of its release, there was so much controversy that the *Los Angeles Times* even refused to advertise its showings in the-



Aptly titled book takes the reader on a tour of a most unlikely genre — the slasher movie.

aters. However, this attempt at censorship backfired and the producers used this to their advantage by advertising on posters: "*Maniac*, the film the *Los Angeles Times* refuses to advertise." Despite all the controversy and vilification of *Maniac*, the author manages to give a reasonable assessment stating that the film is "well-crafted and visually striking ..." (p. 104)

Rockoff addresses the criticisms that slashers are sexist and promote violence against women, but points out that it is usually a strong female known as the Final Girl who ends up defeating the killer (p. 13). In some films such as *Mother's Day*, first *Friday* *The 13th*, *Happy Birthday to Me*, and *Night School* the killers are female. Despite the fact the many of the murders in slasher films are beyond the realm of reality, it's because these movies are seen as potentially real events that the film genre has been so vilified. It makes people uncomfortable. Rockoff points out that the society's lust for violence in movies has far surpassed the slasher film. In slashers, anywhere from five to perhaps thirty people might die. Action movies like *Reservoir Dogs* and

*First Blood* are nothing more than "orchestrated massacres." In these types of action movies thousands of people die in mass executions, which in some ways are far more violent in their death depictions. Slasher movies are much more "than a series of executions" (p. 7).

It is to the author's credit that he briefly discusses the role of Italian film directors like Mario Bava, Lucio Fulci, and Dario Argento. These directors made their own unique *giallo* films (Italian suspense thrillers with ties to the slasher mentality). Films like *Blood and Black Lace*, *New York Ripper*, *Twitch of the Death Nerve*, *Tenebrae*, *Macbro*, and *Bird With the Crystal Plumage* are a few examples. Despite the extremely graphic gore throughout these *giallos*, these films are art of the highest order. Through atmospheric filming techniques, clever scripts, and excellent acting, these directors created films that are artsy and a step above the traditional slasher film. Fulci's *New York Ripper*, one of the most graphic films ever made, is also one of the most suspenseful and creative. The biggest problem with these *giallos* is the bad dubbing into English. Even with the advent of DVD very few of these movies have the option of English subtitles and are dubbed.

Rockoff has managed to add respectability to the slasher film and has taken it out of the dregs of horror films. *Going to Pieces* goes into the minds of the producers, actors, and directors to give a well-balanced view. The reader learns the rationale behind many of the vilified films. While slashers may never be considered high art they are not hack movies either. Rockoff documents his sources well and has interviewed many of the directors involved. This adds certain credibility to his arguments and makes for very good reading. He writes in a lively style that is never boring or dry. *Going to Pieces* is an excellent addition to any film historian's personal library. It is the only book of its kind offering a detailed history of the slasher genre. Academics, horror film fans, and anyone with a passing interest in film will find *Going to Pieces* a fascinating read. It deserves a wide readership! With *Freddy Vs. Jason* coming in August, the slasher movie's heyday is far from over. Go to: <http://www.mcfarlandpub.com/> or call 1-800-253-2187 or write to McFarland, Box 611, Jefferson, NC 28640.

*Rob Weiner is a librarian at Lubbock's Mahon Library who enjoys (as you would surmise) books, movies, and books about movies. We welcome his contributions to HubStuff.*



# 32 Poems, a New Literary Magazine, Has Ties to Lubbock

by J. Marcus Weekley

John Poch, Director of Creative Writing at Texas Tech, expressed interest in getting the word out about his new literary magazine, *32 Poems*, so he figured an interview in *HubStuff* would help.

When I walked into his office and started talking to him about it, Poch (pronounced like "poach"), who also has his own collection of poetry forthcoming later this year, seemed pretty pumped about *32 Poems*.

But first, a little background about how the whole thing got started: "Deborah Ager, a fellow classmate of mine from Florida, sent me an email and [asked] would I like to co-edit a literary magazine," Poch said.

He then asked her one of my own questions. "Why should there be another poetry magazine?"

She replied, "[she] would do all of the work as the publisher, putting up the money for the first issues." I pointed out that that wasn't really an answer to why there should be another literary magazine.

Poch replied, "I just thought of all the really good poets I know, some personally and some that I'd read, and finally I decided, o.k., I'll do it."

He emphasized that some of the poets he felt were good weren't being represented as widely as they could be. "I could complain about other poetry magazines, but I think it's mostly that I wanted to publish some of my friends and some of the other good writers," Poch said.

The idea sounded elitist to me, and I commented on it, asking him if he felt the idea of publishing your friends and those you like was indeed elitist. He replied, "I am elitist, I mean, it's poetry." He claimed everyone is elitist in some way, and to support his argument, said, "If you say that this poetry is better than that poetry, you're being elitist. But I'd like to call it taste, rather than elitism."

Our conversation turned to the audience of *32 Poems* and Jane and Joe Reader in Texas or the United States, if there is such a thing. "All people in Texas read poetry, but they're mostly reading Hallmark cards; but that's a different version of what poetry is," Poch said. "*32 Poems* is obviously much more surprising, and most people don't want to be surprised by language. And I don't blame them, they don't need it; but I need it, I love it. I love the possibilities of language."

I asked him why he needed poetry, and he answered, "I don't know. It's a mystery, it really is. You know, why do some people need



*32 Poems*, bearing an enticingly concise title, will contain 32 poems, most containing less than 32 lines, with each poet's notes of less than 32 words.

the Texas Tech Raiders every weekend, box seats, more power to them. I need poetry in the same way."

The interview made an even more philosophical turn as we talked about the purposes of art, and how visual art seems just as distanced from the public as "good" tasting poetry. Poch pointed to what he felt was a moral art.

"I think there is a moral art, that creating beauty and trying to come to terms with ideas about truth through artifice is moral," he said. "It can't replace religion, I don't believe, but . . . I picture a child who is admiring the beauty in a poem. I don't imagine that same person putting together a suicide bomb. I tend to believe, and I could be wrong about this, but I don't think people who are interested in beauty are interested in the destruction of beauty."

Then he asked me, "Aren't you curious about the name *32 Poems*?"

I answered, "Sure, tell me about the name."

He laughed and said, "There are 32 poems per issue; you'll also notice most of the poems are under 32 lines, and contributor notes are under 32 words, so people don't wax on too poetically about themselves."

So just who's in *32 Poems*? There are a couple of pieces by Tech professors Jacqueline McLean and William Wenthe, in addition to works by poets from New York City, Greece, and Georgia (the state, not the country).

*32 Poems* can be purchased online via the magazine's website at [www.32poems.com](http://www.32poems.com), or you can buy them direct from Poch himself via the English Department (742-2501). Copies are \$6 per issue or \$12 per year, and discounts of \$20 for 2 years are available.

## Wheels Inside Wheels

*It's not so easy, the next man,  
the warmth of his hands  
against my body, the moist impress  
of his kiss, defining me apart  
from you, from that night  
you cried up into me—  
moments like that turning  
to simply moments like that.  
I think of you in pieces: a blue eye,  
flush of the cheek, those nights  
we lay naked on my bed, you  
like a mouth sucking at my heart.  
Now at night I reach for him,  
hanging hard like he's the slender rope,  
the frozen water stretching below,  
and love's illusive, a gesture  
glimpsed from the corner of the eye,  
a breath against an earlobe.*

By Beth Gyllys  
from *32 Poems*

Marcus Weekley is a Ph.D. student at Texas Tech in the English department with a concentration in creative writing, especially poetry. We imagine we will be seeing his name regularly in a certain new poetry magazine.

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# Spring Garden Tour Provides a Visual Cornucopia

by Shirley Ryle

Yards and gardens can be a welcome respite from the bustle of everyday life. Lubbock residents are fortunate to be able to enjoy their yards at least for a few hours, at least several days a week throughout the entire year. Folks from Chicago, Seattle, St. Louis, Dallas, and much of the rest of the country cannot even fathom what a treat that is.

Gardens, however, are a perplexing notion. In a single, defined area we attempt to glorify Mother Nature's colors, sizes, and shapes while at the same time we attempt to suppress her tendencies of random weed proliferation, excessive overgrowth, and survival of the fittest. We strive to artistically capture, encourage, and arrange her prettiest, her most aromatic, and her most unusual specimens while thwarting scientifically the limitations of water, light, temperature, nutrients, and space. This is no small feat or one-time accomplishment. It requires attention, effort, study, an undying curiosity about plants, and an unyielding ability to strike a compromise between divergent goals. It may take years of familiarity with the plants one has chosen or inherited to determine the most pleasing and workable combinations. Some local gardeners have found an ongoing balance between all these extremes and even allowed visitors to survey their successes last weekend. How relaxing it would be to spend the cool twilight of a summer evening in one of their yards.

## Glimpses into Eden

The Lubbock Memorial Arboretum sponsored a Spring Garden Tour of the yards and gardens of six private homes and the Arboretum grounds on Saturday, June 21. For a mere \$6 (less for members) one could spend six hours in a botanical Eden. Some gardens were professionally planned; some were home-made. Some were cityscapes; some were countryscapes. Some reflected the blinding sunlight; some persevered in cool but intimidating shade. And something was to be learned from each microcosm that could be applied to one's own backyard.

Small places are often characterized by a focal point (a fountain, statuary, an eye-catching shrub or dwarf tree) for effect. Potted plants are moved strategically like players on a chessboard – rearranged for afternoon or evening entertaining, lighting considerations, blooming seasons, and changes in growth and shape. Multiple levels of raised beds imitate what the eye would see if a garden extended a



Dahlias, ivy growing from a ski boot (true evidence of a green thumb) and sweeps of wildflowers are small snippets of the sights beheld at the Spring Garden Tour.

hundred feet deep instead of “just to the fence.”

At the other extreme, large spaces lend themselves to sweeping seas of color and form. With a little planning, a portion of a yard bathed in shades of lavender in every imaginable shape can provide its color from spring to fall as different perennials smile and fade throughout the growing season. Thigh-high beds of wildflowers sway to and fro with even the slightest breeze adding movement to the artistic design. Trees allow the owners to enjoy the outdoors even on summer afternoons while presenting their own challenges of amassing color without sunshine.

Water issues were considered using a variety of techniques to conserve the resource – drip irrigation systems, ground covers, native plantings, and extensive mulching were in evidence. Areas of shade and sun were interspersed to provide variety in temperature and wind protection for human inhabitants, extending the amount of time spent in the out-of-doors. No challenges went unmet in the variety of gardens that were open to the public that day.

## Many curious attended

I was impressed with the variety of folks who toured the gardens. All age groups were represented – from children to great-grandparents. Groups consisted of families, girlfriends out for the day together, moms and daughters, and many, many couples. Flower gardeners commingled with vegetable gardeners who brushed elbows with outdoor handy-men. Many skills are helpful in the garden.

People were marveling, gawking, studying techniques, learning plants, gleaning ideas, discovering shapes, fondly reliving grandmother's gardens, and asking questions. Hosts and hostesses were happy to fill in any missing pieces and were surprisingly humble surrounded by the loveliness they had nurtured.

At the end of the day, I trudged home (with memories lodged in the camera) to my own backyard where I beheld the tenacity of Mother Nature's weeds, the harshness of an almost-treeless terrain, and the undisputed signs of a below-average rainfall. For a moment, I entertained the thought of a good soldier who, for the sake of honor, would rather fall on his own sword than surrender to defeat. I scanned the yard for a sword-length, prickly weed that would poke me just below the rib cage. No one would have to know that my own yard would never be open to the public during the Garden Tour.

But a funny thing happened as I surveyed the yard for my weapon – my mind began to imagine shrubs, sweeps of color, and focal points in my own backyard. Ghostly flowers began to bloom along the fences – some needing full sun and others requiring partial sun. Climbing vines began to cast shadows on the parched earth and I could almost hear a sigh of relief from the earthworms below. Yes, I have been given the gift of hope this day. With many new ideas and visions, I believe I can begin to transform my own backyard into ... well, into someone else's backyard.

At least that's a start!

# Going for the Gusto

by J. Reichard

I met Josh Sandelin at Cujo's a week or so ago after he was done entertaining the patrons with his acoustic guitar. His set was fresh and interesting – enough so that I wanted to sit down and find out what made him want to play on stage while the baseball games on the big screen TVs played around the bar.

Sandelin has played in various venues around town, but is not well known. He is hoping that will change.

“I'm not interested in the money,” he said. “I have played in bands from Lubbock to Amarillo, and even did a short little club tour in Los Angeles with a rock and roll band I was in a while ago. But, my heart wasn't in it – I guess I've known that I always wanted to do solo acoustic sets. I've chased the dream of being a big-time player. I don't like to have to be dependent on other members of a band to be able play.”

“The thing I learned about those experiences is invaluable. People told me they recognized I put 100% effort into my music. They said I had heart... I had soul. If I never make it out of Lubbock, but I'm happy doing what I do with my music, I'll be happy. If I can walk barefoot to a local place and play my heart out and have people enjoy it, that will be great,” Josh said.

Many musicians chase the highly elusive dream of making it big. The contemplation of landing the million dollar recording contract along with the spoils that accompany it eludes all but a lucky few. So much of it is being in the right place at the right time with the right people. The music business is one of the toughest of all to get into. Ask any musician, unless they have hit the top. To be more grounded and able to perform because the music comes from within is a more realistic goal.

He played very well. He impressed me with the fact that he did have the heart and soul required to get up on stage and put his talent out for all to see. And, it was good music that happened.

You can catch Josh at Cujo's periodically and late on Wednesday evenings after 10pm.



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At the Keyboard:

## Backups for the Rest of Us

by Robert Caruso

*This is a continuation of Robert's previous article about performing system backups using RAID technology and an additional hard drive to create a mirror of your current data with each write to the disk. This article pursues another avenue of backups. Robert can be reached with questions or comments at [r\\_caruso@hubstuff.com](mailto:r_caruso@hubstuff.com)*

As discussed in a previous column, while setting up a RAID array for backup purposes is the easiest, most reliable and least user-involved method, it may not be the solution for everybody. If you do not want to invest in the additional hardware required for a RAID array, are not comfortable with working inside your PC to install the RAID components, or have other backup requirements, there are additional tasks that can be performed to obtain a viable backup of your system.

The backup program that you use depends on the hardware that you have. The backup program that is included with Windows 98 and up will only backup to a file (hard drive), removable drive (Zip or SyQuest) or tape (IDE or SCSI) device. You may want to backup to other devices like a CD-R or DVD-R drive. While you cannot use the included Windows backup program, the software that is bundled with these types of devices generally has a program that will handle backups using this type of hardware.

There are basically four types of backups that can be performed (copy, normal, differ-

ential, and incremental). Selecting a particular type depends on the setting of the *archive bit*, which is part of every file on your system. When new files are installed or moved to a new location, or data files are modified, the archive bit is set signaling the system that this file needs to be backed up. Once backed up, depending on the type of backup being done, the archive bit is cleared so that the system knows that a backup is no longer needed for the file. You can check the backup status for any file by using My Computer or Explorer and right clicking on the file. Select the Properties option from the displayed menu and the Archive status is displayed along with other information concerning the file.

The Copy backup option backs up selected files on your system but does not reset the archive bit so that subsequent backups can use the setting of the archive bit if needed. A Normal backup also backs up all selected files on your system but does reset the archive bit. A Differential backup backs up only those selected files that have the archive bit set, but it does not reset this bit. Finally an Incremental backup backs up only the selected files that have the archive bit set, and does reset this bit.

There are many different backup scenarios and what may work well for one user, may not be the best solution for others. However, most if not all backup plans start with a full, Normal backup of all drives, partitions and removable storage media that you have. This is followed by Differential or Incremental backups on a frequent basis. Once the size of the Differential backup gets too large, or the num-

ber of Incremental backups becomes unmanageable, the whole cycle is started again with the Normal backup. Since I consider myself a typical home PC user, this is the plan that I have adopted.

Approximately every 6 months, I do a full Normal backup on all of my data including everything that is stored on removable media. Following that, about every week I perform a Differential backup, again on all of my media. The reason that I prefer a Differential backup to a series of Incremental backups is that each Differential backup contains all of the files that have been changed since the last full Normal backup. This means that I can overwrite each Differential set because each one will always contain all of the files that were on the previous Differential set. With Incremental backups, while they remain smaller than one Differential set, you have to keep each Incremental backup separate because it will only contain files that have not been backup up since the last Incremental set. It is also a bit more difficult if you need to restore a file from an Incremental backup since in order to find the latest version of the file, you need to examine each Incremental backup set along with the full Normal backup set. With a Differential backup, there is only one backup set to examine along with the full Normal set. While this may seem confusing, it can all be eliminated by performing a full Normal backup every time. However, since the vast majority of files on your PC never change, this requires a lot of work when not much is really needed. It's best to examine what you do with your PC before developing a backup plan.

Another tie-in to the backup scenarios is the hard drive partitioning that was previously discussed. Since my C:\ partition contains mostly operating system files, it very rarely changes and Differential backups on this partition are always small. My D:\ partition also does not change much unless I add new programs to my system. Again, Differentials are small. My E:\ partition along with my removable storage changes all of the time and this is where the Differential backup sets are larger, but still manageable, between full Normal backups.

Whether you use a RAID array, or prefer to use other methods to backup your system, the important point is that you do it. The headaches that will be avoided if you ever experience a hard drive failure or have to recover a critical file will be greatly offset by the time it takes to understand and implement a sound backup plan.

## Martha Stewart Tips for Rednecks

Never take a beer to a job interview.

Always identify people in your yard before shooting at them.

It's considered tacky to take a cooler to church.

If you have to vacuum the bed, it is time to change the sheets.

Even if you're certain that you are included in the will, it is still rude to drive the U-Haul to the funeral home.

When decanting wine from the box, make sure that you tilt the paper cup and pour slowly so as not to "bruise" the fruit of the wine.

If drinking directly from the bottle, always hold it with your hands.

A centerpiece for the table should never be anything prepared by a taxidermist.

Do not allow the dog to eat at the table, no matter how good his manners are.

While ears need to be cleaned regularly, this is a job that should be done in private using one's own truck keys.

Even if you live alone, deodorant is not a waste of good money.

Use of proper toiletries can only delay bathing for a few days.

Dirt and grease under the fingernails is a social no-no, as they tend to detract from a woman's jewelry and alter the taste of finger foods.

Crying babies should be taken to the theater lobby and picked up immediately after the movie has ended.

Refrain from talking to characters on the movie screen. Tests have proven they can't hear you.

## Let's Hear It For Jack Neal!

There are a lot of names associated with the Lubbock music scene that date back to the Buddy Holly days. There is one that stands out for many who is deserving of a place in Lubbock's Walk of Fame, and that would be Jack Neal.

Jack was born in 1934 in Ft. Worth. He can still be seen playing weekly at Crossroads, 1801 19th Street, where he performs a mix of musical styles live on stage.

In 1951, Buddy Holly teamed with this fellow Lubbock youngster and kept busy performing as a duo at local talent shows for a few years. They performed country/gospel style tunes. In fact, Jack owns two un-issued gospel style recordings on which Buddy is playing from 1957.

Jack left the professional music business and spent most of his life working as an electrician. He has kept his music biz connections and, as late as 1980, Jack made his first commercial recordings.

He is a Lubbock treasure and deserves to be honored on the Walk along with fellow West Texans who have had an impact in music and the arts.

If you are interested in helping with this project to have Jack Neal inducted into Lubbock's Walk of Fame, contact your City Councilman and express your interest in honoring another of West Texas' legends in the music business.