

Le Courant

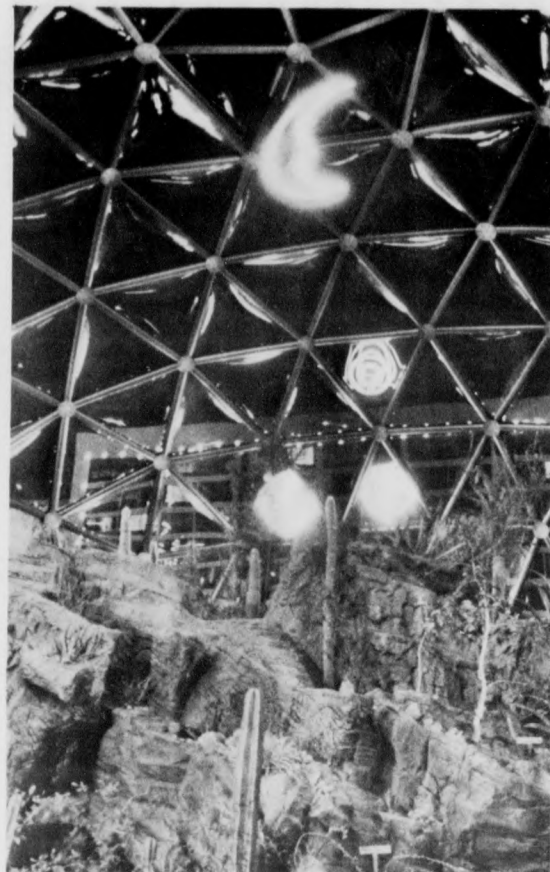
The Trend

An Courant Monday, November 7, 1958



CARAVAN C DREAMS

Photo by Dan Tribble



Photos by Dan Tribble

CARAVAN OF DREAMS

By Susan Shields

One definition of the word "dream" is a fond hope. "Caravan" indicates a company of travelers, especially of merchants or pilgrims traveling together for safety, as through a desert. So, according to Webster's, the meaning of Caravan of Dreams implies then that some band of wanderers with an obscure dream are idly roaming the wilderness . . . in Fort Worth.

Well, not quite, but almost. Still confused? So are the rest of the citizens of this city. Fort Worth is going through what is known as culture shock—too much culture, and sudden, strange shock. The source: The Caravan of Dreams, a \$5.5 million center of performing arts located in downtown Fort Worth.

The "pilgrims" of this adventure are an international group of businessmen and artists known as Decisions Team Ltd., of which Ed Bass, one of the illustrative Fort Worth Bass brothers, is a member.

Still not sure what the Caravan of Dreams, billed as the first avant-garde performing arts center in Fort Worth, stands for? The

best possible (although Caravan of Dreams prides itself on impossibilities) description is that it is a little bit of everything representing "new living." It is a jazz club, a Gengi Kai Dojo martial arts school, a dance studio, a theater, a restaurant, nightclub, bar, cactus complex and anything else seemingly impossible to put under—and over—one roof.

The facility sounds like something out of Emerald City. But be incredibly assured, it exists within five minutes of TCU, and not via ruby slippers, either.

This dreamhouse, which opened at the end of September, is located at 312 Houston St., a block from Sundance Square. Originally four different store fronts, the profit venture has been transformed into a 400-seat restaurant of international cuisine, a 212-seat theater, a rooftop grotto bar, a karate studio run by a fifth degree black belt and a cactus research dome that shows the evolution of the desert life from countries as far off as Oz and called Namiba, Sonora, Chihuahua and Malagasy.

This fall the arts center will showcase planetary films Wednesday nights at 7 p.m.

Rendezvous of dreams: A member of the cast of 'Kabuki Blues,' a play that explores man's intentions towards the planets, is pictured on the cover. Top left presents view of grotto bar and rooftop garden. Neon adds illumination to the skyline and is also set inside the geodesic dome that houses desert life, top right. Bottom, inside the performing arts center, visitors lounge near jazz performers in the restaurant. A workman adds final touches to the Caravan of Dreams, bottom left.

These world views are what Caravan of Dreams directors call "Films that speak to you directly as an individual on the intimate dreams, terrors, sensations, conceptions and experiences hidden in the heart's secrets." Maybe—maybe not.

The restaurant, headed by club/restaurant manager and karate instructor Makio Nishida, is open for lunch and dinner weekdays and Saturday. Brunch is scheduled every Sunday from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Jazz bands play nightly, and avant-garde international theater troupes like the Afro-American Theater will perform throughout the season.

The interior is spacious. Murals showing the development of jazz fill the walls in huge dimensions.

On top of the roof, the Fort Worth skyline is brilliant. Waterfalls trickle from the geodesic dome that houses the succulent and cacti plants (many of which are rare and endangered species) to drown out the sounds of the busy city below.

And like the desert plants, Caravan of Dreams is a certain rarity. It must be first experienced to be understood.

Review: Rediscovery of innocence makes 'Rita' special

By Steve Welch

Columbia Pictures calls its new film, "Educating Rita," a "charming comedy." I have to disagree.

Oh, sure, the movie is charming. I nearly fell in love with Rita, played by Julie Walters—she's so innocently charming. And well, Michael Caine would be charming playing Adolph Hitler.

And yes, this movie is funny—one of the funniest, classiest films in recent memory. However, it is also an intense, dramatic experience.

Caine plays Frank Bryant—a drunken, cynical professor fed up with life in academia. He shows up for class half-soused and tells his students to go out and make love instead of arguing about dead poets. He hides whiskey bottles behind books and lives the life of the classic disheveled professor, kicking himself for his own pretensions and generally developing one heck of an inferiority complex.

Enter Rita, a hairdresser with a heart of gold, a working-class ignorant out to improve herself through the study of the classics. Bryant is assigned to tutor her and is immediately stricken by her innocence, honesty and rough edges. So much so that he tells her to find another tutor, because she deserves better than him. Rita is undaunted

and insists on Bryant because of his rough edges and honesty.

Their relationship is mutually beneficial. Rita raises herself above her ignorance and develops a love of literature and the theater. Her honesty and candor do not suffer. She calls Lady Macbeth a cow and sees nothing wrong with it.

That's fine with Bryant. He finds her refreshing, and by his successes with her, heightens his own sense of self-worth.

Bryant stops drinking. Life becomes less phony for him, because he's found one bit of unspoiled innocence.

But as Rita develops her sense of academics, she loses her sense of innocence. She becomes one of the pompous intellectuals that Bryant detests. He loses her.

"Educating Rita" is the film adaptation of Willy Russell's award winning British play of the same name. Russell wrote the screenplay, for his first effort at the big screen, but his inexperience doesn't show.

Julie Walters played the role of Rita in the original stage production in London. There the play has become a long-running hit. This is Walters' first job in movies, but be sure, it won't be the last.

Caine gets inside his role as Frank Bryant in the way he's always done his roles—with everything he has.

The film features an excellent supporting

cast, though the characters they play are perhaps a little one-dimensional. Everyone is self-centered and ignorant except Bryant and Rita. They are alone in a world of fools, because they are the only ones to recognize their own foolishness.

Lewis Gilbert's direction is slow and precise, which sets an effective tone for the film, and sometimes becomes a handicap. The film runs for less than two hours, but it starts to drag after awhile.

That's often the problem with stage plays-turned-movies. Plays seldom have the action required to keep a moviegoer's back from getting sore. Time changes are abrupt and tend to leave you a little confused.

"Educating Rita" is about pretensions. At times its moral is spoon-fed to the audience, but generally it is a subtle, funny, sad, dramatic and thoroughly enjoyable movie. Caine and Walters make the film, admirably assisted by a little-known supporting cast. The ending is a little flat, neither happy or sad, just there. Sort of like real life.

Surprisingly, the film has not generated the kind of response it deserves. There hasn't been much publicity on it, but if word-of-mouth has its effect, "Educating Rita" could turn out to be this fall's sleeper. In any case, catch it. It's about time Hollywood put out some serious comedy.

calendar

7 MON

Blood Drive 8 a.m., Student Center Ballroom.
Hunger Week Committee 6 p.m., Student Center Room 203.
Continental National Bank Reception 6 p.m., Student Center Room 207.
College Bowl 4 p.m., Student Center Room 215.

8 TUE

Christian Science Monitor 8 a.m., Student Center Lower Lobby.
Blood Drive 8 a.m., Student Center Ballroom.
College Bowl 4 p.m., Student Center Room 215.
Human Sexuality 7 p.m., Student Center Room 218.

9 WED

Blood Drive 8 a.m., Student Center Ballroom.
Community Concerns 4 p.m., Student Center Room 203.
FORUMS 4 p.m., Student Center Room 204.
UCAM 7 p.m., Student Center Room 204.
Secretarial Seminar 9 a.m., Student Center Room 207.
College Bowl 4 p.m., Student Center Room 215.
Job Search Workshop 3:30 p.m., Student Center Room 218.

10 THU

Blood Drive 8 a.m., Student Center Ballroom.
College Bowl 4 p.m., Student Center Room 215.

11 FRI

Films "Same Time Next Year" and "Tron" 5 p.m., 8 p.m., and midnight, Student Center Ballroom.

12 SAT

Sherley Dorm Dance 6 p.m., Student Center Ballroom.

13 SUN

Bryson Club 4 p.m., Student Center Room 202.
Tau Chi Upsilon 7 p.m., Student Center Room 204.

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Review: Play about witches not magical

By Gary Hicks

"Bell, Book and Candle," now showing at Circle Theater, represents an honest attempt at dramatic comedy by a group of amateur actors. Unfortunately, as this play illustrates, honesty doesn't always pay.

With the exception of a few light and spontaneous moments, the acting was predictable to the point of being perfunctory. Cues could be anticipated and lines were expected.

This criticism, however, is more properly directed toward the playwright than the cast.

On the whole, cast members physically and emotionally fit their characters. It is only too bad that the actors didn't realize this, for they would have saved the audience

from numerous instances of overacting.

The story revolves around the life of Gillian Holroyd, a witch who lives in a New York apartment surrounded by her kooky aunt and cousin, who also have the power of magic.

Gillian is not your typical witch. She is instead a young and sultry witch who happens to be interested in the man who lives in the upstairs apartment, who happens to be a mortal. Sound familiar?

Gillian uses a magic spell to capture the affections of Shep Henderson, the man from upstairs. The remainder of the play consists of Gillian's attempts to limit the magic tricks of her relatives and keep her identity as a witch hidden from Shep.

Gillian, played by Elizabeth Sexton-Mann,

appears elusive and interesting in the first act, but dwindles as a character by the end of the play. She seems unable to decide if she is to be the Wicked Witch of the West or Glenda the Good Witch. What the audience ends up with is a witch with a serious case of schizophrenia.

William Newberry does an admirable job playing Shep Henderson. The character he portrays is very likable, and it is between Shep and Gillian that the play's only spontaneity occurs.

I could only recommend this play to those who must write a term paper on the subject of witchcraft as it is presented in a very mediocre play. Otherwise, one would be better off to stay at home and catch a rerun of "Bewitched."

Review: 'The Right Stuff' just what it says it is

By Gary Satz

Unspoken. Above all, the "right stuff" was to remain unmentioned. That inbred quality of instinct and courage—that lifeblood of the supreme masculine vision of military discipline—was not to be discussed as if it were a golf handicap.

There were those who had it, those who could hang their tails out over the yawning gulf of disaster in screaming creations of myopic scientists. For others, the right stuff simply meant showing the courage to climb into the cockpit.

Tom Wolfe, whose ability to capture essential characteristics and personalities, produced "The Electric KoolAid Acid Test" and "From Bauhaus to Our House," created a most righteous masterpiece of men and machines in his book, "The Right Stuff." Although literary mastery is often best left in literary form, director Philip Kaufman (who recently remade "Invasion of the Body Snatchers") has done an outstanding job in his film version of "The Right Stuff."

The movie follows the history of the U.S. rocket and space programs, from Chuck Yeager's sound barrier penetration in 1947 to Gordon Cooper's solo earth orbit in 1963. There is no climactic ending to give away—we know where we stand in the space race—yet there is no way to relate the high

quality of character portrayal and film imagery.

The playful cockiness of "Gordo" Cooper (Dennis Quaid) contrasts with the restrained purity of John Glenn (Ed Harris) and represents the extremes of the seven characters. The other astronauts, Deke Slayton (Scott Paulin), Scott Carpenter (Charles Frank), Gus Grissom (Fred Ward), Wally Schirra (Lance Henriksen) and Alan Shepard (Scott Glenn) combine with Cooper and Glenn to create a brotherhood of competitors—to be first, to be the first.

Although each pits his unmentioned right stuff against the other, the seven together receive the unending adoration of a nation not to be outdone by the Russians and their sputnik.

At the beginning and end, Yeager (Sam Shepard) is the untarnished model of the right stuff. He remains a test pilot throughout the space program, continuing to climb into new aircraft and ride the machines' limits, long after earthbound speed and altitude records have become passe.

It is unfair to say that the astronauts are stereotyped, but the essential characteristics are emphasized to get the point across. These seven men, drawn from among Air Force test pilots and Navy fighter-jocks, are constantly surrounded by those

who . . . don't have the right stuff.

They are forced to deal with self-assured and practical German scientists who remain aloof and indignant when pressed to install a window in the Mercury capsule. The seven are poked and prodded by harebrained, demanding medical researchers seeking every possible endurance limit. They are hounded by dauntless pressmen who want any story, any scoop possible. Each man returns home to a wife who is absolutely supportive in that "stand by your man" way, and who feels a longing for the *Life* story contract and dinner with the Kennedys.

How refreshing it is to see the results of Kaufman's attention to cinematic form and imagery. Space movies are all too often filled with plastic model death ships and supernovas. Kaufman is able to blend actual rocket footage with a minimal amount of studio effects to produce a convincing continuity of form.

The movie is long—three hours with no intermission—but it is fast enough to bring the viewer to the end of the ride before he or she knows it. The tongue-in-cheek characterizations of various minor characters provide enough humor that, combined with the phenomenal yet straightforward special effects, the movie's chronological and technical progression does not lag, drag or fall.

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