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emu Cultural Forum

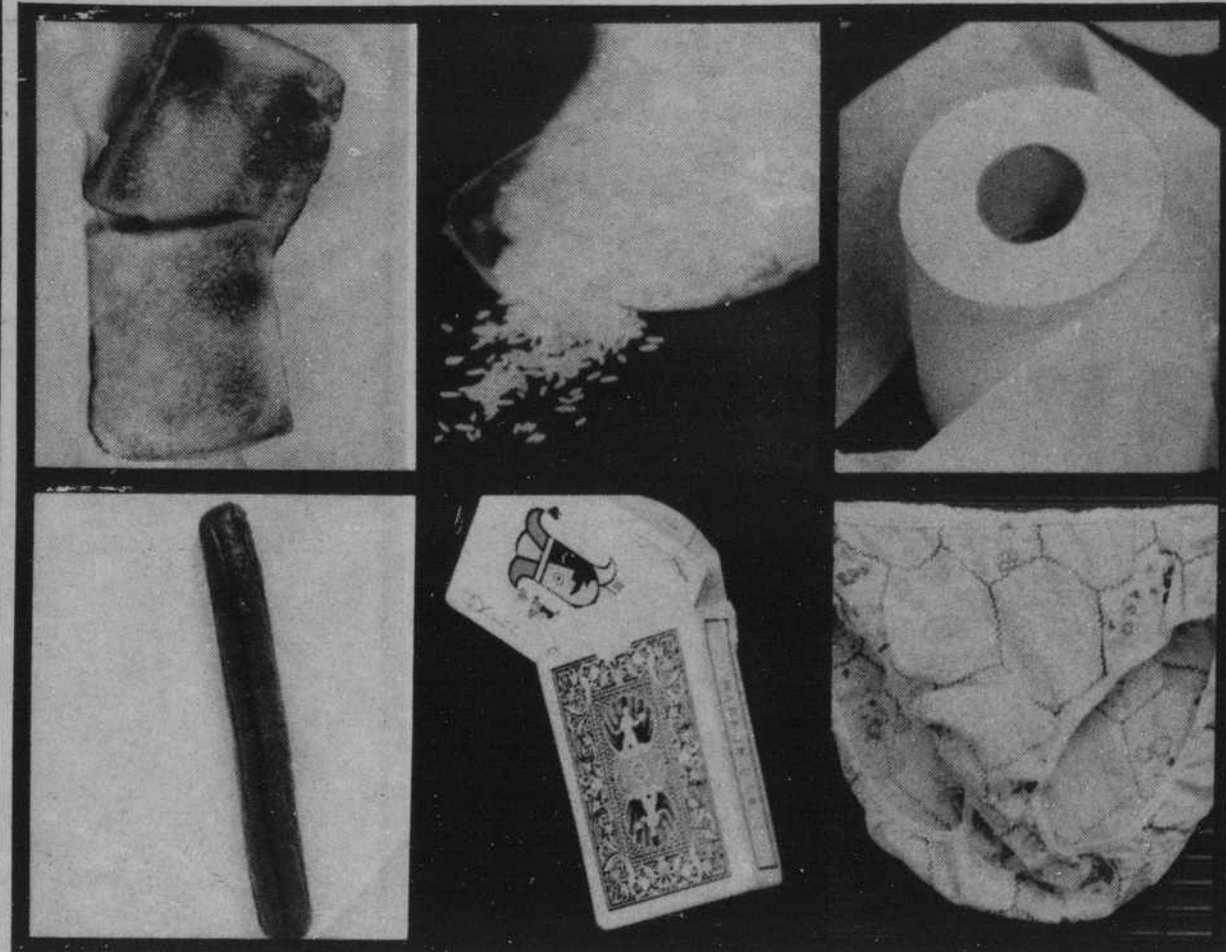
The EMU Cultural Forum
presents

Colonies In Space

DR. GERARD O'NEILL

speaking on

"THE HIGH FRONTIER"



Emerald photos

Audience armed with props brings Rocky Horror to life

By MIKE LEE
Of the Emerald

The movie is over and the crowd has left. A clean-up crew descends on the auditorium. They find the usual trash: popcorn, spilled colas, panties.

Panties?

"The Rocky Horror Picture Show" is the movie, and it is in its second month as Mayflower Theater's Saturday "Midnight Flick."

The film itself is a rock 'n' roll musical-comedy parody of horror movies, with some R-rated perversion tossed in for good measure. The lead ghoul is a self-described "transvestite from Transsexual, Transylvania." Two supporting ghouls, brother and sister, practice incest.

The audience provides more entertainment than the movie, however. Many people bring a backpack-full of "props" to throw at the screen during the movie. The props include rice, toast — and panties.

"They do get wild," says Mayflower manager John Deskowitz. He had not heard of the movie before he first screened it, and was surprised by the audience's reaction. "I died laughing," he says.

The movie opens with a wedding. The audience throws rice. The heroine gets out of her stalled car and into the rain. Members of the front half of the audience cover their heads with newspapers while the rear half fires squirt guns into the air.

Frank N. Furter, the head ghoul, holds up a wine-filled goblet at a dinner and calls for "a toast." The audience responds by throwing toast.

The audience also uses matches, playing cards, party hats, noisemakers, hot dogs, bells, rubber gloves and toilet paper. For those who forget a prop, independent vendors outside the theater, who dress as characters from the film, supply the necessities.

When the audience isn't throwing things, it's "harassing" the film.

"Say something stupid, asshole," they scream at the square hero on the screen. He does. Riff-raff, a hunchback, opens the castle door to find the hero and heroine standing in the rain. "You're wet," he says. "No shit, Sherlock," replies the audience gleefully.

Audience members dance in the aisles while the cast sings and dances on the screen during the "Time Warp" production number.

The movie was released five years ago, and has been a popular cult film in major cities, including Portland, since then. Nobody knows how all of this audience-participation started, for there is nothing in the movie that suggests such bizarre antics.

All Deskowitz knows is that the movie makes money for the theater — more than a regular midnight movie, he says, because it draws larger crowds. He doesn't worry about cleaning costs eating into profits:

"I end up doing it," he says.

Sea Star Trek

(Continued from Page 4)

lasses, but to no avail. So they opted for the next best thing. They took pictures of each other, arms around the beauties.

Later they discovered they'd actually visited a prison area. It seems the ladies had been incarcerated for an offense all too common to the natives of Butaritari: excess dancing. The local officials found it necessary to enforce the regulation when the dance-happy natives spent too much time twirling and not enough time getting the work done around the island.

The grass skirt "prison uniform" served to identify the women as lawbreakers. The folks back home, McMichaels remembers, found the photos rather scandalous.

Other places the skipper found less appealing. Brazil ranks high on the "places to avoid" list. "They hate Americans like you wouldn't believe," says McMichaels. And though Hawaii may be lovely from afar, over-commercialism has lessened its appeal.

Panama's no bargain either, McMichaels says. "I've been through the canal countless times, and the treatment you get down there has grown steadily worse. You can't find a qualified canal pilot there; they've all had it. The loosening of the reins by the

United States has created such a restricted atmosphere for Americans . . . It's the most anti-American place you can get to."

The first and only time McMichaels has written 100 letters was to each U.S. Senator to protest the transfer of power to the Panamanians. "The average American has no inkling what we gave away down there. Nobody likes a weak sister . . . We'll pay the piper for that one."

McMichaels can't avoid "the Big Ditch" forever, though. He plans to weigh anchor again in October for another cruise to faraway places, and the word's already out in sailing circles that he'll be putting together a crew.

"This is a work boat," McMichaels observes. "She doesn't clean or varnish herself, and there's painting, watch routine, and repair work that always needs seeing to." And should a crew member decide the sailing life's not what he expected, well, it's too bad. "There's no place to get off out there," McMichaels laughs.

Even with the work involved, the skipper expects no trouble gathering a crew. Several old mates have been in contact with him, and he's had lots of applications from would-be sea dogs — including at least one reporter.

Thursday

February 1, 1979

8:00 PM EMU Ballroom

Admission \$1.00