

by T. J. Simpson

1979 just wasn't a very good year for movies—foreign or domestic. And, so far, neither is 1980. By far the two most interesting films this year have been Volker Schlöndorff's *The Tin Drum* and Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining*. Both films are about little boys with unusual powers and both are based on widely-read novels, but have little else in common.

The Tin Drum, based on Gunter Grass's 1959 novel, has generally received rave reviews, won this year's Academy Award for "Best Foreign Film," and greatly impressed almost everybody I know who has seen it. *The Shining*, on the other hand, has received a few very favorable reviews, but for the most part has been mercilessly panned. Hardly anybody I've talked to has had anything good to say about it. Therefore, I find myself in a rather isolated position in declaring that I think *The Shining* is a far better film than *The Tin Drum*.

The reasoning behind my somewhat iconoclastic statement is based on how the directors have adapted the novels into film. Admittedly, a film should stand as a singular work in itself and not be judged by the novel or play it pertains to. But in this case, I feel that comparisons between the film and novel are inevitable because of what Kubrick and Schlöndorff reveal about their imaginations and talents through their adaptations.

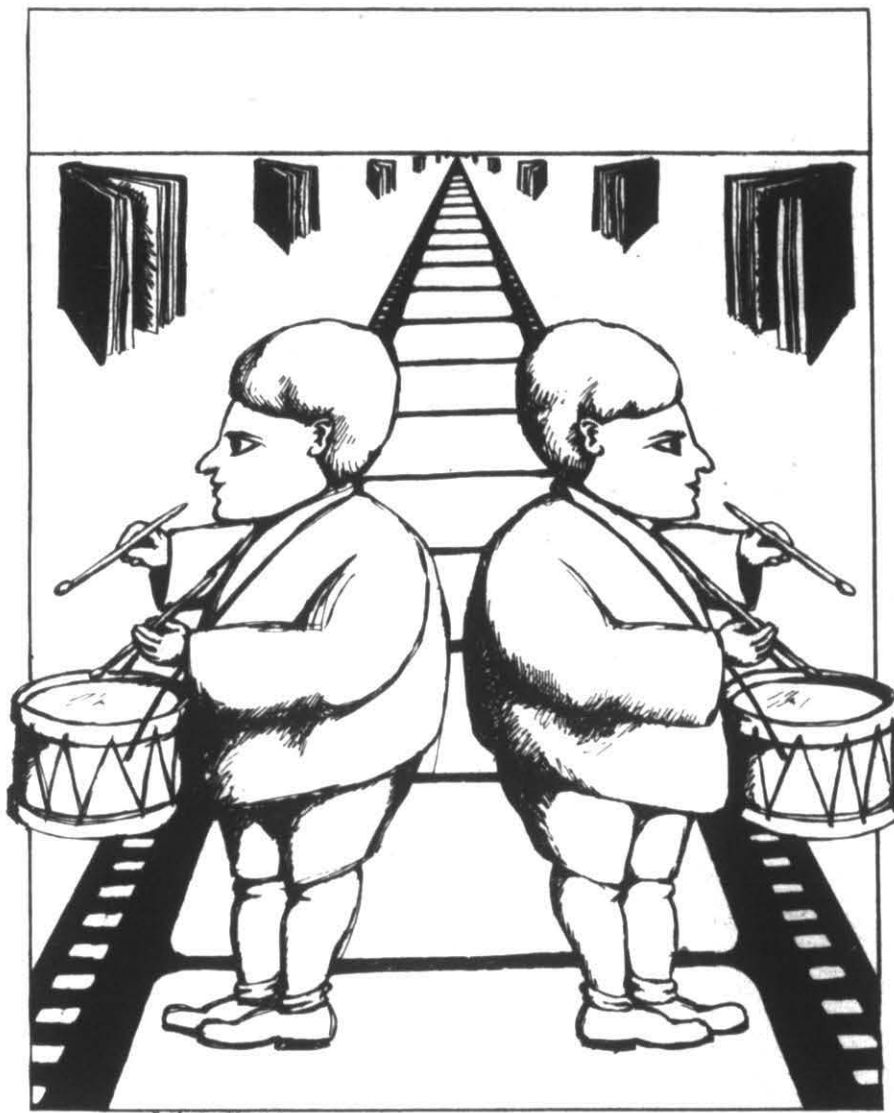
Grass's *The Tin Drum* is one of the great novels of the 20th century and Grass himself is a major literary artist. Stephen King, author of *The Shining* (a recent bestseller), is a good craftsman at best, but hardly a literary genius. *The Shining*, as a novel, is entertaining pulp with the quality of the writing ranging from merely good to bad. Although *The Tin Drum* and *The Shining* are very close in volume, one can read *The Shining* in one tenth the time it would take to read (and comprehend) something as complex as *The Tin Drum*.

Schlöndorff's version of *The Tin Drum* is based on only the first two-thirds of the novel, yet it sticks very close to its source. But the film seems to have no life of its own outside the novel. The characters, for the most part, come across as caricatures of those in the book. It often seems like a beautifully photographed "Classics Illustrated" comic book adaptation.

Schlöndorff is also the least talented and most unimaginative director of the German "New Wave" that I've seen yet. His previous films include such didactic tirades as *A Free Woman* and *The Last Honor of Katherine Blum*. *The Tin Drum* is by far his best film, but he has yet to develop a personal style.

Kubrick's *The Shining* takes on a life of its own. It deviates from the novel in every way possible. His personal style is stamped on every frame almost like a signature on a painting. Kubrick is an artist where Stephen King is not. And Gunter Grass is clearly a far better writer than Volker Schlöndorff is a filmmaker.

Two tales of terrified tots



The Tin Drum is a political-social allegory about Nazi Germany as seen through the eyes of an eternal child. The child, Oskar, decides to stop growing at the age of three, since he wants no part of the adult world. His tin drum, which he never voluntarily parts with even for a second, is an extension of his soul and a tool he can use as either a means of communication or weapon against the world. He has a bizarre scream that can shatter glass for miles around and at times, uses it for survival. Through his eyes, we witness his own birth (he really didn't want to come out of the womb), his mother's affairs and mental deterioration, the rise and fall of Nazism, his father's Nazi antics, and many other absurdities and atrocities of the adult world.

David Bennett, as Oskar, gives a terrifically eerie performance, but being the age of 12, one has a tough time believing he's supposed to be only three. Schlöndorff should have found someone equally talented, but a lot younger.

In the novel, Oskar is telling us his story from inside a mental hospital where he is a patient. The film skirts this aspect totally and in the end gives us the impression that Oskar is going to grow. Since the film leaves off two-thirds of the way

through the book, one who hasn't read it wouldn't know that Oskar instead develops a huge hump and becomes a grotesque hunchback. (The ending left me cold anyway. Even if I hadn't read the book, I think I still would have felt that I was being left in the middle of something.)

Schlöndorff is also not able to penetrate the characters as Grass does, nor does he share Grass's biting sense of humor. The funniest segments of the book (the part where Oskar is playing under the rostrum during a Nazi rally and the part when the Soviet troops invade the father's house) are still funny in the movie, but not as funny as they should be. Schlöndorff leaves out the best things that made these parts so funny (the Nazis frantically trying to find out where the drumming noise is coming from and the army of ants in the house).

Yet he does show the gross and gory stuff in full detail, dwelling on them more than the novel does. (He tries not to leave out any of the sex either.) Thankfully, despite the bludgeoning Marxism of his earlier films, Schlöndorff is no prude, but his puerile Marxism is probably what is responsible for his lack of humor. The film is only mildly amusing when it should be perversely hilarious, numbing

when it should be shocking, and mechanical when it should be erotic. It's something I could admire from a distance, but couldn't get close enough to feel involved.

I really can't say why *The Shining* involved and excited me so much. Maybe it was the stunning camera movements and cinematography, Danny Lloyd's face, Jack Nicholson's performance, or my own childhood memories of fear. Perhaps it was the incredible sets, or that I found it genuinely scary, suspenseful, and savagely hilarious. Kubrick turns King's sentimentality for the characters into devastating black comedy that frightens and makes one laugh at the same time. Sure the film is full of holes that the novel fills up, but the novel is meat and potatoes. Kubrick creates a universe that is as compelling and subconscious as the one in 2001 (and as metaphysical, too). Most admirers of the novel that I know hate the changes that Kubrick has made in the story (especially in the climax), but he did it to fit his style. If his style and outlook has always been too cold, (which is why *A Clockwork Orange* failed) it's perfectly suited here. (Actually, the film has the most sympathetic characters Kubrick has had since *Lolita* in 1961.)

Sure, the film has its flaws, but overall, I think Kubrick has created a masterpiece of the horror genre and I'm not trying to create some hyperbole. When Jack Nicholson walks into the bar, talks to the bartender ghost and has his first drink in months; or when Danny Lloyd sees the wide-eyed apparitions or stops his tricycle in front of the forbidden door; or when Shelley Duvall sees the gibberish her husband has been writing (to me, the most horrifying scene in cinema history), there is a magic there that transcends reality and puts me in a sense of wonder and disorientation which makes the back of my mind say, "This is what movies are all about." I realize there's no sense in trying to defend the film against its detractors. All I can say is that it spoke to me.

If Murнау, in *Sunrise*, can make a beautifully cinematic statement about the natural goodness of man, why can't Kubrick make a beautifully cinematic statement about the inherent evil in man? We have to acknowledge that both exist.

What's the story in *The Shining* about? Well, if you don't already know, than (for once) I'm not going to ruin it for you. Besides, the editors don't like it when I go on for too long and I believe I'm running out of space.

Anyway, go see *The Shining*. It's not only Kubrick's best film since *Dr. Strangelove*, but the best American film in the past two years. And despite the negative things I said about *The Tin Drum*, it's still very worthwhile (probably better than most of the other stuff you'll see this year). Just make sure you see it with subtitles. The Lacey Cinema recently showed an atrociously dubbed version. And try to see *The Shining* someplace else besides The Capitol Mall. They've had the same print for so long that the color is faded and it's getting scratched to hell.

Revenge. Audiences would see one part one night and the other the next. F.N.F. is showing both parts together, so be prepared for a 1 1/2 hour show. The first half is very different from the second with the incredible sets dwarfing the characters and action. The second half has much more violence and excitement. (A friend of mind who saw it recently said that it makes Sam Peckinpah look like Walt Disney.) It was, at the time, the most expensive film ever made and was two years in the making. A 60-foot dragon was constructed for "Siegfried" to slay. Although it was one of Hitler's favorite films, Lang had to flee Germany after the Nazis came into power and the second half was banned under the Nazis for showing their "ancestors as bandits." The film is silent with a music soundtrack that includes some Wagner. Plus! A 1923 "Alice in Cartoonland" short by Walt Disney. Lec. Hall One. Only a buck. Note: This week's showtime is at 7 p.m. only. Friday, August 15 Friday Nine Films presents Frank Capra's *The Miracle Woman* (U.S.A., 1931, 90 min.) starring Barbara Stanwyck and David Man- ners. A bitter satire on evangelism based on the exploits of the notorious Aimee Semple Macpherson, who was a female Elmer Gantry-type of the 1920's and 30's. At the time it came out, the film was not well received by audiences because many people saw it as an attack on religion. It was also banned in England for such reasons. The film is reportedly more serious and a lot "heavier" than Capra's more famous populist comedies. Plus! *Breakdown of 1936*, a collection of bloopers and embarrassing outtakes of 30's Hollywood stars. Lec. Hall One. 7 and 9:30. Still only one worthless dollar.

-T.J.S.

Cooper Point Journal

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The Evergreen State College

Olympia, Washington

Zinc Study Student-oriented NSF grants end this year

by B. Shannon

Some nutritional empiricists wonder what zinc does in the human body. Some laymen wonder what zinc could ever have in common with Evergreen's prestige. The answers to both questions are being watched carefully in the Lab Building by participants in an SOS (student-originated studies) research project on zinc. Students, faculty and the administration are fearful that this study marks the end of a golden era for Evergreen's science studies.

SOS is a federally-funded grant program for science students sponsored by the National Science Foundation (NSF). The grants enable motivated and independent-minded undergraduates to practice "hands-on" empiricism, according to Rob Roach, a previous winner of an SOS grant.

Each year, students from colleges and universities across the nation draw up proposals for research experiments. If the Foundation finds the proposals worthwhile, it grants the students enough money to cover their material and equipment costs. It also provides students with generous stipends. Once the money has been granted, the students work independently of their faculty sponsors who assume mostly advisory roles. Roach says that student researchers are primarily accountable to the NSF. K. V. Ladd insists, however, that faculty has the last word when problems are encountered.

Science students often find that doors begin to open for them soon after they participate in the SOS program. They are not only exposed to the political world of science and grant-winning competition but also gain experience in the laboratory that is nationally recognized. As a result, Evergreen SOS veterans place high in graduate and medical schools across the nation.

Based upon the past nine years, Evergreen boasts a nation-high average of at least one grant a year. This fact has not gone unnoticed by the Evergreen administration or scientific circles around the nation.

For example, Roach says that nearly all of the participants in a 1977 Harbor Seal and PCB contamination study are now doing research involving seals or other marine mammals. Roach and Ladd both note that the facilities and flexibility at TESC are ideal for science students. Roach adds that the SOS program opens up professional possibilities while giving one an excellent experience to carry to graduate school. The SOS graduate has an edge on most other applicants.

Unfortunately, the National Science Foundation recently consolidated the SOS program with the URP (undergraduate research participation) program as part of a federal streamlining of bureaucracy and budgets. Under the sleek new Dept. of Education plan, students will no longer draw up their proposals. Instead, they will depend upon ongoing research at their respective universities. Faculty will draw up the grant proposals and then "hire" students to assist them in their research.

The new guidelines limit the number of assistants to three. The current TESC zinc study, headed by Mary Fleischman, is composed of eight students with a budget of about \$15,000. Students from a variety of disciplines are involved in the project. Under the new plan, the interdisciplinary nature of the programs—an approach long favored at Evergreen—will suffer. Typically, the budgets for these programs, dependent upon the number of participants, will also shrink.

The NSF recently issued its new program guidelines booklet. The changes have caught many by surprise. According to Betty Kutter, who advises the zinc project, the new deadline for submitting grant proposals may be too early for

prospective students to get in on the action this year.

Last year, SOS applicants were required to submit their forms in early November for a grant the following summer. Students customarily spent part of fall quarter collaborating with faculty members to draw up their proposals. This year, however, interested students must submit their proposals by September 12. In effect, Kutter says, students (who must be juniors or seniors the quarter before research begins) must know what they want to do as much as a year and a half in advance. Few students, she fears, will be able to meet the revised deadline.

Consequently, anyone interested in a research grant for next summer must get started right away. Students are urged to contact faculty or advising immediately. For those who have left town for the summer, "tough luck" is the latest word.

The response on campus has been, predictably, one of "disappointment" or "sadness." While some would like to fight the political bureaucracy, others understand the budgetary constraints and see no tangible good coming out of protest. Provost Youtz (who was on vacation at the time of this writing) is reportedly hopeful that the quality of the proposals submitted this fall may spare the SOS program from extinction. A previous attempt to phase out the program (in 1978) was stopped successfully.

Roach is sure that the Evergreen environs will continue to serve the independent-minded student. K. V. Ladd agrees emphatically. Ladd points out the stacks of student research publications on file in the library. The new set-up could foster situations where faculty put their own professional research objectives ahead of student prerogatives. But Roach professes "faith in the integrity of the faculty."

Fleischman is less enthusiastic. She says she can think of only one or two situations where students' initiative and freedom "might not" be compromised. She also says much depends upon the motivation of students and encouragement by faculty. Given the current situation, she feels powerless to do much at all.

For her, the SOS experience was "not so much a scientific experience as it was an education in how science works"—politics included, she says. She adds that it was an "illuminating, but not necessarily satisfying" experience. Her regret over seeing the SOS program vanish stems mostly from her belief that students will now be more susceptible to the politicking of faculty and other empiricists.

Kutter says that in her lab, students may not lose as much as they could elsewhere. She says that students who work with her do "real research" and "they design experiments; they participate." They don't just become "functional technicians." Those who work with her, she insists, gain just as much "advantage" as those in SOS programs.

Meanwhile—back in the laboratory—the zinc study continues. This SOS grant could be the last one won by Evergreen students. It is also the first SOS nutrition study here.

The purpose of their study, Fleischman explains, is to describe the zinc-status of a community. Presently, no satisfactory methods exist for determining zinc's behavior in the body. Of the more than 500 enzymes in the human body, at least 70 have shown detectable amounts of zinc. It is known that some of these enzymes have relevance to DNA synthesis, the pH of the blood and alcohol metabolism. This study will be on a comparative analysis of techniques that reveal the zinc-status of healthy individuals who do not supplement their diets with zinc boosters.

The student researchers are examining zinc levels in the scalp, sputum, blood serum, urine and fingernail clippings. A

THE HONORED GENTLEMAN
DECIDED TO SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT...

...NOW PAY CLOSE ATTENTION, YOUNG MAN,
AND THINGS WILL BE EASIER FOR ALL CONCERNED.



\$50,000 Spectraspan instrument is used to calculate the precise levels of zinc in their samples. By comparing the different zinc levels in the body and in expelled wastes, these zinc researchers seek only a reliable estimate of a person's nutritional status with respect to zinc. An accurate method

of determining and interpreting zinc levels in the body is the ideal outcome, says researcher Victor Shames.

Though Fleischman hopes their research will encourage other students to initiate their own projects, the student-originated study is headed for extinction.

Commissioners' vote split; Barner dissents

Zoning ordinance passed despite protest

by Ben Alexander

Despite major protest, the County Commissioners passed the fourth draft county zoning ordinance on a split vote, at a special hearing in the county courthouse last Friday morning.

Commissioner George Barner was the sole dissenter, claiming that passage of the bill would "invalidate the 12 years of neighborhood involvement in the plan." Barner cited changes in the plan "in spite of complete absence of public testimony calling for such a change."

Out of an audience of about 150 people, only two spoke in favor of the proposed ordinance at a public hearing on Tuesday, August 12. Stephanie Coontz summed up the sentiment of those present at the hearing when she told the commissioners, "All of us agree on one thing, we don't believe you represent us democratically and fairly."

In the previous week, public opposition to the plan was so widespread that the hearings had to be recessed and continued again on the following night. At that time, realtor John Puckett accused sub-area planning of encouraging a "provincial, protective, and selfish" attitude.

At last Tuesday's hearing, the commissioners tried to limit testimony to the addendum to the ordinance, rather than the ordinance itself. This move was opposed by all present, save two.

The eight-pages-long addendum outlines changes made by the commissioners since public hearings on the ordinance held last July. It also specifies that, "This ordinance is in the best interests of good government and shall take effect September 1, 1980."

Many attempted to circumvent the move to limit testimony to the addendum by listing objections to the ordinance itself as reasons not to adopt the ordinance on said date. Yelm resident Richard Wilkinson said that discussing only the addendum was like "talking about what kind of

bandage is appropriate without talking about the nature of the wound."

When Pat Waddington was interrupted by Attorney Robert Tobin and by commissioner Del Petit while listing her objections to the proposed ordinance, she said, "I'm just trying to make it plain that the ordinance should not take effect on that date because it's not in conformity with sub-area plans. You may gavel me down if you wish." This statement brought a round of applause.

This type of comment was typical at Tuesday's hearing, where many people managed to list a series of objections to the proposed ordinance, despite the commissioner's attempts to circumvent them. These objections included allowing arbitrary sewer hookups, prohibiting "For Sale" signs, failing to make the proposal available to rural county residents, and zoning too much industrial land around Olympia airport. The major objection, though, was that the proposed ordinance completely ignores the sub-area plans.

Commissioner George Barner's major contention against the proposal on Friday was also failure to incorporate sub-area plans, especially the Cooper Point Ordinance. In response to this, Del Petit accused Barner of having "a special interest," and said "life goes on beyond The Evergreen State College." Petit went on to say that Cooper Point residents "must accept some of your county-wide responsibilities."

Commissioner Woody Anderson said that he supports the proposed ordinance because it gives industry the freedom to move into the county, thereby increasing the county's tax base. Moving to adopt the measure, Anderson said, "There comes a time to bite the bullet."

Cooper Point Assoc. president Don Law said they will file a lawsuit against the county over passage of the ordinance.

ARTS

A unique collection of antique beads and bead jewelry by Mary Rosa Weiss and Constance Palau will be on display at Childhood's End Gallery from August 1-30. The artists will be available to discuss their work and bead history on August 16 from 12-4 p.m.

Lacey's Mad Festival still has display booths available for rent for its arts and crafts exhibition on August 9 and 10. Non-electrical display booths are \$20 with power booths rented for \$25. Each space is 10 x 10 feet. All items displayed must be handcrafted by the artist. The booths will be open on Saturday from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. and Sunday from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. For information and registration call Carol Thompson at 357-8368.

MUSIC

August 5-10 Sundance Rhythm Band, featuring reggae, salsa and African jazz rock, is appearing at the 5th Quarter in Tumwater.

Tuesday, August 12 Oly-Wa-Ditty will perform in CAB main lounge at 1 p.m. Also, staff will be available to answer questions about fall programs.

Monday, August 25 Albatross Production presents Joan Armatrading at 8 p.m. at Paramount Northwest Theatre. Tickets \$8.50 and \$8 reserved at all Paramount outlets.

Free concerts in Seattle: Seattle Center Amphitheatre, Sundays 1 p.m. August 9—Child (rock). August 16—Gabriel (rock). Volunteer Park, Sunday, 2 p.m.

August 10, Great Excelsior Jazz Band (dixy land).

ARTS&EVENTS

August 17, Tropical Rainstorm (steel drums) Freeway Park, Monday, 11:30 a.m.
August 11, Robert Klajbor Trio (latin jazz)
August 18, Passages (fusion jazz)
Occidental Park, Friday, 11:30 a.m.
August 15, Scott Cosau Quintet
August 22, Tropical Rainstorm Mural Amphitheatre, 1 p.m.
August 17, Air Force Show Band (big band jazz)

THEATER

August 7-30 Thursday, August 7 at 8 p.m., Intiman Theatre Company in Seattle will open its third play of the season, George Buchner's *Leonce and Lena*. The play is a comic fantasy, set in the mythical kingdoms of Peepee and popo. Intiman's production is the only professional, American production of the play this season. It will run through August 30 at the 2nd Stage Theatre. For ticket information, call the Intiman Theatre box office at 447-4651. A free performance will be offered on Sunday, August 10 at 8 p.m. at 2nd Stage Theatre on Eighth Ave. between Union and Pike.

August 14-23 Make your plans now to attend the second half of Harlequin Productions' tribute to Richard Rodgers, South Pacific will be performed in Capital High School's auditorium on August 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 21, & 23 at 8 p.m. Seats for all regular performances are \$4. Student and Senior Citizen discounts will be available for Opening Night and also on August 18 and 19. Discount tickets are \$3.

FILMS

Sunday, August 10

The Olympia Film Society presents Luis Bunuel's subversive masterpiece, *Viridiana* (Spain, 1961, 90 min.) starring Silvia Pinal, Fernando Rey, and Francisco Rabal. Bunuel returned to his native Spain after a 30-year exile to make this modern classic about a hopeless do-gooder who leaves a convent to stay with her lecherous uncle. Nothing works out right for poor Viridiana as she goes through a series of grotesque humiliations just trying to help the needy (who sure as hell don't need her help). This is the one with the famous Beggars Banquet-Last Supper scene. The film is many things—an attack on God, the Church, liberalism, and authority; a study in frustrated sexuality; and is often gruesomely funny. Upon its completion, it had to be smuggled out of Spain to avoid the censors. Against the protests of the Spanish government, it won the Best Film Award at the Cannes Film Festival. Showtimes are 7 and 9 (check posters to make sure) at the old Olympia Jr. High building at the corner of Eastside and Legion Way. Admission is \$1.25 for members, \$2.75 for non-members.

Friday, August 8

Friday Nine Films presents Fritz Lang's *Die Nibelungen* (Germany, 1924, 195 min.) starring Paul Richter, Margaret Schon, and Theodor Loos. This fantasy spectacle is based more on the original German and Nordic legends than the Wagner opera and was released in two parts—*Siegfried* and *Kriemhild's*

LETTERS



by Stuart Smith

MORE JOB TRAINING

To the Editor:

I think that colleges and universities have a moral obligation not to lead students down the garden path by giving them four years of a liberal arts education and no way to survive after graduation. A liberal arts education should offer a means for students to develop some sort of professionalism as well as give them inner resources.

Some universities and colleges may feel they have the luxury to dwell only on the intellectual enlightenment of their students and that it is not necessary to get involved in their futures. There are a few that are concerned with the fate of fine arts students, but most do not go into any depth on how to survive in the world.

I have heard people say that artists

automatically learn how to survive in the real world, but I don't believe this. Yes, they may do what is expedient by taking jobs as waitresses and cab drivers, but this is not real survival. Nor does it profit society to have these highly trained individuals drop out of the art field completely and take up careers totally unrelated to their training.

I feel that students should be given more on-the-job training in the art-related fields. Once graduated, they not only can say that they devoted themselves during their college years to the study of high aesthetics, but they can also claim a certain commercial experience, giving them an advantage when they seek employment after graduation.

And they will need to work. Nowadays teaching jobs are few and far between, and only a tiny minority are going to make livings by selling their artwork. Nevertheless, a vast reservoir of talented students is emerging from colleges. How are they to survive?

For truly gifted and committed artists, this kind of training gives them the opportunity to put their skills to work at some sort of employment that allows them to survive with enough money and energy left over to make art.

For the majority of fine arts students who will never make livings from gallery sales, work-study programs provide entry into art-related fields as designers and lower-echelon executives. These very competent people have a great deal to offer because of their understanding of visual ideas and concepts. Employing fine

artists in this manner would benefit society as a whole by raising the level of visual experience offered by mass media.

It should be important for the student to know about other aspects of survival in the business world. Lectures dealing with artist-gallery relations, copyright, tax problems, and the like, are invaluable.

Colleges and universities must strive to make the fine arts and the liberal arts viable courses of study, and the only way that this can be achieved is to prepare students for eventual entry into the job market.

PRESS ON

Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence.

Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. GENIUS will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb.

EDUCATION will not; the world is full of educated derelicts.

PERSISTENCE and DETERMINATION alone are omnipotent.

—unknown
Bob R. McIntosh

"THE DULLING!"

To the Editor,

Inasmuch as I support free expression in artistic reviews, I must disagree strongly with T. J. Simpson's wide-eyed, open-mouthed, "My God! The genius has done it again!" review of Stanley Kubrick's "The Shining."

This film is not only very bad, it is absolutely terrible. The only redeeming qualities are the camerawork and sound-track, neither providing sufficient reason to spend \$4 to help bail Kubrick out of this disaster. The only scary thing about it is how he can create kinetic graveyards of celluloid without having his budget repaid by the sedatives he so urgently requires.

There's a bit of everything here: Psycho, The Exorcist, The Texas Chain-saw Massacre and the boredom of Herzog's "Heart of Glass." I imagine that Kubrick awoke one afternoon wanting to make a horror film He fails miserably, and I could do better filming an S&A meeting. Nicholson shows promise for the first 45 minutes, then falls into a boring hole.

Finally, some thoughts on T. J.'s logic about how Kubrick changed the original story. First, a film SHOULD stand on its own merit, and second, any adaptations should be the director's style adapting to the story, not vice versa. Certain key elements should be left intact, rather than fabricating something totally untrue. To do this is a cheap trick, and only covers the artist's flaws.

To plug all the holes in "The Shining" would take the Corps of Engineers. One reviewer called it "The Dulling," and it's plain to see why. American cinema is at a low, and Stanley Kubrick's latest effort lowers it still. Avoid it at all costs.

Ken Sternberg

Camp Murrietta's sixth year at TESC

by DeAnna Reynolds

Forty young girls came to Evergreen this summer to try to slim down and learn eating and exercise habits that would keep them at their ideal weight. This is the sixth year the college has hosted Camp Murrietta, a weight-loss operation based in San Diego, California. Each family paid \$1,895 to send their daughter through the seven-week program.

Camp Murrietta gives the girls a chance to learn what causes obesity, how to eat properly, and how to maintain weight loss. A controlled diet and physical fitness activities are combined with classes on good nutrition and self-improvement. Counseling sessions are held to help each girl understand her weight problem.

There are no pills, drugs, or fad diets. Meals consist of foods served at home. The menu was developed by Dr. Barbara Gunning, Ph.D., a professional nutritionist. Each day's nutritionally-balanced meals contain an average of 1,100 calories.

Through the exercising routines and sports, the average camper burns up around 3,200 calories daily—a loss of 2,100 calories per day, which results in a weight reduction of four pounds a week. Separate charts containing the physical measurements, weight, and amount of stored energy (fat mass) of each girl are established at the beginning of camp. They are updated regularly and weekly reports are sent to parents.

Each camp has its own professional nutritionist who teaches the girls sound



nutritional concepts concerning the types, proportions, and values of foods necessary for weight loss and/or maintenance. Experts in many other fields also visit the camps to give instruction in fashion, poise, and personal grooming.

During the seven weeks, the girls learn how to plan home meals and select food in restaurants, at school, and at parties. At the end of camp, each girl receives a copy of the menu plan, plus other take-

home material to share with her family. Following camp, monthly information, such as special recipes, exercise plans, and reminders of what was learned at camp is sent to each camper.

Camp Murrietta's exercise program covers a wide variety of activities, all designed to add fun to weight loss. Expert instruction is given in sport skills like tennis, racquetball, and volleyball. Aerobic physical fitness was scientifically de-

veloped to help reduce fat mass and tone the whole body. Water Ballet and pool slimnastics are set to music and easy to learn. The wide variety of sports helps each girl find a desirable form of exercise to continue after leaving camp.

Counseling is an important aspect of Camp Murrietta. The camp has an open door policy, meaning the staff members are available to talk at any time. Each has been trained to deal with the problems that may arise during camp and understand each girl's special feelings. There is at least one staff member per five girls.

Special events and activities took the girls to Mt. Rainier, the Pacific Beaches, and Seattle, where they visited the Space Needle, Seattle Center, and watched a Sounder/Mariners game. The most exciting and looked-forward-to trip was the shopping spree near the conclusion of camp. Besides these jaunts, the campers had the opportunity to participate in three running events: the five-mile Lacey Mad Dash, the Diet Pepsi Run, and the Puyallup Run.

Director Diane Murphy said she is glad to be a part of the Camp Murrietta program because it is rewarding for both campers and staff alike. She mentioned that although it is usually hard to go from a sedentary to an active lifestyle and from eating what one wants to eating a restricted diet, the girls generally enjoy the program. Excess weight is a physical and social handicap, said Diane, and to be able to help the girls overcome it is exciting and satisfying.

NOTES

WOLF FOR NATIONAL MAMMAL

A group of Michigan State University students are challenging 49 other universities in the nation, including Evergreen, to a unique college contest. The challenge is to obtain the most signatures in a petition drive to have the wolf designated our national mammal. To date 125,000 signatures have been elicited in the goal toward one million.

Students interested in accepting the challenge can obtain their information packets by writing to "Wolf," 2841 Colony Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104. The contest officially began April 15, and will continue through 1980. As a reward for those students who gather the most signatures, a special benefit concert will be given on the winning campus by jazz musician and wolf lover, Paul Winter.

Filled petitions should be mailed to the Wolf for National Mammal office in Ann Arbor for tabulation. Monthly tallies will be made available to the schools to inform them of their progress in competition with the other universities involved in the contest.

DENTAL HEALTH COURSE

A class on dental health will take place at the Olympia Food Co-op Thursday, August 21 from 7:30-10 p.m. Soaring Bear, author of *Natural Dental Wellness*, will discuss and demonstrate wholistic, self-care techniques, emphasizing such topics as no x-rays, drilling, root canals, or mercury; more cleaning; more exercises; more chewing of raw, local, whole organically grown foods; and herbs. Two dollar donation. For more info contact Maggie Welch or Tyra Lindquist 754-7666.

TEACHER EXAMS COMING UP

Students completing teacher preparation programs and advanced degree candidates in specific fields may take the National Teacher Examinations on any of three different test dates in 1980-81. Educational Testing Service, the nonprofit, educational organization that administers this testing program, said today that the tests will be given November 8, 1980, February 21, 1981, and June 20, 1981, at test centers throughout the United States.

Results of the National Teacher Examinations are considered by many large school districts as one of several factors in the selection of new teachers and used by several states for the credentialing of teachers or licensing of advanced candidates. Some colleges require all seniors preparing to teach to take the examinations.

Prospective registrants should contact the school districts in which they seek employment, state agencies in which they seek certification or licensing, their colleges, or the appropriate educational association for advice about which examinations to take and when to take them.

The NTE Bulletin of Information contains a list of test centers and general information about the examinations, as well as a registration form. Copies may be obtained from college placement officers, school personnel departments, or directly from National Teacher Examinations, Box 911, Educational Testing Service, Princeton, New Jersey 08541.

NEW LIBRARY HOURS

Regular Summer Library hours will continue through Friday, August 29.

Evaluation Week open house will be Tuesday, September 2 to Friday, September 5, 8 a.m.-5 p.m. The library will be closed Saturday through Monday, August 30-September 1 for Labor Day weekend.

Quarter Break Hours, September 6-19, will be Mondays through Fridays, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.; closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Media Loan will be closed September 6 through 28.

Media Services will continue their Summer Quarter hours through Evaluation Week. Electronic Media and the Media Production Center will be closed September 6-21. Photo Services will be open 1-4:30 p.m. Tuesday through Thursday, September 9-11 and September 16-18 (during the break).

Fall Orientation Week hours will be Saturday and Sunday, September 20-21 noon-4 p.m.; Monday through Friday, September 22-26 8 a.m.-5 p.m.; Saturday and Sunday, September 27-28 1-5 p.m. During that week Media Services will be open Monday through Friday as follows: Electronic Media, 9-12 and 1-5 p.m.; Photo Services, 1-4:30 p.m.; Media Production Center 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

SPONSOR A PIGEON

Weighing about one pound with a quarter-ounce brain, homing pigeons have an uncanny navigational ability.

On Saturday, August 23, this ability will be tested as several hundred birds will be released from Salem, Oregon, to race home to lofts in the Puget Sound area. Belonging to members of the Evergreen and Puget Sound Racing Pigeon Concourses, these sleek aerodynamically perfect homing pigeons will be competing in a benefit event for the American Heart Association of Washington. You can become involved in this unusual competitive event, by sponsoring a racing pigeon. Proceeds from the race will benefit the American Heart Association of Washington and will help to continue its fight against heart and blood vessel disease. For more information call Lou Jensen, Race Chairman, 206-922-5223, or Tom Page of the Heart Assn. at 1-800-562-6718.

HARVEST FAIR AT ORGANIC FARM

The Organic Farm at The Evergreen State College is having a Harvest Fair planning meeting/potluck on Tuesday, August 26, from 6:30 on, at The Organic Farm House.

The Harvest Fair will be a campus-wide event held on Sunday, September 28 from 11 a.m. till dusk at The Organic Farm. Seminars on Co-ops, organic farming, indoor gardening, and other related subjects will begin at 11 a.m. and run until dinner at 3 p.m. In conjunction with the seminars local artists, potters, and musicians will exhibit their wares and talent. Dinner will consist of all organic veggies, shell fish, smoked salmon, and a variety of other tasty treats.

Tuesday's meeting/potluck will focus on finding and directing energies interested in working on developing the event, an outreach program, exhibiting wares, and/or working on the event itself.

If you would like more information or directions to the farm grounds, please contact Dan Farber, Tim O'Conner, or Chester Tippet at 866-6161 or drop by The Organic Farm.



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The Cooper Point Journal is published weekly for the students, staff and faculty of The Evergreen State College. Views expressed are not necessarily those of the College or of the Journal's staff. Advertising material contained herein does not imply endorsement by this newspaper. Offices are located in the College Activities Building (CAB) 104. Phone: 866-6213. All contributions must be signed, typed, double-spaced and of reasonable length. Names will be withheld on request. The editors reserve the right to edit letters and articles for length, content, and style.

WANTED

SALESPERSON for the Activities Calendar, 81. Sell coupons to local merchants. Fulltime Job. Lots of MONEY to be made for enthusiastic individual. Contact Peter Epperson/ Campus Activities, TESC, 866-6220 or 866-6210.

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Lonely man, age 26, wishes to correspond with anyone interested in building a meaningful relationship. Serving time in Nevada, will be paroling to Portland soon. Will answer any and all letters. Photos welcome. Address to Jack Wolfenberger, P.O. Box 607, Carson City, Nevada 89701.



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Reagan and Thatcher: two sides of the same coin?

by Thom Richardson

Throughout the industrialized Western nations, conservative parties are gaining electoral victories that not long ago would have seemed impossible. Joe Clark ousted Canada's Liberals for a spell last year. In West Germany, the Conservative Franz-Josef Strauss is challenging the Social Democrats. But most important for the U.S. is the victory of Tory Margaret Thatcher in Great Britain's elections last May 3. Whether one considers the decline of our respective empires, the ascent of our respective welfare states, or the arrival of punk rock, events in the U.S. often seem to follow those in the U.K.—after a lag of a few years time.

Thus, some sense of the similarities and differences between the Tory Margaret Thatcher and the Republican Ronald Reagan should help an understanding of the latter's approaching campaign. He will employ many of the same tactics that she did on her way to Number 10 Downing Street. He will be subject to many of the same criticisms that she was. He will institute (or promise to) many of the same policies that she has implemented (or promised to). Most important, like Mrs. Thatcher, he may get elected.

SIMILARITIES

Both (will) have come to power after more moderate members of their party failed to be reelected:

Edward Heath's Conservative government was ousted in favor of the Labour Party during the inflationary recession of 1974. Subsequently, Mrs. Thatcher led the radical Right in an "anybody-but-Heath" campaign that led to her control of the Tories. She then headed the "loyal opposition" until the elections of May 3.

Ronald Reagan captured his conservative party after Gerald Ford's 1976 defeat at the hands of Mr. Carter. As in England, a middle of the road conservative was punished for a national recession, for "losing the reins" of the economy.

Both (will) have been elected on the belief that they'd get the economy moving again—that they'd get "results":

Harping relentlessly on the evils of

socialism, and its blame for England's decline as an industrial power, Maggie Thatcher promised to cut taxes, raise productivity and shrink the inefficient welfare state. Her pre-election speeches harped on the imperative need to stem Great Britain's slide into East European-style totalitarianism. Citing conservative American economist Milton Friedman, she expressed the belief that the inherent vigor of capitalist enterprise would—if allowed—restore the relative wealth to which the British were accustomed.

Reagan's version of the let-the-economy-produce fable is very nearly the same. Milton Friedman is also a Reagan advisor. The economist's disdain for both "fine tuning" in particular, and governmental intervention in the economy in general, are sure to be central tenets of any Reagan administration. By playing on the fears of most Americans, whose standards of living have dropped in the '70s, the ex-movie star hopes to duplicate Thatcher's win.

Both (will) have been elected by means of heretofore unprecedented media campaigns:

A sophisticated advertising campaign helped to elect Margaret Thatcher. It was conducted at two levels. First, they had to render the "Iron Lady" palatable to the majority of Britons. Second, they conducted the media campaign with accusations and innuendos, playing on a decline in British standards of living that is similar to our own. Extremely well-financed and exceptionally ideological, her ads didn't attack individuals so much as the Labour Party and liberalism in general. "Inflation is high; unemployment is too. Isn't it time for a change? Vote Conservative. For a change."

Maggie played on the most basic fears of the average Briton, as Christopher Hitchens noted last year:

"Every speech stressed the virtues of family life, the need to restore capital punishment, the urgency of 'making Britain great again' and the undesirability of having too many Commonwealth immigrants."

The Tories, moreover, have advised the Republicans on the means of their television success. Our 1980 election season has already been graced with a few examples of this right wing propaganda, and more are sure to follow. Viewers have been treated to scenes of Republican hatchets chopping Democratic baloney. The GOP is also using an episode set in an auto driven by a Democrat who obviously represents Tip O'Neil, and who disregards repeated warnings about his waste of gasoline—only to run out in a desert.

Both are unusually reliant upon their advisors:

Sir Geoffrey Howe is Chancellor of the Exchequer, roughly equivalent to our Treasury Department. Sir Keith Joseph, head of Thatcher's pre-election brain trust, is Secretary of Industry. Both are devout monetarists, as are John Biffen, Chief Secretary to the Treasury, and John Nott, Secretary of State for Trade. "Indeed," writes Geoffrey Smith in the Atlantic, "it is sometimes said that within her cabinet there is a magic circle, of which she is not a member, composed of those more experienced, more liberal heavyweights such as Lord Carrington, William Whitlow, Francis Pym and James Prior."

Educated in Hollywood, as opposed to Oxford, Reagan is even more reliant on those around him. Indeed, it is the question of who shall have access to his ear that currently occupies the Far Right. In one corner are the older, traditional-conservatives like Herbert Stein, William Simon, and George Shultz—Nixon appointees all. They argue for a moderate tax cut coupled with a comparable cut in government spending, basic ideas of the old guard of the GOP.

In the other corner are the neo-conservatives," epitomized by Wall Street Journal editorialists Irving Kristol and Jude Wanniski. They propose a huge tax cut—with no similar reduction in government spending. Based on a theory originated by Southern California economist Arthur Laffer, they believe that a cut in



the tax rate will stimulate the economy so much that the tax revenues will actually grow! Foremost among the polls promoting this idea is ex-Pro football player Rep. Jack Kemp, co-sponsor of the Reagan-endorsed Kemp-Roth tax cut bill.

ECONOMICS: SIMILARITIES OR DIFFERENCES?

The extent to which the respective Tory

and GOP economic policies coincide will depend upon the winner of the debate within the Reagan camp. Clearly, Thatcher's brand of conservatism is closer to that of the traditional wing of the Republican Party. For example, her governmental philosophy, like that of the GOP old guard, rejects expansionist fiscal or monetary policies, indeed any "fine tuning," as means to encourage full employment and rapid growth. The Tories are similarly opposed to "income policies"—guaranteed shares of income to different groups within society.

But more important in terms of distinguishing them from America's neo-conservatives is the way the Tories view

tax cuts. They are not Lafferites—meaning that they intend to balance their tax cuts with spending cuts. They wish to pare down resources that are at the control of the public sector.

The British Trade Union movement is more highly developed than ours. Unlike those in the U.S., the English trade unions are highly politicized, vocal and powerful. With a membership of 12 million, they constitute nearly 50% of the registered workforce. Over the years, the Labour Party has pulled much further to the left than the Democratic Party and the U.S. unions, themselves only about a quarter of the American workforce.

Thatcher has two cushions Reagan likely wouldn't have. She is presiding over a British windfall, namely North Sea oil. By 1983-84, their oil revenue may reach 6 billion pounds annually—about eight percent of government spending, the money from sales of that oil—at prices as high, or higher than, those of OPEC—should allow the English something of a reprieve from feeling the full effects of Thatcher's bitter pills. Nothing like North Sea oil is likely to be bestowed upon the U.S.

In addition, Thatcher was elected last May 3 with a 43-seat majority in Parliament. Since in Britain's parliamentary system, a head of state may be removed from office only if that body passes a vote of no-confidence, her margin represents a bit of safety. The Right feels she is assured of a full five-year term in office.

Ronald Reagan, on the other hand, is unlikely to receive the mandate Thatcher did. Though John B. Anderson's independent candidacy could prove beneficial to Reagan, a three-way race will probably mean that the ultimate victor will be denied a clear majority. Winning with around 40 percent of the vote should make Reagan a much weaker head of state than is Mrs. Thatcher.

Most important, the final comparison between a Reagan and a Thatcher government has to be in terms of longevity. Though she has a large parliamentary majority, Mrs. Thatcher's reelection prospects look dim because her support among working class Britons is on the wane. Though Mr. Reagan looks like the likely winner in November, his administration will probably suffer a similar fate. His current popularity shouldn't last long past inauguration day.

GOVERNMENT WASTE

The U.S. Department of Agriculture's Cooperative Extension program pays for Washington State University to publish a regional newsletter called Capitol Ideas. What is the government providing us with via this costly enterprise? Such valuable information as how to remove summer stains, what to do with leftover egg yolks, how to make your own spaghetti sauce, and how to preserve dried floral arrangements. (The bottom of the rag proudly proclaims, "Washington State University and United States Department of Agriculture Cooperating." A comforting thought, eh?) Kathy informs me that this is the same agency that provides a toll-free canning crisis line. And all this time you were wondering how those billions of federal tax dollars help you!

CITIZENS' PARTY

On Tuesday, August 26 at 7:30 p.m. the Thurston County Citizens' Party will be having an informational meeting at the Olympia Public Library. A videotape of the Bill Moyers show with Barry Commoner, the presidential candidate of the Citizens' Party, will be shown. There will also be a presentation on the national platform of the Citizens' Party. If you're tired of voting for the lesser of two—or three—evils, please attend and find out about the country's newest political party.

DISSENT

The right to dissent is the only thing that makes life tolerable for a judge of an appellate court. It is essential to the operation of a free press. The affairs of government could not be conducted by democratic standards without it. It is a healthy influence in every classroom, on every board of education, at every council meeting. It is the right to dissent, not the right or duty to conform, which gives dignity, worth, and individuality to man. As Carl Sandburg recently said, "There always ought to be beatniks in a culture, hollering about the respectables."

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INTERNSHIPS

These are just a few of the brand-new internships available for Fall. Many more internship opportunities are available. For more information, contact the Office of Cooperative Education and make an appointment with a counselor. LAB 11020, 866-6391.

Job Placement Assistant. Responsibilities of intern would include job development, researching local resources for job placement and career counseling. Hours negotiable. Volunteer position.

Field Promotion Representative. Intern would coordinate the advertising and implementation of on-snow promotional events in cooperation with ski equipment retailers and sales representatives in six market areas. Interviews for this position begin October 1. Internship is December 1 through January 30. Volunteer position, with benefits.

Counselor Trainee. Intern would be directly involved in client/patient care in an alcoholic treatment center. Duties would include individual counseling, group therapy (training and leading), intake and discharge procedures, report writing and charting, crisis intervention, staff meetings and more. Six months, 20-30 hours/week. Volunteer.

Advertising Coordinator. Intern would conduct advertising sales by mail and phone; schedule ad insertions; design, typeset and paste-up new advertising copy; supervise layout under managing editors direction and handle billing procedures for a special interest magazine. Three-month position with the possibility of continuation, 20 hours/week. Volunteer position with low-cost lodging available on site.

Advertising Sales Representative. Intern would be trained to represent the newspaper as a salesperson and as such, will call on present and prospective advertisers, assist with their advertising and become involved with the production of their ads. Two quarters, 40 hours/week or negotiable. Volunteer position with travel allowance.

Reporter/photographer or Photographer. Intern would perform basic reporting of hard news, feature and in-depth stories, learn editing, darkroom skills, page design and composition. One or two quarters, hours negotiable. Volunteer position with travel allowance.

Mathematician/Programmer. Intern would check measurements for inconsistencies or errors, fit equations to data, do multiple regression and covariance analysis using a computer terminal. Three quarters, hours flexible. Volunteer position.

Women's Soccer Technical Analyst. Intern would assist the head coach with the following: team promotion, coaching, team management, travel arrangements and technical aspects of training. Fall quarter only, hours variable. Volunteer.

Bald Eagle Research Assistant. Intern would be responsible for measuring and analyzing forestry, land use and human disturbance parameters in the vicinity of bald eagle nests in Western Washington and determine a habitat profile. One to three quarters, 100% of the time on site. Volunteer with all food, transportation and equipment paid in the field.

Counseling Intern. Responsibilities of intern would include general office procedures; initial contacts (walk-in and phone); paraprofessional counseling (i.e., crisis intervention, some ongoing counseling); liaison; outreach and special projects. Three quarters, 20 hours/week negotiable. Work-study position.

Shop Assistant. Responsibilities of intern would include: grinding; polishing; spray painting and some welding of metal works. One quarter starting April, 1980, 40 hours/week. Room and board provided.

Arts Program Assistant. Intern would be responsible for disseminating information about the program, coordinating classrooms, developing program concepts and materials, assisting artists in workshops and writing articles for newspapers concerning the program. Two quarters, 15/20 hours/week. Volunteer position.

Resource Center Assistant. The intern would assist the center director in gathering and cataloging material for center library, complete a solar demographic inventory to assist in development of county energy plan and attend conferences. One to three quarters, 20 hours/week. Volunteer position.

Administrative Assistant. Intern would assist the program manager in all aspects of running an evening high school program, i.e., student counseling, tutoring, arranging audio-visual equipment, filing, assisting with work experience evaluations, etc. Three quarters, 20 hours/week approx. Volunteer position.

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S&A ATTEMPTS MEETING

The S&A Board will make yet another feeble attempt at raising a quorum this summer. On Thursday, August 21, at 1 p.m. in Lib 2110, the S&A Board will meet to discuss such thorny issues as the newest ACCESS proposal, if we can raise a quorum.

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Brief impressions of a Spanish summer

by Mary Young

I can't believe I just flew 15 hours across the world. I don't want to pinch myself to see if I am really in Madrid. If I wake up from this fantastic dream, I might not have the courage to figure out the map, the road signs, or the car manual. All of which are in Spanish—which I don't speak.

But it is real. All my life I dreamed of the day I would stroll through some ancient European street, arm in arm with my true love, looking radiant and feeling marvelously sophisticated. Actually at this moment I feel like dead corn flakes, look like dead corn flakes, and my true love's arms, as well as mine, are loaded with too much luggage that is too heavy.

According to our inner clocks it is somewhere between 6 and 7 o'clock in the morning. According to the clock in the modern marble and glass Barajas airport it is nearly time for the paseo to begin: the time of night when Spain dresses up and takes a stroll up and down the streets snacking on tapas and sipping vermouth or a little vino. And, of course, chattering and visiting the entire time.

We head out on the carretera for what must be the city center—oops—I had the map upside down. My first lesson in navigation: there are no street signs. I don't know where we are. "Turn right," I instruct my husband, Gilbert. "Does this look familiar?"

Go down that street. Go left. Forget it. I don't know where we are. I'm starving. I'm dead. I hate this place. Where's the street signs? What's he honking about? These people drive like maniacs. I can't stand this. Pull over. Yuk, smell the pollution!

Screech! We pull over. "There's a bar back there, I think. Should I ask that man where a bar is?" That man has just zipped up behind us in a rather beat-up white something. I scrutinize him carefully. He slides out of his car and I decide he looks like a gangster, even though he really looks like a chubby leprechaun with glasses and a business suit.

Gilbert addresses the shady-looking character. I clutch my purse close to me. These two are talking in Spanish, wildly nodding and waving their arms around. "What is he saying? What did you say? Where are we? Is there food around here?" "Come on, come on," Gilbert says to me. "He's going to take us to his place. He's invited us up for a drink." The leprechaun is grinning at me like a crazy man. "No way. I'm not going. This guy looks like a pervert." "Tervert? You've been watching too much television. Have faith."

We follow the pervert down the street along freshly whitewashed stucco facades to a modest doorway along a row of doorways. Still following, we climb a few flights of wide marble stairs. I am sure we are going to be axe-murdered. I can tell by his oily little smile.

We enter a dark foyer. The oily one swiftly unlocks the door to his apartment and orders us to "Passe! Passe!" We obey. I am a nervous wreck. I haven't slept for 30 hours. We are ordered to sit. Our host leaves the room. He comes back with a well-dressed woman, who is larger than he is. She has on a white, silk blouse, a tight black skirt and spike heels with a thin ankle strap. Her heavy makeup is flawless. "The madam," I whisper to myself. We are all introduced. Senor Pareja and his wife disappear when Gilbert answers, "Yes we do like wine and, no, my wife has never had Spanish wine."

Bringing silver trays of crystal glasses, a crystal decanter of a rose orange liquid and some dishes of a curious white chunky substance and curls of purplish something, Senor and Senora Pareja fill the glass coffee table. I am convinced we are being poisoned in some weird cult ritual. At the same time, I am hungry enough to take a chance on the snacks. The smooth Spanish cheese and the uncooked cured ham are tastes I have not experienced before. Maybe these people are just friendly. No. Nobody would act like this in the United States.

Senor Pareja takes my arm and motions for me to go with him. "What does he want?" "He wants to show you the house." "No, I don't want to see his house." "He's proud of his house." What can I say? Okay Senor Pareja, show me your house.

The floors of the apartment are bare polished wood. The walls are either papered or panelled with plastic strips decorated with ornate designs. None of the rooms are large but all are serviceable.

Senor Pareja is proud of his small, red clay tile terrace. A petite wrought-iron garden furniture set, whitewashed the white of the building, stands arranged among begonias, geraniums, asparagus ferns, spider plants and other foliage. The balcony overlooks a courtyard below. Senor Pareja pushes me out onto the balcony and excitedly points out the view of the Madrid hills.

consultation (the family addresses me in Spanish, including me in all the conversations and consulting me as well as Gilbert) a place is decided on and a map is drawn. We should have no problem finding this pension. Just ring the bell and someone will come down and let you in.

We shake hands. The women kiss me and I kiss them back on both sides of the cheeks. Addresses are exchanged and many, many "Muchas gracias's." I am so embarrassed to have thought so many horrible thoughts about this family. We agree to call the next day to let everyone

her family and drinking homemade cherry brandy. Her sister-in-law stuffed my purse with cookies when I said I couldn't eat them on the spot. "They have butter in them!" she told me.

Or the fields of people, deep brown against the parched wheat fields, slowly drawn around in circles, circles, circles all their lives, threshing wheat the way wheat had been threshed for centuries, who asked me to ride with them behind their oxen on wheat-polished boards. They gave us a bottle of wine from their cave cellars. Or the priest and his sister who raised carnations and gave me a bunch



The room Senor Pareja is proudest of is the modern kitchen. Everything is white. Huge bottles of olive oil are crowded together in a corner with some bottles of vinegar and a large container of olives. A braid of garlic hangs over the sink. A small, pilot box is attached to the wall near the sink. It must be lit each time for hot water. At the end of the narrow kitchen there is a tiny balcony, almost like a battlement. This is the pantry.

We step out into the cool desert air. The shelves are stuffed with tomatoes, peppers, cans of tomato sauce, onions, barras of bread, lettuce, peas and small packages of milk. From a hook above, I am startled to see hanging, tied by the foot with a piece of rope, the leg of a pig. Parts of the thigh have been sliced away. Senor Pareja is very proud of this acquisition. He dashes into the kitchen, returning with a knife and promptly slices off a chunk of the fermented purple flesh. This is no time to claim vegetarianism. I eat the tapa and Senor Pareja asks me if I like it (I think) and I answer as I have throughout the tour, "Muy bueno! Si! Si! Muy bueno!" I smile as madly as he does. The tour is over after I am shown the family's brand-new refrigerator that has not been installed yet and the tiny washing machine. All clothes in Spain are hung out to dry: they flap in the wind every day like giant birds on rooftops or slap against ancient, whitewashed stucco walls.

In the living room a young daughter and son are scanning the telephone book for a suitable and inexpensive place for us to stay that night. I am finally convinced that these are amazingly kind and generous people and not the thieves and moral wantons I had imagined.

Several places are called and after much

know how we liked the place and to let them know of our destination. Senor Pareja gives us his family card with his name and his wife's name printed formally on it. In their culture, the man takes his mother's maiden name as his last name and the woman takes both her parents' names as well as that of her husband. Their names extend across the card. The Pareja's consider us good friends and make us promise to write or visit again. All of Spain was like this; Portugal, too. Like the time we raced up the coast of Portugal following a traveling salesman, drinking green wine from kegs and stopping only when he had to do business or to eat clams in six different ways. Or the 74-year-old grandma, dressed in the black of all the older women and the widows, who chopped up a wooden box, built a fire in the street and cooked fresh sardines for us, turning them with her fingers. Or the ox-drawn carts sharing the carretera with zippy coches honking and speeding their way through the windy narrow streets. Or the eleventh-century fortress we slept in complete with parlor maids, stuffy waiters and stuffed suits of armor. Or the gypsies in their blue wagons with dogs and pans tied to the sides. Or the long, low fields broken, patchwork-like, with ancient rock walls. Or the wild fiestas laced with a powerful home brew—aguardiente—and "Goodness, Gracious, Great Balls of Fire!"

Or the frighteningly cool stones of the old cathedrals, which house the sorrows of the centuries, as well as the bones of the saints and apostles, all tinged with the stale fragrance of incense. Or the young woman, my age, who looked older, who worked from eight in the morning until two the following morning, who took breaks to speed us all over town meeting

because I was a bride and who gave us a dinner and took us to visit a mountain with 4000-year-old Celtic ruins just because we took a picture of his church.

Or the women bent over their gardens hoeing or the women bent over rocks beating their clothes clean in the river. Or the men in the bars with their black berets sipping brandies or the fish wives with their peg clogs, or the men, toothless as the women, bent over their nets mending, mending, always mending for the next catch. Or the food, the wine, the ancient dusky odors, the rancid odors, the gas fumes rolling in great clouds down the streets, the guardia civil armed with automatic weapons. The too soft beds, straw pillows, cold showers, powerful coffee, too much sugar.

And Goya, Velazquez and El Greco. Wild folk dances and wild laughter. Many friends and infinite generosity. Crinkled old men who want a kiss on the cheek, little children who want some pesetas, and dumpling-like ladies who, giggling, want to know how much sex we have. How much larger and how much smaller can the world be?

I speak a little bit of mangled Spanish now. I don't know if I will ever see my friends in Spain again. We'll write letters and exchange photographs. Most don't have a telephone, so I cannot call them.

These people who are so free lived for 40 years under a dictatorship that kept them indoors with their politics, kept pornography, drugs, jeans, coca-cola and Burger King out of their culture. The Spanish people with their blue eyes and red hair. The Spanish people with their black eyes and black hair. The country where the forties, fifties, sixties and seventies are all happening at the same time in the nineteen eighties.

Blues Brothers bust up Chicago

by Kathy Davis

The Blues Brothers is exactly what a good modern musical comedy should be—it's funny, fast and colorful. While the great musical comedies of the past have been squeezed out by the current obsession with horror and death, this movie stands out among all the murder mysteries, hokey romances and juvenile comedies playing around town. It's a celebration of rhythm and blues music, of Chicago and of survival in the American culture.

John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd, two of the brightest comics to emerge from Saturday Night Live into their own careers, play the brothers, Joliet (for Joliet State Prison) Jake and Elwood Blues, characters they originated on the TV show. The simple plot ties all the action together tightly and cleverly. After his release from prison, Jake is "born again" by the spirit of the blues. He convinces Elwood that they must put their old band back together and raise the money to save the Catholic orphanage where they grew up. While on their "mission from God" they attract a group of vengeful enemies, who pursue them throughout the film.

The Illinois State Patrol wants them because all of Elwood's driving indiscretions show up "like a rash" on their computer terminals. They eventually engage the Chicago police, National Guard and a SWAT team in pursuit of the slippery brothers in their Bluesmobile (ironically an old police car).

The Illinois Nazi Party is after them because the brothers gave them a humiliating dunking in the river during one of their marches (A reference to the march by the real Nazi Party in the Jewish community of Skokie, Illinois over a year ago). And besides, they're Catholic.

A mysterious and beautiful woman



(Carrie Fisher of "Star Wars" fame), who works at the "Curl Up and Dye Beauty Salon," goes after Jake and Elwood with some of the most vicious weapons imaginable. Fortunately, she has terrible aim.

The Good Old Boys (a stereotypical country band) in their Winnebago trailer are determined to get the Blues brothers for taking over their gig at Bob's Country Bunker. Bob wants them to pay the \$300 beer tab they ran up.

If all this sounds hectic, it is. The movie is fast-paced and that's why it's so engaging. My only criticism of *The Blues Brothers* is that the vehicle violence is overdone. My guess is that they threw in lots of high-speed chases and cars smashing into piles of more cars to draw in the teen and pre-teen crowds and ensure a high gross on this very expensive production. However, it seems to me they could

have saved quite a sum if they hadn't wasted so many brand new cars.

All of the violence is cartoon-style where not a drop of blood is shed. When the troopers' cars end up in a mangled pile, the worst injury is a broken watch. When the mysterious lady blows up the boarding house out from under our heroes, they emerge from beneath a pile of bricks unscathed.

The comedy in *The Blues Brothers* is classic Saturday Night Live stuff. The satire is aimed at American institutions and sub-cultures, rather than at individuals.

They take jabs at the pomposity of Catholicism, the rowdiness of country bars, the plasticness of shopping malls, the red-shag-plushness of Holiday Inn cocktail lounges and the snobbishness of fancy French restaurants. Even the cartoon violence could be seen as a satire on

modern movies that depend so heavily on flashy crashes and explosions.

Like Laurel and Hardy, the interactions between Belushi and Aykroyd are effective because the affection and friendship between the two is so evident. Their physical contrast and slapstick antics are also reminiscent of that classic comic team.

I saved the best for last—the music and dancing. Fans of rhythm and blues, soul or gospel will love *The Blues Brothers* for the music alone. Even though Jake and Elwood are white, they are moved by and obsessed with the deep spirituality and driving optimism—despite hardship—that is at the root of modern Black American music. The entire movie is filmed in Chicago, the mecca of the blues. The Black musicians and singers appearing in *The Blues Brothers* are some of the most admired, like Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown and John Lee Hooker. Not only do they perform wonderful musical numbers, but some take on acting parts with professionalism. Aretha Franklin is perfect as the snide cafe waitress who breaks into song.

There are just two numbers that include dancing (although Jake and Elwood are always hot hoofers when performing) but they are perhaps the most memorable. In the scene at the "Triple Rock Baptist Church," the brightly costumed congregation lets the power of the music send them into a frenzy of leaps and gyrations. If I could have had that much fun at my hometown Methodist church, I might be an enthusiastic Christian today.

In sum, *The Blues Brothers* is FUN. It keeps you laughing, tapping your feet, even swaying in your seat. Though the brothers and their band do not escape the consequences of their actions, they leave us with this moral: NO MATTER HOW BAD YOUR LIFE MAY SEEM, MUSIC WILL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER.

Book Review

"No-No Boy" speaks of whole society

No-No Boy by John Okada, 1957. Originally published by Charles Tuttle. Available with introduction and afterword by Lawson Fusao Inada and Frank Chin, from Combined Asian American Resources Project, Inc., P.O. Box 18621, Seattle, WA 98118. \$5.95.

NO-NO BOY by John Okada

By Ami Benson

No-No Boy, a book about the Japanese-Americans who refused to serve in the U.S. Army during WWII, is all the more powerful because it was written by John Okada, a Japanese-American who did serve. Okada manages to express clearly and convincingly the dilemmas and guilt faced by many Japanese-American men who answered "no" to the questionnaire issued in internment camps by the U.S. Government.

"Walking down the street that autumn morning with a small, black suitcase, he felt like an intruder in a world to which he had no claim. It was just enough that he should feel this way, for, of his own free will, he had stood before the judge and said that he would not go in the army. At the time there was no other choice for him. That was when he was twenty-three, a man of twenty-three. Now, two years older, he was even more of a man."

Okada tells of Ichiro's struggle to be accepted by his family, his Japanese-American peers, and as an American citizen in a time and society of fear and prejudice. To be accepted, Ichiro has to learn to live with himself, to see through his own confusion and shame. He must deal not only with his friends who fought in the war, who resent him because his "No-No" status makes their claim to America tenuous, but also with other "No-No Boys". Ichiro initially regards "No-No Boys", thus himself, as non-entities. He must also deal with his mother, an Issei (first-generation Japanese-American) who insists that Ichiro is a "true Japanese" for not fighting. She is intensely proud of him.

She clings to Japanese traditions, hates America, and is waiting only for the boat to arrive so her family can return to Japan.

Okada uses dialect extensively without stereotyping his character. He describes believably: tall Japanese-American men; large Japanese-Americans who don't resemble sumo wrestlers; Japanese-

American women who are not the expected silent and cunning types out to trick American men. Through Ichiro he shows the frustration and bitterness often felt by the Nisei (second-generation Japanese-Americans) toward the *loyal Issei* (such as Ichiro's mother) as well as the difficulties the Issei faced raising their

children in America.

At first glance the reader might be led to believe that Okada agrees with Ichiro's guilt. However, in that he refers to prejudices against other minorities—the scene where "that crazy Jap boy Floyd" tries to get two of his Black friends into a club, Ichiro's memory of a man being expelled from a church because he is Black-Okada maintains his impartial stance to give his book the power of objectivity. He covers the "right" issues, and, for the most part, handles them carefully.

Midway through the book Okada's style becomes somewhat less objective—the author becomes more obvious. His prose seems occasionally sloppy, repetitive, and his bitterness for Japanese traditions that, in America, tend to be destructive shows through. Although his ending seems contrived, Okada has built toward it well-giving glimpses of Americans and Japanese-Americans who accepted the "No-No Boys" despite the seemingly insurmountable wall of hostility; of the Issei who wanted to end the nightmare of war, forget the internment experience, and send aid to friends and relatives in Japan; and of the realization by Ichiro's antagonists, the Japanese-American veterans, that the war would continue as long as Japanese-Americans were pitted against Japanese-Americans, and Nisei against Issei.

The few lapses in Okada's style should not stop anyone from reading this vital account of Japanese-Americans that speaks not only of the post-internment experience but of our society as a whole. It is the best book written by a Japanese-American that I have read.

"The questionnaire was sponsored by the U.S. Government War Relocation Authority and was meant to be filled out, in secret, by every person of age. The questions read, in sum: 1. Do you pledge your loyalty to the government of the United States and promise to abide by the laws of this country? (Answer yes or no) 2. Do you forswear allegiance to the Emperor of Japan? (Answer yes or no)

