

REVIEWS...

Red Rockers: serious psychedelia Beat Happening: fun

by Wendi D. Kerr

The Red Rockers want to be known as a band with serious intentions.

In the short space of three albums, they've evolved from neo-Clash punks to neo-psychedelic intellectuals hovering on the brink of popular success. Their last album, *Good As Gold* featured one song, "China," which was even an MTV hit.

There could be more video fame in store for this photogenic band, but the Red Rockers have more in mind than winning MTV's Friday Night Video Fights. In the album *Schizophrenic Circus*, their songs are about frustration and fear: Frustration with the economy, fear of war, fear of rejection. The lyrics float over a background of trebly guitar arpeggios in some songs ("Just Like You"), while others break loose and jump ("Blood From A Stone").

Much of the album shows a style similar to U2, Big Country, the Alarm, and R.E.M., with a strong mid-'60's influence. "Good Thing I Know Her", in particular, has the psychedelic flavor, with Byrdsy 12-string guitar, feedback, and lyrics like "She's a psychedelic playground/A kaleidoscope of color." "Shades of 45" features a guitar ending straight out of Sgt. Pepper, with a voice-over reminiscent of the one at the end of "I Am The Walrus."

A surprise was the remake of Barry McGuire's hit "Eve Of Destruction," the only protest song ever to hit Number One. The song sounds like R.E.M. until lead vocalist John Griffith starts to sing; from that point on, the song is strictly routine. Griffith's voice just doesn't seem to carry the conviction of the original recording.

In "Another Day," the band

sounds almost mainstream, with a metallic guitar solo and pensive piano finale. "Burning Bridges," on the other hand, features droning vocals representative of the type of psychedelia many of us hope will never return, the kind that only sounds good if you're very stoned. It's similar to the Beatles' "Tomorrow Never Knows," but doesn't stand up to it in comparison.

On the whole, however, the album isn't half bad. The production has an ethereal quality that complements the songs nicely, and though certain songs are slightly annoying or bland, certain others are gems. You'll never hear this on commercial radio, so it could be a worthwhile purchase.

One more review: Local record stores are now carrying a single by Olympia favorites Beat Happening, "Our Secret" backed with "What's Important." "Our Secret" kind of reminds me of the songs I used to

ad-lib when I was seven: repetitive tune, simple lyrics, and not much of an ending. I like this song anyway, perhaps because of the local references ("We could go swimming in Capitol Lake"), or maybe because the song is so un-self-consciously fun.

The flip side, "What's Important", was my favorite of the pair. It has a nice jangly-guitar sound, though it also lacked an ending. I won't fool you; this record isn't particularly melodic, but it does have an appealing roughness. Fans of local/underground music should be pleased. An additional note of interest: The record was produced by Greg Sage of the Wipers.

Short Notes (WARNING--These may appear in future editions of Trivial Pursuit!): Fans of R.E.M. may be interested to hear that the band's single, "Rockville," features a live recording of "Catapult" that was recorded at the Seattle show on June 27, 1984.

Band-Aid's "Do They Know It's Christmas" has just become the biggest selling single in British history, outselling Paul McCartney's "Mull Of Kintyre." Somehow, I don't feel

too sorry for ol' Paulie.

The American answer to Band-Aid, "We Are The World," comes out this week. The song was co-written by Michael Jackson and Lionel Richie, and includes guest vocals by Bruce Springsteen, Bob Dylan, Daryl Hall and John Oates, Diana Ross, and nearly every other major American artist except Prince, who decided not to participate in the group recording, though he will donate a song to an upcoming "USA For Africa" album.

Samurai classic shows tonight

by Gregg Osborn

This evening's "Thursday Night Film," the last for this quarter, is Japanese director Akira Kurosawa's most acclaimed work, *The Seven Samurai*, (1954).

Probably the most influential samurai film ever made, it remains an enduring classic. It countered the idea of samurai films as little more than sword-slashing amusements for the matinee crowd. The sword-slashing films have, rather healthily, remained, but *The Seven Samurai* looked deeper into the dynamics of the society involved in the fight and not just the fight itself.

The Seven Samurai and several of Kurosawa's later samurai films were the basis for numerous American westerns (including John Sturges' *The Magnificent Seven* as well as Sergio Leone's many spaghetti westerns with Clint Eastwood).

The Seven Samurai concerns the adventure of seven unemployed samurai who are hired by poor rice farmers to protect their village from marauding bandits. Among the samurai are two prominent Japanese actors who have acted in many of Kurosawa's successful films, Toshiro Mifune as the aspiring samurai, and Takashi Shimura as the leader of the group. When the bandits attack, the samurai more than earn the farmers' (and the audience's) payment. It is an alternately funny, exciting and moving tale about survival and, I suppose, the importance of doing one's job well.

Due to its length (3 1/2 hours) there will be only one showing at 7pm in Lecture Hall 1. Tickets are \$1.50, and free child care is available in Library 3221.

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Dutch film shows man's inhumanity to man

by Cindy Davis

The shock of the Dutch film "Max Havelaar" remains in the mind long after the curtain goes down. This film vividly rips open the truths of man's inhumanity to man, which reaches across the span of time. It is not only a comment on the underlying cruelty of colonial imperialism but a revelation of the gruesome reality of timeless human exploitation by the powerful.

It bares the hypocrisy of society's institutions that would have a peo-

ple believe in the illusion of their inherent righteousness. By focusing on a single example of human exploitation and the individuals involved, the film serves to bring home the full, painful reality of all exploitation, including that which continues today.

The scenes of this true story take place mostly in Indonesia between 1850 and 1860, during the reign of Dutch imperialism. The interests of the Dutch have long been intertwined with those of the native rulers, in a system arranged solely for the

benefit of those in power.

On the scene arrives Max Havelaar, a just and patriotic Dutch officer appointed to the position of assistant-resident in the impoverished province of Lebak. The man's respect for the natives and his unselfish commitment to the welfare of all in the province builds him up as a hero. The viewer keeps waiting for the fulfillment of his aims, the reward for his undaunted spirit.

Simultaneously the depth of Havelaar's naivete is gradually revealed, and the true extent of the corruption and injustice of the system appears. The long film builds towards its bitter, anti-climactic finish, in which Havelaar hopelessly realizes the cruel and exploitative purposes of his nation's colonial policies, and his helplessness in helping the oppressed. The unmerciful

suffering and murder of the Indonesian people will continue in the name of his own king.

The shock of such a film demands the viewer's reflection. How can one man, and one culture, be so ignorant and unfeeling of the oppression it inflicts on another people? How does it happen that well-meaning people are the driving force behind inhuman evils? What is the value of one people's "progress" that leaves the human flesh of others mangled in its wake? What role do I play, or refuse to play, in the changing yet continuing crisis of cross-cultural exploitation?

These are the questions brought forth from the raw impact of the film. The shock is painfully real; the ramifications continue to ring in our ears.

POETRY ETC...



A Poem

"AUGGIE"

Auggie peers above my sink
Pink and black, it makes me think
How we proved our love at the Federalhouse
With breakfast and a big gold couch.
Our Christmas tree with liver spots
The memory will be there until it Rots.

Anne Culbertson

Modernity, Bane of the Thane

One morning, on answering a loud pounding at my door, I was surprised to find a huge man, dressed in medieval armor, standing in the rain. "Who are you?" I demanded of him.

"You do not recognize a hero when he stands before you," he replied. "Beowulf is my name."

"Beowulf! I've just been reading about your exploits, your slaying of the monsters and dragons that once plagued mankind. But what are you doing here in the 20th century?"

"The world is yet plagued by monsters and dragons. In fact they surround you, but you do not recognize them any better than you recognize a hero. I have come to slay these demons."

"You are a bold fellow, Beowulf, but who says we want our demons slain? We worship our demons."

"Indeed you do, and that is why your world is so confused. You think yourselves more secure than the people of the dark times, but you live in continual terror, constantly escalating your defenses, clothing yourselves in invisible armor, holding on to those you love with all your might for fear of abandonment, afraid even to get out of bed in the morning. I have come to show you how to live."

"I'm sorry," I told him, "but the old ways won't work any more. We have technologized everything. Why do we need heroes when we have computers?"

"Your computers enslave you. You worship them as if they were gods. Perhaps the computers are your monsters and dragons. I will slay them first. Then the televisions, the fast-food chains, the automobiles, the nuclear power plants, all the plastic-producing machines..."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute, you're tearing down all of modern society. Some of those things you mention are very wonderful and useful. They make life easy."

"So why do you want life to be easy? What does it profit a man to live an easy life? Perhaps that's your greatest demon. I must slay the easy life!" (This guy would slay everything in sight, I thought, if given the chance.)

"You can't do it, Beowulf. Our society would crumble."

"Without some courageous humans, it would indeed. I will teach you to let go of your fear, to open your hearts and live courageously."

"I'm afraid it's too late, my friend. We can't go back. Progress is the name of the game."

Beowulf sighed. "Yes, even I have to make some concessions to the times," he said. It was then that I noticed he was wearing running shoes, and his armor appeared to be made of polypropylene. "Well, I must be off. There are many monsters here, and my work is cut out for me."

I sincerely wished him luck, but did not express what I knew to be true: that no one has ever yet slain a computer, and that all those who have tried have met horrible deaths. After all, gods are, by definition, immortal.

Greg Beutel

Space Case

I am the space case
The one you talk about sometimes
The one who's slightly strange
And doesn't talk much

When you talk to me
You might see my eyes get glazed
And I'll nod or say, "Uh-huh"
At the appropriate moment
But you know I haven't heard a word you've said.

Sometimes while riding on the bus
Or during seminar
I'll hear Grateful Dead inside my head
Or maybe I'll be deep in the rain forests
Or playing my guitar

But I'm not paranoid anymore
Because I see through your head games
And power trips
And I know what's real

So sometimes I'll smile
For no reason at all
I know the best way
To see the world
Is from space

And the joke is really on you
For though I may appear to you
To be many miles away
When I come home
No one knows where I've been

Ruby Jones

I'm a big shining image of masculinity's
blond haired, bemuscled, bejeweled, successful
phallus pressing myself into what I choose because
I need to prove that I am the perfect man.

No

I'm a super-intellectual, always punctual,
understanding, emotional, fair and good
icon knocking on the door of perception's
enlightening house because I am the perfect man.

I'm

I'm a self-flagellating, self-denigrating,
easily under-thumbed heap of passive mentally
castrated dust mice crawling not onto, but instead underneath
the protective bed of femininity because I am the perfect man.

Not.

T. Vere Bailey

I'm Tired

I'm tired of being mired,
in your prolix waxing
I find it far too taxing
Subjectively you interpret,
selectively you work it,
I say-I've had my surfeit.

Humanistic sky pied
dig in and divide,
too soon gone they cried.
You elite egalitarians,
proudly green barbarians,
making war on antiquarians.

The ways you fight each other,
sister versus brother,
through words the flame you'll smother.

My poetry, it's true, for the dogs,
hopes to remove the clogs,
of your unseen ocular logs.

For once-please unite,
here's illusion: black or white,
there truly is no fight.
Although for now I'm pissed,
we ultimately won't be missed,
so gladly I remain.....

an invertebrate biologist.

Donald Mack

every lost genius
a secret mind
beyond death

Pete Murney