





# IRAN INTERVIEW

Continued from page 1

says, for example, that as he sat in a cafe in Teheran reading Newsweek's account of the strict banning of all music in Iran, a man passed by him listening to Bach on a transistor radio.

"You couldn't hear the music," he says, "even though it was the religious month, the month of fasting, when things are generally very quiet. But even more important...

"I read the international version of Newsweek and it had a piece on women, after the revolution, who worked for the government, would be tested for their virginity. When I said this to Iranians, they were shocked."

Ali claims such press accounts, which dominate our daily news about the new conditions in Iran, are false. He says one of Khomeini's first acts was to give women the vote, something the Shah and all his "westernization" had not done. Last summer, outside Teheran, Ali took part in the popular elections to establish a new constitution. He says he saw women voting along with the men.

Women, he says, are choosing a return to traditional dress, not having it imposed on them. The freedom of women under the Shah, according to Ali, was "the freedom to buy western cosmetics." The wearing of veils, he said, is only happening in a region of Iran which has always been religiously very orthodox.

CPJ: What about the suppression of the left wing?

Ali: Actually, one of the problems we had (after the Revolution) was there were too many voices. The leftists coming from the Soviet Union were the ones who weakened Mossadegh (the government before the Shah) and provided the right environment for the CIA to have its coup.

And there were also the very progressive ones, that I was so proud to talk to this summer. But leftists, equally with Moslems, enjoy so much freedom that it was almost unhealthy because for a country that just came out of a revolution, there must be a certain degree of stability restored.

CPJ: But in general you think the left has more freedom under Khomeini than under the Shah?

Ali: They have more freedom, they are doing a lot better, but they are realizing for the first time how isolated they have been from the masses.

CPJ: Are they being suppressed, though, and jailed for the spreading of their ideas?

Ali: Not at all.

CPJ: Is there freedom of the press?

Ali: By all means...

CPJ: You had a brother who was in jail under the Shah? What was he in jail for?

Ali: Possessing a book. A left-wing book.

CPJ: And he was freed by the revolution?

Ali: Yes.

CPJ: And you were afraid to go back until after the Revolution?

Ali: Yes. I was afraid I would not be allowed to leave again. I was afraid I'd be used against my brother.

Ali described how his father was tortured by the Shah's police while Ali's little brother was forced to watch. He feels that after 25 years of police-state brutality and murder, the Iranian people are justified in their anger at the Shah and his supporter, the U.S.

Ali: I need to give you a little bit of background. In 1953 we had a CIA-engineered coup, which is pretty much affirmed now, for everybody... the first case of successful CIA involvement in the Middle East.

And they put the Shah back. The Shah had been overthrown by this nationalistic guy who in this country they made it sound that he was a communist—he was by no means, he was just simply a nationalist leader who tried to nationalize the oil. That's where the U.S. came in and took over the role the United Kingdom had been playing there for a long time.

So in 1953 an unpopular leader was imposed on the Iranians by force. Ever since then, from 1953 to 1978, a conserv-

ative estimate I heard was that half a million people spent time in jails for political reasons. And nobody knows the numbers of people that were killed... In the last 14 months of the Revolution, 60,000 people were killed (by the Shah). So we have this background... and we still have hundreds of thousands of crippled people who are still recovering from the bullets, from the wounds.

After the Revolution, we had our hopes up for the first time, that U.S. imperialism to survive, it had to exploit and manipulate new techniques. And one of them that made a lot of sense was they had to support nationalist movements, a nationalist government. It was just an impossible thing to do, to have the Shah there where he wasn't wanted at all, with all those armies and billions of dollars.

But they found that the U.S. was continuing its policy of having a headquarters (at the embassy) to monitor Iranian affairs. And what was absolutely ignored by the press in this country was the arrest of two Americans in Teheran's airport with two suitcases that in them were microfilms of important things—not only important buildings in Teheran and other major cities but also the location of schools, hospitals, government agencies.

So gradually Iranians—and by all means they are anti-Soviet Union, they have suffered from the policies of the Soviet Union as much as from the U.S.—gradually they started losing hopes. And when the (now former) Prime Minister (of the new government) came to this country, he was promised the Shah would not be let in this country...

Shah is in no way an exception to tradition. Hesse was a Nazi, he was sick, he was in London, he still is aging and sick and he can get better health outside of prison but nevertheless he still is in prison.

Khomeini gave a message to the envoy of Pope John Paul II, a couple of days ago, and he said the fact we want the Shah to be tried is not for satisfaction. We want him to have a fair trial. We are even willing to go as far as accepting representatives of other nations concerned about him to come observe that he is going to get a fair trial. But what is important is to find out some facts of who supported him and what kind of support and how much support he got in his politics of genocide.

"I feel very depressed now, seeing this

thing, what it has developed into. They were willing to forget about the past. Imagine, for all these years we were paying the price for just the fact that the CIA engineered a coup there. They (Iranians) come out of it and they had such a clean attitude. And obviously in this country they didn't exploit that. They could have... the opportunities were there.

The Iranian Revolution, the post-Revolution, really has been the most peaceful post-revolution era in any revolution. And the executions they make such a big deal of were basically executions of people affiliated with the regime, engaged in acts of genocide—not just killing one or two people—and torture, this is what people could not bring them selves to forgive. And Khomeini, in recent months, has put a halt to all executions, said no executions anymore."

CPJ: Has the Shah been condemned to death?

Ali: In his absence, yes. There was a trial. But they want to get their hands on him and give him a fair trial.

CPJ: A lot of people who realize how bad the Shah was still can't agree with what they see as the bloodthirsty, vengeful desire to have him back and execute him.

Ali: Well, I personally am against capital punishment but I didn't lose any members of my family.

CPJ: What do you think of Carter's order that all Iranian students report to their local immigration office?

Ali: So far it hasn't been bad... they're talking about Iranians who are here on an illegal basis. That's not bad at all.

CPJ: You don't feel that's a general kind of racist attitude?

Ali: It is in a way, but it's very stupid, more stupid than it is racist.

CPJ: I think it's stupid, yeah. It seems to me it puts the hostages in danger, that kind of anti-Iranian...

Ali: They're not dealing with the main question. Unless they take responsibility—and accept that what hurts Iran is the Shah being here—they cannot deal with it.

As the interview ended, a friend of Ali's came in. In a few days he's flying back to Iran. We joked that if he waited, maybe Jimmy Carter would pay for his deportation ticket home. But underneath our laughter was an awareness of the seriousness of the situation.

# SLOUCHING TOWARD OBLIVION

By David Joyner

About ten years ago a queer little book appeared and began to make big noises. It was called *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*, and it was a strange book in that though its subjects were contemporary, its spirit seemed to be making a guest appearance from the eighteenth century. The author, Joan Didion, displayed an aggressive scepticism which evoked not beads or Vietnam, but rather periwigs and chocolate houses. And while she described herself as "physically small," "temperamentally unobtrusive," and "neurotically inarticulate," she thundered as only those Enlightenment egos could, thundered loud enough and strong enough to send people to their prayers, thundered until she was taken seriously. Now, a decade later, Joan Didion raises her voice again in a new essay collection called *The White Album*.

In a sense this new book is simply a continuation of *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*. Together they chronicle the life, death, and aftermath of the 1960s. It must be made clear, however, that these essays are not sentimental recollections of a bygone age. Both books are founded on the premise that certain characteristics of the late '60s point to an ongoing cultural decay, and the details of this deterioration are about as sentimental as an artificial limb. There were the student activists at San Francisco State College,

for example, who began rioting with particular issues in mind, but who, somewhere between the Dean's office and the Huntley-Brinkley news team had lost the point. Were they rising for (a) an end to the war in Vietnam, (b) an end to distortion in the media, or (c) Civil Rights? In the end the answer is all and none of the above. No one remembered. No one cared. "Disorder was its own point."

Action derives its meaning from the idea which prompts it. In 1969, the connection between idea and action became rickety at best. It surprises no one, in fact, to learn that the year, and an entire era, ended with an action for which the only "idea" was destruction: the Tate or Cielo Drive murders. But it is surprising to learn that this vital link is still incom-

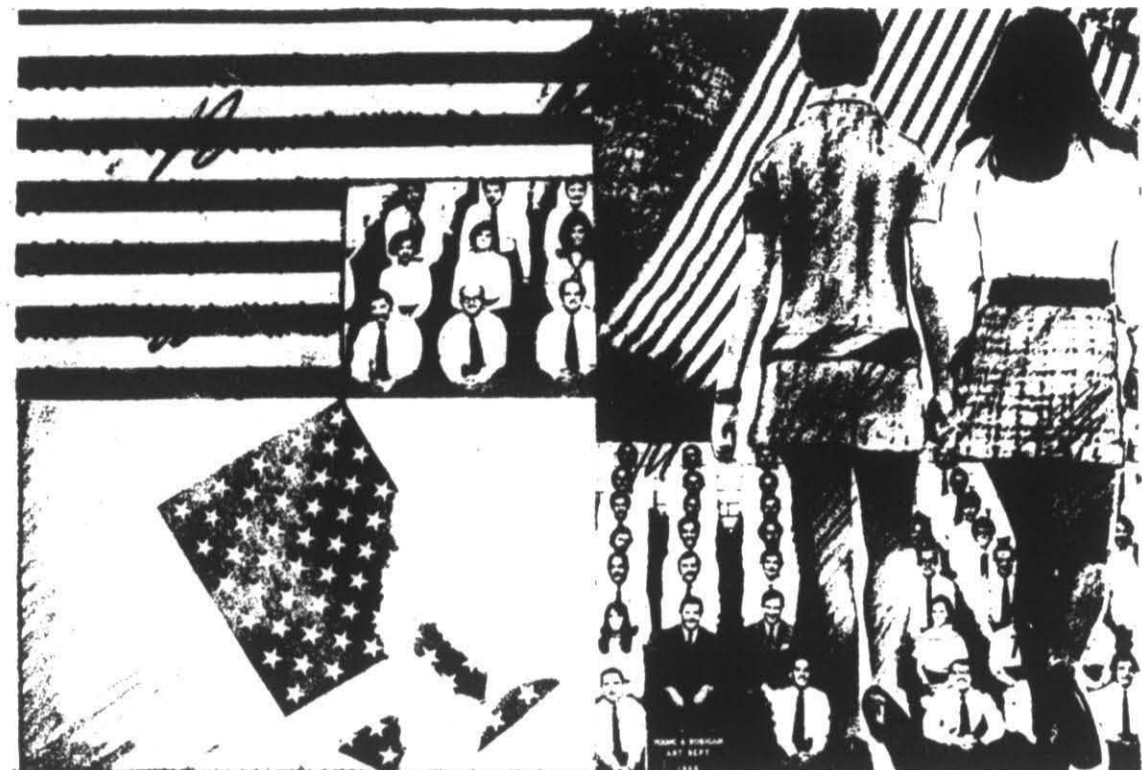
plete. In an essay called "The Women's Movement," Ms. Didion illustrates the division that exists today between feminist theorists like Shulamith Firestone, and the women "who want not a revolution but 'romance,' who believe not in the oppression of women but in their own chances for a new life in exactly the mold of their old life." The idea of the movement, Didion says, is Marxist (with women playing proletariat), but somewhere between Shulamith Firestone and Ms magazine the revolution got lost and romance took over.

*The White Album* is not a book for those who are single-mindedly devoted to either side of any cause or issue. Joan Didion is an acutely rational woman who remains steadfastly aloof from most of the more ridiculous chatter that surrounds many social and political organizations. Like her hero Georgia O'Keefe, Didion is a free-thinker, and not afraid to say what she thinks in a spare, muscular prose.

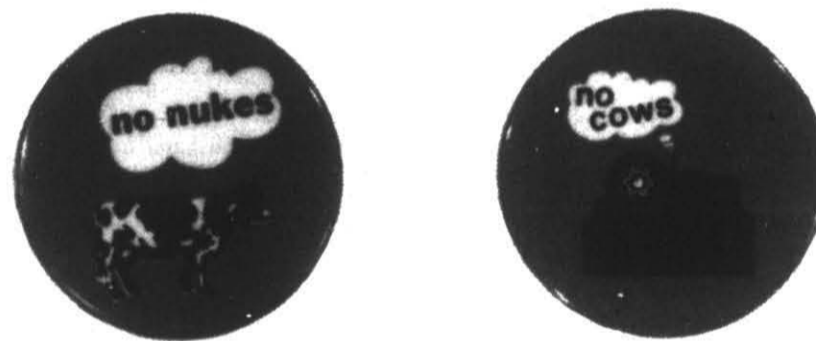
All one's actual apprehension of what it is like to be a woman, the irreconcilable difference of it—that sense of living one's deepest life underwater, that dark involvement with blood and birth and death—could now be declared invalid, unnecessary, one never felt it at all.

Joan Didion is "committed mainly to the exploration of most distinctions and 'ambiguities,'" and often this means that she uncovers some nasty contradictions in the assumptions that anchor our lives. Fortunately, her engaging style makes such distasteful revelations more bearable.

Finally, for those of us who live in a decade that died ten years ago, for those of us who will soon be telling our children what it was like in the "good old days," for those of us who haven't realized it yet, *The White Album* is an alarm clock. In large red digital letters it reads: 1979 and 50 seconds. Time to wake up.



Cathy Bruden



## SKAGIT NUKE DELAY

By Ben Alexander

Nuclear power in the Northwest sustained a severe blow on Monday, when the Puget Sound Power and Light Co. announced that it is considering deferral of its nuclear power plant program for a minimum of two years.

A luncheon meeting at the Washington Athletic Club was the scene for this stunning speech by Puget Power President John Ellis. He added that the company is also considering an alternative proposal, to scale down their projects from four to two power plants, eliminating one each from sites at Pebble Springs, Ore. and Skagit County. The company's stockholders will consider these proposals at a meeting later this month.

This development followed quickly on the heels of a Skagit County advisory vote in which a resounding 72% voted against the siting of a nuclear power plant there. The turnout at Skagit County polls was a record 67% of the county's registered voters.

The wrath of the local citizens was stirred up when Puget Power brought suit against the County Commissioners in an attempt to stop the advisory ballot. The County Commissioners are considering whether to extend Puget Power's zoning ordinance, and the company argued in the lawsuit that a denial of this zoning ordinance would result in "irreparable damage" to the company, as well as increased costs. The judge in this case ruled that the people still have the right to vote on whether they wanted nuclear power plants in Skagit County.

Only four days before the close of voter registration, the County Commissioners announced that the question would appear on the ballot. In those four days over 3000 new voters signed up, representing a 10% increase in the total

number of registered voters.

In the face of this overwhelming sentiment, Puget Power spokesperson Chris Curtis emphasized that the company's action is not a reply to the Skagit voters.

"The Skagit vote didn't directly affect the decision of the company," Curtis stated. "It was affected more by the climate of the country at large."

Curtis was referring to the negative climate towards the NRC and nuclear power in general, which is a result of such recent developments as the release of the report by the President's Committee to Investigate the Accident at Three Mile Island. This report indicated that as many as two-thirds of the nation's currently operating nuclear power plants may have faulty emergency back-up systems. It also recommended disbanding the NRC and completely restructuring the federal regulatory procedures.

"The NRC is in a very fluctuating environment, and given that, we don't want to begin something that may again have to come to a halt" is the way Curtis put it. In the meantime, the company will get involved in construction of coal-burning plants around the Northwest.

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JOKE OF THE WEEK

There's a Riot Goin' On.  
An armored van that blasts green-colored water while blaring disco music is the latest anti-riot vehicle in use in South Africa.

Harry Breisford, manager of Hotline Equipment in Johannesburg, says "The idea of combining water and music came from South America, where police found that bursts of music and water help defuse the violence and antagonism of rioting crowds."

## Put yourself where you're needed



Peace Corps and VISTA Volunteers have a tradition of sharing their knowledge and skills with the people of developing nations and here at home. They're individuals who combine a special sense of adventure with a desire to help other people.

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November 27 & 28: Information Table, 9 a.m.-4 p.m., CAB-Main Floor.

November 27: VISTA Brown Bag Seminar, Noon-1 p.m., CAB 110.

November 28: Peace Corps Brown Bag Seminar, Noon-1 p.m., CAB 110.

November 28: Interviews, 9 a.m.-4 p.m., Career Planning & Placement-Library 1213.

## DANIEL

By Alexis Jetter

Where is Daniel Simons? Or, some may ask, who is Daniel Simons? If you rode the Evergreen bus this past summer or read the CPJ interview with him, you might recall Daniel. He was that 86-year-old dorm resident who'd patiently wait on the wrong side of the street for the TESC van, tweed hat perched atop his carefully groomed pate, SWP button pinned to his lapel. He was fond of engaging students in conversation—the benefits of distilled water was a favorite—and quickly won the affection of summer staff and other stragglers.

Well, in spite of plans to attend Ever-

green this fall, Daniel dropped out of sight in early September, leaving no word of his whereabouts. Some time later, Admissions received a letter from Daniel, explaining that he would not be registering and hoping they "weren't worried" about him. Apparently, that twinkly-eyed old lizard has cut town and is basking in the Phoenix, Arizona sun. I'll miss him.

So my plans of doing a second interview with Daniel have been sunk. But I do have a precious tape from my original interview that will be aired on KAOS-FM (83.3) Monday, November 19 from noon to 1 p.m. There's a lot more of Daniel Simons than could be stuffed into a CPJ interview. Tune in!



## Need Money?

How about earning a 25% commission for selling ads for the CPJ?

One person earned \$20 in one hour!

We'll train you!

## Find Out!

Sales info meeting tomorrow (Friday, Nov. 16) 2 p.m., CAB 108

Or, contact Jon Todd at the CPJ (CAB 104, x6312) any afternoon.



POLITICAL AND INANE

On Tuesday Nov. 20, from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. one of the largest collections of political and inane bumperstickers ever assembled in Olympia will be on sale for the benefit of the Community Skills Exchange. The Hannukah Christmas gift-giving season is once again upon us. Buy one for yourself and someone you love (or loathe). In the CAB Lobby.

INTENSE KAOS

KAOS FM radio continues its marathon with 24 hour-a-day programming through Nov. 18. Tune in to 89.3 FM for contributions, requests, and general craziness.

MS. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON

Susan Smith, Evergreen librarian and coordinator of Media Services, will be among ten delegates from Washington State attending the national White House Conference on Library and Information Services on Nov. 15-19. That week has been set aside to "be with a book for a day" in an attempt to involve all citizens in an effort to expand public awareness of library services and resources.

THE EVERGREEN EXPERIENCE

Are you interested in talking about your Evergreen experiences with current high school and community college students?

Recent high school or community college graduates (within the past three years) who are returning to their home town over winter break, are needed as part of The Evergreen Experience Program.

The Admissions Office is willing to train you as a Student-Representative for a day. For further information, please stop by the Admissions Office.

TURKEY TROT

It's almost time to run for your turkey again. The Evergreen State College Running Club will stage its eighth annual "turkey trot" for men, women and children Saturday, November 17, beginning at 11 a.m. in front of the Daniel J. Evans Library.

The run, a 2.7-mile test, generates prize turkeys for male and female winners in each of six age brackets. Second place finishers can carry home a Thanksgiving chicken, third place runners win a Cornish game hen, and fourth place competitors win a dozen eggs. In addition, a number of surprise awards will be presented at the traditional Saturday race, which carries a \$2 registration fee to help defray costs of the awards.

CAREERS IN SOCIAL CHANGE

Social Change Vacations will be discussed in Career Planning & Placements third After Evergreen: Investigating the Future workshop. People from the ACLU

and two collectively run businesses will be here to answer your questions about finding and doing politically and personally meaningful work outside, inside, and around the System. Join us Wednesday, November 28, from 2-4 p.m. in CAB 110.

WOMEN AND THE LAW

The Northwest Women and the Law Conference held October 26-28 in Salem, Oregon, will be the subject of a Women's Center Forum, Tuesday November 27th. Alexis Jetter, one of three TESC students who attended the conference, will focus on recent developments in Lesbian Custody cases. She'll also share more general impressions of the two-day event AND—here's the main attraction—will tote along her tape of the Teresa Trull/Julie Homi concert, from their October 26th Salem appearance. So when Alexis starts to drone, you can just lean back and wait for the music to start. Library 3214 at noon.

HARD ROADS AND CANCER

Dr. Ruth Shearer, a research scientist in carcinogenesis at the Issaquah Health Research Institute in Issaquah, Washington, will give two lectures in LH 1 on Monday, Nov. 19. The first, Nutrition as a Factor in Cancer Prevention, will be from 10-12 a.m. From 2-4 p.m., she will describe The Hard Road to Becoming a Woman Scientist. Both talks are free and open to the public. Sponsored by the Energy Systems Program.

OBRADOR.

This Friday, November 16 at 9 p.m. in the Communications Building Recital Hall, Supplemental Events is sponsoring a concert of new music performed by a superb seven-piece group who has been satisfying a wide listening audience since early 1976: OBRADOR!

The group features the multiple reed work of Tom Russell and Manuel Pinson; trap, conga and percussion work by James Doney and Michael Olson; guitar and black box by Paul Hjelm; Stephen Luceno on bass and guitar and Pianist Michael Moore. OBRADOR has played throughout the west in concert and club settings and with such artists as Don Cherry, Colin Walcott, Jack DeJohnette, Lester Bowie and the late Charles Mingus.

NUCLEAR-FREE WALK

The people in Skagit County on November 6th voted heavily against building a nuclear power plant in their county.

But the fight goes on. A fundraising walk will be held Saturday, November 17th in Mt. Vernon, Washington to raise money for legal expenses to make certain the plant is never constructed. It will start at Skagit Valley College, East Parking Lot, between 8 and 10 a.m.

If you would like to help by taking part in the 20 kilometer walk or by pledging support call 757-4360.

Two Scenes from "Seven Samurai"



By Erich Roe

The plot of Akira Kurosawa's "Seven Samurai" is a relentless march toward the final climactic battle. Despite its 3 1/2-hour length, this superbly economical film rarely slackens its mounting intensity. For me the most memorable scenes are those which seem the most unconvincing—which seem to linger in quiet pools aside from the rushing mainstream of the action. Two of these I'll elaborate on here, relating them to concepts of traditional Japanese aesthetics. Kurosawa has been called the most Western of Japanese filmmakers and "Seven Samurai" can easily be compared to American Westerns (it was remade as one: "The Magnificent Seven"), but in these two scenes he displays a thoroughly Japanese sensibility as far as one who knows Japan only through its art can tell.

The youngest of the samurai has fallen in love with a young woman who had been disguised as a boy by her mistrustful father. The two meet secretly beneath the sunlit canopy of the forest in a field of blossoms. It is a tender, beautiful scene as they begin with innocent play

and end by making love for the first time. The camera keeps a patient distance and a feeling of detached serenity is evoked. Suddenly two other samurai enter, reveal that bandits are nearby and the first deadly encounter between the opposing forces ensues. With silent, chilling precision, two bandit scouts are killed. A swift, smooth shift of mood has taken place with seeming "naturalness" and inevitability. We are reminded that their affair is thwarted from the very beginning.

"Mono no aware" is suggested here—the aesthetic quality developed during the Heian (9-12th centuries) era and fundamental to the Japanese sensibility ever since. It cannot be adequately defined in rational or didactic discourse, but only alluded to; it is understood only through experience. Noringana, an 18th century theorist, calls it "a deep feeling over things." He continues: "Human feelings are deepest in love... the most profound and touching instances of 'mono no aware' are therefore most frequently observed in love affairs" and "man feels more deeply when his wish is thwarted... therefore, one commonly equates

'aware' with grief." "Mono no aware" has been translated as "gentle melancholy," "nostalgic emotionalism" or "sensitivity to the beautiful sadness of things." Not a purely subjective feeling, it refers to a pathos inherent in the beauty of the external world, a beauty such as that of the autumn moon, inexorably fated to disappear together with the observer. It pervades this poem from *The Tale of Genji*:

"With flowers that fade, with leaves that turn, they speak  
Most surely of a world where all is fleeting."

and this prologue from *Tales of the Heike*:

"The sound of the bell of Jetavana echoes the impermanence of all things. The hue of the flowers of the teak-tree declares that they who flourish here are brought low. Yes, the proud ones are but for a moment, like an evening dream in springtime. The mighty are destroyed at the last, they are but as the dust before the wind."

Three samurai and a farmer carry out an early morning raid on the bandits' fort. While they set it afire, we see the bandits inside, asleep with women they had raped and abducted during their raids. There is a short cut of a woman awakening. She sees the flames, yet instead of warning the others or attempting to flee, she lies back down. Half-obscured by wisps of smoke, partially clothed in stolen silk, she presents a beautiful but forlorn image. The unearthly sound of the No flute renders the scene utterly mysterious. Moments later as bandits are slaughtered and hurled, naked and haphazardly, into muddy pools, she emerges from the smoke. We see her face and the farmer's in quick

cuts. There is instant recognition and pain in both. (Earlier it was revealed that this farmer's "uptightness" was due to his wife having been carried off by the bandits.) She turns around and re-enters the burning house. He screams and lunges after her. A samurai restrains him but is shot. The other two admonish the farmer that he has caused the needless death of a valuable fighter.

The wife's choice of death rather than return to her husband may seem incomprehensible to Western audiences. Considering Japanese society's strong indoctrination of the fear of shame (especially for women) in the eyes of others, it is understandable, if also excruciating. Again the No flute is heard, the drama is "distanced" from the audience and imbued with an intense paradox of austere beauty, grief and mystery.

At least a hint of "yugen" is conveyed. "Yugen" was the highest ideal of medieval Japanese art. Roughly it means "dark and obscure" and was used to describe the profound, remote and mysterious, that which cannot directly be grasped through words. It must be preceded by "aware" and like it, is intuitive-ly sensed. "Yugen" was carried to its zenith in the No theater, perfected by Zeami (1363-1443). In the No drama usually a ghost with the face hidden by a mask of severe beauty, appears to former lovers or friends and bemoans her or his fate before departing this world for some further unknown. A refined, wistful sadness accompanies half-hidden or suggested beauty, both elusive and meaningful. Zeami wrote that the actor must have entered the realm of "yugen" to "bring it" to the audience. "Yugen's" meanings include "transcendental phantasm," elegance, gentleness, subtleness and stillness. Inseparable from Zen, it connotes supra-rational insight into some quasi-mystic, sublime truth. Zen poetry is used to allude to it:

"Life and death, past and present—marionettes on a toy stage.  
When the strings are broken,  
Behold the broken pieces."

and "At midnight in Silla the sun is bright."

I don't really know what it means, but I hope I've contributed to your appreciation of the film.

PETER the FOOL

By T. J. Simpson

Having already promised to review Godard's *Pierrot Le Fou*, I now find that I've set up an almost impossible task for myself. To simply label "*Pierrot Le Fou*" as a "complex" film is like saying Joyce's "*Ulysses*" is about a man yearning for a son. What makes things even more difficult is not really knowing what kind of an audience will be reading this or attending the film Friday. It appears that many Evergreen filmgoers are unfamiliar with his works (even though his "*Masculin-Feminin*" was the second-highest grossing film *The Friday* Nite Film series showed last year). Yet, in the 1960's, college students (especially the more radical and "counter-culture" types) flocked to and responded to Godard's films much in the same way students respond to Herzog in the 70's. However, Godard has hardly been heard from in this decade, and no one seems to forget the cultural and political past faster than Americans.

Jean Luc Godard, along with Claude Chabrol and Francois Truffaut, blazed the way for the French cinema's "new wave" in the late 50's and early 60's. To

ning cinemascopie color photography helps the constantly shifting moods of the film by using a lot of red in the violent scenes, and green and blue in the more tranquilized. In the party scene, the screen is bathed in a different brightly colored tint for each shot. The most amazing visual aspect of the film is in the scene when we see Belmondo and Karina driving at night with an insanely rhythmic reflection of colored lights on the windshield. The lights come from both sides of the screen, fly off at a tangent, then keep coming back to repeat the same cycle. This effect, combined with the dialogue, is one of the most pleasing displays of cinematic virtuosity that I've ever seen. (Martin Scorsese was definitely inspired by this in "*Taxi Driver*.")

As the film shifts back and forth from comedy, drama, musical, and thriller, Godard gives tribute to those whose works influenced him. Sam Fuller, a grade-B film director whom Godard greatly admires, appears as himself, stating "the film is like a battleground... love... hate... action... violence... death... in one word... emotion." (In some ways, this sums up "*Pierrot Le Fou*," too.) Nicholas Ray's "*Johnny Guitar*"



Jean-Paul Belmondo in "Pierrot Le Fou."

many film scholars (including myself) Godard is the most important and influential filmmaker of the last 30 years. (His influence on the current German "new wave" is unmistakable.) Godard opened the door for new cinematic techniques and political and social themes. 1960's college students identified with the sense of alienation, disillusion, and radical humor of his works. Godard's characters were often outlaws living outside of society, but had their own new moral code, one that also struck a chord with the 60's youth. Infused into this were daring, experimental cinematic and narrative devices, political protest, and homages to other films and filmmakers, poets, philosophers, novelists, etc.

All that I've just described in the preceding paragraph is epitomized in "*Pierrot Le Fou*." On the surface, it's a story about a frustrated writer (Jean Paul Belmondo) who meets an old lover (Anna Karina) at a boring party where people talk in slogans from T.V. commercials. Disgusted with this bourgeois life, he leaves the party and his wife with the lover, only to find that she is involved with a gang of criminals. They steal some money and go off on a sometimes idyllic, sometimes hilarious odyssey along the French coast until the apocalyptic climax.

But it's the themes, jokes, literary references, and cinematic devices that give the film its rich complexity. Belmondo's name is really Ferdinand, but Karina keeps calling him "Pierrot," the name of a famous forlorn lover in French pantomime. Ferdinand's rejection of the name becomes a running gag in the film that keeps running even in the absurd-tragic ending. Raoul Coutard's stun-

gets at least two homages and metaphors towards Rimbaud's life and writing are abundant. (The last part of the film is subtitled "A Season in Hell.")

Some knowledge of 1960's politics and culture (this was the first film to blatantly attack the U.S. involvement in Viet Nam), cinema art, Bertolt Brecht, and William Faulkner certainly does help one in appreciating the film. Warren Beatty asked Godard to direct "Bonnie and Clyde" after seeing this film (he got Arthur Penn instead), so it's not surprising that "Bonnie and Clyde" is somewhat structurally and thematically similar to "*Pierrot Le Fou*" and other Godard films.

But most of all, "*Pierrot Le Fou*" is about the hopeless anguish of love and the absurd impossibility of a free life in modern society as it now exists. (I'd like to add right here that the comical moments in the film, to me, are far funnier than all the Mel Brooks and Monty Python opuses put together.) At the time the film was made, Godard's marriage to co-star Anna Karina was pretty much on the rocks. This bit of trivia gives the film an added personal dimension, as Godard himself may have shared *Pierrot/Ferdinand's* pain and rejection.

In extensive interviews in the 60's, Godard talked about the endless possibilities of cinema as art and the meaning of this film. In his works, form and content are inseparable. Perhaps the first lines of Ferdinand's opening narration describe "*Pierrot Le Fou*" the best. "After he had reached the age of 55, Velasquez no longer painted anything concrete and precise. He drifted through the material world, penetrating it, as the air and the dusk. In the shimmering of the shadows, he caught unawares the nuances of color which he transformed into the invisible heart of his symphony of silence..." After seeing the film, one can see how that quote relates to all of what has gone on. (Note: "*Pierrot Le Fou*" was made in 1965, but not released in the U.S. until 1969 and is in French with English subtitles. It will show this Friday, Nov. 16, in Lec. Hall one at 3, 7, and 9:30.)

For Whom the Game is Played



By Tim Nogler

The spectacle unfolds at the massive arena on Saturday afternoon. Tides of humanity flow through the tunnels into the oval structure surrounding the plastic green surface. Clad in velveteen purple and sporting plumes and high-buttoned boots, the marching band stands in formation across the fake grass. They perform directly to those people occupying the stadium's south side; the more successful university alumni, the season ticket holders, the press.

The baton twirler, in her pristine innocence, completes the final throw. The cymbals crash in a climax of national praise, and the band about-faces and steps to the beat of drums back into the student's section. They all are students.

Then onto the pseudo-field rush the armored masses of hybrid men. Sixty thousand voices respond to their entrance in a deep rumble that fills the concrete and steel-beam cavern. The men form two opposing teams; one wears the leop purple and flashing gold of the university. The visitors wear stark white and sun yellow, their heads protected with blood-red crimson helmets. The teams perform drills at opposite ends of the playing surface in preparation for all-out contact.

This event, with the splendor of a three-ring circus and the cruelty of war, forms the mecca of intercollegiate sports. The standards by which all other college sports are measured originate here.

College football cultivates the hope, the desire, the yearning for the ability, the right to victoriously declare, "We're Number One!" So it is in every sport, the concept of ultimate superiority overshadows the simple display of dance-like movement as a sports team completes its ever-performed, must bring a reward, a gain, a score. Otherwise the horde will vocalize their disapproval.

The team, as a result, brutally assaults the climb to the top. On a sweep toward the sideline, a runner for the visiting team is crushed by three men. The runner lies prone, writhing in pain, and the crowd responds with a collective cheer. "Way to stop 'em, dawg!"

While the afflicted player is attended to, the crowd refocuses its attention on the young women who dance and smile, seducing cheers and generally providing a distraction from the violence of the

game. The women all fit the same mold; slender, lithe, firm, painted in tones of azure and rouge. Their short, pleated skirts swish on their hips as they dance, exposing their underwear. The dancing women who represent the visiting team come straight off the beaches of southern California. The dozen of them are homogeneous; long, blond hair, dark tanned aces and smooth legs. The home team cheerleaders are black, oriental, blond, blue-tinted from a coating of paint. The standard by which Americans measure a woman's beauty originates here.

The huge crowd alternately roars, responding to the action on the field, and salivates, heartbeats quickening, as the "Husky Honeys" dance the same routine over again.

The players and the cheerleaders are all students. They perform for the wealthy backers of the university, and they must look good. The uniforms worn by the players are perfect, glittering and flashing with deep strong colors. Shoes are always white. Socks are pulled taut to the knee, and not allowed to droop. Between plays the young men lean their athletic bodies gracefully at ease. The women never stop smiling.

On this occasion, I sit in the stadium's west end, close to the visiting band and cheerleaders, with a less than perfect view of the game. The band pounds out a rhythmic beat, apparently imitating a trojan war march. The women dance and smile. After a decade as a fanatic fan, I realize this game will be my last.

I have sat in places all over this stadium, mostly the east-end bleachers. There I watched games through a cyclone fence. At the beginning of this season I sat in those bleachers, soaked by the rain, and chilled by the wind. I couldn't even light a cigarette; the wind blew out my match. I looked into the stadium's south side, where a roof covers the seats, and in the most protected area, Section 24, a group of people sat, boxed in individual seats, all wearing blackie outfits as if the game were a king's ball. These are the people for whom the game is played.

Evergreen may never field a football team. The philosophy surrounding college sports, though, is inescapable. Undoubtedly, in years to come, the college will build a stadium, recruit superior male athletes, outfit dancing women in short, pleated skirts, and brutally proceed toward the top.

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