

Cheese is great *if* it's cheese

by June Childer
in the Critical List

When even mice won't touch it you know it's processed

Cheese concentrates a lot of food value into a small package. It contains most of the nutrients of milk including protein, riboflavin, and calcium. The protein in cheese is of the same high quality as the protein in meat, fish and eggs. If you're cutting down on meat in protest against the use of hormones and antibiotics and sky-high prices, cheese can be your best friend. But not always. It depends on the nature of the cheese you choose.

Like all good foods, cheese has been subjected to the mighty and destructive club of commercial interests.

Somehow the word "cheese" on a snack food draws the consumer like a magnet. The flavor of cheese combined with the implication of nutrient value appears to be an irresistible combination.

Do not be foolish enough to believe that they will contain all the nutrients of cheese. They will not. Cheese flavor does not mean cheese. In processed food, it means a chemical flavor unrelated to nutrition. Food chemists have

the competence and expertise of Merlin the magician. Their only interests are economy and long shelf-life. Remember that anything which prolongs "shelf-life" has the opposite effect on *your* life.

Cheese flavor boosters are not even distantly related to cheese—not even kissing cousins. They are a blend of spices, sugar, salt, MSG and imitation flavors.

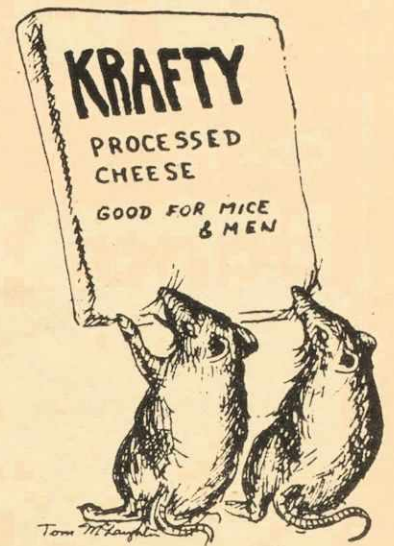
A symbol of the manufacturers' necromancy of which you must be wary is "processed" cheese. Beatrice Trum Hunter in her book *Consumer Beware* categorizes processed cheese as a "plastic mass." Back in 1935, F.J. Schlink of Consumers' Research warned that "one of the major atrocities of this age is the disappearance of natural cheese and the substitution for it of what is called "processed" cheese, made by grinding cheese of very low quality of any quantity that happens to be available and mixing in chemicals and emulsifiers."

Natural cheese matures slowly, through enzymatic action. Processed cheeses are made quickly

by heat and then aerated to increase their volume. As Beatrice Trum Hunter points out, "The end products have undergone such modifications that they scarcely deserve classification as food."

Cottage cheese, which weight watchers eat so virtuously by the carton, comes in for its share of tampering. Sodium hypochlorite may be used in the process of washing the curd. Diacetyl may be added as a flavoring agent. Large amounts of salt may be added. Annatto (a dye derived from seeds) or cochineal (a dye derived from dried female insects) may be used as coloring agents. Hydrogen peroxide is frequently used as a preservative. Calcium sulfate, which is related to plaster of paris, which has no nutritive value and is a material of questionable safety in foods, is permitted and usually used on cottage cheese. Mold retarders of sorbic acid are also permitted. Nothing but the sorbic acid is required to be noted on the label.

The hydrogen peroxide is added to destroy bacteria as well as bleach the cheese. At the same time, it destroys vitamin A. Later, a catalase is added in order to remove the hydrogen peroxide. The wrapper on the cheese does not tell you



Tom McLaughlin
"That stuff's unfit even for humans!"

about the peroxide. Nor does it tell you about the dyes that have been used in order to color the product. Blue or green coloring is sometimes added to white cheese to offset the natural white color of the milk.

Truly natural cheese is made from certified raw milk produced from animals on farms not using chemical fertilizers or pesticides. But only organic cheese meets all these requirements. Many varieties of natural cheese—like Edam, Gouda, Provolone and Swiss—which originated in Europe, are now produced or sold in Canada and are available in most health-food stores.



Raisin' Hell Elvin Bishop / Warner Brothers

It is great to hear Elvin Bishop say to a less-than-capacity California audience "we gonna have some fun now . . . the ones who stayed home is the ones that's missin' all the fund." Bishop has a real honk-type country band that dishes out funk and blues in the same breath.

This double live album, **Raisin'**

Hell, combines the best selections from the "Hometown Boy Makes Good," "Juke Joint Jump," "Struttin' My Stuff" and "Let It Flow" albums. Every rock music instrument, from slide guitar to saxophone, is co-ordinated into the live Bishop sound.

Johnny Vernazza leads the two guitars and Bill Slais on saxophone leads the five horns (supplemented out west by Tower of Power's Greg Adams, Steve the Doctor Kupka

and Mic Gillette). Elvin's vocals on "Fooled Around and Fell In Love" and "Little Brown Bird" are quite bluesy, and the arrangement of the up-tempo tunes, some of them including more than a dozen musicians, are flawless and quite often jubilant. Even so, Evin's rapport with his audience is the most winning part of this record.

A Man Must Carry On Jerry Jeff / MCA

The people who know him, love him, and most of the time just call him "Jerry Jeff." The last name is Walker, and it appears under brilliant songs like "Mr. Bojangles." The people who know him, however, just don't like to use his last name. They say to one another "Jerry Jeff," and then smile, and wish they were drunk at one of his Luchenbach, Texas concerts.

"Viva Terlingua" was the name of Jerry Jeff's live album from 1973. It may still be the best introduction to Walker's plaintive and arousing music (which might be thought of as New Mexican Jimmy Buffett). "A Man Must Carry On" is the 1977 live album. Stretched out over two discs, it may not have the power of the single "Viva Terlingua". If you are a Jerry Jeff fan, though—or a fan of Jessie Winchester or the Band or the Dead or the Byrds—you might as well buy this new live set and the old one, too.

Most country-rock fans are hip to Jerry Jeff by now; but if you just like to "carry on" in any sense, Jerry Jeff is a sure bet. Poetic, funny—he is even relevant.

The Idiot Iggy Pop / RCA

Iggy Pop / The Idiot Iggy is the founder of punk rock. To impress your easily impressed friends, tell them: Iggy started punk; his band was the Stooges; the place was Detroit Michigan, a place both Motown and MC, sweet soul and sour-tempered rock (not to mention the stone blues of John Lee Hooker). The time of this discovery was approximately 1972. Iggy used to remove some of his clothes, though not his leather pants, and surrender his frail, drug-ridden corpse to the crowd when in concert. His guitarists were thrown out of school, and played Marshall amplifiers. Iggy was punk number one. Johnny Rotten has never even been to Detroit.

The Collection of Musical Perfection is now offering **The Illustrated Iggy**—only \$9.98, available in any store at any price—complete with photo album of his many films, T.V. specials, Ed Sullivan Show appearances, and a guide to his mansion. Dial 634-5789. Naked operators are standing by now.

Several issues back in this column I brainlessly said that Ted Jordan's album, **For The First Time**, was on Dartmouth's Solar record label. It isn't; it is Inter Media WRC 230. I am terribly sorry for this senseless mistake, Ted. I doubt I can ever forgive myself.

Visit the Porter Exhibition

by Scott Vaughan

An exhibition of Nova Scotia born artist Brian Porter is currently on display at The Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, located at 6152 Coburg Road, just up the road from the Student Union Building.

The display consists of about thirty untitled paintings, all done in oil on canvas. Porter's works, though appearing to be naturalistic, border most often on abstract realism. In one of the compositions, there is a group of three chimpanzees located on a lawn in front of what appears to be a monastery. The three figures are roughly situated in a triangular composition, bringing the point of attention of the viewer's eye from the top to the base of the work. At the top is located one chimp, perched on a stone, lecturing to those below him. He motions with his hand in emphasis of what he is saying. The chimp under the arm watches in a daze, while the other ignores the rhetoric in search of another source of attention. Like most of the works in the exhibition,

the colours are subdued and yet strong.

In another work Porter shows a young boy running through a mysterious darkness. The only source of light comes from the smoking toy steam engine, which is clutched under the boy's arm. The illumination and the dark background enhances the mysterious, almost mystic, gaze of the small child as he moves through the blackness.

The most interesting work I found in the exhibition was No. 16. The composition is split into three 'sections' or spatial groupings; the window and the woman, which both occupy the background plane, and the soldier, who is located on the foreground plane. The window provides a golden light source, which gives the entire composition a sense of strained complacency. The woman, who is mixing something in a bowl, gazes in a trance at the soldier, who occupies the focal point of the composition. The soldier appears to be tin-like and thus life-less; he is rigid and angular, yet on close examination

retains a human quality in his facial features. The soldier's mouth is opened wide, as if he is chanting rather than yelling; the woman's complacent gaze and the subtle lighting reinforces the sense of non-immediacy and yet suspended tension in the work.

The perspective is sharp in relation to the geometric composition in this work. The squares on the tiled floor, the lines in the wallpaper, the edges of the floor and the table all enhance the rigid and angular appearance of the soldier. The soldier's pants, for example, are trimmed with the same colour yellow as the tiles on the floor, and there is thus a direct interaction between the inorganic floor (and room) and the organic soldier.

Brian Porter reveals his talent and ability to work with subtle visual devices in his art work, making him one of the Maritime's most accomplished artists. The Porter Exhibition will be at the Gallery until the end of this month, and is worth the effort of walking a block to take it in. Admission is free.