

Popeye and his relevance to Buddhism

by Michael McCarthy

Movie Review: Popeye

As the Immortal Bard once wrote, "lamb what lamb", Robert Altman centres this wonderful movie around that phrase and brings out the full, glorious meaning of those simple words, enabling us all to triumph with the Immortal Sailor as he rises from the morass of mankind, shining like a beacon, enabling us all to exult in the joyful non-transcendence of being what we are.

But enough of all that for now! What you really want to know is, does this movie stand up in excellence when compared with the animated shorts starring our favorite cartoon character, as created by E.C. Segar? Unequivocally! Most assuredly! Remarkably so! Without question!

In a word, yes.

This movie is a cartoon come to life. Somewhere in Malta, they found an old,

run-down fishing village that is naturally black and white, with ships so amazingly like the odd contraptions in the cartoons you are surprised they float. The inhabitants of

the village wander about the streets en masse, singing songs in deep, 1940's cartoon chorus voices. People fall down chasing hats, bump into each other, create pandemonium at the dinner table, dress, act, and talk like cartoon characters. Olive Oyl oohs and aahs in whiny

trepidation, Blutus roars and tears apart buildings with his bare hands, Wimpy gladly pays Tuesday for a hamburger today, the Oyl family (Olive, Castor, and father Cole) fight constantly, and the taxman taxes for moving, not moving, and being up to no good. The screenplay by Jules Feiffer keeps the tradition of slap-

stick violence, satirical characters, and awful puns (When Olive complains about the

name Sweet Pea, Popeye says, "What did you want me

to call him, Baby Oyl?") (Baby Oil, get it?) alive with hilarity. The acting is fabulous, the scenery terrific, and even the music and lyrics by Harry Nilsson are enjoyable (arranged by Van Dyke Parks, who wrote with Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys).

But the most wonderful thing about this perfect movie, which you must see and take every child within six blocks to see, is Popeye himself. Robin Williams, who has proved beyond doubt that he is not a real human being and could never play one, is perfect for playing squint-eyed runts in sailor uniforms. The voice is perfect, including the musing tone used for asides which is different from the gruff conversing voice. The fat arms and calves are

perfect. The walk is fabulous, as is the dance (created by Lou Wills). The special effects

let him corkscrew into platforms, twirl his arm like a propellor (and his pipe as well), and sail into the ring to fight the bad guy.

Not only are all the cartoon aspects faithfully reproduced, but Altman has managed to add (unobtrudingly and harmoniously) the aspect of the triumph of the human soul against adversity. The pint-sized, ugly loner rows to the town, and is shunned as a stranger by all. Insulted and abused, he maintains his good will and sense of humour, his philosophical allowances for man's weaknesses. He wins the girl who detested him, and takes up the care of a baby entrusted to him (one orphan to another). He saves a town boy from demolition in the ring against an out-of-town bully, and becomes a hero, which he takes in stride. When it turns out the baby can predict the future and everyone tries to get him to exploit him at the races, Popeye remains true to

himself in a transcendent moment and refuses to be anything other than the honest, kind-hearted good guy which he is. He saves the town from the oppression of Blutus and finds his lost Pappy in one blow, and we leave him singing his theme song; the little guy who became a hero by being true to himself and his ideals, impervious to the ill will and corruption around him.

I can't believe I'm so mushily enthusiastic about this movie. How can a movie of a cartoon be so funny, so warm, so all-encompassingly human, an encomium to all the good qualities of man and an inspirational appeal to faith in yourself and spinach, despite the fact that the bully of life is beating your head in. I don't know how, but this film accomplishes everything a film could hope to accomplish. Take it as affirmation of the soul, or just as a hilarious good time, or both, but see it.

P.S. Eat your spinach.

A political poem on patriotic pet peeves

A Political Poem on Patriotic Pet Peeves

by William P. Curwin

The GRITS and NDP as you see Are 'promoting our national unity'.

One can't say t'wasn't tried (even by the PCs) before; But right now adherence to its implications means even more!

Now's the time to allow 'Ottawa to fill

The patriation of 'a Canadian Constitutional Bill'—and why?

From Macdonald to Pearson each one had their chance

To have this country's regions romance

Into a fully seasoned salad bowl—t'was Diefenbaker who most tried to do such, But his party, Quebec, and he seemed out of touch.

The continentalist corrupters and separatist(e) do invite The putting out of our federalists' political plight, by pushing poisonous lies In the form of lies, into the public's palates.

Annex our economies some soothsayers say, Perhaps let Quebec and the West separate this day. While the C.O.L. does inflate

and the unemployment rate One wonders how long in this country the (Federal PCs?) propose to live, as it seems somehow odd,

That they, 'give' western separation the nod—

When they would have seen Levesque making license plates—may we (mais oui)?

Re-enter some separatist(e) western style

To them perhaps Riel's ghost, should it live, should smile; So what of Joe?—C.L.A.R.K.! —and his (Federal Party?),

Whose obviously in, the dark? Assume for fictional folly that no Canada shall be,

That it is no(n) lie, that our land is strong—and for that we should be glad

As in thinking such one realizes the regional disparities are not so bad!

God guides this nation's spirit and makes it stronger still To fight those who fight a pro-Canada bill.

Chauvinistically, some court continentalism and some silly separatist(e) pleas;

Others, say no(n) to separatism and yes to Canada

To the hammers and sicklers, that they—are Communist; Such an accusation is idiotic as it's not true:

Hammers and sickles crossed seem similar to swastikas in that:

Theirs is elitist and not Proletarian-ruled; anti-free travel to foreigners; and anti- a prime promoter of peace, Christianity!

Soviets send their ba(u)llistic missiles at the melting-pot-nation too

And these, like theirs, are of two types: those edifying an arms apocalypse and those lip-servicing lies.

Their lies which purport them to be anti-Capitalist

When they are also of the eagle's egocentricity—or even worst

With both bolstering War Capitalisms' wicked blood-thirst.

Kill this world once, kill this world twice, kill this three times over,

Many more if militaryman tries to (end our existence) —though it only takes once.

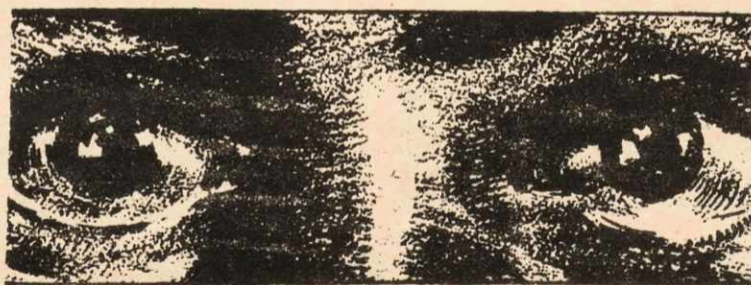
So why waste they (governments—and more maliciously, the superpowers') so much money on the Spenserian stupidity which dominates the mind of human-kinds', dunce(s)?

Survival shall be to the fittest; indeed,

The fittest being Christians and those who succeed

In promoting peace and destroying the demonic murder of mankind.

This is why Canada shall survive: its spirit as a nation is characteristically Christian and shall stay unilaterally unified!



That the West (and later, (un) likely, Quebec) does succeed; but how could this be so?

Levesque lost; and not Lyon, Bennett, Blakeney or Lougheed

Are claiming that separatist(e) sentiments to be their future (mis)deed—

It's tru deau, they're putting his constitutional and energy proposals to the test And this he wells knows and is willing to give

So that national unity, 'will' live!

Also; good 'will' is and has been associated with this nation so long

Because it's not anti-immigrants, anti-(free) enterprises, and is, anti-draftees. Our pro-peoples' enthusiasm has historical hinges

That prevent us from melting into the multi-plex(es) of the licentious liers—who govern two terrorist territories; the superpowers'.

The superpowers are Super Propagandists—who do lie Through their militaristic manias about one another's philosophi(e) The melting-pot-nation in this regard does say

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