

Kermit's milkshakes come in three consistencies: thick, extra thick, and impossible.



Photo by Laney Frick

Kermit's Curb Service Top-Notch

By: Robin Wiley and Martha Shearburn

We had set out on a mission for a good meal. Sick of the usual fast food places, we searched for an authentic restaurant with its own "claim to fame." Clad in our usual attire of sweats and tennis shoes and the typical low college budget, our pick could have neither a stringent dress code nor a high-priced menu. The only obvious answer that would fulfill our strict requirements was Kermit's Hot Dog House.

Known throughout northeast Winston for over 20 years as the place with the "All American Hot Dog," it has been a relatively new discovery for Salem students.

Kermit's is a curb service restaurant, located on Thomasville

Road, that resembles the curb service restaurant of the '50's. Just pull into a space and a waiter will come to your car to take your order. The complete menu is on a neon sign located above your car. The choices range from a "Buster Burger," a 1/3 lb. of ground beef, to a grilled cheese. However, no meal at Kermit's is complete without the infamous \$1.00 milkshake which comes in three consistencies: thick, extra thick, and impossible.

If you choose to remain in your car, you will be greeted by one of the three friendly waiters--Choppy, Joel, or Tim. Dressed in jeans, shirt, apron, and Kermit's cap, one of these men will gladly take your order and quickly offer

his advice if you're stumped as to what to choose.

If you decide to eat inside, you can sit in one of the seven booths or on a barstool at the counter. While munching, you can listen to tunes ranging from Elvis Presley to ZZ Top on the jukebox.

Whether you decide to visit Kermit's for dinner or for a late night snack, the prices are well within the range for students. The hours are also compatible with students' lives. Although the curb service is open from 4:00 p.m.-11:00 p.m. on weekdays, and until midnight on Friday and Saturday, the restaurant itself is open from 11:00-11:00 on Sunday, 10:00-11:00 Monday-Thursday, and 10:00-12:00 on Friday and Saturday.

The Color Purple

By: Helen Hagan

The task I am about to perform is to review the movie version of Alice Walker's book *The Color Purple*.

The mass appeal of this movie is sincere. Steven Spielberg, director and co-producer of *The Color Purple*, knows how to create a blockbuster hit. He knows what kind of characters and events will make an audience jump, laugh and cry, and he's filled this movie with each kind of stereotypical element. Spielberg gives the audience characters they already know. He pushes all the right emotional buttons and gets all the right emotional reactions.

The movie begins with the pregnant fourteen year old Celie (Desreta Jackson) and her younger sister, Nettie, (Akosoa Busia) playing in a field of purple flowers. With the help of a Quincy Jones soundtrack, Spielberg creates a world of beauty and innocence just a few feet away from the hardships of Celie's and Nettie's painful reality.

We learn from Celie's narrated letters to God that this will be her second child from her father. We later learn that this man is actually her step-father, but too late—the audience is already caught up in its immediate sympathy for Celie.

Celie's life is one hardship after another. She is married off to Old Mister (Danny Glover) to take care of his kids, take care of him, and take his beatings when he feels a need to dominate. Old Mister tries to break Celie's spirit completely when he separates Celie from her sister in a teary, hysterical scene. Oh, the sympathy; oh, the rage that the audience can't help but feel now.

Old Mister has a mistress, "Shug" (Margaret Avery) who comes to live with them at his invitation. Shug does have some redeeming qualities. She is the lover of the world, and she gives herself freely to it. In an awkward, not quite homosexual scene, she teaches Celie (now Whoopi Goldberg) that there's more to her sexuality than just letting Old Mister "do his bizness" on her every night. This scene was tastefully done, but once it was over it was over. Spielberg doesn't prepare the audience for it, and he doesn't follow through with the concept. It was treated neither as a lesbian affair nor as a one night stand—it just happened.

Two other characters that have important roles in the movie are Harpo, Celie's clutzy stepson (Willard Pugh) and Harpo's proud wife Sophia (Oprah Winfrey). Harpo is the pratfall funny-man. In most of his scenes, he's either falling off roofs or dropping something. His character is funny but not very interesting. Sophia, on the other hand, is delightful! She has a real presence on the screen; when she appears, the audience is hers. Winfrey puts real feeling into her part. Sophia makes the mistake of hitting the wrong man (the white mayor) and has to

spend time in prison. She goes from one jail to another before becoming the mayor's wife's maid. The silent expression on Winfrey's face is that of a broken woman. I don't think Spielberg could have had anything to do with her performance—it was too believable.

The theme of this movie is the healing power of love. Celie is healed by Shug's love and by the realization that her sister's love is still present. Spielberg wants to make sure the audience knows that Celie is healed. When Celie walks out on her husband, he tries to beat her. As he raises his hand, Celie holds hers up as if she's putting a curse on him for all the bad things he's done to her. I predictably cheered.

Before I make the movie sound like a total failure, I have to admit that there were some good points in it. Watching *The Color Purple* is a wonderfully cathartic release, and there are some very fine performances. Whoopi Goldberg, in her first motion picture role, does a fine job. She's already proven herself as a character actress in her one woman show on Broadway. She lacks the capability to command the screen, but Celie is a non-commanding character. Goldberg puts as much of herself into the character as she has material to work with.

Danny Glover makes a wonderful villain. I had trouble believing that the man who played quiet, sensitive Moses in *Places in the Heart* was the same who played the horrible Old Mister. Some of his actions were cliché (he was ridiculous in the kitchen) but I don't think that was his fault, I think he was going for the sensational effect that Spielberg wanted, and he achieved it well.

Margaret Avery is a wonderful vamp, but she loses that quality toward the end of the movie. She goes from being the lover of the world to the mother of the world, and that's not quite as convincing. In the reunion scene between Shug and her father, I cried both times I saw it and could kick myself for it. I know better than to believe that a group of sinners would follow Shug like the Pied Piper into church, even if her singing was divinely sent (not to mention dubbed by Tata Vega). I still liked her despite myself.

I think I know how Spielberg was feeling when he directed this movie. When I write a skit, I purposefully write in scenes that I know the audience will react to simply because I want immediate gratification for my work. Spielberg got my immediate reactions—I left the theatre feeling like I'd run in a marathon and came in second place. After the shock waves passed through, I felt manipulated, and I felt like Spielberg could have done better. Stick to adventure movies, Steve; that's what you're good at. Leave humanity and realism for the pros.

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