

# Das Tör

AMERICAN GRADUATE SCHOOL OF INTERNATIONAL MANAGEMENT

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October 11, 1983

## CHINA 1983: UNFORGETTABLE



In their free time, Chinese visit scenic places such as the Temple of Heaven.

by Robert Peizer

Going on AGSIM's Beijing Institute of Foreign Trade program this summer was a truly unforgettable experience. Beginning with the takeoff from the Los Angeles International Airport (the sendoff for which thanks go to Pier Ingram and Christy Grieff—it's amazing how home-cooked brownies lingered in my memory after that as my last taste of "American food"), to the rendezvous at the Peninsula Hotel in Hong Kong with Dean Beaver, to the final banquet at the Hung Bing Lo restaurant in Beijing; the entire program went more smoothly than any of the previous trips to China so far.

The participants this summer were Jade Barnett, Dave Keefer, Carol Schuster, and Robert Peizer. We all had different backgrounds in Chinese before we left—but we all agreed that the Chinese program at AGSIM was extremely useful in preparing us to take the plunge into "living" Chinese. The vocabulary and grammatical patterns, in particular, were thoroughly useful, and our teachers as well as the more literate Chinese we met were impressed with the range of our knowledge of idioms and usage.

Our teachers at the BIFT institute were very highly qualified and highly effective instructors. Our Chinese Language professor was Teacher Zhang—she also taught Chinese to the native students, and spoke no English but for "yes," "no," and "bye-bye." As well as being a fine teacher and very knowledgeable, she was concerned about our comfort and general well-being while we were her "charges." She was our "Dayi" or "Great Aunt"—"great" in the sense of "honored."

Teacher Sun was our "Newspaper Reading" instructor. She spoke good, machine-gun English, as she had majored in British and American Literature at the University of Illinois in Champaign Urbana. She was also more politically aware—she had received some attention during the Cultural Revolution for her foreign language ability and interest. She was more concerned with our "public" performance, i.e., with the President of the school, the Dean of Students. As a matter of fact, on the buses (about which more later), she would openly solicit perfect strangers to talk to us—to demonstrate our abilities, as well as her connection with "Foreign Experts," which was our official status. Teacher Sun was very competent, and ge-

nuinely meant us well. She also made us work the hardest.

Our Foreign Trade Teacher was Comrade Chu. Although he had an obvious grasp of the mechanics of international trade from the Chinese point of view, unfortunately there was no way to discuss policy or strategy with him—not only were our vocabularies relatively weak in this area, but it was also a sensitive topic for him to discuss with anyone, much less foreigners. The exposure we got in China to their foreign trade practices could have been easily obtained at a library here—even AGSIM's! Comrade Chu spoke standard, Chinese-school English, which is quite adequate to communicate in a basic sense—equivalent to the level attained by an undergraduate who took high school courses and the first and second years of a language in college.

The entire staff at the Institute was anxious to help in almost any and every capacity—from arranging tours and transportation, to rearranging our school schedule to our liking.

Wang Ting-bi, or Professor Wang, was the Dean of Students at the Institute and in charge of our program. Professor Wang was friendly and solicitous, constantly asking us if there were any problems he could help us with, or things we would like to do or places we would like to see. He also went to some pains to modify the program in ways that we thought necessary—the hours for classes, the amount of money we received for food, etc. Although he tended to stay away from us when Dean Beaver was not around, I personally felt that we could approach him with a problem directly, if necessary—it would probably take longer to fix a problem without Dean Beaver's presence, but by no means would it be impossible.

Aside from going to classes, we had the entire Forbidden City to explore: the Great Wall, the Ming Tombs, the Summer Palace, Mao's Tomb, the Great Hall of the People, and dozens of temples, parks, old buildings, and museums—not to mention a zillion Chinese who, for the most part, had never even seen a foreigner before, much less a five-foot-eight, blue-eyed blonde (Jade), or a large, dark, Italian type (David). We did make a fair showing at the Philippine Embassy's National Day party—the Beijing Allstars (the only rock group in China, composed of various nationalities and talents) played "Money" and "Stormy Monday," while the AGSIM Rangers vied with the French group that showed up for the "Most Susan Doyle" award. I'm happy to say, in the interests of world peace, that it was definitely a tie.

After the term ended, our group splintered into three parts: Dave Keefer went to Mongolia (to look for a sheep named Basil, we understand); Carol Schuster went to Xian and Shanghai, before heading to Singapore; and Jade and Robert took a 2000-mile trip by train through the "heartland": Loyang, Xian, Chungking and the Yangtze River, Yueyang, Changsha, and Guilin. This trip was the payoff on the entire venture, as far as I was concerned. We merely bought our tickets at each city, and traveled as the Chinese travel.

There are four possible "classes," or types of rail-car in China—hard seat, soft seat, hard-sleeper and soft-sleeper. We traveled primarily by hard-sleeper, but we did one stint of hard seat (for nine hours) that really made us appreciate the sleepers. The hard seat car is just that—rows of seats with very hard bottoms (perhaps a half-inch of padding), on which sit three people. The

Continued on page 7

LAST IN A SERIES  
AGSIM's SUMMER PROGRAMS

## A DAY IN CAIRO



Five T-Birds in Cairo: L-R, Denis Serres, Angie Parman, Richard Hatfield, Suliman Mohebi, Shamira Virji

by Denis Serres

Crowds, cars, dust, noise, heat: Welcome to Cairo, the craziest place I know.

When you arrive in this town, you are first looking for something familiar and when you realize that it is something impossible to find, you then decide to get acquainted to this strange part of the world.

Do not forget to bring your wallet with you, because any time you need any kind of service, you will have to pay for it (either the real price or two to six times more whether you haggle over the price or not).

July 1983, 12 o'clock noon, 125 degrees, you are one of 12 million people playing with your life by trying to cross a road with five lines of cars honking all together in the middle of Midan TAHIR (the most important square of Cairo). But you go for it

because you know that right across from the square one of the nicest and most luxurious hotels of Cairo is waiting for you: The Nile Hilton with its fantastic and unforgettable AIR CONDITIONING.

Suddenly comes 6:00 p.m., we are in the Ramadan month, nobody is in the streets. Every Moslem is ready to break fast. So you start to enjoy the quietness of the streets but don't get too happy because around 9:00 p.m., the streams of cars are back in the streets and traffic jams last up to 4:00 in the morning. Then comes 7:00 a.m., your daily time to study at the American University in Cairo.

I kind of understand now why I came back to the United States exhausted and twelve pounds lighter!!



Temple of Luxor (Statue of Ramses II)

## AGSIM Professor to Debate Former Congressman

Date of Nuclear Debate  
Moved to Tues, Oct.25th

Professor Richard Mahoney will debate former congressman Robert Dornan on Tuesday, October 25th at 8 p.m. in the Thunderbird Activity Center (TAC). The topic of the debate will be: "A Nuclear Freeze."

Mahoney, presently writing a book on nuclear arms, also teaches a course on the subject. He will defend the pro-nuclear-freeze argument.

Dornan is a consultant to the Department of Defense and the National Security Council as well as a former congressman from President Reagan's home district. He will argue the case against a nuclear freeze.

## Extraordinary Series on Vietnam War

"When the French left Vietnam, they took everything: factories, houses, they even dug up their dead and transported the humed bodies back to France."

—Vietnam, A Television History

What you learn from this Channel 8 TV series will leave you stunned. Tracing the war from its origins in the 1940s to the final days of American involvement, this shocking account, substantiated by original footage, tells the story from several perspectives: The American, Vietnamese, French, Japanese and Russian points of view are all considered.

The series is aired Tuesday evenings at 9 p.m., Channel 8. The next two episodes will be shown October 11th and 18th.

The premiere of this series gave an insightful overview of this war and will be rerun Sunday, October 23rd and 30th at 3 p.m.

This series is being recorded on video tape and will be available in the library.

★★★ BEIJING-CAIRO EDITION ★★★

CHINESE  
ML 425

I would like to reply to Wilson Ballard's "The People Bombardment versus Chinese Studies." First of all, let me assure him that I can understand his disappointment. He expected to continue in Chinese and his class was cancelled.—we all realize how annoying these cancellations are for our students. However, we operate under certain rules and one of these rules states that a class must have at least six students in order "to make" it. As a concession, a seminar or other upper-level language class will sometimes be taught with five students. However, we cannot conduct an upper-level class for three students even if it is a Chinese class.

About the awful rush of closing the class: it was cancelled immediately after registration because you normally expect students to have made up their minds at registration time. There also was another reason for closing a small Chinese class at this time: with only three professors of Chinese, all teaching loads need to be reassigned and changed if a small class were to be closed at the end of the drop-add period. We have done this in the past with the result that not only three but all the students involved in the changes were upset. We were quite willing to re-open the class when five students expressed their interest in taking the class,—and I am not quite sure why it was impossible to get everybody together. I hope that Chinese 425 will have enough students in the spring semester and I hope that Wilson Ballard will still be here to study Chinese.

Dr. Lilith Schutte, Chairwoman  
Department of Modern Languages

DUCK  
DANCE?

Two years ago I had a chance to celebrate the wonderful Oktoberfest with the Germans in Munich. And what a fest it was! Beer, Lederhosen, more beer, Dirndls, some beer, polkas and waltzes, and did I mention beer? The Oktoberfest is as German as German can be, and we can only applaud the initiative of the German Club to bring this wonderful fest to our campus.

However, the Wurst is a little bit shorter than the German Club thinks it is. The Duck Dance or Enten Tanz is not a German dance. It is a Dutch dance. It was recorded in 1979 by the Electronics, and was in the Dutch charts for more than six months. It wasn't until 1981 that the song became popular in Germany, and later at AGSIM.

It is nice to see, however, that a typical German festivity is becoming more international by adapting a Dutch song. We feel very proud to be able to contribute.

Ton Dirx  
President of the Royal Dutch Club  
(and German Club member)

HOW TO FIND TIME:  
A CHECKLIST FOR THE FLUSTERED

by Kathy Parker

During my six months as ASLC President, I have been asked any one of a million variations of the question "How do you find time...?" Well, I would like to pass along some of the E.T.M. needed to carry out the job which I have learned in the past few months. What is E.T.M.? No, it's nothing extraterrestrial. Please read on.  
Procedures for Effective Time Management:

1. Brush your teeth while combing your hair after you've eaten breakfast while taking a shower. This saves you enough time to attend one more meeting a week.
2. Use all wash and wear clothes; put them on while still wet. The drying time you save gives you enough time to eat lunch once a week.
3. Memorize your dialogue while reading the front page of the *Wall Street Journal* while driving to school. Just make sure you wear your seatbelt and your car insurance is paid.
4. Don't turn the TV on—EVER. All previous TV time can be used to read cases, type papers, work on the computer, attend more meetings, write memos, work on agendas, talk to students, etc. etc.
5. Train your body to need (at the very most) six hours of sleep a night. This is done with a continuous supply of coffee and alarm clocks placed strategically throughout your sleeping area set to go off simultaneously, but not within reach. After you have gotten out of bed to turn the awful noise off, make your bed immediately before you can get back in. Take a shower

while you eat breakfast. Watch the sunrise and think of all those poor people missing such a beautiful sight. Sleep all weekend to recover for the next week.

6. Write everything down at least three times. If a thought pops into your head, write it on your arm while walking to class. Use napkins to write down appointments you make while in the cafeteria; use toilet paper to write on while talking to students in the bathroom. Keep a calendar on your desk, one on your refrigerator, and carry one with you. By the time you've written things down this many times, you have less chance of forgetting an appointment or a meeting, but just in case, carry a tape recorder as a backup and have people talk into it.

7. Wear a telephone in your shoe. Much business can be conducted with the Administration while limping one-shoed across campus.

8. If you don't live on campus, buy a microwave or eat peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for dinner. Remember to take your vitamins. If you get sick, don't stay home, just keep working or you may lose your momentum.

After you have learned to talk with your mouth full, study while sleeping, and write while driving, get yourself a GOOD SECRETARY, then you will be ready to take on one of the most rewarding and interesting jobs on this campus—ASLC President. If you learn E.T.M., you will have achieved what every successful CEO has mastered, but you won't get paid quite as much just yet.



In Egypt: A wall carving of the God of Fertility in the Temple of Luxor



In China: Dave Keefer poses behind a wooden cut out. A hidden dream?

Ghana is a Western African nation whose population is composed of about 100 different ethnic groups, each with its own language and culture. The groups include the Fante in the coastal regions, the Ashanti in the south central regions, the Ga and Ewe in the South, and the Hausa and Moshi-Dagomba in the North. Due to the traditions forbidding the numbering of the size of family groups and political considerations, census information is generally inaccurate with estimates ranging between ten to eleven million.

Due to Ghana's long affiliation with the British Empire, common English greetings are considered proper in most circumstances. When visiting, whether it be friend, family, or newly made acquaintance, the visitor is expected to individually greet each person in the room. Everyone present will stand and the visitor is to move from the right to the left, shaking each person's hand and exchanging a few words until everyone has been greeted.

Ghanaians try very hard to accommodate their guests. Although they themselves are not overly concerned about time, they are aware of the western concern with time and expect their western visitors to arrive on time. Beware: when first making a Ghanaian's acquaintance, avoid asking questions about the person's "tribe." This word has taken on a negative meaning and the Ghanaian may be confused at the motive of the person asking the question. The word "ethnic group" is considered proper, but questions about a person's "ethnic group" should be reserved until you are well acquainted. Asking a person about where he or she is from may be more appropriate.

Western dress is normally worn in urban areas, with officials and the wealthier often wearing the traditional Kente cloth on special or ceremonial occasions. The cloth's design often reflects the status, purpose, and attitude of the person wearing it. Women wear the traditional long wrap-around skirt, separate (usually matching) top, and head scarf.

Silence and modesty are very good qualities for social intercourse....

He will be taught not to enter into discussion or argument except when he sees a champion worth wrestling with, and even then not to use all the tricks that can help him, but only those that can help him most. Let him be made fastidious in choosing and sorting his arguments, and fond of pertinence, and consequently of brevity. Let him be taught above all to surrender and throw down his arms before truth as soon as he perceives it, whether it be found in the hands of his opponents, or in himself through reconsideration.

Montaigne  
I: 26

Vern Black

You don't find someone to keep their agreements with you, to make a commitment with you, or to be in love with you.

They will find you—out of you keeping your agreements and commitments and you setting the example.

DASTOR

AMERICAN GRADUATE SCHOOL OF INTERNATIONAL MANAGEMENT

"THE GATE"

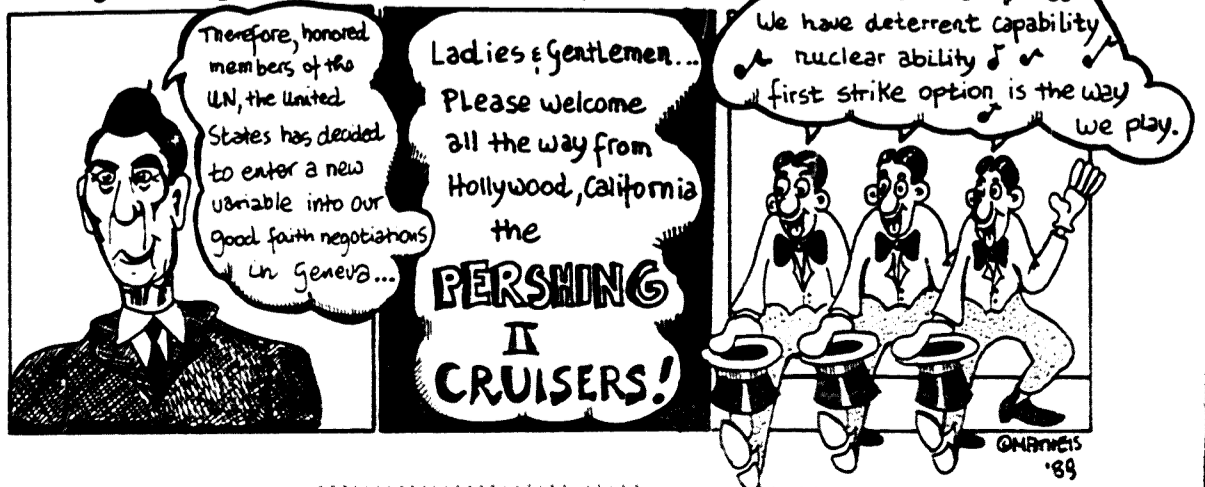
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DASTOR accepts and encourages letters to be submitted on any subject with relevance to the AGSIM community. To ensure the maximum expediency in publishing, all submissions should be typed, double-spaced and margins set 20 and 70.

Letters should be signed and are subject to revision at the editors discretion.

MEAN OF WORLD FUNNIES - Let the Bolsht's top this act ..."



## CAMPUS NOTES

### BIZARRE BAZAAR

This Saturday, October 15, starting at noon at the Financial Aids Office, will be the Fall 1983 BIZARRE BAZAAR SORT DAY. We need all E.L.F. (Emergency Loan Fund) Volunteers to come for an hour or two and help sort through all the donated items we have on hand to get things ready for Friday, October 28—BIZARRE BAZAAR DAY!

Also, look for the upcoming raffle as more and more prizes such as dinners for two, oil changes, Thunderbird playing cards and a half a side of beef keep coming in. Remember, too, that the BIZARRE BAZAAR is the place to get your costumes for the DAC Unemployment Dance and The Portuguese Club's Carnival on the same weekend as the BIZARRE BAZAAR.

### CONCERT SERIES

The Sun City Fine Arts Society's 1983-84 series of concerts will begin at 8 p.m. on Monday, November 14, 1983, in the Sundial Auditorium, located at 103rd Avenue and Boswell Boulevard in Sun City. Performing will be the Crystal Chamber Soloists, composed of John Barcellona, flute; James Dunham, viola; Sharon Davis, keyboards; David Atkins, clarinet and Peter Christ, oboe. The program will include selections from Randall Thompson, Bach-Kodaly, William Grant Still, Mozart, Saint-Saens, and Martin Scott Kosins. Tickets for the first concert are \$6. For additional information, call 972-0478 between the hours of 9-12 or 5-7.

### LIAISON CLUB

Meetings for the Liaison Club have changed to alternate Wednesdays at 4 p.m. in Room 33. For all those students who have interest in working for the not-for-profit and/or government sectors, this Wednesday, October 12, will offer an opportunity to meet and work with people who have similar goals. Everyone is invited.

### RESUME BOOK

Members of the Liaison Club will be in the Post Office on October 19-21 from 9 a.m. to 12 p.m. to collect resumes for the not-for-profit resume book. Any AGSIM student seriously interested in working for a non-profit or service organization is urged to submit his resume for consideration.

To protect the purpose and viability of the resume book, resumes not specifically targeting the not-for-profit sector will be screened out.

A fee will be collected to cover printing and mailing expenses. For further information contact Dave at x 7613 or Jim at 934-1207.

### ECONOMICS

#### MINISTER TO SPEAK

Dr. Brigit Breul will speak on "Protectionism: Is It Really the Way Out of American and European Problems?" on October 12 at 1:30 p.m. in Room 21. Dr. Breul is Minister for Economics and Transport for the State of Lower Saxony in the Federal Republic of Germany. The speech is open to the Thunderbird community.

### CAREER SERVICES LECTURE SERIES

The date for the lecture on Public Sector Employment has been changed from Thursday, October 6 to Thursday, October 13, 1983. Time: 5:30-6:30 p.m. Place: Classroom 21 remains the same.

### ABC NEWS CORRESPONDENT TO SPEAK ON WED. OCT. 12th



Sander Vanocur, ABC News' diplomatic correspondent chief

Sander Vanocur, ABC News' chief diplomatic correspondent, will speak on U.S. foreign policy toward Latin America on Wednesday, October 12 at 1:30 p.m. in the auditorium. He is also expected to discuss media reporting and will take questions from the audience.

Vanocur has been chief diplomatic correspondent assigned to the Department of State since 1981, analyzing international developments and the domestic impact world events have upon U.S. national security. He is a regular reporter on ABC's "World News Tonight," and has also contributed to its "Special Assignment" series with "The U.S. and the U.S.S.R.—A Question of War or Peace?"

Vanocur is being brought to campus by the Speakers Committee. Admission, of course, is free.



"Dad, can't we take a cab?"

### PRACTICAL TRAINING STUDENTS FOR FOREIGN

Applications for permission to be employed in practical training may be submitted on and after October 16 by students holding F-1 visas and expecting to qualify for the degree of Master of International Management in December 1983.

Such a student may be authorized to undergo this training for an initial period of six months but the work must be directly related to his or her studies at AGSIM and of a type that is not available in the home country.

Those interested should see Jean Nelson in the Admissions Office.

### U. OF MICHIGAN EXAMINATION

DATE: October 17, 1983  
TIME: 8:00 a.m.—1:00 p.m.  
PLACE: American Graduate School of International Management, Room AV-1 (adjacent to the Auditorium)

FEE: \$20.00  
ELIGIBILITY: The Michigan ECPE is open to any non-native speaker of English holding a foreign passport or alien card.

APPLICATION: Forms available in the Department of Modern Languages or in Office C-23  
DEADLINE: Completed applications by October 13, 1983

INFORMATION: Dr. Robert M. Ramsey, Office C-23, Phone 978-7281

### INVESTMENTS SEMINAR OFFERED OVER WINTERIM

For the first time ever, the American Graduate School of International Management is offering a seminar in Investments during the Winterim of 1984.

Speakers from nationally and internationally known security houses have been invited to share their knowledge and expertise with participants during the three-week conference.

The seminar is designed to benefit all students and not just those with a specialization in finance. It recognizes the fact that marketing managers, accountants, production managers, bankers, personnel supervisors, and the treasurers and controllers of corporations must continually forecast business conditions to make the right decisions in their work. To make these decisions requires a thorough knowledge of the rapidly changing nature of the capital and money markets and familiarity with the many new investment possibilities available today but virtually unknown a mere decade ago.

Thus, after investment strategies with respect to common and preferred stocks and corporate, federal, and municipal bonds have been covered, seminar speakers will focus on such new investment vehicles for corporations as Stock Index Instrument, Stock Index Options, International Index Funds, the huge market in Financial Futures, and the fast developing market in Foreign Currency Options. Other speakers will point out why it may be prudent for managers to diversify into foreign equities and will draw attention to emerging securities markets abroad.

For further information, please contact Dr. Behrens, Department of World Business, Office No. 17, phone 978-7169, 7150.

### WINE-TASTERS

by Hide Mizuno

Thunderbird International Winetasting Society

#### 10. French Wines

France makes every kind of wine, and invented most of them. (However, she is not the largest producer. Italy is.) They also consume a lot. The annual French wine consumption amounts to around 130 bottles for every man, woman, and child in the country. However, despite our image of French wines, most of the wines made and consumed in France are rough stuff, called "Vin de Table." 77% of France's wines belong in this category.

Fortunately, in the U.S. we don't see many "Vin de Table." Instead, most of the French wines sold here are "A.O.C." wines whose production method, grape varieties, quantities produced, and origin are guaranteed by the government. The AOC (Appellation d'Origine Controllee) laws have required growers to match soils and microclimates with the most promising vines until nearest things to perfect marriage is achieved. AOC is not a guarantee of quality, however. But still, this helps to identify a wine and indicates that it comes from a major area. Therefore, this is the first thing to look for on a label.

Appellations Controllees may be given to a single small vineyard or a whole large district. In many cases, a larger appellation contains several smaller appellations. In general, the smaller the definition of an appellation, the better the wines sold under the appellation. For example, AOC Cotes du Rhone-Villages is better than AOC Cotes du Rhone. (Cotes du Rhone-Villages is more narrowly defined vineyards in Cotes du Rhone.) AOC Haut-Medoc is better than AOC Medoc by the same reason. And so on.

If you would like to find more about French wines, you are invited to attend T.I.W.S. French Wine tasting on October 20. Tasting fee is \$6 for members and \$8 for guests. If you would like to attend, please send your check (payable to TIWS) to Box 613 by 4 p.m. Monday, October 17.

### Off The Wall THOUSANDS VIEW JESUS ON A TORTILLA

Lake Arthur, N. M.—A small weather-beaten green stucco house on the edge of this dusty farm hamlet in southern New Mexico has become a shrine of sorts since October, 1981.

"I was rolling my husband's burrito and on the last roll I noticed something which looked like a face," Maria Rubio said in an interview.

A striking pattern of fine skillet burns appeared on the edge of the flour tortilla she was using to make the burrito. What she saw, she said, was an image of the face of Jesus Christ. Since that day, more than 8,000 persons have visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eduardo Rubio, where the wafer-sized image is now encased in glass. Some of the visitors, the family reported, came to laugh but stayed to pray. —A.P.

### CLASSIFIED

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#### MIDDLE EASTERN DELIGHTS

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## FLYING HOME FOR THANKSGIVING OR CHRISTMAS?

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# CHINA: FRIENDSHIP AND RESPECT



Carol in Wonderland: T-Bird Carol Schuster smiles before a portrait of Mao which hangs on Beijing's Gate of Heavenly Peace.

Travel in China is unlike travel anywhere else in the world. Even the most experienced traveller feels like Alice in Wonderland as she stepped through her looking glass into a world where life's rules have changed. My first impressions were probably no different from those of Alice as I entered the Middle Kingdom. However, these initial feelings of frustration, depression and helplessness were soon replaced by feelings of great respect and strong admiration for the Chinese.

I remember our arrival at Beijing's airport as we (a group of four T-birds) were welcomed by the BIFT officials. We were enchanted, almost like small children as we took our first ride through the streets of Beijing.

In the beginning the days passed quickly as we adapted to our new surroundings. The Friendship Hotel, a Russian-Chinese conglomeration, was to be our new home for the next five weeks. Our classes began promptly at 8 a.m. each morning and were frequently interrupted by curious Chinese students wanting to practice English or a tea break with our professor. The Chinese proved to be impeccable hosts and showed us most everything in Beijing.

After several weeks the newness of the adventure had begun to wear off, and what were once feelings of enchantment and curiosity became deep-set frustrations and desperations. Around this time my Chinese language ability reached a mediocre level. I could easily order hot and sour soup in the dining hall, or ask for pant sizes in the "Number One Department Store", but this is where my conversations ended.

For the first time in my life I began to feel homesick. Letters from my parents had been opened, and I found myself calling home too often. I wanted to pull my hair out, when a clerk would respond to a request with "mei you" (pronounced mayo, meaning we're all out). "Hold the mei you" became one of our favorite expressions.

Depressed and frustrated, I became even more impatient with the Chinese bureaucracy. One day, while waiting for a visiting American to call me, my anger ex-

ploded. I had asked the hotel clerk if a message had been left for me only to find that our group was not even listed in the hotel register. According to the hotel, we didn't exist! I became annoyed and raised my voice at the hotel clerk telling her that this was impossible. I later learned that this was improper Chinese conduct, since I forced her to lose face. This was a lesson I would never forget.

During my stay I became good friends with a sweet Chinese girl named Lilly. We spent long afternoons together in the Temple of Heaven or shopping along Beijing's crowded Wangfujing street jibbering away in English and Chinese. She would giggle at my mispronunciations, correct me, then remark how wonderfully I spoke Chinese. We discussed a myriad of things from family and culture to hopes and dreams. We became quite close in this short time, and the day I had to leave was truly said.

Lilly was waiting for me at the Beijing train station carrying three watermelons in her bag. "You must eat," she said. This generosity overwhelmed me: I knew she had travelled far to the train station; in addition, it was ironic that this girl would give up her few earnings to accommodate a westerner obviously better off than she. As we parted, tears swelled her eyes. She kissed me and asked me to please hurry back, since she would never have the chance to visit me.

I have only been back from China six weeks and I believe it has already taken hold of me. Friends have commented how much I have changed. I know that I feel more peaceful within myself and more relaxed. The Chinese have showed me the advantages of an unhurried life.

I have become more tolerant of others. My escapade with the hotel clerk taught me an individual lesson in diplomacy. The Chinese' generosity showed me that happiness and love were found not in material things. I have already received a letter from Lilly and I miss her smile and warmth. She showed me a gentleness and caring that enlivened my trip and gave me a whole different view of China.

Carol Schuster

Anne Morrow Lindbergh states a subtle truth: "One can never pay in gratitude; one can only pay 'in kind' somewhere else in life...."

# TAIWAN: AN EDUCATIONAL AND CULTURAL EXPERIENCE



Movie Street in Tapei

In my first semester at AGSIM I chose Chinese as my language of study. I was excited at first, but soon became bogged down, as the class progressed from one dialogue to another at breakneck speed. I just couldn't absorb the language as quickly as I had wanted. So, instead of cracking like a fortune cookie, I decided to apply to the YMCA teaching program in Taipei, Taiwan. It turned out to be one of the best decisions I'd ever made!

I arrived in Taipei in a daze, due partly to 13 hours on a plane, and partly to the 92% relative humidity. Even though one expects things to be foreign, it was still a shock being part of a tiny minority for the first time. This feeling is fostered by the language itself, however courteous the terms used. Chinese always refers to foreigners as being outside the system. Being foreign is occasionally an asset when in a bind, such as when I missed my bus stop while riding on the last bus of the day. I started the long walk back when the driver pulled up on his motorcycle and insisted on giving me a ride home. Sometimes my friends and I were afforded too much attention such as when we were strolling down "Movie street" (a long street lined with theaters) during the Summer. Evidently, seeing David, 6'5" wearing shorts and his blond girlfriend Carol, was just too much for the girl who was more intent on watching this moving spectacle than the Vespa she just plowed into. Try as you might, you never can quite blend in. This fact constantly presented itself to me in the form of a waitress: Even though I had been using chopsticks for many months and thought that I was quite good at using them, every time I entered one of the food stalls near the Y, the waitress would come over and give me a fork, clearly trying to make me "feel at home."

Of course, considering all the aspects which make us "foreign" Chinese and Americans are far more alike than different. Keeping this in mind, I still noticed great cultural differences especially where friendship is concerned. During my first month, I couldn't quite place what was dif-

ferent. Looking around I could see strangers, and I could definitely see friends—with University aged women holding hands and University aged men with arms over one-another's shoulders—but where was...love?...kissing? "Not in Public!" one YMCA staff assured me. "Well, where then?" I asked. "Maybe", she hesitated, "in the park." In the Chinese family I was living with at the time, the children were rarely kissed or hugged. It's also quite uncommon for a daughter to kiss her father let alone for the son to do so. Obviously the children are loved to the same extent as American children are, but it's shown in a different way. While I've never asked one of the Chinese on campus, I wonder if at first we don't appear equally strange to them. Upon arrival they are presented with strangers and lovers, "but where," they must wonder, "are the friends?"

My Chinese did improve, but more importantly I now had time to appreciate the language and culture. The Chinese are extremely courteous to foreigners. Even in a large city such as Taipei, when I spoke Chinese they would nearly go into shock (few foreigners bother to try) claiming that my Chinese was fantastic! Of course, it was anything but fantastic. I have only to think back to the time when I entered a restaurant and promptly told the owner that I wanted to sleep, instead of saying that I wanted some boiled dumplings, or the time I ordered a bowl of sugar instead of soup (the differences being mainly in the tone of voice used). Soon, however, my Chinese improved and I was holding conversations with Taxi drivers, Beetlenut salesman and students too embarrassed to speak English.

I would recommend traveling to Taiwan to any student of Chinese who can afford to take the time to enjoy the culture and language. You have an assured job waiting for you. There is a great demand for native English teachers. Best of all, the ticket price is less than that of flying from Phoenix to New York!

Jeff Simmons

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# PLASTIC MONEY FASCINATES ARABIC WOMEN

Ms. Nura Fakhoury, Manager of the Women's Bank in Jiddah, describes the credit card invasion of the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. In an Arab family magazine, *Sayidaty*, she tells how tiny pieces of plastic are becoming rivals to riyals. Dealers in gold were the first to honor the cards in Europe and America but they are becoming increasingly popular at home.

Women often carry a card as a kind of security blanket. Some women become addicted to the plastic money. One case involved an Arab bride who ran her account up to around \$30,000. Faced with paying up or being jailed, she opted for three years imprisonment. Misuse of credit cards is equated with stealing.

America led the way in developing prototype credit cards sixty-five years ago. The innovation caught on because it brought immediate purchasing power to shoppers with resultant benefit to merchants. The utility of the cards increased when applications were made to banking so that deposits or withdrawals could be made any hour and any day.

It is evident that segregation by gender is not preventing women from following pro-

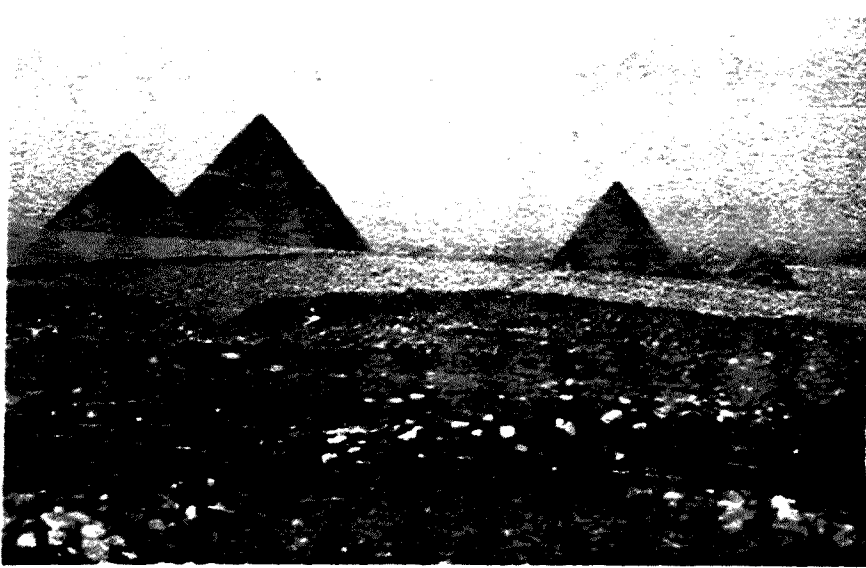
fessional careers in Saudi Arabia. Opportunities for women managers have proliferated in the separate banks, hospitals, and universities. Women are demonstrating their worth in a wide array of assignments. Countries that import millions of workers cannot afford to disregard the potential contributions of half the indigenous population.

The notion that there are no jobs for women in the Arab states is being daily refuted in the real world. Let me also add that the difficulty of learning Arabic has been grossly exaggerated by those who have never studied the language. It is encouraging to note that the number of students of Arabic in American colleges increased by a third between 1974 and 1977 and the escalation continues.

Notably applicable to Arabic is the conclusion expressed in *A Nation at Risk* that the "study of a foreign language introduces students to non-English-speaking cultures, heightens awareness and comprehension of one's native tongue, and serves the Nation's needs in commerce, diplomacy, defense and education."

Mrs. Bahia F. Gulick  
Assistant Professor of Arabic

# PARTYING AT THE PYRAMIDS



Man is afraid of time, but time is afraid of the Pyramids. The pyramids: Cheops, Chephren and Mycerinus

by Katherine DeWitt

Does this surprise you? It did me. For some reason I had the idea that the great pyramids on the outskirts of Cairo were sacred ground. However, my illusions were dramatically altered by an invitation to a barbecue at the pyramids this summer. I met a wonderful Egyptian family who really introduced me to a city that is thriving with history.

At night the pyramids are illuminated and empty of tourists because Egyptians come by the hundreds to party together and share a common pride in the accomplishments of their ancient culture. It is difficult to describe, the emotions one feels.

Who could have guessed that "Animal" would be dancing and drinking STELLA

(Egyptian beer), having the great pyramids as a backdrop. Would you believe we made a beer run into Cairo! Dancing and singing makes a person thirsty.

The lights are turned off at midnight but it is not necessary to leave. Of course we stayed until all the "Stella" and food was gone. That was a night I will never forget. There was the full realization that different cultures have some common ground and one does not need to speak a language. There are special times when personalities transcend barriers and there are no differences. AGSIM helped prepare me for all the special people I have met. Thank you, fellow T-Birds.



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Shalom Asch,  
The Nazarene (1939)

To know the road ahead, ask those coming back.

—Chinese proverb

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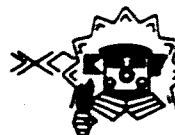
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# FEW IN CANTON ARE EATING MONKEY, BUT DOGS AND CATS STILL ARE POPULAR (IF IN SEASON)

by Amanda Bennett

CANTON, China — Yao Ganxiong, the manager of the North Garden restaurant here, is puzzled. Little cookies with printed messages inside? "We don't have any games like that here," he says. "We do propaganda work for our restaurant in the newspapers, but we don't put it into our food."

Of course not. Food is serious business here.

Chefs study it. Scholars write about it. Workers spend time and much of their money on it. There's even a popular aphorism about it: A man should live in Hangzhou for the scenery, marry in Suzhou for the beautiful women, eat in Guangzhou (Canton) for the best food and die in Liuzhou for the superior willow coffin wood.

Here in Canton, people eat things you won't find in any U.S. Chinatown (cat, dog, anteater) and things that may not be big favorites among American Chinese-food lovers (snake, eel, sea slugs). The Cantonese like their food exotic and they like it fresh—so fresh that some of it is still twitching. One hears of a famous ancient court dish—monkey brain—that was served in a way too gruesome to describe in a newspaper read at the breakfast table, except to say that the monkey involved probably didn't enjoy what happened to him.

Cantonese chefs flaunt their craftsmanship: vegetables carved to resemble flowers, fish served in the shape of a bird, pastries made to look like pears, rabbits or doves.

But fortune cookies? They are unheard of. Three days of interviewing about them in Canton produce nothing but blank stares. Perhaps it really is true that the fortune cookie was invented in a Japanese tea garden in San Francisco.

## Spread of Chinese Restaurants

Cantonese food in its humbler forms is probably the Chinese food best known to Westerners. In the 19th century, immigrants from Canton and its environs went to the U.S. as laborers and took their eating habits with them. When the railroads and other construction projects were finished, workers fanned out across the country, propagating Chinese restaurants.

In recent years, other sorts of Chinese cooking have had vagues in the U.S.—the hotly spiced dishes of Sichuan and Hunan, for example. And increasingly sophisticated U.S. devotees have begun to crave more authentic Cantonese food. But the Cantonese cooking pioneered by the first immigrants is still the characteristic fare of Chinese restaurants in most American cities.

Since the early restaurateurs weren't cooks but laborers, the food they served was working men's food—stuff like chop suey, which is any old collection of vegetables and meat, and chow mein, the same thing but served over fried noodles. They cooked what they had been eating and made a living at it.

Such a process is being repeated currently in Canton as the government encourages more and more private enterprise. In one street-corner restaurant here, six young people who haven't been assigned state jobs have gone into business for themselves, slinging up bowls of noodles with bean sprouts and pork for their early-morning customers. The dish (with meat) sells for 25 cents, 7.5 cents (without).

Such a hodgepodge may be nourishing enough, sniffs Liu Weiduan, a special cook at Ban Xi restaurant, one of Canton's best-known eating places, but it isn't a dish she would serve guests. "In America, they take chop suey to be a special dish," she remarked after a recent tour of U.S. Chinese restaurants. "Here, it's very ordinary."

## Simple Food Well Prepared

Actually, she relents, some of the Chinese cooks she met in the U.S. are doing quite well. One of the restaurants she visited on her trip is run by former engineers at a Cantonese cement factory. She says they are doing a rather good job of duplicating the food served in the factory's cafeteria.

To be a true Cantonese chef, however, requires years of training. Huang Ying, the chef at Qing Hui Yuan restaurant in nearby Shunde County, began in his teens by washing dishes and watching cooks do their work. It took him 10 years to become a chef himself. The apprenticeship ends in government examinations—written and oral. The would-be chefs also must prepare dishes for his examiners to taste.

Shunde, about 50 miles from Canton, is where they say Cantonese-style cooking was perfected. Before the Communists took over, the affluent population of Shunde had nothing better to do than to eat and then critique the chef. "The cooks had to improve, and they finally became very good," says Mr. Huang. Since, according to local officials, 70% of Shunde's families have relatives abroad, the local cuisine has probably influenced Chinese cooking in the U.S.

Some of the cooking techniques in and around Canton are a matter of making a virtue of necessity. Food, for instance, should be cut into small pieces and cooked rapidly over a very hot flame. Originally, the fast cooking was intended to conserve fuel. But it also preserves the taste and texture of meat and vegetables. The flavors of individual ingredients remain distinct; the crunch is not cooked out. "When you eat, you should hear the sound," says Liang Kezhu, the manager of Qing Hui Yuan.

Since owning animals was a privilege of the rich, China's cooking has always used meat sparingly. And that's fine by the Cantonese. Except for banquet dishes of whole fish or chicken, they think vegetables should predominate. "Americans use too much meat" when they cook Chinese food, says Li

He, a special cook at the North Garden restaurant who also has visited the U.S.

The Cantonese can afford that attitude. With its tropical climate, Canton abounds in fresh fruit and vegetables throughout the year. Cantonese restaurants stress the season's vegetables: cucumbers, peppers, bamboo shoots in spring; melons, turnips, lotus seeds and flowers in summer; lettuce and eggplant in the fall; cabbage, spinach and peas in the winter.

Produce is a luxury the rest of China doesn't share. Transportation is so inadequate that in the summer just ended, Cantonese were dumping surplus fruit and vegetables into the harbor even as people in Peking were lining up for blocks to buy bruised tomatoes.

Other parts of China boast of their cooking, too, but the Cantonese are contemptuous. Sichuan food is "too hot," says Mr. Liang of Qing Hui Yuan. "The Sichuan people may think it's good, but Cantonese people don't think so." Peking food—the mandarin style of cooking also familiar in the West—is "too oily," he says.

## Strange Western Habits

The American penchant for heavy sweet-and-sour dishes mystifies the Cantonese, who prefer light sauces. "Perhaps it meets

the needs of the American people," says Chen Fen, another special cook at the North Garden restaurant. And as for foreigners' tendency to pour soy sauce all over everything: "It doesn't completely spoil the taste of the dish," says Mr. Liang. "It just makes it too salty." That is a horror Cantonese chefs strive to avoid.

A Cantonese banquet currently costs about \$10 per person for a fairly ordinary spread, but it can cost as much as \$50 if such delicacies as shark's fin soup, sea slug, suckling pig or snake are on the bill of fare.

In either case, enough food is served—10 to 12 courses in all—to induce nausea in the inexperienced. A cold dish begins the meal, followed perhaps by sliced eggs dyed and assembled in the shape of a peacock. Fish is served toward the end of the meal; soup comes in the middle. In Canton, that might be winter-melon soup, served in the hollowed melon, which on the outside has carved on it greetings to the guest of honor.

Other Cantonese specialties include fried milk (a custard with chicken and nuts); chicken soaked in mao-tai, the famed Chinese firewater; cracked crabs; and a dish deceptively called chrysanthemum-dragon-phoenix-tiger, a stew of snake, chicken and cat flavored with flower petals.

The meal ends with dim sum, elaborate little pastries in dainty shapes

## Dinner Alfredo

Not everyone eats this way, of course. China is a poor country. Breakfast or lunch for many people is a bowl of noodles eaten as one squats on the sidewalk. Dinner might consist of yams and vegetables with rice. Meat in many parts of China still is a two-to-three-times-a-month luxury.

But Canton is richer than other parts of China, and Cantonese are more devoted to their stomachs. "When people in Shanghai get money, they spend it on clothes," says a young Cantonese woman. "People in Canton spend it on food."

At Ban Xi restaurant, Liang Gun, a worker from an embroidery factory, is polishing off fried egg dumplings, meatballs and rice wrapped in a lotus leaf. He comes here six or seven times a month—today with a group of friends—for a hearty morning meal. "Cantonese people enjoy their breakfast," he says. And so big restaurants like the Guangzhou are able to claim serving up to 10,000 people a day in an 1,800-seat area.

Most restaurants in China offer several classes of service. On the ground floor, rougher versions of the house specialties are served, for less than a dollar a person. Eating habits are uninhibited; bones and cold tea go on the floor; there is much spitting. Tablecloths are changed every few days, whether they need to be or not. Upstairs, where the food is more elaborate and the prices higher, the clientele is more genteel—people celebrating a marriage or a visit from relatives, tourists or local businessmen entertaining one another on the company.

## Tons of Snake

Exotic (and domestic) animals belong to the fancy class. "Very few people eat monkey now," says Mr. Chen of the North Garden restaurant. "It's too expensive." But other odd beasts are common enough. The Dragon and Phoenix restaurant runs through more than 20 tons of snake a year, says the manager, Huo Ren. "The poisonous ones are the most delicious."

Dog and cat are winter fare because they are thought to generate heat when eaten. Many restaurants set out charcoal braziers and offer cook-it-yourself dog. Dog and cat are strictly restaurant dishes, though. "They're very hard to kill at home," says Chen Ming, the manager of the Guangzhou.

The Cantonese, in short, are eclectic in what they will eat. And there's even a little local joke about that: "Cantonese will eat anything in the sky but airplanes, anything in the sea but submarines and anything with four legs but the table."

Which, like some other truisms, isn't exactly true. On her trip to the U.S., Miss Liu, of the Ban Xi restaurant, was treated to a very expensive American restaurant meal. The experience horrified her.

"They served big slabs of meat," she recalls. "You had to cut it with a knife, and blood ran out. It was terrible. I didn't dare eat it."

The above article first appeared in the Wall Street Journal on Tuesday, October 4, 1983, page 1.

## AND A FEW RECIPES FOR THE LESS ADVENTUROUS

The following is an example of the cuisine found in Nan Jing, a city in the south of China famous for its culinary delicacies.

### Fried Beef with Onion

#### Ingredients:

- 1 lb. sliced beef (3" x 3", thin)
- ½ lb. sliced onion
- 5 Tablespoons of soy sauce
- ½ Tablespoon of wine
- 1 Tablespoon of sugar
- 3 Pieces of chopped ginger
- 1 Tablespoon of scallion
- Cooking oil
- 2 Tablespoons of vinegar
- 3 Tablespoons of cornstarch

#### Procedure:

1. Put the sliced beef in a bowl and add the wine, soy sauce, sugar, ginger, and scallion to marinate the beef. Mix them thoroughly, set aside and soak at least 30 minutes.
2. When beef is ready, mix them with the cornstarch.
3. Put oil in a wok. When the oil is hot, add the beef one piece after another, take each out when deep fried.
4. When beef is fried, leave some oil in the wok; when oil is smoking hot, put the sliced onion in and stir over high heat about 1 minute, add ½ teaspoon of salt, a tablespoon of vinegar, 1 tablespoon of sugar, stir it for another minute, and put the fried beef back, then put in all the sauce that was used to marinate beef.
5. Keep stirring beef and onion. When they are thoroughly mixed, cover the wok for 1 minute, then stir them for another minute, and transfer them to serving plate.

Yu Ning

My favorite style of Chinese cooking comes from the provinces of Szechuan and Hunan. These foods are often hot and spicy and many of the dishes are stir-fried and quick to prepare. This appeals to me as I would rather spend my time eating the food than preparing it!

David Keefer recently field tested this first dish. If he can cook it, anyone can.

### Chicken with Peanuts

1 lb. boned and skinned chicken breast

#### Marinade:

- 4 t cornstarch
- 4 t soy sauce
- 2 T sherry
- 2 egg whites

10-15 dried red peppers

2 T minced ginger

1 bunch of green onions (white part only) cut in 1" pieces

½ - 1 cup Planters peanuts

#### Seasonings:

- 4 t cornstarch
- 4 t sherry
- 3 T soy sauce
- 2 t vinegar
- 1 T sugar
- 6 T peanut oil

Cut the chicken into 1" pieces. Marinate for 15 minutes or more. Mix the seasonings in a small bowl. Heat the oil in a wok or frying pan. Add red peppers, cooking over medium heat until they begin to char.\* Turn heat up to highest level and as soon as peppers are black, add chicken. Reduce heat to medium. Stir-fry chicken until it turns white, then add ginger and green onions. Stir-fry a few more seconds, then add the peanuts and the seasonings. When sauce is thickened, serve.

\*Warning: The fumes from the charring red peppers are bothersome. Either cook over the stove with your exhaust fan on or cook outside this far if you have an electric wok.

This dish I learned a few years back from the West Coast chef Ken Hom. Although the recipe calls for asparagus, you can substitute broccoli, cauliflower, baby carrots, zucchini or snow peas.

### Asparagus in Hot Black Bean Sauce

- 1½ - 2 lb. asparagus, washed and cut diagonally into 1" pieces
- 4 T peanut oil
- 1 T fermented black beans, crushed
- 2 t minced garlic
- 1 t minced ginger
- 1½ cups chicken broth
- 2 t or more, crushed red pepper
- 2 T soy sauce
- 1 T sherry
- 1 T cornstarch dissolved in 2-3 T cold water

Heat peanut oil in wok until smoking hot. Add black beans, garlic and ginger, stir-fry, mashing them into a paste as quickly as possible. Add asparagus slices and stir-fry for 30 seconds. Add chicken broth and stir for 1 minute. Add the crushed red pepper, soy sauce and sherry. Stir 15 seconds more. Thicken with cornstarch mixture and serve.

Good eating!

Steve Beaver

# THAI RAMA OFFERS EXOTIC AND ECONOMICAL FARE

The uninitiated should be warned that Thai food can be very hot. Various chilis and spices are used liberally in most Thai dishes with predictably fiery results. Dried red serrano chilis, chili paste, fresh jalapenos, and "ka" (galingale) are applied copiously in salads, soups, and appetizers, as well as entrees. The palate of the unwary may numb long before the main course arrives. All this aside, Thai cuisine is also exotic, aromatic, delicious, and a great treat for the adventuresome.

Thai cuisine is very similar to Szechuan cuisine in many respects, although meat tends to predominate over vegetables somewhat more. Cooking techniques are much the same, with most dishes being steamed or fried quickly over very high heat in a little oil. Thai flavorings are distinctive, however, and in addition to the aforementioned, include tamarind pulp, coconut milk, fresh limes, mint, prodigious amounts of garlic and ginger, a salty extract called "fish sauce", and tart "lemon grass".

When I began experimenting with Thai cooking several years ago, the major problem I encountered was in procuring the various exotic ingredients required. Grocers would respond with blank stares or looks of incredulity when I asked for such everyday necessities as fish sauce and lemon grass. Fortunately, residents of progressive Glendale will find no such difficulty. Siam grocers, at 5008 W. Northern, stock every item the budding Thai chef could ask for—except perhaps rice bugs, but most of us can forgo that delicacy.

For those interested in trying their hands at Thai cooking, many excellent recipe books are available. One such work, which has received favorable reviews, is *The Original Thai Cookbook* by Jennifer Brennan (G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1981). In addition, many recently published Oriental recipe books now include a section on this increasingly popular cuisine.

For those of us who think oyster sauce is made with catsup and horseradish, or who merely prefer to leave the cooking to more experienced hands, the Phoenix area boasts several Thai restaurants. One of these, Thai Rama, is the subject of this review.

Located at 1702 W. Camelback, Thai Rama is well worth a trip. Its menu is generally representative of most Thai restaurants, including such standard appetizers as Sa-Tay (barbecued pork or beef on a skewer, served with a delectable peanut sauce), and Mee-Krob (sweet, crispy fried rice noodles with bits of shrimp and vegetables).

Soup portions at Thai Rama are enormous and elaborately served in large conical "fire pots", similar to those used for Shabu-Shabu in Japanese cuisine. I recommend you steer

clear of the Chinese accretions and try the Thai soups: they are different and delicious. Tom Yum Khoong (\$5.95), for example, is prepared by frying shrimp shells in oil with a little garlic. After the shells are removed, shrimp, lime juice, lemon grass, and crushed red pepper are added to produce a tangy broth which tastes of both lemon and hot pepper. I cannot think of a more perfect soup for a wintry evening.

The menu contains an ample selection of salads, which by Thai definition, seem to include any cold dish, even cold grilled meats and squid. Beware of the innocuous-looking green chilis in some of these concoctions—they are dynamite!

The list of entrees contains a large selection of fried beef, pork, chicken and shrimp dishes prepared with sundry mixtures of vegetables, nuts, and herbs. One chooses the meat first, and then decides how it should be prepared. Selections are made from a list including garlic and pepper, mint leaves and chili, peanuts, cashew nuts, broccoli and oyster sauce, or pineapple sauce etc., each selection being stir-fried Chinese style. Vegetable dishes, curries, and even fried pompano are also available.

On a recent visit, we ordered Sa-Tay (\$3.50), chicken with shredded ginger, mushrooms, and black bean sauce (\$3.95), and Khung Nahm-Prig-Pow (sauteed shrimp with roasted curry paste, \$6.95). The Sa-Tay was a bit overdone, and the peanut sauce which accompanied it was less flavorful than other versions I have tried. The chicken, however, was savory and delicious, and the shrimp dish in a peppery aromatic sauce was without doubt the pick of the evening.

Unfortunately, the service never seemed to recover from the onslaught of several large parties which arrived in tandem. We waited too long for our meal, and the appetizer and entrees arrived together. Nevertheless, our waitress was pleasant and took time to answer our questions despite the rush.

For dessert we ordered homemade coconut milk ice cream (\$1.00), and a toothsome Thai custard (\$1.00), which I enthusiastically recommend, topped with slivers of dried apricot. While several common brands of wine are available, we found Singha beer from Thailand to be a surprisingly good (and potent) accompaniment to our spicy meal.

Our bill totalled \$22.64 for two, which also adds to the attractiveness of Thai Rama. The atmosphere is pleasant and relaxed, the menu varied, the staff is gracious, if somewhat disorganized, and the food is delicious. All things considered, Thai Rama is a delightful restaurant which offers a very enjoyable evening, especially to students on a budget.



Early morning Tai Ji Quan along Shanghai's Bund

Continued from page 1

seats are paired, so that one side faces the other, with about 20 pairs on each side of the central aisle. There is a small table, about two feet long, that reaches from the window to almost halfway across the seat—about one and one half passengers' worth. This is the primary mode of travel for the Chinese. We spent about half a day on one, most trips for the Chinese are from 15-45 hours. The secondary mode is the hard-sleeper. These feature bunks, with about the same amount of padding as the hard seats, that are also paired in groups of three. This mode, while not a Pullman, is actually quite comfortable once the lack of privacy and the ever-present "canned" music and "news" broadcasts are adjusted to. The soft seat and soft-sleeper cars were the most comfortable—also the most expensive and hard to get. The soft-sleepers had compartments that held four occupants, two bunks per side. They also had air conditioning, which probably accounts for the fact that most of the passengers in these sections were foreigners or high-ranking Chinese. The soft seats were comfortable armchairs, with a table between every two chairs. These cars were relatively rare.

As to the people we met on the train, I think I can safely say that we encountered a true cross-section of the Chinese people. I can also safely say that most of the time Jade and I were the only foreigners on the entire train! We met other foreigners only once in the three weeks we spent traveling on the trains...and they were in the soft-sleeper car, so we only saw them at meals in the restaurant car. We were, therefore, something of a novelty to the Chinese in the hard-seat and hard-sleeper cars: especially Jade, with her long blonde hair, tall stature, and large Kelly backpack. From the moment we got settled in, there would be dozens of curious people standing around peering at us, nodding and smiling and astounded that we could speak to them: wondering what we were doing exactly, marveling at Jade's Walkman and unabashedly watching over her shoulder as she wrote in her journal; and just general scrutinizing us: *everything* was fascinating to them.

My favorite city was Guilin. Although Xian's archeological digs (pottery horses and soldiers of the Qin dynasty) were fascinating, and the Thousand Buddha Caves of Loyang were intriguing, and Chungking, at the head of the Yangtze River, was reminiscent of both San Francisco and Chicago, Guilin was a fantasy place: a place to go on a honeymoon or to write a book. Utterly surrounded by strange, weather-carved hills and rock formations that went on for miles all around the city, cut by a river and streams on which small three and five-bamboo-width rafts were constantly poled up and down; Guilin was a tiny universe of beauty and tranquility in southern China.

Unfortunately, we did not make it to Shanghai or Hangchow: these cities are also famous: one for commerce, and the other (Hangchow) for its natural beauty and the system of canals that have earned it the title of "The Venice of China." First stop, next time.

Of course, there's no way to fully describe the experience of travel in a truly foreign land—the best one can do is to compare it with some familiar or common perceptions of our own society's norms and customs. So, with this disclaimer in mind, I would like to

share some of my impressions of Chinese society.

The best way to start is by observing that the structure of Chinese society is fundamentally different than that of the West because of the way people there regard each other as an innate, integral part of society: a society taken for granted by all to be unlike any other in the world. Although person-to-person communication is basically the same—they get angry, cry, and laugh just like anyone else—the way people treat each other publicly, or perhaps formally, is different in that they all have a very easily recognizable pride in and awareness of their unique status as Chinese: the inheritors of the Middle Kingdom.

This characteristic pride most certainly has some solid foundations—not in the dim and much belabored past, but in the present. The Chinese, as a whole, extend to each member of their community a dignity, a respect...just for being a member of the group. This dignity and respect is a very subtle thing, however, because the ebb and flow, or gaining and losing, of it determine the amount of "face" or prestige the individual will carry with him or her in the societal setting.

There is a puzzling paradox about these observations, however. Granted that the Chinese are very polite, and offer help graciously to foreigners when it seems necessary (and less graciously, perhaps, when unnecessary); why, then, does the sight of an empty ticket counter or open bus door drive them into a frenzy that would make lemmings hang their heads in shame? On a bus going anywhere, for example, if initially it is empty it will never fill up—that is, the total possible carrying capacity will not be utilized. But the area of the bus directly opposite the doors, and in a cyclonic circle around the nearest passenger handholds, will be a squirming mass of good-naturedly exasperated Chinese, huffing and puffing and complaining of the heat! There will be 30 square feet of standing room at the back, or even at the front, but they all know that the best seats are by the doors, where the distance over seats, overhand-by-the-roof, out windows, and John-Riggins-up-the-middle is appreciably less. That is also the most convenient way to form the eight-person snowflakes, dollies, and other creative knots and patterns on the way out of the bus, complemented by the artistry of the simultaneously-boarding passengers in a thrilling improvisation on a timeless theme.

Aside from such cultural differences as these, however, the Chinese people are open, honest, and generous to a fault. Of course, there are some people in any group who will prove the exception to a rule; and the monolithic Chinese bureaucracy often lends itself to trail-covering (CYA) and snafus: at rock-bottom the Chinese are too proud to lie amongst themselves and too sophisticated to believe that an answer lies either purely at home or purely with the West (or with Moscow, for that matter). A large gap in their development will be filled when the government relaxes restrictions on reading materials, news sources, and the free exchange of ideas: by allowing the Chinese access to more data on the world of which they are (becoming) a large part, some of the brightest minds on the planet, and some of the most proud to be human beings, will be able to contribute to the subsequent development of this Earth that we all live on.

Aim at the sun, and you may not reach it; but your arrow will fly far higher than if aimed at an object on a level with yourself.

Joel Hawes



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Bertrand Russell

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## RUGBY SHOWING IMPRESSIVE

The Kachina Rugby and Social Club added another trophy to its collection, taking Division II Runner-Up at the ASU LaBatts 7's Tourney in Tempe, Oct. 1. There were 16 teams in the Tourney. Due to an outstanding turnout, the Kachinas were able to field two teams.

In Tempe, both teams displayed a significantly greater amount of sense than in the Pub that evening. The A-team won all of its intergroup games despite the early loss of Kachina scrum-half and coach Robin Stephens, due to a foot injury. Surprisingly, the inclement conditions did not hinder the swift Kachina attack. After Robin's injury, Blake Davies seized control and directed the team to victory. The solid scrum of Scott, Pierre and John was supported by Richard, Tom, Cliff and Blake in the back field.

Bob Cvancara lead the B squad to a third place finish in group C. The hard driving B-team was composed of Julian, Denis, Ward, Jeff, Jeff, Tom and Doug. Bob also drove his van.

The Rugby Club would like to thank all T-Birds for their support and hopes that you will continue to buy those "Rugby Dogs" Thursdays at Pub Night. All are invited to attend Rugby Club matches and the activities which they participate afterwards. See you there, folks.

What is madness: To have erroneous perceptions and to reason correctly from them.

Voltaire, "Madness" in Philosophical Discourses (1764)

## SOCCER BREWS:

### SOCCER TEAM FALLS FROM FIRST

AGSIM's indoor soccer team was over-matched this past week as they lost 7-2 to Solidarity, now in sole possession of first place. Despite playing well in spurts, the team's mental lapses were largely responsible for the outcome. Next week's game is at 6 p.m., so any of you interested can meet us at the coffee shop at 6 p.m.

AGSIM's outdoor team will play its second game of the season this Sunday at 3 p.m. in Phoenix.

This week we feature two of the team's defensive players: Gerhard Peyfuss and Alex Gutierrez-Alvarez. Both players started playing soccer at the age of seven. Gerhard trying to kick soccer balls over the Austrian Alps and Alex dribbling through the traffic of Mexico City.



The China Rangers at the Great Wall taking in China's new capitalist path. Pictured: Dave Keefer, far left; Jennifer Beaver, far right, are approached by young Chinese offering to sell souvenirs.

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