

Apologia pro head- line nostra

We wish to apologize to Mr. Peter Montgomery for having affixed to his article on the Citadel Theatre's production of Brecht's *The Threepenny Opera* a headline the levity of which seems to him to have been inappropriate.

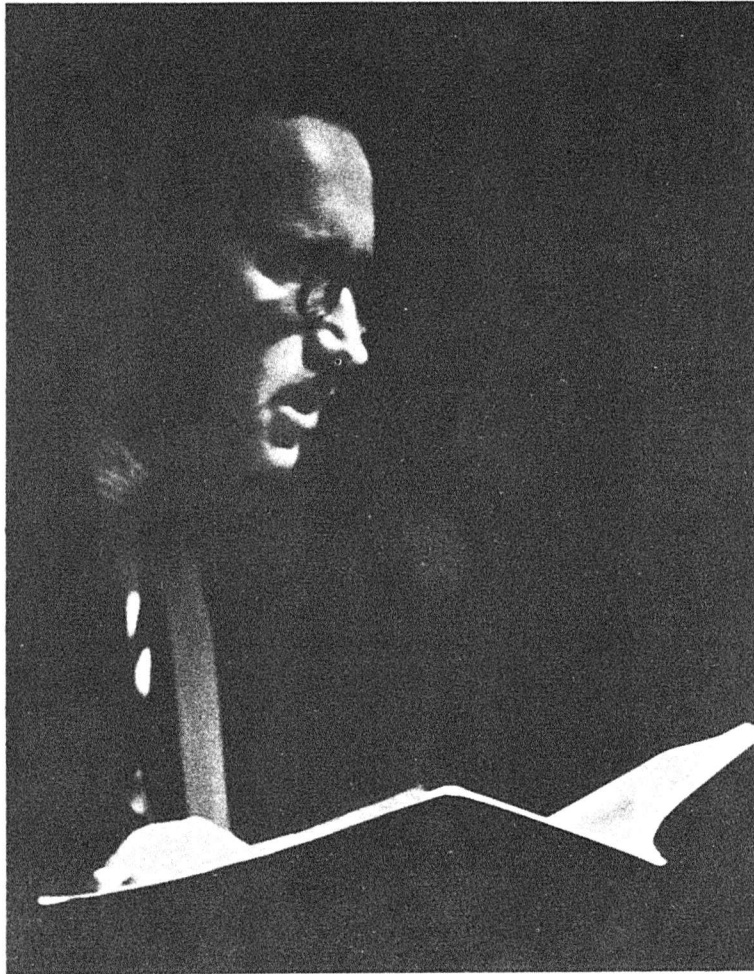
It must be understood that headlines are generally written very late at night by persons other than the authors of the articles involved.

Hence Mr. Montgomery bears no responsibility at all for the headline to which he has objected.

The tradition, now over a year old, of joke-making in arts-page headlines has no doubt become with the passing of time too rigid.

All we can plead is the lateness of the hour, general exhaustion, and a perhaps exaggerated fear of dullness or solemnity.

We intended no disrespect to Brecht, the Citadel production, or Mr. Montgomery, and deeply regret that our headline could be interpreted as expressing any such disrespect.



—Brian Campbell photo

ELI, ELI LAMA SABACTHANI?—This is a genuine, un-retouched, and very rare photograph of poet Eli Mandel, a member of the English Department at our very own U of A. The picture is a precious memory of a poetry reading given at the Yardbird Suite Wednesday before last, whereat Dr. Mandel read from his own works.

ZORBA'S NIGHTTIME

Friday, Dec. 2—
HANS STAMMER AND
THE FAMOUS LAST
WORDS

Saturday, Dec. 3—
THE RETURN

Sunday, Dec. 4—
JAZZ CONCERT

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES



GOVERNMENT of ALBERTA

Representatives from the various departments outlined will be pleased to discuss career opportunities with interested students on the following dates:

Dec. 2	1. PROBATION OFFICERS (Dept. of the Attorney General)	B.A., B.Sc.
Dec. 5, 6	2. ENGINEERS—Dept. of Public Health (Municipal Engineering, Air and Water Pollution)	Civil, Mechanical and Chem. Majors
Dec. 5, 6, 7, 12	3. INSTRUCTORS (Institute of Technology)	Engineering, Arts, Science, Commerce
Dec. 5, 6	4. ASSISTANT DISTRICT AGRICULTURISTS (Extension Branch)	B.Sc. in Agric.
Dec. 8, 9	5. AGRICULTURE INSTRUCTORS (Colleges of Agriculture)	B.Sc. in Agric.
Dec. 8, 9, 13, 14	6. TEACHERS (Correspondence School Branch)	Minimum of 3 years Education
Dec. 12	7. FIELD & WILDLIFE BIOLOGISTS (Dept. of Lands and Forests)	M.Sc. Zoology or Biology
Dec. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16	8. SOCIAL WORKERS (Dept. of Public Welfare)	B.A.
Dec. 13	9. PUBLIC LAND APPRAISERS (Dept. of Lands and Forests)	B.Sc. in Agric.
Dec. 14	10. PROGRAMMERS (Data Processing Branch)	B.A., B.Sc., B.Comm.
Dec. 15, 16	11. MARKET & LABOUR RESEARCH OFFICERS (Bureau of Statistics)	B.A., B.Sc., B.Comm. B.Sc. Eng.
Dec. 15, 16	12. ENGINEERS—Dept. of Public Works	Civil and Mechanical Majors

Career brochures and an interview appointment can be obtained through the Student Placement Office.

films

The best film in Edmonton at the moment is *The Knack* (at the Roxy), directed by Richard Lester and based on a play by Ann Jellicoe which some of my readers may have seen performed locally.

I've neither seen or read the play myself, but I gather the film contrives to remain faithful to the spirit of the original by making free with the letter.

Richard Lester, who made the Beatles films, is a very inventive man, but here his inventiveness is formidably well-controlled. His film emerges as rigorous and vigorous, a splendid piece of comic construction.

The story involves three men occupying a house together, plus Nancy (Rita Tushingham) who's new to London and spends about half the film looking for the YWCA.

The three men are Colin, a school teacher, Tolen, a womanizer, and Tom, a painter who serves as part of the film's Chorus. (The other part of the Chorus consists of various bystanders who give documentary-style comments on the Degeneracy of Youth and so forth.)

Colin wants Tolen to impart to him the Knack of getting women. Nancy stumbles into the household and is used by Tolen as an object to practice on, ostensibly for Colin's benefit.

Much of the satisfaction the film affords us comes from seeing Nancy and Colin get together and Tolen disintegrate. Tom introduces yet more chaos into an already chaotic world, and helps Colin along. The bystanders gabble.

Lester succeeds remarkably in catching the spirit of True Love as it manifests itself in the 'sixties (compare his film to *Dear John*, at the Garneau, which seems to me essentially a 'thirties love-story), and in affectionately spoofing our current jitteriness, both sexual and general.

But *The Knack* defies paraphrase: you must go see it.

Khartoum (at the Odeon) is a rather-better-than-usual epic about some obscure military adventures in the Sudan at the end of the nineteenth century.

Scripted very unevenly by Robert Ardrey, author of *African Genesis*, it deals with the character of one man, hero and fanatic, man of conscience and soldier, colonialist who wiped out the Sudanese slave trade—General Gordon.

Now who would you cast at this walking oxymoron if you had great bogs of money and no taste? Who but Charlton Heston, the poor man's God the Father!

And to bring in the intellectual crowd, who would you get to play the leader of the native aggression—and in this film's terms there isn't any doubt about who's bullying whom—but Laurence Olivier, the fair-to-middling-well-off man's Othello!

The surprise is that Heston does a fine job. With the aid of a moustache to cover his well-known teeth, and the intelligent stretches of Ardrey's script, he plays Gordon as a deliberately limited, intense, curiously likeable man.

Olivier plays Othello—oops, I mean the Mahdi, Gordon's formidable fanatical opponent—adequately; but not having been given any good lines he's rather at a disadvantage. Much more to be pitied is Ralph Richardson, who plays Prime Minister Gladstone; his lines are so bad that he has to camp it up, the effect is uncomfortable.

The desert turns in its usual brilliant performance, as do the camels, most of whom look amazingly like Charlton Heston in his more toothy days.

The problem of representing the hero in art is always with us. It may even be that a heroic art is around the corner; surely, as I've said before, irony cannot continue to monopolize so utterly the creative imaginations of our artists.

Khartoum is flawed, as I've suggested, but I must confess that somehow the figure of Gordon is made to radiate something of the heroic—which is no small achievement.

What we need now is someone with the radical comic talents of Richard Lester who is willing to try his hand at adapting his technique to the portrayal of those strange, doomed, stupid men who teach us most of what we know about honesty and honor.

—John Thompson