

Dialectics and You



(A column, the frequency of which is directly proportionate to its appearance of frequency. The author refuses to accept responsibility for any damaged or stolen property resultant.)

Alas, lonesome funambulist, dost thou seek nourishment? Is the wicked sidewalk washing away like drollery? Is the carpet's pantomime flowing onto breccia of blue-green figmentation? What will you do next?

Your egoism is so rampant that during a sunshower you believe the rays to be directed only upon you. What if someone should see you? Do you think that people who live alone are lonely?

Well, the ideal of calm exists in a sitting cat. All I have read, all I have thought, all my forced paradoxes, all the contradictions that are thrust upon me, all of my hatred of the conventional, my contempt of the commonplace, all of this quotidian megalomania somehow does not prevent me from turning soft on the first day of classes, from seeking out, under hedges or among turds and scraps of decayed paper a sitting cat to bring home to my sitting cat.

There are only three effective antidotes: sitting cats, hypocrisy, or the reading of *The Temptation of Saint Anthony* without falling asleep. To have a horror of the bourgeois is bourgeois. Yeah baay beee.

You see, what you are really after is the precarious attainment of relevance in an intensely mobile flux of past, present and future. Of course, some sort of rooting of these tenacious cliches is long overdue; it will promote a contrazoic understanding of those works resembling pornography, since we don't know what we don't know. I don't believe this is so. I know it is. I think I'm wrong. I'm not. Roll pop black cooties. Compare John Cage's "In a world of natural activity it is understood that everything is clean: there is no dirt." (taken from *Silence*)

The scene changes to an empty yellow street. A prisoner, pants soaked with urine, chin crusted with snot, stares, glassy-eyed, into space. He has not seen the doorknob nor the fluttering calendar pages ambulating like sagebrush across the boardwalk.

So, either be a nobody or everlastingly plagued, thank-you.

Alternative cinema - the E.F.S.

On Sept. 19, the Edmonton Film Society will launch its forty-first season on campus with the West German drama *The Marquise of O*. The film won the grand prize at last year's Cannes Film Festival and has been ensconced in many critic's "ten best" lists for the year. It will be shown at 8 p.m. in SUB Theatre. Admission is to series ticket holders only.

Film Society members will have the opportunity to view some thirty-eight features, which comprise four series. The selection includes silent flicks, screwball comedies, Hollywood musicals, a tempting selection of films from the French cinema, and newly released films from the European and Asian markets. Omnivorous film fans can see all thirty-eight films with the purchase of a forty dollar All-Series pass. Others may prefer to buy tickets to the series of their choice.

The series are:

International - ten recent foreign films, such as *Alice in the Cities* (W. Germany), *Te Sorrow and the Pity* (France) and *The Night of Counting the Years* (Egypt). This series screens Monday nights at SUB Theatre starting Sept. 19. Tickets, \$16 regular and \$14 students.

Classic - eleven films from Hollywood's past. Included are Ingrid Bergman's Oscar-winning performance in *Gaslight*, the much-whispered-about horror film *Freaks* and a selection of comedies including *Twentieth Century*. This series begins Sept 26, 8 p.m. at Tory Lecture Theatre L-11 with the Katharine Hepburn comedy *Stage Door*. Series tickets are \$14 and \$12.

The French Tradition - highlights from the French cinema. Seven films including the Renoir comedy *Boudu Saved From Drowning*, Jean-Paul Belmondo as *The Thief of Paris* and Godard's *Band of Outsiders*. Wednesdays, Tory Lecture Theatre. Series

Cruel Tears



Cruel Tears is a country opera which blends "unique theatrics with humor music dance and mime." The play "grew out of the realities and myths of prairie life." Trailer courts, OK Economy stores and truck drivers are images which convey the reality in which the myth, a story of misplaced love and hate (based on Shakespeare's *Othello*), takes place. Music written by Ken Mitchell and Humphrey and the Dumptrucks is performed by the latter, who are on stage for the entire performance and "blend unselfishly with the performers. Dumptruck fans will note that Humphrey won't be appearing with the Dumptrucks as he is building his house.

Cruel Tears will be presented Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights at 8:00 p.m. in SUB Theatre, with a 2:00 p.m. Friday matinee also at SUB Theatre. Humphrey will be replaced by singer and guitarist Bob 'Cat' Evans.

CON



by Ambrose Fierce

My name is Ambrose Fierce. Last year was my first at this university. I was, by and large, a pleasant time, during which it began this column - for money. Less pleasant was the intervening summer, which I passed in a prison cell having gotten five-to-ten for accounting "fraud" (for "fraud" read "creativity"), ninety days of which I actually had to serve.

Prison food.

I could go on and on about prison food.

"Haven't you ever heard of Adelle Davis?"

"Yeah," said the cook, a morally enervate person, "an look what happened to her."

Expostulation was of course useless. Starch, starch and more starch. My complexion is ruined, and the rest of me, always on the chunky side, is now

grossly fat. None of my last years' clothes fit, of course, so I am obliged to wear my prison garb to classes, the Slipsticks Club, the *Gateway* offices - everywhere. The situation is humiliating. And the absurd notion that stripes are slimming is a tale of an old spouse-person.

Which reminds me, Bertha Kupfernagle (*Bertha! Come back! I'll go straight become a C.A.!*) has left me for good.

And so on. But for all the pain and sorrow and bitterness of my term as a jail bird - *innocent*, I swear before all that's holy, because I was *framed*, and totally *not guilty* - one good thing came of this horrible period of servitude: I worked, and sweated, *slaved*, and turned myself into an author. My work appears subadjacently, for the delectation of my numerous literary friends, (mostly suicides, now that I think of it), and for anyone else with an appreciation for beautiful letters. It is my maiden effort, a tender and sensitive short story - take heed *Gasoline Rainbow* editors - entitled, simply *The Short Story*.

"A real grabber of an opening sentence - that's imperative. A unified, absorbing plot structure and a satisfying culmination of the action - that's what a story needs, and that's exactly what yours lacks. Oh, it's dull, dull, dull."

Frederick and Robert were comparing their short stories on the even of the contest deadline, and Robert was giving a rather severe appraisal of Frederick's literary capabilities. Robert was an earnest young collegiate whose sparse, straggly beard made him look like a spider had caught him in a chin lock. He was dressed in shorts, a sweatshirt encrusted with fraternity devices, and rimless spectacles. Frederick, although he is the main character in this story, did not differ from Robert in any respect sufficiently to warrant the trouble and space of a separate characterization, except that he had no rimless spectacles. To remedy this lack he had taped wire ear-pieces to his contact lenses; Frederick was a loser.

As the two men sat hunched around their coffee, their bodies writhed and rippled with the intensity of their aesthetic convictions and with their almost total inability to formulate and articulate these convictions. They passionately believed that they should be passionately *concerned* with literature, and, as evidence of their fervor it will be noted that although neither of them was competent to disagree with anyone over any phase of letters, they were doing so. Their moist, fleshy faces contorted, changed hue, and shook with powerful emotion. They urged each other to keep to the point, although neither knew what the point was and for this reason felt obliged to bluster more and more menacingly; they were both losers, although Frederick was the more successful loser. He lost consistently and thoroughly. One of Frederick's friends had bet him his entire fourth-year tuition that Frederick could not spell 'illiterate.' Frederick had lost.

"You'll never win with that thing, Freddo. You gotta toss in lotsa Martians, monsters, mistaken identities, and comic absurdities, like I did."

"Bob, that thing of yours wouldn't keep a six-year old busy on a rainy day - it's so contrived, it's ridiculous."

"Fred, you're a phlegmatic, hidebound, garden slug of a lukewarm, unimaginative, blah pedant."

"Yeah? Well you're a harebrained, amateurish hack."

"Pompous ass!"

"Fatuous nitwit!"

"Bastard!"

"Motherf-" Perhaps Frederick would have said more, but Robert indicated that their literary discussion was at an end by dashing his scalding coffee in Frederick's face.



Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers as boarding-house denizens in *STAGE DOOR* (1937), the comedy-drama that begins Edmonton Film Society's Classic series.

tickets: \$10.

The American Musical, a nine-film series which is to start early next year. The series will trace the development of the musical from Al Jolson and the early 1930's to the golden age of the American Musical in mid-1950's Hollywood.

All foreign films will have English subtitles.

Film Society members will receive more than the opportunity to view films of an alternate nature. An issue of the Society's magazine *Film Edmonton*, program notes for each film, and guest passes that afford friends and relatives free admission to a limited number of screenings are all available to members at no cost. Members are also given borrowing privileges to the Society's 16 mm. feature film library.

Series tickets are on sale at all Woodward's stores and the HUB box office on campus. Free brochures, describing all the films, may also be obtained at those outlets or by phoning Ralph Horak at 488-4335 (evenings).