

# Up the Revolution!

**REVOLUTION AND RESPONSE:** Selections from the Toronto International Teach-In. Edited by Charles Hanley.

For those of us who first tasted a teach-in here at U of A in the fall of last year, this collection of speeches given at the teach-in at U of T may have some nostalgic memories.

Perhaps we will remember Professor Green's forceful exposition of the Asian outlook which views the West as that part of the "civilised" world which dropped the atomic bomb on those who are not white.

For those of us who were not so fortunate as to hear the Toronto teach-in this collection is worth reading—particularly the two perspectives of revolution given by Z. K. Brezisski for America and Vadium Nekrasov (of *Pravda*) for Russia. Robert Scapino puts the American view of the Vietnam conflict forcefully and in a scholarly manner, although to me it is still as full of holes as a sieve.

Compared to *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* (published by Grove Paperbacks at 95 cents) which you will never forget, *Revolution and Response* is pale and lifeless. This autobiography and Franz Fannon's *The Wretched of the Earth* (in the

library) are among the greatest and most chilling books of the century. It is impossible to appreciate the disdain for the white liberals that those who speak about "black power" have (at least without the aid of a direct experience of hatred and violence accorded to few of us yet) without reading Fannon and Malcolm X.

In my opinion we whites have no concept of the far reaching implications of the revolutions presently taking place in other parts of the world (i.e. those countries which have been exploited by the industrial nations and are now part of the "American Empire"). Nor can we understand the fierce independence of the Vietnamese from the overlordship of both the Western World and China without the aid of these writers.

Better still, some of those who are exposed to exploitation and who would offer assistance to the exploited might take note of the determined refusal of any assistance from us.

The Asians, Africans, and Negroes all tell us to "get serious" and join the revolution in our affluent societies. If we shrug this off and continue to be deaf and blind to the exploitation we perpetuate in the name of "democracy and freedom", then the affluent people of the world will be overwhelmed in the blood that they are

causing to be shed by their selfishness and inhumanity.

I guarantee that you will not be the same complacent person after reading Fannon or Malcolm X. For theirs is the "real" response to the revolutionary situation, not the verbiage of the teach-in.

—Patrick Connell

## Symphony yet to be

O tempora! O mores! The announcement is last Friday's Arts Section (which you may or may not have seen) concerning the Edmonton Symphony's upcoming concert was disastrously incorrect.

Under the tremendous pressure of late hours, overdue essays, and the frightening immediacy of the *Weltanschauung*, I imagined that the aforementioned concerts were to take place on November 19 and 20 (last weekend to you), and not November 26 and 27 (Saturday and Sunday to everybody), as they actually will.

Be that as it may—and it very well may—the program will be an interesting one, if a bit on the over-Romantic side. The highlight will of course be Edmonton's own Golden Boy of the Keyboard, Marek Jablonski, who can be depended upon to produce a satisfactory performance of Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto.

Rachmaninoff is another of those innumerable late Romantic composers who are inevitably either overrated or underrated. One is either nauseatingly carried away by the sheer gush of his music or absolutely revolted by what one considers to be his base manipulation of emotions and intellectual shallowness.

As it happens, the Third Piano Concerto is a rather good, if somewhat hambling, mixture of lyricism and melodrama. And it's an immensely difficult thing to play, for those of you who revel in pyrotechnical skill.

The program will also offer Tchaikovsky's Third Symphony "Little Russian", Verdi's second-best overture—to *La Forza del Destino*.

Nasty Footnote: Everyone who missed Festival's feature on the recording of Wagner's mammoth opera *Die Gotterdammerung* (The *Twilight of the Gods*) managed to avoid the best single television program this year. So the only thing to do now is to streak down to your hostile neighborhood record store and buy the London recording.

—Bill Beard

## films

First, may I trespass outside my proper concerns for a moment? I want to recommend very highly the current Citadel Theatre production of *The Threepenny Opera*, which is discussed elsewhere in this issue of *Casserole*.

I saw another production of this magnificent work in Vancouver this summer, and can cheerfully report that Edmonton's is in many respects the better production. Ignore Westgate (or at least his headline; the actual review was intelligent, and I suspect the play had "settled down" a good deal between his viewing of it and mine).

On weeknights, student rates at the Citadel aren't much more than the cost of the average movie, and I can't imagine you finding a more pleasurable and profitable evening of entertainment in Edmonton.

I saw two movies last week: *Muriel* at Film Society, and *Texas Across the River* at the Rialto.

*Muriel* proved to be a highly controversial film, hated by many; I liked it a great deal. *Texas* didn't seem to be rousing the hundreds of kiddies with whom I saw it Saturday afternoon to violent intellectual argument, but I liked it a great deal too.

It's a funny-Western which follows Alain Delon, who plays a young Spanish grandee, from the American east coast (where he is part of a chain of circumstances leading to the death of a member of the U.S. Cavalry who has busted up his wedding) to Texas and safety from U.S. law (until Texas joins the Union, about two thirds through the film, and in rides—yes, the U.S. Cavalry!)

Dean Martin, looking more and more like W. H. Auden, plays the good ol' All-American frontiersman who picks up Delon as a talented idiot who may be of use against the Injuns.

He ends up getting Delon's girl, while Delon gets and Indian maiden whose life he foolhardedly saves. (Everybody saves everybody else's life in this film.)

The chain of the narrative could be followed by a bright three-year-old. Once thing follows another without confusing the audience. But if one stops to consider the variety of incidents and moods strung like beads wantonly together on this chain, one's mind reels.

Aristocracy-vs.-democracy jokes, bad-Injun jokes, good-Injun jokes, pokes-about-Injun-jokes jokes, Injun massacre jokes, father-son jokes (involving the Injuns), U.S. Cavalry jokes, bull-fighting jokes, even old-Southern-courtesy jokes—all of those and more get thrown in randomly, like the colors of an action painting.

Now if we compare this with *Muriel*, we see that the latter, "difficult" film actually has a story that would make, told "straight", a very solid, rather conservative novel-plot. Its director, Alain Resnais of *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, has chosen to tell his story very trickily indeed, but once one has put the narrative together in one's head there aren't many problems.

*Tears*, on the other hand, presents the Intelligent Gilmogger with myriads of interpretative problems.

Should the Cavalry be seen as a metaphor for the Green Berets? And if so, what are the implications of the film's insistence on the soldiers' stupidity (as opposed to, say, their wickedness)?

When the Injuns attack the settlement, the same loop of film is shown four or five times (horse rears, falls back on Injun rider). Is this a deliberate reference to the most unbearable film I've ever seen, Bruce Connor's *Report*, where twenty seconds of film of the Kennedy motorcade in Dallas is played over and over again? If so (and it's intriguing to think so, so why not?), what kind of laughter is *Texas* aiming for?

Instances could be multiplied ad nauseam. The point I want to make is that the "bad" commercial film—and if you forced me to the wall I'd admit that *Texas* is quite a bad movie—turns out, by virtue of its very randomness, its freedom from artistic unity, to achieve a formidable complexity of texture.

Such complexity comes hard to the "serious" filmmaker. He has to strain his materials more, and an audience not prepared to grant him this right can criticize him brutally.

But I believe we *should* grant directors like Resnais this cause right, because they succeed) given the chance) in moving us. Which *Texas*, fun as it is, doesn't do.

—John Thompson

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