

arts

Writer-in-res to give public reading of work

Gary Geddes, writer-in-residence at the University of Alberta will give a public reading of his poetry at 12:00 p.m. in the Humanities Centre AVL-3 Friday, Nov. 21.

Geddes, the second writer to hold the post of writer-in-residence here is a poet and anthologist whose reputation has been growing steadily during the seventies. As an anthologist, he is responsible for two major collections; *20th Century Poetry & Poetics* (1969, 1973), and *15 Canadian Poets* (1970, with Phyllis Bruce), as well as the recent anthology of writings from and on British Columbia, *Skookum Wawa* (1975). He has published five books of poetry: *Poems* (1971), *Rivers Inlet*

(Talonbooks, 1975), *Letter of the Master of Horse* (Oberon, 1973), *Snakeroot* (Talonbooks, 1972), and *War and Other Measures* (Anansi, 1976). His work has also been anthologized in the recent

Twelve Prairie Poets (Oberon, 1976). *War and Other Measures* has been highly praised by the critics. Eli Mandel has said that *War and Other Measures* is "a mature, controlled and coherent book of poems on the subject of politics and imagination." George Woodcock thinks it is "a good poem whose Canadian roots

do not impede a wider contemporary relevance." Mr. Geddes is an exciting reader of his own poetry, and his reading will both entertain and provoke.

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Friday December 10
SUB THEATRE 8 PM

Tickets available at
HUB Box Office, Keen Kraft Music,
Sam the Record Man, Mikes

\$3 in Advance \$4 at the Door

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In his time, he was called a revolutionary.
Today, he is called the Son of God.

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WAS IT AN ACT OF GOD OR JUST AN ACT



STARTS FRIDAY, NOV. 26th -ADULT
FEATURE AT 7:22 & 9:21

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Standing on the escalator
at Piccadilly, she puts her hand
inside my trousers without turning.

Her body on the dirty spread
is covered with scars. She weeps
as I kiss them, her deep wound
closing around me.

I speak of Montreal.
Somehow, my being Canadian
amuses her. Our cigarettes
pencil the darkness.

In the morning she is gone,
the pillow scarred. On the floor
a spent cartridge of lipstick.

Train to York in night-time.
Frail child, legs dangling
from carriage seat, her head
an enormous wasps' nest
of bandages. And cradling
a china doll.

Tired man looks up at me,
smiles.

Badly cut, he says, deaf too.
Came over high, couldn't hear
until it hit. The whole house.
Doll came through without
a scratch. Fancy that...

Travelling by night, stopping in barns
and haystacks (no charge for the rats),
we make it, finally, behind the lines.

Guards at the checkpoint, officious,
heel-clicking. Everything in order.
Fournier behind me on a bicycle.

Frightened, wanting only to run.
Walking down the road, conspicuous
as a tourist, the back of my neck

grown suddenly bare. Truck stops.
So close, their soft young faces
sucking courage from a cigarette.

Surprised by my own reflection
in the windscreen, five days' growth,
and wearing these filthy overalls.

I take the lift they offer.

Three sticks of dynamite
well placed under the jeep.
One infantry colonel, one driver,
two ambivalent authorities.

Afterward, the reprisals.

Twenty townsmen, including the schoolmaster,
shot through the head, his students
attending closely to the lesson.

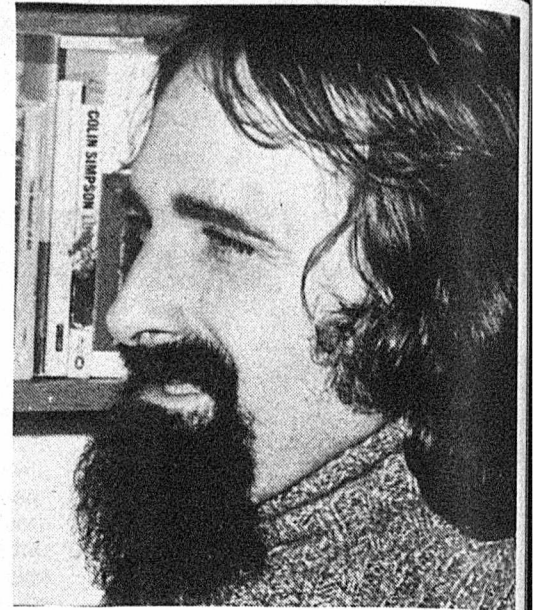
This is war, I say.

I have orders.
I have to keep moving, fear
my constant companion.

Wisdom leaking to the winds
like gas.

Break the chain of command. Always
the same pattern: a child's game
of checkers, jump one lose five.

A new crop of French widows.



Poet Gary Geddes

One more grateful than the rest
gives me food and shelter for a week.
As the husband dreams his outrage
in the parlour, I spill my grief
into her body.

Fournier found with a carving knife
in his throat. His smile
infectious even in death.

Talking to myself again,
grown more taciturn than ever
to hide the patois.

My hands fascinate me, two
live animals at my sides.
They feed me, light cigarettes,
help themselves to my things.
Night creatures, they live by day
in my pockets.

I watch them fold and unfold,
move among the objects
on the table, wonder how much
longer they will need me.

I do not want to understand
their language.

Fournier's memory always amazed
me, the way he could summon up
physical detail, whole conversations,
and give them a special colouring.

He had been wandering down southside
one evening in late October, among
guttered houses, some half standing,
when this kid materialized in a doorway
and says penny for the guy mister,
dragging behind him a stuffed pillow-case
tied in the middle and drawn with falling
hairlock and coal-dust moustache.

Bombs intended for Westminster,
falling short, spending their fury
on the innocent. The kid crouched,
an animal alertness in his limbs,
eyes that could read a face.
Scruffy as hell - and the cheek
of his puppet Fuhrer. Fournier used
the phrase *stuffed men of politics*
and called the kid one of those
for whom war changes nothing.

I could listen to him for hours.

From *War and Other Measures*
Gary Geddes, Anansi press - 1976



Société
Radio-
Canada

CHFA 680

Tuesday 23 ... 22:00-22:30

L'ART AUJOURD'HUI

"La Lithographie Française de 1817 à 1824." Gilles Rioux, professor of history of art will meet Mr. McAllister Johnson who organised the exposition "The Lithography and the Art Market in 1976" at the University of Kingston; and Gilles Bellemare, director of the "Galerie B" in Montreal.

Thursday 25 ... 21:30-22:00

JAZZ ET BLUES

"Bris" Jan Garbarek and Bobo Stenson.
"Coral Rock" Archie Shepp.

Saturday 27 ... 9:30-10:00

TOURLOU

"La Bolduc" first popular singer in Quebec (1927-1941).

Poetry at Citadel

At 12:10 p.m. Friday, November 26, The Citadel Theatre begins its first hour poetry reading of the season.

Because our opening production of *Romeo and Juliet* was sold out in such an astonishing short time we felt that it would be appropriate to utilize the experience of a Shakespearean cast and director, John Neville. They will present a collage of Shakespearean prose, which not only includes the bard's poetry but also selected writings of Shakespeare depicting his observations on life in England during his time.

The performance lasts for one hour and costs only \$1.00.