

## Three poets to read

This week the SUB Art Gallery will be the scene of a joint (no pun intended) reading by a group of three poets. Dorothy Livesay, F. R. Scott and Stephen Scobie will present their poetry on Thursday evening, November 18, at 8 p.m. These poets offer a wide range of style, subject matter and individual interpretation, and the reading should be a highlight of what is certainly an outstanding year for poetry in Edmonton.

Miss Livesay, who is an associate professor of Canadian Literature at U of A, writes her poetry out of her experiences as a social worker, teacher, and world traveller. One of Canada's best-known and most prolific authors, she has produced poetry, fiction, and plays since the publication of her first chapbook, *Green Pitcher* (MacMillan, 1928). Her *Selected and Uncollected Poems 1928-1970* will appear in 1972 from McGraw-Hill Ryerson, and she has recently edited *Forty Women Poets of Canada* for

Ingluvin Press. Her poetry is the process of a constant building from experience, and the result is a sense of timelessness which has kept her work "contemporary" over a period of almost forty years.

F. R. Scott is a former Dean of Law at McGill University, a founder of the C.C.F. party, and an authority on the Canadian constitution. He began to write poetry in the 1920's and his poetry evolved from imagistic detachment to satirical involvement during the 1930's. Scott, like Miss Livesay, has had a wide variety of experience in fields unrelated to the formal study of literature, and this shows in the content of his poems, and the approach he takes to his subjects. His poems are clearly the reflections of a committed man, carefully considered and written with great insight and wit.

Scott's *Selected Poems* was published by Oxford University Press in 1966, and has been reprinted in paperback by that same publisher this year. It is

available in the Bookstore in SUB.

The third poet on Thursday's card is Stephen Scobie, who is also an assistant professor at U of A. Scobie is an authority "concrete" poetry, and many of the best of his own poems are of this type. He also writes in a more traditional style, and has been included in a number of anthologies, among them *West Coast Seen* (Talonbooks). His most recent publication is from Delta Books, titled *In the Silence of the Year*. As well as writing poetry, Scobie is active in the Edmonton Film Society, and is a co-editor (along with Miss Livesay), of the Edmonton-based quarterly, *White Pelican*.

This reading is sponsored by the League of Canadian Poets, and as can be seen is well-balanced and should be very entertaining. Since seats are certain to be limited, poetasters are advised to come early--and stay late!

by Sid Stephen



## Chamber duet to play Wednesday night

The Edmonton Chamber Music Society's second concert of the season will feature Swiss cellist Guy Fallot and French pianist Emmanuelle Lamasse.

Prior to their teaming up as a duo two years ago both artists had toured all over the world as soloists. Since they got together they have played extensive concert tours in North America and Europe.

Both artists come to Edmonton with high recommendations. Mr. Fallot has won first prize at the age of 11 at the Lausanne Conservatory, the Sonata prize at the International Contest in Geneva,

the first prize at the Paris Conservatory and the Prix Piatigorsky as "the best young cellist in France" in 1948.

Miss Lamasse has won first prize and Licence de Concert at the Ecole Normale and first prize at the Paris Music Conservatory.

The concert will take place Wednesday night, November 17 at 8:30 p.m. in Convocation Hall. Performed will be works by Rachmaninoff, Bartok, Faure, Prevost, and Nin.

Season tickets will be on sale for this and the remaining four concerts at the door at a cost of \$5.00 for students and senior citizens.

## GETTING INTO B D



photo by Don Stanton

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY. And they were good. People were just getting into their music when they finished their set and walked off at 11:00, a sudden downer. The audience recovered quickly, forced them to come back, and THEN enjoyed the shit out of them.

SOLID, that's what James Cotton was. He jumped on the back of my head with his harmonica while the lead guitar plucked my eardrums. You should have been there for that. I feel sorry for those of you that were in too great a hurry to beat the rush, and missed the encore.

— Graham Buie and Conrad Teske

## Play Misty For Me is very adolescent

The only word to describe *Play Misty For Me*, that terrible, terrible flick at the Odeon, is adolescent.

It begins with a score reminiscent of a Beach Boy instrumental--Clint Eastwood in sun-glasses, a sportscar. And ends up, literally, on the rocks.

Clint, it seems, is every teenie-bopper's dream--a far out, very cool, long-haired D.J. Only the boppers he turns on are closer to menopause than puberty, more matronly than hip. But that doesn't stop Clint. Until he meets Evelyn.

Evelyn (Jessica Walter) is almost as hip as Clint. I mean like she digs the swinging sounds of Ray Conniff and like has every L.P. ever put out by Lawrence Welk. She's a swinger from a way, way back. So it's only natural that Clint and Evelyn should get together and spoon and hold hands and...you know...Oh wow! Like with no strings attached.

Only after it's all supposed to be over, Evelyn starts to go funny on Clint. She buys him pastrami and cheap wine. She follows him around like a little

puppy-love dog, which kind of cramps Clint's style.

So Clint decides to have it out with her. But Evelyn loves Clint because he's so super-cool and like she doesn't really want to break up. So she slashes up. And then she cuts up Clint's black housekeeper (along with the rest of his furniture), stabs his pillow, knocks off a cop and then--aw, but I don't want to spoil it for you--is thrown out the window onto the rocks.

Wowie-zowie!

Like I saw the same stuff when I was sixteen. Every Saturday morning I used to go over to Gary Katz's place and watch all the keen flicks on the boob-tube. Usually about nine or ten of them at a sitting--all the same. And if I weren't kibitzing around with Gary or Peter, I was wishing that I had a girl with me so that she'd get all scared and like engage in some gratuitous bodily contact. That was in 1963.

*Play Misty For Me* is really a very adolescent picture.

--W.N. Callaghan, Jr.