



## Free Theatre comes to SUB

Tired of those everyday normal, highly dramatic, significant theatres? Ready for an evening of poetry, dance, mine, improv. music, and general chaos? You bet! And it's all brought to you through the selfless tribulation of a band of gypsies who call themselves Edmonton Free (or Experimental--depends on what crosses the Ringleader's mind at the moment of introduction) theatre. This strange but likable collection of students, HIPPIES and rubbies in general was born of an audition in (THINK of it) your very own Student's Union Building some two months ago, their mission: to produce an interesting and very new kind of show virtually without that most troublesome commodity, money. The troupe is hardly composed of professionals--certain members of the cast have never before performed on stage--but they are tightly knit, and very much into what they are doing. What ARE they doing? The fruits of their labours is a "poetry happening" conceived by Isabelle Foord, the group's co-founder and director, called *Soft Streetcar*.

As I hinted at in the first paragraph, their show unrolls before one's eyes in three dimensions--those of the intellect, the symbolism and the aesthetic aspects of the sense of sight, and some nearly joyful music from the band, Burnt River. The poetry readings are from Blake to the present, including a poem by one of the

members of the cast, a pretty girl named Violet. There are no character parts in the play, and thus hardly any indication of ugly ego happenings within the cast.

The show runs very fast, and is continually changing patten and atmosphere, but as it runs it carries one from one scene and idea to the next. The impact of the ever-changing nature of the play is great, and it's also fun to watch. As Isabelle quoted to me: "The play's the thing."

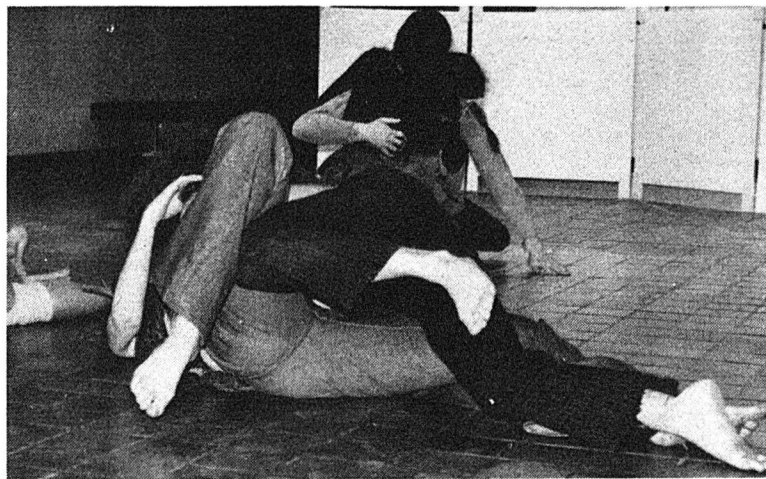
Mainly, the play is an hour and a half of neat things to see and hear and think about, and perhaps even feel, acted by a somewhat ragged group of young PEOPLE, just like you. And it's nice.

Anyway, because the Edmonton Free theatre neither is run by, nor consists of money-hungry individuals, it will

be very cheap to see when it plays in SUB theatre on Saturday night, so you might come out and catch it. It will only cost you about a dollar, and maybe another dime for intermission soda. By the way, in their three day run at the Art Gallery the troupe collected a grand total of \$36.00, all of which went to pay for the security personnel whom the theatre was obliged to hire. Nobody felt ripped-off, either.

The pictures shown were taken at the Saturday night performance at the art gallery. Curious? It is my heart-felt hope that you climb aboard the *Soft Streetcar* when it winds its way down its yellow-brick road toward this glorious institution, and thus to you, my fellows in crime. Good day.

by the Village Idiot.



writing . . .

. . . and reading

## George Bowering

*Geneve*  
by George Bowering  
Coach House Press (Tor.) 1971  
price: \$6.00 cloth, \$3.00 paper

Coach House Press publishes the most beautifully designed, graphically exciting books in Canada: and with George Bowering's *Geneve*, they have set a standard for the "little presses" which should last for years to come. Every single detail, from the faded tapestry design on the cover, through pages which crackle between the fingers, to typeset styles used for the poetry itself make this the sort of book one would like to own just for the sake of having it to show others, or better yet to give to friends who might appreciate the physical qualities of ink and paper, combined with such obvious care.

Clearly, it would take a high standard of poetry to be worthy of this kind of presentation; I admit my bias, I like Bowering's poetry as represented in his other books, and *Geneve* was no disappointment, though to begin with I was a bit put off by the "notes" inside the front cover, which state that this is "a kind of 'day book' of the imagination, composed by daily dealing one card from the Tarot." My first reaction was, "oh, come on now George, isn't that a bit obvious? I mean, the Tarot is a pretty heavy subject, and to capture a single card in one short poem..." But he brought it off in style: the poems are at once clear, single statements on the poet as he sees himself going through his life day-by-day, and a well-connected journey across 38 Tarot cards, beginning with the Chevalier des Batons and ending (of course) with XII, La Mort. Through the poems, we see the poet driven to consider himself from a new perspective in the light of his reaction to the reality represented by the card which Chance has flashed at him; in the perspective, we see each card come alive, each with its own particular curse or blessing.

Then, with the seventh poem, a curious undercutting begins. Bowering has swept us along with him through six poems/cards, and suddenly with the appearance of (bracketed) comments in the seventh, he steps out of the poet/reader/poem relationship, and leaves us to handle it for an instant. The first time this happens, the effect is slightly disturbing, but not frightening;

when the same thing occurs in the next poem, and you realize that it is the reader as well as the Card who is being addressed, a tension is set up that is not resolved until, inevitable, Number XII comes up, and you realize that in reading these poems you have taken part in a sort of self-sacrifice - with the poet as subject.

The cards themselves are printed on the reverse side of the dust-cover, in a spiral which a friend points out is similar to that used by archaeologists to distinguish between mere primitive scrapes on rock and conscious attempts at what we have labelled "art". The poems have to be read in conjunction with the cards, though as mentioned above, most of them will afford some entertainment on their own: Bowering plays with words and asks the most startling questions, leading the reader into false passages and leaving him there to find his own way out.

O.K., but why take my word for it? Reviews are mostly combined of an equal part of bullshit and bias anyway, and are useful only in deciding whether or not you want to bother picking up the book reviewed to see if it speaks to you personally.

All this by way of saying, that George Bowering himself will be in town today, reading at Grant MacEwan Community College at 8 P.M. tonight. He was born in British Columbia, and that province and the Rocky Mountains are a constant presence in his earlier poems. After graduating B.A. and M.A. from UBC, Bowering held teaching positions at a number of Canadian universities, most recently at Sir George Williams where he was Writer-in-Residence and Assistant Professor of English. At present he lives in Vancouver.

George Bowering has won the Governor-General's Award for poetry with his *Rocky Mountain Foot* (McClelland & Stewart) and *The Gangs of Komos* (Anansi) in 1969. His most recent collection is *Touch: Selected Poems 1960-1970* (M & S). He has also edited a collection of short stories for Coach House Press, *The Story So Far* - which comes in a plastic bag. Why not come over to G.M.C.C tonight and hear Bowering read his poetry; who knows, perhaps someone will ask him about that plastic bag?

by Sid Stephen

Sponsored by the Students' Union

**"THE PRIVILEGE"**

Friday, Nov. 26

3:00 to 7:00 p.m.

Dinwoodie Lounge

Live entertainment

Proof of age must be

presented at the door

**Friday Afternoon Social**