



**GATEWAY PUZZLE PIC No. 797**—If any of you remember, last year sometime (or maybe it was this year, we forget) we ran a puzzle pic in these pages, and the response was so overwhelming that we are forced to repeat the contest. The long delay, for you fanatics, was because we had to find a suitable picture. Well, kiddies, the millenium has struck, and in our last issue, we have found what you have all been waiting for. The deal with this contest is, of course, the same as the last one—if you can identify the blushing damsel, you can have her. (Never mind her, what about the little kids with trumpets?) Contestants are warned that they will also have to claim the small brass band, and the peeping tom in the corner. Road maps are available in *The Gateway*.

## records

**JACK JONES: L.A. BREAKDOWN RCA Victor LSP 4108**

Jack Jones seems to get better with every record he makes. Starting out as a mediocre talent with little more than a good voice to recommend, the son of Allen Jones has branched out to become one of today's finest interpreters of modern popular music. Highlighting the album are the title tune (currently near the top of North America's middle-of-the-road charts), as well as his very meaningful renditions of three Randy Newman compositions—*Linda*, *I Think It's Going to Rain Today*, and *Love Story* (the latter impresses me as a most brilliant and humorous comment on the futility of life).

Good orchestration, sensitive vocal interpretations, and first rate material provide the basis for a superb LP, one that is a MUST for anyone's record collection.

**BLOOD, SWEAT, AND TEARS:**  
Columbia CS 9720

It's very difficult to describe the second Blood, Sweat and Tears album by any word except "fantastic"! There are no feature tunes in the album because they are all brilliant. The content varies from classical (*Variations on a Theme by Eric Satie*) to pure jazz (*Blues*) and hard rock (*More and More*; *Spinning Wheel*). They are able to quite skillfully interweave virtuoso solo work into a group structure, yet maintain the feeling of spontaneity; in fact, it is probably some of the most precise music ever recorded by a 'pop' group. It is one of the few albums in which the comments on the cover truly describe the sound—"nine musicians, vital and diverse. Their rich musical tapestries will stun you. Brash and exciting, their music is a wedding of rock and jazz". Vocal work by Canadian David Clayton Thomas is exceptional.

Listen to the album and listen

to it closely. You'll find it well deserving of its status as the top selling album in the city (at the present time).

**BANB, BANG, YOU'RE TERRY REID:** Epic BN 26427

While the Van Morrison album is something that has to grow on you, Terry Reid either hits you right away or not at all. For myself, I'm afraid it's not at all. I find his attempts at improvisation, particularly in *Season of the Witch*, *Bang Bang*, and *Summertime Blues* to sound quite contrived. Despite a solid psychedelic-rock background, the album turns out to be boring. Second rate material such as *When You Get Home*, *Tinker Tailor*, and others demonstrates Terry Reid's mediocrity as a song writer.

It would seem to me that Terry Reid's overnight success is entirely due to good promotion work and gimmicky instrumental arrangements. —Larry Saidman

The poetry of R. A. Kawalilak

# I found a deck of poems

REVIEWED BY DOROTHY LIVESAY

*I Found a Deck of Poems* by R. A. Kawalilak; House of Intent Press, Vancouver

Poems and prints, if these work together well, support each other. Or sometimes the poet is painter himself and then becomes sculptor, as is the case with the Alberta-born Roy Kiyooka. A small new book, *I Found a Deck of Poems*, by a University of Alberta student has the same evanescent Japanese-like quality found in Kiyooka's verses. As the cards are flipped a moment of time is recorded. Another analogy might be that of a pebble dropped into a pool: the circles reverberate.

The volume begins with a free-form haiku:

Winter dew  
on greening trees  
—a robins nest.

The remainder of the page consists of a shadowy naked woman's form. Somehow the two expressions create a harmonious whole and this is generally the case throughout the remaining 30 pages. One either responds to these impressions or one doesn't, so it is difficult to be critical.

Typical of the new approach to the poem is the clarity of statement, the concern with nouns and verbs, the spare use of adjectives. An image is presented baldly yet rhythmically as in "do not play with angels":

whenever the living are, we open  
the windows to the breathing streets  
below  
vendors and police  
men walking with wives

Metaphor is sparingly used, but is all the more arresting when it occurs:

we dwell  
parasites on each other's breath  
waiting and listening  
for the strength we feed on  
the gull dipped low  
skimming the white caps.

and,

In a summer pavilion  
I have laid out  
Thigh shaped paintings  
Surrounded by young flowers.

Amidst all this quietude and repose, one might enjoy more humor, as found in "Two Ring Circus Song" or more wit, as in "proverbs":

The eaters shall be eaten  
and the eaten will survive;  
Blessed are the unbroken.

The potential is there, for poems that will make greater demands upon the reader. But taken straight, it's happy, crazy music.

The poetry of Dorothy Livesay

# The Documentaries

REVIEWED BY R. A. KAWALILAK

Dorothy Livesay, a Canadian poetess who has proved that the force of inspiration does not disappear in time (with *The Unquiet Bed*, 1967) has recently brought forth *The Documentaries* (Ryerson, 1968). Many people view the period from 1910 to 1945 or so as being the Golden Era of modern poetry, and Dorothy Livesay's most recent collection can only add substance to this claim.

*The Documentaries* is a collection of four longer poems written in the 1930's and 1940's, connected by bits of autobiographical prose. Taking form alone, this is an extremely interesting publication.

Section One is entitled 'Ontario Story and The Outsider'. This is an imagined recollection of pioneer life and an idyllic description of Ontario in the thirties. Section two is entitled 'Day and Night' and is an impressionist description of Dorothy Livesay's Depression experience in Paris, Montreal, Toronto and New Jersey.

Day and night  
Night and day  
Light rips into ribbons  
What we say.

'West Coast,' section three, is an impassioned description of the ship-building war effort in Vancouver—a description criss-crossed by hints of pacifism:

He who knew heaven stands among us,  
watching  
his hand unfitted to this hammer-hold,  
his heart not conscious of the anvil-beat,  
no visor for his eyes. Now he  
makes ships? For carrying love in hold,  
for salting down old wisdom into kegs  
for other hands to welcome—yes and yes!  
But ships for men to fight upon,  
ships to right the wrong upon?—  
He hardly knows; he hesitates.

and the power of identity with the war movement and the new world it was supposed to bring:

... still the foreshore roared  
strumming the sea, drumming its rhythm  
hard  
beating out strong against the ocean's song:  
the graveyard shift still hammering its way  
towards an unknown world, straddling new  
day.

The final section, written in 1948, is 'Call My People Home'. It is a sympathetic chronicle of the uprooting of the Japanese-Canadians on the West-Coast, and their detention for the duration of the war.

Some of her poetry may be too prosy for some tastes, but that objection may be due to the

subject matter—in that she is insisting that poetry should be as important as prose.

Very seldom does she woo the reader with sound for the sake of sound. Much of her poetry is raw and impassioned:

And all about men flatten out the steel  
with hammer beat, beat hammer, hammer  
beat,  
shape it with sweat and muscle, shaped to fit  
the muzzle of a ship, a new sea-bird.

Yvor Winters defined poetry as: "Yes, that's the way I feel about it too". In writing . . . she wants people to feel. . . .

In the 1930's, before the second world war, in a world rushing headlong into needless destruction, she wrote:

Dawn, red and angry, whistles loud and  
sends  
A geysered shaft of steam searching the air.  
Scream after scream announces that the  
churn

Of life must move, the giant arm command.  
Men in a stream, a moving human belt  
Move into sockets, every one a bolt.  
The fun begins, a humming, whirring drum—  
Men do a dance in time to the machines.

Nowhere does she lose sight of the rational; good and evil are poised in a balanced and classical manner:

I walk beside you where I grew  
amongst the flowers  
and retain  
in the scent of the sweet-pea  
my mothers scissors, snipping  
in the musk of nasturtium  
my fathers thumbs, pressing  
heart planted then  
and never transplanted.

She maintains a clarity and depth of tone.

If a major fault can be found in her poetry, it would be that on occasion she assumes a pseudo-folksy affection:

To school, to school we go. Books hurled  
at us  
Who learned, much later, with what  
gentleness  
They must be held. Grubby hands . . .

Her verse does not ring of success here.

We are now experiencing a period when the most prevalent form of poetry written is of the perfect image-perfect line variety and it is refreshing to realize the power of Dorothy Livesay's longer verse forms and the vibrancy of an almost recent experience.

Dorothy Livesay, twice winner of the Governor General's Award, is currently an Assistant Professor in the Dept. of English, University of Alberta.