

The Gazette Poetry Corner

In Remembrance

Meditation while walking in Point Pleasant Park.

Thoughts in turmoil, spinning.
Mind, be still.
November, the season of Death.

My friend John is dying.
Bronze leaves spin to earth.
Is the World dying too??? Mind
tries to think all thoughts.
Oh God, quieten me. Be still,
my heart.

Thanks be for the sound of the squirrel,
and the barking dog,
The sigh of the wind in the hemlocks.

Thanks for the soaring gull,
light breaking through towering
clouds;

And for gold, the amber, and
scarlet missiles slowing
twisting.

I feel the cool air on my face.

Raindrops. I pull up my hood.
Two others, and two others,
Stylish people, shelter under
trees.

Carefully, I walk by — trying
not to feel self-satisfaction.
I resist looking back. Will they
risk the rain?

My feet walk on sandy gravel,
pine needles, fallen leaves.
I am startled and step aside.
Twenty-two hurtling young
Bodies, chests forward, panting,
blowing. Quiet again.
Young spruce trees, and a few
oaks. I feel peace and joy.

Carefully, my feet tread each
rock — down, down, down.
Thanks to Thich Nhat Hann
who offers a Bhuddist gift.
Thanks to my son, who showed
me mindful-ness.
Thanks to my four children,
who have shown me many
things,
And to my husband, who gave
me my children; and for
His care, his patience, his
love.
Thanks for the black water, for
it is that season.

At a turning, laughter,
calisthenics, long lithe limbs.
"You might call it an exercise
in masochistic endurance."
The Dalhousie Cross Country
Runners, like John Peel at the
sound of his horn run ahead
legs in rhythmic unison.
Distance between us, I think
of others, stepping in unison.
And shiver. Onto my bike for
home. Maybe some were out
of step.

A young black man at a crossing.
He smiles
And waits for me to pass. I
slow and smile back.
"You have time to cross," I
say. He grins,
and runs across the road to his
girl.

Anonymous



Student Council President Gord Owen lays wreath during Remembrance Day services at Grand Parade on behalf of Dalhousie students.

DAYAL/DAL PHOTO

Dire Night Visions and Strait Musical Expertise

by Michael McCarthy

Making Movies is Dire Straits' third album, and it should reinforce their position as one of the premier r&b — rooted bands extant. Musically, the album is basic but solid, with most of the songs being of the mid-tempo street-wise love balladry type also favoured by such performers as Bruce Springsteen and Mink DeVille, with many references to elusive night-time romances in an urban milieu. The big pluses on the album are the distinct sound created by the superbly well-knit trio of bass, drums, and rhythm guitar, made rich by the ever-impressive acumen of Mark Knopfler and his lead work, music writing, and feel for the material. The flaws in the record are the sometimes not so unique lyrics and vocals, which occasionally result in tired, cliched, unsubstantial songs kept alive only by the music. All the songs suffer from overwork of the ballad form, with two verses followed by a chorus, and there are similar sounding sequences of notes in several of the songs. However, four of the seven songs on the album are superlative, two more have enough musicianship to carry them, and only one sucks.

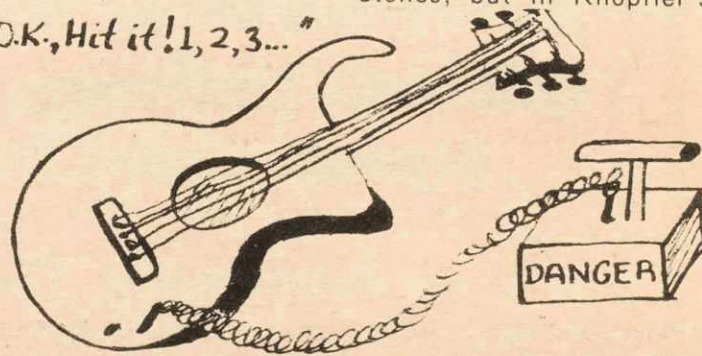
Mark Knopfler is the best rock and roll guitarist around. He has the fluidity of a Mick Taylor, the precision of a Jeff Beck, the gutsiness of a James Thorogood, the ear for interplay of a Keith Richards, and has synthesized it all into a faultless, smooth but driving style all his own, which fits both his occasional rockers and more usual bluesy style equally brilliantly. Lyrically and vocally, he has had several obvious influences on this album. From his work on

Dylan's **Slow Train Coming**, he has picked up a style of phrasing very similar to Mr. Zimmerman on several of **Making Movies'** cuts. His romantic story-telling mode also seems rather Dylanesque. On the other hand, there is a telling influence from Lou Reed, especially on "Skate-away", which has a repetitive pulsing beat aka "Sweet Jane", with a talking style of vocalization, and Reed-ish speech fragmentation, all which works very well. Unfortunately, "Les Boys", a beer-fest type song which could have been on **Berlin** fails utterly. It is musically grating, and generally is sick, but not so sick that one can get a perverse pleasure (as one can from Reed.)

searching, clear and accurate, as is the music.

Side two opens with "Expresso Love", in which a compelling, semi-hypnotic riff is wasted on lyrics and content not worth mentioning. The music overcomes the weaknesses, however. "Hand in Hand" is a very hackneyed, ineffectual tune, slow and uninspiring, although some of the musical phrasing is interesting. This side is saved by the rampaging "Solid Rock", which certainly is, and is the best song not done by David Bowie or the Rolling Stones this year. A loose, portentous opening cascades into a driving rock beat with Little Richard-like piano and a mesh of guitars worthy of the Stones, but in Knopfler's

"O.K., Hit it! 1, 2, 3..."



"Tunnel of Love" and "Romeo and Juliet" are standouts on side one, the former being a catchy, up-tempo rock-ballad placing an elusive romance in a carnival setting. The lyrics and singing are strong and individual, and the haunting, yearning guitar at the end is transcendently evocative (i.e. bluesy). The second song is written around **West Side Story**, with a street Romeo who has to "...kiss through the bars of a rhyme", who tells his lover "I can't do everything, but I'd do anything for you". The lyrics are

smooth, clean style. The guitars are perfect, a superb bass-driven third verse provides some variation, and the lyrics not only fit the rousing style, but actually say something as well. This song gets my vote, along with "Echo Beach", for best single so far in 1980, and the album is definitely a head above the crowd. If Dire Straits writer Knopfler can find a consistent and distinct lyrical/vocal style to match his musical proficiency, Dire Straits will carve its own niche in Rock and Roll history.