Mr. Chancellor, I present to you Dorothy Livesay, a Canadian poet of enduring consequence whose work is both prolific and brilliant. T.S. Eliot declared that "The great poet, in writing himself, writes his times." The song and dance of Dorothy Livesay's poetry fits this precept well: recording her passage in flashes of vision and memory uncovering the root of meledy within



ordinary language, capturing it lovingly and placing it upon the page.

Born in Winnipeg of literary parents, Dorothy Livesay at age eighteen published her first poetry collection, <u>Green Pitcher</u>, which skillfully draws upon imagist influences. But with the events of the thirties and forties, her radical social conscience quickened and she turned the full power of her really agents to init in the political and literary forment of the times.

