

Peter prints his own



Robinson and Noble plan their empire...

Stuart Ross

"I think printing is an experience every poet should have, for better or worse. When you actually see your poem printed, rather than typewritten, it changes the way you look at it."

So says Peter Robinson, poet, York graduate student, and teaching assistant in the creative writing program. Last spring, he and three others, Dolores Borkowski, Gail Noble and Ian Ainsworth, set up their own

publishing company, Gabbro ("a totally worthless piece of volcanic rock") Press.

"We were somewhat dissatisfied with existing publishing companies," explains Robinson. "Certain standards of taste prevail in various journals and they exclude anything that is maybe slightly different from them." Gabbro's policy would be to print quality books as well as quality poetry. So they decided to do the actual printing themselves. Their first project had already been chosen: a book of Robinson's recent poems. All they needed now was a press. After a bit of investigation, they were shocked to see that the prices of presses were much higher than they had suspected. So Gail Noble went out, bought a Wintario ticket, won a thousand dollars, and they had themselves a printing press.

None of them had any printing experience before, but after about three weeks of painstaking effort, working by

trial and error, Robinson's first book of poems, **With Equal Eye**, was ready for the binders. (The book was released last week and is available at selected bookstores for \$3.95.)

All of the Gabbro staff act as editors, agreeing unanimously on anything that will be published. "It takes a lot of work to press and print the books," says Noble, "so we all want to be pleased with what we're doing and think it's worth the effort." Their next release will be a book of poetry by an English poet, Martin Richards, a friend of Robinson's who is also unpublished. They are confident that Gabbro will catch on and that reprintings will be possible, as the books are released in fairly limited editions.

Robinson, along with two others in the graduate English department, have also organized a regular weekly reading series, which will take place on Tuesday evenings, starting at about 7pm, in the Vanier Senior Common Room. They hope to attract some name poets from both on and off campus. The evening will consist of a set by the featured poet, followed by an open reading, in which anyone in the audience is invited to read a few poems. It provides an excellent opportunity for writers with limited public reading experience to get some reaction to their work, an important step for a writer to take.

With beer available, this series will do away with the stuffy academic atmosphere that

plagues so many others, and will provide a relaxed, informal ambience, encouraging people to come along on a regular basis.

Robinson explains: "It won't simply be formal poetry readings. Hopefully it will be an enjoyable evening where people can drink and talk. It shall be reasonably informal; there might be some hecklers, but they'll have to be shouted down."

The series begins next Tuesday. Robinson will be the featured reader and copies of his book will be available to anyone interested. And if you buy him a beer, he may even autograph the title page.

Spanish Grass

*the qualities of soil and sun meet here:
each blade of grass, tipped
with flame,*

*inclines
toward olive-groves —
a procession of lighted tapers.
And the trees, dark men*

*with their roots in heaven,
struggle to loose
head and hands
from earth.*

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With Equal Eye is available at This Ain't the Rosedale Library, 115 Queen St. E.; Bob Miller Book Room, 180 Bloor St. W.; York University Bookstore.

Organic mechanics

Paul Le Forestier

There was no overwhelming consensus Wednesday evening in Burton Auditorium towards Paula Ross' Dance Company. People left before the completion of the program, and others stayed to give a standing ovation. I stayed, but did not stand.

Paula Ross has a mixed array of bodies at her disposal and has turned them into "organic machines". During the performance her choreography displayed moments of creative inspiration, interspersed with monotony. The forms, shapes and complicated movements kept the audience interested in the organic qualities of the moving bodies yet the apparent contradiction in the words "organic" and "machine" was the cause of the incongruity throughout the entire evening.

Almost without exception, Ross' choreography lacked the emotional qualities that are paramount to any dance form. Relations between people were reduced to mere mechanics, offending our most basic desires. The dancers themselves made continued attempts to interpret their own experience into the movement but the choreography itself lacked the depth, and ultimately crushed the dancers' efforts.

When I left the theatre I felt the time had been filled with clever movements as economically as

possible. Entire segments of choreography were repeated without any apparent reason other than to fill the program. Such noticeable repetition failed to aid the desired continuity and dismally failed to advance the work. I felt a bit jilted sitting through combinations I'd seen twice before. The predictability of the choreography was also an annoying factor; people ran here, then ran there. Patterns were unfailingly brought to fruition.

To appreciate the evening on a broader scale there were a few social comments made that were both humorous and thought provoking, but nothing outrageously new. People conformed or did not wish to conform, and in one case went "ape" over institutionalized society, and finally broke away to join yet another form of the same thing.

An additional choreographer to share the load would add another dimension to the Paula Ross Dance Company and aid in dispelling the present state of discord. We will have to wait and see what direction Ross will choose for her promising company.

As Paula Ross claims the title of the company and does all of its choreography, she must ultimately accept responsibility for its success or failure. I fear that without some fresh choreographic input it may well be the latter.

Premature grief

Ron Justein

It's homecoming week at York and this year's attractions, aside from the graduates coming back with lampshades on their heads and the cheerleaders doing their cartwheels, include a presentation of Edward Albee's **Counting the Ways**.

Two Stong residents are responsible for putting the show together. The same two are also responsible for set design and construction, lighting design, promotion and directing. They also make up the entire cast.

Ric Sarabia and Leslie Barton have been working on this play since the middle of the summer. It is an absurd love story in one act that Ric has partially adapted from experiences in their own relationship. They have been going out together for a period of time that neither could specify. Ironically, the play examines "premature grief."

Ric and Leslie are second year Theatre students from Ottawa who came to York to study acting. **Counting the Ways** is the first

major project the two have tried on their own. Last year Leslie appeared in the York production of **The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man in the Moon Marigolds** and Ric appeared in **Gangsters**, a play written by a student at York.

Video punkette

Karen Tully

"Be a voyeur", suggests Robert Flack and Sandi Smith, two visual arts students who have put together a video series, entitled **Content Within Airwaves**, beginning this Sunday and running for three consecutive Sundays at YUFAM. It will consist of a series of screenings and discussions with prominent Canadian video artists.

The first Sunday, featuring Clive Robertson and Tom Sherman, deals with the relationship between video and television. The second show, called, **Didn't I Tell You...**, by Lisa Steele and Colin Campbell includes "Robin the Punkette",

Counting the Ways started last night and performances are scheduled for tonight at 8:30 and Friday and Saturday at 2:00. It is being presented at Stong College Theatre. There is no admission charge.

who has "recently abandoned the Bev for the Cabana Room." The third Sunday should contain some volatile discussion between Noel Harding and Jane Wright, two artists who use video in very different ways.

These artists are all known as forebearers in video and play active roles in Toronto's art community. The series should prove entertaining as well as informative, and is a good opportunity to catch more than a glimpse of video technique and artistry.

There is an admission charge of \$2 per show, or \$5 for the series. Tickets can be purchased at the door.

Off York

Film

Now playing in three theatres at Cineplex, **The Picture Show Man** is a sentimental recreation of the early days of the motion picture travelling road show. Shot on location in Australia, and starring Rod Taylor (**The Birds**), we watch as two rivals roam the countryside taking the movies to the people. At first the show is songs, banter and, of course, silent films and piano. Later, with the release of **The Jazz Singer**, the talkies eliminate much of the uniqueness of this attraction. **The Picture Show Man** succeeds in capturing the moods of a fascinating era.

Elliot Lefko

Luna, currently showing nowhere, is a film about the relationship between Starring Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry and directed by some guy named Bernardo Bertolucci, Luna explicitly shows . . . through the boy's trousers. Take a little off the top, please.

Don Sims



Theatre

Spokesong, running at the Tarragon theatre till Nov. 10 is the story of the proprietor of a Victorian bicycle shop in strife-torn Belfast, and his one-man war against 'the internal combustion engine' — the mechanized aggression which is destroying Northern Ireland. His loquacious good-humour is tested by a tense love affair and a cynical brother, by terrorist bombs and by the city's plan to run a highway through the bicycle shop.

Author Stewart Parker confronts the political realities, but his dialogue is breezy, his symbolism unobtrusive and the prevailing mood is as buoyant as the many music-hall songs which dot the play like sandwich flags.

The production is impeccable — from the uniformly fine performances to the fantastic flotilla of bicycles, ancient and modern, which deck the stage. Bizarre, extravagant, and baroque, **Spokesong** is not to be missed.

Paul Truster