

CONCORDIA UNIVERSITY

Concordia University Graduate Fellowships*

Value: \$6,500 to \$10,000

Application deadline: February 1, 1987

Announcement of winners: April 1, 1987

Commencement of tenure: September 1987 or January 1988

For details and application forms, contact the Graduate Awards Officer, S-202, Concordia University, 1455 de Maisonneuve Blvd. West, Montréal, Québec H3G 1M8. Tel: (514) 848-3809.

*Includes the David J. Azrieli Graduate Fellowship, the Stanley G. French Graduate Fellowship, the John W. O'Brien Graduate Fellowship, the J.W. McConnell Memorial Fellowships, and the Alcan Doctoral Fellowship in Commerce and Administration.

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CONTINUOUS SHOWS SATURDAY AND SUNDAY AT ALL THEATRES

Dancemakers' creations blend classic with the innovative in their new show

By WENDY QUINTON

Ablaze with innovative ideas, Dancemakers transformed a somewhat bare Winchester Street Theatre stage into a caravan of creative movement and brilliant colour in their choreographic workshop last week.

The workshop featured dance ensembles created and presented by members of Dancemakers. The company blends the formality of ballet with the ease of expressionism to create exciting movement brimming with vibrancy. Eight dance pieces were performed by the company, which captivated the audience's fascination.

Founded in 1974 by York grad Andrea Smith, Dancemakers embarked upon a mandate to create new and innovative dance techniques. Currently, there are nine dancers in the troupe, and five of them are York alumni.

The recent workshop is a good example of the choreographic and musical freedom that the company affords its members. The showcase was put together by Artistic Director Carol Anderson, who produced a splendid dance ensemble of varying themes, dance techniques, and musical interludes.

"Aurora Borealis," for example, choreographed by Dwight Shelton, incorporates varying methods of movement to personify the brilliancy of natural wonders. Dancer Tatiana Alexandrovna, dressed in an electrifying gold dress, rhythmically



LEAN ON ME: Philip Drube and Carol Anderson in Lar Lubovitch's *The Time Before the Time After*.

weaved her way through a colourful maze created by six other dancers. As the last piece, "Aurora Borealis" was truly Dancemakers' most beautiful dance and therefore appropriately ended the evening's performance.

Dancers Danielle Belec, Tatiana Alexandrovna, Julie Sasso, and Philip Drube gave creative individ-

ual performances.

Dancemaker's enthusiasm and originality will continue in the new year when they perform *Fast Forward* at the Premiere Dance Theatre. It is not too difficult to imagine the calibre of their upcoming presentation given the professional style of this choreographic workshop.

Holiday small-press round-up Alternative lit for dark, stormy nights

By STUART ROSS

Looking forward to those cozy holiday evenings when you can curl up by the fire and read a hefty Robertson Davies novel? Well, why not go one step further and actually throw the Davies book *into* the fire? That way you'll have time to try out some *real* literature—the stuff put out by small presses, the true arbiters of creative literary exploration in this country.

There's lots of garbage in the small press output, though, so here's a short, rather arbitrary guide to some of the more interesting stuff that's been released recently. These items range from hand-made rubber-stamped pamphlets to 300-page perfect-bound opuses. The authors range from biggies like York prof Frank Davey to some guy named Greg who you've never heard of.

The Immaculate Perception by Christopher Dewdney (Anansi, 127 pp., \$10)—It's very, very hip to read this guy, but don't be deceived—he is good. This is one of his densest works—short meta-scientific prose pieces about "the mysteries of the brain." Wait, don't run away yet. These poetic/philosophical pieces are difficult, but very rewarding.

Surprisingly, they're far less esoteric than some of Dewdney's earlier books of poetry, and his humour comes through with a startling subtlety. Besides, once you've read this book, you'll be the sharpest hipster at any New Year's Eve party.

A Door in the Air by Eva Clair (Curved H&Z, 4 pp., 35¢)—This rubber-stamped little item can be read as a) four individual haiku-like poems, b) a linked poem sequence, or c) a short experimental novel.

If read as a), it falls pretty flat, with two of the pieces mildly intriguing. If read as b), it works a little better, but seems pretentious. If by a tenuous creative stretch, one reads *A Door in the Air* as c), it becomes a fascinating puzzle, a piece of explorative mystery fictioneering. (Available from jwcurry, 729a Queen St. W., Toronto M4M 1H1; include a 34¢ postage stamp)

Canadian Sunset by David McFadden

(Black Moss Press, 280 pp., \$14.95)—This one is probably the most appropriate for fireside reading: McFadden's prose is friendly, charming and gentle. The rather flimsy excuse for a plot here is armaments salesman Walter J. Littlewood's quest for self-discovery. Anyways, there's no need for plot here—*Canadian Sunset* is more of a zen, picaresque journey. There are moments of great hilarity and touching seriousness here, and the final paragraph is so outrageously audacious that it actually works. Prepare to forgive a few sloppy patches, and don't forget to enjoy the chapter-opening quotations from the likes of Roland Barthes, Albert Alligator, John Lennon, Paul Quarrington and Basho—they alone are worth the price of admission.

The Hats & Stockings of Great Heroes Who Sang For Six Months by

Opal Louis Nations (Proper Tales Press, 24 pp., \$3)—Now, I might be a little biased here since I published this book, but having forked out over \$500 in printing costs I must really believe in it, right? Opal L. Nations is something of a legend in the small press revolution. In the '60s, he published early books by such writers as John Sladek and Ron Padgett, and his *Strange Faeces* press and magazine have built a cult following that has remained as Nations moved from England to Canada and the US. This comeback volume works as a great introduction to the bizarre, innovative, and wildly funny world Nations has created. (Available in the consignment/magazine section of the York bookstore and at This Ain't the Rosedale Library.)

I Used To Be A Vegetarian But Fuck That by Greg Evason (The Zelot Press, 12 pp., \$1.50)—A pretty interesting collection of longer poems from local writer/publisher Evason,

whose output in the past has consisted largely of three- or four-liners. It's a little uneven and Evason's use of the word "cunt" is pretty annoying, but there are enough conceptual

twists and original, well-made images to make this a worthwhile book: "i fell into the dark rainbow/as candles all over my nose/went out in sequence like/the peeling of a thousand/bananas by a car." (Available from Greg Evason, 1-47 Gloucester St., Toronto M4Y 1L8; throw in some postage)

Open Letter, Sixth Series, Nos. 5-6: Read the Way He Writes: A Festschrift for bpNichol edited by Paul Dutton & Steven Smith (272 pp., \$9.00)

—This is an incredible, eclectic compendium of essays, poems, drawings, photographs, reviews, bibliographies, etc. compiled as a tribute to novelist/poet/fictioneer/cartoonist/concretist/teacher/etc bpNichol. For anyone interested in Canadian literature since the early 1960s, this collection is essential reading—and fun as hell, too.

Contributors include Joe Rosenblatt, Michael Ondaatje, Bob Cobbing, bill bissett, Jiri Valoch, Louis Dudek and Rafael Barreto-Rivera. The selection of photos of Nichol—from childhood to present—is unbelievable, as well. This thing is truly an education. (Available at the York Bookstore, Book City, This Ain't the Rosedale Library, etc.)

The Abbotsford Guide to India by Frank Davey (Press Porcépic, 104 pp., \$8.95)—Reading this guy is not hip at all. Which is a pity, because he's one of the most enjoyable, accessible Canadian poets working today. This weird and beautifully-packaged volume is actually a book of poems and prose-poems masquerading as a travel guide.

Here's a sample, under the heading "Insects": "The lizard on your guest-house wall will be a gecko & will be there to catch mosquitoes. The overhead fan will impede the flying of mosquitoes. You may hang your Vapona No-Pest Strip if you wish, but be sure to sweep up the insect bodies in the morning, before the houseboy comes with morning tea." This book is among Davey's most unusual, an almost 'pataphysical exploration of the clash of cultures.