

Spill

MAY 1977

no. 4

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PRELUDE TO ANDROGYNOUS ART

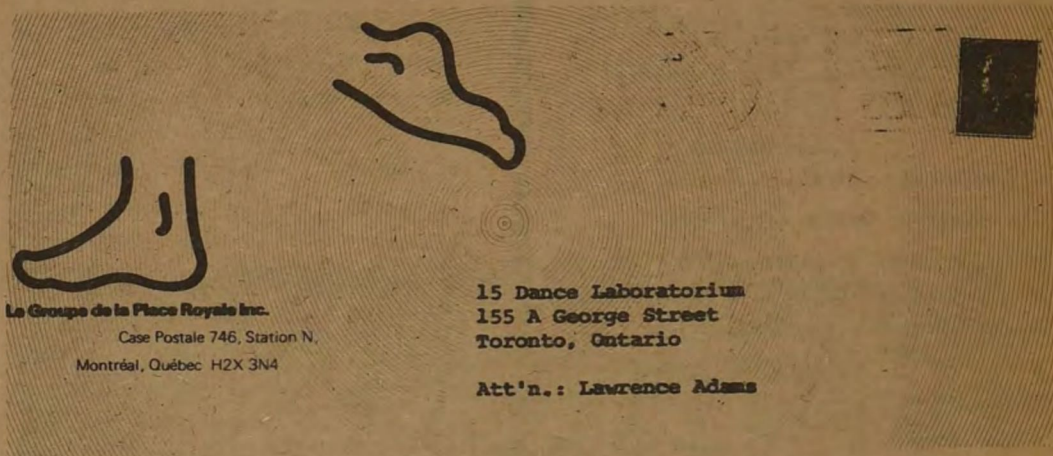
BRUCE WILSON

I am interested in the deep layer of civilization which creates the ideologies and myths which rule over my social practices, science, culture and art. I believe in the underground, the occult, which presumes that magic is the art of causing change to occur in conformity with the will and that human nature has not remained static over the aeons. The occult is constant in its belief in change. Science asserts that the moon effects changes in the biological and psychological make-up of animals, including people. Astrology asserts that all bodies and groups of bodies in space effect changes in men and women on earth. There are changes that occur every minute to every 2,000 or so years.

Taurus gave its name to the zodiacal age which corresponds to the period from about 4,000 BC to 2,000 BC, the time of the fabled matriarchal societies which were primarily agricultural in nature. Archaeological excavations which show the supreme deity to be a goddess indicate a completely non-violent and vegetarian culture where the bull represented the male principle in a female-dominated world and where war seemed to be non-existent. Diggings also indicate ecological understandings.

Then, during the late Bronze age, the time of Homer's Achaeans - the heroes of Troy - the sun began

cont.'d p.14



Le Groupe de la Place Royale Inc.
Case Postale 746, Station N.
Montréal, Québec H2X 3N4

15 Dance Laboratorium
155 A George Street
Toronto, Ontario

Att'n.: Lawrence Adams

LAWRENCE ADAMS SPILL STAFF WRITER

Its not very often that one of Canada's dance companies gets up and moves itself lock-stock and barrel to another city. In the Canadian dance scene this is an astounding feat. What are the reasons for making such a move? Why do they choose that particular city?

The political, geographic and economic implications are enough to shake up the most complacent dance people in these times of recession. There have been a few other attempts to juggle dance companies in our short but frantic history. One, was a pressure system that tried to merge the three big ballet companies into one. That was about 20 years ago. It didn't work.

A few small companies have been told to get out of town, and once it was rumored that the National Ballet was moving to Ottawa.

Well somebody has taken the Buffalo by the horns and they are doing what nobody has done before.

Is it sheer madness or plain genius? In a recently released communiqué, Le groupe de la Place Royale states that after ten years of life in Montreal the company has reviewed

its prospects for the next ten years and has decided to move to Ottawa.

The communiqué points out that:

- 1) the majority of our dancers come from outside of Quebec,
- 2) it is easier to book performances outside of Quebec,
- 3) our audiences in Montreal are not growing despite frequent performances extensive publicity and excellent reviews,
- 4) enrolment in the company's school is down in comparison with other schools specialising in jazz dancing
- 5) our grants from the province and the city are considerably less than those accorded to newer dance companies whose place in Quebec's cultural scene was made possible largely due to Le Groupe's pioneering accomplishments.

In a recent telephone conversation with the two directors, Jean-Pierre Perreault and Peter Boneham, this reporter asked the following questions:-

LA. How much of Le Groupe's funding comes from the Quebec Provincial Government?

JPP. Very little. Out of our total budget of \$190,000 they give us about \$20,000 or 10%. We were the first modern dance company in Quebec and

EDITORIAL ELIZABETH CHITTY

"I'm proud to be a Canadian; I wouldn't want to live anywhere else; but as an artist I'm not trying to be significant in any way to Canadian art. Art is not encompassed by borders. Sure, each artist's efforts are relative to the environment in which it exists; but art is essentially a universal thing, and has nothing to do with borders. I have no interest in being a parochial painter."

Ken Danby

"I'm not interested in chauvinism of any kind."

Judith Marcuse

DIC videotape interview, Aug. 1976.

Those of us who are involved with the Canadian issue in the arts are constantly amazed when people seem to have never heard of it or in any case thought about it or say, "But art is universal", which totally misses the point.

1) People's culture surrounds them and conditions their bodies, minds, and emotions.

2) Canadian popular and "high art" culture has been colonized by foreign, largely American, influences.

3) The juxtaposition of the above two facts affects the autonomy and integrity of all Canadians.

"You often meet people, especially in the arts, who say they can't be bothered taking an interest in politics, but anyone who is not interested in politics is just paving the way for their own oppression. Tyranny thrives on indifference."

Claude Jutra

TO BE CONTINUED EVERY DAY EVERY ISSUE



MISC. LETTERS

Something exciting happened at our dance space in Edmonton this month. A mini-dance festival of sorts. Regina Modern Dance Works, Terminal City Dance from Vancouver and Tournesol together. Spontaneous, entirely by coincidence, a mingling of thoughts, high energies, constructive criticisms, good feelings, an exchange of dances and workstyles amongst each other as well as for the general public.

RMDW sharing some of their dances with Terminal City Dance and us in a beautifully relaxed private "performance" without all the things one usually associates with performance - nervousness, technical expertise, costumes, "doing it right"; all of us on the roof in an improvised photo session; David Weller leading TCD's pre-performance warmup; Ernst exploring movement ideas with RMDW; watching Twyla Tharp on PBS - 20 dancers glued to a 16" TV screen; sleeping bags strewn around the studio; jumping down sand cliffs; even Chinese dinner!

All in one week, an exhausting and fulfilling week all round - for RMDW because Regina is no dance centre and outside stimuli is most welcomed; for TCD because there is too much dance activity in Vancouver and no one ever really gets together to discuss, collaborate, do crazy things and for us, Ernst and I, because the space for the first time really became an unending dance space and gave

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LETTERS TO SPILL

Dear SPILL,

Glad to see you! Issues Pilot thru #3 arrived today via Mike Bidner. They'll go into our "archives". (open shelves of magazines, etc.) for public perusal. Will subscribe as soon as the current financial strain eases (yes, even \$5 ...) I'm assuming back issues will be available.

Glad to see no arts Council support. I really believe this is a reflection of the degree of commitment. Follies has always operated free of the grant structure, we don't like what we can see the structure doing. To artists and to the culture. We are proving by example that activity can be carried on without gov't funding if the will is strong enough.

'Movement' is the generic term applied locally to a mood & spirit surfacing in the culture. The broadsheets were produced here in London, but allied opinion has been emerging coast-to-coast. For long enough has gov't. control of the culture been taken for granted.

The CANPAC report in #2 was really nice, but isn't the CANPAC just a way to get more \$? The line I got repeatedly (in exactly the same tone-of-voice) in Toronto was "It's a fat country." And this was from CANPAC executives. If something is non-profit then it will always be a welfare case. Anyhow, you've steadily improved and (I hope) expanded your readership.

More proof that the culture can stand without the crutch of the Councils. With best wishes for the future,

Mike Niederman

per: Joshua Applegarth



- ease of financial strain
= lightening wallet!

TERRILL MAGUIRE at 15 DANCE LAB

LIBBY SIMMS

Run Ragged - chaplinesque - seems to work best when movement comes from underneath or to side or on top of centre - spokes on a wheel- quick transfers of weight and almost toppling over moves give it that transient feeling - rushed and excited gasp! will we make it - needs some distance from the audience - sense of humour great 'cause the audience taken off-guard without being blatantly tapped/stripped/song 'n danced to - whet the appetite without drowning the senses

Re-match - 2 girls in baggy pants and leos act as magnets - almost connect phase real interesting - also polarized walking, avoidance and interest culminating in duet, spinning, foot stamping, twisty torsoes centre of gravity different in both dancers nori from between widest part of hips terrill from torso

A Piece for Terrill - giant cone of white skirt gives rise to quivering hands, lyrical arabesques, sphinx-like forays to the floor, caught turns, diagonal arms circle the music of michael byron followed by runs punctuated by flat-footed jumps all of which led me to wonder at the intentions of the choreographer - T's feet plant themselves into the floor legs release into attitudes body accommodates long/lean short/squat compressed withheld reaching out moves - diversity shape changing

protean dancer reaching out to meet a new set of stimuli as in part 2

Sea-Changes - loved the music and felt that crawly creature pressure per cu. ft. water resistance in body - bubbles girgling environmental outcroppings into exploration with the toes "hey, how's the water today?" develops into a serious though non-committal action with the immediate into a turbulent stand-up roundabout dance with a thousand million bubbly members which may sound frivolous but has that unexpected seriousness of something

weighted to the centre of the earth, the bottom of the sea being the farthest/most direct connection. someone makes waves which make waves against themselves or caught in a backwash I had to surrender to the inevitable molecular transfer which happens with the environment no matter how much control/head shape you try to press on - written in laws of existence since day 1 which all is to say that I like this sensual approach to dance which has its beginnings in the first feelings of mossy

pretend to be living when actually something like a lone dancer/musician making time and place together makes an impression on the brain Indelible style saying more than words can about the earnestness, Intensity of capsulating the moment without capsizing the air like in Kali a breath of realness the head cocks the ear listens to the chimes dripping



banks wet earth gooey seashores and wet rain on face and body and its end in the multitudinous spinouts into wherever land that is to say never never land and so takes the viewer audience participant into that exciting non-space which is the pumping of the heart, the beating of air over objects, something you can't quite get a handle on still you know how good it feels and 't would be so nice to feel that more than once in a blue moon as we all take the fix once a day and tune into the lives we

out their crystal notes satin top reflects the audience - two liquid whites connect on a pair of hands torso is sustained madness while the body now pulling away from the long drone and the jungle beat keeps moving all those parts now aending them turning spinning mechanized shuffle watching the hands watching you the room becoming big/small like a design on a spinning top finally the giant bird descends close to ground connect explore release ...

INTERVIEW with NANCY SCHIEBER

ELIZABETH CHITTY

EC: Did this work relate in any specific way to what you've done before?

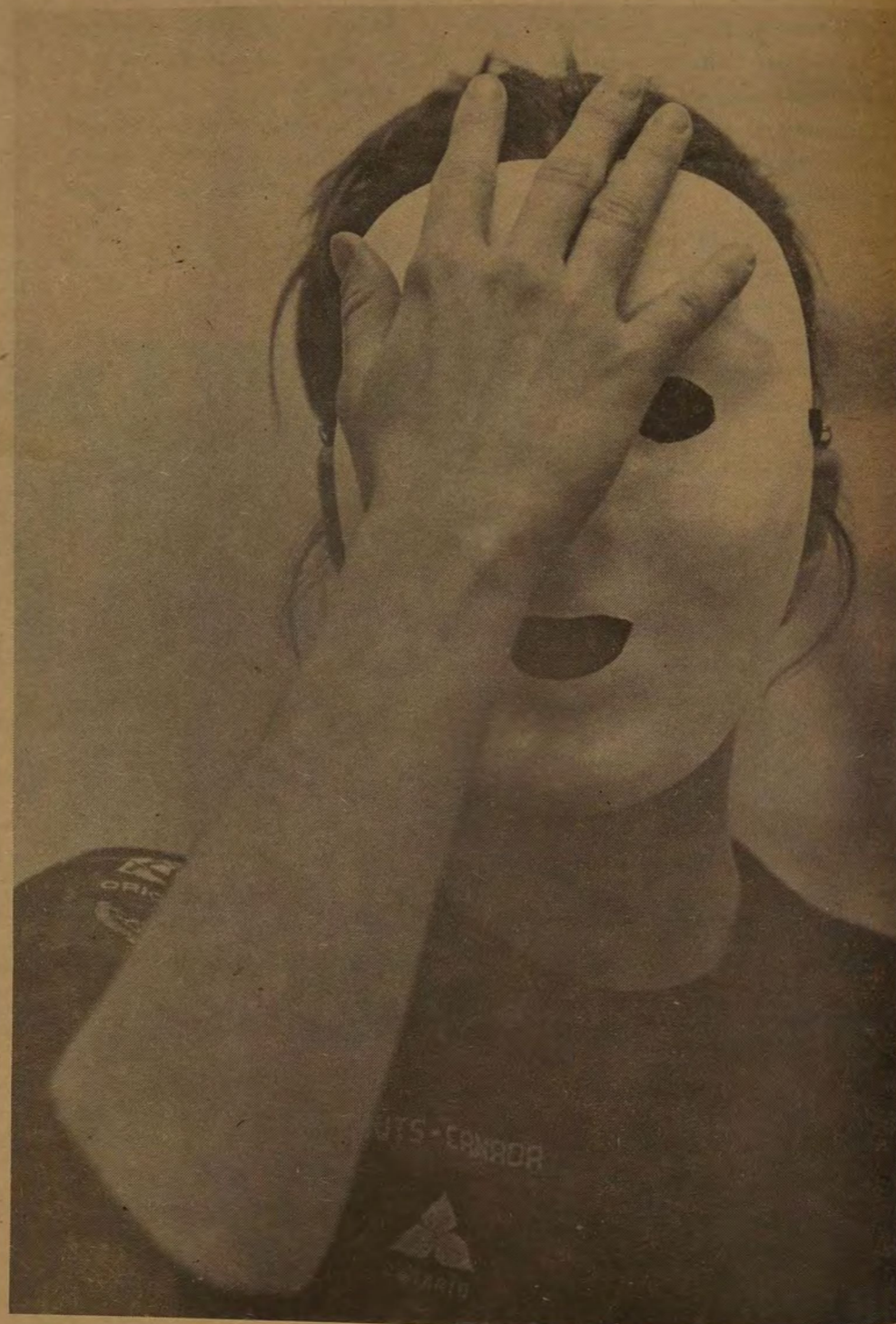
NS: Yes - It was totally different. In fact, I was surprised - I felt like an outsider during the whole thing. Because with everybody getting all caught up in doing new things - I've been stuck in that for so many years - all the work I did previously, before I came to Toronto, was very - well I guess conceptual dance and performances were - I don't know if they were very communicative in terms of audience/performer relationships.

EC: So, this work was really different. Was that a conscious choice? Was this a deliberate attempt to be communicative?

NS: Yes. I tried to be really straightforward. I tried to talk to a general audience. I wanted it to be stark and simple and very straightforward and yet I wanted it to be visually interesting. I'm not really into conventional, dancey dance, because you get so tired of seeing the same old arms and legs; so I tried to approach it as naturally as purely as I could from a kinesthetic viewpoint. Also, I've been going towards theatre so it was towards the theatrical.

EC: Yes, that was an interesting thing that it was very theatrical and I thought you'd likely been influenced by your work with theatre people, but even though it seemed to follow patterns of traditional modern dance in many respects, the movement content didn't.

NS: That's what I mean when I said that I felt like an outsider viewing it because all of a sudden I saw it as very, very traditional in terms of modern dance, in terms of Graham's work and those people with the theatrical aspects of it. It surprised me because I thought, Jesus, here I've been going along all these years trying to escape, trying to put all that traditional stuff in the background and here I am doing the same thing.



EC: One thing that seemed very traditional was the way the emotional content was approached. Very personal in terms of "inner landscapes" to even use a Graham phrase, and very emotional in a literal kind of way. Was that conscious?

NS: I set down a set of rules and that was what I was going to do. If I found myself veering off in any way I would go back to that. It was really designed as a sort of exorcism. I didn't know how it would finish, I wanted the epilogue to be a kind of purification. And it was saying, well, I've gone through all this heavy head shit and now I can just go on and do what I want to do. But I don't think it came off as that. It got really neurotic at the end and it wasn't planned that way. It was very personal but it wasn't a trip for me, it wasn't tearing me apart or anything. I felt like an observer as opposed to a participant. When I say it was an exorcism, it was a reflection on my whole being within the dance community - the whole thing I've always gone through of which way do I go. I've had this classical training here and my feelings are here. It was probably - like everybody does their own little "Homage" that Anna Blewchamp did. You give a collage of your dance background or your view of the dance community. That's why I called it "Memoirs of an Ex-Child", it was me in the past more or less. It wasn't tearing me apart because I have nothing to do with it now.

EC: You were dealing with aspects of your past and dance training.

NS: And the whole psychological thing - I was really pleased with some of the things that Lawrence O'Toole (Globe & Mail dance critic) saw in it. It was very nice because he saw it exactly as I'd set it down. He said the players are all the self, which is true; the three people became each other and were different aspects of each other and at the same time using a fairly literal thing of parents

and a child but not allowing that literal theme to come through, not playing it as that. That's what I had to give the people I was working with but I told them not to take it too literally - you're not really parents, you're just power images, but then you also become this person. The three of them at one point or another would touch on each different personality. It was so different, I've never done a work like that.

EC: So you worked with the other dancers from the point of view of characterization?

NS: Yes. In fact, I was going to have them read a book on theatre to try and get some ideas from it. It was how actors develop a character within a structure. That's what I wanted them to do. I wanted them to work off of an emotional thing. I gave them kinesthetic things to work off of, but to enhance that I gave them certain emotional things.

EC: What interested you in working with costumes and props as extensively as you did?

NS: Well, first of all I thought, I'm not going to use anything except for masks, and then it kept getting more and more. I thought I was keeping it very simple. I found out once I started lugging things around that it wasn't as simple as I wanted it to be.

EC: What started you with the masks?

NS: I got a flash of old photographs, black and white. I wanted to be able to reproduce that because that was also the past.

EC: So was it largely a symbolic thing or a visual thing?

NS: I think it was largely symbolic.

EC: Was that where the picture frames on top of the ladders came from as well, the idea of old photos?

NS: Yes.

EC: What about the ladders?

NS: The ladders were the power things. The height of the ladders were the strength, more power than the chair. It was quite symbolic.

EC: I thought the props were pretty extraneous, almost decorative.

NS: That's possible. I didn't want

them to use them too much. Maybe part of the problem was that we didn't use them to the fullest. But they were, in a sense, decorative.

EC: I got a feeling of femininity; a certain stereotype, psychological stereotype of femininity. Was that something you were working on?

NS: Yes, that's the whole thing we were raised with, again going back to the past. You know, the little ballerina that comes in. I had a perfect response one night. A little girl, a student of mine who's seven years old, as the ballerina came in she reacted exactly as she should in terms of our society. She went, "Oh!" and her eyes lit up. It was perfect, she was right after that stereotype. That's why she came in at that point. It was the whole problem of always wanting to be the pretty little ballerina in the music box.

EC: I laughed when she came in.

NS: That was wonderful. I was hoping people would laugh. I had to tell Muriel, "Now, Muriel, if people laugh don't think they're laughing at you." I was afraid she'd be offended.

EC: I got that feeling of femininity but at no time did I feel there was a critical attitude towards that kind of femininity or any comment on it.

NS: I felt there was a comment, but maybe it was just so subtle. It was like the thing at the end, saying now I don't care, going beyond that whole thing. I don't know why I had to open my shirt. It was almost like saying, "Okay, look - who cares, take it for what it is and that's it." The whole thing about the femininity was that I felt it was a rejection because she'd be doing this stuff and all of a sudden she'd stop and go, "What am I doing?" And then the red mask to cover her at the end.

EC: Why was her mask red and everybody else's white?

NS: Because of the red cloth I wore.

EC: So it was an identification?

NS: It was a death mask. The red really symbolizes - again the symbolism - blood and death and all that.

EC: The bit about opening the blouse, you said that for you it was just, "It's there." But it wasn't just exposing. It was done in a very theatrical manner with the rolling back of the head and everything. That gesture seemed to be very much part of that stereotype of femininity without any comment on it.

NS: All that part was improvised. All I knew was that I was going to that corner. It was almost like the rock and roll thing that my generation grew up with. Rock and roll and all that anger, all that bodily reaction to the hard rock. If my head went back it was probably a physical reaction to the music.

EC: I saw it as classic eroticism.

NS: I didn't see it as that. It might have come off as that on Thursday and on Friday it might have been different.

EC: How much of the performance was basically improvised?

NS: The first part that I did was set. The main piece was very structured improv. They had to respond to a touch. They didn't have particular positions they got into but through the course of rehearsing they would find certain patterns that worked for them. But I never gave them set patterns to work on, I gave them physical reactions.

EC: Sometimes they moved in a style that was very much like how you move, and other times they moved in a style that was more traditional dance movement, and then other times it was different; maybe what was basic to them personally.

NS: It was interesting to me because I saw that too. I never gave them movement sequences except for one that they did that I did again in the last piece but at the same time I asked them to do it their way. They repeated a sequence but at their timing and in their own gestural way. The



MEMOIRS of an EX-CHILD

PAT PHILLIPS

scanning and devising multiple manuscripts for a look at myself

experiment with whatever is available

questioning intention appealing to whom and for what combining and contrasting for effect

honestly? or selling - supply and demand

more words but for what purpose it should be danced

These words are an excerpt from the program *Memoirs of an Ex-Child* which introduce the *Diary* of Nancy Scheiber.

Though the poem is meant to prepare the audience for the dance to come, one cannot ignore its inherent metaphor for the situation of dancers in Canada today. "Experimenting with whatever is available" and "questioning intention/appealing to whom and for what/... honestly? or selling - supply and demand" are problems that arise all too often within the realm of conceptual or dare we say 'avant-garde' dance. Though the National Ballet or Toronto Dance Theatre appear to satisfy the demand for palatable dance in this city, there exists a strong undercurrent of professional dancers

rest of it was very structured improv, I would give them something to work on but they would do their own movement or I would talk them through it.

EC: Did you instruct them at all about their faces and intent?

NS: I tried. I saw it as the classic problem with modern dance - there's nothing coming out of their faces because they're so against smiling and all that. I did some exercises to free their faces so if there was an emotion it might come through but yet they weren't creating a face. But when you get in the performance situation, especially if they're a bit nervous -

EC: I found that it took a lot of my attention with all three, particularly Ingrid and Jean. Their faces were so tense and drawn in, which is especially hard to take in Fifteen where you're so close.

NS: That was a problem. They were so locked into the intensity of it that it was hard for them to feel their faces.

EC: I felt when I was watching it that you were very conscious of creating visual images.

NS: Yes. Again going back to the photographs. That's why the lighting was as it was. I choreographed it specifically for that lighting. I wanted the lighting to be very sparse. Pools of light instead of general lighting. I wanted a distance between what was going on here and going on there, and a

setting up of a certain visual thing in that space.

EC: I found that often I was more aware of the attempt at the image than the actual image. The idea of photographs makes it a bit clearer.

NS: I didn't want to stop things.

EC: Very often, you would go into the image and then come out so that that image was the same as a position, a pose.

NS: The next piece which I've planned already will be very theatrical too, and I see myself going more and more towards theatre.

EC: Why?

NS: Because I like it. At the same time it's important for me to work - the work I do in the studio and the work I put on the stage are not necessarily the same. It's very important to me to do conceptual work too and to find new ways of moving, to find new ways of viewing movement and then make that accessible to people who aren't in dance.

EC: So that is one of the reasons you're interested in theatricality, because you see it as a means of accessibility?

NS: Yes. I've been seeing dance differently too. A friend I have has just recently been "Indocrinated", I take him to every dance performance that's on and it's like seeing dance from when I was sixteen and seventeen, before I knew dance history and different styles. He can get excited about people doing movement patterns that I have seen three thousand times. He can enjoy it because it's new to him. I think it's wonderful. I was walking down the street today and saw a sculpture. I said, "What a fabulous sculpture!" and I thought, well, if I were a sculptor, would I think that was a fabulous sculpture? Because I probably would have seen that same pattern so often. Maybe I've seen too much dance. Here we all are, trying to do something new, and that's the main impetus - and yet if the general public sees it, they go, "What was that? I don't understand."

whose work (if they get the chance to work!) is not known or seen but by a small percentage of the theatre-going population in Toronto. Accolades are not needed but perhaps some recognition is necessary in order to prevent this vibrant art from developing insular tendencies, i.e. dancers performing for dancers. The dangers of artistic inbreeding seem all too imminent.

Studios such as 15 Dance Laboratory therefore, are instrumental in nurturing and maintaining all modes of dance by providing workshop space for those involved in dance and performances for the general public. It is available free of charge to choreographers and dancers who want to learn about dance production, new choreography, or who want to be stimulated by the eclectic dance environment in Toronto which centres around 15 Dance Lab. (The studio subsists on grants from the federal and provincial governments and 80% of the box office receipts are divided among the performers while the remaining 20% is put back into the organization in the form of lighting and video equipment.

The audience capacity is 41 seats which is conducive to establishing intimate contact with the audience - the proximity of the audience to performers allows for much greater involvement in the performance. It is under these ideal conditions that Nancy Scheiber was able to create and perform her *Memoirs of an Ex-Child*. As is evident through the events of a life, (probably the choreographer's) but it is possible to consider it on a broader plane. Some of the images conveyed are clearly evident - familial struggle, physical struggle and intellectual struggle. Others seem masked by the shroud of personal experience about which one could never make a definitive interpretation. Rites of passage seem to be the main topic of concern as is illustrated in the third phase of the piece, *Learning to Walk*. It began with three dancers dressed in black costumes and white masks, who represented aspects of a

EC: It's the impulse to be new that takes you further into obscurity?

NS: Everything I saw ten years ago I loved, and the more I saw the more I didn't like. It's very hard for me to see a piece now and get excited about it.

EC: Does repetition of old styles or approaches mean that you have to constantly deal with new audiences or a constantly undisciplined audience, do you think that when you have an audience that is knowledgeable that then that's when the need comes to let go of redundant forms? That would seem to indicate that you have to be aware of who your audience is. You said that you wanted this piece to appeal to a more general audience and that you allowed yourself to use forms which at one time you didn't because they weren't new. That seems to indicate that you were creating with a specific audience in mind.

NS: Not a specific audience, but at least not the highly elite dance audience or dance community. I like to go to dance performances that are highly elitist, because I need that, but yet I feel we just keep pushing ourselves into obscurity. We want larger audiences, we want to educate people but I see both things as necessary. Because, for me, as a dance person, I want to see people experimenting, and yet I don't want to make it so far out of reach that only people who have studied movement for some time can get in touch with it.

EC: It's an interesting problem for anyone who's interested in audiences and the whole syndrome of art for artists. I guess everyone is dealing with it and we'll all have different ways. My own self, I can't imagine giving up the search for newness and experimentation which is very important to me in order to reach a broader public.

NS: But I haven't given that up.

EC: Well, that's one approach that's sometimes taken. "I've got to get more people so I can't keep

leading myself into obscurity." I'm not satisfied that that obscurity is necessarily obscure.

NS: Okay, I agree with you. I'm talking more economics. If I want to support myself I have to be able to communicate. Whether it's teaching or performing - I mean in teaching, you can't talk about energy flow to someone who has no concept of their body. It's the same in performing. I don't have a solution. I don't see any barriers, anything new, I don't see anything setting up guidelines for what I should do. Instead of what I've been doing in the past which is trying to fit into what I thought people wanted to see or fit into what I thought the dance community wanted me to do or what I thought was avant-garde, I'm just going to do what I like to do. If it works find, and if it doesn't work it's a good step. I have to do as much work as possible because that's going to allow me to see. And with this piece, I thought - I don't care, I don't care if it's theatrical that's what I want to do, so I'm going to do it.

EC: I really sympathize and admire that - I'm finding that security to not have any niche or expectations in mind, to just do what you want to do. It's extremely liberating. Maybe I'm misinterpreting, but in a way, weren't you just replacing expectations of another group?

NS: Oh, yes - but, I think you have to take your audience into consideration. You have to accept the fact that you're doing it in front of an audience and you almost have to have certain expectations. I mean, why perform? The only reason is to communicate I feel a great need to communicate. I don't know why. Maybe it's an ego thing, I have no idea

EC: We feel really differently on this point. The whole thing of taking the audience into consideration - once, I heard someone say that I had absolutely no con-

childhood. They were dream-like images who were constantly trapped through the rungs of ladders on the set or caught between the images of other characters. There was also a constant metamorphosis of characters which allowed for a great deal of abstraction within the themes and images. Overall the energy was frenetic, but here, this energy was controlled in order that the message could be communicated through the subtlety of movement expression. In the Epilogue - Still Learning to Walk, Nancy Schieber performs a solo throughout which the audience is witness to her growing tide of frustration. She achieves this mostly by utilizing a long piece of narrow, red material which alternates as a mask, a shawl, or a path. The end of the dance climaxes in Nancy Schieber's scream which exorcises the mounting tension but, as the preceding images seem to imply, it is also a birth scream or 'life' scream. The use of the red cloth in this sequence ultimately suggests the imagination and visuality of dance. All facets of production are geared toward the buildup of this visual image, therefore rhythm, (visual and aural) colour, lighting, are the bases for communication.

In Memoirs of an Ex-Child the costumes were black and white with the occasional flash of red provided by accoutrements such as the red scarf. The lighting was a whitish glare and as sparse as the set which was bare but for two ladders placed at the back of the stage. The spartan arrangement of costumes, set and lighting seemed to suggest a sharpness of vision and memory.

The music consisted of guitar instrumentals: a Prelude by 7th Century, Sonata in A Minor - Scarlatti, played by Liona Boyd, and a musician, Brian Katz was present to provide his own interpretive guitar music.

All this is indicative of the intrinsic 'theatricality' of dance. In fact it could be said that what the poem is to the novel, conceptual dance is to classical theatre. It is essentially the abstraction of a larger art form though this does not imply that its validity is questionable. Many believe that, because of its free-

sideration for my audience and it was because I didn't take their expectations into consideration when I made the piece. But I don't think that is consideration, I think it carries a condescending attitude. I feel that I have to do what I do and that there is a great potential of various communications even if in some cases I have to wait for certain expectations to be put aside.

NS: I don't feel like I'm selling myself. I don't feel like I'm compromising too much. I see myself changing every several years I'm doing something else. I have no control over that in a sense. I feel like I'm growing, like I'm learning a lot. But I don't know where that's taking me.

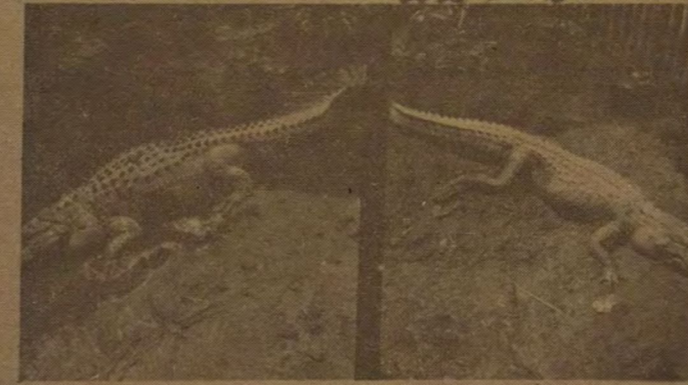


Photos by: BOB BARNETT

flowing style, conceptual dance is simple to choreograph. However just as with poetry, many attempt but few can achieve the solidity of thesis, form, and expression through such minimalization of an art form as Nancy Schieber has with Memoirs of an Ex-Child.



and the vice - in the opposite direction, will a versa C.B.



that's all there is and there's nothing left to say C.H.

"One cannot achieve spontaneity in art without the structuring of detail. Without this one searches but never finds because too much freedom is a lack of freedom. If we lack structured detail we are like someone who loves all humanity and that means he loves no one." - Stowick, Drama Review Fall '69



It's always been like this and there's nothing more to say C.H.

CHARLOTTE HILDEBRAND

DENNIS TOURBIN

A BALLET - for margaret dragu

When exhaustion sets
in it happens so slowly,
then all of a sudden
like lightning
it strikes...

I take off my watch
and put it in my pocket.
I do not want to know
the time. I know what
time it is and nothing
is familiar. Nothing.
I am far away, 3 hours
by car, and I begin to
think a hospital is what
I need now. And no one
knows but me...

I am alone on a busy
street in Ottawa. There
is no escape from noise
and traffic and people.
The large structure of
the Chateau Laurier looms
in the distance. The
foreground becomes obscure.

I walk the streets
breathing deeply, gasping
for fresh air. There is
no fresh air. Waiting
for a green light on
Rideau Street is an
endless wait...

And no one knows me.
What if I collapse.
There is that possibility.
And no one knows me.

I have a wallet in
my pocket with my
name in it.
My belongings are
somewhere else. The
sun is streaming through
the buildings. Windows
crack the image and
everywhere people
seem alright.

My watch is in my
pocket with 7 dollars
and some change. I
have one American
quarter. I know that.
There is no escape.
I am trapped within
the limits of my own

body and I feel so
uncertain, so insecure.
I pace the streets trying
to remember what is familiar.

Inside my head there is
an explosion which I
cannot control. The
light begins to dim.

I wish it would rain
but the sun is shining
and in my mind, my
thoughts speak to
me in a foreign
language.

I do not understand;
I am tired but sleep
is impossible and nothing
is familiar anymore. I
know exactly where I
am yet I am completely
lost...

My emotions begin to
drown me and my skin
feels white like snow.
The sun is shining.
The bad dream of
pheasants with soft
feathers. The elaborate
dinner and dead seals.
I begin to vomit.

I am glad there is no
mirror in the washroom.
I do not want to
see myself.

The damp paper towel
and cool water upon my
head. I rinse myself
face and neck. There
is no way out...

I walk between the
office and the washroom
the washroom and the
office. I can't explain
the emotion,
the exhaustion.

I long for a silence
that I know does not exist;
and traffic

penetrates the cracked
glass window. The window
will not open. Nothing
is familiar anymore.
I cannot even remember
the simplest thing.

I long for something

familiar. How did I
get here. I cannot
remember...

My name is in my wallet.

There is a barber shop
on the corner and the
look of a comfortable
chair. Golf clubs in
a store window and a
huge crowd of people
waiting for a bus.

I am a missing person
a missing person
missing person
missing person
missing...

I am a missing person
and nothing is familiar.
There is a nun on the
street and a whole window
full of shoes, spring shoes,
and sports equipment.

I must photocopy my
life send a registered
letter to myself at the
nearest Post Office take
my picture in one of those
photo booths that costs 50c.

And put the picture in
my wallet to inject a
certain calm. Inject
a certain calm...

I must lose myself
in the back seat of
someone's car and
escape the traffic,
disappear into the
white crowded stage
of a street...

I must return to what
is familiar and begin to
vomit again, have a look
at what is inside me,
experience the sight
of smoke...

It is not sadness.
I am tired and it is
not sadness. Nothing
is familiar. No warning.
The way wind and rain
erode a statue until
nothing is familiar.

A ballet...

REFLECTIONS OF FRAGMENTS

HERBERT HOUSEHOLDER

("FRAGMENTS OF A JOURNEY", BY CHARLOTTE HILDEBRAND, A SPACE, FEB. 18 & 19, 1977)

H. came to Charlotte Hildebrand's concert with low expectations but left satisfied with a tight piece of work. J., who was in it, says Charlotte had a clear conception of the music, lyrics, people she wanted to use. She worked consistently, looking around for ideas. She didn't give too much information as she worked. J. thinks that's a good thing. Dancers didn't affect things so much by suggestions as by having different perceptions of the totality. They held on to their perceptions, she to hers, until the piece emerged as a unity.

Contrast this to the recent woman at CEAC. She probably could talk up a storm justifying what she's doing. Some people talk for weeks about what they're doing then splat! when it's put on. Or contrast Charlotte to the European approach of deciding what statement to make in advance with the result that the work is secondary to the intention. Charlotte says she doesn't work from intention.

The piece was a series of units, each consistent within itself. J. says it has to do with visualizing; she works with images. H. notes the absence of clutter in the visual aspect: everything clear, precise, striking. Each part sticks in the mind, not just visually but as a set of feelings, a juxtaposition. It wasn't a collage exactly - more like a Rauschenberg combine. Each part was a kind of puzzle; you really did have to let your mind work on the worm-hunters or on "Ma Padre..." In each case you knew something real was being expressed, but the setting was so original that it made you think about what it was. It was a kind of unit which existed prior to analysis. Obviously she didn't sit down and say, I'm going to have this line to accomplish this purpose, and the whole message is going to be spelled out. It was as if she had taken a kind of experience and pared away at it, cleaned it up, straightened it out, and brought it down to the bare essentials, but in a setting which was not abstract in any way, but very particular, and quite peculiar, too. It was a little nugget, a little Gestalt, that you could respond to the way you respond to an experience in real life. But cleaned up, made economical the way real life is not.

Like the worm-hunters' piece. "I'm on fire." "Hey, this is for you as well as for me." "Swell." (J. was saying, "Swell", while John was saying, "Well".) It was a typical love-affair situation, with one person less involved than the other. "Swell" shows the total perception by J's character of what's going on and the banality of the whole thing. And it all happened in a strange setting which, since it was completely unexpected, threw the action into relief. It left you with an image of the situation which is much clearer than you would get, say, from reading someone's diary, though the psychological basis for it remains a mystery.

The whole piece was like that. Each part was a clearly defined, separate epitome (or epiphany) of a complicated situation between people (or in a single person's mind), presented very economically, then juxtaposed with the other ones, so that it was like a series of slides or discreet events.

The chorus was the logical way to bind them together. It was the same refrain, "We are sailing", between each two segments. H. thought it worked, even though it seems kind of silly in retrospect. It showed the flow of life and connected up the segments. Lots of practice went into voice training. Dancers usually aren't so good when they speak.

How important was the "screaming" part at the beginning? Was it unsettling? (H. didn't get there until the second segment.) J. says it was less screaming than vocalizing, combined with what Charlotte called her "frantic dance". She entered the space with her light, did the frantic dance, using elements from the later parts, but abstracted: a kind of overture.

The cast party was at Charlotte's: mostly cast and friends. John Falchney brought an extraordinary salad - strawberries and avocados with a little Chablis. J. was in no condition to talk to anyone. She had fluffed her lines, cracked her head on the floor, and was mad.

Amy Vanderbilt's everyday etiquette

AMERICA'S FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON MANNERS ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS AND OFFERS REALISTIC AND UP-TO-DATE ADVICE ABOUT CORRECT BEHAVIOR IN TODAY'S BUSY WORLD.



- The lighting and costumes get combination of stark white (Cocteau; Weston) and bright pastels and primary colours (Chabrol)
- very tacky 50's party dresses
 - everything very overdone
 - as if plastered on; painted on
 - huge crinolines
 - women as decoration
- start with sparkler procession-very dark
 - something extremely controlled and directed
 - very ritualistic
- ie: Immediately make a framework for the piece which includes elements of strict control and direction and also the gay, partying, wild stuff of the sparklers and dresses (surrealistic)
- each woman lights the following woman's sparkler (what is passed on in fact-the light-and also passed on the ritual. The whole business of societal pressure; fitting a system, scheme, design.
- keep movement on a strict diagonal and very straight lines throughout.



- as sparklers go off people work individually on their own combinations - 2 combinations perhaps with 2 dancers doing one very repetitive, awkward combination and the other 2 dancers doing something with lots of large arm swings, turns, throwing the body up and down. Use those weird twist-hip jumps here.
- The 2 people doing the first combo have to be very self-concerned, oblivious to the other dancers. Maybe doing some physically bizarre thing - arms flopping at the wrists and elbows held tight in at the waist.

-From here move into something very slow - sense of great pressure - no release. And start to suggest self-consciousness.

-movement involving stuff close to the body - sense of being reined in; gathered to the body.

-Also 2 people side by side touching each other in well-known, everyday positions - blasé unemotional - first with their backs to the audience and then facing

Diane's "It's my Party" song to be done straight - no comment should be built into it - but around it - use streamers coming from her hands going out to points in the space. So she is left standing there as part of the decoration. This should be very heavy in spite of it being funny. Later when she says words to "Judy's Turn to Dry" we could decorate her completely by wrapping her up in streamers.

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CHORUS *It's my party
 And I'll cry if I want to
 Cry if I want to
 Cry if I want to
 You would cry too if it happened to you.*

*Nobody knows where my Johnny has gone
 But Judy left the same time
 Why was he holding her hand
 When he's supposed to be mine?*

CHORUS
*Play all my records; keep dancing all night
 But leave me alone for awhile
 'Till Johnny's dancing with me
 I've got no reason to smile.*

CHORUS
*Judy and Johnny just walked through the door
 Like a queen with her king
 Oh what a birthday surprise
 Judy's wearing his ring*

*It's my party
 And I'll cry if I want to
 Cry if I want to
 Cry if I want to
 You would cry too if it happened to you.*

NOTES ON 'A PARTY'

JANICE HLADKI

-At end of movie everyone puts on var-the-elbow white gloves with corsages on them

"Yes girls"

- very interior
- passive
- servile
- self-controlled
- nodding heads throughout
- 6 arm positions done twice

-2 people massage and twist their faces with gloves on and other 2 copy them. This should be extremely heavy

-sense of manipulation and pressure again **FEMALE**

"Soul & Inspiration" (Righteous Bros.) sit for the beginning of song and spread circular skirts out to make full circle with knees tucked up (women on floats)

-all of us take a position with faces set in a social smile (beauty queen stuff)

- Irene does wallflower dance
- Jane and Diane ask guys to dance
- I do my crushing chips no. with the stiletto heels

The song should be a release for audience and dancers.

Amy Vanderbilt

manners
 for teachers, parents and
 widows, children, doctors,
 nurses, business associates,
 acquaintances, close friends
and relatives

entertaining
 hosts, guests, parties, cele-
 brations, gifts, food & drink
**engagements
 and weddings**
 showers, the reception, man-
 ners and dress for bride,
 groom, parents and guests,
 second weddings, invita-
 tions, gifts, anniversaries

comprehensive - easy to use - up-to-date



Photos by: RENA PINTERIC

to rise in the sign of Aries, the Ram. The name Aries was associated with the sheep herding nomads who entered Greece from Anatolia in Asia Minor, and who, perhaps in the more distant past had travelled further eastward into India. One of these may have been Rama, the dissident Aryan who converted India from a matriarchy to a patriarchy. The space of the sun at the time of the vernal equinox determined the god-form, and in Egypt, at the beginning of the 13th dynasty, the form was the Ram-headed AB-RA, meaning the lamb or ram of the sun. We are all familiar with the biblical Abram who, after passing through Egypt, offered the ram as a burnt offering to his newly found male deity. Killing of animals was an act unheard of in matriarchal times and was symbolic of the violent nature of the next 2,000 years that patriarchy lay claim to, a claim that it has not relinquished to this day. Slavery and the exploitation in imperialism became characteristic of the patriarchy.

Aries shaped the world into which the Jesus was born as the first fish of the age of Pisces and doomed to die as the last lamb of Aries. A star shone over the lamb's birth and a new age was born, the age of the dying god, Osiris, called Pisces, in which patriarchal ideals reached their pinnacle in such manifestations as capitalism, British and American imperialism, art galleries and museums, and finally the first and second world wars.

But the god took 2,000 years to die, that is, until the advent of the vernal equinox in the year 1904 when the sun began to radiate through the star-complex known as Aquarius. This change coincided with the revelation that Aleister Crowley received in Cairo in April of that year from an extra-terrestrial intelligence after a ritual invocation of the god Horus. The revelation asserted the end of the patriarchal prison culture and the beginning of an androgynous culture where women were called upon to be "scarlet", "shameless", "loud", and "adulterous". It called for a society free of distinctions, defini-

tions, alienations, packaging, and controls. It called for an anarchy in which the only person to follow was yourself.

What we are experiencing today are the death-throes of the old and the birth-pangs of the new. Post-war men and women are just beginning to be able to put the whole of the past 4,000 years of male-dominated society into perspective. The strictness of the past system points to an earlier system that had to be combatted and suppressed. Women have been rendered more and more useless over the centuries with an ensuing loss in power and self-esteem. Men were threatened and this was precedent for oppression. But enough is enough. The fact that this sort of thing has been going on for 4,000 years must be due to some inherent psychological difficulty in the male species. That he does have to get it up may be just it. Much has been made of the case of Nazism and Hitler's impotence. Jehovah was a cruel and jealous god, a characteristic of both the successful medieval king and the nineteenth century husband and father. What do you think is behind the recent competition of Toronto banks for who has the highest Tower? It certainly is not femininity. The repression of emotion was an image of masculinity that led inevitably to racism. Capitalism, nationalism, and imperialism are all tools of repression that work for the promotion of a patriarchy. Patrician, patrimony, patriot, patrol, and patronage all stem from the same root.

The age of Pisces held as its main sign the dying Jesus on the cross. All people were sinners and doomed to die in Hell unless they believed this sign. Either way the whole thing was very death-oriented; men and especially women were enslaved and imprisoned and there was no way out. Funerals were great events. Tombs were monuments to the packaged dead. Prisons and packaging became facts of life. Canned foods. The more that was packaged and sold, the wealthier the man or nation (the fatherland). Wealth meant security and power and thus the more waste produced, the more waste men wanted.

A rise in expectations corresponds to a drop in real wages and a stronger distinction between classes, patrician and slave. History shows the distance between poles ever increasing. As a false sense of unity the patron packaged the arts up as an ideal of achievement to divert the workers. The gallery became an example of a beyond the world artificial absoluteness outside time and space. Outside reality. Dead. Culture was a prison and the dead things in the prison were very fragmented. It became evident that the culture which characterized the last 2,000 years was one of irreconcilable polarities and alienations, especially for the terms masculine and feminine which have maintained their stereotyped identities to the present day.

Marxism seeks, just as does structuralist thinking, to unify polarities. But Marxism, at least the manifestations we can see in the world today, share with capitalism in what has been termed the monolithic mode of production which is a definite characteristic of the trap of prison that patriarchal culture builds for himself. The monolithic mode establishes a monopoly over the production of goods and services and the institutions are those products the monopolies create: church-centred religion, the university system of higher education, professional medicine including the pharmaceuticals it pushes, mass-produced housing, the speedy vehicle like the automobile, etc. The monolith of art that the patron created has become merchandise only, held in the captivity of galleries, museums, and concert halls. Many unfortunate patricians will not define a work as art unless it is exhibited in such institutions with a fixed price attached.

New age androgynous society does not recognize any institutions including the nuclear family which is the first monolithic institution we encounter. Patriarchy is embodied in the dominant male and isolated family's notion that it's "us" against "them". Crowley asserted with conviction that men and women, now

communications and I think are aware of what each other are doing. LA. What is happening to the dance scene in Montreal and the rest of the province? JPP. I find it to be not very productive and certainly not on the way

can do, but there is nobody stimulating them to do anything and I do not feel it will come for a long time. LA. Why did you choose Ottawa? JPP. It is close to Quebec. I don't want to move to far away, but also



ROBERT JOFFREY
Choreographer, Oenophile

"Life should be good.
To this end, I realize what pleasures I can.
"A rewarding performance, even a beautifully executed passage, is cause for personal celebration.
"So is a perfect wine. Some of my personal favorites?
"Certainly the great Italian red wines, with their own personal nobility. And what I like to think of as my own discovery: so many of the wonderful white wines of Italy, lightly chilled.
"Yes, life can be very good. Don't you agree?"

"Some of my best wines are Italian."

WHAT

MIRIAM ADAMS

I used to go to ballet performances.

I stopped because it all seemed to be such a crock of shit.

- dancers getting off on flexing their bods

- choreographers telling stories about the human condition

- audiences going insane over the inane

Hash. Rehash. Plagiarize. Recreate. Renovate.

But in the last month I decided to step out and take in. JESUS.

Ballet YS did a choreographic workshop in March. The first piece on the programme was by far the most memorable. It was a 'work-in-progress' and the audience was allowed to experience the creative process as the choreographer related the story, (about a magician casting a spell on somebody's mother or something) rehearsed the dancers, counted the music, screamed, ("be more sensual" - the dancer was doing an arabesque) and upstaged everybody by moving in front of them and yelling and performing the steps better than any of the dancers. (many choreographers choreograph primarily for themselves.) The audience was in ecstasy. The woman behind me said:

"Oh, isn't she wonderful. She makes them work so hard. That's so good." I threw away the programme so I can't recall clearly what else went down.

- some vague remembrances of 4 women in pink chiffon moving in a circle and flashing their crotches

- a Pas De Deux with corps of 4, derivative of every other Pas De Deux in the world except for the costumes which were one piece see-through navy blue danskins over bikini underwear, permitting a little insight into the diversity of navels

- a dance about a mother-animal teaching her child-animal how to hunt with the result that the victim gets entangled in 3 pieces of elastic stretched across the back of the performing arena the struggling-for-survival-inside-the-symbolic-elastic-schtick.

My initial reaction to most ballet stuff is that these people are really

kidding, it's all a send-up and I can laugh if I want. But it's not so I can't.

THEN ... on to the National Ballet Choreographic workshop.

"Heat Wave" was the title of the first number on the programme. It was a jazz piece. There were 10 dancers on that stage. 2 principles, 8 corps, = 5 men, 5 women. They were dressed in red (HOT) short sleeved jump suits. How often have you seen ballet dancers trying to do jazz? Don't. The male lead's all-out attempt at being lethally sensual resulted in his shoulders sitting up around his ears for the duration of the piece (about 15 minutes). The others moved like varnished twigs.

Number 2 was your standard Pas De Deux. HER upstage right. HIM upstage left. Looking for .. then seeing. Getting together for a couple of pirouettes and the Odd lift. A little embrace. Some solos. Some more grabbing. She decides she can't take it and turns profile, eyes intent upstage right, reaches out to from whence she appeared and tries to leave. He clutches her downstage left hand, begs her to stay. He can't take it either. Another squeeze. Then somehow it ends. I can't remember how. It was your standard PINK & BLUE Pas De Deux.

The next dance consisted of 6 performers ... 3 male and 3 female, in shades of orange - the females wearing tierras UNDER their buns.

The 4th piece of work was entitled Washington Square and the following was printed in the workshop programme.

Based on Henry James' novel, WASHINGTON SQUARE, the story revolves around the character of a young girl, Catherine Sloper, the plain and self-deprecating daughter of a wealthy New York physician. When a handsome young man, Morris Townsend, proposes marriage to Catherine, her father forbids the match. Catherine, who never before has been exposed to tenderness, defies her father's wishes and plans to elope with her lover. They make an appointment to run off together but Townsend never appears and Catherine awaits him in vain.

Sometime after the death of Catherine's father, Townsend appears to renew his suit. He finds that Catherine, now a wealthy woman, is apparently ready to forgive and marry him. But Catherine's nature has been hardened through her experience with her father and her lover. When Townsend arrives to keep his second assignation, she takes her revenge.

The Choreographer wishes to thank Mrs. Betty Bourne for pointing out the choreographic possibilities of this story.

The audience went out of their minds for this one. Uproarious applause. Yelling. Stomping. Bravoing. 8 Curtain calls. More wild applause. (I rushed out the next day to buy the newspapers to see if I could find out what all the commotion was about. I couldn't).

And the Last Dance of the evening, called Circe, opened with a black ramp centre stage. Upon THIS stood 2 female opera singers, at the very bottom of THIS lay vertically a red-bearded male opera singer and surrounding THIS writhed 6 bare-legged female ballet dancers in flesh coloured chiffon tunics. I allowed myself about 7 minutes of THIS, then split.

I recall speaking to one audience member (a critic) during the intermission and mentioning that I had never been to a National Ballet Choreographic Workshop before. He said, "You should have gone last year. It was better." My first thought on leaving it all behind was, "I wonder how much that cost?" My next thought was, "I think I'll leave it all behind."

CAPO
POWDERED WAX

DIRECTIONS—Have the floor thoroughly clean and free from dust. Sprinkle Capo powdered wax over the floor. It will not spoil the finest grays.

DIRECTION—Voyez à ce que le plancher soit parfaitement propre et sans poussière. Saupoudrez la poudre de cire Capo sur le plancher. Elle n'affectera pas même les plus fines toilettes.



Photo by: JOHN OUGHTON

TORONTO - THEATRE REVIEW

MISC. LETTERS CONT'D

us a surge of energy, ideas and desires to expand the facility and initiate more activity.

Who needs a dance conference that fills your head to three times its normal size. What we need is a paring down, an exchange between dance artist and dance artist without all the formalities in between. It happened here and boy do I look forward to the next one.

Carol Eder

My feelings, concerns and reactions towards the Dance in Canada Association change often. The original idea for the Association's formation, that of bringing the dance community and dance artists into closer contact with one another has always been a good one. However, I am not in sympathy with the turn the DIC Association has taken of late. We already live in a system overloaded with rules, regulations, management, organizations, associations and excess trivia. Dance is no exception. Here are some examples. Who needs an "Arts Management" newsletter which extolls the financial benefits of selling T-shirts scarves, umbrellas? engraved with the dance company's name (junk mail sent to us by David Liles of Canada Council) ... or lectures on "Preparing a Brief" (for \$ naturally) and the "Responsibility of a Board" or news of a pension plan for dancers (DIC Conference, Halifax 1976). These are all examples of how far dance has travelled from its fragile nucleus - that of the individual dance artist - and enmeshed itself in a web of management, non-profit, boards of directors, by-laws, Canada Council, provincial arts councils, unions, PR, fund raising, subscriptions, audience development consultants, "greatest hits" programmes, ballet boutiques, etc. Will DIC Association become just

another stomping ground for the excess to voice their already dead end street ideas concerning the arts in Canada?

We need more personalities, more craziness, more characters, more individual dance artists in Canada not more of those who conform to the already existing aforementioned spider's web. Those are poisons! Art is not a business, as some would have you believe.

The DIC Association could perhaps provide a common meeting ground for the artist, not the parasite.

Ernst Eder

AMATEUR'S COLUMN 'but I know what I like'

JANET GARNHAM

REPRINTED FROM THE VISUAL ARTS NEWS WITHOUT TIME TO RECEIVE PERMISSION FROM THE AUTHOR.

When, last summer, one of my friends complained about a painting problem to her teacher, he consoled her by saying that she couldn't expect to do as well as he did: after all, he had been painting for seven years. Seven years! I took my first painting lesson more than twice that long ago, and I think of myself as an innocent among the paint brushes, a wide-eyed ingenue at the mercy of the makers of titanium white. I still excuse my ineptitude by explaining that after all, I am only a beginner.

We are lucky, we amateurs. We inhabit an enchanted world where we can never fail. We hang our efforts on our walls, where, as long as we are sufficiently proficient that our friends can distinguish the apples in them from bananas, and our seascapes from waving fields of wheat, they reap compliments. Since the friends of amateur artists are an unusually polite breed, it rarely happens that anyone criticizes our work. We perpetuate this praise as much as anyone else. Although each of us is secretly convinced that our work is just a little better than that of those other daubers, we would

never dream of saying so. Naturally, we realize that any praise directed at us is both sincere and deserved. We have another protection against the buffets of the real world, in that we don't have to face it. Except when we take our pictures to the framers, which is an experience worthy of another column, we are not exposed to the public, critics, or the curators of art galleries. We note with impunity at exhibitions, the superiority of our work to that of the professionals - "Any five year old could do that! I like a picture that you can tell what you're looking at." "Do you call that art?" We all see something different in that painting, he sees a butterfly, she sees cliffs and sea, he sees a lamp on a table and I see a forest in spring." We have not, we tell ourselves and each other, the gall to palm such things off on the public. It is perfectly obvious to us that the reason our masterpieces are not hanging there is that our genius is yet undiscovered. We may not have succeeded, we comfort ourselves, but, by gosh, we haven't failed.

It would take more knowledge, both of art and sociology, than I have, to expound on the reasons why amateurs paint. We attribute it to all sorts of semi-virtuous reasons; a need to express ourselves, a desire for creativity, a love of the arts. All of these may have some validity, but, by using them as an explanation, I think we tend to place ourselves on a different plane from amateurs in other fields. Perhaps amateurism, in any form, is a means for all of us to extend our understanding of other people's lives, and to manipulate a bit of our own environment. After all, in one's day to day, make-a-living work, the opportunities for having one's own way are limited. Perhaps professional artists can most truly be their own bosses when building bookcases or making pies, and housewives and carpenters can best do their own thing when painting pictures.

"By its very nature, dance seems a perfect subject for film. The abstraction of an idea into its visual equivalent, the use of space and movement in space, creating patterns by both its absence and presence, the whole concept of time as essential to all aspects of the art, and rhythm as the binding and unifying element - all these seem to indicate dance should translate into film with ease.

That impression, of course, is a fallacy, and one that many a filmmaker falls prey to. Dance not only doesn't translate easily into film, it defies the medium. Three-dimensional space, reduced to a flat screen, loses depth and significance. The molding effect of shapes passing before and behind each other flattens out and, without various three-dimensional aids like objects in the foreground or background to amplify the effects of distance, the viewer becomes easily bored with monotonous movements on a single plane, neither defining space nor apparently using much of it.

Thus when one finds a filmmaker who achieves a lovely transition of dance ideas into film... one feels a small celebration..."

Natalie Edwards

from a review of David Leach's "Expansion", reprinted from Cinema Canada, Feb. 1977, with permission of the author.



Photos by: DAVID LEACH



DANCERS: LOUISE GARFIELD
CAROLYN SHAFFER

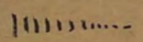
WHALE SONGS

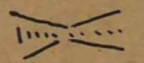
first i traced an approximate graphic representation of the sequence and frequency shifts and modulations of the song of a humpback whale.

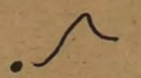
then by slowing down the calls to 1/4 of their original speed i derived a rough musical notation of the pitch intervals found in the first graphic notation.


this rough musical notation was further broken down into 8 parts; these parts do not represent the whale song in its entirety, but only short segments which i found to be interesting for the patterns they create.

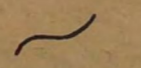
explanation of graphic notation:

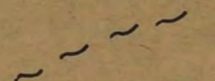
 : represents low frequency pulses. as the lines come closer together, the pulse speeds up to become a pitch.

 : amplitude modulation- cresce and decrescendo.

 : a ball at the beginning of the figure means that the sound starts at a very low frequency and modulates upwards very rapidly.

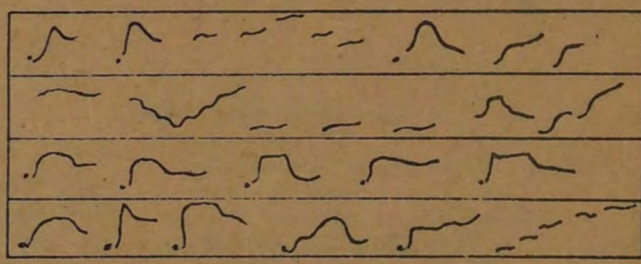
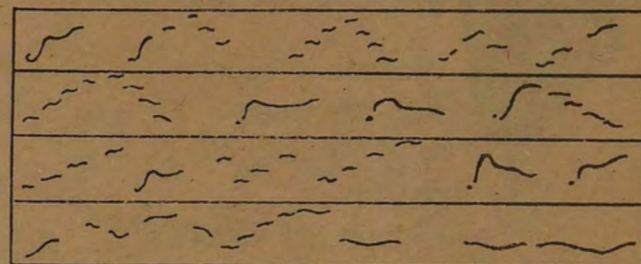
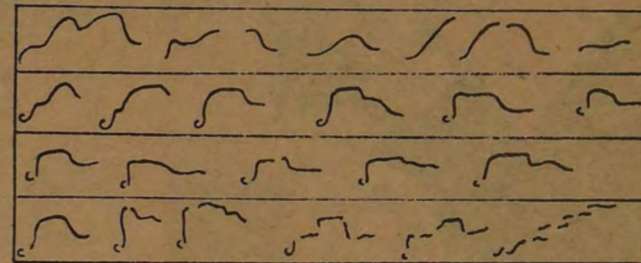
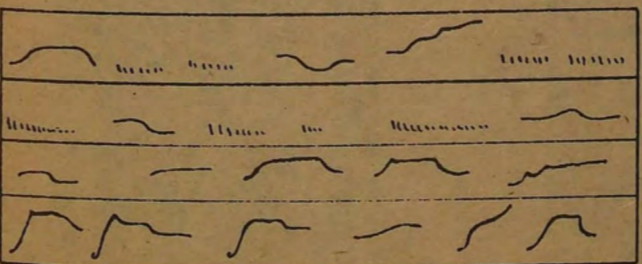
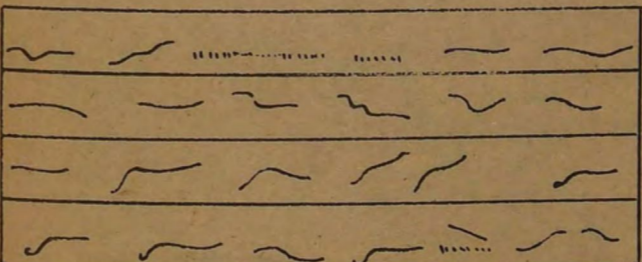
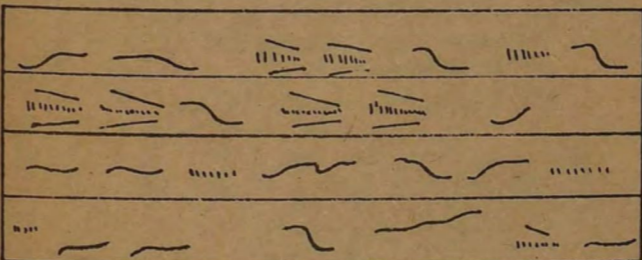
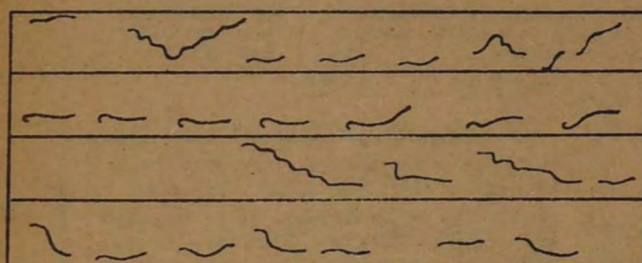
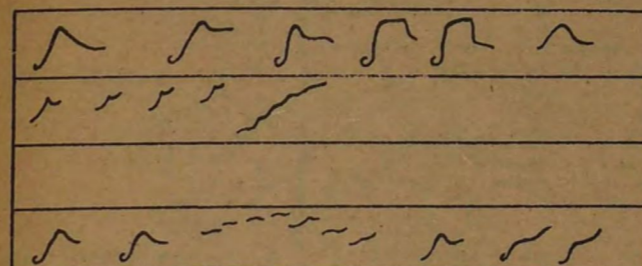
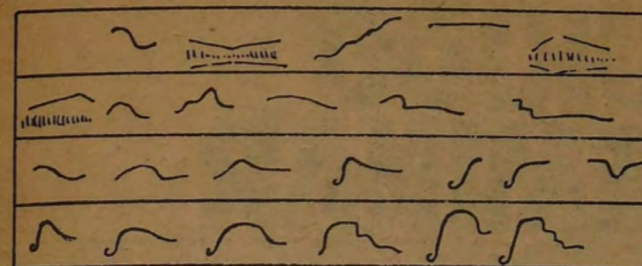
 : at the end of a figure, the same symbol represents a slight surge in amplitude.

 : a simple figure; the performer relates it, within the range of his instrument, to the previous and following figures he must perform.

 : an arpeggiated figure, usuall in the middle and higher frequency range of the anima

the song of the actual whale follows in sequence from page 1 through to page 3.
the division of this song into nine parts is arbitrary , a device enabling the group to reinterpret the same notation in a number of different ways.

in "WHALE SONGS -2- (inversion)" 4 gray levels are used to indicate the dynamic levels to be sought by the performers as they follow the notation.



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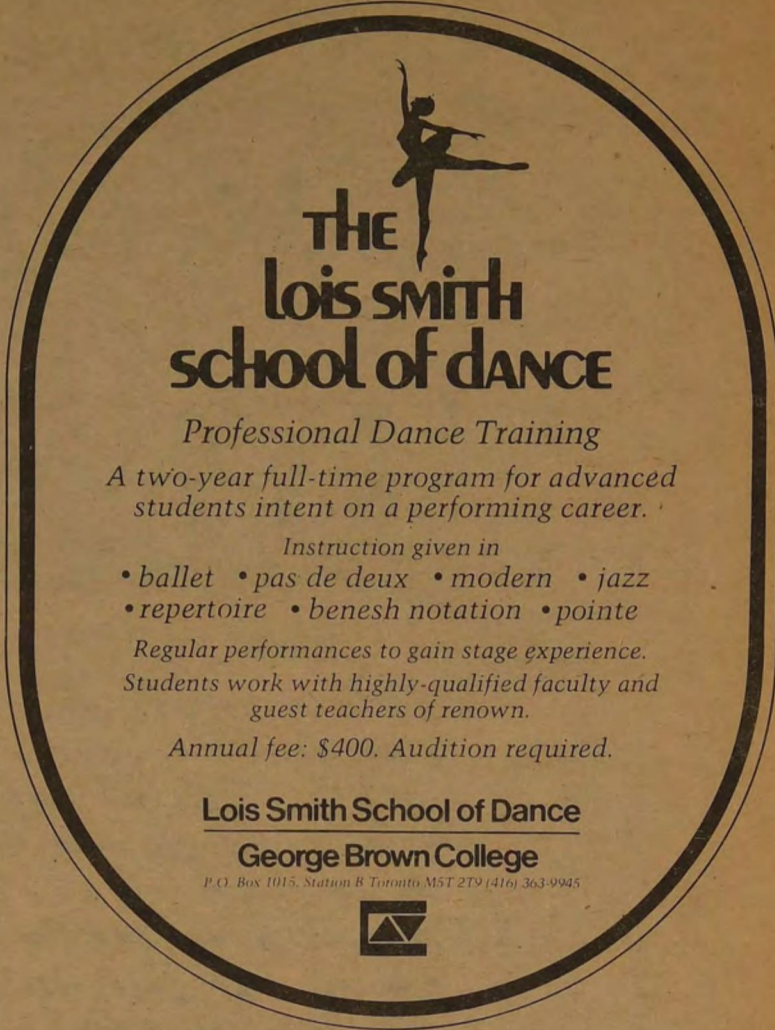
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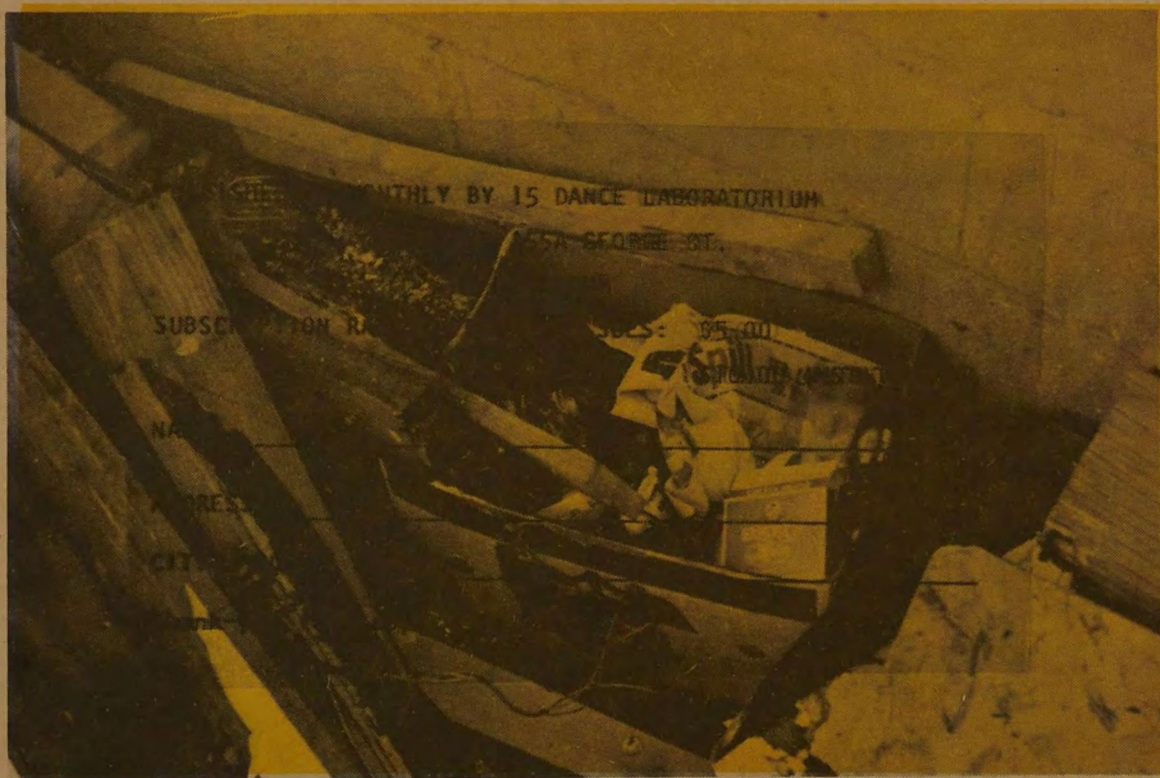
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ROBERT JOFFREY
Choreographer, Oenophile

"Life should be good.
"To this end, I realize what pleasures I can.
"A rewarding performance, even a beautifully executed
passage, is cause for personal celebration.
"So is a perfect wine. Some of my personal favorites?
"Certainly the great Italian red wines, with their own
personal nobility. And what I like to think of as my own

discovery: so many of the wonderful white wines of Italy,
lightly chilled.

"Yes, life can be very good. Don't you agree?"

"Some of my best wines are Italian."



CAMPANA-DRAGU PRODUCTS
PRESENT "RESET"
1/2 hour T.V. SPECIAL

- 1) The bartender from the discotheque sets up Kathy
- 2) Kathy-CLOSE UP-"give me a look of confusion and fear."
- 3) Kathy being chased by Van-"where's the Van? cue the Van."
- 4) Dragu as Disco-nected Disco Dyke.
- 5) The basic Kojak. Two-fer shot.
- 6) Kathy-MEDIUM SHOT-Linley in background-a champagne welcome to new politics. Indoctrination and re-programming combined with disco-therapy will help her fulfill her "true" destiny.
- 7) TECHS-video post sync is like trying to make pastry in a rowboat in a gale.

MARGARET DRAGU
Photos by: MIRIAM ADAMS



Canadians are sometimes slower than the rest of the world in getting their shit together. This can be frustrating when trying to use new tools like video recording apparatus, because you have to "send to the states" to get information on using the toys.

As far as portable video is concerned now, those days are gone forever. Somebody has to do the ground work and get the bugs out and then hopefully pass this info along to other potential users. Michael Goldberg has done it, with his recently published Accessible portapack Manual.

It contains just about everything any person would ever want to know about using portable video recorders.

Most of the information is gleaned from REAL USE experience and many people contributed to the manual.

It is almost impossible to read at one sitting, but that's OK. Michael suggests that it makes excellent toilet reading and this goes along with its "reference book" quality.

Incredible, but true, is that this book is hand written (printed). I presume by M. Goldberg.

Definitely useful to all those who - want to - do - or have used portapack. We are taking one copy, drilling a hole in the upper left hand corner, putting a wire through and installing it in our comfort station.

It comes in either hard or soft cover and is a must for all those who have suffered from camera grip cramp.

LVA.

the ACCESSIBLE ENVIRONMENTS

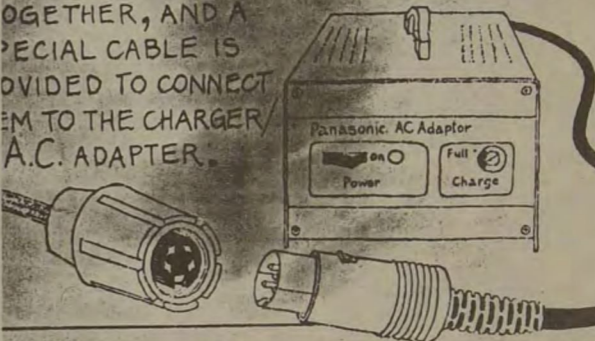
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THE EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH
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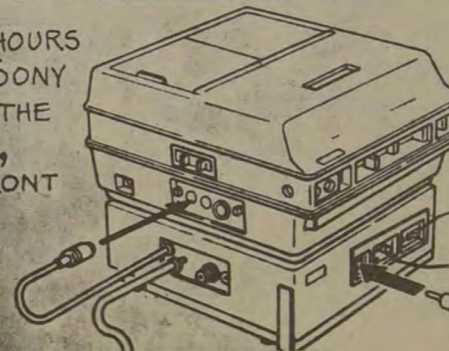


BATTERIES

1. PANASONIC USES TWO INTERNAL BATTERIES (V. EACH). A CLIP IS USED TO ATTACH THE TWO TOGETHER, AND A SPECIAL CABLE IS PROVIDED TO CONNECT THEM TO THE CHARGER A.C. ADAPTER.



8 TO 10 HOURS
GE TWO SONY
NE INSIDE THE
THE DECK,
TO THE FRONT
IN THE
TERIES



- PROG. AMP. = R.
- PROJECTION = see VIDEO PROJECTOR
- PUBLIC MEETINGS = E10-4, 15-4
- QUALITY LOSS = H17-7.
- R.C.A. PLUG = E2-2; illus. H21.
- RECORD LEVER (SONY) = O22;
- RECYCLING TAPE = G2-4.
- REEL = A9-1; B6-2; G5-3; H13-5
- REEL MEASUREMENT METHOD OF REMINDER SHEETS = pages 92, 9
- REMOTE CONTROL = C8.
- REPEAT = A11-4, 11-5.
- RESOLUTION = R.
- REWIND = A9-11; Q2-9.
- R.F. ADAPTER = A3-1, 4-1; N20.
- R.F. AMPLIFIER = A13-1.
- R.F. DISTRIBUTION = A13.
- R.F. MODULATOR = A3-5.
- R.F. PLAYBACK = A3.
- R.F.U. = see R.F. UNIT.
- R.F. UNIT = A3, 10-4, 13-1; L11.
- RIDING LEVELS = E8-2; H17-3.
- ROUGH EDITS = H15.
- SALT = M8.
- SCANNING = R.
- SCATTERED WIND = G13.
- SCHOOLS = G2-3, 2-5; P13-2.

S FULLY

Spill

SUPPLEMENT



The dress rehearsal was chaos.

coloured by: JOAN PHILLIPS