

THE A.G.O. LOOKS AT DANCE

Elizabeth Chitty

'Looking at Dance—Live, on Film, as Video' is the title of a dance series to be held at the Art Gallery of Ontario this fall. It began as a film series and then expanded to include video and live performance although the emphasis is still very much on film. It is still very much on film. There are twenty-seven film programs being shown over a six week period from October 19 to November 24.

Dance films from the Dance in Canada Association film library were shown at the AGO in 1976, and perhaps that project may have been a seed in the mind of Ian Birney, who is director of the film programs at the gallery. He and Selma Odom, professor of dance history and criticism at York University, began work on 'Looking at Dance' in April 1976. The determining factor in choosing the films was to cover the areas in which the main efforts in dance and film together have occurred.

The resulting program is of a broad scope, including: the oldest cine-dance film, 'Introspection', made in 1946 by Sara Kathryn Arledge; familiar cine-dance such as Hilary Harris' 'Nine Variations on a Dance Theme' and 'Totem' by Ed Emshwiller; a program on the work of Maya Deren; a program of historic works by Ruth St. Denis, Martha Graham and Doris Humphrey including the recently re-discovered, very early Graham film 'Flute of Krishna' of 1926; programs of pas de deux, Ulanova, Asian dance theatre, popular dancing, musical comedy dancing, jazz dancing (both social and

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photo: Cherry Hassard

TRANSMISSIONAL MOTIVATION

FOREWORD

John Oughton

The following speech was written for 'Automyths', a collectively choreographed dance piece with six performers and a 1964 Rambler. During the speech the dancers, lined up in front of the car, moved up and down and inhaled/exhaled loudly as accompaniment. The performers get into the car and drive out of the theater, as the taped voice is drowned in the sound of racing engines from a sound effects record.

The speech was intended as a satire both of North American mother/motor worship and of the rhetoric of some meditation and movement merchandisers. At the end

of the show's run, I discovered the following passage by Joseph Chilton Pearce in *The Crack in The Cosmic Egg*:

A mind divided by choices, confused by alternatives, is a mind robbed of power. The body reflects this. The ambiguous person is a machine out of phase, working against itself and tearing itself up. That person is an engine with sand in its crankcase, broken piston rods, water in its fuel lines....Metanoia tunes the engine, gets it running on all cylinders, functioning with

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THE CANADIAN REPORT

Dear SPILL,

Let's define our terms. According to the Oxford Concise dictionary the word chauvinism means 'bellicose patriotism', 'foreign jingoism'. To be chauvinistic means to be insensitive to one's culture—to embrace it without looking at it. A chauvinist does not always have a political view of his/her world.

No argument with the fact that every act is a political one—nor that we are products of our culture.

Let's just use the word for what it means.

Judy Marcuse

Dear Judy,

Just to continue the dialogue—I know what it means and I know you do because you used it not me! (It was in answer to asking you how you felt about Canadian nationalism.) I don't think the quote was misrepresented, and I chose to use it because it seemed totally appropriate for the editorial. I have heard the same response other times too and it's a response that seems to lose sight of the fact that Canadian art has been incredibly colonized by foreign (largely American) influences and that a definite and strong effort to support our own art and artists must be made to counter that. (Even to the point of a little extremism—the other has gone too far.) It's got nothing to do with empty-headed flag-waving; as I wrote before, one's culture always surrounds and conditions.

I love this anecdote in Who's Afraid of Canadian Culture: 'if beavers spent all their time teaching little beavers about the life of the elephant, or the achievements of otters in France, there soon would be no beavers left that could build lodges and after that there soon would be no beavers.' It's the same with people and culture.

So my reply to your reply is that I'm sure that you used the word for what it means, and that I used your comment for what it means, but the word don't cut no ice in my opinion on the issue.

Elizabeth Chitty



LISTEN, BABY—US BEAVERS GOT IT TOGETHER, FORGET THEM OTTERS & ELEPHANTS &.....



HOMAGE by Anna Blewchamp

A DANCEMAKER SPILLS SOME

Peggy Smith Baker

It is generally accepted, I believe, that groups of people take on characteristics and personalities just as individuals do. And so, being part of a group, I accept that the group is something other than me, though it is something of me as well.

Since 1974, (though I missed one year altogether), I have been one of several individuals who make up an entity known as Dancemakers. We have tended to be a group of individuals rather than a group, but that probably has much to do with the fact that we have all been dancers for much longer than we have been a company. The actual company membership over the three years of our existence has been fairly fluid. There have been fifteen different members; six of them women, nine of them men, but there have never been more than eight members at one time and never more than four men (that being for one concert only). So it seems that the male membership has been somewhat more fluid than the female. (One fellow was so fluid that he evaporated a few days before opening night!) At any rate, we have a history of change behind us...and hopefully before us, too.

The one constant in our history has been the one 'non-artistic' member of our company, our artful company manager, Mark Hammond. I think that when he decided to leave Dancemakers at the end of this year we all recognized a turning point. I think his decision has led us to clarify our position, as individuals and, more importantly as a company.

Dancemakers is alive and well and living in Toronto and for the coming year will be composed of the following individuals:

CAROL ANDERSON
PEGGY SMITH BAKER (Co-Director)
PAT FRASER
ALLAN JAMES
PATRICIA MINER (Co-Director)
ANNA BLEWCHAMP (Associate Director)
ARABY LOCKHART (Company Manager)

You'll be hearing from us!

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stage). Many of the films are available specially for this program and are not available for rental. The Bolshoi film with Ulanova has not been seen for a long time and has just been re-released, and the screening of the Soviet-American 'The Children of Theatre Street' (1977) will be the Canadian premiere of the film. A new Canadian dance film, 'Unremitting Tendencies', (1977) directed by R. Bruce Elder will be shown, as will Yvonne Rainer's 'Lives of Performers' (1972) and her most recent film, 'Kristina Talking Pictures' (1977). Rainer will be present at the screening of the latter. The series will also have the Canadian premiere of 'Bala' (1977), directed by Satyajit Ray, a major Indian director, with Balasarawati.

It will be interesting to see the picture of dance which will be made by the film series. There are many dances which one would single out as historically important or as having special impact which were and are not filmed so of course will have no part in that picture. Our dance on film picture
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power and efficiency.

Good evening. This is Professor Piston, founder of 'TRANSMISSIONAL MOTIVATION'. Until the so-called fuel shortage of recent years, every North American seemed to feel that he or she came into the world to pursue one type of dance: that in which one sits in a car, extends the right foot, and chases white lines across the continent in this position of meditation, hands holding the holy circle.

Transmissional motivation is the art of applying the mystical processes of the automobile to human movement, a kind of body-wisdom-by-Fisher. In the internal combustion engine, the altar of the mystery, the transitions between straight and circular energies produce the miracle of motion. The up-and-down of the pistons becomes the merry-go-round of the gears and tires, and finally the travel of

the road. How? The blood of dinosaurs and extinct trees, refined to a perfumed purity, is mixed with air. The piston, drawing downwards its diaphragm, breathes in this blend. Then, reversing its direction, the piston compresses it.

At this point the Dionysian spark strikes, exploding a passionate conflagration. Driven downward, the piston rebounds to exhaust its burnt breath. All these linear motions are transmuted to a steady rotation by the crankshaft on which the pistons dance. The dancer who can achieve a like effect with his spine and muscles will indeed be transmissionally motivated. When performing these movements consider that your body is a piston in the engine of the Universe!

You will please to begin. As you intake breath, bend the knees

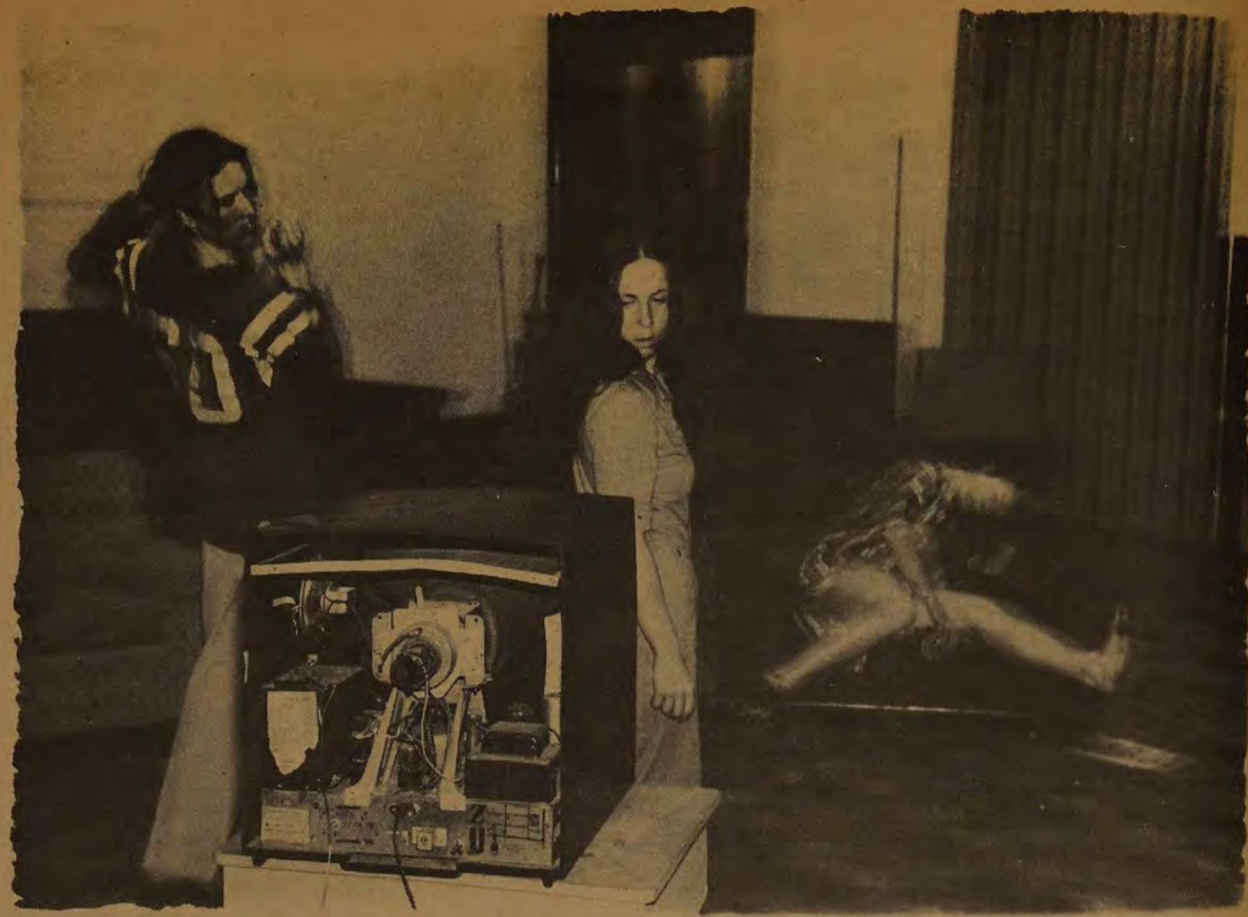
and drop down. Now, come up to compress. Strike your spark and explode down with bent knees again. Power! Now shoot up once more, expelling the old air.

Watch your expression. Remember that these movements are merely variations of the great two-stroke theory of dance: Contract! Expand! From the death of Isadora Duncan to the Deuce Coupe of Twyla Tharp, the car is the essence of dance. Feel your trunk drop its spare tire of unnecessary idling, become aware of the space between the seat and the roof of your mouth. If you suspect that you're driving yourself too hard, check your fool gauge. And in a choreographic traffic jam, don't blow your own horn. Be a radiator not a tailgater. Shift for yourself and be sure! I am the right of way and the Green light! I...

AUTOMYTHS, Carolyn Shaffer, Carol Siegel, Melanie Danson, Martha Lovell, Valerie Dean, John Oughton.

photos: Cherry Hassard





photos: Private Eye

MEMORY LIST FROM THE HOME SHOW

Louise Garfield

THE HOME SHOW - May 6, 7, 8, 1977
St. Paul's Centre
Choreography: Pam Grundy
Performed by: Melodie Benger, Sallie Lyons, Irene Grainger, Pam Grundy, Gina Lori, Greg Parks

(1) Too much to look at as you come in but you know you'll eventually get the chance. The sound of Pam's country and western parents singing 'Home on the Range' over and over again.
(2) Four scantily dressed women sitting on chairs, each with a hair brush in hand. Duke Ellington music and a chorus line of hair brushing (instead of leg kicking) beauties. The piece is like an overture to the show—light, funny, musically oriented. The rhythm or idea is used repeatedly.
(3) Melodie's scrubbing solo bearing no resemblance to Carol Burnett. She enters—pail and rag in hand. She starts to scrub the floor on her hands and knees. Her movement starts normally, becomes larger, exaggerated, picks up phrases in the music and gets right out of hand. Laid out, face down on the floor—one elbow keeps the rag scrubbing.
I have an instant flashback of a friend's mother enraged over what seemed to be a trivial matter. She was screaming and crying (I had never heard a voice that loud, nor have I since) and the whole time she was on her knees scrubbing her kitchen floor with a rag. She wouldn't stop. Hysteria and scrubbing seemed to be the way out of the madness and despair.

(4) Two more mad women. Sallie's mixing bowl interlude and Gina's sewing piece. In both pieces, an everyday activity became enlarged in movement terms while Duke Ellington played. Very calmly they begin their activity. Watching. Intent. The movement gets directly transposed to head, leg, shoulder until the whole body is 1) mixing/being mixed 2) sewing/being sewn.

Women victimized by utensils. Utensils symbolic of the stereotypical role of the HOUSEWIFE.

(5) More entrapment in the home. The dinner piece. Pam, Gina and Greg eating dinner. Sounds of three people talking about the weather. One by one each of the dinner people move off into their inner worlds.

Pam slides under the table—very slowly moving away—touching herself as if her body was crawling with insects. She lifts up her dress and pulls it down—repeatedly. Fear. Fear of sex? A girl-woman's repression. She sits down and resumes dinner.

Gina—it appears as though she has swallowed something that has started her hysteria. Laughing—frozen face, convulsing shoulders, jiggling arms, no sound. The teacup in her hand hits her forehead. She stops; picks up her dinner, but the laughter starts again. It's like a seizure or a flashflood. There's no build-up—she just zaps to an amazing intensity; hits it and stays there.

Greg's paranoid dance for one. Something's under the table, over his shoulder, under his plate, in his food, in the air. — I instantly flashback to my

family around the dinner table. We'd be nowhere, disconnected totally from the conversation my dad would read out loud whatever was written on a cereal box or the ketchup bottle or the milk jug.

(6) The T.V. piece. It was long and repetitious. The same experience as watching T.V. all night. Tedious, but soothing. Greg, Melodie and Sallie sitting on a sofa watching the boob. They settle themselves, eat potato chips, settle themselves some more. Until pretty soon they get drawn into the T.V. All in unison they lean forward, they smile, they frown, they relax, they tense up. They get up to change channels and sit down—one after another—over and over and over again.

Instant flashback—every night my mother would watch T.V. in her bed and every night she'd fall dead asleep in front of it. Every night I'd tiptoe in to turn it off and almost every time she'd wake up and tell me to leave it on. She wanted to watch just a little more.

(7) Although the music throughout the show was from the 1920's and '30's, the costumes crossed eras. It gave the show a broad feeling—that it really was about every home, everywhere, anytime. The simultaneous use of the different spaces in the church contributed to this feeling as well.

(8) The ideas in each of the pieces were extremely simple. 1) Movement exaggeration in the solo pieces, 2) disassociation from reality—that people have private inner worlds in the dinner piece, 3) television is a numbing experience in the T.V. piece.

The power of this show was not in its individual concepts but in the thoroughness with which the ideas were explored.

It was obvious to me that the show was not 'choreographed' but that movement came directly from each of the performers who developed their parts with Pam's ideas and direction.

Attention to detail gave the show an added richness. The set was laden with all kinds of things that were not necessary to the action. There were pictures on the walls, recipes on the program, food on the table, a love letter on the bureau.

(9) The pieces had a similar structure which eventually gave the show a certain predictability. It might not be good theatrically but to my mind it fit the theme.

(10) The recipe for carrot cake is excellent. So saith Johanna.

break in it, sort of a mundane thing set to just a metronome. The centre section was all kinds of different people just walking across the stage. Different sorts of characters from real life. There were kids, and I had older people—just walking across the stage. There were probably about twenty-five people in it. Then the third section was the original people in sort of colourful leotards doing things to environmental sounds—water going down a drain, rain, stuff like that.

L.G.—So you were doing things that were quite theatrical even then?

P.G.—Yes, that was more my inclination.

L.G.—Let's see if this is recording. Were you anxious to do this show?

P.G.—Not really, no.

L.G.—No?

P.G.—No. It wasn't as if I had this idea that was tearing at my insides to get out. It was nothing like that. So, I

decided to do some kind of project be-



- * Little bird whistles
- * Caterpillar T.V. addict
- * Hot dog pig
- * Party hat cup
- * Electric chair spoon in mouth
- * Pivot foot walks into spin
- * Don't focus on spoon after last head snap
- * Face on ethereal stirring
- * Teeth on dragging self up from plie
- * Spoon must jump back in



L.G.—Was the Homeshow the first thing you choreographed?

P.G.—It was the first show I choreographed but not the first piece.

L.G.—What else have you done?

P.G.—I hadn't done anything for three years, and most of the work I had done was solo work. I also did a few duets with a lady that I worked with in Waterloo, but I had only choreographed one group piece.

L.G.—This was when you were at school?

P.G.—Yes, they were all done at that time.

L.G.—What were they like?

P.G.—The pieces with Gabby—they were really varied, and we worked so fast! We would often work on something and a whole piece would totally fall into place in an hour and a half or something like that—a six or seven minute piece. We did one piece called 'Orbits'. It was to electronic type music, and we were sort of neuter androids. We just had nude sort of leotards on with these little caps that came down tight over our heads. We should have had little antennae actually. In fact it started with one of us on each side of the stage and we had two people there pushing us out onto the stage. So we would come out like this—you know.

Except one night the girl who was supposed to push me, didn't show up! It was during a performance, and I was real mad. So I just ran back in the wings about fifteen feet and tried to simulate it.

The group piece—there were basically five women and it was in three sections. In the first section they were all in black leotards and it was a series of choreographed movements—almost with no

cause that's probably the best way that I work. I really have to force myself or to have a deadline and I'll do it. If I didn't have that money or the deadline and that sort of Council pressure just because you know you've received it...I basically did not have the idea first.

L.G.—How did you come to have that idea? When I first heard about it months ago, you described it extremely briefly. All you said was that it was going to be a show based on activities that went on inside the home. Is that really where you started from? Why?

P.G.—I said to myself, I'm going to do some work and I'm not the type to do something which isn't within my own realm, my own experience, and I couldn't seem to do anything serious—in a serious vein. And so I just sort of looked around and said well—what is close to me, what can I draw from that I already have a lot of input towards. And I looked around and I said well, look at all this material. Here's a bathroom, here's a kitchen, and what can happen in movement. The source what can happen in movement? The source was really movement.

I knew the activities I was going to draw on. I got carried right away, I mean there was so much that could have happened. It was a matter of delimiting everything—the scope of the project, the scope of the individual pieces...I mean I could have created an evening on each of those themes.

L.G.—Was the show autobiographical?

P.G.—No. I don't think so. I think a lot of people thought it was. I think my family thought it was.

L.G.—Well, you say you chose that.

P.G.—It was something I was associated with every day—because it was familiar to me.

L.G.—Everyone's home is familiar to them but they don't choose to do a show about it. It seemed to me that you must have unusually strong and positive feelings about your past and about family/home life.

P.G.—A lot of it was not consciously created in that light—like I say, movement was definitely the thing—especially in the solo pieces. For example, given the activity of scrubbing, what kind of movement could actually come out of a mundane activity? That kind of approach.

Autobiographical, eh? Yeah, I think it was my brother's girlfriend who started reading all kinds of things into it. Like, I have one brother and one sister, and during the T.V. piece, she thought it was me and my brother and sister watching T.V., and I said 'What!'. You know, lots

of stuff like that, that I didn't intend. L.G.—Tell me, for example, was the dinner piece something that you have at some time really experienced?—Hallucinating off into another world while something everyday is going on?

P.G.—It wasn't something from a real personal experience. No, especially not with my own family. I simply found it interesting to take something that any audience would be familiar with, to bend it and twist it and abstract it so that it becomes theatricalized. For example, you've probably been in restaurants and overheard bits of conversations that sounded very strange or totally meaningless to you. There's that in it. Also, even with people that you're really close to and get along with—sometimes there develops a certain level of communication—like around the dinner table. I suppose that sometimes you break through, but often it sets itself up in a pattern.

L.G.—...so that you don't break through that level of communication and it just stays there.

P.G.—Yeah, and the whole idea of that piece was to illustrate that sort of superficial conversation and communication and get each person expressing through a solo part, where they were really at, or more specifically, what kind of day they had.

L.G.—Someone told me that the Homeshow was like paying admission to their own home.

P.G.—Well, I had thought of doing it in someone's home. In a large house. It would have been quite nice.

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DANCE AT YORK



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SOME ARE IN THE CITY

Brian Robinson

The recent Canada Week multi-million dollar extravaganza illustrates again the abuse of public spending and the lack of understanding of those who in their almost desperate search for an answer to the questions of 'What is Canada?' and 'What are Canadians?' Try once again to create a short term answer rather than treating the questions as on going important topics.

Why not more activities and cultural programs devoted to the theme all year? Hopefully we think and feel about our country, it's future, it's hopes, it's aspirations and it's definition more than once a year.

Why not more exchange programs for artists of all sizes, shapes, and forms. Many individuals, groups and organizations who are used to and are often forced into minimum survival in their various environments are adapt at and eager to travel and exchange ideas, experiences

and their various means of expression.

The time to learn about their country, it's varied cultural influences, it's magnificent geographical differences and it's great mix of peoples speaks for itself. The occasion to work and live with others in similar and like vocations is relatively inexpensive and in the longer term, of inestimable value for all concerned.

The Canadian Mystique can only survive and grow if it is given opportunities to nourish itself.

We are much more than a media hyped television spectacular even if they think that's what we are all about.

OH! well, back to the summer reruns.

cont'd from p.2

may or may not be quite different from our dance picture created by live performance. Just as a point of interest as to the influences on what gets filmed, 'Flute of Krishna' was made because Eastman wanted to test a new colour process and 'Air on a G String' was made to test Westinghouse's new sound process!

Peggy Gale of Art Metropole is currently setting up the video program. The gallery decided that only four hours of tape will be shown, which is unfortunately short. The tapes will be shown continuously on Wednesdays and Thursdays, one tape each week over four weeks along the corridor in the Moore wing leading down to the lecture hall. The program is not yet decided, but the general orientation and focus is Canadian work, formal (not set up from the point of view of content) and reflecting the interests and activities of those people working with dance and video.

The live part of 'Looking at Dance' is an interesting combination of modern and post-modern dance, organized by Kathy Willi-

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ANDROGYNOUS ART - PART 1: POST-SEMIOSIS

Civilization is a Con, Don't Believe a Word of It*

Bruce Wilson

Right now the white race wants to be black. And the male wants to be female. And, for once, the female doesn't want to be anyone else but herself. Evolution is going that way. Intercourse with orgasm was a masculine creation in order for him to feel better about himself. Be less insecure. Art was what the father made for himself. He framed this child and hung it on the wall of his office as proof both of his masculinity and the continuation of his family line. And he sold shares and became wealthy off it. He institutionalized his religion only because god was his bearded father and he did the same with his family and his art. Totally for his benefit and security. Right now the male is becoming so self-conscious and insecure that his art is as well. But once he begins to analyze his art the old structures fall apart and the prison doors break open.

Civilization is an old structure. And it is quite obvious to me that civilization is not working. Its major premise for existence is dishonesty. Its institutions con, manipulate, and fool. Living just off Yonge St. in Toronto, I notice just how deeply rooted dishonesty lies within civilization. I soon became aware that the basic tool of dishonesty is the sign for the sign is not itself but always stands for something else. That itself I find dishonest.

During the early surrealist period, there arose in Europe, particularly in Prague, a school which proposed that all art is a semiotic fact. Their leaders, Mukarovsky and Jakobson, believed that art consists of (1) a signifier or form-image created by the artist, (2) a signified or internalized signification (concept), and (3) a relationship with the social context to which the binary character of the sign refers. These ideas grew out of Pierce's 'semiotic' and Saussure's 'semiology' which in turn helped to formulate Levi-Strauss' approach to anthropology and Barthes' approach to language. Inevitably art begins to be seen as a language because they both are essentially sign systems. That makes art logical and not some irrational (what we still understand as spiritual) ideal. When the human species becomes totally androgynous art will free itself of all institutions and definitions and become once again, as it no doubt was 6,000 years ago, an artifact, instead of an artificial, as it still is today. Thanks to Art Official Inc. the artificiality of art is now being exposed. By artifact I mean honest. By artificial, dishonest. By revealing the semiological structure of art, the first step towards smashing the tool of dishonesty in

civilization is taken. By understanding that what I see around me are signs, I am then ready to focus on what it is that the signs stand for. In this way I get rid of the bullshit and see what is real. This is why I have trouble with theatre. It can never present a reality, it can only represent one. Theatre and civilization are one and the same thing. Dishonest. The mask in the theatre of the ancient Greeks at the height of their civilization can contest to that. One of the things I enjoyed in Lucas' film Star Wars, was that the semiological content in the live action comic strip wasn't taken seriously. It also happened 'a long time ago'. The sign was already history.

Levi-Strauss defines mythology as a sign system. Barthes attempts to a sign system. Barthes defines language the same way. In his book *Mythologies*, Barthes attempts to unravel the general semiology of our bourgeois world by describing 24 current social phenomena. Douglas Ord's 'The Biodegradates', performed at 15 Dance Lab in February of this year does somewhat the same thing by exposing the symbolic garbage of a decade. Over the years Mr. Ord has been kind of preoccupied with his little collages which portrayed a man sitting on top of the semiological waste heap of contemporary society. Those who saw the piece as garbage didn't look beyond the signs for his purpose was a portrayal of garbage, the bullshit of our civilization. To a certain extent I think that is what FILE magazine is all about. It gives you the images and you see what you want.

But what happens when the garbage is swept away? Either the sign itself is the reality as in David Buchanan's 'Geek Chic' or the sign is completely non-existent which amounts almost to the same thing. Without the sign the work is post-semiotic and completely honest. Elizabeth Chitty's 'Lean Cuts' is a fine example. Here, there was no acting, no pretension, just the endeavour, the real event that was happening. It didn't just appear she was hurt, she really was. She accepted her limitations and left herself completely open and vulnerable. The result was frustration and that was the reality of it. There were no masks, that was it. Honest.

In the summer of 1970, Steve McCaffery and bp nichol developed a form of poetry they called post-semiotic in a conscious attempt to solve the inherent weaknesses of semiocism. 'In the post-semiotic poem

the lexical conversion of non-verbal code back into words is eliminated.' In other words there is no standing for anything. What you see is what exists. 'The poem operates predominately by semantic suggestion and by utilizing such shapes and non-verbal elements as possess maximum semantic possibilities (single alphabetic letters for instance and the techniques and convention of the comic strip perhaps the most universally understood yet least acknowledged semiotic system).' Post semiosis is an attempt to present the reading experience as a perceiving experience and vice-versa.

Post-semiosis is contextual and androgynous. There is nothing that is repressed. The language which it uses is being continuously constructed and re-constructed in the never-ending process of bringing reality up to date. Post-semiosis is necessary only when reality changes much more quickly than the signs with which civilization marks it. And this is what is happening today. Post-semiosis stands for itself, nothing else. It is itself and therefore completely honest.

It attempts to de-civilize civilization. It is anarchical in nature and therefore true. It cannot manipulate, con, or fool. It does not have the tools, Civilization is a con, don't believe a word of it.

*cont'd from SPILL 4

ams of the A.G.O. (who left recently), who was largely responsible for the expansion of the program from the original film idea. The final program is not available for release, but it includes Missing Associates, Charlotte Hildebrand, David Earle and Danny Grossman. Besides Dance With Prestige, the A.G.O. has its brand new Activity Centre to offer, where the performances will take place.

I am curious about a couple of things in regards to the live program. Will the audience be your regular dance audience who goes wherever dance is happening, or will (hopefully) it expand? The gallery certainly has a larger publicity vehicle within its financial reach than members of the dance community are accustomed to, so it seems to be an opportunity for High Profile. Does the fact of the performances indicate that the new space at the gallery is 'available' for future dance performances? It was stressed to me that 'Looking at Dance' is a sin-

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CUTS / LEAN CUTS

Elizabeth Chitty



Jan. 5—for a piece choice, choice is very different from chance. In a performance one has chosen to place oneself in that vulnerable (or substitute anything) position (just choose a word)

Jan. 17—in train from Montreal—piece: plunging, throwing (includes aspect of vulnerability). I don't care to illustrate it as a life situation but I should like it to be involved in some way. Taking risks—physical risks (pictures of fire-eaters and trapeze artists) of course it does specifically relate to the nature of performance. I could present situations, frameworks in which choices have to be made, risks taken. Perhaps verbalizing—e.g. begin with 'It is obvious the choice has been made to begin.' 'I have chosen to be here, to do this.' performing—juxtapose activity with images of performers, public people (Margaret Trudeau) videotape myself executing physical tasks until exhaustion: running, swimming, jumping (last one live possibility) — risks exhaustion and pain, not achieving.



Mar. 1—on plane from Vancouver—re: May performance at A Space — content — tendency to avoid it in past because of content as traditionally expressed—message (secret) to be unravelled by audience



now use content as a resource—concrete, content-ual ideas not necessarily being expressed do not strive to express this content, to make it the point, the all-encompassing theme—content enters not as center, as climax but as one reference point of many; it has much more to do with the audience's own personal experiences, it is an entry into their experience of the piece which takes them where they will, not a passageway that necessitates their taking just one route to 'understanding' the piece. increasing audience's freedom of perception and experience, lessening their vulnerability to being manipulated.



MOVEMENTS — violence again: swinging, kicking, struggling on rope strung between two

posts— get up there by leaping up to it (and falling upon missing) bouncing climbing up posts



CHOICE

PERFORMING — VULNERABILITY (& CHOICE AGAIN)

VIDEO — video and performance will be separate at times but what of their relationship when going simultaneously?

EXHAUSTION — interesting phenomenon (always hidden in dance)

'You may be wondering why I chose to be here tonight. Basically the choices were: born April 6, 1953 in St. Catharines, Ont. of English parents; father auto-worker, mother singing teacher, one sister, one grandmother, five aunts and uncles, twenty cousins. Diseases: measles, an eye infection, various colds, influenzas and viruses, a vaginal infection. Surgical operations: stomach pumped at age one after drinking varsol, head stitched at age four after home accident, upper lip stitched at age seven after school accident, upper lip stitched and plastic surgery on upper lip age thirteen after car accident, abortion age sixteen, abortion age nineteen. Sexuality: female heterosexual. True loves: requited age sixteen, unrequited age eighteen, unrequited age eighteen, requited age twenty-one, unrequited age twenty-three. Married: age twenty-one.'

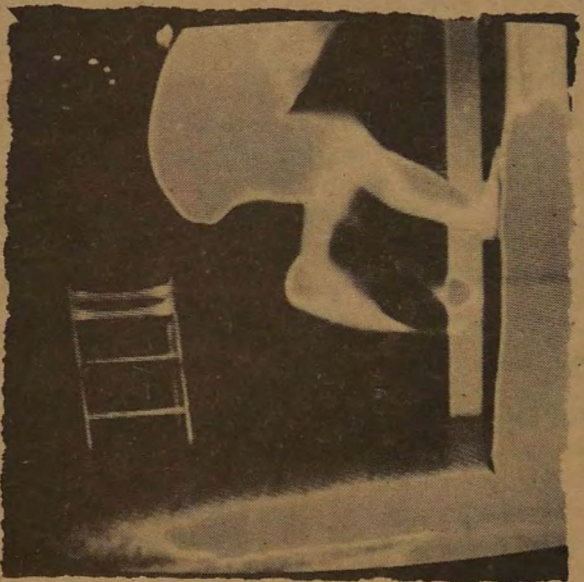
'I wonder how long I could do this before I got tired? Probably about twenty-four hours. Of course, I'd get tired of doing it long before then. I wonder how long it would take before you'd get tired of seeing me do it? Probably two or three minutes, I guess.'

'Three possible preludes to the next part—choose one: (1) 'No, no, no', she said. 'I won't, I won't, I won't', she declared. 'Get away, get away, get away', she said hysterically. (2) 'Go, go, go', she said. 'Higher, higher, higher', she said hysterically. (3) 'Fuck me, fuck me', she remarked. 'Harder, harder,' she said desperately.

grandmothers tape — people talking about their grandmothers—Margaret, Miriam, Bruce, Johanna.

smell stories while burning feathers then meat—

EXIT (swimming tape continues)



photos: Private Eye

LEAN CUTS, by Elizabeth Chitty performed at A Space, Toronto, May 28, 29, 1977.

AMOUR - ARMOR

Charlotte Hildebrand

A REVIEW OF ELIZABETH CHITTY

AT A SPACE, MAY 28, 29

Where does the armor stop and the armadillo begin, i.e., Who isn't vulnerable and exposed most of the time? How many of us use vulnerability, in and of itself, as its own protective covering?

Total exposure - over exposure

A video screen feeding off E. Chitty's live image climbing up pole at A Space. A change into shoes, high heel black taps, a change into rubber gloves, (are these the same one's she uses to wash her dishes? strange chickens?). The image on the screen becomes totally obliterated due to over exposure set on video. Can E.C. be seen any clearer live, or in this totally obliterated image? I.E., inherent within the material she has chosen to use here, is its potential to totally expose, and also, its failure at really exposing the performer at all. We become disappointed at our own vulnerability at real life exposure, and even more so at real exposure through performance. Is it possible to use performance as a vehicle for self exposure?, assuming that's what E.C. wanted to do, or is it necessary to transcend the personal in order to shed light on what the performer is, in fact, trying to uncover, lay bare. Who says that Art must transcend the personal? Or must the personal transcend in order to reflect beyond itself to an audience, an audience in search of Art.

Anyway, exposure, smposure, did you know that armadillos are known for always giving birth to quadruplets of the identical sex. That's quite a feat (that's a lot of feet!) And so and so and so...

Back again to more assumptions.

If one can assume, in traditional dance, the form is set, a pattern followed, achievement comes from the accomplishment of the dancer to perform set material, and, at the same time fulfill audience expectations in seeing these patterns followed and completed. We can look at E.Chitty's approach to her material then, as something of a breakthrough in dance, and a minor breakthrough in experimental art, Toronto, the year '77, (the year is halfway ov-

er). Each task before her had within it, its own potentiality for demise. The accomplishment of the task before her wasn't E.C.'s goal, rather, the ability to test herself against the material (i.e., climb to top of pole, catch rope in hands, swing from rope, SPLAT). In doing this kind of task testing, the performer was exposing her vulnerability not only to the audience present, but to herself as well, at times making E.C. vulnerable to her own invulnerability, (a far cry from master minding a work of art).

Do these attempts at working out a solution to one's own material in performance relay over to the audience; or is the audience frustrated at someone's attempts at uncovering themselves from themselves. But, even if this is the case, E.C. started where others leave off—this kind of experimentation wouldn't be touched by more traditional artvarks. Do we have to see differently in order to See Differently in order to SEE DIFFERENTLY a performer who has exposed his/herself to us??

The material was experimental in still another way. The doing of performance was interspersed with talking, story telling, video tellings, ...we are overjoyed at E.C. rattling off her statistics of birth, operations, love affairs, in a totally exposed but emotionally detached way, making the person before us read loud and clear. E.C. is at her best talking, moving through experiences, telling stories, her intelligence and humour sometimes striking...an ending story about a woman's smell and stinking mushrooms, and then the dark.

Total exposure - Under exposure

Exposure is only possible when one can see. And I don't know if that means, if we can see ourselves, or, if, we can expose ourselves enough so that others can see us too.

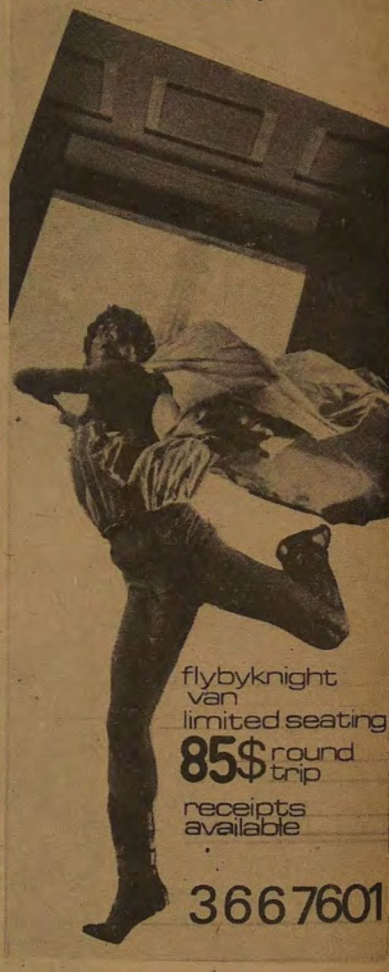
Armadillos, amour.

(this article was written in talkings with Johanna Householder.)

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Flowers * Tropical Plants
Plant Supplies * Accessories

downstairs in the 145 King St. W.
York Centre King and University

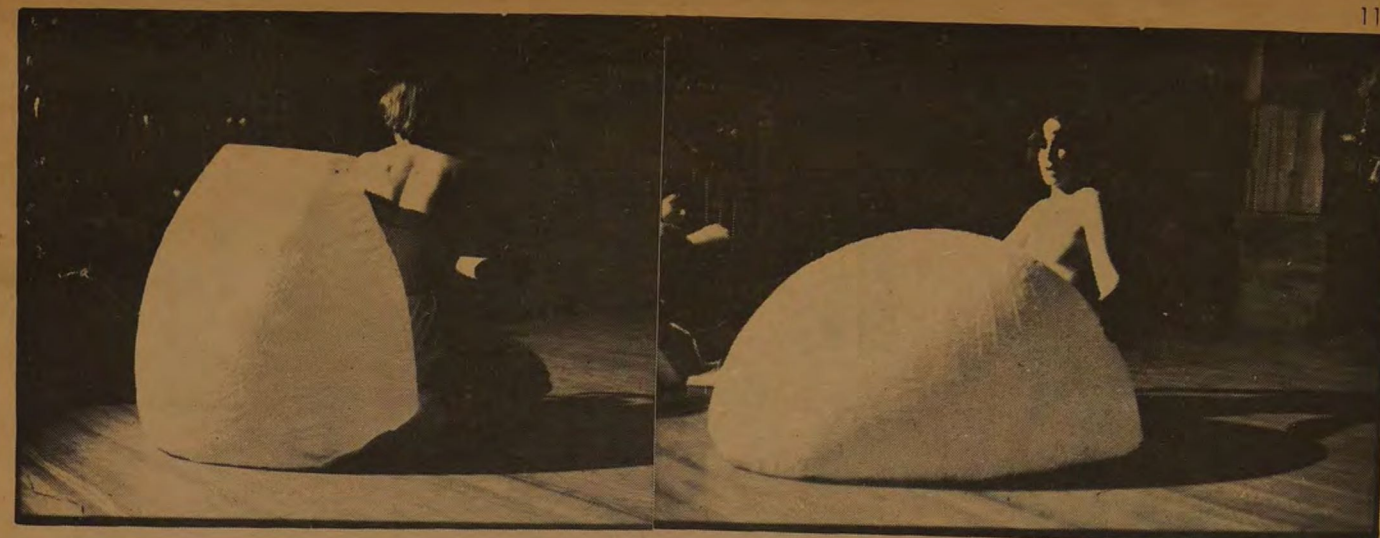
TRUCKING TO
'DANCE IN
CANADA'



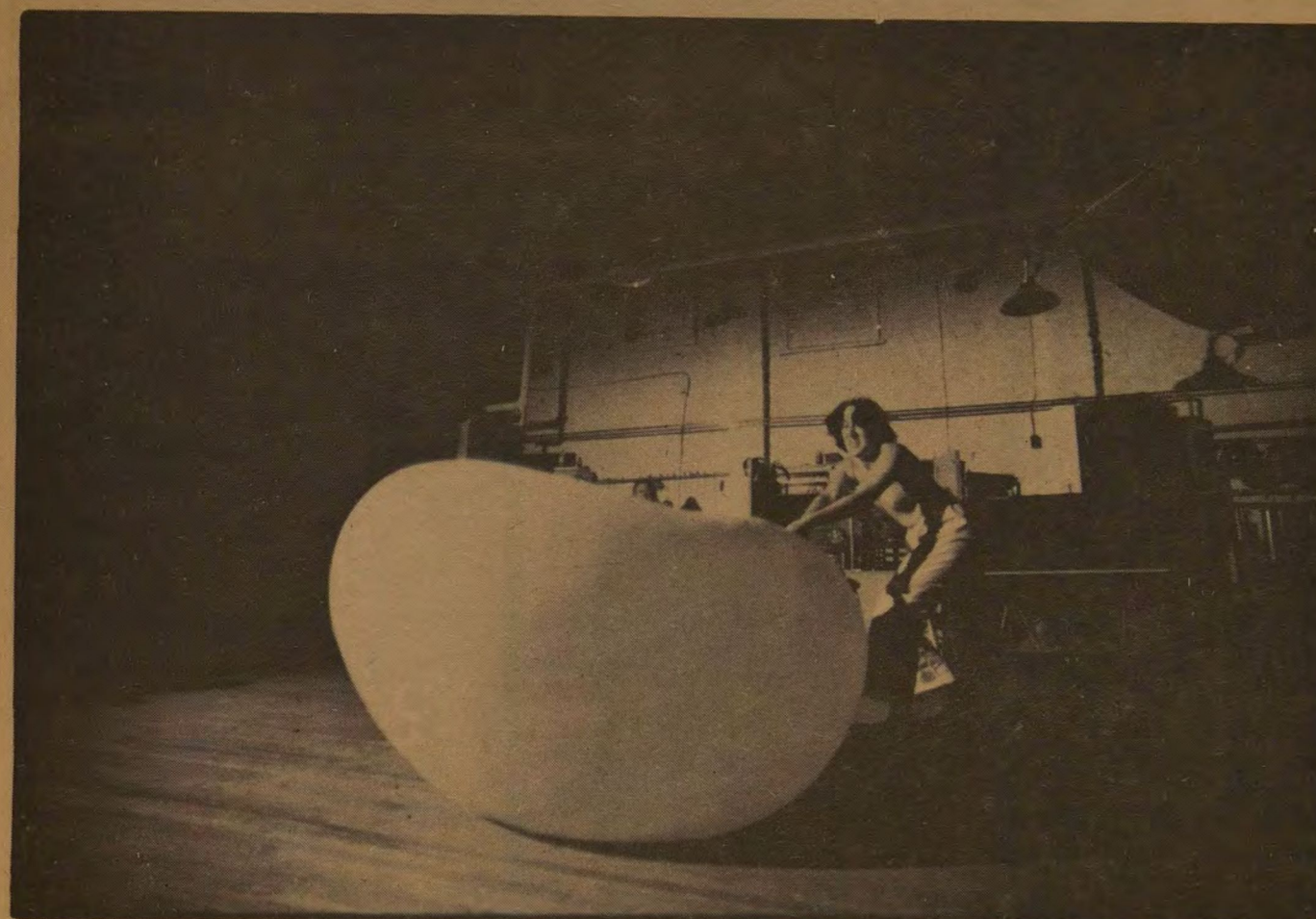
flybyknight
van
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85\$ round trip
receipts available

3667601

gle event. However, if the new space proves to be successful for dance performances, it would be terrible if it is not available. The issue of the responsibility of an art institution like the A.G.O. to the art community and the public is one of diverse opinions (the efforts of the Citizens' Committee led by Charlie Pachter last June is an example of some aspects of this issue). If dance companies and individuals want to perform in the new space will the space be accessible at all, if so, how will the gallery go about programming? I definitely believe that the gallery ought to be responsive to the realities and needs of the art community it exists in, so if the dance community is interested in having input into this new public space, it should get its ass in gear.

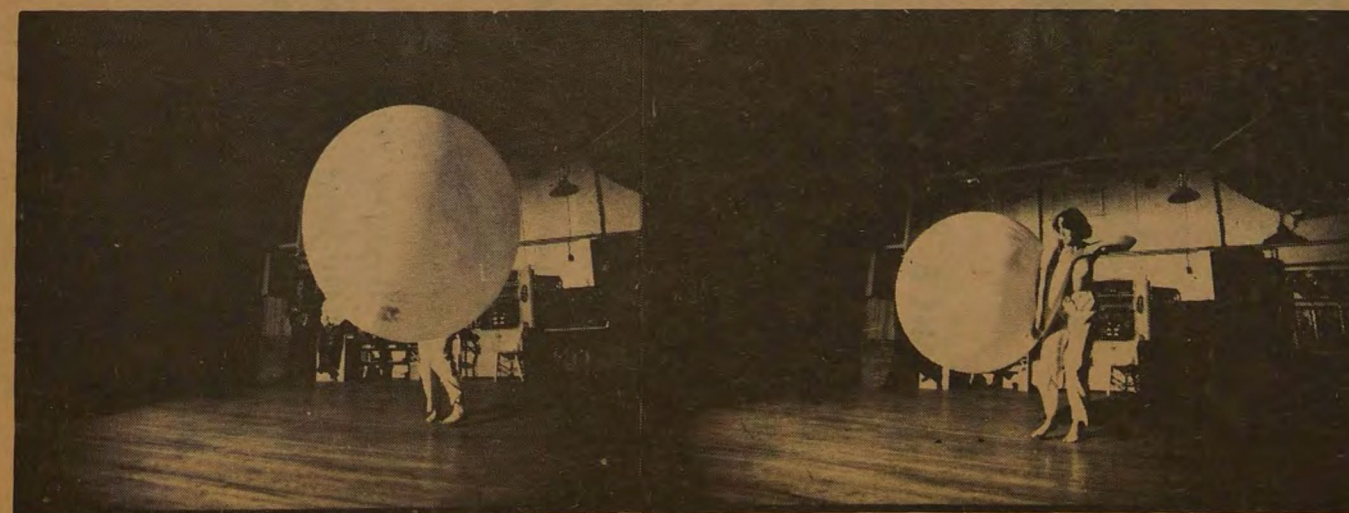


BALLOON 2 - LOUISE GARFIELD



performed at Dance Works/Improvisations II,
May 1, 1977 at The Music Gallery

photos: David Smiley





DANCE DOLLARS

compiled by: brian peter robinson

COMPANIES & ASSOCIATIONS	CANADA COUNCIL				ONTARIO ARTS COUNCIL			METRO	CITY OF	WINTARIO	TOTALS
	Operating	Touring	Workshops	Other	Operating	Workshops	Other	TORONTO	TORONTO	SPECIAL PROJECTS	
BALLET YS OF CANADA	15,000	10,000			19,000			6,000	5,100	1,617	56,717
DANCE IN CANADA ASSOCIATION	15,000			12,500	9,000	2,600	255				39,355
DANCE IN CANADA MAGAZINE	5,000										5,000
15 DANCE LABORATORIUM	5,000				17,000			1,500	1,000		24,500
DANCE WORKSHOP					1,000						1,000
DANCEMAKERS	8,250				4,240			1,000	1,000	3,975	18,465
GROUPE DE LA PLACE ROYALE					20,000						20,000
JUDY JARVIS DANCE & THEATRE CO.	10,000				6,950			1,500	1,000		19,450
MARIE MARCHOWSKY DANCE THEATRE										5,083	5,083
MARIJAN BAYER DANCE CO.					5,000					1,425.42	6,425.42
NATIONAL BALLET COMPANY	913,000	100,000	35,000	50,888	331,020			207,000		80,953	1,717,861
NATIONAL BALLET SCHOOL	660,000				311,500			15,000			986,500
PAULA MORENO SPANISH DANCE CO.					409						409
TORONTO DANCE FESTIVAL ASSOC.										7,500	7,500
TORONTO DANCE THEATRE	110,000	13,400		5,973	104,000	6,000		35,000	8,000	17,000	299,373
TORONTO DANCE THEATRE SCHOOL	10,000				3,000						13,000
MISSING ASSOCIATES					1,500						1,500
OTHER GRANTS											
ARTS GRANTS				85,961							85,961
SHORT TERM GRANTS				63,342							63,342
PROJECT COST GRANTS				300							300
TRAVEL GRANTS				2,594							2,594
CHOREOGRAPHIC AWARDS				52,555							52,555
OTHER AWARDS				3,540							3,540
TOTALS	1,751,250	123,400	35,000	221,558	889,714	8,600	255	267,000	16,100	117,553.42	3,425,430.42

ONTARIO ARTS COUNCIL

BREAKDOWN CHOREOGRAPHIC AWARDS

Charlotte Hildebrand 1500.00 Nancy Forbes 500.00 Lily Eng 1000.00 Nikki Cole 2000.00 Bibi Caspari 1600.00 Martha Bell 1505.00
 Margaret Atkinson 2300.00 Nancy Sheiber 1000.00 Gina Lori 1000.00 Judy Jarvis 3000.00 Marie Marchowsky 3000.00 Pamela Grundy 2000.00
 Jane Foster 1200.00 Deardra King 500.00 Terrill Maguire 1500.00 Gabriela Miceli 1300.00 Diana Taplin 1600.00 Menaka Thakkur 2500.00
 Carol Anderson 2905.00 Elizabeth Chitty 760.00 Louise Garfield 3000.00 Jean Louis Morin 2000.00 Andrea Smith 1660.00 Jill Bellos 1500.00
 Melodie Bengier 2000.00 Robert Desrosiers 3000.00 Howard Lende 2000.00 Kyra Lober 2225.00 Carolyn Shaffer 1500.00 Eileen Thalenberg 1000.00

OTHER
 Dance Artists 615.00 Miriam Adams 1925.00 Yves Cousineau 1000.00



FULL CIRCLE: WINNIPEG AND DANCE IN CANADA

According to your point of view, history goes in cycles or ties itself up in knots. I prefer to take the cycle view myself and, having a sentimental attachment to the number thirty (it happens to be my age—and will remain so for some years to come), was particularly pleased to find the Dance in Canada Association about to hold its fifth conference in Winnipeg—and about time too!

In all the hullabaloo over the National Ballet and its 25th anniversary, people tend to forget that the real beginning of professional ballet in this country was Winnipeg. Nobody wants to belittle the extraordinary efforts of Boris Volkoff in Toronto, who, from the early thirties struggled hard to build a great ballet company. His name is written in fire in the pages of Canadian ballet history. Nor for that matter should anyone wish to knock (although it has been fashionable to do so) the successful efforts of Celia Franca. Yet the fact remains, it was Gweneth Lloyd and her cohorts in Winnipeg who really got things moving for ballet in Canada.

She came to Winnipeg in the late thirties and was soon outraging local teachers with her audacious scheme to establish a company.

Today, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet lists only one Lloyd ballet in its repertoire, but if it had not been for that tough, practical, visionary little lady, we would not have the R.W.B. Indeed the whole course of Canadian ballet history would have been very different.

Lloyd's rivals in Toronto may have commandeered the title 'national' for their fledgling company in 1951, but it was she and her partner Betty Farrally who created what in practice was something approaching a national ballet a decade before.

Anyway, how does all this relate to historical knots, cycles, conferences—and the number thirty?

In 1947 an invitation arrived in Winnipeg from Paris, France. Apparently word of Lloyd and her Winnipeg Ballet had already wafted across the heaving pond and the Paris folk wanted the troupes to contribute to a festival of new choreography. Without a second thought, the invitation was accepted. Hardly a first thought was given to what it would cost. The figure turned out to be \$24,000—a tidy sum in 1947 terms.

A frantic fund-raising campaign was launched in which dancers and supporters stretched their minds to devise fresh and productive money-making schemes. This of course was a full decade before the Canada Council was established: one had to rely on one's own resources. Sad-

ly, the deadline passed with the campaign still \$4,000 short of the essential target. It seemed like a setback, yet it remained to the Winnipeggers to snatch an important victory from apparent defeat. David Yeddeau was to play a key role in this.

Who was/is David Yeddeau? A good question to which too few people have the answer. Whenever it is written, he will merit a healthy chapter in the full story of Canadian ballet. Gweneth Lloyd insists she could not have done what she did without him. He is apt to agree.

When Lloyd arrived in Winnipeg, David Yeddeau had already established a local reputation as a versatile actor, designer and manager—a rounded man of the theatre. Fired by Lloyd's zeal, Yeddeau offered his support and expertise to that of Lloyd and Farrally in establishing the Winnipeg Ballet. According to Gweneth, David taught her what she had to learn about theatre. Before coming to Canada she had no direct involvement in theatrical dancing.

When in 1947 the Winnipeg Ballet found itself so close and yet so far from going to Paris for the choreographic festival, Yeddeau thought of an alternative scheme. From time to time news floated into Winnipeg about other pioneers struggling to establish dance companies in various parts of Canada: Volkoff in Toronto, Ruth Sorel in Montreal, Mara McBirney in Vancouver. Why not have a festival of Canadian ballet—and hold it right in the middle of Canada? If money could be found almost sufficient to take Canadians to France, surely enough could be raised to bring dancers from across Canada to Winnipeg. How inspiring to find that in 1947 there were people who actually believed in Canada and the worth of things Canadian!

Yeddeau dreamed of a great coming together of the forces of dance in Canada—a kind of Terpsichorean tattoo—in which ideas could be shared, artists come to meet and know each other and the community of dance be strengthened.

He travelled east to Toronto to consult with Volkoff and after some diplomatic manoeuvrings a concord was achieved. The first Canadian Ballet Festival would be held in Winnipeg. Arithmetical purists will of course point out that the first festival did not actually take place until 1948, but the important initiative was taken thirty years ago.

Yeddeau set himself to the task of organization with all the efficiency of a present-day Canada Council Touring Office mandarin—but unpaid. After settling things with Volkoff he

Michael Crabb

popped across to the King Eddie in Toronto and thumbed through all the telephone directories digging out the names and addresses of every dance studio in Canada. Letters were dispatched (imagine all that hateful licking) and eventually a program emerged for the first Canadian Ballet Festival.

Since David Yeddeau is shortly to write his own memoirs it is best here only to hint at the remarkable experience of that first festival. How the Red River nearly sank the festival, what Ruth Sorel looked like as she stepped onto the platform at Winnipeg station, how their excellencies, the Governor-General and his lady were compelled to sit through more ballet than their evening's social plans had calculated on—all this will be told by someone who was at the very centre of events.

All we need note here is the fact that a momentous step had been taken towards the achievement of an indigenous ballet tradition. Six ballet festivals were held. The second, held in Toronto at the Royal Alex in 1949, attracted so much attention that the C.B.C. broadcast it to the nation—on radio naturally.

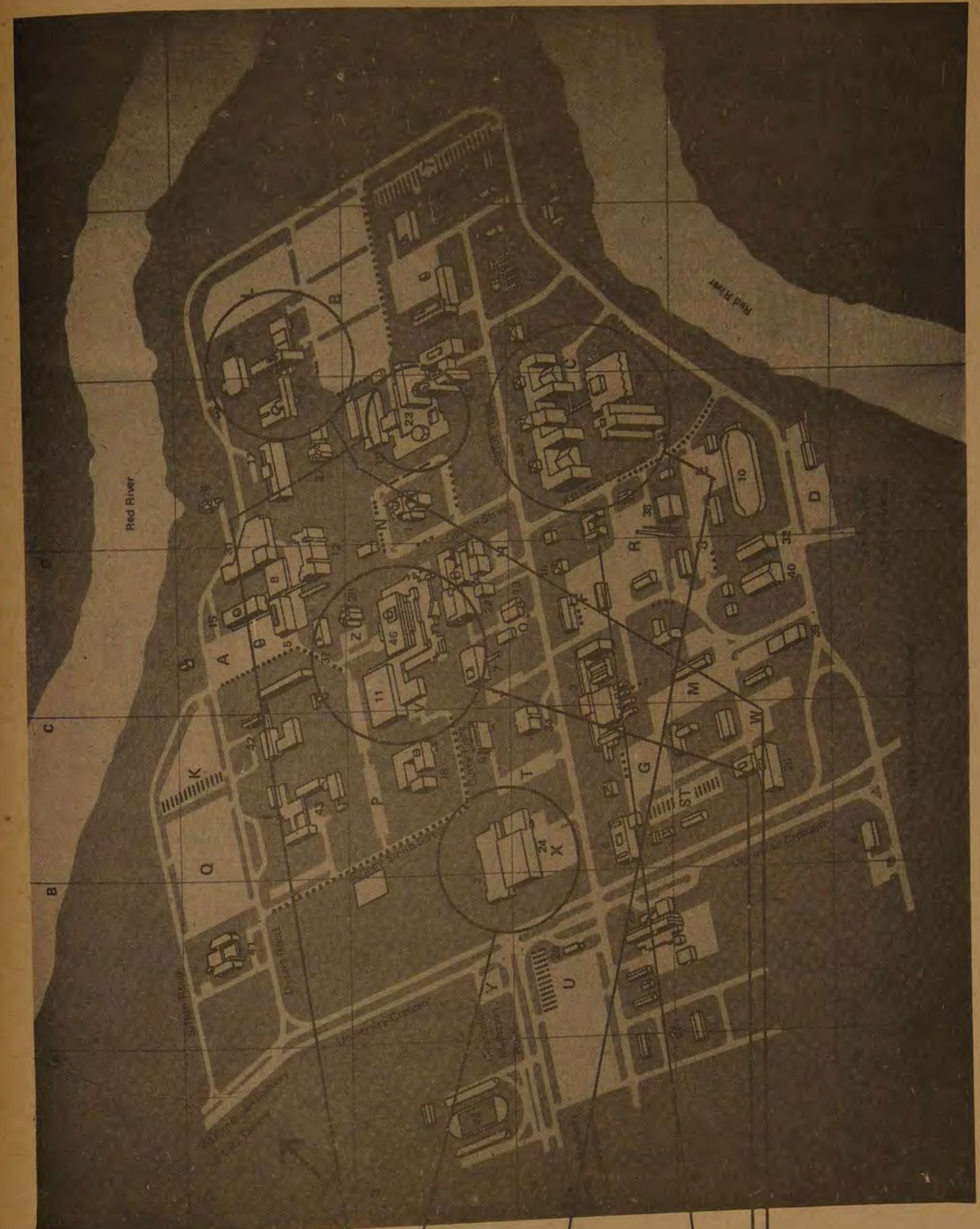
You only have to rummage through the newspapers of the time to find reports that attest to the very mixed quality of dancing that actually occurred at those festivals. It was easy to be sarcastic and derogatory. Wiser souls appreciated what it all meant for the future.

Now of course our Dance in Canada conferences are far more than ballet festivals. We have workshops and master classes and forums and general meetings...a veritable orgy of dance things. But in a sense we have come full circle in returning to Winnipeg. It was here that the first steps were taken to bring the community of dance in Canada together. It was here that Canada's first professional ballet company was established.

Winnipeg holds a special place in our dance history and the names of Gweneth Lloyd, Betty Farrally and David Yeddeau must never be forgotten. Not only did they found and nurture that marvellous, exuberant, living dance force today headed by the crazy genius of Arnold Spohr; more important they had the vision to look beyond and to see a great landscape of dance.

DANCE TODAY IN CANADA, by Andrew Oxenham and Michael Crabb will be published this fall by Simon and Pierre.

SO YOU WON'T GET LOST AT THE DANCE IN CANADA CONFERENCE.....



UNIMOO
University of Manitoba
1827

The University of Manitoba

- 3E 1 Administration Building
- 3B 2 Administrative Studies
- 4D 3 Agriculture Building
- 6C 4 Agricultural Services Complex
- 2D 5 Allen Building (Physical)
- 4C 6 Animal Science Building
- 3D 7 Architecture Building (John A. Russell Building)
- 3C 8 Arts Building (science lecture block)
- 3C 9 Art School of (Firstford Building)
- 5E 10 Bison Gardens (car rink)
- 3D 11 Biol. Building
- 2D 12 Buller Building (biology)
- 2D 13 Campus Centre
- 3D 14 Chemistry Building (Parker Building)
- 2D 15 Chemistry Building
- 4D 16 Dairy Science Building
- 2E 17 Duff Robin Building
- 3C 18 Education Building
- 3E 19 Elizabeth Dafoe Library
- 5C 20 Ellis Building (Food and Soils)
- 4F 21 Employee Relations
- 3D 22 Engineering Building
- 3E 23 Fletcher Argue Building
- 4C 24 Frank Kennedy Physical Education Centre
- 4B 25 Freshwater Institute
- 2E 26 Geology Building (earth sciences)
- 2E 27 Home Economics Building
- 4B 28 Information Centre
- 3D 29 John A. Russell Building (architecture)
- 2F 30 Law Building (Robson Hall)
- 2D 31 Machray Hall
- 5D 32 Maintenance Department
- 4E 33 Mary Speerchly Hall
- 2E 34 Music Building
- 2E 35 Natural Resource Institute
- 2D 36 Parker Building (chemistry)
- 4E 37 Penrose Hall Building
- 2D 38 Physics Building (Allen Building)
- 4E 39 Powerhouse
- 5D 39 Rk. Examination Laboratory
- 2F 30 Robson Hall (law)
- 4D 13 Services Building
- 5D 40 Stores Building
- 2B 41 St. Andrew's College
- 2C 42 St. John's College
- 2C 43 St. Paul's College
- 3E 44 The Arts Building
- 3D 45 University Centre
- 3D 46 University College
- 2E 47 University College
- 3A 48 University Stadium

Casual Parking Areas

- Commercial Vehicle Parking
- Lots with Ticket Dispensers
- Metered Areas

Notice: All existing vehicles must be in paid visitor parking areas from 7:30 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. Monday through Friday.

DAY I - August 19

9:00 - 10:00 am General Registration
 10:00 - 1:00 pm Meeting of Artistic & Administrative Directors
 1:00 - 2:00 pm LUNCH
 2:00 - 5:00 pm Forum: Education in Dance
 5:00 - 7:00 pm Presentation: Linda Rabin
 7:00 - 8:00 pm Supper hour
 8:00 - 8:30 pm Opening Ceremonies
 8:30 - 11:30 pm FRIDAY CONCERT : Paul Gaulin Mime Company
 The Marchowsky Company
 Les Ballets Jazz
 Zella Wolofsky

Special Guests: Gweneth Lloyd
 Betty Farrally

DAY II - August 20

10:00 - 12:00 Workshop: Audience Development - Pat Armstrong
 10:00 - 12:00 Master Classes:
 Ballet Technique, advanced - David Moroni
 Modern Dance Technique - Rachel Browne
 Classical Indian Dance - Menaka Thakkar
 12:00 - 1:00 Paper: Three Different Philosophical Approaches
 to the Dance. - Rose Hill, McMaster University.
 12:00 - 2:00 Workshop: Preparing Programs for Children
 David Weller, Co-ordinator.
 Lunch boxes available!
 11:30 - 2:00 Forum: Teaching Standards in Dance
 David Earle, Bella Lewitzky, Sandra Neels,
 Betty Oliphant, Jean-Pierre Perreault
 2:00 - 4:00 Master Classes:
 Limon Technique, Intermed. &
 Advanced - Fred Mathews
 Ballet Technique, intermed. - Kenneth Lipitz
 Children's Creative Movement - Joyce Boorman
 4:00 - 5:30 Forum: Making a New Dance Company
 Gloria Grant, Jacqueline Lemieux-Lopez
 4:00 - 6:00 Master Classes:
 Graham Technique, Advanced - David Earle
 Graham Technique, Intermed. - Patricia Beatty
 Jazz Technique - Jamie Zagoudakis
 6:00 - 8:00 Supper hour
 8:00 SATURDAY CONCERT: Contemporary Dancers
 Mountain Dance Theatre
 Prism Dance Theatre
 Judy Jarvis Dance & Theatre Co.
 Terrill Maguire
 Groupe Nouvelle Aire
 Margaret Dragu

DAY III - August 21

9:00 - 11:00 Annual Meeting - Dance in Canada Association
 Election of Board of Directors
 12:00 - 1:00 Lunch
 1:00 - 3:30 Open Forum and General Discussion - Membership
 3:30 - 4:30 Paper: An Approach to Classical Training Through
 Bournonville. (Sandra Caverley, York University).
 4:00 - 6:00 Master Classes:
 Ballet Technique, Intermed. & Advanced - Betty Oliphant
 Limon Technique, " " - Fred Mathews
 Jazz Technique - Jamie Zagoudakis
 4:00 - 6:00 Environmental Workshop - Rinmon
 8:00 SUNDAY CONCERT:
 Jennifer Mascall Margie Gillis
 Carolyn Shaffer Jim Thompson
 Nancy Schieber Janice LeBlond
 Louise Garfield Joan Phillips
 Muna Tseng Sandra Neels

DAY IV - August 22

10:00 - 12:00 Forum: Booking and Co-ordinating a Tour
 David Haber, Woodrow Bennett
 10:00 - 12:00 Master Classes:
 Cunningham Technique, Intermed. & Advanced
 - Sandra Neels
 Ballet Technique, advanced with pointe work
 - Lois Smith
 Classical Indian Dance - Menaka Thakkar
 Performance/Workshop: Ukrainian Dance
 (Lusia Pavlychenko)
 Performance/Workshop: Israeli Folk Dance
 (Jill Lhotka)
 12:00 - 2:00 Paper: A Preliminary Study Investigating the Muscle
 Action in a Forward Leg Extension with an Intent to
 Validate Current Theoretical Assumptions.
 (Rhonda Ryman, University of Waterloo)
 Lunch
 1:00 - 2:00 Master Classes:
 2:00 - 4:00 Graham Technique, advanced - Marie Marchowsky
 Graham Technique, intermed. - Patricia Beatty
 Ballet Technique, intermed. - Salvatore Aiello
 Forum: Canada Council - Dance Division
 (Tim Porteous, Monique Michaud)
 Forum: Canada Council - Touring Office
 (Paul Robin)
 Master Class:
 Children's Creative Dance - Joyce Boorman
 Simultaneous Sessions:
 (i) Make-Up for Dance - Jack Medhurst
 (ii) Booking School and Small Community Tours
 (Jacqueline Lemieux-Lopez, Terri Kuhl)
 (iii) Fund-Raising in the Business Community
 (Arnold Edinborough)
 8:00 MONDAY CONCERT:
 Tournesol Toronto Dance Theatre
 Dancemakers Halifax Dance Co-op
 Danny Grossman Judith Marcuse
 Paula Ross Dancers Menaka Thakkar
 Regina Modern Dance Works Anna Blewchamp

DAY V - August 23

10:00 - 12:00 Workshop/Forum: The New Dance
 Margaret Dragu, Judy Jarvis, Jacqueline Lemieux-Lopez
 10:00 - 12:00 Master Classes:
 * Ballet Technique, advanced, with pointe work
 - Lois Smith
 Ballet Technique, Intermed. - Salvatore Aiello
 Cunningham Technique, Intermed. & Advanced
 - Sandra Neels
 (* to be changed)
 12:00 - 1:00 Paper: Stress, Creativity and the Dancer
 Mary Elizabeth Manley, York University
 12:00 - 2:00 Performance/Demonstration: Historical Dance
 - David Williams
 Lunch
 1:00 - 2:00 Workshop: Lighting Design - Nicholas Cernovitch
 2:00 - 3:30 Master Classes:
 2:00 - 4:00 Modern Dance Technique, Intermed. & Advanced
 - Terrill Maguire
 Graham Technique, advanced - Marie Marchowsky
 Children's Creative Dance - Joyce Boorman
 3:30 - 6:00 Round Table Forum: Dancers to Dancers
 Susan McPherson (Chairperson)
 James Kudelka, David Weller, Bonnie Wyckoff
 8:00 FINAL CONCERT:
 Ballet Ys The Alberta Ballet Company
 Royal Winnipeg Ballet Les Grands Ballets Canadiens
 The National Ballet

SOME CHEAP SHOTS BY LAWRENCE AD

A
MS

WORD has it, that the Toronto Dance Theatre has bought the Don Vale Community Centre. John Sewell, Toronto's sometimes only fearless Alderman, supposedly gave them a bad time on how the building was to be utilized in relationship to the surrounding community.

The building, an old church will of course be renovated at a cost of \$1,000,000.00. One third of this to come from the Ontario gold mine lottery, Wintario. TDT have three years to raise the matching two thirds from non government sources. The last time I saw David Earle he looked pretty haggard. I wonder what he will look like in three years from now.

My question goes like this:-
? Will all that hardware give Trish, David and Peter more opportunity to make dances?

I always thought what was interesting about TDT, wether we liked what they did or not, was the dynamics of the group.

I guess we can now file it under arts-institute.

Is there still time to review?

And speaking of institutions, got a pamphlet in the mail telling me how lucky I was am. It seems that the National Ballet School needs a 1/4 of a million more dollars to support poor starving ideal bodies to attend the school on scholarship. I will quote one phrase from the pamphlet to give you an idea of the type of presentation 'It is the school in which high standards, discipline and clear objectives stand out in contrast to the uncertainty and mediocrity which are apparent in so many fields of endeavour today'.

While the rest of the world ponders its mediocrity, I would like to point out that the National Ballet School received \$660,000.00 from the Canada Council (a Federal Government agency) in 1976, (education is a provincial jurisdiction), plus another \$311,590.00 from the Ontario Arts Council. All this public money to support 65 staff and 160 students. The school also owns several houses on Maitland St. in Toronto, as well the building in which the studios and classrooms are housed, plus a residency on Jarvis St., some up-town property and has recently secured some money from the Secretary of State, to build a new residence. The CBC ran a great three hours of television just recently called, The Connection. It was shocking to find out that we have all kinds of uglies

doing millions of dollars of 'business' off the backs of Canadians via loan sharking, protection, drugs prostitution, etc.

Our complacency has caught up with us and now we have to get the sheriff out to deal with the bad guys. I wonder if the sheriff is a friend of the bad guys? Maybe somebody better check out the sheriff.

Can you imagine how the arts administrators are lusting over all that loot the organized crime boys have?

I would never suggest that Canadian organized crime was getting into the arts, but maybe the Canadian arts are getting into organized crime! Where is that sheriff?



A few weeks prior to last years Conference in Halifax, I was speaking to John Faichney, then dancer-choreographer, now librarian, by choice, if he was planning to attend the Conference.

He replied by reading the following excerpt to me. I will pass it along to you.

THE ARTAUD ANTHOLOGY

VAN GOGH
THE MAN SUICIDED BY SOCIETY introduction

You can say all you want about the mental health of Van Gogh who, during his lifetime, cooked only one of his hands and other than that did no more than cut off his left ear, in a world in which every day they eat vagina cooked in green sauce or the genitals of a newborn child whipped into a rage plucked as it came out of the maternal sex.

And this is not an image, but a fact abundantly and daily repeated and cultivated throughout the world. And thus, demented as this assertion may seem, present-day life goes on in its old atmosphere of prurience of anarchy, of disorder, of delirium, of chronic lunacy, of bourgeois inertia, of psychic anomaly (for it isn't man but the world that has become abnormal), of deliberate dishonesty and downright hypocrisy, of a mean contempt for anything that shows breeding,

of the claim of an entire order based on the fulfillment of a primitive injustice,

in short, of organized crime.

Things are bad because the sick conscience now has a vital interest in not getting over its sickness.

QUESTION DANSWER

(Reprinted from CENTREFOLD)
Clive Robertson

(The last 'dance' piece I did was Kosugi's ANIMA, an event that requires the removal of a suit-jacket over an extended period of time. Whilst it was not written as a DANCE piece it certainly did not preclude that possibility: it was, after all, a performance piece.)

These few column inches address themselves to Canadian new dance its integration, its sometimes false genre definitions and its immense possibilities. (see SPILL magazine, 155A George St., Toronto), and that specific point where 'dance' and 'performance-art' collide—sometimes happily—often with compromised consequences.

What has become 'behavioural'—'Contextual'—'sociological' is turning out in its most valid form to be the theoretical realisation of certain types of activities that link a certain distilled behaviour of a socially underlined nature within the time and space—the social, political and creative exact moment) when a work or physical realization has relevance, clarity and distinction. If not many—then a number of artists and their work during the past fifteen years has achieved that combination, all by itself—without ideology. It seems either to be there in the individual's, or collective base or it isn't. The noise that we are now hearing (amplified and shrill) is the sound of those who are attempting to create the same dish using a recipe that gives the same ingredients, the same proportions, the same utensils but lacks the need to digest. The dish is cooked for some cooking show and then trashed in a bin. This search for a methodology, whilst understandable, is a display of arrogant vanity that pre-supposes a 'trembling audience' waiting to be guinea-pigged. So it's not so much what you do, but the claims that you attach to it.

YOUR VERY WORDS WILL DESTROY YOU IN YOUR TRACKS. As such those three words (Behavioural—Contextual—Sociological) as methodological codes will not, by themselves, get you on or off the hook.

Physically, dance has never been in an independent position. You can endure every conceivable physical calamity and be an art-

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SENSE

Paula Ravitz

SPIN, WEAVE ABOUT THE SKELETON
PLAY IN AND OUT OF IT.

PAVEMENT, CHOREOGRAPHED JANUARY-APRIL 1977: WHAT I DID WAS DESIGN MOVEMENT PHRASES WHICH WERE ATTEMPTS AT INTEREST, BEAUTY, DRAMATIC IMPACT WHICH APPEALED TO EITHER MY INTELLECTUAL, PHYSICAL, EMOTIONAL OR KINETIC SENSE. I TAUGHT THEM TO THE DANCERS, FRIENDS WHOSE DANCE SENSE I RESPECTED AND WANTED TO WORK INTO THE CHOREOGRAPHY. THE ORIGINAL MATERIAL WAS ALTERED UNTIL AN EQUILIBRIUM WAS REACHED BETWEEN 1) WHAT MY VISION FOR THE DANCE WAS AND 2) WHAT THE DANCERS' VISIONS FOR THE DANCE WERE. ANOTHER WAY OF SAYING THE SAME IS THAT I WATCHED WHAT THE DANCERS DID WITH THE MOVEMENT AND CHANGED IT UNTIL IT JIVED WITH THEIR NATURAL (AND WORKED ON) SENSE OF MOVING. I DID NOT PLAN THEATRICAL PLOT LINES FOR THE INTERACTION COMMUNICATED, ESPECIALLY STRONG WAS THE 'MAN-WOMAN STORY.' IT CAME FROM THE DAY TO DAY WORK AT FINDING THE SEQUENTIAL FLOW OF ENERGY/DYNAMICS THAT THE DANCE WAS TO TAKE FORM IN.

FORM: I REACHED A POINT, AND SO DID THE DANCERS, WHERE ROUTINE WAS NECESSARY TO PERFECT NUANCE THROUGH REHEARSAL, ASSURING THAT THIS EXPERIMENTALLY ACHIEVED (THROUGH MONTHS OF TRIAL AND ERROR) SEQUENCE OF ACTIVITY, FEELING, STILLNESS, AND SENSING WOULD BE CONSISTENT IN ITS IMPACT/OUTCOME/PERFORMANCE.

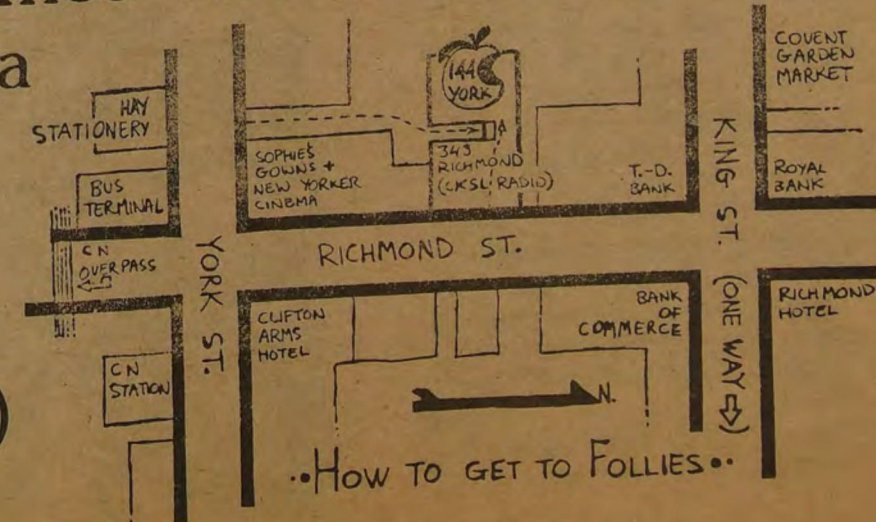
THE DECISIONS CAME FROM MY DANCE SENSE WHICH CAME FROM MY PEOPLE SENSE WHICH TAKES IN ALL MY FANTASIES AND RELATIONSHIPS WITH EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING. THE 'SENSE' IS THE MAIN MESSAGE OF THE MEDIUM (THANK YOU M. MCLUHAN) RATHER THAN THE STEPS THE DANCERS ARE DOING.

NOW: START WHERE I LEFT OFF. I LEARN WHAT THE DANCERS HAVE MADE FROM THEIR WORK ON THE CHOREOGRAPHY AS PERFORMERS/DANCERS/CREATURES/PEOPLE. AND I WORK AT THIS NEW BANK OF REFERENCE MOTION AS DANCER. THE DANCE WAS DESIGNED BY ME BUT MADE BY THOSE WHO DANCED AND NURTURED IT.

NOW, I DANCE IT.



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L.G.—We've talked a bit about people reading into work. It's inevitable of course, and it's always very tascinating to hear all the different things that people see in abstracted work. For example, Miriam and I were talking about the solo women. I saw those women as being completely drawn into their house work, consumed by the activity because it is done so often, so mindlessly. Women going mad from being blinkered. Miriam saw the madness coming from a different source. She thought that the women were thinking about so many other things that they become frantic as they did the scrubbing, mixing, etc. P.G.—The particular material. P.G.—The particular material thing that they were working with—the needle, the spoon, the scrubbing rag—got carried right away, right out of control. It was controlling them basically. I picked activities that I thought had a lot of movement possibilities. The sewing piece and the stirring piece were very close even in movement. It happened that one was confined to a chair and one was able to use space. L.G.—So you didn't really have either of those messages or interpretations in mind as you worked on those pieces. P.G.—Not really, but of the two, I would say that they were right with what they were doing as opposed to thinking about other things. Just because the implements became larger than life—everything became a little larger than life, the activity, the intent, everything! Its very much like a cartoon. One expects those kinds of movements in a cartoon, but in a real life situation or even a theatrical situation you sort of think they're a little bizarre. But, I could see them very easily happening in a cartoon—you know, with a musical background. It's definitely a Disney kind of thing—for me. L.G.—I felt that you were making a very strong statement about women and

about how the domestic role can make women victims, crazy and trapped. Am I reading you? P.G.—Yeah, I knew that would happen—although that was not my intention! I picked very stereotyped things to deal with—I mean there's lots of things that go on in the home that are not of that stereotyped nature. I guess I did that because I wanted very basic things, very cut and dried. L.G.—You were looking for movement potential? P.G.—Yeah, but...I was working with all women, and they definitely did become mad in that they were exaggerated characters. Everything was exaggerated—but I don't think those women felt trapped. L.G.—No—I don't think those characters felt trapped, but I did think that that message was coming from you as a director by presenting these women. P.G.—No. They were arbitrary things. There were reasons why I picked

these things but they were basically for their movement possibilities even though I knew what people would think I was trying to say. But it wasn't consciously created in that light. The thing starts ruling itself. What is this thing I've created??? Something I was really aware of was the getting-away from a thirties or forties presentation, especially because I was using Duke Ellington. That was something I was really trying to avoid even though it may have been appropriate in certain areas. It's too easy to do that. L.G.—It appeared to me as though you functioned as a director—that the movement came quite directly from each of the performers. How did you work? P.G.—I would always start with a series of improvisations, and depending on who it was—in fact, Gina did an improvisation the first time we met. It was at Thad's studio because that's where the chair came from. The first day with her, I hardly wrote anything down—I would always make notes—because I was almost totally satisfied with this first improv. So I thought to myself, 'Well, where do I go from here!!' Hers was a real problem-piece because the movements were so fast. I could not write anything down, I couldn't even remember the movements she did. She moved so fast you couldn't pinpoint directions, focus—nothing!! And I thought how am I going to get this under control? Eventually it was worked through structures. Her beginning was always the same and she had certain tasks to fulfill throughout—it was a progression of tasks. We worked on it for a long time and really went through a lot of conflict about whether or not to set it or how much to set it, and then how to go about that. It was hard being a director with Gina. I became very much audience watching her improvisations because even in rehearsals she's got a lot of energy and

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photo: Terry McGlade

she's always performing. So I would sit back and say, 'Yeah, that's great.' L.G.—Why do you choreograph? P.G.—Well—I don't do anything else!!! Why do I choreograph? I think I'm definitely a visually oriented person. Which is reason enough for why I don't play music!! I do, but not PRO-fessionally! L.G.—Why aren't you a photographer? P.G.—I often wonder why. I feel very close to that medium. Even when I was making movies, I was more inter-

ested in the composition of each individual shot than in the motion. I guess I choreograph to present ideas which is a very basic concept. I would use 'present' rather than communicate. L.G.—What are your concerns, sources, as a choreographer? P.G.—Well, it's not exclusively visual but that's definitely a priority. I don't often work from an emotional base but that sometimes is the case. (pause) I don't remember what I was going to say...it was something good!...shucks!!

MOVING IS MORE THAN WORDS

Graham Jackson

These days, dance critics are writing about dance more and more as a physical science and dance-making as a series of calculations on weight, speed, balance, distance, displacement, etc. Some regard anything not relating directly to movement and movement composition (philosophical, spiritual, sexual aspects, etc.) as less important to a true appreciation of the art.

At first, movement description was meant as an answer to dance critics who would review dance as 'graceful' or 'interesting' with little reference to what was being done. Foremost among the early practitioners of movement description was Deborah Jowitt, the excellent dance critic at the Village Voice, who, as dancer and choreographer herself, knew what it was like to have creative efforts undermined by ignorant critics. Today unfortunately, the mannerisms of move-

ment description, magnified by critics who don't have Jowitt's purity of purpose, have become so elephantine that it does just the opposite of what it was originally intended to do.

So far, movement description remains a phenomenon of the American reviewing intelligentsia; English critics don't usually indulge. Some, like Oleg Kerensky, register distinctly hostile reactions to it, labelling it pretentious and 'oh-so-serious'.

In incompetent hands, it certainly is both—plus silly. It reduces the art of criticism to the level of name-dropping. Assemble, sissonne, pas de basque, ballone: ballet jargon is ripe game because it's formal and foreign. Even the best critics indulge in it at times, to stretch their expertise, so to speak (Danger 1). Modern, experimental, and avant-garde dance doesn't have the same impressively codified

movement language; but, as a result, it often invites less concise more awkward description, requiring the reader to have plasticine models of the dancers in front of him/her in order to determine directions, positions, patterns, etc. There are simply no handy expressions to describe some things and any attempt to do so becomes an exercise in the grotesque (Danger 2).

Another thing that happens is that the critic is so intent on reporting the steps s/he sees (how the body is relating to space as a physical object) that s/he misses the rest, the philosophical, spiritual, sexual elements I mentioned before, (Danger 3). In a recent issue of the Nation, a leftist-intellectual rag that has a fairly decent arts-review section, dance critic, Nancy Goldner, described the revival of Martha Graham's Primitive Mysteries in great compositional detail without catching any of the work's intensity, mystery, or universals. And Goldner is one of the better critics!

Some people defend movement description because it's supposed to help people; it's supposed to clarify things for them, preserve them for future reference. ('The better I do my job, the more I can help dance to have a history,' says Marcia B. Siegel in *Watching the Dance Go By*.) But I suspect these claims. I suspect that the motive behind the perpetuation of movement description (and I'm not talking about Jowitt or Goldner now) is a lot less altruistic than people pretend.

Even the most knowledgeable balletomane is pretty unfamiliar with hardcore ballet terminology (everyone knows what a fouette is, for godsake). This is ballet-master's language anyway, hardly essential to one's appreciation—and I mean in the deepest sense—of a ballet. A ballet master's concern is what steps a ballerina does, the audience's with how (what it feels like) and, more importantly, why she is doing them. I am all for educating people, expanding their horizons, etc. so they can appreciate an art form more fully, but if everyone were to learn the ballet lexicon, I don't think we would be any further ahead. Even in an abstract ballet, like Balanchine's Concerto Barocco, where movement is supposedly all, we don't need to know that the unfolding of the principal girl's leg as her partner squires her through a diagonal of bodies is called a develope a la seconde for us to appreciate the luxury of it, to feel instinctively the mood or quality

cont'd p. 22

sought or created. (I don't deny that in minimalist dance works, Lucinda Childs' or Missing Associates', the 'what', (the steps themselves) and the 'why' really are inseparable. But some critics tend to describe everything, even Swan Lake, as if it were minimalist art.)

Ballet dancers know the lexicon and I suspect they are less appreciative of ballet than your average ballet-goer. For most of them, dancing is simply a matter of hands and feet; they have little grasp of the traditions, the philosophical or aesthetic reasons that motivate hands and feet.

I don't think critics who are using movement description write for the dancers, although some of the rhapsodies you get on dancers' bodies sound like sexual come-ons. Who knows, maybe some of them even manage to score that way.

If you look back, you can see a precedent for this kind of rhapsody in the writings of Edwin Denby (*Looking at the Dance & Dancers, Buildings and People in the Streets*). Denby could find the most surprising and often revealing meanings in hands, feet, chins and even ears. It's his free-interpretative response to the body rather than a literal analysis of steps-for-their-own-sake that several young critics try to emulate. Here's a recent example from *Ballet Review* (vol. 5, no. 1): 'Martine van Hamel is a unique exponent of the classical standard. Her large and fully developed volume emphasizes the character of clear classical line. Originating in the central and flexible axis of her remarkable 'Russian' back, van Hamel's line curls open. The complementary curving lift of her clavical crosses and demarks the center or heart of her linear descriptions. The clarity and power of both the size and shape of her extremities and head acknowledge that center with a generous outgoing thrust. Van Hamel reaches lusciously out, with a comfortable command of the balance and counterthrust that make ballet movement theatrical on an opera-house scale. She responds omnipotently to the rewards of size volume and harmony that her grandly structural basis possesses by nature. Whether in sustained balance, midair in flight or midturn of a spin, her arms, via liquidly mobile epaulement, are both placed and free continuation and comments on her baroque position in space.' The author, Robert Greskovic, commits even greater atrocities on Cynthia Gregory (how 'bout 'the thick cream contraposte of her epaulement'?) and Natalia Makarova ('her foot plunges through its respective convex-concave descents to

her pointe'), throwing ballet jargon around like confetti. You start to wonder what in hell he's up to? Is he a chiropractor or a microbiologist, an unkind spoof of Denby or simply a bad joke?

But if it's not for the audiences, or the dancers, or the administration—who are the critics writing for? Perhaps, in the end, they're trying to legitimize their own positions as critics, always a difficult position to defend but even more difficult in as popular and accessible an art form as dance. Maybe, too, they're just frustrated literati who like the sound of their own typewriters.

At the National Ballet's Dance Conference last November, Clive (NYT) Barnes, who rarely says anything that isn't politically advantageous to him, suggested that maybe words weren't the best medium for criticizing dance, that only another dance could do that properly. Such a remark is falsely self-deprecating of course—can you see Barnes giving up his post as dance critic for the good of dance?—but it gives you a clear idea of the anti-intellectual attitudes that prompted Jowitz and friends to look at dance in a different way. A certain amount of movement description is unavoidable, even desirable, when it really illuminates a point, but a cult has grown up that eschews the light in favour of obfuscation, using words and jargon to throw dust in your eyes. Outside the cult, the dance and the dance audience (between whom the critic is ideally a bridge) go on pretty much as before, though some of the latter have turned off dance because of the elitism nurtured by this cult. Within, a handful of critics continue to flail at dance with words, diminishing, diminishing, until dance is nothing—but words.

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DANSE CONTEMPORAIENNE IN QUEBEC

Dena Davida

A new dance/movement space is opening in Montréal. You'll find it across the hallway from Powerhouse Gallery, 3738 Ste. Dominique, in the third floor of a warehouse. Four metal posts slice the vertical center area of a large room, thus: L'Espace Catpoto (quatre Poteaux or Four Posts). The plan is to offer isolated, independent dancers a space-meeting place.

Montréal: modern danse had a rise and fall in the 60's, Groupe de la Place Royale left for Ottawa in June, and experimental dancers soon desert for N.Y.C. Yet I find the Quebecois love their dancing and singing. They have an endless enthusiasm, playfulness, and embrace (especially) the less austere art forms.

For the moment 'la danse' is synonymous with three styles: classique (ballet), ballet-jazz (disco-dance à la Luigi), and expression corporelle (a vague term—a kind of therapeutic self-expressing through movement). Nouvelle Aire, Graham based/Limon flavored is the one modern dance company which persists. Repertory is intense, symbolic. A scattering of studios and individuals work with Graham technique and a blend of their own ideas. A few groups have formed, come to crisis—discouragement, disbanded. Beautiful movers have been exploring improvisation for years: Diane Carriere at U. of Montreal, Monique Hubert at Laval, Nicole Laudoaur, Vicky Tansy, Diane Thibeadeau in Quebec. Cultural barriers and geographical isolation means these people don't even know of each other's existence.

Carol Harwood and I hope to see L'Espace Catpoto as a place to pull some of these people together. We'll try to re-sand floors and paint the theatre-black walls with dancer's white. Already in the space are workshops and classes in contact improvisation, a jazz class, some dance rehearsals, and a drawing class. If you want to visit, rehearse, teach, stretch, play at Catpoto (or even perform in Montreal, meet some local dancers, watch contact classes) call Dena 842-6528 or Carol 457-3422 or write Dena Davida, 3836 Berri, Montreal, Quebec.

RINMON AT ST. RAPHAEL'S.....an environmental piece

Sallie Lyons

On June 19/77, at 5:15 a.m., Rinmon presented a 35 minute piece of environmental dance and music, near Cornwall, Ont. in the ruins of St. Raphael's Church, which was built in 1806. It was part of 9 events scheduled for the annual 'Music for a Midsummer's Day' festival. It was the only piece created specifically for the festival and was not intended to be presented under any other circumstances.

The music, which took three months to prepare, was specially written by Murray Geddes to be performed by the Riverdale String Trio. Choreographers Melodie Bengier and Sallie Lyons co-operatively conceived the shell of the piece and subsequently mounted it on five dancers, Margaret Atkinson, Wendy Chiles, Patricia Fraser and the two choreographers, organizing the material in such a way as to maximize the contributions of the dancers.

Since the rehearsals took place in Toronto we had our 'techs' in a park, mapping out the space on the grass and marking various points with shoes, warm-up gear and lunch bags.

There were a few minor, unforeseen setbacks during rehearsal including the spraying of insecticides by the City Parks Commission and a very exciting moment when one of the dancers stepped on and was stung by a bee. The ensuing commotion was particularly impressive but we decided not to use that improvised material for this piece—maybe next time.

The weather, during the performance, was a major concern because the roof of the church no longer existed and it was to be an outdoor festival. Since the piece was entitled 'Dawn of the Summer Solstice', we all secretly believed this offering would evoke the favour of the Gods. When we arrived at St. Raphael's, however, it appeared that we would have to forfeit this opportunity and present our work in a nearby gym, as it was pouring rain. Consulting Montreal's Weather Bureau on an hourly basis, however, convinced us to push ahead as planned.

None of us could believe that we were actually going to do the piece. For the first two days of the festival we had been unable to rehearse in the space (essential considering the nature of the piece) due to various timetable conflicts, not to mention the rain. Yet by 5 a.m. Sunday morning we were foolhardy and ready to go. We had been up two hours warming up.

The floor-plan of the church was that of a cross, with entrances at the front and back. The interior was divided into a matrix of sub-walls, two feet across and three feet high. Grass grew where pews once sat and a stage had been placed over the sanctuary. The towering walls of the church were stone grey and the floor-grass green. The view from inside, through various casements and doors was of a graveyard nearly two centuries old, rolling hills and lolling cattle.

For six minutes the trio, dressed in white, seated on the stage with a backdrop of grey stone and rolling hills quietly droned single tones and microtones on their instruments. Gradually the dancers, dressed in yellow, entered one at a time from various parts of the church and walked slowly to a pre-destined spot. Some walked on the grass, some on the sub-walls and some across the stage. When they reached their spots they simply waited until the fifth and final dancer circled the stage and began her series of movements, consisting primarily of circular stretches and extensions. When finished she too settled in her spot and for a split second there were five points of yellow stillness distributed throughout the ruins. The music had gradually shifted from single, rather dark tones to a simple solo line on the viola. After a breath all five dancers dropped to their knees and at the other end of the church another dancer, on a stone pedestal began to quiver and stretch upwards. This sequence had a peculiar and not entirely easeful quality to it, unlike the one preceding it or those to follow. Three more sequences were performed, one at a time in different areas of the church, punctuated by sporadic ensemble activity all simple and easy to interpret in various symbolic ways. The only intention was a theme of circles. By the time the last dancer, who was on a sub-wall, was into her sequence the music had reached a flaying quality, strengthened by ten yellow arms circling in rapid succession. The music relaxed and took a breath and the movement rippled from one person to another.

Eventually these self concerned activities subsided and the dancers left their spot to explore the actual environment, walking slowly the length and breadth of the church each intent on her own path. There were basic textures to deal with. Cold rough stone, soft wet grass, bits of gravel, soaked wood and

stone stairs. Circles were still important, often expressed through arm movements, like a greeting when two paths crossed. At first the movement resisted, wishing to remain in that cloak of meditation and exploration, but the music became more and more insistent and finally pushed us all up, over the creet until we ran through the whole church accumulating on the stage in spins that brought the whole space together for us in one blur. Only the sound of the strings held us down. The music too had expressed these various textures and blended them to the same easelessness expressed earlier by the second dancer. Once this peak was reached everything spiraled down and all visual and aural activity was concentrated at one end of the church.

Gradually the spiral began to wind up again but this time the music reflected a positive quality, one of liveliness which the choreography attempted to enhance. We felt that the five of us filled the space and we all moved in unison pulling from what had gone before. The music was rhythmic and full, the musicians plucking their instruments giving a quasi-harp effect. It was the point when we all came together and it felt good.

In the next section the dancers sang long tones, first as individuals, like muted horns and then we came together with gentle, wafting movements, our tones blending to create an organ or 'sound cone' effect, which was strengthened by the piercing quality of the strings. At the peak of the sound cone the violin cut through, accompanied by one of the voices with a simple, four note pattern that was clear and very beautiful.

Through the strains of this pattern, taking about five minutes in all, the dancers began to leave the church, moving slowly, stopping occasionally to recall a posture or partial sequence used earlier, each dancer exiting in a different part of the church until finally all that was left was the fragments of the sculptured sound environment.

By the time the piece was completed the sun was up and the birds, who had commented throughout seemed to slow down as well. It was an unusual experience, one I would not have missed. As one of the choreographers and dancers, I suppose this account may be considered biased or inaccurate, however, it was very real. And it almost fulfilled the fantasy I had envisioned when we first conceived of it.

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ist, you can be blind—suffer from the loss of certain digits and be a musician, but you cannot afford to lose anything to be a dancer. And somehow dancers know this, and whether they want to or not they always drag it out: their bodies have to physically dominate space—and win. As the body is the only real contender for claims on 'individuality' (the mind is too many people at once), the dancer is the truest 'artist' in the sense of being the epitome of 'individuality'.

What I am getting to is that 'physical articulation of space';—but what if, as a dancer, you wish

more from dance than 'articulation of space'? How do you de-dance dance? By calling it dance do you immediately set-up pre-conditions that will destroy what it is that you are about to do? Do you mix-and-match dance with other activities and try and get away with it? The same problems have faced performance-art or 'action' or 'event', you don't think of it as 'art' even if you end up by allowing it to be dragged into the arena. It has to be more than that, otherwise that is all it will be. Transfer that to new dance and if you think in terms of choreography that's all you will get. Living Theatre tried the same thing for theatre and integrated the investigative language with the final form—and instead of a new theatre all they got was a new coloration.

I personally feel that most video-dance I have seen is a colouration, exceptions include Terry McGlade's ALONE, Margaret Dragu and Tom Dean have both gone beyond that messiness, as have Marvin Green and John Osborne (without calling it dance.) I enjoy Elizabeth Chitty's work because it deals in a constructive way with the tradition of space-articulation by restricting, with devices, body movement. I find Missing Associates performance-language dog-eared, Lily English would, for one, acknowledge Reindeer Work. Peter Dudar's films seem slow in developing and both have a crude knack of glueing on rhetoric.

Of course it's easy to grimace at bars and crinkled swans, but we somehow as performers have managed to do without Prussian Blue. It is easy to generalize about Canadian New Dance but there has been much noise from such modest beginnings.

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