

Spill

#9
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ARTICLES
PHOTOS

IN TALKING TO DAVID ADAMS

Miriam Adams



David Adams was born in Winnipeg and was one of the original members of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. He was one of the first principle dancers with the National Ballet of Canada and remained with that company until the early 60's. He then went to England where he pursued his career as dancer/teacher/choreographer for 16 years. He has recently returned to Canada.

I am going to make Canada my residence. I've been a Canadian all my life and although I took up British residency, I did so because I wanted to pursue my profession in another country. As I have done that for the past 16 years, I now want to continue my work on this side of the water.

I was a ballet dancer. My profession is now ballet master, coach, teacher and choreographer. Each one of those can be subdivided into endless possibilities. I want to work with dancers in companies or independent professional dancers. Presently I am working with the Alberta Ballet Company in Edmonton, as ballet master, coach and choreographer. I oversee the bulk of the rehearsals there. I am in the process of restaging a work I did some years ago for the Festival Ballet in England. My wish is to work with small companies. In Edmonton we are able to do interesting work. One doesn't have to think on a grand scale. It is returning, for me, to the kind of situation which I had envisaged in the beginnings of the

National Ballet Company. The Alberta Company does some excerpts from the classics, some jazz and some modern dance. We do works by Brydon Paige, the director of the company, myself and other Canadian choreographers. I will be with the Alberta Ballet Company for one complete season. In the future, I plan to choreograph and to restage works.

I came back to Canada because my work in Europe was finished. I had completed my work as a dancer. Yes, perhaps I was put out to pasture. I was the senior dancing member of the Royal Ballet in London. It is very difficult for any company to accept the fact that someone will continue to dance. Dancers reach the stage in their careers where they begin to do character roles.

INSIDE

- Johanna Householder in *Dance/ Works Improvisations V* (right photo)
- audience notes on 2 *Dance Lives!* performances at A Space
- Animatoons
- Au Courant with the news
- Bannerman, Jackson, Wong, Beck with reviews

AND THERE'S MORE

PARIS DANCE

Susan Aaron

I've only got five fingers on one hand
—But the water keeps rushing through
There are 450 ways to make an omelette
Yet I can't forget
Now—but I'm still there—
The sun came out, the plastic
hung down
I'm crooked now I'm straight
He landed on the green
—and Paris looms

I'm going to try and tell you whats happening in "modern" dance in Paris. Because, yes, it does exist, despite the obvious contradiction between Paris and modern. Underneath the clichés of heady postcard beauty and thick dusty French culture and the fading memories of surrealism, something is growing.

The young French have their convictions, as was made clear in 1968. They maintain a strong and even violent interest in politics and this "enthusiasm" spills over onto their favoured arts—music, film and now dance.

Among one section, American culture has become extremely popular, but unfortunately just as it is sold to



EDITORIAL

Elizabeth Chitty

It seems time that the editorial policy of *Spill* be made clear. It is a policy of non-editing. Contributions get printed as they are (except for the odd comma maybe.)

Our idea of *Spill* is that it be an empty vehicle to be sat in by artists and critics from the dance community and elsewhere as they choose. *Spill* came into being because it was assumed that there was a need for people to have an opportunity to communicate information and ideas and extend their work through that. The autonomy of what people write and how they write it is something we respect. People and their writing are presented undiluted by editorial interference and we don't want to modify contributions in any way by affecting their shape by the values and ideas of *Spill* staff. Taste-engineering and education from a specific focus isn't our priority.

Dance writing in Canada is a fairly recent phenomenon and everybody knows that the "dance boom" is new too. Because of this infancy it hardly seems the time to clamp down and modify a strengthening direction—to take a nip at the bud. And in the overall picture of Canadian journalism, in which so many possibilities get homogenized to a boring death, there sure as hell seems a place for some skim milk and creme.

Skim milk and cream are obviously seen as offensive and destructive

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*The opinions expressed in the articles
are those of the contributors themselves.*

commodities in the burgeoning tide of homogenized milk. Offensive and destructive are two words that get bandied about a great deal within the dance community when one area of values contacts another. I am reminded of the controversy established at the last Dance in Canada Conference when *Spill* was denounced at the Annual General Meeting. It is sheer facism to contend that individual opinions and ideas must be delineated to not offend those of others. (Those of whom—other individuals or is it more often those groups of individuals who make up the most established and politically powerful points of view?)

Actually, I don't care who is being offended, not because of insensitivity, but because I feel the encouragement of life and energy present in people freely expressing their point of view to be far more positive and constructive in the long run than the stultified situation that results when energy is destroyed by everyone sitting on their asses. Why is it such a fear-inspiring thing that people take a stand? I would rather deal with one opinion that no matter how extreme has identity, power, focus and life than any pile of diplomatic, gentlemanly, inoffensive, careful, same, redundant, polite-to-death, boring, monotonous, always sensible, upper-Canadian BULL-SHIT!!!

It is possible that this policy can lead to gross situations and meaningless controversy. However, having faith in people's relative sanity in general, *Spill* accepts this risk. An inability to take risks leads to nowhere, nothing in no time.

I am aware of the negative feelings generated when one's ideas and work are perceived quite differently than was one's intention. I am aware of this as a person in everyday existence, as a choreographer and writer. It seems totally naive to me to be surprised at mis-interpretation, we are always vulnerable. It surely would be a flat and limited situation if everyone perceived and experienced similarly.

Something I have been made aware of through response and lack of response to *Spill* is that the printed word is considered by many to be sanctified. The corollary of our non-editorial policy is that print is not sanctified. While an opinion expressed in print reaches more people than the same opinion expressed in conversation, I see no difference between them because of it. I hold a conviction equally in conversation as in print; if I believe and think something, that thought does not change in its significance for me with change in its mode of communication. The context of the printed page may affect expression but does not alter the essential content of a thought. People's reluctance to commit opinions to paper that I confront as "editor" is fear in response to the notion of sanctified print. That notion needs shattering, it inhibits the expression of information and ideas.

CALL FOR PAPERS

for the

1978 LEARNED SOCIETIES DAY

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the Dance Committee of C.A.H.P.E.R.

to be presented at the

Dance in Canada Conference

August 14-19, 1978, Vancouver, B.C.

The Research Committee is calling for papers dealing with a wide range of topics related to the study of dance. The final typed paper or an abstract of the paper to be presented should be postmarked no later than April 1, 1978. Since presentations will be either 30 minutes or 60 minutes as required, suggested lengths are 10-20 typed pages.

Papers should be sent to:

Ms. Rhonda Ryman,
Research Chairman,
Dance Committee of C.A.H.P.E.R.,
c/o University of Waterloo,
Administrative Services Bldg.,
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N2L 3G1

For further information write to the Research Chairman at the above address or call (519) 885-1211, ext. 3665 or 3147.

The Dance Committee of C.A.H.P.E.R. is currently compiling a bibliography of past, current and ongoing research in dance in Canada. If you have done research or know of any research which has been or is being done we would very much appreciate your co-operation in directing us to the source. Please contact:

Ms. Rhonda Ryman,
Honours Dance Programme,
Faculty of Human Kinetics and Leisure Studies,
University of Waterloo,
Waterloo, Ont.

It is our intent to compile a bibliography and make it available to you to assist you in your study of dance.

The 20+5 Green Paper on Canada Council future policy changes is now available. Write to CC Information Service, P.O. Box 1047, Ottawa, K1P 5V8. *Spill* will be running a series of discussions on this paper over the next few issues. Your comments are invited.

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them movies, nostalgia, Elvis, leather jackets and chains. Another, more discriminating young audience, turns to the States to find new developments in the fields that interest them most and in which the creative activity is strongest here.

At the moment the dance and music communities seem to be the liveliest, and most closely linked in their "avant-garde". Music being the field I am best familiar with, I will inform you some about it.

The Steve Reich concerts in the fall were overflowing. Phil Glass and Joan La Barbara are well known, probably for their affiliation with Bob Wilson in *Einstein on the Beach* which played to packed houses. Just this week there was a full page article in the young leftist paper on the financial problems of La Barbara and Wilson. Steve Lacy is also a familiar name—jazz, (long a favourite here) free, or otherwise, is constant, non stop everywhere. The local musicians keep the theatres and cafe theatres filled when the frequent touring performers aren't in them.

As far as audience interest is concerned, dance is coming on strong, which is evident if only by the quantity of local and touring groups listed weekly in the *Officiel de Spectacles*.

Of course the overwhelming majority of technique and touring dance available to Paris is American, and as I began to list the training and influences here, Paris will appear as just another provincial city soaking up an inundation of New York, American dance. But this assumption doesn't take into account the uniqueness and strength of the French personality. The French are always very French. New York is exciting, but far away, and the dance to be done is here, in France. So they absorb their training and utilize it for their own very distinct ideas.

The other important thing to keep in mind, is that modern dance for most here, is like a wonderful new discovery, a whole new field for young dancers. The old techniques are given a fresh French analytical look and with a marvellous almost naive eagerness everyone wants to choreograph.

There are over 20 modern dance companies in Paris, ranging from classical dancers with newly bared toes, to caloused Graham soles, all the way down to Oriental theatre slippers and conceptual sneakers, but mostly there is a great number of well trained Nikolais feet.

Modern dance has existed in Paris for many years and there are a few older companies, one of which is Wigman based. Modern dance, however, made its big debut with the arrival five years ago of Carolyn Carlson from Alwin Nikolais' company and the founding of her "Groupe de Recherche" under the protective wing of the Opera. She popularized and injected class into modern dance, for the public and the young "would-be's". The company performs twice yearly in a large theatre

to sold out houses. Two months a year they offer free classes as well as summer sessions.

Another Nikolais dancer who came to Paris just before Carolyn Carlson, Susan Buirge, has her own studio and company. In their separate corners the two women have been indoctrinating the French with Nikolais technique. It appears to have been the right method at the right time. The structure of the technique, its abstract and intellectual basis appealed to the French's own blend of intellect and presence. Without the stylisms of Graham or even Limon with their personal and American philosophies inherent in the movement training, it was more readily accessible to adaption in a new culture. The regular improvisation and emphasis on composition directs energies right away towards creativity and choreography. The results of the meeting of Nikolais and France has already given a wide range of dance; abstract, futuristic, witty choreography, lyric repetitive movement, intense

Empreintes
ÉCRITS SUR
la danse
OCT. 77



Mary Wigman
Kandinsky
Bella Lewitsky
Cary Rick
La Main

from the Oct. 77 cover of *Empreintes écrits sur la danse*

energy theatre or Monk-like theatre—they use the technique freely as a tool for the expression of many new ideas.

So it is not surprising that out of the two companies and schools have risen a second generation of companies and from this is now appearing a third generation.

Besides this Nikolais division there are two other varieties of French run companies (as opposed to those directed by foreigners). One consists of young French dancers and choreographers who went to N.Y. and trained and performed there and returned. The other groups are home trained modern or ballet background reverted to modern.

The final contingent of companies are those founded by expatriates, like myself, but often peopled by French dancers, these include; Le Cercle, which was written up by Lise Brunel in *Dance in Canada*, one Graham company, Nourkil Dance Theatre, run by a Japanese, and an American; Harry Sheppard, a Cunningham man working with two French, or more, who never stops performing their ideas whether at the Modern Art Museum or in packing

crates in a dark little back street studio; another American woman is doing ritual theatre with a Japanese dancer, and John D'Archangelo Mayer, who designed for Bob Wilson is involved in conceptual performances.

This is an overly brief and perhaps not complete listing of who is working and gives no idea of what they are doing. But if some sort of communication is arranged between the two dance communities maybe an exchange of reviews could be set up.

Many of these companies and individual dancers offer classes, yet the often heard complaint is that there aren't enough strong modern technique classes. There is one Graham technique centre, artistically directed by Yuriko that also invites Limon and Ailey teachers from the States. At the moment however there is only the one Graham company not associated with the school, that offers their own classes. The most favoured technique class outside the centre is given by a South

African who has a company here and who spends his summers in New York.

Each summer however there are a good number of sessions available. Merce Cunningham was in Avignon last summer and Viola Farber was in the south this year. Phyllis Lamhut taught two weeks in Paris and Betty Jones of the Limon Company returned for her fourth or fifth year. And during the winter Marcia Siegel dropped by to give a lecture series to a packed audience at the American Cultural Centre who also ran a two month film series ranging from *Nine Variations* to Yvonne Rainer's latest.

But whether in a technique class, a film or performance you're liable to run into anyone, for though ideas and work are variable they all seem to mix. There are no set divisions set up as yet, everything is open to viewing and criticism.

And there was a lot to view this year in the way of dance. After Bob Wilson came Lucinda Childs and Douglas Dunn, then Pilobolus, Alwin Nikolais, Louis Falco, Lar Lubovitch, Tournesol, and The American Ballet Theatre with

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photos: Lynn Rotin



The creative energy of the performance series at The Music Gallery continues to grow in vigour and innovation. Janice Hladki, in collaboration with Louise Garfield, presented **Love Parts 1, 2, and 3**, of which **Part 1** was shown at DW/IV. In this version, **Part 1** opened with Janice and Louise seated at the front of the audience's balcony, facing each other, with one leg drooped over the balcony's edge. The overhanging leg of each was attached to the balcony front with a strip of red cloth tape. They sang six popular long songs in duet, sometimes swinging their unsupported leg in time to the beat. The songs were **I Love How You Love Me, Eight Days a Week, To Know You Is To Love You, Lover When You're Near Me, The Look of Love Is In Your Eyes, and You Light Up My Life**. The songs are all especially mindless, even for the average love song, and the emotional relationships described in them are blatantly shallow, if not downright base. When the last song was finished, Janice and Louise ripped their legs free of the tape as the lights went out.

When the lights came up again, approximately ten couples were shuffle-waltzing around the performing space to a slow version of **(I Found My Freedom) On Blueberry Hill**, sung by a woman. Janice was sitting in the front row of the audience and Louise was walking among the dancers with a microphone, interviewing them on their sexual and romantic habits and attitudes. Some of the questions Janice answered with a "Yes", "No", "Sometimes", or "Both", while the waltzing dancers ignored all of them. Alternating with Louise's series of questions were interruptions by an older Chuck Berryish version of the same song, during which Louise sensually, occasionally mouthing the words, dropped as if she were overwhelmed. The song ended and the waltzing dancers left the performing area and sat in the audience.

Janice turned on a TV set at the rear of the space, which played a videotape of herself in a head and shoulder shot, looking into the camera and saying, "I love you", in a continuous stream of repetitions. While the tape ran, Janice picked up a microphone also, and she and Louise went to sit in the laps of people in the audience, always looking at each other, and alternately expressing affection for each other in reserved and hesitant terms, such as, "I'm really very...fond of you", or "You're...very nice to be with."

They shifted from person to person in the audience, then stood and gradually moved towards the two doorways into the performing space, continuing to attempt to express affection while

DANCE WORKS/IMPROV. V

The Music Gallery, Dec. 18, 1977

Jonathan Bannerman

avoiding the word love. Janice's face expanded to full screen on the TV and slowly retreated again, the constant, "I love you, I love you..." hypnotic. Janice and Louise each left through a doorway, leaned back in for one more try at openness and then departed.

Paula Ravitz danced a piece entitled **Make Believe in Progress**, with Michael Baker on horn accompanying a recorded horn work. The piece was cyclic, in modern dance vocabulary, containing repeated phrases such as uplifted arms and upheld face, sudden reversals in direction from the beginnings of falls, and slow, low turns. Paula danced with firm, solid control and the wavelike pattern of movement from very low to the ground to almost in suspension gave a delicate underlining to the title's theme.

Improvisation with inclusion began with Johanna Householder and Martha Lovell seated on the floor with their backs against a pillar. On their backs they each wore a quilted, round seat-cover commonly used with armless wicker chairs. They discussed the fact that they now had to try out the idea they had had sitting around in the studio one day. Johanna mentioned that the idea was about envy. Martha pointed out that they might as well get started, Johanna said, "Turtle envy," and they were off. Martha rocked and tilted on her back cushion, arms and legs waving in the air, while Johanna high-stepped on hands and feet along the floor and then sunk down to pull her arms underneath the cushion. The two butted and clambered over each other, arms alternately extended or withdrawn beneath the cushions. They both stood and paddled their arms and legs in the air indefatigably, as if against the side of an aquarium. It was a piece anyone could identify with.

Mimi Beck showed her latest videotape, **Aux SportsD'Hiver**, or **Canadian Pneumonia**, a work concerned with the limitless potential of shoveldancing. An imaginative, coherent, and polished script was skillfully and humourously edited with shots of a student of Spanish aided by a recording, men and plaster busts playing Monopoly in various combinations of human and plaster heads, and Mimi shovelling her driveway. An all-human game was interrupted by the entrance of a snow fairy in winter boots who kicked the Monopoly board away and danced about the room, finally twirling out the door to lead the players, cum shovels, to a winter wonderland in a snowbound valley, where they all danced together, flinging shovelfulls of snow over their shoulders. The screen returned to the Spanish student asleep in his chair and the tape faded out as the recording listed

various phrases of farewell.

Brenda Neilson, with Leonard Yakir on spoons, presented the finalized version, called **Untitled**, of the work she showed as a **Structured Improvisation** at DW/I IV. The piece began with Neilson in white pants and a white top, which was joined together at the sleeve-ends, enclosing her arms into one continuous loop. The first section of the work was simply an exploration of shapes and movement patterns with rounded or extended arms. Approximately halfway through the piece, an invisible telephone began to ring, and Neilson attempted to extract herself from the top in various patterned ways, stepping through the loop so that her arms were behind her back and stepping out of it again, and so on. She finally stood at one corner of the performing space, with her arms above her head, vigorously hopping in place while she slowly pulled the top up over her head by tugging at the inside of the sleeves with her hands. Underneath the top she was wearing a transparent, flesh-coloured leotard. She continued to hop in place until her arms were free of the sleeves, at which point the telephone stopped ringing and she dropped the top behind her. She was still for a brief moment and then jumped swiftly from foot to foot, again, in place, for almost a minute. She then ran in a circle one and a half times, paused again, and Yakir entered on the spoons, playing from a seat in the audience. Neilson very slowly walked another quarter of a circle and the lights went down as she was suspended between steps.

Although some of the movement, in particular the rolling hoop affect achieved when Neilson swung her rounded arms in a large vertical circle, and the sharp contrast between the rapid beat of the spoons and the slowness of her walk, was vaguely intriguing, I still have serious reservations about Neilson's purpose in performing this work. I find her presumably choreographic decision to wear a transparent leotard, to perform a piece that contains almost two minutes of bouncing, to be highly questionable, to say the least. Watching the piece merely made me feel like I was being used.

Nancy Schieber performed a work entitled **Décolleté** in a macramé dress and cape created by Peter Blais. The piece began in darkness, with Nancy gently swinging the cape against the floor several times and then lying down to make tuneless musical sounds such as as laughs, barks, short cries, and so on. This went on for a very long time and then the lights slowly rose to show her wrapped cocoon-like in the cape. She crawled out of the cape and got up to whirl it around her head, swinging to the floor every once in a while and finally flinging it out into a long line along the floor. She then stretched the dress into various shapes and performed simple movements, such as spinning and somersaults. Picking up

the cape again, Nancy held it over and around herself in different ways, hanging from her arms above her head, to the side, etc. The piece ended with the lights dimming on her standing against the wall, the cape hanging from her hands held together above her head, and covering her, making her look like a brown, isosceles mountain.

Glimpsing began with Johanna Householder and John Oswald wandering about the performing area and audience, making throwing or catching motions with their hands, reminiscent of the final scene of **Blowup**, alternated with shaking their arms and hands gently or vigorously, their arms at their sides. The lights went out suddenly, plunging the space into total darkness, and Johanna and John slowly circled each other in the performing area, invisibly and as silently as possible. Johanna wore a fluorescent wristband and John carried a battery powered strobe flash held aimed at her. The brilliant white glare cut through the black again and again, freezing them both in an instantaneous flash of light. The negative afterimage beat upon the eyes and slowly faded until the strobe flashed again to mark their circling with static.

Johanna walked to one of the chairs in the front row and turned on the electric strobelight that was placed there. John crouched down in front of the flashing white light, his movement made staccato. He leaned back against a pillar and stared into the light. Then he began to clap. The sounds of the claps were explosive and each impact was timed to occur during the periods of darkness, so that it seemed as if he was only moving his hands slowly back and forth in front of him about a foot apart.

Especially considering that the piece is experimental, **Glimpsing** is astounding. I've never seen such a succinct demonstration of the elasticity of time, for one thing. For another, what the work says about what the mind comprehends of what the brain perceives of what the senses register,

could be raved on about for pages. I'd rather just see the piece again.

Carolyn Shaffer performed a new work to John Oughton's quiet playing of his electric guitar. She came out into the performing space dressed in dance pants, a pink zippered leotard, and carrying an old edition of **Spill**. She read out loud a comment on a previously performed work from a review by E. Chitty, in which the breasts of the women performers were mentioned, then slowly ripped the magazine into four strips and let the scraps of paper drop to the floor. She moved away about a metre, pulled another edition of **Spill** from her back pocket, and read two more comments about breasts, one each from reviews by J.G. Bannerman and P. Dudar. Then she treated that issue as she had the first one. Moving back from the strips of paper, Carolyn stood posed, hipcocked with one hand on her leotard zipper, for a long moment, and pulled the zipper down approximately one centimetre.

She retrieved the strips of paper from the floor and, crumpling them up, stuffed them into the front of her leotard until she had made two large paper mounds over her breasts. She then proceeded to leap and run about the space, paper falsies bouncing everywhere, and stopping often to readjust her sagging paper bustline. She ran to where John stood with his guitar and bounced up and down against it, small scraps of paper falling out of her leotard, and finally ran to the wall and flung herself breasts first against it.

The piece was absolutely hilarious, undoubtedly inspired, and possibly Carolyn's best yet. She was certainly expanding the boundaries of dance.



CHRISTMAS ORATORIO

Graham Jackson

Dance Sphere
December 11-18, 1977

As their Christmas gift to Toronto, the students of Dance Sphere, under the supervision of Janet Towner, presented Charles Weidman's *Christmas Oratorio*. Unlike so much else that is part of the Yuletide tradition, this gift was obviously a sincere one.

Not having seen any other Weidman, I can't offer much in the way of general comment on the choreography, except that I suspect from his way of visualizing the Bach that Weidman was a fussier choreographer than either Humphrey (his great sometime-collaborator) or Graham. Perhaps because his debt to classical ballet seems more obvious, *Oratorio* often looked to me like an experiment in neo-classicism, not too far in style from Balanchine's idiosyncratic variations on classical technique. (The balletic appearance of *Oratorio* was maintained by the sustained arabesques, the attitudes, the placement of the feet, and sometimes even the arms; and Weidman's contrapuntal use of the ensemble and particularly the close relationship he forged between the dance and the music underlined the choreographic similarities to Balanchine.) Still, the literalness of the libretto and the purely pictorial elements (the tableaux from the life of Christ) proclaim that we're not in Balanchine balletland. And, of course, there's the bare feet. The bare feet in *Oratorio* don't have the savage, naked strength-look bare feet have in Graham: they are simply dancers' tools, choreographer's tools perhaps. You don't focus on the feet or legs as you do in ballet: what you watch is the arms. Weidman's use of the arms, at least in *Oratorio*, is always expressive and this expressiveness constitutes much of the dance's power. (In one segment of the dance portraying the Virgin's nursing of her new-born child all the movement in fact was confined to the upper torso, shoulders, and arms.)

Dancers translating the pathos and joy of the music into movement must have been Weidman's primary intention in making *Oratorio* and Towner, a former Weidman dancer, has accomplished a small miracle in getting the Dance Sphere students to feel the music as sensitively as they did. At times, in fact, the dancers in their earnestness, wore expressions of rapture on their faces that came dangerously close to the caricaturish. But too much zeal is hardly a serious fault. Much more harmful to the dance would have been a clinical, matter-of-fact approach many better dancers would have brought to it. As the students of Dance Sphere danced it,

Oratorio was a genuinely affecting experience. I never had the feeling anything was missing.

The production was simple and effective—much like the dance. Two panels, painted to resemble stained glass windows, framed the dancing. The tableaux were arranged on a small wooden platform and had the immediate force of scenes from a medieval miracle play. The costumes, consisting of tights worn as a basic uniform under cloaks, gowns, veils, were also simple and unaffected; only green felt vests with curiously pointed epaulettes that made the dancers look like Munchkins seemed out of place.

Compared to the highly decadent displays of classical dancing we see these days at the O'Keefe Centre, compared even to the psychological and intellectual sophistication of a Graham ballet, Weidman's *Christmas Oratorio* probably looked primitive to most. That may be. In its simplicity and directness, however, it illuminated the music in a way that a more intricate dance couldn't have. And it brought out something in the Bach that people rarely hear: a deep, reverberating serenity.

EXTREME SKIN & TRUE BOND STORIES

a personal overview

Paul Wong

December 2, 1977

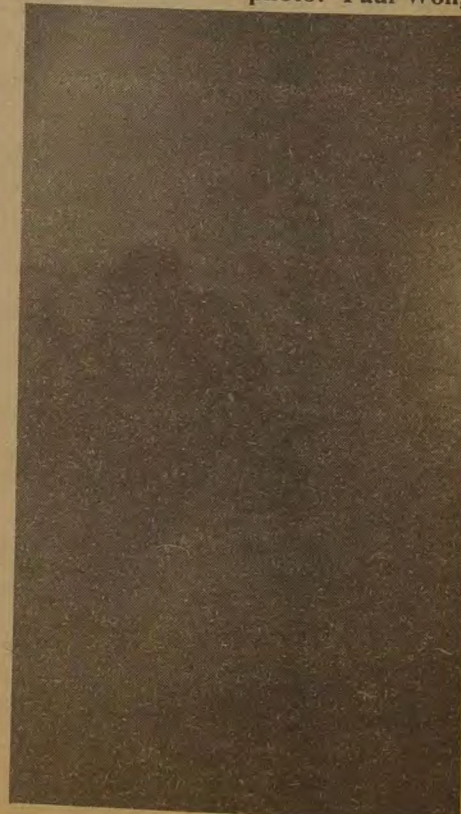
It's the morning after, the morning after viewing the opening nite performance of *Extreme Skin and True Bond Stories* by independent choreographer/dancer Elizabeth Chitty. The immediate effect left me unusually relaxed, somewhat witty and prankishly adolescent. Maybe it was the crowd, maybe the booze before, during and directly after the performance. No, it was the performance that made those elements of familiarity and not so familiar work for me, it was the performance that held me captive, forgetting the others, the other thoughts. It's not often that performances completely engross me. More so than not, especially when applied to dance, my mind tends to wander and the performance is just merely a departure point for my own fantasies, I also tend to do this alot whenever attending poetry readings and quite often doze off or become semi-conscious. These wandering thoughts of states of semi-consciousness don't necessarily reflect if a performance was boring or even good or bad. They're probably considered good or bad depending on my state of fantasy. This new work not unlike the "new" Elizabeth is full of vitality and optimism. Since last having seen Elizabeth, 8 months ago in Vancouver, the changes in her are astonishing, a

woman radiating with freedom, dazzling from a source of new energies, much better than losing 65 lbs., much better than 2nd DEBUT.

Extreme Skin and True Bond Stories are like black and white, contrasting with each other quite nicely, which not only reflect the personal changes in Chitty but also showed her range of choreographic abilities. *Extreme Skin* was choreographed for twenty dancers and at that, a work of mathematical chic, structured timing of physical endurance which also allowed independent freedom within singular ideologies. The repeated variables of 4 rows of 5 dancers immediately reminded me of workers exercising during morning break, neatly assembled, exercising in harmony en masse in Tien Min Square. No working blue here, instead an assault of stimulating colour, a constant flux of off beat colours, bright vivid pastel shades of pink, purples, reds, greens, blue, turquoises and yellows, which were further enhanced by the stark white hotness of A Space. How perfect for colour video. The en masse variables ranged from rigid utilitarian signals to often funny glamour poses. The piece was uncluttered, delivered clean and casual.

Whereas the moments of strain and tension remained somewhat playful and innocent in *Extreme Skin, True Bond Stories* was a personal put through, an autobiographical analysis, linking bonds and relationships. And indeed she put herself through the paces, an articulated revealing of self utilizing post-modern self-abuse dance, minimal props and gestures combined with reading edited passages from her diary. A raw deliverance and solo confrontation of broken bonds, admitting to herself and her audience openly and honestly, leaving herself vulnerable like few of us can. Maybe it was the guilt.

photo: Paul Wong



THEORY AND ENCOUNTERS

Brenda Nielson

For John Fowles

Writing theory is a sexless undertaking. The moments of celibacy are welcome as the symptoms of physical nausea and impotence pass. Why is each performance I attend like another relationship I want to end? Is politeness and privacy understood only in the West? But there are Rare Occasions: a dancer with a heart-in her head, in her thrust; movement with a wit that doesn't betray musculature. To whittens an event. As a teenager I had no experience of special occasions. Turning thirteen, sixteen and twenty was the same as turning fourteen, fifteen and seventeen. Eighteen and nineteen were different only because I was confused and crazed by men. There was a man I used to cry over, though not so often now, except for occasional recollections while sitting on a bus on a rainy day. He left my life as unexpectedly as he entered into it. It was unexplainably brief—longing in its shortness. The end came—shattering the experience as a guise of dreams and fantasies assumed impossible. The impermanent resolved as unreal. But this cannot be.

The legacy of Occassion is with us in the performance, in the tradition of gathering together. Yet another tradition is with us in these events, for courtship is the foundation of all our social relations. In our desires to be stimulated we yield to all sorts of attractions, yet remain ambivalent about the influence. What is needed is a rape manual, for as viewers, we never know what to expect. We must renew our weapons in order to meet the unforeseen.

The rational leads us to believe that only the determined or determinable is real, just like all the relationships I knew were going to end before getting involved—but pretended they weren't. When are our feelings ever illusory? I no longer can negate those feelings invested in times that were brief or unexpectedly ended. Predicatability enables us to calculate how much we wish to invest of our feelings. Does not the operation seem distorted? The genuine obscured? Once I fell desperately for a man. He was then attending the Arica Institute and introduced me to the system of values maintained by the club. The lesson I learned from him was very really demonstrated; that the suffering upon being abandoned is of no one's consequence but one's own, that we are responsible only for our own feelings and no one else. He is probably right. It seems to me however that the shock of his own initiation to that doctrine of beliefs enforced his severity. I see some women accepting abandonment and continue with a degree of tenderness. He was bent on self-destruction in his

isolation to prove the point. I have never come to accept a point. I did come to accept him and my own pain. But I don't want to make an exercise out of detachment. How do we account for duration? It seems that endurance is of no consequence. I have been told that perseverance makes the difference between seduction and courtship. The cultural metaphors exist to maintain these, and the performance plays with them. But in glance I once saw no vision of the end. We have a variety of encounters, but foppery, boredom, awe and hostility bring my attention to the passionless forms of cultural suicide.

I write critiques in the form of theory instead of specific reviewing out of distaste for gratuitous and self-congratulatory punishments and rewards. There is also the challenge to describe amorphous culture. However more skeptical about hero-worship and fetishizing, I am none-the-less desirous. James, Dewy, Mill and Erskine broke down certain confidences, but I am able to continue in the pragmatic attitude.

Structuralist, individualist and pragmatist—these are forms of masculine attitudes. Maybe this is why I am attracted to theory. But I am offended by forms when I confront my own formlessness, my womanhood. And not unconsciousness, as is sometimes criticized. I do not know that I have an Unconsciousness. My younger brother once asked me, "Is the Subconscious right?": I was amazed by his naive discerning, but was struck by the fallacy. The famous father of psychoanalysis. I grew up in great fear of my subconscious—afraid of an unexpected and graceless fit of hysteria, the unknown I had no experience of. I realized at no profound moment I can recall, how obvious the concept is a linear derivative of the kind of mind that perceives historical progression. Perfection and the boogeyman. The generation of which I am a member is a product of this so-called enlightenment. When I was eighteen my consciousness "snapped". I found nothing.

I am offended by forms, by performance—when the preparation and formalities substitute for the lack of inner relations. Linear relationships are equated and demonstrated, but I suspect the lack of interaction, and distrust the distractions. Lying and pretending is at most fascinating, but they force me to hesitate. The positions as out outsider is humiliating. I once sat down at a table in a tavern with a large group of acquaintances and friends. One woman had particularly intense energy. It nearly knocked me over. She was very aggressive although we never talked. I knew she was transexual. We disturbed each other yet there was a kind of fascination to the fact.

I contend that ideological sources exist in the techniques of

communication. To recognize this, a context for the assessment of "originality" is established. For indeed we are called to critique this art that esteems originality. I tend to consider originality as working in a social event—the generation of group experience—as opposed to the absolutist demonstration of personality forms—in the style of dance, of reviews, etc.—especially with regards to the naive denial of source. But don't misunderstand, I enjoy some personality. I believe it is all that we have.

A work is part of an information continuum. To determine points of dwelling and of departure in the continuum, a perceptive trap in the myth of legacy can be avoided. If we assume alienation to be a social disease, to guard against the dicta of simplistic acceptance of relationships has importance. Intimidation, assumed importance, bitchiness and pretense can be observed in operation. In fact, the opportunity seems to be supportive of such behaviour. Mystique is but the negative degree of respect for the audience, indeed the social event itself. I have been able to qualify two questions I think important. Does the performer or choreographer assume respect for the audience? How does the art "work" in attending to the social situation?

So we discover the attraction of opposites between the sexes. More importantly to discover the pride that is

cont'd p. 19

AU COURANT

Brian Robinson

1978 has arrived with changes, events and much winter weather as though anyone has to be reminded, anyway... Jackie Malden is moving on from her position as National Co-ordinator for *Dance in Canada*, her great spirit, tact and seemingly endless energy will be missed... Ron Holgerson a self-defined "cultural missionary" has left the *Alberta Contemporary Dance Theatre* as their managing director, with no hard feelings, a balanced budget and the promise to "remember them in my will"... Brian MacDonald is no longer Artistic Director of *Les Grands Ballets Canadiens* a transitional committee has assumed the role... the C.A.H.P.E.R. Dance Committee are presenting a conference *Dance and the Child* July 25-27 at the University of Alberta in Edmonton... Winnipeg's *Contemporary Dancers* will be presenting performances at the Leah Posluns Theatre in North York... *Regina Modern Dance Works* and the *Dumprucks* premiered *GOOSE!* at the end of December... some of the *Dance Works/Improv* artists are performing for the wives of INCO workers at the Hotel Toronto, Jan. 26... *Ballet Ys* (364-3428) are presenting a "repertoire of

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REGISTRATION, 2 dances

John Oswald

the first dance was for Eileen Thalenberg's **Borders Boundaries & Thresholds**. Eileen told me that as part of the setting for the play she wanted a family in a dining room apparently, immediately doing nothing but somehow changing with time. We, the Family (Judy Whalen, Johanna Householder, Jennifer Mascall, Zella Wolofsky & Me) attempted to fulfil this conception by incorporating various degrees of slowness & moderate sleight into a meal.

there were 6 chairs at the Slow Table, one vacant, ostensibly belonging to the Child, played by Roberta Mohler. this setting occupied one corner of the stage, a University of Toronto Basketball Court, spectators seated along the 2 long sides. another principal player tangentially related to us was the Maid played by Linda Stephen. lighting was Fly-By-Knight.

Borders Boundaries & Thresholds was circa 45 minutes long (presented november 19th & 20th) & fairly full of activity. with the exception of a couple of moments, the Family functioned independent of the rest of the Play. each member had a characteristic speed. We dressed for the occasion (I wore a tie embroidered with turtles, courtesy of Brendon Miles Greer) & thru the course of rehearsals scattered about the Table food, utensils & books. a centre piece of live snails died. I had a couple days growth of beard. We ate real food.

Dinner was already in progress, approximately at the dessert stage, as the Public arrived, the intended impression that We'd already been eating for many hours.

the movements were these: Jennifer left her chair & the table, pilfering a piece of pie from the serving cart as she went, accelerating thru 15 minutes from a tree's slowness to a normal walking pace as she left the stage. Zella ate languorously for the first quarter hour & then, coordinated with a scream from the Child, abruptly left the table, catching up to Jennifer, exiting together. Johanna tilted a teapot increasingly over the course of 25 minutes to the point where it poured (water moving at its normal rate) filling, overflowing a tea cup which the Maid had at the last moment placed intervening. She then slipped under the table while most of the audience was distracted by some commotion at the opposite end of the stage. Judy moved thru a series of tableaux, changing pose during distractions or blackouts. I ate a spoonful of yogurt & wiped my mouth, taking 35 minutes to perform this. Judy and I then stared at each other from opposite ends of the table, alone.

there were also a couple of connections to the rest of the Play, besides the timing of Zella's departure & Johanna's disappearance. in one scene

most of the cast (several score of people) was on stage moving in circles & spinning things. the Family contributed to this activity by having a Small Electrical Fan situated on the Table & switched on from offstage for the duration of the scene. shortly later the Child, running about the periphery of the basketball court, stopped short at the Focal Point of the Family's gaze. this was done by each of us, in anticipation of the arrival of the Child at a predetermined spot, moving our heads & eyes at our respective rates of motion to focus for the moment on the space the Child would enter.

the intended perceptions were these: that Jennifer accelerated, moving faster the further she got from the table. that Zella moved at a sensuous slowness, cinematic slow motion, each gesture lingering thru its execution. that Johanna moved in disproportionate slowness to the task she was about, in that she couldn't compensate for the fast flow of the water. & that there was suspense in this relationship. that Judy was never perceived to move (in one pose a cigarette between her fingers slowly burned) but was at different times in various discontinuous positions. that my motion was only macrotemporally visible, like the minute hand on a clock, a continuity of motion in history & expectation, but difficult to see moving. that the Family in a sense were in their own sense, moving slow as preference.

the thresholds of instantaneous motion sense is relative to speed proportional to size & continuity, where the predictable relationships of finer objects can be more readily perceived moving. stellar objects at velocities of thousands of miles per hour seen resting in the sky. the motion of a hand travelling towards another at a few millimeters per second is just visible. the hand appears solid. an instant is approximately 1/30 of a second long. constant changes in a similar state may be perceived as a continuity of instants, or motion. random changes at intervals shorter than 1/30 of a second (TV snow) have no perceivable order, are in short term interchangeable sequentially. fast continuities concretize the appearance of motion. a hand vibrating 30 times is a static blur.

the 2nd dance was a presentation of portions of **Glimpsing**, the name Johanna Householder & I have given to studies of that aspect of visual perception which We've been playing with. this was a part of Dance Works V, a concert at the Music Gallery, Toronto on december 18th. lighting was provided by Paul Murray & Joan Phillips who responded to our occasional verbal directions.

Johanna & I began walking about the room, across the performance floor, around the audience & shaking or flicking our arms quickly. the shaking blurred the shape of our hands into tracings, streams of afterimages. calling for various levels of light so at times one of us would be in the brightness, focus, as the other kept at an extreme angle, occasionally flicking. this stimulated 2 qualities of vision: central sight, which tends to focus on shape, detail; & peripheral vision where detail is lost & motion sense becomes predominant. focus could be shifted by one of us transecting the line between the observed & the observer. We asked for dim light & focus became diffused.

after about 5 or 10 minutes of this Johanna stood before a wall facing a motion picture projector, shaking her head quickly from side to side. I started the projector & a filmed image also of Johanna shaking her head superimposed upon her. She stepped to the side & the 2 of them continued to move. the difference was this: while Johanna in both instances (the present situation & the filming) was shaking her head in the same way (the hair fell across the face from side to side, the face twisting with momentum) the filmed image had gone thru a process of selection & compression (camera/projector) of intermediary vision. the film was shot at an inconstant rate of about one or 2 frames per second (using a GAF super 8mm camera which has a button that advances one frame each time it's pressed). due to the shutter speed (1/36 of a second glimpse I think) fast motion is registered as a blur. this selective sequence of blurs was then projected at a faster rate than the filming by a projector (Keystone K-550, provided by Michael Snow) which is variable from a very few frames per second to more than standard speed (18 frames per second). Johanna adjusted the projection speed as I stood close to the screened image, illuminated by a portion of the projection, blinking my eyes at the image at various rates up to about 6 per second. this sequence lasted about 4 minutes.

the projector was stopped leaving the room in relative darkness. curtains covering the skylights were insufficient to filter out the city's ambient night light. Johanna & I each had a camera flash (provided by Private Eye & Silver Developments) which We flashed at each other from about the room. the intervals between flashes were between a second & a minute long. at least one flash was contributed by someone in the audience taking a photograph. a moment of light in darkness is like a snapshot, sustained by the retinal afterimage.

cont'd p. 19

HOMILY POSSUM

photo: Bobbe Besold



work by J. Mascall
A Space, Jan. 6&7, 1978

Programme notes written by the audience, transcribed by J. Mascall. Fri. Jan. 6

A pictorial nonfictional presentation of movement supplemented by a fictional non fiction text all of which is supplemented by acute notations of what appear to be audience members. 3 video sets compete with Jennifer—sometimes confusing most, mostly seeming aimless to those who don't understand her physical appearance. In another section we see Jennifer imitate a Canadian beaver as she bites the neck of a post (but she's missing a wisdom tooth). But mostly blue eyes are beautiful!
One thing: next time really do it without words—your words say more than your body

Dye your leotards and tights. More laughing except with sound if it could be carried off as it was quite beautiful. Great shoes you obviously have a thing for shoes. Good girl. More regular people, fewer dancers in the audience would be nice. Stimulating, surprising, interesting and not so androgynous, actually very feminine. Well done. A 85%

Jennifer I love YOU.

Where did you get the \$\$\$?

Why did you bite the neck of the post?

I enjoyed.

To counterbalance the remarks of my companions, I found the work highly imaginative, entertaining, provocative in the best sense of the word but a bit expensive for a poor student.

gentleness of fingers
gentleness of even handspring.

Well, Im glad you asked why she bit the neck of the post.

The concept was great but she has not yet found her best styles and moods for continuity of mood in a long piece.

We never get to the thing itself we had to get away first to regard it closely so as to find out what it was. Soon we will come back. we will come back.

I was beginning to understand a bit by the end—I wish it had gone on.

Poop \$3 to say goodbye. if it isn't entertaining is it art or is art like beauty in the eye of the beholder. I am a dancer with something to say.

That was a nice dance.
Did you like it?
Yeah it was pretty.

economy and intellectual very sexual, very beautiful restrained. extraordinarily needs more polish to achieve the intensity of impeccable coordination. dialogue between video and the Mascall intriguing.

Sat. Jan. 7

In order to find and build from inside any discipline it must become a self referring (to some extent) act. This always seems to necessitate a literary point of view for, in the case of choreographer/dancer. Only when it is a literary work can it examine itself. This may drive dancers up the wall. Perhaps it should. I thought this performance affirmed all forms of dance. The movement was exciting and I'd like to see more of it.

No comment.

?

Great flip.

I think you should trust ordinary movements more. Movements of everyday gestures picking up a cup,

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walking etc. It seemed like you are too afraid to let go of dance-type movement.

Do you really want us to fill these out or are they just another part of the continuing surrealism of the performance? obviously the early dancer-television dialogue lacked polish and was difficult to follow. Volume was low and words were mumbled. But that also was an intended part of the performance—a satire on planning and analysis? Good interplay between fact, fiction art and descriptive anatomy. Alternation of television leading dancer and dancer leading television effective in terms of role exchange.

A diatribe of nothingness. Semantics brought to a fine hone but going nowhere—leaves me with why? why bother? Movements of grace calculated to tantalize the thoughts—leaves me with more questions than answers. If this be the program, where art the rehearsals? TV is a distraction.

I think she needs help.

I notice noone wants to leave.

I. dogs barking. people filing in jennifer with a flashlight in her mouth. preparing, paring whose audience is this anyway? what do we see?

II. j.m. on the making of a dance chance. audience choice negates why material inversion negates why definitely a fiction dance

III. repeat repeat stop—why task oriented slo mo vid e o

very weird—interesting to me in terms of the subject object dichotomy in dancers—hard for us to with so much happening—but also hard not to watch and be fascinated

What on the surface may appear to be egocentric possesses a universality, suddenly moving, but for the untrained eye not totally clear. Humour reinforced veracity. Would be interested in seeing it again to tease out what is being said as well as done.

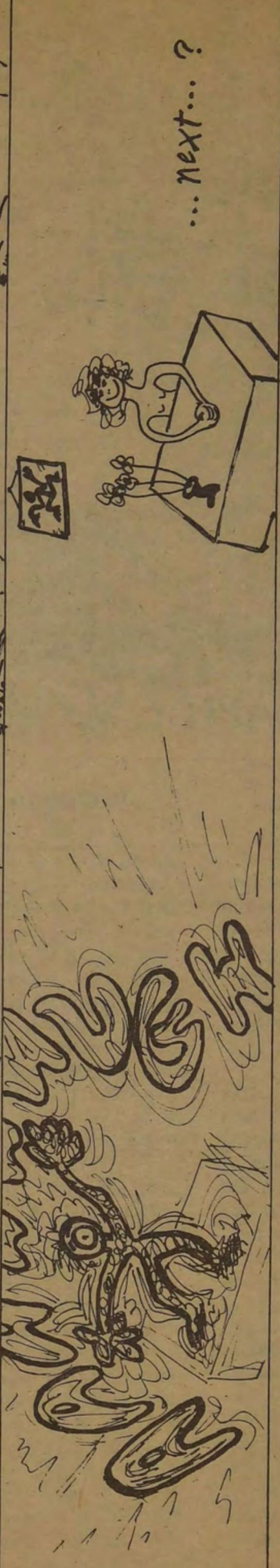
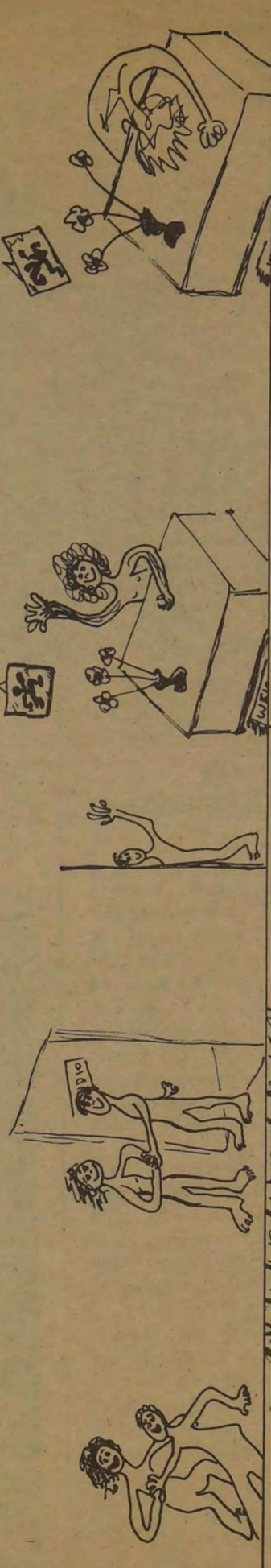
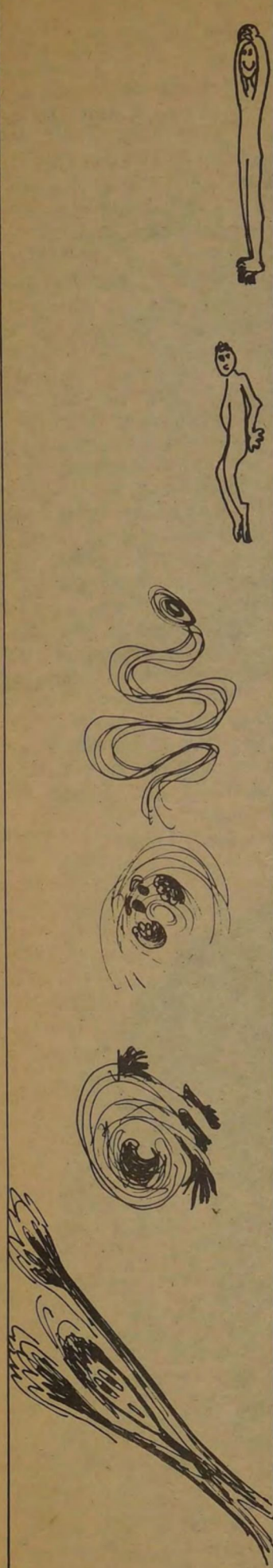
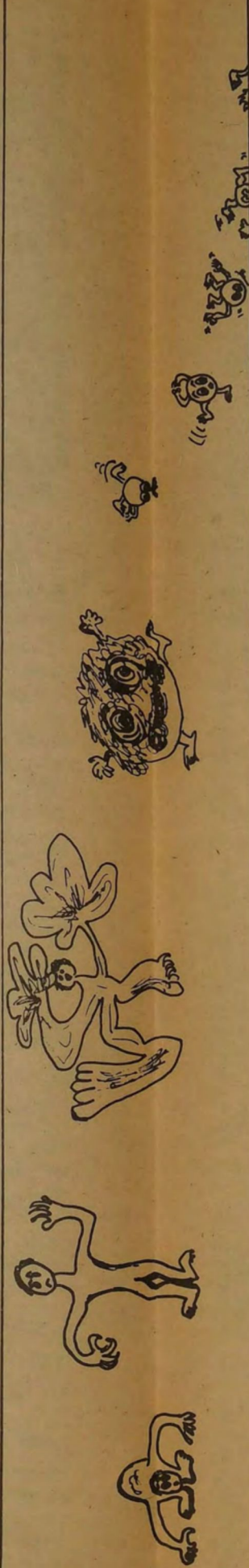
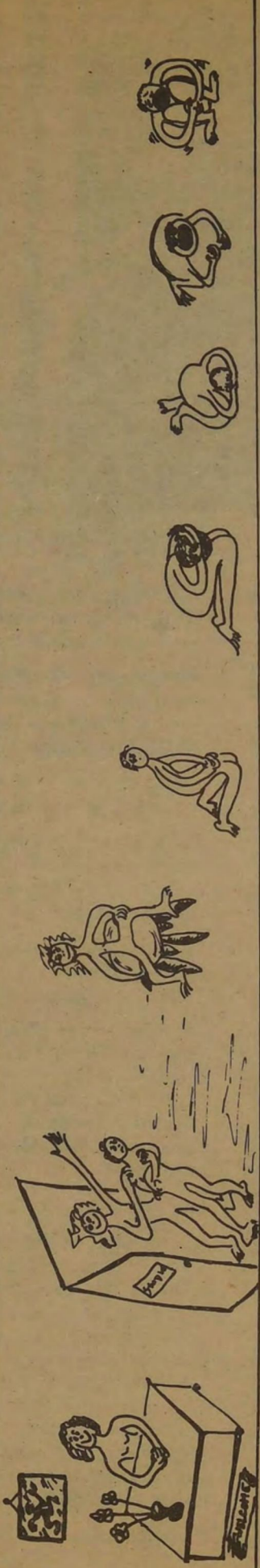
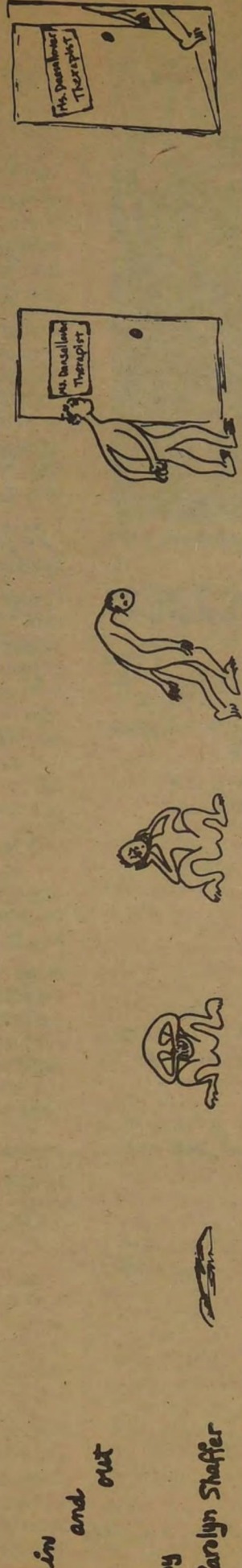
patchwork quilt

It was reported late last night over the flight wire service at conference urn by J.M. that #2 evening of T.V. is an evening of hockey. Flowering in time. the service also state Miss M. has a wonderful voice and a very beautiful back. The service reports vary as to their accuracy and regularity but none the less receive the attentions of the ip. irs. itt. ips.

stories with no beginnings or ends. How do you isolate fiction? There is no need to be concerned with the isolation of fact. Latissimus dorsi etc. etc. is there whether you quote its tatinat or not. that's only about stylistics. the movement itself is the focus. The metaphor. Dance art cannot be equivalent to scientific positivism/linguistics. Fact is a fiction No need to go and write it down. Historical processes of life can't be described

in
and
out

by
Carolyn Shaffer



Toronto Dance Theatre Studio
December 7-10, 1977

The Chimaera is a mythological fire-breathing monster, commonly represented with a lion's head, a goat's body, and a serpent's tail. The dictionary also describes it as, 2.any similarly grotesque monster having disparate parts, especially as depicted in decorative arts, 3.a horrible or unreal creature of the imagination; a vain or idle fancy, and 4.genetics: an organism that is partly male and partly female, or an artificially produced individual having tissues of several species. The metaphysical meanings and attitudes that are attached to the Chimaera symbol are so intricate and interwoven that it would take a book to detail them. All in all, **Chimaera** is an excellent title for Kyra Lober's latest work, which Dancemakers performed as part of their Choreographic Workshop in early December.

The more I see the piece, the more I like the more that I see. The movement flow is slow, continuous, and simple; extensions, penchés, lunges, spins, partnered lifts and balances, some

climbs higher and softer to rap at the very edge of silence. Patricia and Peggy Baker alternate lifting each other in child-like and raggedy-ann-like positions in the foreground while, behind them, Keith Urban and Allan James slide from one mutually balancing siloetted position to another. The movement, again, never stops, until the gently emphatic ending of the section, when the two couples stand facing each other for a still, brief moment.

The last section of the work is swift and more openly dynamic, yet I can't, for the life of me, comprehend what those two phrases of cartwheels are doing in there. If they're meant to be spinning on a horizontal, as opposed to vertical, level, vast rolling wheels of force, macrocosmic spinning, then there should be more of them, seen from different angles. If they're just there because they look good, or to fill up time, then they should be removed.

Janice Hladki's newest work (at the time of the performance), **Was It In Her Blood?**, is a commentary, satirical in viewpoint, on the stereotyped role of women perpetuated by Harlequin Romance books. It's a theatrical type of work, utilizing as much speech as

DANCEMAKERS

CHOREOGRAPHIC WORKSHOP

Jonathan Bannerman

original, but none obtrusive or shocking. The energy seems tightly contained, as if it ever burst out, it only be to consume, as in an entrance of two dancers from each side, moving onstage in forward extension by short hops off their supporting leg, giving the feeling that one is watching a driving force compressed to the molten core of its expression.

Some of the movement approaches ecstatic beauty, in particular Patricia Miner's long, very slow, technically demanding solo of gradually altering balanced extensions and penchés, her arms slowly slicing through the air from at right angles with her spine to at right angles with each other. The flow never stops, each extension's height or each penché's depth simply the peak or trough of a continuous wave form.

Patricia's Modigliani body cleaves through space with a clean precision that fills the chest with much more than air, until an upwardly stretched arm bending towards a side-extended leg moves into a line that seems to be a parabolic whiplash arc of energy to infinity, until each slow step moves her forward as if she was the sole essence of positive space.

The central section of **Chimaera** slows the movement almost to stillness. As Bob Becker's recorded tabla playing

movement, and the choreography is composed of natural movement which is stylized and placed in a new context, such as exaggerated kisses to the air, self-hugs, or shoulder-rubbing with the head. The words are apparently all quotations from Harlequin books, with the exception of personal experiences that Patricia, Peggy and Pat Fraser each describe while sitting in a group on the floor. There is a short slideshow of covers and pages of romantic comics during the piece.

The dancers relate to the audience a great deal, in eye contact, gestures, and speech, and the use of space isn't restricted by standard practice (one of the three enters from the audience, for instance). The movement in the work, aside from its repetitions, is innovative and pointed, such as the dancers kneeling with their backs to the audience to alternately recite lines describing passionate and virginal love-making, while their hands are held crossed at the wrists behind their backs.

However, the point of the piece is often crushed by the pile-driver repetition of the movement. The ending sequence, for example, in which Pat, Peggy, and Patricia assume confused or questioning poses, is repeated until it becomes thought-numbing rather than

ADAMS cont.'d from pg. 1

But I was actually dancing. I think they felt that they had people who could do the roles that I was doing, so they were beginning to move me into another area—Director of Ballet For All. When I joined the Royal Ballet, I was nothing like any other dancer in the company. I felt that the kind of work I was capable of doing and the kind of work they wanted me to do was unique. I never considered myself to be a 'Royal Ballet Dancer'. I felt I was injecting something different into that company.

With my new position in Ballet For All (a six member ensemble established twelve years ago to tour as a lecture-demonstration group and existing within the Royal Ballet's charter) I really had a clashing of ideas and ideals. Ballet For All was to serve an educational purpose. In its agreement with the British Arts Council, that was its reason for existence. But unfortunately that was not the case. Ballet For All was becoming a company that did potted versions of the Royal Ballet repertoire. Also it was becoming a viable commercial product. The way to book ourselves was to have a saleable commercial product. Because the company and staff were so small, we were actually making money from our tours. When I became director, the company was in a strange state in that the Arts Council had one view of its function, the Royal Ballet another, and the actual activities of Ballet For All, unlike both.

photo: Larry Fouler cont'd p. 14



cont'd p. 17

photo: Bobbe Besold

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DANCE LIVES! PART TWO

Jean Moncrieff/Paula Ravitz

IMPRESSIONS RECORDED FROM AUDIENCESPACE

Mimi Beck

EDGES

Jean
Standing 1/2 lotus...the peacock
gong sounds tingling/bell/chimes
using full arm swings; strong, deliberate
"off" balance movements
heel walks
knees
to standing peacock.
mimetic quality to the work
sustained "edge" of balance
shifting centers of gravity
support bases 1-4
static
barely.

PAVEMENT

walking-arching
looking-thrusting
Accents 8 feet strong
throws from back arch to forward over
so strong
angularly smooth phrasing
Searing synthesized score
Women are maintaining rigid positions
checking fists as they step over one another.
Denise(very)precise
Duet - soft to hard-ly.
Susan and Seth back dancing
Yeh, see?

RUG DUST

Premiered at York U. Christmas Concert
two;corner lighting as subtle as temple bell sound
movement
two creep-fold-roll
toes meet arms tough they
begin to rise, shunt
fall away from each other
mirroring
reverberations

IMMELMAN'S TURN (I mis-read the title to be "Dancing")
i.e. Dancing: Karen Duplisea, Denise Fujiwara, Grace Miyagawa
darkness and dogs howling
barking outside

Beginning phrase - characteristic
Sustained shape changes
bends lunges glides folds
occasional staccato punctuations

2-Trumpet drone

A series of repeated phrases performed by 3 women
A Paula work; riddling the space with calculated flair
Abrupt pausing/trumpet cadenzas
Stunning trio unison section
Gentle fade with arm swing

So move-y.

RUNNING TIME

Two in sweat gear
Pared from 4 in shimmering shirts
The piece holds
rubber rhythmic

The following is a copy of a letter sent to various members of the arts community—

Spill is assembling "thoughts" for /78 to be published in the January edition. Would you contribute a couple of sentences or more on the following questions.

A) WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THE CARDS FOR THE ARTS IN /78?
B) WHERE SHOULD ENERGIES BE FOCUSED?

The general lack of response would seem to indicate "No comment" except for the following:

A) Continuing financial troubles. Continuing decline of nationalist sentiments.

B) Away from the arts councils and away from the influence of their subtly maintained preferences:

Towards increased cooperation, collaboration and co-sponsorship among arts organizations, so as to effect a larger impact through the pooling of resources;

Towards performance works with popular entertainment aspects, in houses sufficiently large to make box-office a significant source of revenue; Towards an international perspective: as the grant greenhouse collapses, only the hearty hybrids and transplantable species will be able to survive—the specialized (nationalist elitists) will perish.

Robert Handforth
Managing Director
New Theatre Foundation

IN RESPONSE TO

a) NOT MUCH MORE THAN IN '77 AND TO
b) SURVIVAL
\$IGNED
M. BIDNER

My hunches re: dance trends in /78 are that they lean towards the following:

1. Decentralization — i.e. a breaking away from established companies and a grouping of different individuals who wish to explore new ideas and also work as concert artists.

2. we might see less of Dance with a big D. i.e. elitist - and it will be brought down to a more universal level at the general public's reach.

3. there is an increasing focus on social commentary - needs - situation - sexism etc. It is a social consciousness vis a vis Life in general

4. there is a desire for more Canadian and Québécois content????"

5. the so-called avant garde dancers are less inclined to chuck technique but are rather substituting a different type of discipline which seeps through their performances—which are very studies and rehearsed

6. there is a tendency towards ritualisation—whether it becomes

apparent in the coffee and cigarette ritual in the morning (as transposed on stage) or the more stylistic approach like the Rites of Spring etc.

7. there is a growing interest in Mood pieces as opposed to line and shape oriented pieces, i.e. more intuition than logic and aesthetics

Iro Tembeck

THOUGHTS FOR '78

Last year, Art Net Ltd, London, England, invited (unsuccessfully) my participation in an exhibition **Radical Attitudes to the Gallery** with a written contribution (to be enlarged and displayed on a panel) reflecting "What you feel should be the attitude of the politically committed artist to 'The Gallery'". The stridency of the question seemed to presuppose the position of Politician in Opposition, a member of the Berger - Burgin party dedicated to the demystification of bourgeois culture, the revelation of the codes and devices of its self image and "the exposure of the contradictions in class society".

Spill's questionnaire, on the other hand, presupposes the position of Politician as Legislator. The 'comptroller', from Cardinal to King to Corporation, has tended to hold "the cards for the arts", and now Capital Hill has replaced the Chairman of the Board in splitting the deck, dispensing the dole, by appointment and appropriation to those agencies whose allocations can determine "the energy

cont'd from p. 12

I attempted to bring about a real change in the set-up. It was no longer an educational company—it was a performing company and I wanted to establish it as just that, otherwise I felt that it was going to end. It became a very political situation between myself, the British Arts Council and the Royal Ballet Company. We agreed that I should leave. Through my experiences, I have realized that all large companies must end up in the same state.

I'll talk a little about the time I spent with the Royal Winnipeg Ballet in the 40's. The choreography at that time was done primarily by Gwenneth Lloyd who was the co-founder of the company. Her works were original Canadian pieces. Funnily enough, when I returned to Winnipeg after my two year stay in England, I staged work from the classics. I was the first to introduce the classics into the Canadian ballet repertoire. I did that as an instrument for myself. I suppose, because I wanted to do something on my own—I wanted to show what I had learned in Europe. So history tells us that that is where it started. But I must point out that I did not continue to choreograph from that period. I then set about using what I had learned to do my own choreography.

Which again, is another part of the whole exercise of trying to get to the surface from the beginnings. As a creative artist, you go back to your roots and you learn from them. Your experiences advance you to the next plateau. Eventually it gets to the stage where people don't have to look back to where I looked. They look to me and go forward from where I left off. The development of history is such that there is constant advancement, rather than continually returning to the same point.

But then, we had the situation in Toronto when the word "National" raised its head. The business people of Toronto and Montreal, who were interested in the formation of this company, approached dancers across Canada. As I had been very involved in the Canadian ballet world, I was one of the people they talked to about costs, and about the kind of company I felt was necessary. None of us who were approached envisaged a large company which would do your '4-act numbers'. But from the business person's point of view, it was felt that we had to have something that was 'tried' and therefore successful. There was a predominant feeling that unless something came from somewhere else, it wasn't any good. Many of us envisaged a company that would develop Canadian choreographers, musicians, dancers—we were

photo: Larry Fouler cont'd p. 15



ADAMS

waving the Canadian flag because we wanted this National Company to be representative of the country.

We realized that it might be possible to bring in someone experienced to lay the groundwork for the operations of the company. Although, many of us had previously been involved in this area, be it on an amateur or part time basis—but what was necessary to make a company function was known. Many of us felt strongly about having a small company, and one of the things which contributed to my going away was the fact that I saw the National establishing itself as a large company, which meant that the individual became less important. I always hoped that this country would not fall into that predicament. I felt that Canada, because of the way it has developed—as a melting pot, drawing upon its culture and way of life from so many different parts of the world—could allow the individual his opportunity to be unique. The reason I left the Sadler Wells Ballet in England after the war, was because it was a looming monster.

Celia Franca was brought over from England to establish the National Ballet of Canada. I always found her desire to recreate the classics in Canada rather strange in that she had left the Sadler Wells, a strictly classical company and joined the Metropolitan Ballet where, although we performed some of the classics, we also worked with new choreographers. There was a real adventuresome spirit. So, when she came to Canada from that environment, I didn't understand why she choose to restage the classics. Perhaps because it was easier to stage classics than doing new choreography. But also, it was presumed, by the people behind the company, that we would perform the 'accepted' things of the ballet world. With the kind of repertoire we had with some of the early works—the Tudor pieces, for instance—we should have concentrated on progressing from there, which would have been a very good jumping off point.

Very early on there were questions asked about the way in which the Company was going. We felt that the introduction of an outside influence was necessary to a certain point. But we believed that a great deal of what we required had soon been fulfilled and therefore it was no longer necessary for us to have an import operating the company. Whether we had a solution as to who would then take over—I think all of us would have to ask ourselves very frankly—did any of us think we were in a position to run the company? Were we willing to? There were times when I questioned everything. I was also the ballet master, but eventually I asked to be relieved of that position simply because I was performing so much, that to do both jobs was physically impossible. To be on both

sides of the fence—to know what the administrative and artistic difficulties were and try to be a performer, was not possible. There were tremendous arguments as to what had to be done. There were financial difficulties. There were difficulties with choosing the repertoire. We were in a position where board members wished to become more than just lightly involved. We had to allow them input because money, which provided a much-needed security, was coming in through them. If we drove some of them away—we would not have money—simple fact.

If the insistence on the direction of the Company had been such that it not go the way it did—well, things would be different now. But there was not that insistence. If the Company had not expanded in members to the extent that it did in order to accommodate the classical repertoire, then dance in Canada would not be the same today.

Do I have plans for the future? Yes.

UNTITLED

Brenda Nielson

(note of J.G. Bannerman's of DW/IV is this issue)

The untitled work I presented at DW/IV was designed as an aesthetic study amalgamating certain experiences I have accumulated over the years in dance studios and stages. The Music Gallery seems to be an appropriate place to present the work, given the attendance of many dancers and observers of dance who are familiar with certain technical, conceptual and expressive concerns of the modern dance tradition. My fascination with Nikolais composition was employed in the exploration of shape and surrounding local space. While maintaining a certain kind of physical illusion, I rejected the severe quality of abstraction as an end in itself. The footwork and stylized arm movements in the jumping section derive from two other identifiable traditions. These are particular movements in isolation, that I am fond of. The running section that results in slow motion contrasted with the rapid sound of spoons isolate two sensory understandings of speed. To fuse the somewhat eclectic nature of the undertaking I focused a performance quality which is my own. I am particularly interested in transitional and juxtaposed points of view. The attempts to bring together certain visions acquired within the modern dance tradition is like a does of cultural participation, and yet I am inclined to explicate this in terms of cultural cynicism.

I have a few comments regarding Bannerman's review of my dance in this issue of Spill. Firstly, I have no

SPILL pg. 15
desire to contest Bannerman's perceptions. That he saw a transparent, flesh leotard instead of the white one which I wore is only a minor adjective point. That he chose to emphasize my chest in the jumps instead of the rapid moving arms and legs which I defined in the performance, is but his own admission of fixation. I also will mention that as the choreographer, I do not consider the work as "finalized" as he guessed, for in the spirit of the DW/IV series, I chose to show two possible forms of presentation of movement material, that of structured improvisation and a choreographed form, as stated in the program notes. And finally, the questioning of my "purpose" reveals his ignorance of significant choreographic and performance processes.

In as much as it is ridiculous to toy with psychology to explain a social phenomena, Bannerman's obsession with my personal motivations should not deter from the fact that viewer and performer generate a phenomena that is sociologically conceived. What Bannerman witnessed, as well as the other individuals—technicians, paying audience, other performers and myself—is a dynamic interplay of ideological exchanges. I had moments viewing and responding to the surrounding audience, the technicians at the sound equipment and in the lighting loft. I also interacted with the specific performance task as well as other fluid thoughts that defined my consciousness while dancing. Bannerman demonstrates his rigidity of thought, I object to his attempts at delineating the phenomena by objectifying me in terms of his own personal history—that of sexist slander. This is also my criticism of reviewing in general—simple lack of freedom of focus.

The unqualified criteria Bannerman has drawn from inaccuracies, guesswork and fetishist speculation points to a curious morality that is simply absurd.

cont'd from pg. 14
focus of the arts". And the "Arts and Leisure Section" (see October 16, 1977 and December 18, 1977) of the *New York Times* panics over the "Politicization of the Arts" in the United States, the hand as played by the Carter culture of consensus democracy which has decided that the Arts will hold a four year term in the office of the 'larger constituency', the quantitative rather than the qualitative. A White House memo directed the National Endowments for the Humanities and the Arts, the culture funding bodies with a budget of \$225 million, to concentrate attention on non-traditional and public areas. Joseph D. Duffey and Livingston Biddle Jr. have

cont'd pg. 18

A SPACE: FRIDAY, JAN. 18

Jean Moncrieff & Paula Ravitz
recorded & transcribed by
Jennifer Mascall

Comments taped in intermission & after

Intermission

That's a real serious young lady there. she's, what's her name, Jean & she just makes dances sort of, she's stil a dancer, she isn't a choreographer, she's just moving & she's just made a dance and nobody's home.

TV dancing. So sweet. Pretty & boring.

That Japanese girl, I don't know her name—she's a beautiful dancer///uh, I watched Susan MacKenzie the whole time I think she's pretty great///MMM I found her body really got in the way// Huh, I liked it, occasionally I saw it short and stubby but that was part of it, she's really strong.

UMM I really liked the concept and I liked the kind of, the concept of using a Japanese bell, and the meditational

quality of uh, of her movement and of the interaction between Paula & and Jean. I felt the line that carried through it was really static, it didn't go anywhere for me.

Yeah, I enjoyed it very much. Particularly the second piece. I was glad I came It was good

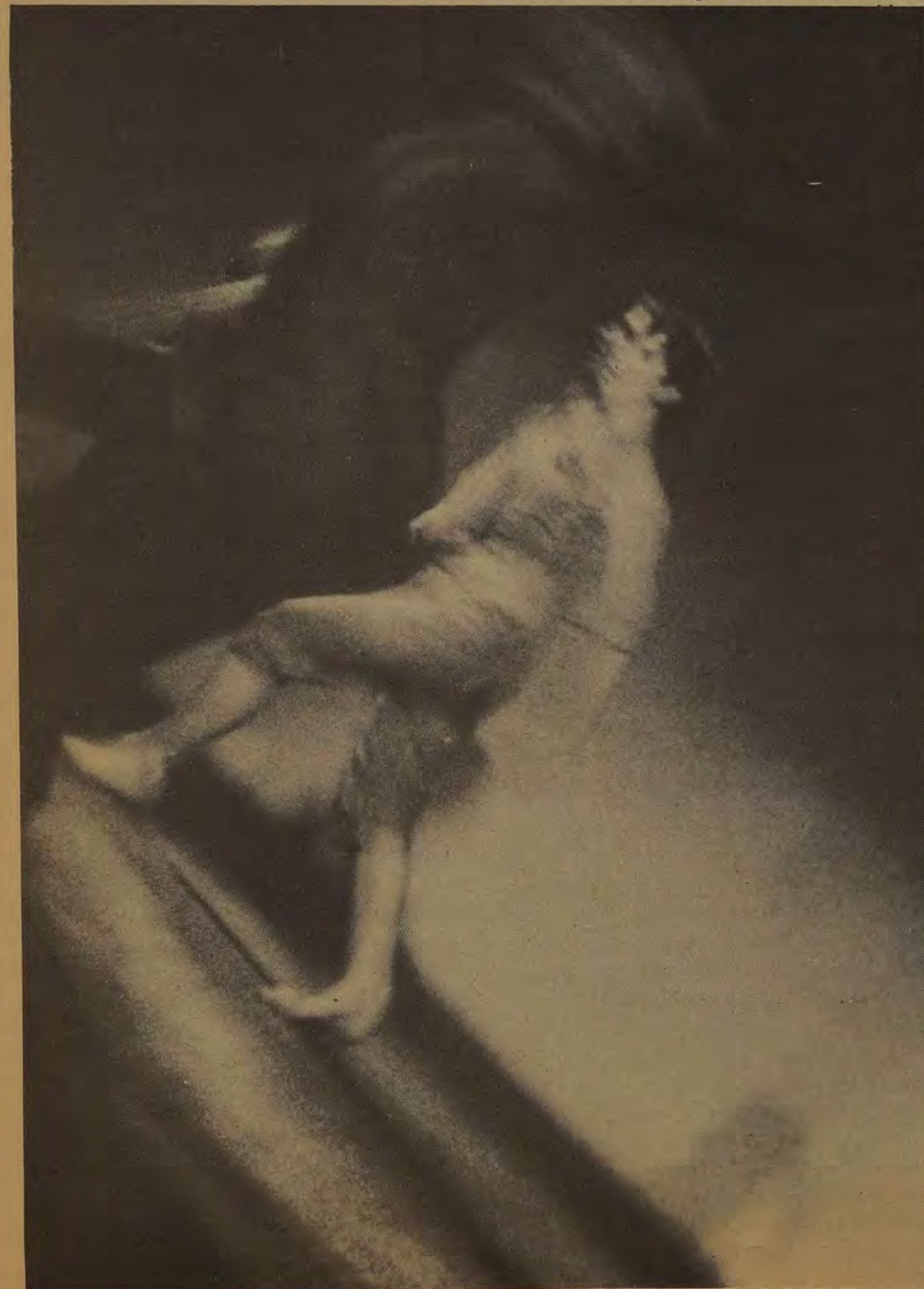
I think it's very well performed but it's still—the dance in Canada I find a bit still too formal I wish it to go a bit further still it's very neatly performed—too formal for my taste

I suppose, what's her name? Moncrieff? yeah well, she's a miniaturist, and um, and it depends on one's toler, one's toleration for, miniaturists.

It seems, what I would call, very well done, but, I'm not, too interested.

well, the first half was pretty tough, but I think in the second the uh, Canadians

photo: Bobbe Besold



will probably win. They scored.

What was the Japanese girl's name?

Four people in blazing red has gotta be beautiful.

Um. I think it's wonderful. I think there should be more of it everywhere, all the time.

Seeing alot of fire tonight, I don't know, I don't have anything else to say though.

the sheer strength of it, and the body and the tone put together with the music is very very interesting.

Considering the space it's really quite wonderful.

I thought they were really uh, very interesting I really really liked pavement, um you asked the kids about it and what they were doing just a minute ago was copying pavement.

marvellous, simply marvellous. astonishing.

I wanna know when the exams are.

she looked very professional and the others didn't (Japanese girl)

after the dance was over

I think they shouldn't be on the same program together, P & J

Jean, is like primitive painting without Gramma Moses touch do you know what I'm saying, I mean it's so naive, it's so let me formulate this opinion,—...I don't understand why people like it.

I really enjoyed it. I'm having a wonderful timeUm it's been a very professional production, the music, the lights, the whole building have added to the overall effect of the concert, of the dance

that Japanese woman with the long hair she sure knows how to perform

I'll withhold comment for another year or so

not for posterity. It left me speechless it's good

I appreciated the different rhythms in the long first dance after intermission it was really ah, they had a very strong sense of who they were with each other in the dance and I thought that was, very ah, gripping. That was part of what was so captivating about it.

Not tonight.

I liked it very much.

I really like Paula Ravitz's work a whole bunch.

Umm, it was really good—I was most impressed with the musician playing percussion.

Running Time I liked it alot.

cont'd p. 18

provoking. The work is further smothered by the obviousness of the satire, such as the dancers running in place while shouting words like "searing" and "pulsating" or bending around each other to muffle their voices in various parts of each other's anatomy to recite half sentences like, "a woman's naked knee". It's also sometimes difficult to tell if the work is meant to refute a stereotype, or simply replace it with another.

Nomi Cohen has choreographed a new work for Dancemakers and it was premiered at this workshop as well. Entitled *Sequenza And A Few Words*, the piece is choreographed to an abstract, modernistic work in voice by Luciano Berio, entitled *Sequenza*, and composed for the singer, Berberian. The sounds are piercing and unpredictable; short sentences repeated staccato, trills, laughs, quick notes, short cries and wails, and the music is impossible to ignore or adjust to. The movement is equally unusual.

Sequenza And A Few Words is a mathematical work for five dancers, shifting through unified movement for five, then two and three, then three and two, then four and one, and back to five again in a constant cycle. The movement is in short phrases arranged in sequences that swiftly alter from dancer to dancer, each phrase moving through sequence occurrence and number in a cycle of its own. The sculpture of movement like shifting, flashing lights is fascinating, and the intricate choreography is demanding of both the dancers and the audience.

The dancers hop in place, arms bent to the side and stiff hands bent into their armpits, they roll their hands around each other in a swift circle, shake them as if shaking off water, balance on one leg while moving the other and that side's arm slowly forward from behind, making small circles with the moving foot and hand. A couple stands in siloette at the back, lifting and letting fall one knee on a mimed string. All stand in line, facing the audience, holding their hands in front of them as if about to open a huge jar, and jerk downstage in short hops. Pat Fraser floats by in soaring stag leaps while behind her the others slowly turn and then one by one follow her. Couples stand back to back, alternately wrapping the arm and leg of one side and then the other around the person behind them, while Allan James moves to one side in a twist-foot shuffle that leads into a short solo. In the end, in the jar-opening line, the dancers collapse over their pelvises, and stand limply, bent over with arms dangling.

Throughout it all, strong moods and emotional meanings arise, sink back, and reemerge with a slightly different texture. Feelings of effort, frustration, confusion, assertion, and determination are scintillatingly expressed in the abstract movement. *Sequenza And A Few Words* left me with the impression that I had watched

some silvery tropical fish weaving its way, now slowly, now swiftly, through an obstacle course of coral to a final destination, perhaps home.

There were also two works in progress performed at this workshop; *Album*, choreographed by Peggy Baker, and an untitled work choreographed by Anna Blewchamp. The work by Anna Blewchamp will apparently not be performed again, which is unfortunate, considering that knowing a work of hers will never be seen again is like knowing that someone destroyed the Sistine Chapel.

It's good to see Dancemakers back. The technical proficiency of the company is high, in some cases aweinspiringly so, and, even more notably, the works they perform are well-adapted to that level of proficiency. The company also gives out a strong feeling of unity and focus among themselves in their performances. It's good to see Keith Urban dancing again, too. After a break of ten years, the way he moves is like a chinook across the prairies.

6 DEC. '77

Roy Greenspan

Ball of strings. Concatenation of line. Jennifer Mascall, dancing:

Given: that this is the summative, eclectic age. We are given by JM gathered jottings from a sketchpad of the body. An hour's measure (via an oven-timer) of this articulate, alert, absorptive mover.

Some sources: Quick-time tap, yes Tap! taptap. Slight Aikido-borrowed gestures. The mime of a Pierrot, and the dress. The Tharpian gathered collapse. And more

And more primal and her own. The matter of it all might be balance, or its memory. But never still, never held up. Because: PERCEPTION NEVER STOPS.....

This gestural graffiti swirls before us. Cool, but not in the cold geometries of the recently viewed S. Rudner. JM spares us that didacticism. She is busy going on, impelled forward by the shifting image that is the body.

SEX THINK

Elizabeth Chitty

Sex as thinking not doing. Sex as self—1'.

I started thinking of myself as a feminist when I was very young. One of the significant priorities of feminist politics for me is that women can assert their sexuality in a more aware way than has often been historically possible.

It was a shock when I felt branded as a sexist by Carolyn Shaffer's piece presented Dec. 18 in Dance Works/Improvisations V. The piece was great, the most strongly focused work

Carolyn's done I thought. She started by reading from my review of Charlotte Hildebrand's piece in *Spill*—"This was a real tit piece. One gesture was putting a hand on one breast and the other hand on crotch. But I couldn't help noticing tits anyway because I've never seen such a diverse array as these four pairs.", and slowly and methodically ripped the paper into strips. She then read from Jonathan Bannerman's review of Brenda Nielson at the previous DW/I performance from *Spill* #7—"The striptease halfway through Brenda Nielson's *Structured Improvisation* was mildly interesting, considering what she had to work with. However, they were the high points of the piece."—and Peter Dudar's article in the same issue regarding Charlotte's piece—"The most entertaining aspect of the piece was that a couple of the dancers with bigger tits than your standard dance model... tended to bounce quite a bit when they got moving—but we're not supposed to notice this."—and ripped up that issue too. She then stuffed the bits of paper down the front of her leotard and banged her over-size breasts on the floor, against the guitarist, John Oughton, etc., shook them, executed some arabesques. It was awfully funny.

I felt terrible. Ironically, I had berated Jonathan for sexism earlier and here I was in the same boat. I was shattered. Later I told Carolyn that I felt misquoted and out of context. Gee whiz, I noticed the tits and reported on my honest observations in a straightforward, uninsidious way. What's the matter? I like tits. I've got them too. Tits are terrific. Someone later said they found the use of the word "tits" offensive, but I say "tits" more often than "breasts" in conversation and that's how I wrote.

Anyhow, I got very worked up. Now as a feminist—certainly it's disgusting sexism to perceive women only in terms of anatomy. But it's equally disgusting to ignore it, to deny women their bodies and sexuality by being too fragile about the former example of sexism. I hate the certain tendency in some feminist thinking that leads to anti-sex. No thank-you. It may be a political route for some, but the recognition of women as total people not as adjuncts to men must exist on all levels including sexuality.

Talking or writing about a sexual aspect of a person does not necessarily preclude the rest of that person. And on the other side, behaving/talking/writing sexually doesn't necessarily place one in the role of sexual object. I know there was a time when I shunned provocative dress to not risk placing myself in that role but eventually realized that red garter belts weren't just for someone else to get their rocks off but for my own rocks thanks.

I have recently been involved in some performances akin to your average sex object type. The first one was a topless erotic dance in Margaret Dragu's *Black*

cont'd p. 18

Velvetine last May at Cafe Soho. Did I have a good time! Then I performed as a provocative punk evil T-isotope in a sci-fi play at Soho on Hallowe'en. Interspersed throughout my piece *Extreme Skin*, were movements semiotic to the extreme, derived from sherdades, semaphore, and also positions blatantly expressive of physical power then sexuality. And lastly, at a recent Dancers' Ball, I performed a rather sadistic sexual dance with florescent large screwdriver under the name of Demo Model. I'm intellectually interested in sexual performance because it is the ultimate form of theatrical manipulation, something I've always consciously avoided in my work. I'm unintellectually interested in it because it turns me on.

I like to watch strippers for the same reasons. One very important criteria for a good stripper is that she enjoy and be in control of her own sexuality. Most women one sees in a strip bar are of the oppressed sex object variety. It's awful. But sometimes, you see a woman who is no more a passive object than any other performer. I see a great deal of dance "art" which is based on sexual manipulation in a more insidious, pretend-you-don't-see-this way than the honest sexual expression of strippers.

The peculiar footnote to some of this is the sadistic part. I acknowledge that the T-isotope and Demo Model were quite S. Hmm, I'm not S, gentleness and raunchiness are qualities I would personally attribute to sex but not S or M. I wonder why I would behave S when performing sexually? Is it the accentuated theatrical version of raunchy? Is it a residue of the ugly which has been attached to sex in our society? There's certainly no denying that S/M references abound in the art scene these days and punk certainly relies on them. But it's heavy on the theatrics. My mother once expressed concern to me about me walking around at night with those punk rockers around (she must have been watching CP TV) and wondered why I laughed. The adoption by middle-class artists of violent behaviour traditionally perceived as working-class involves an rejection of middle-class values that is essentially theatrical.

As the evening of Dec. 18 progressed at a party and my ire and enthusiasm for the issue mounted, I ended up getting called a pu x dyke in a derogatory tone ...by a gay male.!!

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cont'd from p. 16

I loved it.

I'm too prejudiced

I'm not too familiar with this type of dance, I really don't. It's just that I, I loved the pavement very much it's dynamic, & of course my daughter was in it, so,, I loved it all the more

I really liked it. I was in it.

It's really frustrating to watch with all the pillars there but I enjoyed what I saw.

It's like first year York University.

Well, my part, I was just a little shaky, I felt it's the music I think we played faster than we usually do there was a section we repeated that we never had before so it was surprising—I think the dancers were too slow

It was a pleasant surprise for my work & I think it was ok for I what I did and didn't do for them (that's the dancers the them of the word) but technically speaking it went ok and I'm going to come back tomorrow night.

It was nice so many people came

There was a deliberate serious attempt to explore things & to show them to the audience in a very open way. I liked that in addition to being conceptual it was also very physical, very physical—music was used in a nice way I enjoyed Michael Baker's score

I don't know much about this generation of dance but it seemed a bit like the Toronto Dance Theatre at the Edward Johnson

I found the music better than the dance. The dance got in the way of the music.

cont'd from p. 15

been appointed Chairmen of Humanities and Arts and their populist sympathies guarantee that 20% of the grants will go to the 50 State Arts Councils to use as they please, to stimulate culture where none exists and fulfill the government obligation to provide everyone with access to the arts. New legislation permits the use of contributions to the Arts and Humanities as tax checkoffs, such funds reverting to State Councils to be distributed in amounts proportionate to the original contributions in the source areas of the donations...

The Politician as Legislator has determined a cultural policy which the critic, Kramer, describes as the incarnation of one of de Tocquville's worst fears for Democracy in America — the increase in the number of consumers, the decrease in the number of "fastidious" consumers; an increase in the volume of artistic production, the decrease in the merit of each production. But he ignores the fact that art has never had a free will — it all depends who holds "the cards" and deals the deck.

Jennifer Oille

PARIS cont'd from p. 3

Mikhail Baryshnikov.

Funding here is as difficult as in Canada, perhaps more so. Something like one percent of the national budget is designated for culture and the tiny slice of that allotted for dance goes mostly to the Opera. There are subsidies for dance conservatories, as well as for five large companies affiliated with national theatres and twelve smaller groups receive assistance. Who receives, and what amount is a well kept secret.

My "informed source" on this was La Federation de la Danse, France's answer to Dance in Canada. Its purposes are similar though they don't appear as well organized.

As does Dance in Canada, they disperse information via a magazine and provide access to books, films, documents and mailing lists. Occasionally they organize and finance workshops and once a year they send a French company on a tour of the country. They arrange examinations for diplomas in pedagogique and technique, provide names of teachers on request for workshops, and have a system of insurance covering classes for students and schools belonging to the Federation.

To my knowledge they don't hold a dance conference though there does exist an equivalent of Dance in Canada's marathon performance. Once a year a suburb of Paris sponsors a large choreographic competition with amateur and professional divisions, the four winners in each receiving prize money. Many of the participating companies are asked to perform in theatres or do workshops as a result of their appearance at the competition.

Theatres in Paris are of course expensive to rent. There are several general arts festivals however that invite young Paris companies and usually single foreign touring performers. For example, the Centre Culturel du Marais was linked with the Festival d'Automne that brought in Wilson and they ran the series of Post Modern Dance that included Dunn and Childs. The centre also organizes their own spring festival that includes local dance companies. Their space is an incredible sunken square gladiator's pit ringed on high by spectators.

Most companies must perform in the suburbs to try and escape expensive rates, though a few manage to hire some of the smaller theatres, renovated cinemas or larger cafe theatres. The Maison de Jeunesse et de la Culture where Ernst and Carole Eder performed has a good space and last spring they held an all encompassing two day festival of local modern dance. Literally everyone involved in "modern" was given their fifteen minutes or so.

In a very general way that just about covers everything, it reads like the annual report of some large corporation but I think the idea is there.

cont'd from p. 7

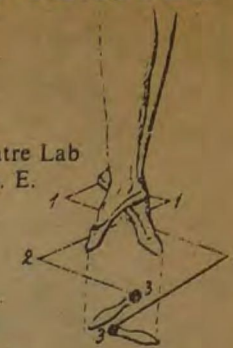
mutually attainable in the very differences: that some men can love the qualities in a woman which are not in men. Ironically the man with whom I first learned this did not respect women. My alliances were confused as he played me against other women: Never have I been so miserable in jealousy. Only when I recognized her embarrassment by his attentions did the network of manipulation become clear. When I recognized his potential for feeling guilt I was able to quit him, although he had already left. Weakness and confusion can be such an ugly marriage. Six years later he unexpectedly phoned me at four in the morning. He said he hoped I would be flattered by the call. I was too tired and quite curious to bring attention to the insult. Then I was struck with the anxiety of being conned by a monkey from the past. I was terrified of the thought of seeing him. Fortunately he was in another city three thousand miles away.

Some men I've met are afraid of the unfamiliar traits unique to women and interreact to bring out the male qualities in a woman, suppressing the feminine. My father and grandfather were this way. My uncle similarly, although with more flair. A few socialists with whom I've exchanged ideas are. And others. My regard for them is not indirect, most are assholes. But I suspect their fear extends to their recognition of the degradation attached to a woman's worth. It's disgusting. I see that I've been shit on by my own culture because of my biology and contradictory socialization. I watch other women betray themselves by their own shitting. My mother never betrayed her femininity. My grandmother did. I love them both. All I ever got out of all this shit was bad manners. Some people say we burp alot because we are dancers.

In a similar relation that ideological sources share with the techniques of communication, standards of judgement are derived from the method of evaluation. It has been pointed out that science and reality are an act of Will. Castaneda and Einstein have shown this; that all we have are our own cultural forms and habits—the cultural personality. This why I can't hate movies and modern dance, monkeys that they are. These are successful for me when I delight in the forms and associations. What stimulates me is the freedom of the relationship to the ideas and sensations. Encounters and departures are alienating when linearly perceived—to see the multi-dimensional in a tangent.

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8 pm February 12, 1978 \$2.50

cont'd from p. 8

Johanna started a multiple flash strobe light (\$39.95 Radio Shack zenon bulb). this was set to a rate to illuminate a lack of periodicity in my walking.

I stopped, close to the audience & began clapping slowly, once per second, matched by the rate of the strobe. We accelerated together. the light would freeze only one instant of the arc of the

cont'd from p. 7

new works" by Anna Blewchamp, Gloria Grant, James Kudelka, and David Hatch Walker until January 28 at the St. Paul's Centre...The Club continues at the T.W.P. Theatre... George F. Walker's *Beyond Mozambique* is back at the Factory Theatre Lab (864-9971)...every Wednesday is Yuk Yuk night at 519 Church St. (531-1609)...the new year eve's wed Mimi Beck and Don MacMillan are at A Space January 20 and 21...Janice Hladki and Johanna Householder present the last weekend of dance lives! on February 3 and 4, 8 p.m., Space (964-3627)...Montreal's *Entre-Six* dance christen the newly opened Young People's Theatre Centre with their performances Jan. 25-31... Paul Gaulin Mime Theatre are now doing a two week Ontario tour and N.D.W.T.'s production of *Wacousta!* will reach T.O. in April after their busy Ontario tour...Toronto Free Theatre are getting ready for the *Brides of Dracula*...Toronto Dance Theatre are now in the midst of their Western Canada Tour...those huggable *Hummers* are doing their tricks weekends downstairs at A Space throughout February...Donald Himes is preparing *Babar* for Niagara-on-the-Lake, Hamilton and Toronto performances...the next Ontario Regional Meeting of Dance in Canada is Wednesday, February 8, 7:30-9:30 p.m. at St. Paul's Centre, 121 Avenue Rd....the film *Tales of Hoffman* will be shown on February 9 at the Ontario Film Theatre at the Science Centre...the Toronto Film Centre (Co-op) (366-

hands coming together, so, if the strobe & clapping were synchronized the hands would be seen as frozen positionally while the clapping continued. or the hands would slowly converge to the sound of rapid clapping if the synch was slightly out. when I reached my maximum rate I stopped, leaving my hands in the air until Johanna stopped the light.

3005) is hosting a series of panel seminars on January 21 and 22 at the Chelsea Inn for performers, called *The Film Industry's Approach to Acting...* Open Circle Theatre's (967-6584) *Splendour and Death of Joaquin Murieth* by Chilean poet Pablo Neruda plays from February 10 to March 12 at St. Paul's Centre...the du Maurier Council for the Performing Arts (598-4222) is accepting applications from performing arts organizations until February 10...another *Passe Muraille* Seed Show, *The Midnight Opera* plays late shows only January 28-February 5 at 10:30 p.m. at the Tarragon (531-1827) ...Phoenix Theatre (922-7835) present Pinter's *Old Times* until February 26... the A Space *Videocabaret Artists' Series* on Thursdays at 8:30 continues with Walter Lacosta (Jan. 19), Harvey Chao (Jan. 26), John Watt (Feb. 2), Jan Murray (Feb. 9), Terry McGlade (Feb. 16), Susan Britton (Feb. 23) and Lawrence and Miriam Adams (March 9)...Michel Tremblay's *Saint Carmen of the Main* directed by André Brassard with a cast of fifteen (including La Dragu) continues at the Tarragon (531-1827) until February 26...the newly renovated and expanded facility 15 *Dance Lab* is hosting a *Dance/Ontario Benefit* on Sunday, February 12 at 2:30 p.m., events include video, performances by "guest" choreographers, and refreshments—suggested donation \$5.00—bon appetit...*Dance Works/Improvisations VI* is at The Music Gallery, Feb. 12, 8:00 p.m., \$2.50.

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