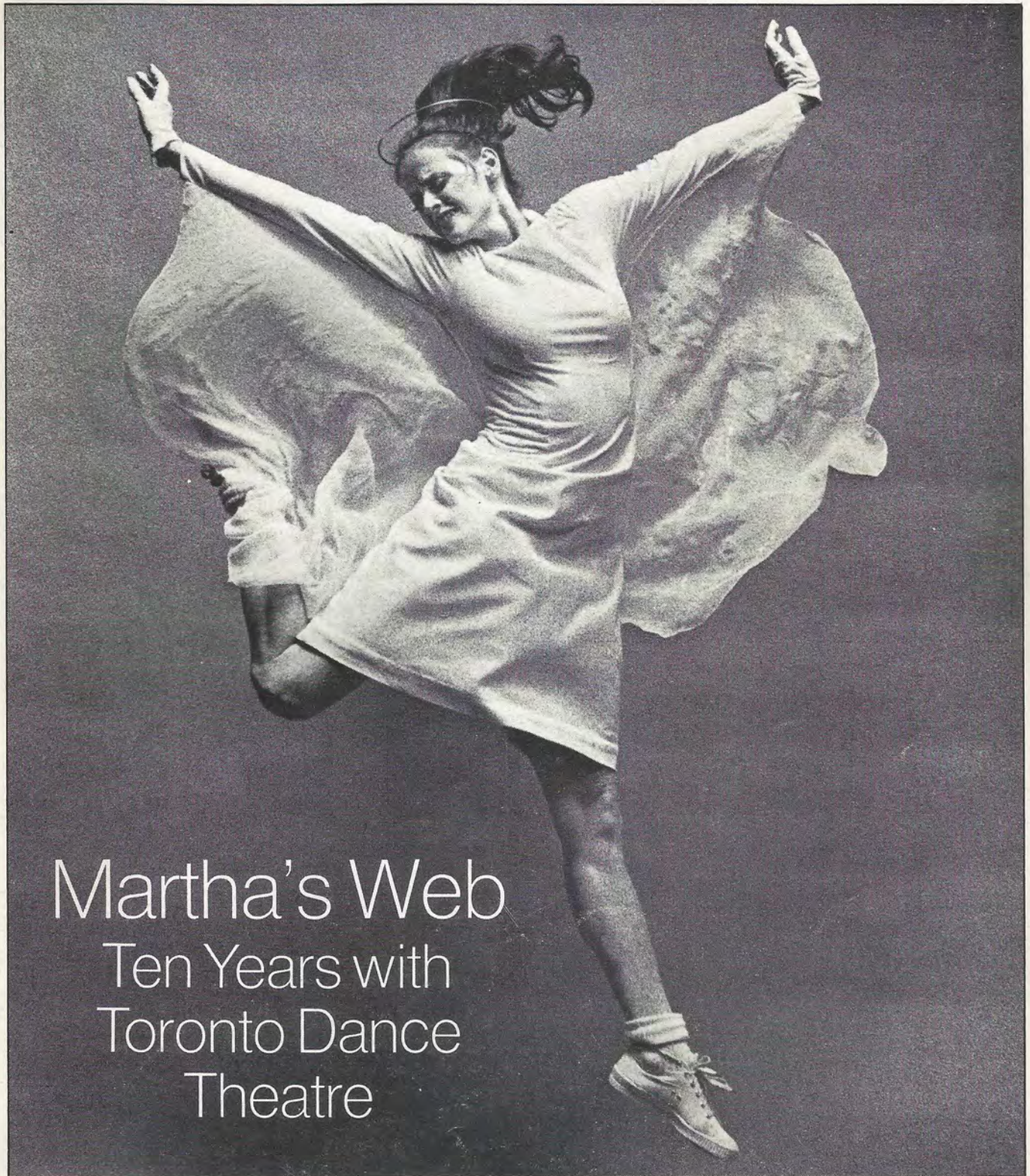


# Dance in Canada au Danse



Martha's Web  
Ten Years with  
Toronto Dance  
Theatre

 **Marley Floors  
International Ltd**

**W. G. McMAHON LTD.,**  
P. O. Box 639,  
Winnipeg, Manitoba,  
R3C 2K6.  
Tel. (204) 633-1020



## What do all the following have in common?

Koninkelijke Vlaamse Opera, Antwerp, Belgium.  
N.O.S. Televisie, Hilversum, Holland. Oslo Ballet Kompani, Norway.  
Opernhaus, Zurich, Switzerland.  
The Royal Opera House & Sadlers Wells Theatre, London, England.  
The National Arts Centre, Ottawa, Canada. Toronto Dance Theatre, Toronto, Canada.  
The Dance Theatre of Harlem, New York.

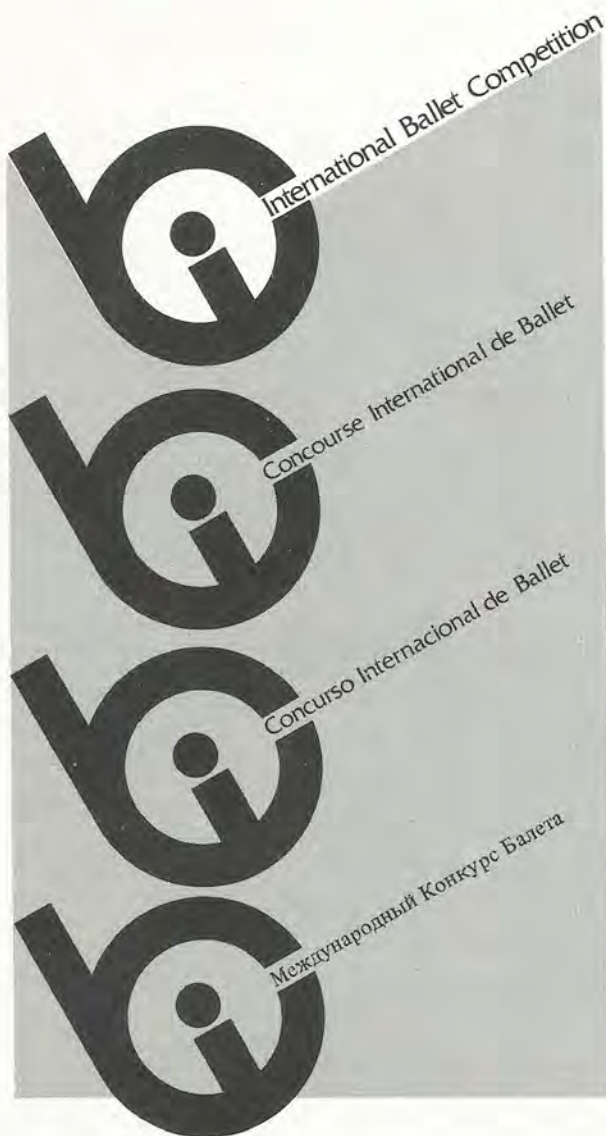
## Marley Stage Flooring

The completely unique reversible (black or white) sheet flooring which has been designed for all dance, opera and theatrical applications.

Made from fully-flexible vinyl, it will not tear or crack and the surface has a matt slip-resistant finish.

Stage Flooring is light and easy to transport - ideal for tour companies!

From Chicago to San Antonio, Los Angeles to Brooklyn, Washington to Florida, Louisiana to Vancouver and Houston to Springfield, the orders have come flooding in. Contact W. G. McMahon Ltd., the Commercial and Domestic Flooring Specialists, for a quotation and free sample.



Announcing the First  
United States Sponsored  
**International  
Ballet Competition**  
June 11-23, 1979,  
Jackson, Mississippi

\$50,000 in prize money and scholarships

Applications and additional information  
available from

International Ballet Competition, Inc.  
1300 Arch Street  
Philadelphia, PA 19107

Open to students and professionals ages 13-25

## Dance in Canada

ISSUE NUMBER 18  
WINTER 1978-79 HIVER

### Martha's Web

TEN YEARS WITH TORONTO DANCE THEATRE  
Graham Jackson

### A Whirler's Tale

TOURNESOL AMONG THE DERVISHES  
Ernst and Carole Eder

### Ashton and the Canadians

DAVID VAUGHAN

NORMAN CAMPBELL AND LA FILLE

### Lost Dreams

DONALD MACSWEEN AND DANCE  
AT THE NATIONAL ARTS CENTRE  
Hilary McLaughlin

TRAINING THE DANCER: VI

### Understanding Arm Placement

A SKELETAL APPROACH  
Rhonda Ryman

### Conference '78

A SENSE OF DIRECTION  
Kevin Singen

IN REVIEW

NOTICEBOARD

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EDITOR: Michael Crabb

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: Holly Small

BUSINESS MANAGER: Nikki Abraham

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT: Joanne McLeish

DESIGN: Dreadnaught

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Ministry of Culture and Recreation, Ontario  
The Canada Council  
BC Cultural Fund

Cover: Nancy Ferguson of Toronto Dance Theatre in Peter Randazzo's *L'Assassin Menace*.  
Photograph by Frank Richards.

PHOTO CREDITS

Elaine Bowman, p. 3; Andrew Okenham, p. 4; Art Gallery of Ontario, p. 5; Lynda Middleton,  
p. 8; Barry Gray, p. 12, 13, 14; Michael Crabb, p. 21, 23; Robert Barnett, p. 24;  
Varman, p. 26; Charles Kennard, 28. Diagrams, p. 18 & 19 David Antscherl;  
Sketch, p. 33; Mary Kerr.

*Dance in Canada* is published quarterly in  
Toronto, Canada by *Dance in Canada Association*.

The publication *Dance in Canada* is included  
with membership in *Dance in Canada Association*.

*Dance in Canada Association* is registered as  
charitable organization number 00441-  
22-13. Donations are tax deductible.

The views expressed in the articles in this  
publication are not necessarily those of *Dance  
in Canada*. The publication is not responsible  
for the return of unsolicited material unless  
accompanied by a stamped self-addressed  
envelope.

*Dance in Canada* publishes in the language of  
origin, English or French. We will be returning  
to our complete bilingual format whenever  
funds become available.

Subscription: \$7.50 per year. Single copy  
\$2.00.

All rights reserved. No part of this publica-  
tion may be reproduced without prior written  
permission of the individual contributor and  
the *Dance in Canada* magazine.

Back issues of *Dance in Canada* are available  
in microfilm from Micromedia Limited,  
Box 502, Station 'S', Toronto, Ontario  
M5M 4L8.

ISSN 0317-9737  
Second class mail registration number 03874.  
Return postage guaranteed.  
Please send notification of change of address,  
subscription orders and undeliverable copies  
to:

*Danse au Canada* est publiée trimestrielle-  
ment à Toronto, Canada par l'*Association de  
la Danse au Canada*.

L'*Association de la Danse au Canada* est  
enregistrée comme organisme bénéficiaire. Le  
numéro d'enregistrement est 00441-22-13.  
Les dons faits à l'association seront admis en  
déduction.

Les membres de l'*Association de la Danse au  
Canada* recevront d'office le revue *Danse au  
Canada*.

Les opinions exprimées dans les articles de  
cette publication ne sont pas obligatoirement  
celles de *Danse au Canada*.

Le rédaction n'assume aucune responsabilité  
quant au renvoi de matériel non sollicité, à  
moins que celui-ci ne soit accompagné d'une  
enveloppe-réponse affranchie et adressée.

*Danse au Canada* publie les articles dans leur  
langue d'origine, anglais ou français. Nous  
retournerons à notre formule bilingue dès que  
nous disposerons des fonds nécessaires.

Abonnement: \$7.50 par an. Prix du numéro:  
\$2.00.

Tous droits réservés. Il est défendu de repro-  
duire toute partie de cette publication sans  
avoir préalablement obtenu le consentement  
écrit de tout auteur et de la revue *Danse au  
Canada*.

Pour recevoir les vieux numéros de *Danse au  
Canada* en microfilm, adressez-vous à Mic-  
romedia Limited, Box 502,  
Station 'S', Toronto, Ontario M5M 4L8.

ISSN 0317-9737  
Le numéro recommandé de la poste deuxième  
classe 03874.

Le frais d'envoi payé.  
S'il vous plaît faites parvenir votre change-  
ment d'adresse, les abonnements et les  
numéros non livrés à:

**Dance in Canada/Danse au Canada**

100 Richmond Street East, Suite 325, Toronto, M5C 2P9

# The Dance Shop

VANCOUVER, B.C.  
926 West Broadway  
Tel: 604-733-6116

CALGARY, Alberta  
2000 Haddon Road S.W.  
Tel: 403-255-4767

Dance wear and theatrical supplies

# The National Ballet of Canada

Founder, Celia Franca

Artistic Director, Alexander Grant    Administrator, Gerry Eldred

Musical Director, George Crum



## THE NUTCRACKER

An enchanting Christmas fairytale  
for the entire family.

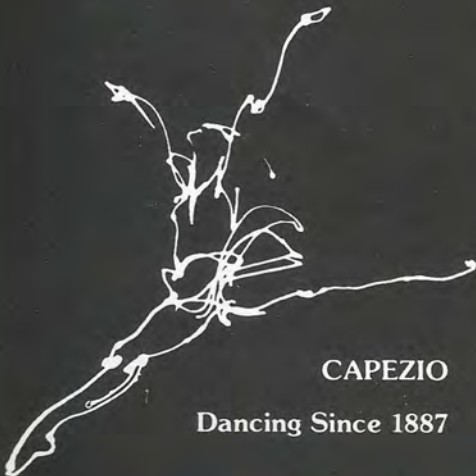
December 19-30, O'Keefe Centre

Matinee and Evening Performances

Watch out for The National Ballet's major spring season  
at The O'Keefe Centre, February 8 to March 10, 1979!

For further information:

The National Ballet of Canada, 157 King Street, East,  
Toronto, Ontario. M5C 1G9 (416) 362-1041.



CAPEZIO

Dancing Since 1887

Graham Jackson

# Martha's Web

## Ten Years with Toronto Dance Theatre

Peter Randazzo in *The Last Act*

### Prologue

In 1970, Toronto Dance Theatre was just a name to me. That summer I got a job as a clerk in the Yorkville Library, the one at the corner of Yonge and Yorkville Avenue. Yorkville was then not the homogenized neighbourhood it is today and being suburban-raised, I was seduced by its kaleidoscopic charms. Two boys who sold framed prints and antique clothes further down Yonge lived on the corner; and a man named Lyle who had a heavy black moustache—long before such were de rigueur—ran his own design firm in the block of shops across from the library; and long-necked girls attended a studio opposite the firehall non-demonstratively called Boris Volkoff's. Although I didn't know it then, there was another studio just around the corner on Cumberland over an autobody shop (which is now the Pilot Tavern) where they gave a different kind of dance lesson, where the girls didn't wear blocked shoes or neat buns.

Some time after I started to work, I encountered Patricia Beatty flying about the library, picking books off the shelf, with the kind of flamboyance that makes dour little library souls cringe, and counselling a very tall young man (Barry Smith) in a voice that managed even to wake the bums sprawled over the ancient wooden reading tables. A few minutes later, I knew her name and her vocation.

As she swept out, I think I realized that I had recently seen one of her dances, *First Music*. Whether or not I made all the connections then—memory does play tricks—that visit was the start of my association with TDT. Henceforth the company would be a point of reference to me, its dancers and directors figures in a personal landscape that would take in love affairs, growing political awareness,

and the incredible physical, social and cultural changes of the city itself: Toronto.

---

1968-69 *Che Guevara* is playing at TWP ... I discover the poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay ... David Earle's *A Thread of Sand* offends Toronto the Christian ... *Hair* begins previews at the Alex...

---

TDT is born. Officially, that is.

In 1967, Patricia Beatty's New Dance Group of Canada had given a premiere concert at the Ryerson Theatre. Amelia Itcush, Barry Smith, and Donald Himes performed as company members. David Earle and Peter Randazzo took part as guests. That was the real beginning—or was it?

Earle and Himes and Susan Macpherson had all danced with Yone Kviety's Laban-based dance company in the early sixties. And then, a few years later while Earle and Macpherson were studying Graham in New York, Honest Ed considered sponsoring a modern dance company that would be co-directed by Beatty, just returned from five years with Pearl Lang, Nadia Pavlychenko (in her pre-stressed Graham days), and National Ballet escapee, Lilian Jarvis. Its failure to materialize led to the forming of the New Dance Group.

The first performance was not a happy collaboration. Randazzo and Beatty didn't get along. Randazzo returned to the Graham company and Earle went to England to help Robert Cohan organize the fledgling London Contemporary Dance Theatre.

In the spring of '68, however, Earle and Randazzo gave a concert of their works at Toronto Workshop Productions.

A highly successful concert, ravingly misunderstood by the critics and devoured by a dance-starved public. But there was still another, or maybe two more transatlantic crossings before TDT existed officially.

According to legend, commitment to a Toronto-based dance group moulded in the Graham tradition was made in a bus between Liverpool and London, when Earle asked Randazzo, 'What will we call it?', and Randazzo replied elementarily: 'Toronto Dance Theatre.' They caught the legendary plane for the timid frontier. Patricia Beatty whose New Dance Group had been inactive since its first concert was there to greet them.

In December '68, three Monday night dance concerts were presented at TWP. Beatty, Randazzo, and Earle were listed in the programme as artistic directors and principal choreographers. Amelia Itcush, Barry Smith, Keith Urban, and Susan Macpherson were among the dancers. Then the following spring, another concert was given at the MacMillan Theatre. *That* clinched it. TDT was born. Officially.

1970 Renovations begin on Yorkville... The Stones' *Let It Bleed* is the hot album... Just retired prima, Lois Smith opens a ballet school on Front Street...

1970 ... I see Peter Randazzo in black leather on the corner of Cumberland and Yonge; he has a transistor radio glued to his ear...

I'm going to see my first TDT concert, (*First Music*, *Operetta*, *I Had Two Sons*, and *A Thread of Sand*). It's summer and although skin isn't yet fashionable in a city nicknamed The Good, there seems to be a lot of it in the lobby at the St. Lawrence Centre. I notice, too, several people who come regularly to the library I'm working in, the university types – intellectual, Jewish – and the exotics, girls with high cheek bones and tropical flowers in their hair, men with capes and elaborate drawls. This is the audience I'll see at every TDT concert for the next three or four years.

My friend Monique points out a young man she thinks handsome. He wears a blue bandanna around his neck and his teeth are very white in his tanned face. He seems to be on intimate terms with everyone; I wonder whether he's a dancer, too, or one of the dancer's boyfriends, or – what? Two years later I discover his name is Joel and he has spent time in New York imbibing the atmosphere of Frank O'Hara and that coterie of poets I hate. At first I can't connect O'Hara with TDT and then I realize it's TDT's New York origins that appeal to Joel. And to the others, a provocativeness they – hell, I – call 'New York' because T.O. has never seen its like before.

1971...TDT moves to Lombard Street; there's no bathroom but lots of light... I'm reading Françoise Sagan, and judging from her *Rhapsody in the Late Afternoon*, I'd say Patricia Beatty has been too...

*Rhapsody* is definitely the work of an *enfant terrible*. Its melon-coloured skirts, its lacy white lawn furniture, its sentimental string score, its filigree arms, are at once self-indulgent and satirical. But does Beatty realize this? In her mind, which has the edge – the soap opera or the satire?



Nancy Ferguson and Ricardo Abreut in *Rhapsody in the Late Afternoon*

Last year I wasn't sure what she wanted to say with *Hot and Cold Heroes* either, probably because her deliberate attempts at humour – the picnic, the man with the broom – seemed so much less joyful than the actual exchanges between the dance's laid-back protagonists. Neither *Rhapsody* nor *Heroes* seems fully realized to me – at least the elements of balance and contrast are awkward – but their awkwardness is part of their considerable charm.

The works of the three artistic directors are primarily responsible for TDT's 'image' with the public, an image usually described as intellectual, serious, probing – well, anyway, hardly light entertainment. Beatty's contribution to that image includes *First Music*, *Study for a Song in the Distance*, and *Against Sleep* (and later *The Reprieve*).

*Sleep* is going to be a classic TDT work, I think, revealing as it does Beatty's gut feelings about male-female relationships. These are interesting feelings; she sees an eternal battle going on (even in the cat-like frisking of *Heroes*), but it's not your usual battle of the sexes. For one thing the woman is on equal (or better) footing with the man; she can be as aggressive or violent as he and she can be gentle. Those deep squats in second I see in *Sleep* are both commanding and vulnerable, the arms both weapon and shield. To her credit, Beatty's men can be delicate and tender, too; they're not just wooden soldiers. In *Sleep* and *Heroes*, she reveals men's potential androgyny, defining exactly the strength it lends them.

What *Rhapsody* offers is a wry commentary on all this. Its twin heroines, mirroring one another's movements, also point up how important Beatty's body is in the making of her dances. (Is this true of all choreographers?). You don't



Patricia Beatty and David Earle

notice the Grahamisms in her work the way you do in Earle and Randazzo's because her own body doesn't suit them as well; rather her body's expressive needs create the more rounded, fleshy movements that I've come to identify with her. Even when you see someone else dancing the heroines of *Rhapsody* or *First Music*, even a dancer as individual as Susan Macpherson, you see Beatty first. Hers may not always be an easy presence to accommodate because it's so egocentric (as Beatty herself shows she knows in *Rhapsody*), but like her dances, it's rich with latent possibilities.

1972... An acquaintance tells me he once had tea at David Earle and Peter Randazzo's. Earle appeared to be highly enamoured of a new clear glass tea set and Randazzo spent the whole time reading from a Braun appliances catalogue...

*The Last Act* ... is about the death of a king. Maybe an historical king like Richard II or a literary king like Shakespeare's Richard II. Or maybe the king is a great tragedian who sees himself as the result of all the kingly roles he has ever played. Despite its melodramatic and violent subject, this dance of death contains the stillness of perpetual night, a stillness that strikes me as oriental. There is certainly something about Randazzo's face as he dances that resembles a series of Noh masks: the emotions appear and freeze on it without the subtle Western psychological shifts between them.

The oriental stillness of *The Last Act* – or *Starscape* or next year's *A Walk in Time* – is, of course, only one side of

Randazzo's personality. The Randazzo we usually see is quick, resilient, possibly a bit threatening. This persona often reveals itself in contracted jumps, incorporating a saucy kick or slide; such combinations contain a streetfighter's cocky defensiveness and a Kung Fu artist's mordant wit.

It's Randazzo's personality permeating his dances (even when he's not dancing in them) that people respond to. About the subjects of his dances, they're less sure. Some works such as *Continuum* and *Starscape*, which use a deliberately small range of movement, have become popular as hypnotic space-age rites. *Figure in the Pit* will likewise prove popular, even though it has a literary source: Poe's *The Pit and the Pendulum*. Generally speaking, those of his dances which possess a 'narrative line' are slighted; people don't recognize the strong ritual element they also possess. Perhaps it's just that they're both too specific and not specific enough; they're murky, treading the line precariously between good drama and cosmic profundity.

Still, these dances intrigue me. I like tracing patterns in the 'narratives' (just as I like watching for repeated movement motifs). Like the choric way Randazzo deploys his women; or the way he uses a quartet of dancers in which one is invariably The Outsider or The Intruder. *Dark of Moon* features this balance; *Amber Garden*, too. Sometimes The Other is an object, like the room in *Three-Sided Room*. It's a strangely satisfying balance structurally, one which gives Randazzo's dances some of their mystery.

Unfortunately Randazzo will be scared off doing any more symbolic dance-dramas (*Nighthawks*, or 'Peter's Revenge' as it's affectionately called aside) by an uncomprehending Press which levels inane epithets like 'psychological heavy' against his work; he'll retreat behind the frivolity of *L'Assassin Menace* and *A Simple Melody*. Neither of these though will ever erase from my memory the horror-movie terror of a *Figure in the Pit* or the silent desperation of *The Last Act*.

1973 ... Béjart comes ... Kainanaugustyn wins a medal in Moscow ... I'm back at the Yorkville Library with a diploma in library science ... Renovations on Yorkville are complete ... I wonder if the message the women are trying to relay to one another in *Three-Sided Room* is erotic...

*Three-Sided Room* is among the top five pieces in TDT's rep. It has a lovely score by Milton Barnes and gorgeous moody costumes by Astrid Janson. Best of all, it's a great vehicle for the company's women.

Funny, but when I think of TDT as dancers, I think immediately of the women: Trish, Susan, Amelia, Helen, Kathryn, Merle. Some see Barry Smith as the archetypal TDT dancer, but he's all wrong for it, I think. Granted, he has a kind of magnetism, a cold, almost feline way of organizing his body in space that has attracted a devoted female following. Still, what he dances isn't Graham. In fact, he makes the Graham vocabulary seem excessively mannered. I sense an emotional short circuit there, too; I see a blankness not unlike what you get on many a baby ballerina's face.

TDT's women are on another current entirely. And their

high voltage intensity certainly contributes to the company's 'heavy' image. (Five years later, former Graham dancer, Bertram Ross, on seeing TDT perform for the first time, will describe a new crop of TDT women as 'possessed'.)

Helen Jones is the most popular right now, probably because people can see she's had ballet training; she helps to bridge an uncomfortable distance for an audience not quite sure it likes 'modern dance' yet. Merle Salsberg is more unusual, a prickly presence, and Kathryn Brown has a defiant, angry way of moving. But it's Susan and Amelia who really say TDT to me. Facially similar, their spare, planed figures reveal deco lines without the constraint deco suggests. Dancing, they remind me of photos of early Graham dancers come to life – with that special difference, the unnameable difference that makes TDT more than the heir of a rich tradition.

---

1974 ... TDT moves again – to the Finnish Community Centre on Broadview – with Marie Marchowsky, a Graham alumna, as co-director of the school ... Out of the blue, my friend RK tells me he used to take classes from Patricia Beatty at TDT ... The National Ballet with Nureyev's hambone assistance disfigures José Limón's *The Moor's Pavane* ... I finally see the Cretan-inspired *Atlantis* ...

---

Of *Atlantis*' many beauties, Bob Daigneault's eerie sound collage is particularly effective. After listening to years of Ann Southam's abstract electronic scores, I find Daigneault more sentimental, less cerebral somehow. Still, I won't forget Southam's score for *Against Sleep* – what a blood-chilling score that was, – or for Randazzo's own blood-chilling *Figure in the Pit* – she has always seemed especially sensitive to Randazzo's kinetic language, his wit, his violence ...

... No matter how many beauties *Atlantis* possesses, it and everything else TDT dances is razed by London's dance critics during a summer season at the hallowed Sadler's Wells Theatre. London ballet aficionados (there's no such thing as an all-round dance lover in London) feel the Wells is defiled by TDT's presence and one man upbraids Peter Randazzo for daring to appropriate Margot Fonteyn's old dressing room ...

... Back home the company's name is mud. The Press sneers, but that's not really unusual; the Press has seldom made an effort to accept TDT on its own terms. More disheartening is the betrayal by TDT's old faithfuls: 'They're not doing anything new. It's just the same old stuff', they complain, as though a dance technique were something like a hat or an automobile that you could exchange for a new model every year. Maybe what they want is someone like this Twyla Tharp who has been working with the Joffrey Ballet: she uses dance vocabularies willy-nilly without committing herself to any.

---

1975 ... Peter Randazzo's *L'Assassin Menace*, based on a painting of Magritte's, wins the approval of John Fraser, the *Globe and Mail's* dance reporter ... It's David Earle's turn for abuse now ... I'm startled to find Edna St. Vincent Millay's poems being used in *Field of Dreams* ...

There's a flat in the neighbourhood of the University of Toronto that bears the marks of David Earle's habitation. A wall painted cerulean blue is scudded with white clouds. From the chair opposite you have the feeling you're staring up at the dome of some rococo church. The effect is decorative, lyrical, and almost religiously sentimental. The same could be said of many of Earle's choreographies. Of the movement especially – the lush reach of the arms, the sweep of skirts into attitudes, the slow, sensuous falls to the shoulder, the Mannerist groupings, all tremble with feeling and a plea for reciprocal feeling from those who watch.

Earle has confessed a love of things past. He consumes French history and the minutiae of French court life, its poisons and scandals and love affairs – *Portrait* was his frankest *billetdoux* to baroque France. He is drawn to other eras, other lands, too: the unprepossessing, arid Holy Land, as recalled in the tormented mind's eye of an aged and nearly blind Mary Magdalene; or America in the throes of Civil War, seen through the vivid dreams of the women left tending the homefires.

Earle never tries to paint a realistic picture however; instead he filters his chosen settings through the intensely personal perspectives of the people who inhabit his dances. In *Field of Dreams*, the filtering leaves us with a canvas simultaneously evocative of its American setting, chiefly in the dance language and the Millay poems; and European, in the decors and mood of the movement. We accept it nevertheless because it registers very strongly on our own dream consciousness.

Some accept it, I should say. After praising Earle's light-headed dances for years (*Operetta*, *Bugs*, *Ray Charles Suite*), John Fraser has damned *Field* roundly, insisting that only Earle's psychiatrist could tell for sure what it's all about. What it's about, of course, is women's sexual fantasies. Sexuality has played an important role in most of Earle's dances – usually, and not surprisingly, in historic costume. History has allowed some to distance themselves from the sexual implications in Earle's work, as Fraser obviously did last year when he raved about *Atlantis* without tut-tutting the blatant eroticism of the hetero- and homosexual love duets; and it has also seduced others by the exoticism of its landscapes into accepting an exploration of sexuality they might otherwise not have. Possibly these 'others' contain the seeds of Earle's personal faith already or they couldn't be so easily seduced, for Earle's dances are uncompromising, as uncompromising as Bernini's St. Theresa, in the journey of sexual-cum-spiritual self-discovery.

People haven't been so polarized about Earle's work since the newspapers wore lurid headlines like 'Dance Depicts Christ's Sex Life' in 1969 when *A Thread of Sand* first appeared. With its images of necrophilia, masochism, and homosexual orgy, *Field* proves if nothing else that

---

1976 ... Marchowsky has left, claiming TDT teaches a travesty of Graham, and that she will teach *The Real Thing* ... Peter Randazzo spends nights walking the streets in search of evidence for *Nighthawks* ... Dancemakers, Judy Jarvis join with TDT and their guests, Dan Grossman and Kathryn Brown, for the first Toronto Dance Festival ...



# Dance Canada Danse

1 year subscription  Abonnement d'un an: \$7.50  
 2 year subscription  Abonnement de 2 ans: \$14.00  
 Libraries  Bibliothèques: \$12.00  
 (please add \$2.00 for subscription outside Canada.  
 Prière d'ajouter \$2.00 pour les abonnements  
 en dehors du Canada)

Name/Nom

Address/Adresse

Please find enclosed my cheque/money order made payable to Dance in Canada  Veuillez trouver ci-inclus mon cheque/mandat-poste, payable a Danse au Canada  
 Please bill me  Veuillez me facturer

This magazine is included with membership in the Dance in Canada Association. Cette revue est fournie gratuitement aux membres de l'Association de la Danse au Canada

Dance in Canada/Danse au Canada  
 100 Richmond Street East, Suite 325,  
 Toronto Ontario Canada M5C 2P9  
 Telephone (416) 368-4793

high voltage intensity certainly con-  
 pany's 'heavy' image. (Five years la-  
 dancer, Bertram Ross, on seeing TDT  
 time, will describe a new crop  
 'possessed'.)

Helen Jones is the most popular  
 because people can see she's had ball  
 to bridge an uncomfortable distance  
 quite sure it likes 'modern dance' y  
 more unusual, a prickly presence, an  
 a defiant, angry way of moving. But i  
 who really say TDT to me. Facially  
 planed figures reveal deco lines wi  
 deco suggests. Dancing, they remi  
 early Graham dancers come to life -  
 ference, the unnameable difference t  
 than the heir of a rich tradition.

1974 ... TDT moves again - to the  
 Centre on Broadview - with Ma  
 Graham alumna, as co-director of the school ... Out of  
 the blue, my friend RK tells me he used to take classes  
 from Patricia Beatty at TDT ... The National Ballet with  
 Nureyev's hambone assistance disfigures José Limon's  
*The Moor's Pavane* ... I finally see the Cretan-inspired  
*Atlantis* ...

Of *Atlantis*' many beauties, Bob Daigneault's eerie sound  
 collage is particularly effective. After listening to years  
 of Ann Southam's abstract electronic scores, I find Daig-  
 neault more sentimental, less cerebral somehow. Still, I  
 won't forget Southam's score for *Against Sleep* - what a  
 blood-chilling score that was, - or for Randazzo's own  
 blood-chilling *Figure in the Pit* - she has always seemed  
 especially sensitive to Randazzo's kinetic language, his wit,  
 his violence ...

... No matter how many beauties *Atlantis* possesses, it and  
 everything else TDT dances is razed by London's dance  
 critics during a summer season at the hallowed Sadler's  
 Wells Theatre. London ballet aficionados (there's no such  
 thing as an all-round dance lover in London) feel the Wells  
 is defiled by TDT's presence and one man upbraids Peter  
 Randazzo for daring to appropriate Margot Fonteyn's old  
 dressing room ...

... Back home the company's name is mud. The Press  
 sneers, but that's not really unusual; the Press has seldom  
 made an effort to accept TDT on its own terms. More  
 disheartening is the betrayal by TDT's old faithfuls:  
 'They're not doing anything new. It's just the same old  
 stuff', they complain, as though a dance technique were  
 something like a hat or an automobile that you could  
 exchange for a new model every year. Maybe what they  
 want is someone like this Twyla Tharp who has been  
 working with the Joffrey Ballet: she uses dance voca-  
 bularies willy-nilly without committing herself to any.

1975 ... Peter Randazzo's *L'Assassin Menace*, based on a  
 painting of Magritte's, wins the approval of John Fraser,  
 the Globe and Mail's dance reporter ... It's David Earle's  
 turn for abuse now ... I'm startled to find Edna St. Vincent  
 Millay's poems being used in *Field of Dreams* ...

Earle never tries to paint a realistic picture however;  
 instead he filters his chosen settings through the intensely  
 personal perspectives of the people who inhabit his dances.  
 In *Field of Dreams*, the filtering leaves us with a canvas  
 simultaneously evocative of its American setting, chiefly in  
 the dance language and the Millay poems; and European  
 in the decors and mood of the movement. We accept it  
 nevertheless because it registers very strongly on our own  
 dream consciousness.

Some accept it, I should say. After praising Earle's  
 light-headed dances for years (*Operetta*, *Bugs*, *Ray*,  
*Charles Suite*), John Fraser has damned *Field* roundly,  
 insisting that only Earle's psychiatrist could tell for sure  
 what it's all about. What it's about, of course, is women's  
 sexual fantasies. Sexuality has played an important role in  
 most of Earle's dances - usually, and not surprisingly, in  
 historic costume. History has allowed some to distance  
 themselves from the sexual implications in Earle's work,  
 as Fraser obviously did last year when he raved about  
*Atlantis* without tut-tutting the blatant eroticism of the  
 hetero- and homosexual love duets; and it has also seduced  
 others by the exoticism of its landscapes into accepting an  
 exploration of sexuality they might otherwise not have.  
 Possibly these 'others' contain the seeds of Earle's personal  
 faith already or they couldn't be so easily seduced, for  
 Earle's dances are uncompromising, as uncompromising  
 as Bernini's St. Theresa, in the journey of sexual-cum-  
 spiritual self-discovery.

People haven't been so polarized about Earle's work  
 since the newspapers wore lurid headlines like 'Dance  
 Depicts Christ's Sex Life' in 1969 when *A Thread of Sand*  
 first appeared. With its images of necrophilia, masochism,  
 and homosexual orgy, *Field* proves if nothing else that

1976 ... Marchowsky has left, claiming TDT teaches a  
 travesty of Graham, and that she will teach *The Real*  
*Thing* ... Peter Randazzo spends nights walking the streets  
 in search of evidence for *Nighthawks* ... Dancemakers  
 Judy Jarvis join with TDT and their guests, Danny  
 Grossman and Kathryn Brown, for the first Toronto  
 Dance Festival ...

Business  
Reply Mail  
No Postage Stamp  
Necessary if mailed  
in Canada  
Postage will be paid by



A

## Dance in Canada 100 Richmond Street East, Suite 325 Toronto Canada M5C 9Z9

akers and the Eders of Alberta's

gift of money come new studios: the  
inity Centre (once a church), in the  
chi Cabbagetown. The restoration-  
ood is anxious lest TDT remove the  
dows during remodelling. Well, if  
in scarlet, blue, and gold light, it can  
ts days above the autobody shop on  
lation.

es dances a maniacal von Rothbart  
n of *Swan Lake, Act II* ... Yorkville  
midway for Latin chic ... Former  
tic Norrey Drummond, asks Peter  
*in the Pit* as a rep piece for her  
k University ... The second Toronto  
le Salsberg is back ...

... amazes you because the eyes, the body,  
don't really see you: they look in. It may be his Cree  
heritage that gives his dancing this almost mystic quality.  
The Festival also gives me the opportunity to see a lot of  
Danny Grossman's work. (I like the humaner pieces, such  
as *Parade*, best.) He has been working with TDT on and off  
for three years now. Although the association has been a  
mutually satisfying one, they have never really influenced  
one another's work. Grossman has consciously sought a  
unique movement vocabulary honouring no one, while  
TDT has continued to honour the Graham sensibility. I  
suspect the Festival is the beginning of the end of  
Grossman's association with TDT.

1977 ... The Jean-Harlowish Sara Pettit, the original Lady  
in Green in *Nighthawks*, leaves for New York; I won't see  
her drinking coffee anymore in the Lothian Mews ... The  
Eaton Centre opens ... Charles Flanders does an amazing  
turn as a geisha preparing to commit hara kiri at TDT's first  
open choreographic workshop ... The National Ballet  
adds yet another Ashton ballet to its colonial repertoire ...  
*Mythos* premieres ... Patricia Beatty hasn't danced for a  
year ...

I've just seen the Graham company live for the first time.  
The old films of Martha doing *Appalachian Spring* and  
Mary Hinkson and Bertram Ross in *Seraphic Dialogue* are  
amazing, but, in the flesh, the dances are a revelation.  
What a powerful language it is – the ecstatic contracted  
jumps, the sensuous rolls to the ground, the exotic, shell-  
like palms silently echoing the body's message! I'm very  
conscious of the joyous sexuality in the movement; I don't  
sense body/soul dichotomies. And I come away with a  
better understanding of where TDT came from.

Speaking of origins, the school of TDT has just received a  
grant from the Canada Council; it's the first modern dance  
school to be so blessed. With Donald Himes, then as now,  
principal, the school started life as an adjunct of  
the New Dance Group. For 12 years, it has continued to  
offer courses at all levels of Graham technique and has  
not only trained dancers for TDT's use (some like Dennis  
Highway from scratch), but has also trained most of

time in a month I've seen Patricia  
Beatty eating lunch with Amelia Itcush at that little café  
in the Charles Street Promenade. I used to see Earle and  
Randazzo breakfasting here, too. Beatty isn't preparing for  
the season at the Royal Alex everybody's making such a  
fuss about. (Mirvish's gesture is perfectly timed, they all  
coo; I say it's an afterthought.) Will she ever dance again? –  
that's the question. She still teaches occasionally of course,  
but most of her time now is devoted to poetry – reading  
and writing.

Her friend, Amelia, is a mother. Although she doesn't  
perform anymore, Graham is also a part of her life: she's  
on the staff of the National Ballet School where she  
demonstrates the essentials of Graham technique to  
aspiring – and blinkered – Veronica Tennants.

1979 ... TDT is 10 and a bit ... I'm reading Proust ... A  
gala season is held at the St. Lawrence Centre in April:  
Patricia Beatty takes part; Merle triggers a flood of  
memories doing her old role in *L'Assassin Menace*; and the  
new apprentices, Grace Miyagawa, Karen Duplisea, and  
Jeannie Teillet dance like fallen angels ... With its birthday  
celebrations behind it, TDT heads for Europe again ... I'm  
only part way through the Proust ...

There will be more to say. No doubt.

Earle is at least the company's bravest choreographer. And I don't mean that facetiously.

Administered by TDT, the five-week Festival draws good crowds, especially considering all the brouhaha being created over the National Ballet's twenty-fifth anniversary. TDT is on stage for the last three weeks and, predictably, there are some surprises.

It's good to see how well *Continuum*, *First Music*, and *Boat, River, Moon* have stood up. It's good to see Kathryn Brown dancing with the company again – she never should have left. And it's good – no, great – to notice the emergence of a couple of new dancers from the background.

Claudia Moore, long of limb – gangling, almost – shows her ballet training everywhere, but she's no ballerina: she has too much passion for that. She's on her way to becoming a Graham heroine, a St. Joan maybe. In *Angelic Visitation #1* and *Nighthawks*, she reveals the two complementary sides of her nature: the fragile and the demonic.

Dennis Highway dances in another world. He has a way of focusing that unnerves you because the eyes, the body, don't really see you: they look in. It may be his Cree heritage that gives his dancing this almost mystic quality. The Festival also gives me the opportunity to see a lot of Danny Grossman's work. (I like the humaner pieces, such as *Fratelli*, best.) He has been working with TDT on and off for three years now. Although the association has been a mutually satisfying one, they have never really influenced one another's work. Grossman has consciously sought a unique movement vocabulary honouring no one, while TDT has continued to honour the Graham sensibility. I suspect the Festival is the beginning of the end of Grossman's association with TDT.

---

1977 ... The Jean-Harlowish Sara Pettit, the original Lady in Green in *Nighthawks*, leaves for New York; I won't see her drinking coffee anymore in the Lothian Mews ... The Eaton Centre opens ... Charles Flanders does an amazing turn as a geisha preparing to commit hara kiri at TDT's first open choreographic workshop ... The National Ballet adds yet another Ashton ballet to its colonial repertoire ... *Mythos* premieres ... Patricia Beatty hasn't danced for a year ...

---

I've just seen the Graham company live for the first time. The old films of Martha doing *Appalachian Spring* and Mary Hinkson and Bertram Ross in *Seraphic Dialogue* are amazing, but, in the flesh, the dances are a revelation. What a powerful language it is – the ecstatic contracted jumps, the sensuous rolls to the ground, the exotic, shell-like palms silently echoing the body's message! I'm very conscious of the joyous sexuality in the movement; I don't sense body/soul dichotomies. And I come away with a better understanding of where TDT came from.

Speaking of origins, the school of TDT has just received a grant from the Canada Council; it's the first modern dance school to be so blessed. With Donald Himes, then as now, principal, the school started life as an adjunct of the New Dance Group. For 12 years, it has continued to offer courses at all levels of Graham technique and has not only trained dancers for TDT's use (some like Dennis Highway from scratch), but has also trained most of

the current Dancemakers and the Eders of Alberta's Tournesol.

To complement this gift of money come new studios: the old Don Vale Community Centre (once a church), in the heart of Toronto's chichi Cabbagetown. The restoration-conscious neighbourhood is anxious lest TDT remove the old stained glass windows during remodelling. Well, if TDT, is forced to work in scarlet, blue, and gold light, it can always think back to its days above the autobody shop on Cumberland for consolation.

---

1978 ... Donald Himes dances a maniacal von Rothbart in Lois Smith's version of *Swan Lake, Act II* ... Yorkville Avenue has become a midway for Latin chic ... Former TDT dancer, the athletic Norrey Drummond, asks Peter Randazzo for *Figure in the Pit* as a rep piece for her Graham course at York University ... The second Toronto Dance Festival ... Merle Salsberg is back ...

---

July. It's the second time in a month I've seen Patricia Beatty eating lunch with Amelia Itcush at that little café in the Charles Street Promenade. I used to see Earle and Randazzo breakfasting here, too. Beatty isn't preparing for the season at the Royal Alex everybody's making such a fuss about. (Mirvish's gesture is perfectly timed, they all coo; I say it's an afterthought.) Will she ever dance again? – that's the question. She still teaches occasionally of course, but most of her time now is devoted to poetry – reading and writing.

Her friend, Amelia, is a mother. Although she doesn't perform anymore, Graham is also a part of her life: she's on the staff of the National Ballet School where she demonstrates the essentials of Graham technique to aspiring – and blinkered – Veronica Tennants.

---

1979 ... TDT is 10 and a bit ... I'm reading Proust ... A gala season is held at the St. Lawrence Centre in April: Patricia Beatty takes part; Merle triggers a flood of memories doing her old role in *L'Assassin Menace*; and the new apprentices, Grace Miyagawa, Karen Duplisea, and Jeannie Teillet dance like fallen angels ... With its birthday celebrations behind it, TDT heads for Europe again ... I'm only part way through the Proust ...

---

There will be more to say. No doubt.



Susan Macpherson

She's rehearsing a new solo created for her by Christopher Bannerman. As I watch, I feel that I have been watching her dance for years – and, of course, I have. My earliest memories of TDT involve images of her; at my first TDT concert, in fact, she danced the ingenue in Patricia Beatty's breathless *First Music*. I remember being struck then by her height, the severe lines of her body, her inscrutability, and as she dances the Bannerman solo, I am struck all over again by them. Nothing has changed; everything has changed. She is at the peak of her powers.

Toronto born and raised, she began her dance training at the age of four with ballet teacher Mildred Wickson. Years later at the University of Toronto, she studied 'movement' with Yone Kviety's at that monument to fifties functionalism, the Benson Building. Not long after she joined Kviety's classes at the Hebrew Y, where she first met David Earle. Soon she was dancing in Kviety's company.

The company, one of Canada's pioneer modern dance groups, folded the following year, but by then she was exploring Graham technique in summer visits to New York. 1965 found her living there in a fifth floor walkup belonging to Danny Grossman; she was a scholarship student at the Graham school and costume mistress for Mary Anthony. Throughout this period her friendship continued with David Earle who was also studying Graham in New York, and when he went to England to co-direct LCDT, she went, too. In fact, she danced in one of Earle's first works there, a eulogy for Lady Jane Grey called *Witness to Innocence*.

In 1968, she returned to Canada to nurse self-doubts, but Fate

didn't allow her much time for introspection. Earle had come back, too, and he and Peter Randazzo were putting together a programme of their works; they invited her to join them.

In 1968, she returned to Canada to nurse self-doubts, but Fate didn't allow her much time for introspection. Earle had come back, too, and he and Peter Randazzo were putting together a programme of their works; they invited her to join them. After the concert, she headed to New York to take up Graham again. But once more Fate intervened: a second invitation came from Earle and Randazzo, this one to join the newly formed Toronto Dance Theatre, as performer, teacher, and costume designer.

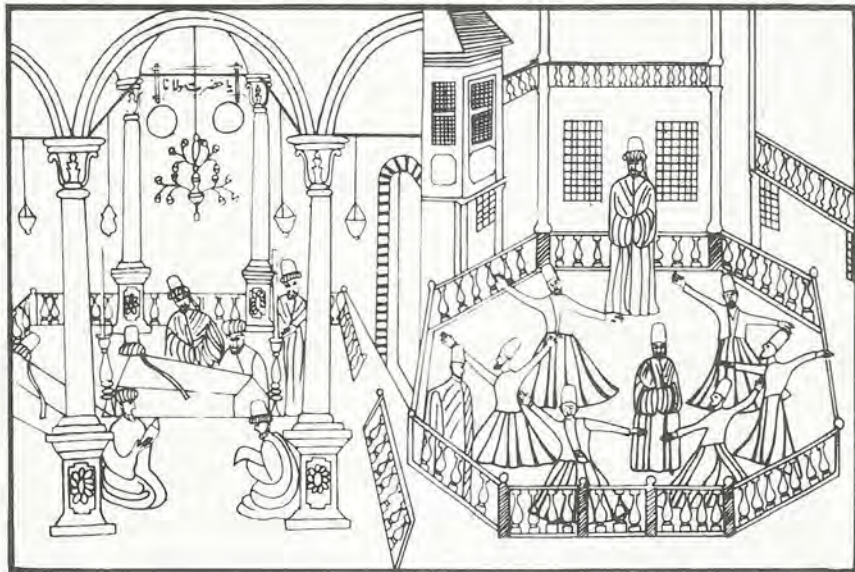
Looking back over the roles she has danced, it's easy to pick out the ones she has really made her own: in *Amber Garden*, *Mythic Journey*, *Mythos*. Each of these roles demands an imposing, sculptural presence rather than a lacy, lyrical one. Of all the roles created for her though, the solo *Chant for a Beggar Queen* by TDT's resident accompanist Ricardo Abreut is perhaps ideal. It emphasizes her sculptural qualities and brings out that scent of secret she wears so conspicuously about her. In a stylized Egyptian costume (of her own design), she physically resembles the great Nefertiti. Like her, too, she is only part woman; the other part is myth.

These days she's preparing a programme of solos she wants to perform next year. (Besides the Bannerman, she has commissioned works from Peter Sparling and Robert Cohan.) In order to keep growing with TDT, she needs this sort of challenge. She needs to stretch; she deserves to stretch. Ten years – a TDT without Randazzo, Earle, or Beatty would be as likely as a TDT without Susan Macpherson.

Ernst and Carole Eder

# A Whirler's Tale

## Tourneol Among the Dervishes



Our fascination with the motions of spinning and repetition came about three years ago when Ernst, one morning in the studio, began whirling non-stop. The physical and mental awareness he experienced led to deeper involvement and further experimentation, resulting in two choreographies: *Phaedra* – a 20-minute whirling dance and *Ricochet* – a 45-minute study on the prolonged effects of ancestral movements, repetition and spinning.

From audience feedback, we learned of the existence of 'Whirling Dervishes' or Mevlevi, a thirteenth-century Turkish religious order who used dance and music as a means of prayer. We followed their work through books and photographs. Their philosophy, 'the turn is the reunion of the dervish with the cosmic order' intrigued us. Dance the key to universal consciousness? Attempting to experience this 'reunion' through dervish literature left us uninspired.

Fact or allusion? On December 7 1977, we arrived in Konya, Turkey, the city where, 700 years before, the poet and mystic Mevlana Jalalu'ddin Rumi, founded the order of Whirling Dervishes.

Geographically we had travelled east some 14,000 kilometers; man-made definitions put us nine hours ahead of our western counterparts – but we arrived into another century. We felt the same numbing cold of winter but saw and heard a zillion things that made us realize we had, oddly enough, transcended time.

Economically and politically, a poor, confused country, Turkey is nevertheless laden with tradition and a rich culture. Religious and political fervour border on the fanatic; violence is the rule not the exception; death and

dying so much a part of living. We were shocked to be confronted with the immediacy of a sometimes painful struggle to survive on just a day-to-day basis. Present time is the only time; past and future just illusions. In contrast, the modern western world lives in suspended time, living and planning everything in future perspective.

In 1925, Ataturk, the founder of 'modern day' Turkey, abolished all dervish practices, accusing the order of magic, myth and sorcery. Today, there is no recognized Mevlevi order of dervishes. The tomb of Mevlana has been transformed into a museum and since become a place of pilgrimage for his devotees, though prayer and whirling are forbidden. Severe verbal chastisement by guards was witnessed whenever even silent prayers were attempted.

Fortunately the *sema*, or whirling dance, has been reborn in Konya and takes place each December. Unfortunately, the doings of lesser men have wrought unavoidable change. The dervishes whirl barefoot no longer; praying while whirling is forbidden; the place of celebration and worship is now a high school gymnasium. At the entrance hawkers charm you with their wares: books, records, gold pins and small table lamps on top of which plastic dervishes actually turn! But the essence of the ceremony remains, as it has for centuries, unchanged, evoking in the dervish spiritual ecstasy and awareness on a most high plane.

For the observers, a subtler transformation took place. All notions of time disappeared. Through watching this constant motion of turning and turning and turning, one became visually and rhythmically mesmerized by the infinite spiral of energy from both earth and sky. One's

whole spiritual and physical being felt washed, cleansed, purified.

Despite being witness to this incredible demonstration of man's oneness with the universe, contradictions prevailed. Camera crews sent in from Belgium, Austria and Japan succeeded in disturbing almost everyone. Tourism officials seemed delighted by this disrespect. However, a great many locals prayed throughout the entire ceremony. Women donned scarves and wept. Our curiosity increased. What did this ceremony and the Mevlevi way of life really mean to the people of Konya, of Turkey, and to the dervishes themselves?

Communication became a problem. Armed with language books and a pocket dictionary, we traversed the country twice, seeking out anyone who might be willing to share his or her ideas, beliefs and disbeliefs concerning Mevlana and his teachings. In two months we mastered basic Turkish. What we learned and finally became aware of through our travels left us with many more questions and a lingering sadness.

Physically situated at the crossroads between east and west, Asia and Europe, Turkey and its people are now living through an incredibly difficult and trying time of adaptation and adjustment, from centuries-old customs to the inevitable modern influences the western world has wrought upon them. Its people are drastically divided. Many completely negate their strong heritage; others stubbornly and at times blindly follow traditional paths with an almost maniacal intensity. The final outcome?

We can only sense that, thanks in part to the efforts of the Turkish Ministry of Tourism, the annual Mevlevi ceremony will become an increasingly commercial one or disappear altogether from public view.

As for the dervishes themselves, those lofty mortals diligently searching for balance and spiritual strength, they

will remain always, perhaps hidden from us, but continually striving to achieve reunion with all creation.

This experience pushed us in so many ways to reexamine our approach to dance and life as dance artists. At long last came moments of quiet meditation. For those who've committed themselves to long-term involvement, dance can be, at times, a most painful thing. Initially spurred on by creative challenge and physical satisfaction, the realities and pressures of management, grant-giving agencies, public relations and dance politics can be disillusioning. Ours was all of these, but the biggest culprit was the inevitable *planning*: tours, performances, workshops plotted so far in advance that our dance became a marathon with time, a serious and rigidly choreographed dance, the very contradiction, the very negation of our philosophy and reason for being. Man never ceases to box himself in, like one of those caged hamsters madly racing along an empty plastic reel, going nowhere. Serious thoughts of leaving it all behind recurred:

*going on means going far  
going far means returning  
(tao te ching)*

Going on, we couldn't negate our dervish experience, the essence of the 'turn', its very energy and influence, and similar though rare moments in dance which we'd already experienced. Our meeting with the old world was a valuable lesson and a much needed respite.

It's been eight months now; and we are back in Edmonton dancing. There are many fresh ideas and a new-found affirmation, growing involvement. Just as the dervish whirls to affirm his place in the order of things, so too, our dance is that search for a seemingly unreachable perfection.

## join us for our 10th anniversary season



Founded in Toronto in 1969 *artmagazine* is the most lively well-informed publication in the visual arts in Canada today.

### RATES

1 year (5 issues) \$12  
2 years (10 issues) \$22

Yes! I'll subscribe today!

---



---

Yes, I'll give *artmagazine* as a gift!

---



---

**artmagazine**

artmagazine, Suite 408, 234 Eglinton Ave. E., Toronto, Ontario M4P 1K5

David Vaughan

# ASHTON and the Canadians

Since 1935, when he was engaged by Ninette de Valois as resident choreographer of the then Vic-Wells Ballet, all but a handful of Frederick Ashton's ballets have been created for that company and its successor, the Royal Ballet of today. For a long time, Ashton was reluctant to allow other companies to produce these ballets, chiefly because he was too preoccupied with his work for the Royal Ballet itself, particularly in the years when he was both resident choreographer and director. In recent years, things have changed: not that Ashton himself, in his retirement, is any more eager to move about the world, but, with the adoption by the Royal Ballet of the Benesh system of notation, or choreology, it has become an easier matter to reproduce ballets. As a result, Ashton's works are now danced by companies in both Western and Eastern Europe, North America, Australia, and Africa—there is even said to be a possibility that *La Fille mal gardée* may be done by the Bolshoi.

One might have expected that the National Ballet of Canada would have included Ashton ballets in its repertory even before these became more generally available. But it seems that Celia Franca, the company's founder, did not wish to take too much advantage of what might have been considered a special relationship with the Royal Ballet. From the outset, she followed an eclectic policy in her repertory-building, perhaps to avoid making a company in the Royal Ballet's image. In the first years of the National Ballet's existence, the only Ashton work revived was *Les Rendezvous*, in a production by Peggy van Praagh.

Alexander Grant, the present director, as a favourite interpreter and close friend of Ashton, is naturally in a good position to acquire more of his ballets for the repertory, and has made a start with *La Fille mal gardée*, *The Dream*, *Monotones II* and *Les Patineurs*, to be followed, next February, by *The Two Pigeons* and *Monotones I*. Parenthetically, one may remark that these are among the most frequently revived Ashton ballets. It is significant that Ashton is still very particular about what ballets he lets other companies do. Apart from these he has released only *Façade*, *Cinderella*, *Jazz Calendar*, and now *A Wedding Bouquet*—never *Symphonic Variations*, *Daphnis and Chloe*, *Enigma Variations*, for instance, and only once *Scènes de ballet*. These ballets, he perhaps feels, 'belong' to the Royal Ballet, and would be robbed of their particular quality if widely disseminated.

It is true that the general acquisition and use of the tool

of notation, or rather, the easier availability of ballets that it allows, has its disadvantages. Nowadays there are many ballet companies, but as few really first-rate choreographers as ever—certainly not enough to allow one for every company. But it is, of course, a resident choreographer who gives a company its individual style. More and more, ballet companies all over the Western world are beginning to look alike, because they all dance the same ballets. Not only the classics, but ballets such as Van Manen's *Four Schumann Pieces*, Tetley's *Voluntaries* and MacMillan's *Concerto* show up everywhere, and it doesn't help that they don't have much character of their own, whether because they are in the post-Balanchine international style of *Concerto*, or in the homogenized blend of ballet and modern of van Manen and Tetley.

The ballets by Ashton and Balanchine that have found their way into the international repertory tend to counteract this tendency to sameness because they make such varied and particular demands on the dancers. There is more than one way to perform a masterpiece, but only one way to dance what is second- or third-rate. In Ashton and Balanchine, there is, to begin with, an irreducible level of technical accomplishment that must be met. It is not necessary to dance Ashton absolutely the way they do at the Royal Ballet, or Balanchine as they do at New York City Ballet, but you have to do the steps. In most of Ashton's ballets there is a further necessity: in *La Fille*, *The Dream* and *Two Pigeons*, he has created characters who have to be real to us if the ballets are to work. (*Monotones* is another case entirely, of course; the purest distillation of Ashton's personal classicism.)

One of the problems of reproduction by notation is that if you are not careful you come up with a kind of carbon copy of the original—the (choreographic) text is all there but the outlines are a little smudgy. Ashton has entrusted the reproduction of his ballets to very few people: principally the notators, or choreologists, Faith Worth and Christopher Newton, usually working together with ballet masters such as John Hart and that vigilant guardian of the Ashton repertory, Michael Somes. On rare occasions, Sir Frederick himself will take a few of the final rehearsals, as he did with the National's production of *Fille*, and amazes the dancers with how much of the style and spirit of the original he can convey with a few words and gestures.

For these are the things—style and spirit—that prove most elusive when ballets are reproduced by notation. However detailed the score may be, certain nuances of

Taping *La Fille*: a moment's pause

interpretation and feeling cannot be reduced to symbols and signs. The original interpreters of any Ashton ballet have the inestimable advantage of having been present at—even assisted in—the creative process, for it is well known that with Ashton this is a matter of give and take, of his 'drawing the movement out of them' (the phrase so many of them use in describing his rehearsals). Dancers who inherit the roles have to try to make them their own, which perhaps they can best do by living with them for a long time. You have to get to know Lise and Colas, Titania and Oberon, the young lovers of *Two Pigeons*, as you get to know real people.

Celia Franca, in choosing *Les Rendezvous*, may well have had in mind the important role it had, during the Vic-Wells days, in developing the young company by its demands on their technique and personality. For Ashton's ballets have a value, over and above their obvious audience appeal, as 'teaching' ballets: they set a technical standard to which young dancers may aspire, and they also call forth a sense of character, of what C.W. Beaumont used to call 'style-atmosphere.' To put it simply, dancers learn about being on stage by dancing these ballets.

One must be honest and say that the Canadian dancers are still learning their lesson. The ensemble, in *Fille*, does well enough—the men manage their series of double tours en l'air most creditably—but the corps de ballet of fairies in *The Dream* still leaves a lot to be desired. The Royal Ballet corps is the best in the world, the product of years of dancing the classics, but one sees from the Canadian production of *Bayaderka* that no such tradition yet exists there. It's too bad, incidentally, that *Les Rendezvous* is no longer in the repertory, since the corps work in that ballet would doubtless be helpful in this respect.

The National's company style is perhaps closer to that of the Royal Ballet than of, say, New York City Ballet: there is, to be sure, a strong element of North American athleticism, tempered by a certain British influence. Thus, port de bras tends to be more academically correct than we see at New York City Ballet, yet there is at times a rather disturbing choppiness of phrasing, a lack of *legato*, that



Karen Kain and Frank Augustyn

one finds at all levels of the company. One feels the lack equally in the *ballabili* of *The Dream*, the *Monotones pas de trois*, and in solo variations in *Fille*. Such qualities as *legato* phrasing and precision in both solo and ensemble work are very important to Ashton's ballets—and it may be that dancing the ballets is one way to develop these qualities.

It is sound company policy to distribute the leading roles among two or three sets of principals. In New York we have seen most of these. I am bound to say that most of them have not yet got beyond repeating, perfectly acceptably, the steps and 'business' they have been taught, to the point of really making the roles their own, with that appearance of spontaneity in performance that makes a ballet come alive. I certainly noticed a distinct improvement, a greater freedom, this past summer in Karen Kain's and Frank Augustyn's assumptions of the leading roles in *Fille*, in which I had found them a little dull a year ago, so clearly the process is taking place. I was sorry not to see Vanessa Harwood as Lise this year, since she gave such a sparkling account of it with Fernando Bujones in 1977. Peter Schaufuss, as a virtuoso, is almost *hors concours* in the National Ballet, and obviously finds Colas a very congenial role, with its references to Bournonville in some of the solos, and the sunny nature of the character itself (in tragic roles like Siegfried he tends to look more puzzled than anything else, though in Erik Bruhn's version one can hardly blame him).

The role of Widow Simone presents a particular problem for artists who don't have the music-hall, pantomime dame traditions in their blood the way the British do. But there is another, equally important aspect of the character—like all of Ashton's people, she's very





Photo: Augustyn

real, and I can't help thinking that the part works best when the dancer thinks about who this woman is, and about her essentially loving relationship with her wayward daughter. Then the comedy will come of itself. Both Jacques Gorrissen and Constantin Patsalas make very good tries at the role, yet both, I think, could pursue the course I suggest with advantage. Not surprisingly, Alexander Grant's own role of Alain comes off very well in the hands of both David Roxander and David Allan—with the latter having the slight edge in my opinion, though I prefer Roxander as Puck—since they have presumably had the benefit of his expert coaching, without in any sense copying his characterization. I do think, though, that Grant could do more in this respect with the company as a whole—after all, his expertise in Ashton's work is not confined to his own roles.

*The Dream* in general does not work so well yet. The comedy is a little too broad and again not sufficiently supported by a real exploration of character. But the ballet stands or falls by the successful interpretation of Titania and Oberon, as we saw at the Joffrey Ballet last season when Anthony Dowell made his guest appearances and transformed the whole production by his presence. Both Tennant and Harwood were disappointing as Titania; neither has mastered its technical difficulties to the point where she can convincingly portray this wild, only half-human creature. Unfortunately we did not see Kain in New York because her partner, Luc Amyôt was injured. I was surprised to find that neither Augustyn nor Schaufuss was cast as Oberon. Schaufuss is perhaps a little extravert for the role but it would be a pleasure to see him negotiate those silken skeins of pirouettes. And Augustyn surely could only gain in authority through dancing the part, as

Dowell has over the years. Oberon is a role for a first dancer, or perhaps one should say to make a first dancer into a star. Augustyn is at the point where he can make that transformation, perhaps, but neither James Kudelka nor Thomas Schramek is yet, though Kudelka makes a very intelligent shot at the acting side of the role.

Both *Fille* and *The Dream* are ensemble ballets too, in the sense that they need to be danced, and played, by people who have worked together over a long period. This has been the Royal Ballet's strength—an ensemble worthy to be ranked with the world's great acting companies. But it is important to remember that it is Ashton's ballets as much as any that have brought the company to that level. The National Ballet of Canada is lucky to stand in such a close relationship with him. As another New York critic wrote, I look forward to seeing them dance these ballets in five, ten, twenty years, and watching them grow in them.

DAVID VAUGHAN is the author of *Frederick Ashton and his Ballets*.

## 20th Anniversary of The National Ballet School

Come and celebrate with us . . . at our three day anniversary party EXPECTATIONS, a two day conference will feature internationally renowned figures from the world of dance. Vincent Tovell will chair this outstanding international dance event.

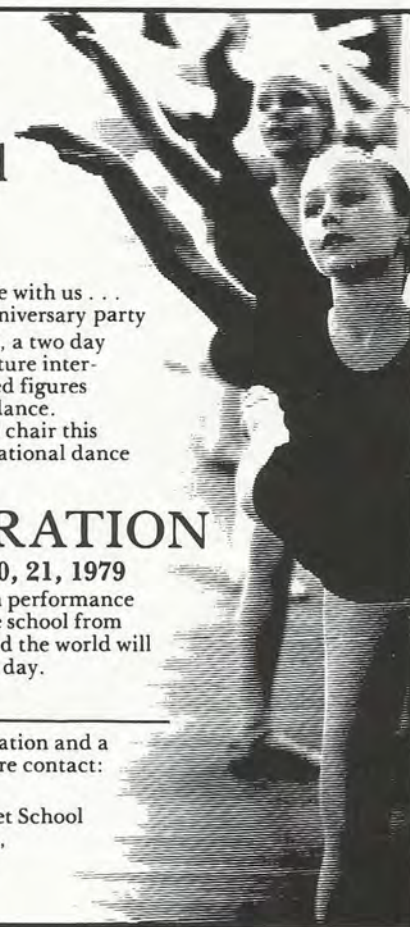
## CELEBRATION

February 19, 20, 21, 1979

Special celebration performance by graduates of the school from Canada and around the world will highlight the third day.

For further information and a conference brochure contact:

Judith Meech  
The National Ballet School  
11 Maitland Street,  
Toronto, Ontario  
(416) 964-3780



### Norman Campbell and La Fille

Norman Campbell has been televising ballet for close to a quarter of a century – not bad for someone still in his early fifties. Although Campbell's career as a television producer and director has embraced a wide range of programming, both in Canada and abroad, his first love, the thing that will undoubtedly earn him a place in the history of broadcasting, is classical music and ballet.

Since 1956, when Campbell produced his first *Swan Lake*, he has given us 14 major ballets. Two of these won Emmy awards, *Cinderella* (1970) and *The Sleeping Beauty* (1973), and the unforgettable *Romeo and Juliet* of 1965 with Earl Kraul and Veronica Tennant, then a teenager, won the prestigious Prix René Barthelmy in Monte Carlo.

On January 3, 1979, Canadian audiences will be able to watch the latest production by Norman Campbell, the National Ballet of Canada in Frederick Ashton's *La Fille mal gardée* – the most popular ballet in the National's repertoire and with its stereo sound, more than likely to become the most successful of Campbell's television ballet presentations to date. The photographs accompanying David Vaughan's article, all taken by Barry Gray, show moments of preparation and performance from the taping which went on for six days last spring in the CBC's notoriously cramped Toronto Studio Seven.

Sacrificing camera mobility for the sake of the dancers' legs and knees, Campbell provided a wooden stage above the concrete studio floor on which the designer, Robert Lawson, painted suitable patterns suggesting the paved courtyard of Act I, the cornfield, and the interior of the farmhouse from Act II. Lawson has worked with Norman Campbell on several productions and his sets for *La Fille*, inspired by the original designs of Osbert Lancaster, are a happy compromise between what live theatre audiences have grown used to and what the special limitations and techniques of television require.

Norman Campbell's television productions of ballet are, in the fullest sense, labours of love. Although the choreography is not his own, in a way Campbell becomes an adjunct choreographer as he moves his cameras and their lenses around the dancers. 'I do it for the personal charge I get from it, an important part of which is conveying my love for something to a vast audience'.



Norman Campbell on the set with Frank Augustyn

## Les BALLETS RUSSES de Montréal

Dance Institute

Director: Mikhail Berkut

Permit No: 749641 Adults & Children All Levels

**Classical Ballet**

Russian method

New Pre-Professional Programme

Scholarships by Audition

**Modern Jazz Tap Flamenco  
International Folkdance**

1231 St Catherine St W Suite 120  
Montreal H3G-1P5 Tel: 514 288-1677



# Toronto Dancewear Centre

Leader in Dance Fashions

1922 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ontario  
M5M 4A1 • (416) 782-2292

Footwear, Legwear and Bodywear  
For Dance, Theatre and Gymnastics by

**Capezio®** and *Mondor*

Hilary McLaughlin

# Lost Dreams

## Donald MacSween and Dance at the National Arts Centre

A year ago the dance community was mildly stirred by the news from Ottawa that the National Arts Centre was about to embark upon a full-blooded 'dance programme' to include not only a subscription series of dance attractions, domestic and foreign, with an administrator to organize it, but also the possibility of a resident company along the lines of the British 'Ballet for All', operated with the help of the National Ballet.

The recent budgetary cutbacks announced by Robert Andras leave the National Ballet in no position to help anyone but themselves, and the NAC is another victim of the government's austerity drive. Financial woes dominate every conversation of Donald MacSween, Director-General of the Centre, who, somewhat regretfully, has let it be known that dance is going to suffer; not so much in the reduction of programming, (although it would not do to be too optimistic here), as in the scaling down of the longer-term projects.

MacSween denies that there was actually a plan for a resident company, although he had been reported as having that as a goal, and is still prepared to say, in dreamy tones underlining his own pessimism, that it would be a great thing. 'But a dance company, unlike an orchestra, must tour to grow, and we could not undertake the length of contract, given a dance company's annual earning level, to support one'.

Given the NAC's last effort at founding a resident dance company (the 'Festival Company', headed by Brian Macdonald, in the summer of 1973), it is hardly surprising that anyone there would hesitate before rushing into another such venture. The short season, offered in conjunction with the deservedly controversial summer festival programme, was an almost total disaster, bringing the attendance percentages, beloved of bureaucrats, and income for dance down from respectable season figures to less than half during the summer. NAC spokesmen still maintain that 'artistically it wasn't bad at all', but the feature presentation, Brian Macdonald's *Starcrossed*, was to be an evily appropriate rubric and epitaph for the whole undertaking.

'What we would want to do' MacSween says, emphasizing the conditional tense, 'is augment our whole presentation of dance'. He holds that, despite the budget cuts, the NAC will present dance more effectively than in the past. This season, for the first time, there will be a subscription series (the three major Canadian ballet companies and, cautiously but ambitiously in this grouping, the Eliot Feld

Ballet). Other modern, ethnic and ballet productions will take place before Christmas, restoring some balance to the NAC offerings, given that no one danced on an NAC stage between May and mid-September. 'The National Arts Centre spends the summer concentrating on music', was the arch response of box-office personnel to any inquiries about dance during those months. MacSween, who has held his job only since April, 1977, knows his NAC history—and his arithmetic—too well to implement a dance element to the summer festival now.

A much more shattering loss than the curtailing (or denial) of plans for a company is the probability that dance will not yet have its own co-ordinator. At the moment, dance is lumped in with variety programming under the aegis of an (admittedly capable) 'administrator'; unlike the Music, Theatre and Festival departments, each of which has its own 'Director'. The difference may seem to be a bureaucratic nicety, but let there be no doubt that the NAC, with a staff of 700, is a bureaucracy whose field of endeavour happens to be the presentation of the performing arts. Granted, there are artistic reasons for 'directors'. The NAC has a resident orchestra and two theatre companies, one English, one French. As for the Festival, with its productions of operas and as much Mozart as the music moguls think Ottawans and tourists will take (less than they predicted, judging by attendance), it occupies a large cadre of the 700 for the best part of the year.

MacSween defends the decisions of his predecessors to get a music programme rolling first, (the availability of Mario Bernardi was decisive), and theatre companies next. There is nothing unreasonable in this, and the orchestra at least has earned recognition and shown steady development. Dance, MacSween implies, was next in line for attention; this would, initially at least, have taken the form of separating dance and variety and creating a job — 'the title is not important', MacSween notes — which might, for clarity's sake, be called Dance Officer; someone who, as MacSween sees it, would have organized a 'Friends of the Dance' society, initiated the subscription series and, most importantly, coordinated and planned for future seasons.

The dance officer's two principal roles would be, according to MacSween, to highlight and augment dance presentation and to introduce a dance element to the summer festival. The first of those objectives would essentially cost only a salary, but the cost of the second would be 'prohibitive'.

The NAC is attentive to quotients of Canadian content

during ten months of the year, but in July, when the music festival takes over, the chief consideration is international standards of production, although MacSween rightly points out that there are plenty of Canadians involved. To place a dance programme of the calibre to which the festival aspires into the July season would be a pricey business indeed, although 'it might be possible to have a Canadian group of dancers of the first order who are in their off-season... a choreographer might present a dance gala at some level of international excellence...'

MacSween also muses on the once and future dance officer as an animator of new ideas and approaches, such as using the Studio for a Canadian choreographers' workshop, or mounting diverse productions in some of the less familiar NAC spaces, such as the Salon or one of the terraces. 'But it is not possible at the moment to do these things'. There will be, MacSween says sadly, no dance officer in the predictable future. He denies that any offers were made to potential candidates, and emphatically denies a rumour that Grant Strate had been approached about the job.

Reflecting upon the Toronto and Montreal dance festivals this fall, MacSween notes that such a venture at the NAC would be very risky. 'We are not known as a dance location', he says.

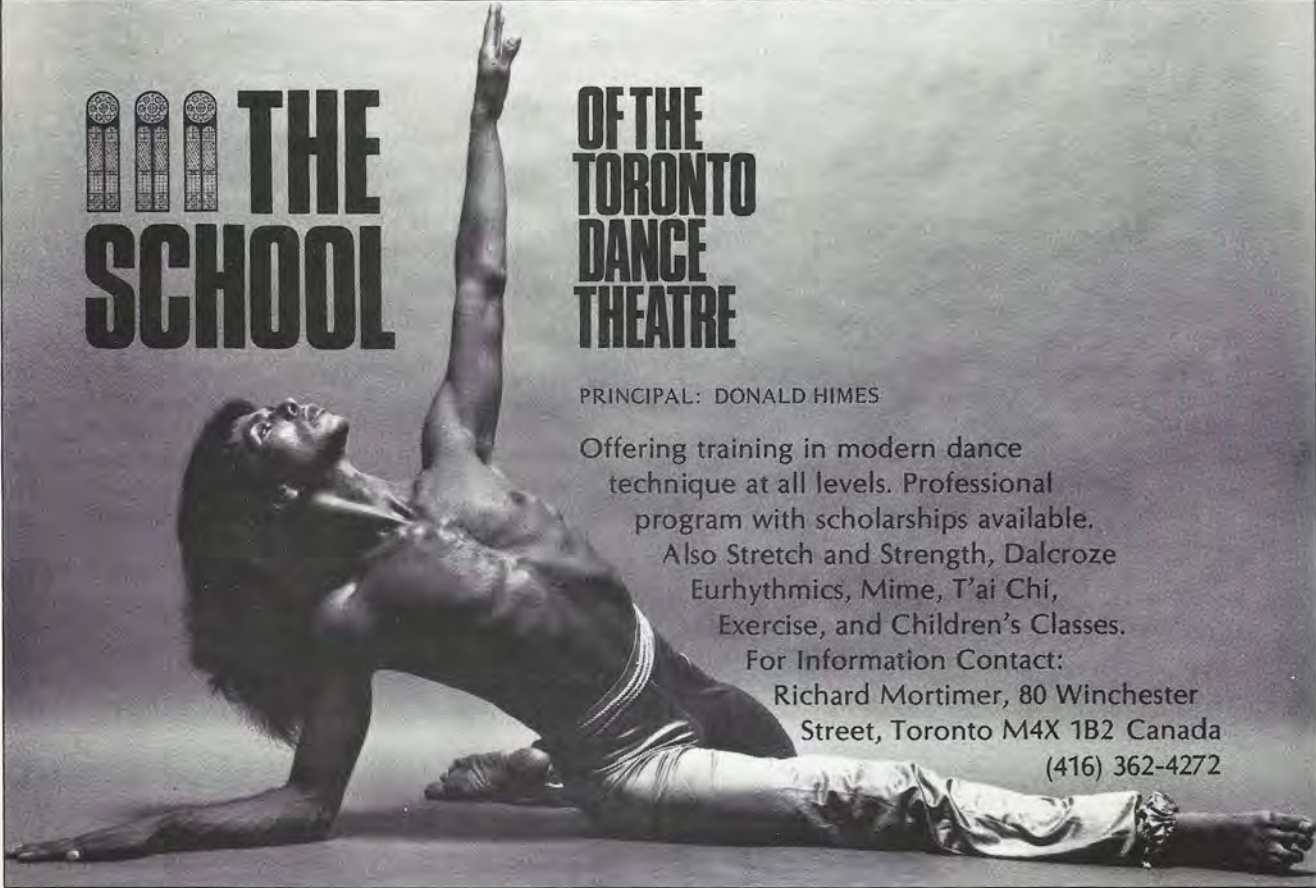
Too damned right 'they' aren't. In a centre which can stage dance productions on any scale in one of its theatres, dance has been last on the list of priorities. But MacSween is intrigued by the possibility of a dance festival, admitting that, for one thing, such an event would be the fastest and

easiest, albeit the most expensive, way to earn a reputation as a 'dance location'. He says he would welcome the idea of renting any dark space of the complex to any organization wishing to mount dance in June or July and, if possible, would assist with funding. But the NAC alone cannot afford to do it. Money makes programming an either/or proposition: a diverse selection of productions throughout the year, or two weeks in summer. With the finest theatre complex in the country, and with a good and growing dance audience, Canada's capital sees less dance in a year than New York offers in a week. It is a bleak and desperate situation.

Ironically and sadly, the only positive element of dance's immediate future at the NAC is the disappointment of Donald MacSween. 'I seriously regret not being able to do at the NAC what I had hoped we would over the five years of my tenure. It will be done someday, but I'd hoped to go forward a bit more. Dance will always be part of the Centre, and I hope it won't be too long until a company is formed - something with excellence in choreography and all the other standards. I had hoped it would happen...'

He sounds wistful, whether from diplomacy or genuine commitment to dance or from a sense of fair play to each audience is hard to determine. But the bottom line is one of grim realism.

'We have commitments to certain groups (the existing programmes and their personnel). Once you get radical cuts - the NAC loses about two million dollars from its forecast budget for 1979/80 - something has to give. Dance will be cut back'.



# THE SCHOOL

## OF THE TORONTO DANCE THEATRE

PRINCIPAL: DONALD HIMES

Offering training in modern dance technique at all levels. Professional program with scholarships available. Also Stretch and Strength, Dalcroze Eurhythmics, Mime, T'ai Chi, Exercise, and Children's Classes.

For Information Contact:

Richard Mortimer, 80 Winchester Street, Toronto M4X 1B2 Canada  
(416) 362-4272

Rhonda Ryman

## Training the Dancer VI

# Understanding Arm Placement A Skeletal Approach

The role of the arms has had an evolution of its own in the history of Western theatrical dance. From the days of the *basse* dance and *ballo* through the Romantic and Classical eras, the repertoire of arm positions and movements has expanded steadily. Today, dancers must master the full range of possibilities. Aesthetically, the arms must perfectly complement the body position adding polish and refinement to the dancer's line. Dramatically, they must be sensitive enough to reflect the most subtle pang of despair or the most frenetic fit of passion. And functionally, they must be used to maximize the body's physical capacity, to generate the greatest impulse possible for bravura turns and leaps.

Aesthetic conceptions regarding 'good arm placement' have varied with the times. The bulky sleeves of Renaissance and Baroque court attire limited the range of arm movements to turnings of the wrist and elbow with less involvement of the upper arm. Few dance notation systems prior to the nineteenth century even recorded arm movements, other than partners' hands making and losing contact! With the lighter sleeves and exposed necklines of the Romantic costume, arms were lifted in the easy soft curves characterized by Taglioni in *La Sylphide*. Although her extremely long arms may have necessitated this artful camouflage, the rounded line became a hallmark of the era of *Pas de Quatre* and *Giselle*. The arms were used mainly as frames for the head or embellishments to leg action, and the entire upper torso floated delicately without betraying the effort of movement. By the end of the nineteenth century, the Classical costume exposed even more of the limbs, reflecting an aesthetic preference for longer curves. Arm positions were elongated to extend the line of torso and legs. An increase in bravura feats, such as multiple turns and soaring leaps, also necessitated a larger, more powerful use of the arms.

If current training techniques are to develop the full functional potential of the arms, in addition to their aesthetic and dramatic capacities, the teacher must understand the musculoskeletal structure of the shoulder girdle and arm, and appreciate how these parts function as a unit and in cooperation with other parts of the body. Too often poor arm placement and usage is merely a reflection of incorrect alignment in the head, shoulder girdle and

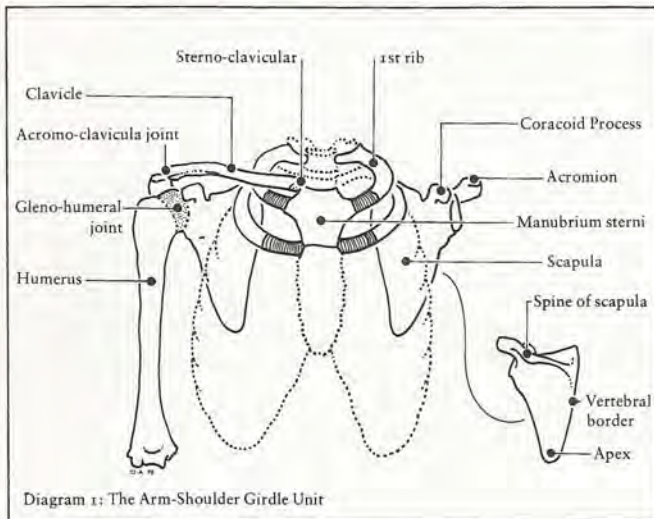
spine, and of related muscular problems. It is futile to treat the symptoms—stiffness in the elbows, wrists and fingers, tension in the neck and chest—without confronting the cause. Weakness in the torso and legs often causes the student to grab at the air for stability, tensing arbitrary muscles which impede breathing and easy flow of movement. No amount of exhortation to 'Relax the shoulders' or 'Breathe freely' will help without an improvement in basic posture. Above and beyond postural corrections, however, understanding arm and shoulder girdle structure will lead to an improved usage of the arms. This article concentrates on explaining that structure. In the next issue we will look at the arms in motion.

### The Arm-Shoulder Girdle Unit

The shoulder girdle is a bony, yoke-like structure which hangs across the top of the ribcage, (see Diagram 1). It consists of two clavicles (collarbones) in front and two scapulae (shoulder blades) behind. From each outer edge hangs the humerus or upper arm bone. The shoulder girdle indirectly links the arms to the spine as follows.

1 The head of each humerus articulates below the acromion 'process' (the anatomist's word for a bony projection) of each respective scapula at the glenohumeral or shoulder joint. You can locate this joint by following the bony rim, called the spine, that runs outward across the top of the shoulder blade. Palpate the outermost projection of that rim, the acromion. Slightly move the upper arm and notice how that movement takes place under the acromion, without disturbing it at all. This is the site of the shoulder joint. This articulation is a ball-and-socket arrangement similar to the hip joint, but less deep so that a much greater range of motion is possible at the shoulder joint. The joint is protected by its capsule and stabilized by ligaments and surrounding muscle tendons. Unlike the hip joint which is designed primarily for the stability required during weightbearing, the shoulder joint is built for mobility.

2 Each triangular scapula hangs, with the apex pointing downward, at the side of the back. The medial or vertebral border of each rests lightly against the rib-cage parallel to the points where the ribs begin to curve around the chest



cavity, that is, along the dorsal angles of the ribs. The shoulder blades have no bony attachments to the spine in back, and are free to glide along the rib-cage. In front they articulate with the clavicle at the acromioclavicular joint, a freely movable joint which permits gliding movements. This articulation can be located by following the collarbone outward as far as the acromion. Just below this site you will feel a small knob of bone, the coracoid process of the scapula, which gives rise to two strong bands of ligaments. These join the coracoid process to the under surface of the clavicle and help stabilize and protect the acromioclavicular joint. To sense the joint in action, keep one finger on this knobby process and another slightly outward and above it on the clavicle. With the free arm, trace a large figure eight in the air, trying to keep the clavicle stationary. Notice how the knobby coracoid process glides beneath it, betraying unavoidable scapular involvement. Mobilization of this joint is critical to the dancer. By isolating the movements of the clavicle and scapula, the dancer is able to create the illusion that the shoulder girdle remains quiet during great ranges of arm movement. This allows the neck to stay long and relaxed.

3 Each clavicle extends from the acromion towards the breastbone, or sternum, and joins the top portion, or manubrium, at each respective sternoclavicular joint. Try

to locate this joint by placing a finger on the breastbone below the knobby inner end of either clavicle. Slight arm movements do not disturb this joint. In order to sense it in action, circle the shoulder forward, up, back and down. This involves movement in the entire shoulder girdle and requires the clavicle to transcribe a sort of cone shape, gliding at its sternal end. The joint also permits the clavicle to rotate along its long axis. To sense this action place two fingers along the collarbone about two to three inches out from the breastbone, and swing the arm freely forward and back, passing close to the body, without lifting the shoulder. The sternoclavicular joint is freely movable, with shallow articulating surfaces reinforced by connective tissue to prevent upward dislocation of the clavicle.

4 The sternum is joined to the upper seven ribs by cartilage which permits a hingelike movement of the rib-cage during breathing. The ribs surround the chest cavity and articulate with the thoracic portion of the vertebral column.

To recapitulate, the arms are indirectly linked to the spine in the following order: arm, shoulder-blade, collarbone, breastbone, ribs, spine. Since the shoulder girdle is incomplete in the back, (that is, the shoulder-blades do not articulate with the spine or rib-cage), each side can operate independently of the other. Ideally, each arm-shoulder blade-collarbone unit moves freely without disturbing its counterpart or the spine. An analogy may be drawn with the strut suspension system of an automobile, which permits each wheel to move independently. And just as a car's suspension is designed to protect passengers from the shock of pits in the road, so the complex arrangement of the arm-shoulder girdle unit absorbs the shock (kinetic energy) of rapid direction changes in the arms, without disturbing the central balance of the body. This is quite unlike the leg-hip unit where right and left hipbones are joined at the sacrum, causing lower limb movement greatly to affect the spine.

#### Efficient Alignment

When the shoulder girdle is efficiently aligned atop the rib-cage, the shoulder tips (acromion processes) point sideways and the line of gravity passes through the shoulder joint. The shoulder girdle and arms hang freely, falling neither forward nor backward. If, however, the body weight is shifted forward over the balls of the feet, as

MONTREAL TORONTO  
MONTREAL TORONTO  
MONTREAL TORONTO

**R** ROSETTI

ACCESSOIRES  
DE BALLET ET DE THÉÂTRE.

ROSSETTI INC.  
1481, RUE MANSFIELD ST.  
MONTREAL, QUÉ. H3A 1Y4  
TEL: (514) 288-5978

BALLET &  
THEATRICAL SUPPLIES

ROSSETTI INC.  
370, AV. DANFORTH AVE.  
TORONTO, ONT. M4K 1N8  
TEL: (416) 461-0437

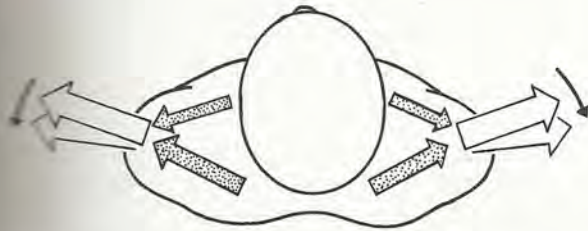
## Centre of Movement

171 Hampton Ave., Toronto. M4K 2Z3 466-9549

**Dance, mime,  
and composition,  
with Til Thiele.**

Former master teacher and principal of  
the Mary Wigman School in Berlin.





In a dancer's stance, the hands fall slightly in front of the torso, although still directly below the shoulder joint. Mabel Elsworth Todd compares this balanced position to that of a yoke (see Diagram 2) in which the prongs are centered directly out over each shoulder and the buckets hang freely below. This alignment requires minimal muscle involvement. If the balance is disturbed, and the shoulder girdle falls forward or backward, gravity will

worsen or accentuate the disturbance and muscles will be called upon to counteract this offsetting pull.

The shoulder blades are level with the ground and lie close to the ribs with their inner borders resting along the points at which the ribs curve outward around the chest cavity. Pinching the shoulder blades towards each other is to be avoided. This throws the weight of the shoulder girdle and arms back behind the line of gravity and causes tension and overarching in the back. Furthermore, rigidly setting the shoulder blades in position severely impedes the easy flow of arm movement and limits range of motion.

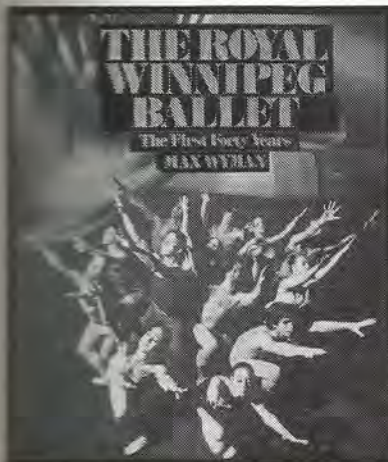
The positioning and movements of the upper limbs depend greatly on the alignment of head, spine and ribcage. The following images can be effective only if good basic posture is established.

**To widen the shoulder tips** (see Diagram 3) Imagine two arrows superimposed atop each side of the shoulder girdle. One extends along the front, from the top of the breastbone, outward toward each shoulder tip. Another extends along the back from the spine level with the top of the shoulder blade, outward to each shoulder tip. The arrows converge at the shoulder tip into a larger arrow which points diagonally forward and outwards. Watch the shoulder tips move outward, so that this large arrow opens outward pointing more sideward than forward. As you visualize this, notice that the shoulder blade flattens along the outer back, and the hollow area in front of each shoulder likewise flattens.

**To free the arms in their sockets** From the well aligned position described above, 'imagine the arms sagging out of their sockets at the shoulders to dangle in space as the arms of a doll would when the rubber holding them in place has lost its elasticity'; (see Lulu Sweigard, *Human Movement Potential*, page 256).

Dancers and teachers are often reluctant to unravel the puzzle of the human anatomy—understandably when one considers the intimidating nomenclature. However, as we shall see in the next article, function is determined by structure and effective use of the body is enhanced by an understanding of both.

Those interested in a broader range of problems than can be covered in this series may subscribe to a quarterly newsletter, *Kinesiology for Dance*. Information is available from Martin Tracy, Dance Department, WG 205, UCLA., Los Angeles, California, 90024, USA.



# THE ROYAL WINNIPEG BALLET

## The First Forty Years

by Max Wyman

COMING DECEMBER 1st !

\$17.95; illustrated

DOUBLEDAY Canada Limited

Kevin Singen

# Conference '78

## A Sense of Direction

When the Dance in Canada Association held its fifth annual general meeting (1977) in the midst of a very turbulent conference, one member rose to suggest that the association should suspend operations for a year to allow time for people to consider whether or not they really needed it. At the same Winnipeg meeting, there were dramatic resignations, lots of name-calling, many frayed nerves and a general sense of disintegration and imminent catastrophe. Had it not been for the extraordinarily capable management of Iris Garland in the chair, the whole event might have ended in a brawl.

In the intervening year, the Association has not fallen apart. The highly publicized resignations of certain individuals or groups has not had the cosmic significance those involved may have wished for. Membership has continued to expand; the magazine's subscription list has grown steadily, despite a shortage of cash, many services to the dance community have been maintained and at the end of a difficult but eventful year, the Association held by far its biggest and most successful conference to date.

The contrasts between the Winnipeg and Vancouver conferences were dramatic. The 1977 conference was notable for a series of negative reasons: bad organization, disharmony and conflict, little sense of being in the home-town of Canada's oldest dance companies, (both ballet and modern). The 1978 conference will be remembered for the excellence of its organization, the positive attitude of participants, the willingness to talk calmly and logically about contentious issues, the strong sense of being in a thriving dance capital. Even the usual marathon evenings of performance, this year supplemented by noon-hour presentations in downtown Vancouver, took on a semblance of order and were produced with a remarkable degree of technical professionalism. Rapid sequences of events, complicated lighting plots, three different locations, temperamental artists – all were handled magnificently.

The most obvious explanation for these achievements points directly to the organizing committee whose members must have worked long hours, with little immediate reward, to assemble a conference that actually came out as it was planned to do. Of course, it helps to have Canada's most seductively beautiful city and a fine university campus (UBC) as the location – and even the rain stopped at

the right moments – yet, it was the human labour that made the conference work.

Regular delegates to successive conferences have always complained about the complexity of scheduling. Sessions overlap, important items are missed. Unless the conference were to be spread out over a month these problems will remain. But this year a carefully planned structure at least added logic to the proceedings and, to a considerable extent, allowed every participant to get some sense of the conference as a whole.

All the traditional bases were covered: practical workshops and classes, the high-powered stuff on finance and management, lots of discussion, lectures, papers... But this time the events were streamed so that a particular area of concern could be pursued right through the conference. At the end of it all, reports were presented at the closing session, which everybody was free to attend, where they got a capsule summary of what everyone else had been up to. It was not a perfect arrangement, it's unlikely one could be devised, but it went a long way to remedy earlier problems with conference scheduling. Within each stream, Administrators', Educators' and Dancers', there was a greater sense of direction and purpose than on previous occasions when dancers have sat down to talk. To be sure, there was an infuriatingly tiresome preoccupation with the process of holding meetings, no doubt inspired by a misplaced and excessive concern to ensure fair-play, but out of it all came some solid conclusions.

The clearest thing to emerge from the annual general meeting, which ended the conference, was a new sense of direction and confidence in the association's future. In contrast to Winnipeg, the Vancouver AGM almost ran the risk of becoming a bore: no heckling, no in-fighting; polite, civilized debate, orderly reports and a superabundance of good, positive vibes. By the application of a freshly ratified by-law, two familiar faces on the Board of Directors vanished. No longer eligible for election, Grant Strate and Lawrence Adams, both of whom have been important and controversial figures in the association's development, must watch from the sidelines as a new board steers Dance in Canada through the difficult days ahead. While the conference and AGM were certainly notable for the positive directions taken and the new harmony established between warring factions, external problems of a grave





Photo: Lister reconstructing one of Bianca Rogge's classes from the 1960s

nature loomed menacingly at the very moment of the conference's success.

Even before the official announcement, rumours from Ottawa warned of the massive cuts in government spending which have now placed the future of all the arts in Canada in immediate jeopardy. It does little good to tell a government bent on ensuring its re-election by a few cheap and deceptively ineffective spending cuts that arts institutions take decades to build but only a few moments to destroy. Taking shots at the arts is, one must suppose, an easy way for government to boost its popularity and to appear to be confronting seriously the immediate prospect of national bankruptcy.

One of the clearest proofs that Dance in Canada really can function as a voice for its membership was provided by the swift response to this gloomy news by the association's chairman who sent a strongly worded telegram to Ottawa in anticipation of the announced cuts. Just how far dance, along with all the other arts in this country, is going to be affected remains to be seen. If the full force of the proposed measures is applied there will be many casualties – several of them permanent.

Besides these matters of highest politics, there were many domestic issues to attend to. Voting by proxy was admitted, a plea for proper dance floors was shot off to all and sundry, the matter of import taxes on ballet shoes was raised. Everybody seemed to have lots to say – and most of it was constructive.

As for the 'festival' of evening performances, three at the Queen Elizabeth Playhouse and two more (on the same night) at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre, what can one say? It is now fashionable to call these things 'inventories', an annual stock-taking of dance in Canada. Less charitably still they have been compared to a fishing trip where there is no assurance of whether the weight at

the end of the line will be a plump salmon or a stinking, rotten boot.

One thing cannot be denied. Canadian dance is vital, progressive and almost infinitely varied. There is an increasing number of very fine dancers and they come in all shapes and sizes. Even the sight of a woman five months pregnant cavorting about a stage in daring fashion did not ruffle an audience used to seeing strident assertions of individuality in dance. That is not to pretend that everything in the festival was excellent. There was tedium and rampant mediocrity contrasting with moments of exquisite beauty and purity. The best thing about these affairs is the tolerance it slowly induces among members of the dance community who have tended to become isolated in their own esthetic corners, assuming foolhardily that they have a monopoly on 'art'.

At the end of a long evening which had included the bombshell direct hit of the uproariously funny Co-Motion from Alberta, we saw a wonderful 'performance' of contact improvisation by the Vancouver group, Fulcrum. Afterwards Menaka Thakkar whose own esthetic is light-years removed from that of Helen Clarke, Peter Bingham and Andrew Harwood declared, simply, 'it was beautiful'. Who says, scrap the festival?

## The National Ballet School

### AUDITIONS

- ◇ The National Ballet School is a boarding and day school offering complete ballet and academic training.
- ◇ The academic programme (grade 5-12) meets all the requirements of the Ontario Ministry of Education.
- ◇ Special courses are offered to the Francophone students and all English speaking students study the French language.
- ◇ Small classes, highly gifted teachers and an enriched curriculum enable each boy and girl to develop his or her abilities to the fullest.
- ◇ Only children seriously interested in training for professional ballet should apply.
- ◇ Preference is given to younger children ten to twelve years of age, but a limited number of older students may be accepted. Previous ballet training is not a requirement for students entering grade 5.



- ◇ **Financial assistance is available if required.**  
**Auditions are held in 27 cities across Canada.**

For information on audition centres and application forms write to the Registrar,  
111 Maitland St., Toronto, Ont. M4Y 1E4.

*The  
George Brown  
College*

*10th Annual  
Summer School  
of Dance*

*Lois Smith  
Artistic Director*

*July 3-August 10, 1979*

To celebrate the 10th anniversary, the Summer School will conclude with a full length performance of "Coppelia"

For further information, contact the School of Dance, George Brown College, P.O. Box 1015, Station B, Toronto M5T 2T9  
Telephone (416) 363-9945



**YM & YWHA  
School of Dance**

**Courses Featured**

- Pre-dance Education
- Classical Ballet
- Modern (Contemporary)
- Jazz Dancing (Modern)
- Tap Dancing
- Character (Russian)
- Folk Dancing
- Israeli Dancing
- Ballroom Dancing
- Social Dancing
- Discotheque
- Square Dancing
- Composition
- Notation (Benesh)
- Dance Appreciation
- History of Dance
- Dance and the Arts

Student Performing Groups

**4588 Bathurst Street  
Willowdale, Ontario  
M2R 1W6  
636-1880**



January 29 - February 3, 1979

**ALVIN AILEY**  
AMERICAN DANCE THEATER



**O'KEEFE CENTRE**

Front and Yonge Sts., Toronto, Ont. M5E 1B2 416 363-6633

Box Office opens  
Thursday, January 11, 1979

Prices per seat

Monday-Saturday evenings 8.30 pm  
\$12.50, 10.00, 7.50, 5.00

Wednesday & Saturday matinees 2.00 pm  
\$10.00, 8.00, 6.00, 4.00

Half price tickets  
for students, children, and persons over 60  
are available for matinee performances

'...One of the world's greatest dance companies.'  
Daily Telegraph, London

'...a brilliant mixture of inspired dance  
and raw theatricality.'  
Clive Barnes, New York Times

## In Review

### Banff Festival of the Arts

Spring  
Mauryne Allan  
Eric Harvie Theatre  
4-11 August 1978

There is snow on some of the highest mountain peaks but warm sunshine pours down on the Banff Centre, its odd conglomeration of buildings nestling under the western slope of Tunnel Mountain. Against the constant background of rumbling, buzzing tourist traffic down in the town and the rush of the Bow River as it heads into a spectacular cascade of falls, an extraordinary cacophony at once both disturbs and fascinates the ear. On one side a jazz quartet rehearses, every now and then a clarinet breaking loose, its melancholy note piercing the senses. Further up the hill in another building an orchestral ensemble is practising, not far from where a student is regaling a small but interested audience of fellow students with a freshly composed poem. Somewhere a lone tenor voice is monotonously struggling to clarify the tone of a high note. At almost every time of day, the interrupted sounds of a ballet class waft across the grounds.

This is the Banff Centre Summer School of Fine Arts where students in virtually every arts discipline, from across Canada and the United States, gather to learn from a first-rate faculty of professionals. The atmosphere is casual despite the hectic schedule everyone is running to keep up with. When a brief gap between classes presents itself the students steal a quick nap in the sun or go and see what everyone else is up to.

The mixture of disciplines and the easy informality which allows a fledgling violinist to sit down and chat with an international orchestra conductor, or a student dancer to pick the brains of a seasoned professional choreographer or performer is the great distinguishing mark of the Centre.

Close to the end of each summer school, the Centre produces a festival of performance in which dance, naturally enough, plays an important part. This year besides a rousing student performance of Brian Macdonald's *Tam Ti Delam*, we had a very promising and well-crafted first jazz ballet from Peter George and, most interestingly, the first fruits of the Clifford E. Lee Choreography Award.

Clifford E. Lee was a devoted Albertan whose socialist beliefs were ironically contrasted by his unerring gift for making money. The solution was a life of philanthropy and hard work, now happily memorialized in the foundation that bears his name.



Spring

Started this year, the Lee Choreography Award is run in conjunction with the Banff Centre. The recipient is required to produce a new ballet for the students of the summer school. A cash award of \$2,500 (next year to be \$3,000) is supplemented by costs of attendance at the Banff Centre, up to another \$2,500. Theoretically, the plan allows students to benefit from the experience of working in a new ballet, the choreographer to benefit through association with the resident dance staff and audiences to be guaranteed a special attraction at the end of it all.

As the first winner of the Lee Award, Mauryne Allan, director of Mountain Dance Theatre, appears to have fulfilled all the aspirations of the award's designers. Her work *Spring* eponymously named after and set to the music from Vivaldi's *Four Seasons*, stretched the dancers in a healthy way, developing their craft and professionalism. By her own testimony, Mauryne Allan was helped along the way by Earl Kraul whose vast experience as a performer, working with many different choreographers, enabled him to offer very practical suggestions. Judging by the response to its first performance in the festival, the audience seemed well pleased with *Spring*.

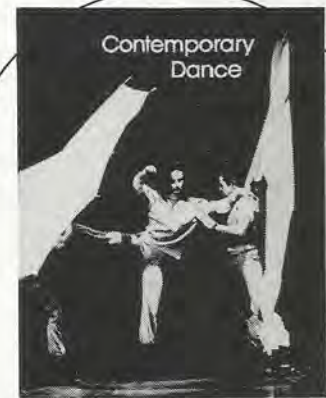
*Spring* is made for six women and four men whose relationships in the dance are at times overtly sexual and at other times abstracted into a surreal realm of movement. Although the music implies moods and events, for example the brief storm, Mauryne Allan appears to have approached it with a degree of independence creating a series of contrasting moods, enhanced by subtle lighting changes, linked together by a simple but effective vocabulary of movement, especially for the arms.

The dancers wear tights or unitards which show off admirably the quirky variations on classical line which Mauryne Allan has introduced throughout the work. The contrast between earth bound 'modern' idioms and lighter balletic forms provides a dynamic interest to *Spring*.

Not all the dancers were students in the strict sense, only in so far as they had registered for the summer school. Two of the more impressive male dancers, Michael Fritzke and Joseph Teague (who recently joined Les Ballets Jazz) were from the Minnesota Dance Theatre.

What *Spring* reveals is the choreographer's capacity to frame her own artistic impulse within the limits of a company of dancers whose technique and experience ranges widely. It would be interesting to see how Mauryne Allan might adapt *Spring* if, for example, she were to be invited to restage it for a professional company such as the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. Certainly, as it stands, *Spring* is an unfinished work. It cries out for the full cycle of seasons.

MICHAEL CRABB



CONTEMPORARY DANCE puts into perspective the genius of modern American dance. This sumptuous volume features incisive essays on modern dance and dancers — interviews and profiles of distinguished performers and choreographers — superbly illustrated with over 300 photographs plus a monumental chronology of modern dance since 1902.

310 pages

\$29.50 hc

**Methuen Publications**

## Elizabeth Chitty Ricardo Abreut

15 Dance Lab  
Toronto

4 - 15 July 1978

Elizabeth Chitty is a moralizer. A reluctant or embarrassed one, perhaps, but still a moralizer. Her recent works, with the exception of the regimental *Extreme Skin*, have all been lessons of one sort or another, in which the moral is either flatly stated, as in *True Bond Stories*, or implicit, as in *Lap* and her newest work, *Demo Model*. *Lap*'s mating ritual is self-denouncing. The few wisely-chosen components of the ritual themselves allude to primitive images: the toy whistles to jungle birds, the jitter-bug steps to African tribal dancing, and the boxing ring stances to those cartoons of caveman attempting to wield his masculinity as a club over cave-woman. Its moral then: Avoid the Pitfalls of Masculine-Feminine Role-Playing.

*Demo Model* is also self-denouncing and its moral is also of the Avoid or Beware kind although much more ambivalent. Using an array of sophisticated products manufactured by our supremely arrogant technological society – TV camera, video, flash camera, Xerox copier – Chitty takes on all the parts in a TV-inspired crime drama – detective, gun-moll, stoolie, reporter – which becomes, even as she's turning up clues galore, increasingly fragmented and impenetrable instead of less so. Technological rhetoric is aggravated by bursts of semaphore and sign language, poses from the pages of *Modern Dance* and *Vogue*, unadorned, unconnecting statements delivered by Chitty in a tense voice and a Big Brains type (played by Hugh Poole) spouting similar statements (platitudes, non-sequiturs, and plain nonsense) on a TV screen in a voice heavy with self-importance; there is no elucidation in any of these vocabularies either. What it all adds up to is chaos, the kind of Orwellian chaos that breeds paranoia because we can sense there's somebody up above the chaos – technocrats and computer scientists – manipulating it to keep us humble, dependent.

Still, we laugh. We laugh at the self-serious way Chitty grapples with the 'hardware' (as Lawrence Adams would call it), only to defeat rather than resolve investigation. She is Barbara Bain and Martin Landau so caught up in their *Mission Impossible* gadgetry that she loses track of the case. It's a slapstick assault on technological sophistication, that is, at the same time, very cerebral (we've seen that combination before in both *Lap* and *True Bond Stories*); the 'hardware' comes off looking no more advanced than the fashion model's slouch or a semaphore signal.

The title *Demo Model* suggests a couple of things: that Chitty's relationship to the



Charles Flanders in Ricardo Abreut's *Metamorphosis*

'hardware' is like that of some lunatic salesperson to a product whose operations she has been hired to demonstrate (or, more likely, render totally mysterious); and that the 'hardware' itself, as product, is a dud, and ultimately unsaleable. Well, we know the real 'hardware' – cameras, copiers, TVs, videos – are not unsaleable and have, in fact, made their inventors fortunes, but Chitty feels bound to warn us: the 'Demo' is as much Demolition as Demonstration. *Demo Model* moralizes: Don't trust in Technology. It's homely moral, rendered very poignant at both performances of *Demo Model* when Ms. Chitty experienced some technical difficulty, shortly overcome.

Once or twice I felt that Chitty hadn't taken full advantage of theatrical effects available to her, as in her neglect to use the light from the copier to evoke other kinds of flashing light – neons, headlights, searchlights, police interrogation lamps – that would enrich the detective story atmosphere. *Demo Model* is, however, Chitty's first real extravaganza in a line of works that used minimal props and lighting effects, and she's probably wary still of theatricality; the next extravaganza is bound to be more relaxed and resourceful. Right now, *Demo Model* is perceptive enough in its sizing up of its target, rich enough in the associations it provokes, and brainy enough in the elaborate network of appearances and deceptions it creates to be quite enough. It's certainly too much for just one viewing.

Sharing the bill with Chitty was Ricardo Abreut, resident accompanist at Toronto Dance Theatre and sometime choreographer. Abreut's choreographies are not as intellectual as Chitty's by any means, but they often seem to be edging towards statement. The statement would be a criticism of self-dramatization, if it didn't get waylaid by the choreographer's own need

to indulge in self-dramatics. Possessing a distinctly Spanish Catholic base, these personal dramatics combine self-disgust with sensuality; they find release in nightmarish rococo images of pig-headed angels, gold paste crowns, torn roses and black Madonnas (or Beggar Queens). Abreut borrows iconic gestures and poses from other contexts – mostly from movie actresses and pop chanteuses – that have entered the vernacular consciousness, but he doesn't probe their nature for a richer understanding of them as kinetic symbols; he simply reproduces them. As a result, these gestures never move us. What moves us are the stage personalities of the performers involved.

At their most enjoyable, Abreut's roles are excuses for star turns. Susan Macpherson and Margaret Dragu remain aloof from what they are given to do and so are able to blaze forth on their own meteoric paths undimmed and also invest the tired image of the tragic (i.e., boozy, pill-popping) star with some of its old glamour and fascination. Charles Flanders, however, fails to make something significant of his virtuoso turn as the drag queen in *Metamorphosis* (potentially the most complex of the roles Abreut has made) because he, like the choreographer, gets lost in personal theatrics, confusing his emotions with those of the character he's portraying.

Nevertheless, I wouldn't have missed Abreut's show for anything. Being there was rather like attending a very decadent party hosted by a genial, talented, irresponsible, and, yes, eccentric dilettante. And where these days – outside old Carl van Vechten novels – do you get to go to such parties?

GRAHAM JACKSON

## Dance As Dance: Selected Reviews and Essays

Graham Jackson  
Scarborough: Catalyst  
1978

Having grown up on Beaumont, Denby, and other such mighty names of dance writing, my initial reaction to this book was, 'he's got some nerve!' I must, however, point out its worth as a record by a (partially) informed observer.

Jackson disarmingly reveals his lack of experience in, or with, dance in his preface: the writings cover less than three years. Books of this kind show us most interesting standards and attitudes, of former times or of a particular country. They provide, at the least, eyewitness reports of dancers no longer to be seen, or ballets which have vanished from most repertoires.

Jackson covers most of the range of available dance in Canada, with an occasional daring side-trip to New York. Despite his almost endearing pretensions, he is — like many Canadian writers — much more at ease when discussing modern dance than with the ballet. He reviews David Earle's choreography at the 1977 Toronto Dance Festival intelligently, but is far less certain when writing about *La Fille*

*mal gardée* or *Firebird*. When it comes to personalities, he is generally sounder on women. His plea for proper recognition of Vanessa Harwood and Mary Jago is as eloquent as it is sincere.

He writes very directly, but sometimes makes exactly the same mistakes he complains of in others. Real technical terms are essential in any profession, but overmuch jargon is simply unnecessary; (see page 108). As a stylist, his limitations seem to bother him, so he makes strenuous efforts to appear knowledgeable, as with the carefully casual references to this or that writer, painter, composer.

His enthusiasm is often infectious, and one can excuse much for its sake, even his amazingly short list of 'Ballets Focusing on the Dynamics of Male-Male Interaction'. There's no mention of the glorious male Pas de Trois in Ashton's *Romeo and Juliet*; French choreographers are mostly ignored, and the entire range of Scandinavian ballet is totally ignored!

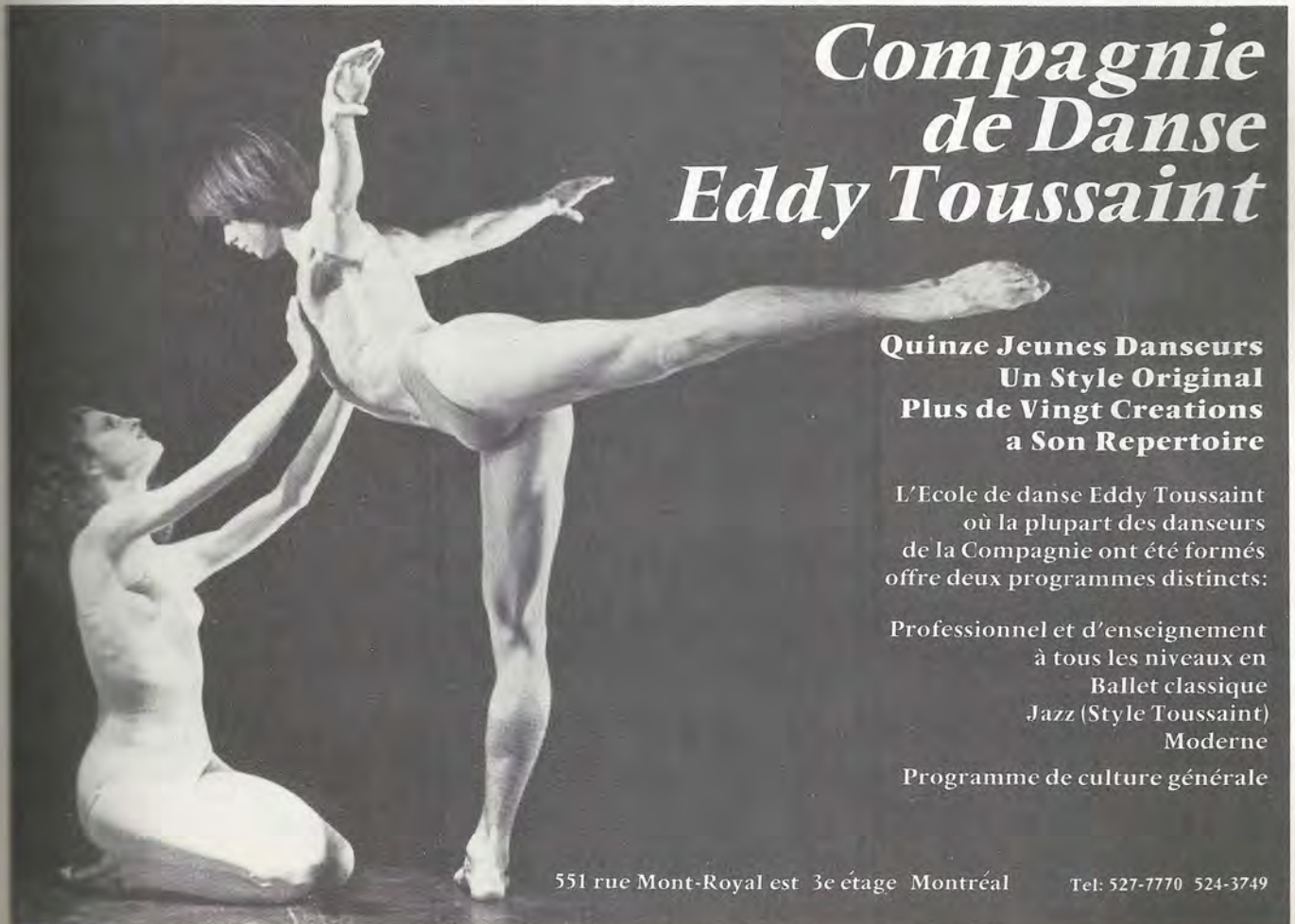
Often Jackson is bold enough to state truths openly, and commands respect for his perception. Unfortunately, these good ideas are not followed through. At the end of his preface, he correctly points out that many critics praise a dancer for something in his work, when in fact they find him sexually attractive. He also takes up a stand, later, in defence of the homosexual dancer. All very well, but he resolutely

turns his face away from the corollary. Many critics (and not only of dance) also comment unfavourably on an artist's work for sexual reasons. And Jackson himself loathes, rather transparently, very virile dancers such as Vilella, D'Amboise or Holm, and somehow manages to mention only once each the names of such stars as Bonnefous, Bortoluzzi and Schaufuss. Perhaps Jackson needs to come to terms with himself.

He does delve beneath surfaces and is keen to analyze. The reviews are straightforward, and it is mainly in the essays that we can observe Jackson, apparently sorting out his thoughts as much for his own enlightenment as for ours.

In fact, that crystallizes his present problems. This volume is somewhat presumptuous and premature, although, heaven knows, it should not be compulsory to have grey hairs before one's opinions and ideas are considered valid. Once again, it is mainly the author's limitations rather than those of the book itself — illustrated with ambiguous line drawings by Albert Forister — which make this volume of limited interest. In time, Graham Jackson could well overcome these obstacles.

LYN ROEWADE



# Compagnie de Danse Eddy Toussaint

**Quinze Jeunes Danseurs  
Un Style Original  
Plus de Vingt Créations  
à Son Répertoire**

L'Ecole de danse Eddy Toussaint  
où la plupart des danseurs  
de la Compagnie ont été formés  
offre deux programmes distincts:

Professionnel et d'enseignement  
à tous les niveaux en  
Ballet classique  
Jazz (Style Toussaint)  
Moderne

Programme de culture générale

551 rue Mont-Royal est 3e étage Montréal Tel: 527-7770 524-3749

## Menaka Thakkar

Sitaswayamvaram  
Indian Dance-Drama  
St. Lawrence Centre  
Toronto  
29 July 1978

The task of forging a place for Indian dance in Canada is being energetically undertaken by Menaka Thakkar. She has attempted a mixed-media production in her rendition of the poem, *Geet-Govinda*, by interspersing dance selections with slides of paintings which illustrate the same theme. Last year she brought her musicians and teachers from India to provide live accompaniment for a cross-country tour. Recently she created a dance-drama, *Sitaswayamvaram*, drawing as much on the ancient precepts of Sanskrit drama as on the developing skills of her western students. Dedication to tradition coupled with an innovative outlook distinguish Menaka Thakkar's work both as dancer and choreographer.

*Sitaswayamvaram*, an episode from the Indian epic the *Ramayana*, is concerned with the selection of the heroine Sita's husband by competition. Whoever can bend the mighty bow of Shiva will win her hand. In conceiving the dance-drama Menaka paid particular attention to searching out a rare version of the story which emphasizes the woman's point of view in an epic which is primarily about the exploits of the god-hero, Rama. She then commissioned original music and delved into the framework code of Sanskrit drama for the framework in which to set the usual solo performance of the Bharata Natyam dance style.

The opening dance, the *Poorva Ranga*, precedes the action proper and begins the drama on an auspicious note with the offering of flowers and the bowing to the deities of the four directions. For this Menaka, stunning in a yellow sari bordered with brilliant green, executed various circling patterns around the stage while holding flower petals in her cupped hands and concluded by scattering the petals and by performing the traditional triple bow to the gods, teachers and audience.

The next section might have seemed incongruous — the entrance of the Sootradhar or stage manager, yet he plays the vital role of intermediary between performers and audience by speaking in the local tongue, in this case in English. His words are as vital to the greater part of an Indian audience as to us; for they can follow the scholarly Sanskrit little better than we can. A comic repartee with his wife serves both to introduce the actors and to familiarize the spectators with the plot. His suggestively complimentary references to the audience as 'connoisseurs' stems from the Indian conception that a knowledgeable and sympathetic audience governs the success



*Sitaswayamvaram*: Menaka Thakkar and Company

of a presentation as much as the skill of the performer.

The third convention integrated into the preliminary action was the use of a bright red curtain behind which one catches the first glimpses of the main character. The patterns of the feet visible beneath the curtain and the appearance of the hands above, in specific gestures reminiscent of puppets above a screen, are part of the ritual for the gods and yet build the suspense towards the unveiling of Sita. Thus with dance, dialogue and curtain, the traditional conventions set the scene and atmosphere for the action itself.

Menaka's students proved themselves and the skill of their teacher by performing with an assurance in and empathy with the eastern idiom that seemed utterly natural. Costume, gesture and expression contributed to the overall unity of style and effect, as well as the tasteful choreography which showed each individual to good advantage.

The selection of Sita's husband by the test of strength is seen through the eyes of her friends. The dancers were each given the scope to display their dramatic expressiveness. Through a series of descriptive imitations Sita sees her suitors, fat, old, bent, and the most terrifying of all, the demon king, Ravana. The last, monstrous with his 10 heads and renowned for his might, was convincingly portrayed by Dianne Ngui-Yen. Her attempts to lift the imaginary great bow — one could even see her face flush with the exertion — brought great anguish to the apprehensive Sita. If the terrible Ravana was unsuccessful, how could the young Rama whose handsome figure she had caught sight of while picking a flower, accomplish the seemingly impos-

sible task. So the hero's victory climaxes the emotion of the drama which culminates in the marriage preparations and a dance of celebration.

It seemed necessary to trace the development of the plot, yet this is the means rather than the end of Indian drama. The emotions evoked in the characters and thereby transmitted to the spectators constitute the real essence. The pure dance interludes serve as the counterpoint to the mimetic sections. I was fortunate to be very close to the stage and able to observe many of the subtleties of expression: hands as they assume deftly the gestures specific to the words of the song; eyes, eyebrows, mouth in constant motion. There is as much to watch in Menaka's face alone as it is transformed with each response: gleeful to the irreverently comic caricatures, fearful of Ravana, full of yearning and love for Rama. It is this skill of conveying the emotional make-up of the character that gives the human dimension and deeper meaning to Indian dance, and marks Menaka as an accomplished exponent of her art.

Menaka is a remarkable dancer. Her precision in rhythmic patterns and command of the technical and expressive complexities of Bharata Natyam are a pleasure to watch. But perhaps more significant is the contribution she is making to the development of her art form and its audience. While dedicated to a 2000-year-old dance tradition she continues to explore different ways of approaching her material to bring to light an Indian woman's point of view and to cross cultural barriers successfully.

ROSEMARY JEANES

## Merce Cunningham and Dance Company

Royal Alexander Theatre

Toronto

15-19 August 1978

Much has already been written and said about Merce Cunningham's 'innovations' in dance, yet one can't see a Cunningham performance without being made intensely aware of them – probably because he's still using them to shock.

A person seeing Cunningham for the first time finds himself deprived of all – or most – of the frames of reference on which he usually depends to comprehend what he sees. There are no literary toeholds for him to get, no logical relationships between the dancing and the music to give him the satisfaction Balanchine's abstract ballets at least provide. In fact, the music, not to mention the decors, often seems not to have anything at all to do with what's danced. What's danced is finally all he has to go on. The steps are everything – or almost everything.

If he survives his first – and second, and third – encounter with Cunningham, our dance-goer will become either a Cunningham champion or a sworn enemy. A significant coterie of New York critics have elevated Cunningham to the status of genius and Titan of Modern Dance; others, somewhat less influential, have summarily dismissed him as a charlatan, a purveyor of 'phoney-baloney' to use the words of one. From my first encounter with him this August, I think I fall somewhere between two chairs. I'm both champion and enemy; I think he's both charlatan and genius.

Cunningham is charlatanesque in the way he takes his idea of self-sufficient dancing and dehumanizes it, just as the Imperial Russians did ballet steps. If 'decorative' didn't immediately mean 'pretty' to most people, that's the word one would use to describe Cunningham's steps. More clumsily put, Cunningham shows us steps that exist only to be looked at, not felt, steps which have relationship only to other steps. Parts of all the works I saw – *Rebus*, *Squaregames* and especially *Summerspace* – contained sections of this self-sufficient dancing.

*Rebus*, however, also gave us Cunningham, the genius. Steps, most of them familiar ballet class stuff, suddenly revealed a depth of meaning I didn't expect they possessed. Of course the framework of the dance – Cunningham, the old dancer, relating to his company of young dancers – provides a narrative of sorts that makes the steps immediately more meaningful, in the traditional sense, than the steps in *Summerspace*. But I'm not speaking of just that kind of meaning. Even in the extended sequences of classroom exercises and variations, the steps became hypnotic, bigger

than themselves; they become a ritual. We don't understand this ritual perfectly, yet we can sense its force by the sympathetic chords it strikes in our own bodies.

*Summerspace*, however, is probably more accessible than *Rebus* on several counts. The score (*Ixion* by Morton Feldman) is rippling, soft, easy to listen to, and Robert Rauschenberg's pointilist decors and lighting are eye-seducing – and a crucial part of the dance. What's more, the steps are balletic. Generally speaking, Cunningham's movement is balletic – notably in the way the torso is kept still, with the arms framing it – but in *Summerspace*, the similarities are greater than the differences. There's a lot of showy jumping and turning and some difficult balances for the dancers. The movement is also rather stiff and, the title notwithstanding, chill. Only once or twice do the steps strike any chord in us and then only to suggest that these aren't dancers we're seeing but some chamelon-like forest creatures come out to take the sun; as such, there is a frolicsome pleasure in watching their antics. Unfortunately, this illusion doesn't hold; the steps don't probe any more curiously into the dancers' animal heritage, into that realm of innocence and primitive joy we all can, if vaguely, understand. Finally, they're just steps; and for the watcher, they begin to blur.

Steps blur in *Squaregame*, too. Long sections of self-infatuated movement, including a peculiar pas de deux for Cunningham and one of his female dancers, seem simply to ignore the effects created by Takehisa Kosugi's menacing and other-worldly sound collage and Mark Lancaster's setting, the naked stage and backstage areas of the Alex, and costumes, a moody hotchpotch of dark blues, greens and black. Only when Cunningham acknowledges the hostile environment his collaborators are building does the dance become really powerful. 'Acknowledge' here doesn't mean 'give in'. *Squaregame* doesn't ever try to achieve a mood that complements the music and decors. What it does mean is that Cunningham feels the pressure of the menace and hostility and, deliberately resisting it, creates movement that's witty (the dancers playing with the tackle bags like so many athletes on benzedrine) and intimate (the dancers simply watching one another, caressing with their eyes), movement that expresses a buoyant optimism.

Of course, *Squaregame* benefits immensely from the presence of Cunningham himself, as does *Rebus* in a much more obvious way. *Rebus* could well be called Cunningham's Confession. Just as the steps Cunningham makes are the dance, so the dancer he dances is Cunningham; there is no intervening persona. The dance opens and closes on Cunningham standing upstage right in profile, one arm outstretched towards a metal coat-rack hung with (his?) clothes. There is humility in this

stance, perhaps a little foolishness, and, yes, a conscious awareness of his own survival. He reminds one a bit of a late silent screen comedian or a displaced harlequin who knows the most awful sadness. As Cunningham the guru, the master, the mentor, the guardian angel, attempts to slip his students some of his secrets, one realizes that this sadness is the result of Cunningham's knowing that it's going to end. None of Cunningham's movements for himself attempt to disguise his age, his experience, his despair. In fact, the rotating of a shoulder, the curling and uncurling of the fingers from the palm, the shaking of the wrists or the dainty, ginger stepping, one foot carefully in front of the other (where, incidentally, he looks a lot like Martha Graham at a similar period in her performing career) expose his finiteness.

The man, Cunningham, is finite. Is his work? The great innovator has fired others who, in turn, etc., so that he will, at the very least, go down in dance history as An Influence. But what of his works? What of his company? It's almost as hard to imagine the Merce Cunningham Dance Company without Merce as it is to imagine *Rebus* without him; in the same way that his dance innovations were born of personal necessity, *Rebus* seems to stem from Cunningham's need to remember – in a Proustian manner – what *that* was all about.

What justifies that coterie of critics in calling Cunningham a genius and a Titan is, in the end, Cunningham himself. With his large hands, he can make flourishes of feet, he bestrides worlds like Cleopatra's Antony. With his sphinx-like expressions, he is still generous and open to his audience. And he can touch us more quickly, more surely than all his young dancers, conscientious as they are, combined. If they touch us at all, it's with their good bodies, their technical prowess, but he touches us – ineffably.

GRAHAM JACKSON



Javanese dance: Sal Murgiyanto

## American Dance Guild Committee on Research in Dance

Conference

Hawaii

1 - 7 August 1978

How can the dance of Asia and the Pacific strike a resonant chord in the western spectator? Where is the meeting point of those who dance and those who study dance as a cultural, historical, aesthetic phenomena? What can be shared, not only in the entertainment value of a performance event but also in concepts of training, choreography, the preserving of a tradition or the developing of a new one? These fundamental questions and more were the substance of a remarkable gathering of dancers and scholars who recently brought their art and knowledge to an exciting week of learning and exchange at the University of Hawaii.

Imagine an early morning workshop with Japanese modern dancer Kei Takei, exploring the energies of images—tree and vine, the support and the clinging—on bedewed grass, to a background of ridged volcanic hills. Then came a choice in each of the four daily sessions. Papers and lecture demonstrations, workshops and film showings took place simultaneously in three different locations. One session treated the expression of myth in dance images: an examination of how the Japanese tale of a woman and a bell changed with its expression in the various dance styles; a look at the ancient Chinese concept of the warrior-woman which has perpetuated itself in modern Chinese ballet; a discussion of myth and legend, particularly the Oedipus story, in the works of Martha Graham.

Participation in a workshop changed the focus from the mental to the physical. The opportunity to learn a little of the basic training methods and dramatic form of Indian Kathakali dance-drama from the highly skilled dancer and teacher Sankaran Nambudiri, a taste of Balinese dance technique, or an introduction to Hawaiian Hula—these were some of the styles represented. It is amazing how even a 90-minute foray into a totally foreign form

gives one a sense of what to watch for in a performance, thus increasing appreciation. Then perhaps a panel discussion on academic methodology—how dance history and anthropology supplement each other. Later, the particular experiences and observations of westerners who had studied a traditional dance in Asia contrasted with those of Javanese dance in Indonesia. Towards the end of the afternoon we could see a short performance: Javanese dance one day, Japanese No theatre another.

Each evening performance was devoted to a specific area—Hawaii, Asia, the Pacific Islands and America. (The modern repertoire of the Hawaii Dance Theatre featured the choreography of Canadian David Hatch Walker). The daily schedule generated a multitude of impressions and moments snatched for conversation over coffee or a quick meal added to the intensity and stimulation of the conference.

One of the more penetrating dialogues between two eminent scholars, Selma Jeanne Cohen of America and Masakatsu Gunji of Japan, concerned the Aesthetic Ideal and reflected the potential of the conference. The groundwork had been laid in a statement sent by Dr. Cohen to Professor Gunji which raised certain questions about the role of virtuosity in western classical dance. They then exchanged papers, making comments on each other's concepts. So by the time we were exposed to the ideas, they had been considerably developed through the earlier correspondence. Strikingly different to that of ballet is the Japanese ideal, 'to dance without moving', accompanied by the concept that a smaller dancing area creates a higher degree of abstraction. In a dance world where atmosphere and nuance take precedence over technique, the particular quality of virtuosity 'can be displayed up to the moment of death'. Dr. Cohen drew certain parallels, both East and West are concerned with the process of becoming and with beauty; yet fundamentally different visions of the body in space remain. While ballet aspires to heaven, Japanese dance is rooted in the earth. An interesting question was raised in the visual aesthetic, that of symmetry. Indicating a photograph of Nureyev, Dr. Cohen responded that the great western dancer's sense of asymmetry in a seemingly geometrically balanced technique is as vital to his artistry as the more choreographic asymmetry of the Japanese form.

A sense of the meeting of East and West in dance itself was revealed in two sessions entitled 'Choreographic Syncretism'. The first consisted of western choreographers whose work was clearly marked by eastern influences. Chinese Tai Chi woven into a beautiful solo, an American Indian legend done in Japanese Kabuki style were two of the offerings. They were complemented by the choreographic work of Japanese, Ko-

rean and Chinese dancers evolving from the Asian background or traditional form into a more personal and contemporary expression. The fascinating reality of the dance field is the way in which a concern may be the object of theoretical discussion, yet the point of reference can never be other than what the dancers themselves manifest in movement.

The panel discussion, 'Forces Affecting Change in 20th Century Asian-Pacific Dance', introduced a number of critical issues. Although it is the earnest wish of many American scholars to preserve the so-called 'traditional' dance in its original form, ironically, it is the very exposure to foreigners that opens the door to westernization and modernization. Yet a country such as India now looks back to its cultural heritage because of past European initiatives. Furthermore, there are instances where an Asian country has only recognized the value of one of its dance or theatrical troupes after it has returned from a successful tour of North America.

The discussion stimulated comments from a wide range of view points. The terrain supporting a culture must be safeguarded; for if a species of bird is threatened by extinction then dance drawing on bird imagery is in danger of losing its meaning, of becoming an empty gesture. In teaching western dance in Asia it is important to recognize that it too is the product of a culture and not the 'creative' dance of the world. Establishing contact between nations is not intended to lead to the assimilation of different dance styles but simply to open the channels of communication. Summing up the problems of bringing Asian dance to the West were the words of Dr. Vatsyayan of India. Asians and Westerners have a partnership of grave responsibility in facing 'how to sustain something which may be vulnerable', and in accepting that 'the moment of education is the moment of deculturalization'.

As the conference came to its last day, a possible solution was offered for questions of preservation. Margaret Dale spoke on the potential of film with her far reaching statement, 'if we in dance are to move forward, dance scholars must become as literate in film as on paper'. She looked forward to the day when dance scholars will be able to publish in visual form, and to the formation of a 'videopedia' as a resource for looking up movement and for tracing movement roots.

A month later as the mass of information, impressions and questions assume a certain order, one still feels the resonance of the event, the people. Dance and ideas as a shared experience—perhaps that is the true function of such a conference. In the words of Selma Jeanne Cohen: 'I see my own view getting bigger and bigger just in these past few days.'

ROSEMARY JEANES





The Children of Theatre Street

## The Children of Theatre Street

Produced and Directed by Earl Mack

From all over Mother Russia the parents come with hangdog faces and shabby coats. Of the 2000 prepubescent offspring they bring for the auditions each year at Leningrad's Vaganova Choreographic Institute, 20 will be chosen as pupils for an 8-year education at the state's expense. The kids are stripped and lined up before a panel of judges, each an expert in the appraisal of kinetic potential and the projection of physical development. Stringy limbs are stretched, insteps are tested, heads tilted, backs arched. We're told that data on each child will be fed into a computer which will spew out the names of the chosen. 1,980 others are thus denied the privilege of studying at the world's most venerated ballet school. If you did your homework and read Hedrick Smith, consider what else they will ultimately be missing: that private apartment with self-contained plumbing, occasional foreign travel, and the possibility of hard currency earned abroad.

But we're told from the start to believe that the motivation of all personages depicted is strictly selfless. So the film becomes a fascinating display of the ambivalence that occurs when factions representing contrasting ideologies collaborate. The viewpoints of script-writer, director, and

cameraman rarely merge, and above them Princess Grace (née Kelly) of Monaco lends her incongruous presence as narrator, representing a European family that privately supported Russian ballet in exile after the Revolution. Wouldn't Jane Fonda have made a better spokesperson for a film about state-sponsored art? Or does Grace provide the reminder of a glamour no longer apparent in the Russian school, nor on the Kirov stage, nor anywhere but in the frequently interpolated shots of the eternally gorgeous city of Leningrad?

But the kids are adorable and soon we're absorbed in their arduous training, privy to their aspirations and awed by their acceptance of discipline. Until the camera lingers too long on the tackiness of their milieu, the mould spots on studio walls, the thrift-shop furnishings of the cells they sleep in, the dour adult faces and gross bodies of the school's personnel. Doubts become confirmed when we are shown clips of their teachers, Dudinskaya and Surgeyev, in a 15-year old film of *Raymonda*: two green-hued penguins disporting in a borscht-toned setting, straight off the cereal box. The motivation to defect becomes clear.

The climax of the film is the Kirov graduation recital, where the reward for all the sweat is the privilege of dancing circus-like numbers from *Satanella* and *Paquita*, ballets which have survived in the Soviet repertory because, since Fokine's departure in 1909, no one with taste has stayed

in Russia long enough to challenge them. As contrast we're shown clips from the Maly ballets and are advised to believe that they are something other than the reverse side of the classical coin. They reveal an exposure to Béjart, who is also old-fashioned but easier to emulate than Balanchine, Graham or Ashton in a land where the rudiments of movement reside still in one traditional base.

But two Czech dancers in the current crop of graduates are fascinating. Sassy Michaela Cerna exudes a confidence that enables her to transcend the garbage she's required to dance. We're told she goes next to a scholarship at an unspecified school in the United States. Lubomir Kafka has the panther-cub grace of the young Eglevsky. In the film he's allowed the indulgence of his emotions when in tears he refuses to do the two strenuous showpieces assigned him — a classical pas and a political piece requiring extravagant but aimless energies. Ultimately he does them and wins acclaim. But how much of his outburst reflected awareness of the triviality in these vehicles? Plisetskaya today gets physically sick on hearing the first bars of *Swan Lake* after 20 years of dancing this ballet. Perhaps the young auslander from Czechoslovakia has begun to react much earlier. The West would love his style and temperament. It's speculations such as these that make the film worth seeing.

LELAND WINDREICH

## The Dancer

Leland Cooley  
Toronto: McGraw-Hill Ryerson

It is gratifying that dance is fashionable, but when it becomes marketable enough to produce a novel such as *The Dancer*, written by Leland Cooley, then one might consider a modest revival of elitism.

A self-pronounced 'big, bold, gutsy novel', the book has all the usual ingredients of its genre — love, crime and passion, spiced with sex, glamour and grief. Its 500 pages span the years from 1919 to the present focusing on Leya Marks to whom the world of American show-business opens its inner sanctum.

Our heroine is the daughter of a humble Jewish immigrant, Harry Marks. Leya's mother dies in childbirth and her father's single indiscretion condemns her to a childhood confined in the Brooklyn Hebrew Orphanage. She learns ballet at the institution, shows immediate aptitude and manages to reach her teens as a semi-trained dancer. In her search for funds to continue lessons her 'remarkable figure' lands her a job for an underwear catalogue. This catapults her into professional modeling and from there she bounds on to advanced ballet classes, experimental modern dance, Broadway shows, motion pictures and super stardom.

As only a creature of fiction can be, Leya Marks is quite maddeningly perfect. She is breathtakingly beautiful, generously curved, and extraordinarily talented. She also manages to be modest, determined and quite staunchly virtuous. No man, it seems, can resist her allure, however innocent she is of it; there is the trendy fashion-photographer, the good-looking millionaire businessman, the good-looking wealthy playboy, the homosexual choreographer, the power-hungry mobster, the trustworthy manager and the influen-

tial promoter, not to mention the lesbian older model. All of them become Leya's adoring collaborators negotiating her from one stunning triumph to the next.

Yet the reader remains uninvolved with Leya Marks because as a character she does not succeed. She never ceases being the author's feminine dream sufficiently to make a meaningful impression. The inhabitants of her world, in their inferiority, are merely paler than she. The words they speak have a self-conscious ring, reminiscent of an unconvincing screenplay. In fact the whole book suspiciously reads as if it had aspirations for television adaptation. That might explain the lack of literary style and imprisoning conformity to cliché. I found *The Dancer* naïvely dated — it is the kind of book that one has read too many times before and can only describe as 'inconsequential'.

VERONICA TENNANT

## The Dance Encyclopedia

Compiled and Edited by  
Anatole Chujoy and P.W. Manchester  
New York: Touchstone  
1978

How can a book be a fraud and still be welcome? When it's a paperback edition of *The Dance Encyclopedia*, which had been out of print in hardcover for too long.

Don't believe the cover of the paperback edition which says 'revised and enlarged'. This is the same book, complete with errors (from which no encyclopedia is free) as that published in 1967 by Simon and Schuster. Senior editor Anatole Chujoy has been dead for several years, and junior editor P.W. Manchester, though still alive and writing about dance, knew nothing of

this paperback until it was on the market.

It is embarrassing to Miss Manchester, who teaches dance history at the University of Cincinnati, to have her name on a 1978 encyclopedia which makes no mention of Baryshnikov! That was all right in 1967, when he was just joining the Kirov company, but he has been on this continent since 1974, and we're all waiting to see what Balanchine will create for him in the New York City Ballet.

It's embarrassing to have a youngish photo of dancer Charles Weidman captioned as 'still dancing and teaching', when we all know he died, an old man, in 1975.

Don't look for mention of Karen Kain, or Frank Augustyn. Be prepared to find Arnold Spohr's name misspelled ('Spohr', page 174) — just as it was in the 1967 edition.

But this paperback, with all its flaws, deserves a place in your library, for it is rich in little essays you won't find elsewhere.

You'll value Edwin Denby's essay on criticism ('It's not the critic's historic function to have the right opinions, but to have interesting ones'). And the longish essay on *Swan Lake* is interesting, though it does not touch on the bizarre version Erik Bruhn gave our Toronto company.

A substantial essay on modern dance in America, by John Martin, who both watched and helped it grow, is among the nuggets. Others are shorter essays on Kabuki, and the Tivole Theatre in Copenhagen.

You can tut-tut about the morals of the publishing industry, but if you have a feeling for dance history you'll enjoy this unauthorized reprint. Incidentally, Simon and Schuster did give a sizable lump of money to editor Manchester, in response to her protests.

LAURETTA THISTLE



**Royal Winnipeg Ballet**  
Arnold Spohr — Artistic Director  
**40 Years Strong!**

in Winnipeg Dec. 26-30  
January/February, on tour to  
Western Canada and the southwest  
United States

for booking  
information contact:  
Edward A. Reger, General Manager  
289 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg R3B 2B4  
(204) 956-0183, cable "Candance"

"...one of the finest  
ensembles of young dancers in the world  
today..."  
BARTON WIMBLE, New York Daily News

"...exceptional dancers..."  
CLIVE BARNES, New York Post

## Karen Kain: Lady of Dance

David Street

Text by David Mason

Toronto: McGraw-Hill Ryerson

1978

One of the more telling pictures in this collection by photographer David Street is not a photograph at all, but a drawing taken from one of Karen Kain's elementary school scribbles. It depicts a comical little ballerina in a red and yellow tutu (?) and lime green pointe shoes, poised in a truly remarkable sort of arabesque. One lone tree floats overhead – a child's abstracted memory of the set for *Giselle*, perhaps. The caption reads: 'When I grow up I am going to be a Ballerina. I could go out every night and dace (sic). I will be in *Giselle*. It will be so much fun being a Ballerina.'

She could not, then, have understood the dedication, self-discipline and hard work that would be required of her, but Karen did have, at a very early age, a goal, and the single-mindedness to pursue it to the exclusion of everything else. In any endeavour, particularly that of an artist, this is the key to success. It is also David Mason's explanation for the paucity of biographical information in his brief text. He suggests that Kain has spent the greater part of her 27 years as a nun, cloistered in the studios of

the National Ballet of Canada. 'Her mind, like her life, is free of frills.'

Mason describes two major problems facing Karen Kain as she pursues her career to stardom. First, he suggests that her very excellence creates the danger that she will run out of challenges and lose enthusiasm for her art! Yet, it is not very flattering to Miss Kain to suppose that when inspiration is no longer forthcoming from either the National or numerous other leading companies that would gladly have her, a ballerina as gifted and acutely self-aware would not find her own challenges.

The second problem Mason points out is a characteristically Canadian one: '... she has a fundamentally pleasant disposition.' By this he means Karen Kain is not given to the hype and publicity that lubricates the rise to international stardom. She is a very nice Canadian girl. But while this condition may condemn Canada to decades of bland and boring passivity, it does not seem to be hindering Kain's career at all.

David Street's photographs, which are, after all, the *raison d'être* of this book, reveal to us the many, varied facets of his subject's art and character. In one black and white photograph he captures the extreme tension and stress even Karen Kain experiences before a performance. On the very next page we find her smiling and composed as the audience showers her with flowers. These two pictures tell us

more of the suffering and gratification of the theatre than anything you could read about 'screaming pain ... perpetually blistered feet ... and searing torment in the lungs and throat.'

I never tire of looking at pictures of Karen Kain, but in some of David Street's colour work I feel as though I've been forced to wear rose-coloured glasses. The soft-toned multiple exposures are lovely enough, but where, among the 13 legs, 12 arms, six eyes and five mouths, can we find the ballerina? My response was, inevitably, to turn the page. On the other hand, the first photograph in the chapter entitled 'Lady of Dance' is very satisfying in its simplicity, clarity and classic lighting.

By far the most interesting photographs are the black and white rehearsal shots. They are grainy and at times ill-framed, but the spontaneity and passion portrayed renders these problems insignificant.

Finally, the text raises the unanswerable question – what does the future hold for Karen Kain? Betty Oliphant thinks she would make a terrific teacher. Perhaps one of the little girls who receive this book for Christmas will someday find herself in one of Kain's classes. But such speculation necessitates imagining her as an over-the-hill-ballerina and I'd prefer not to do that; not yet.

HOLLY SMALL

## Can Dance 79

June 27-July 2 1979

## Seventh Dance in Canada Conference 1979

University of Waterloo  
Waterloo, Ontario, Canada



### Programme and Theme of CanDance79

*It has been decided to adopt a unifying and forward-looking basic theme for the conference – under the general heading "The Future of Dance". This theme is not intended to be restrictive and all ideas will be considered for inclusion in the final conference programme. The idea is rather, to provide a coherent and integrated focus for debate and discussion to ensure that the conference as a whole – as well as in its separate and specific parts – makes a full and useful contribution to the development of Dance in Canada at the onset of the 1980's. Dance is poised to make vigorous and far-reaching contributions to the culture of the Western World and the CanDance79 Conference Committee is cognisant of its responsibility to meet this challenge.*

*CanDance79 would like to address a range of questions and looks forward to the participation of the dance community in suggesting and exploring them. For example:*

- *What are the new responsibilities in Dance Education – the public, audiences, schools, universities?*
- *How can we contribute towards the establishment of a National Dance Archives?*
- *The need for a coherent and rationalized Dance Literature (books, journals)?*
- *What are the uses for Visual Literature in dance?*
- *Are Dance Companies artistically too far ahead of the touring sponsors that can employ them?*

## On Tap Dancing

Paul Draper  
Edited and Compiled by  
Fran Avallone  
New York: Marcel Dekker  
1978

Even a cursory glance at the shelves of our public and reference libraries reveals the serious lack of material of any kind about dance. Tap dance is particularly badly served; without extensive material on tap and other dance forms, it is impossible for either the dancers or the audience to educate themselves.

*On Tap Dancing* by Paul Draper, edited and compiled by Fran Avallone, is therefore very welcome. Fundamentally, it is a series of articles written for *Dance Magazine* during the years 1954 to 1963. Paul Draper is a tap professional. He is perhaps best known as the innovator of the concert balletic style of tap dancing to classical music. In response to Draper's efforts, Morton Gould wrote the *Tap Dance Concerto*, the first composition to make use of the dancer's feet as a solo instrument in a concerto with orchestra. *On Tap Dancing* is a general and systematic account of the role of tap dance within society and the performing arts.

As a performing art, tap dance becomes confined to live performances. Maintaining this place within the boundaries of the performing arts, tap must depend upon the professional companies or institutions by which it reaches the public and becomes live. Draper stresses the professional levels necessary for tap dancing as a creative process. Certainly tap, like all dance forms, requires craft, technique and an increasing professionalism.

Tap is the most misunderstood dance form. Generally, people have little knowledge of what is required in the training of a tap dancer. Parents do not know when a child should begin to study tap, and they often lack the knowledge to decide upon a good school. Good teachers are scarce. This problem of educating the public is serious and there is no question of the importance of educating the parents if they are to have the knowledge to help their children.

Through a series of articles we are made aware that *On Tap Dancing* is written for the serious student and tap instructor. It is a valuable teacher's guide offering useful hints on the development of tap technique. Notes on turn-out and rhythm, on tap barre and tap adagio are systematically categorized into a neat catalogue or tap directory. This perhaps accounts for the absence of an index. However, this does not present a serious problem since the articles follow logically and are presented in chronological order. Questions are often answered before they arise. The table of contents becomes the bibliography. The

articles speak of enduring issues common to all dance.

'On How To Be Bad Dancer' proves to be entertaining and informative. The reader enjoys Draper's sense of humour while sharing his insight and experiences performing and on the road.

It is obvious that the analysis presented in *On Tap Dancing* is not exhaustive. However, there is an attempt to develop a systematic theory for tap dancing which will stimulate both crucial discussion and further investigation. Of one thing we are confident. A redefinition of the problems and tasks of tap dancing was long overdue.

*On Tap Dancing* indicates the direction further work might take. However, we are also confronted with some general implications for the dance enterprise at large and are compelled to rethink our perspectives on a number of specific dance interests.

STEVE DIAMOND  
BILL ORLOWSKI

## Dancing and Ballet

Olive Ordish  
Don Mills: General  
1978

*Dancing and Ballet* by Olive Ordish is the newest addition to an excellent series of educational books produced in Britain for school children. The object of the series is to encourage young people to look inquiringly and critically at various aspects of the world about them. Each volume directs its readers down avenues of personal research that will enable them to augment the lucid, but rudimentary information provided.

Olive Ordish, like the late Kay Ambrose, has distinguished herself both as a writer and theatrical designer. In *Dancing and Ballet*, she has successfully condensed a wealth of material into 70 pages. There are many imaginatively selected illustrations.

Most valuably, the book presents a view of dance both as an art and as a human activity which invites the reader to formulate a concept of dance esthetics. The treatment of folk dancing is particularly well managed.

There are some points of confusion or error. The illustration of classical ballet foot positions is surely numbered incorrectly (page 41). The Sadler's Wells Ballet did not become 'Royal' in 1949 (page 59). The New London Ballet had disbanded quite soon enough for it to be omitted from a list of British ballet companies (page 59), and Hans van Manen's name has been misspelt (page 60).

Despite these minor flaws and the book's orientation towards children in the British Isles, *Dancing and Ballet* is a splendid elementary introduction for the literate young.

MICHAEL CRABB

# Letters to the Editor

Montreal

Dear Sir,

It is not our policy to respond to criticism, however erroneous or negative it may be. Vincent Warren's letter in your summer issue (Number 16) expressed his own opinions. Although we are grateful that it was published, I do not feel that Vincent is in the best position to comment on the amount of our Canada Council funding or on its proportion in relation to the amounts other companies receive. It should be clearly stated that Les Grands Ballets Canadiens gratefully acknowledges the assistance it receives from the Canada Council and it is highly doubtful that any creation - Canadian or not - could take place without it.

I must also take issue with Laurette Thistle over a comment she made in reply to Vincent's letter. To say that because of a change in the political climate in Quebec, 'Les GBC has trimmed its sails accordingly', is so far from the truth, it is imperative that the record be put straight.

Les GBC is a ballet company, not a political organization. Our repertoire certainly includes works of Quebecois choreographers to music by Quebecois composers with decors and costumes by Quebecois designers. We take pride in the works that reflect Quebec, its heritage and its cultural development. That's reality - not provinciality. And we don't just perform these works in Quebec. We perform them throughout Canada, the United States and on our foreign tours. A Chicago critic wrote recently of *Tam Ti Delam*: 'The grand finale, Macdonald's *Tam Ti Delam*, a rousing folk ballet, tumbled together lumberjack leaps and classical point work as if it were all part of the joy of movement. As performed by these charming Canadians, it was. What delightful Northern neighbours we have'. (Chicago Sun Times, 19 May 1978).

*Tam Ti Delam* entered the repertoire in 1974, two years before the change in the political climate to which Mrs. Thistle refers. But then, the company was already performing works like *La Corriveau*, *Hommage à Pierre Mercure*, *Cantique des cantiques*, *Romeo and Juliette* (in French), *Pointes sur glace*, and *Rigodon*, amongst many others. But it was also performing Béjart, Kuch, Butler, etc.

The sails were set by Madame Chiriaeff 20 years ago, and one is not aware of any

'trimming' that has taken place since. If anything has been trimmed since 15 November 1976, it would appear to be the perception of others.

Mrs. Thistle may be interested to know that we will be performing *The Seven Deadly Sins* this season. It will be choreographed by Fernand Nault. The decor will be by Guy Neveu, and the costumes by François Barbeau. Berthold Brecht's text has been adapted by Réjean Ducharme. The soloist will be Pauline Julien. In the course of the season we will also be performing works by Brian Macdonald, Brydon Paige, George Balanchine, Lynne Taylor, Paul Taylor, Lar Lubovich and John Butler. The repertoire is, and always has been, eclectic.

Yours sincerely,  
Colin McIntyre  
General Manager  
Les Grands Ballets Canadiens

Vancouver

Dear Editor,

In the group of articles about Vancouver dance which appeared in the summer issue of this magazine, the impression was given that there is no classical ballet company in Vancouver. One of the writers said there

was no such company and another vaguely referred to it in her article without any further detail. What was missing was a separate article that had been written specifically for the summer issue on the history of Ballet Horizons and the development of Pacific Ballet Theatre. The latter is Vancouver's ballet company and has been in operation for seven years. I understand that due to immediate financial cutbacks it was necessary to delete this article but an explanatory footnote should have been included. This would have been a better solution than publishing an incomplete story of dance in Vancouver.

Sincerely,  
Bryan Gilbert  
Administrator  
Pacific Ballet Theatre Society

#### The Editor comments:

*Mr. Gilbert's point is well taken. We very much regret the omission of an article prepared by Elizabeth Zimmer concerning ballet in Vancouver. Unfortunately, the cut had to be made at a stage in production when to amend existing copy would have set our schedule back intolerably. We hope to remedy the omission as soon as possible.*

Ottawa

Dear Sir,

Vincent Warren's letter about Les Grands Ballets Canadiens in your summer 1978 issue perpetuates a myth which has been created by those who are unaware of the facts or have chosen to ignore them. He writes that Ludmilla Chiriaeff 'has built this company with proportionately less help from the Canada Council than the other ballet companies have received.'

If we take 'proportionately' to mean the proportion of a company's operating expenses which has been covered by its Canada Council grants, the proportions received by the three companies have been practically equal over the years. In the last five years for which final figures are available, 1972 to 1977, the following table shows that a slightly higher proportion of the expenses of Les Grands Ballets Canadiens was covered by Canada Council grants.

	Total Operating Expenses	Total Council Grants	%
Grands Ballets Canadiens	\$8,293,000	\$2,313,000	27.9
National Ballet	1,6068,000	4,363,000	27.2
Royal Winnipeg Ballet	8,236,000	2,217,000	26.9

If we take 'proportionately' to mean the ratio of Council grants to total attendance, the following table shows that, during the same period, the Council paid \$2.98 for each spectator at Les Grands Ballet Canadiens and somewhat smaller amounts for each spectator at the other two companies.

	Total Attendance	Total Council Grant	Grant per Spectator
Grands Ballet Canadiens	772,263	\$2,313,000	\$2.98
National Ballet	1,969,643	4,363,000	2.21
Royal Winnipeg Ballet	1,007,226	2,217,000	2.20

These figures are cited, not to diminish Mme. Chiriaeff's remarkable achievement in creating and maintaining a major dance company in circumstances of great difficulty, but to set straight a record which has often been distorted.

Yours sincerely,  
Timothy Porteous  
Associate Director The Canada Council.

Vancouver

Dear Editor,

In your summer issue of *Dance in Canada*, I read with interest the articles on dance in Vancouver. As a resume of past events and a list of personalities mentioned, it was well put together, but whatever occurred when, in writing a series like this, the writer missed mentioning Lydia Karpova? She arrived in Vancouver in the fifties and taught hundreds of pupils in the BC School of Ballet, among them Anna Marie, and David Holmes. Madame Karpova came from St. Petersburg to France and thence to Vancouver. She brought us the real thing - Russian Classical Ballet!

There was no mention of Nikolai Svetlanov who came from Kiev and also brought real ballet training to Vancouver. He trained Lynn Seymour. As a matter of fact, there was no mention of Lynn Seymour's triumphs. She has just been awarded the CBE by the Queen of England for her great contribution to ballet. She is now considered the greatest dancer in England. How could she have been omitted?

These are grave omissions when writing about ballet in Vancouver. Without them the dance scene is not complete.

Sincerely,  
(Mme) C.M. Torey  
Head of the Dance Department,  
YWCA Vancouver

Victoria

Dear Editor,

I would like to compliment you on your magazine. *Dance in Canada* is very interesting and a pleasure to read. Good luck for the future!

Sincerely yours,  
Beatrix Legras



FEMALE 512 (LECHERU)

## Noticeboard

### BRITISH COLUMBIA

David H. Lui's **Dance Spectacular** series for 1978/79 promises as before to bring a wide and varied range of dance companies to Vancouver this year. The series, which began in October with Eurythmeum Stuttgart, will include The Parthenon Dancers of Greece, The Dance Theatre of Harlem, The Pacific North West Ballet's production of *The Nutcracker*, Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, The Pennsylvania Ballet, Ballet Classique de Paris and The Joyce Trisler Danscompany.

The **Anna Wyman Dance Theatre** began its fall season with a free concert series, September 11-15, at Vancouver's new Robson Square. At the end of September the company embarked on a seven-week tour of Ontario and Quebec which included appearances at the Toronto Dance Festival and Octobre en Danse.

Pacific Ballet Theatre is now in its eighth season with plans for a tour this November. A new ballet by **Bill Thompson**, entitled *In Concert* to music by Benjamin Britten, was added to the repertoire this summer. As well, the company now has twelve dancers. The new members are Sylvie Beaudoin, Pierre LaPointe, Gaetan Masse, Robbie Waldman, Sarah Ferguson, and Muriel Gordon. **Renald Rabu** is **Resident Choreographer** this season. His latest work, *Occurrence at Owl Creek*, was premiered at Simon Fraser University early in October.

A **dance conference** was held in Abbotsford, British Columbia, this October. The conference offered lectures and workshops for dancers, theatre technicians and administrators. Among the 'resource people' who gave classes were David Adams, Rosemary Deveson, Judith Marcuse, Brydon Paige and Cameron Porteous. The Alberta Ballet Company highlighted the conference with an afternoon performance of *Alice in Wonderland* and an evening performance of their fall programme: *Othello*, *O'Jour d'Oui* and *Raymonda (Act III)*.

### ALBERTA

The **Alberta Ballet Company** is having a busy fall season. It began with performances in various shopping centres to commemorate Calgary Ballet Week. In October the company visited British Columbia to give performances in Abbotsford, Burnaby and North Vancouver. Peter Schaufuss and Veronica Tennant made

guest appearances in their performances at the Jubilee Auditoriums of Edmonton and Calgary. The company also gave two performances in Red Deer at the Memorial Theatre. Christmas performances are planned for both Edmonton and Calgary.

### MANITOBA

The **Royal Winnipeg Ballet** opened its **40th Anniversary Season** October 4th, with the company premier of *Les Sylphides*, produced by associate artistic director, Hilary Cartwright. Also on the programme was *Rondo* by John Neumeier and Agnes de Mille's dramatic story ballet *The Bitter Weir*. The RWB is the only company in North America to present this work which was originally performed by the Agnes de Mille Dance Theatre under the title *Ballad*.

The company has a **new company manager** - **Mark Porteous**, who studied Arts Administration at Ryerson, and worked in publicity and theatre management with the Shaw Festival, Theatre London, Centaur Theatre and the National Ballet.

The **Academy of Dance** in Winnipeg has recently formed the **Children's Creative Dance Theatre** under the artistic directorship of Daphne Korol. The fledgling company will make its performing debut November 29 and 30 at the Winnipeg Art Gallery.

### ONTARIO

The **Toronto Dance Theatre** plans to move into the enormous studios of their new Cabbagetown home by December 31. If all goes as scheduled the official opening of their new home will be a smashing New Year's Eve party - not to be missed! The company's fall season got off to a good start in Albany, New York, where they played to sold-out houses for three nights, marking the grand opening of the Empire State Plaza Performing Arts Centre.

Toronto's first **Accompanists' Workshop** was sponsored by the School of the Toronto Dance Theatre in September. Intensive sessions on accompaniment for dance were given by Ricardo Abreut, resident accompanist at TDT and Gwendolyn Watson, cellist and composer of works for Paul Taylor, Rod Rodgers and other choreographers. Composers Robert Daig-neault and Ann Southam lectured on music for dance. Susan Macpherson, David Earle and Donald Himes gave dance technique classes. The workshop finished September

16 with an informal performance of improvised music.

The **National Ballet of Canada**, which has just completed a brief season in Toronto that included the company premier of Ashton's *Les Patineurs* and Macmillan's *Elite Syncopations* is now in rehearsal for its annual stint of profitable *Nutcrackers*. In September and October the company made one of its extensive swings through eastern Canada. For the first time Constantin Patsalas' version of *The Rite of Spring* was presented in the repertoire. It was originally shown in two parts at successive company workshops in 1975 and 1976.

**Karen Kain** is tentatively scheduled to start work next spring on a film *The Falcon and The Ballerina* in which she will star.

**Ann Ditchburn** will make her public screen debut as an actress when *Slow Dancing in the Big City* is released this month.

**James Austin** replaced Hamish Robertson as **Company Manager** last August. **Nadia Potts** is expecting a baby.

**Dancemakers** describe their 1978-79 season as the most challenging to date. Following October performances at the Toronto Dance Festival, the group embarked on an ambitious, nine-week tour of the Western Provinces. Beginning in Winnipeg and finishing in the interior of British Columbia, Dancemakers will be performing in schools and community centres as well as theatres. They will give workshops and lecture/demonstrations in most of the universities and colleges en route.

The company begins the new year with their third Prologue to the Performing Arts tour of Ontario schools, as well as performances at the Art Gallery of Ontario, the Ontario Science Centre and The Toronto Spring Festival.

In March they will begin preparations for a Toronto spring season at Hart House which will include new work from Anna Blewchamp. Dancing this season are Peggy Baker, Pat Miner, Allan James, Pat Fraser and Keith Urban.

This fall the **Mime Company Unlimited Theatre Foundation** opened its first full-time winter training programme, **The Mime School Unlimited**, a full-time professional course for aspiring mimes as well as interested actors, directors and writers. Artistic Director, Ron East will be the principal instructor, assisted by Carolyn



Terrill Maguire and Martha Lovell in *Evolutions*

Shaffer (Movement), David Langlois (Aerobatics) as well as guest instructors.

Choreographer and dancer, **Terrill Maguire** will present a collection of her past and current works in early December. The concert, entitled *Array*, will be at the UC Playhouse, University of Toronto. She also plans a spring performance in collaboration with Martha Lovell of their new work, *Evolution*.

**Dance Sphere** is presenting an 'International Cinema Series' at 519 Church Street, Toronto. Dance films will be shown once a month beginning September 27 and continuing through until May. Scheduled for the fall and winter are *Spectre de la Danse* and *Homage to Rodin* (Nov. 22), *Paul Taylor and Company* and *Karen Kain* (Dec. 19), *Ballerina*, *Olga Korbut* and *Soviet Schools* (Jan 24), *Body and Soul*, *Alvin Ailey* and *Africa Dances* (Feb. 22), *The Triadic Ballet* and *Choreography* (March 21).

## QUEBEC

**Les Grands Ballet Canadiens'** 21ST season included the premier of *The Seven Deadly Sins* choreographed by Fernand Nault. The ballet score, composed by Kurt Weill, with text by Bertold Brecht is presented by the Quebec singer Pauline Julien. Lynne Taylor's *Sonata for Cocktail Piano*, set to

music by David Shire, was also premiered.

In December Ottawa audiences will see the company's *Nutcracker* for the first time at the National Arts Centre and as usual, there will be performances in Montreal before and during Christmas week.

In February and March the company will make its biennial tour of Western Canada. The ballets to be performed include Fernand Nault's *Carmina Burana*, Brian Macdonald's *Double Quartet*, George Balanchine's *Four Temperaments*, *Aureole* by Paul Taylor, *Les Noces* by Lar Lubovitch and *Mendelssohn* by Brydon Paige.

In August **Le Groupe Nouvelle Aire** made their first trip to New York City to give four performances at the American Theatre Laboratory. Works presented were *Pour conjurer la montagne* by Martine Epoque, *Derrière la porte un mur*, by Paul André Fortier and *Tempsvolé* by Edouard Lock. Nouvelle Aire shared the programme with an American dancer, Gay Delanghe, ex-member of the Lucas Hoving Company.

**The University of Western Ontario Arts Centre** will feature many dance performances in this season. In September the dance faculty gave three lecture/demonstrations. Les Grands Ballets Canadiens started off the entertainment series Oc-

tober 25. On November 11 the Calgary-based mime troupe *Arete* appeared, followed on November 21 by the Royal Winnipeg Ballet.

**Carousel Performing Group**, the university based dance ensemble, will present a programme for children on December 3. Karen Kain and Frank Augustyn will appear early in the new year, performing with *Entre-Six Dance Company* January 12. Theatre Beyond Words will present an evening of 'mime plus', February 2 and a children's programme - *The Potatoe People* - on February 3. The final dance concert of the series is *Danny Grossman and Company* on February 10.

**Le Groupe de la Place Royale** has been awarded \$5,400 by Metropolitan Life Insurance company to commission a new piece. The dance, entitled *What Happened*, is choreographed by Le Groupe's co-artistic director, Peter Boneham, to a score by Montreal composer John Plant. The new piece was premiered in the Studio of the National Arts Centre, Ottawa and was also performed at the Toronto Dance Festival and *Octobre en Danse*.

November 1979 will be the centenary of the death of **Auguste Bournonville** and the event will be commemorated in a week-long festival of his ballets including, *La Sylphide*, *Napoli*, *Far from Denmark*, *The Guards of Amager*, *Kermesse in Bruges*, *Conservatoriet*, *Et Folksagn*, *La Ventana* (what remains of it) and the pas de deux from *Flower Festival in Genzano*. A charter flight to the festival (24-30 November) is being arranged. Those interested should contact *Romanie Kramoris*, CORD, Dance Department, Education Building, Room 675D, New York University, 35 West 4th Street, New York, NY 10003.

Plans are already well advanced for the 1979 **Dance in Canada Conference**. The **Programme Committee** is however still open to proposals for lectures, papers, seminar workshops, 'events', in fact almost anything you might have in mind that falls under the general topic headings: administration, training, education, research. Submissions should be sent as soon as possible and by 1 February at the latest to: Programme Committee, Dance in Canada Conference, Administrative Services, Room 1002, University of Waterloo, Waterloo, Ontario, N2L 3G1.

2205-700 9th Street, S. W., Calgary, Alberta T2P 2B5



a company of theatre and dance **SUN-ERGOS**

## Dance at a Glance

**Dance-at-a-Glance** is a new advertising feature in *Dance in Canada Magazine*. Its aim is to provide our national and international readership with a quick guide to resources in dance which are available throughout Canada. To arrange your listing in the *Dance-at-a-Glance* section, just write or phone: Nikki Abraham, Business Manager, *Dance in Canada*, 100 Richmond Street East, Suite 325, Toronto, Ontario M5C 2P9 (416) 368-4793.

**Bayview School of Ballet**  
Bayview Dancers  
130 Willowdale Ave., Willowdale, Ont. M2N 4Y2  
M. Sorrell, Director, 222-5111

**Elaine Bowman**  
Toronto Dance Co-op. Classes in Graham technique  
100 Richmond St. E. Suite 309  
Toronto, Ont., M5C 2P9 Info. tel. 466-8954

**Centre of Movement**  
Dance, Mime, Composition with Til Thiele  
Workshops, Tai Chi, Children's Dance  
171 Hampton Ave., Toronto Tel. 466-9549

**Chissamba Chiyuka**  
Classes in interpretive dance of West Indian &  
African origin. Exercise to music; children's  
classes. Telephone Toronto 447-9590 or 633-7466

**The City Ballet**  
23 Brentcliffe Road, Unit 352,  
Toronto, Ontario M4G 4B7 Tel. 421-8223  
M. Bayer, Director

**Classical Jazz Dance Company**  
Hal Mischka, Director  
Blending Ballet with Contemporary Jazz Movements  
9 Phoebe Street, Toronto (416) 364-9876

**Creative Movement Center**  
Ballet Jazz & Tap Stage Fencing  
71 King St. East, 3rd floor, Toronto  
Tel. 868-0064

**Contemporary Dancers, Winnipeg**  
For information regarding fees & bookings,  
contact: David Tucker, Box 1764 Winnipeg,  
Manitoba R3C 2Z9 (204) 943-4597

**Dance Orientale School**  
Director, Diane Calenti  
Classical Egyptian Dance & Music  
100 Richmond St. East, Suite 309  
Toronto, Ont. M5C 2P9 (416) 368-8412

**Ecole Nouvelle Aire**  
Cours de danse moderne: placement au sol et  
technique Limon. Tous niveaux. Tel: (514) 286-9690  
1276 Saint-André, Montréal, Québec H2L 3S9

**L'école Supérieure des Ballets Jazz du Québec**  
1231 O. Ste. Catherine 514-849-6071. Jazz Classique  
Danse Moderne Claquettes Débutants Intermédiaires  
Avancés Pre-professionel Cours d'enseignement

**Humber College School of Ballet & Related Arts**  
1669 Eglinton Ave. (at Oakwood) Toronto  
Director: Sarah Lockett ARAD  
Beginners-Advanced; Adults & Children  
Ballet & Jazz Tel. 675-3111 ext. 506

**Jacqueline Ivings Studio**  
(Formerly Principal Dancer, National Ballet Co.)  
Ballet, Yoga, Dance-Yoga,  
Breathing practice for more energy, relaxation.  
681 Markham St. Toronto 534-2998

**Le Groupe de la Place Royale**  
Classes in modern dance, ballet, music &  
movement, voice & movement. Beg. to prof.  
130 Sparks St., Ottawa (613) 235-1492

**Kyra Lober Modern Dance Studio**  
Technique and Improvisation  
6 Church Street, Toronto  
Telephone 368-6327

**Heather Menzies Studio of Dance Arts**  
702 Burnhamthorpe Rd. East, Mississauga  
Jazz, Classical Ballet, Tap, Modern  
Tel. (416) 277-8346

**Roberta Mohler**  
Advanced Modern Technique Classes  
Monday, Wednesday, Friday 10:00-11:30, St. Paul's  
Centre, 121 Avenue Road, Toronto Tel. 923-2908

**New "Academy of Dance"**  
on University of Windsor Campus.  
Ballet, (Cecchetti), Creative Movement  
Dance Fitness. Teachers: Madelyn Weingarden and  
Florence King Proulx. 404 Huron Church Road,  
Windsor, Ontario (519) 252-7882

**Andrew Oxenham, Photographer**  
Specialist in Dance, Theatre and Portrait  
54 East Lynn Avenue, Toronto, Ont. M4C 3X2  
Tel. (416) 698-0092

**Russian Academy of Classical Ballet**  
Mary Aslamazova, Director  
93 5A Bloor Street West (at Ossington)  
Toronto, Ontario M6H 1L5 (416) 532-2993

**The Bonnie Sandison Dance Studio**  
Jazz, Tap, Ballet, Modern & Dance Mechanics  
Beg. to Adv. for amateur or professional dancers  
18 Adelaide St. West, 3rd floor,  
Toronto M5H 1L6 (416) 362-6784

**Joseph Shulman, Publicist**  
1179A Bloor St. West, Toronto, Ont. M6H 1M9  
Telephone (416) 532-6519

**SPILL - Canada's dance newspaper**  
subscription: \$10/yr (12 issues) \$20/yr institution  
155A George St.  
Toronto M5A 2M8

**Sun-Ergos, a Company of Theatre and Dance**  
Dana Luebke & Robert Greenwood, Directors  
2205-700 9th St. SW, Calgary T2P 2B5  
Tel. (403) 264-4621 Performances-Classes

**York University: Dance Department**  
Yves L-Ph. Cousineau, Chairman; offering B.A.  
(Hnrs), B.F.A. (Hnrs), M.F.A.; studies in ballet,  
contemporary dance, composition, dance therapy,  
history, criticism, notation, repertory teaching.  
Faculty: Karen Bowes, Sandra Caverly, Norrey  
Drummond, Julianna Lau, Terrill Maguire,  
Mary-Elizabeth Manley, Sandra Neels, Selma Odom,  
Betty Stedman, Grant Strate, Dianne Woodruff; also  
Margaret Gibbs, Elaine Turner, Fall/Winter and  
Summer Session. 4700 Keele St., Toronto M3J 1P3.  
(416) 667-3243

## Classified

### SPECIAL OFFER

**READING DANCE:** The Birth of Choreology by  
Rudolph and Joan Benesh. The only complete and  
authorized record of the Benesh Movement Notation  
available. Originally published at \$14.75 - now  
only \$8.95 (+\$3.50 postage and handling). Exclusively  
from Methuen Publications, 2330 Midland  
Avenue, Agincourt, Ontario, Canada M1S 1P7.

### Our apologies

The fine photograph of Lindsay Kemp  
featured on the cover of our last issue  
was taken by Tom Taylor who was also  
responsible for the photograph which  
accompanied Graham Jackson's feature  
article. We apologize to Mr. Taylor for  
forgetting to include a credit for the cover  
photo.





flexatard

**A  
WHOLE  
NEW  
WORLD  
OF  
DANCE WEAR**

*from California*

Whether your world is ballet, jazz or modern, spanish, latin or disco—Flexatards are flexible. The look is glamorous, the fit is great for exercising, swimming or dance. The fabric is an exclusive four way stretch Antron® nylon/Lycra® spandex that is woven to breath and support so the body stays cool and comfortable. Included in the wide style range are gathered and flounced skirts for easy cover.

**MALABAR**

**theatre  
and  
dance  
shops**

CALGARY  
ALBERTA  
511 Centre St.S.

EDMONTON  
ALBERTA  
10520 Jasper Ave.

THUNDER BAY  
ONTARIO  
899A Fort William Rd.

WINNIPEG  
MANITOBA  
375 Hargrave St.



# **DANSKINS ARE FOR DANCING**

1978 Coty Award winner



DANSKIN GOES SOFT, WITH SOFT PROFESSIONAL WEIGHT LEOTARDS IN A GLORIOUS SELECTION OF DANCE STYLES AND COLORS. THE HIGHER CUT LEG IS NEW, BUT THE FAMOUS DANSKIN QUALITY IS TRADITIONAL. NO WONDER DANSKIN'S THE CHOICE OF PROFESSIONAL DANCERS EVERYWHERE. TURTLENECK LEOTARD, ABOUT 10.75. AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES AND DANCE SHOPS EVERYWHERE. OR WRITE FOR BROCHURE DC, DANSKIN, INC., 1114 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036.

**DANSKIN®**