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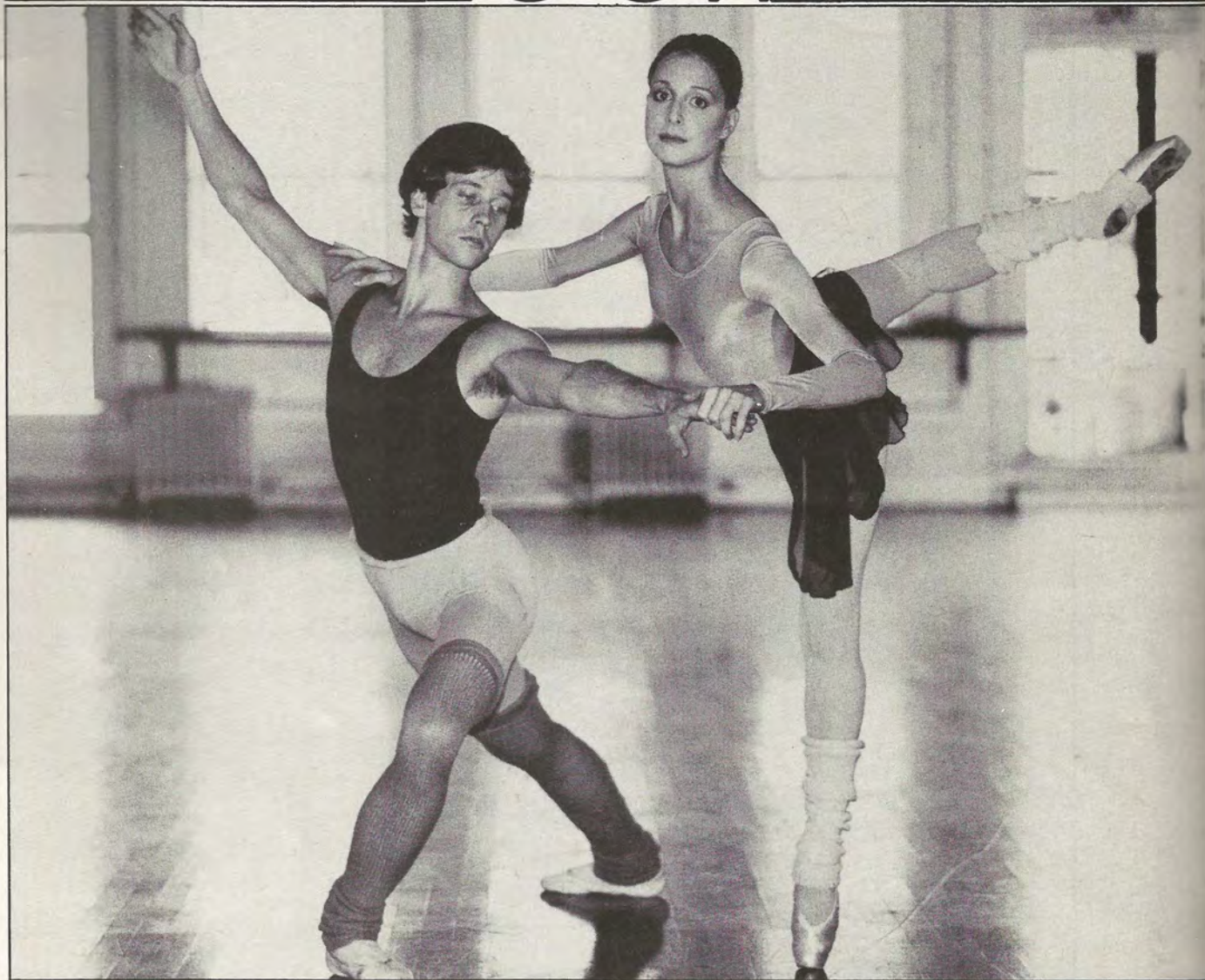


**Spotlight
on Kevin Pugh**

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Dance in Canada

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CREDITS

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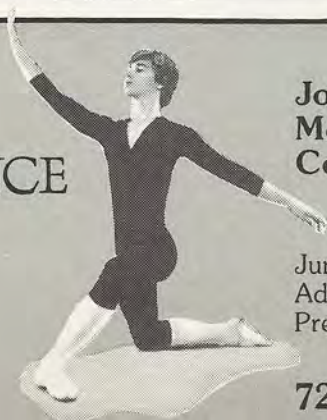
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COVER

Kevin Pugh of the National Ballet of Canada performs the famous Bluebird variation from Rudolf Nureyev's production of *The Sleeping Beauty*. The photograph, by Ronald Diamond, was taken on the set of the National Film Board/Canada Council co-production: *For the Love of Dance*.

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Paula Citron

A New Maturity

Kevin Pugh After Moscow



Kevin Pugh n'a cessé de susciter l'admiration unanime des balletomanes depuis qu'il est entré au Ballet National du Canada en 1978. Une technique apparemment sans effort, une élévation prodigieuse ont fait de lui un grand favori du public. Il est parvenu rapidement au rang de premier soliste. Maintenant qu'il a remporté une médaille d'argent au Quatrième Concours International de Ballet de Moscou et que sa confiance en lui a redoublé, il est plus que jamais désireux de s'épanouir dans tous ses potentiels artistiques. Il n'ignore point les difficultés qu'il a à camper un personnage sur la scène et bien qu'il soit relativement plutôt petit il espère pouvoir avant longtemps danser les premiers rôles classiques. Kevin Pugh qui reconnaît l'importance de son expérience moscovite pour la poursuite de sa carrière se réjouit aussi du succès de Kimberly Glasco qui a remporté, comme lui, une médaille d'argent.

Besides bringing world-wide attention to the dancing ability of The National Ballet of Canada's Kevin Pugh, the Moscow ballet competition also transformed his personality. In an early interview, Pugh was hesitant about making any bold statements. In his words, he was being 'very careful'. The Kevin Pugh who emerged from Moscow, flushed with the success of winning a silver medal at the most important dance competition in the world, is not afraid to say what is on his mind. An examination of his comments before and after Moscow is a verbal record of this astonishing yet, in its own way, not terribly surprising change.

Here is a sampling of Pugh's remarks from the earlier interview. 'I have to tell myself to go out and show the audience who I am. I tend to be very shy . . . I'm trying to be special so the audience will notice me. Hopefully that will come . . . I'm afraid to think on my own. David

Scott (the National's ballet master) keeps telling me not to be such a good boy and to try and find my own interpretations of roles. I always do what I'm told . . . I can't be too pushy because I'm young and I need to learn . . . I'm happy with the company because I'm getting what I want but I have to learn to believe in myself and get confidence.'

'I have a lot to say now because I believe in myself'

The post-Moscow interview revealed the following opinions. 'What I want is the National to see what they have in me. Now I can go anywhere in the dance field because I was liked in Russia. I hope I don't have to use leverage but I shouldn't have to ask for roles. I want to guest and I would have to leave if the company won't let me . . . I'm not worrying about speaking out. I have a lot to say now because I believe in myself.'

Thus, the young dancer who had formerly been excited about getting any applause at all can now, like a litany, recite the exact number of curtain calls he and his partner, Kimberly Glasco, received in Moscow. As he himself remarked, basking in his recently acquired poise, 'It's a new Kevin Pugh!'

However, Pugh is quick to point out that he will not allow himself 'to get a big head', because 'that kind of attitude can destroy you'. He also adds that his mother brought him up well. 'She is always warning me about being a nice guy. I know what is right and wrong.' He regards Moscow as, 'only a sign of promise because you must always keep improving'. His mother would also be pleased by his modesty. He made no mention of the crowds in Moscow who mobbed him shouting, 'Grand Prix! Grand Prix!', because they felt that he had been the best dancer in the competition.

Pugh, who has variously been described as 'the hottest young dancer in North America' and 'the kid with the springs in his feet' was born in Indianapolis, Indiana. Like many dancers, he drifted into the profession by accident having decided to take lessons after seeing his older sister's dance class. A teacher who had been at The National Ballet School suggested that he audition and with his acceptance, he arrived in Toronto on a full scholarship in 1975. Initially, he felt that he would end up as a teacher or that dancing might just be a 'hobby'. However, he too became



Alexander Grant rehearses Kevin Pugh in the *Bluebird* variation.

infected by the dancer's dream - 'to get a bit of the spotlight'. In 1978 he joined the corps of the National which he felt was 'important work, as important as the principals because the corps carries the ballet'. When he began to get understudy roles and realized that the company was interested in him, the prospect that he would get ahead made dancing more exciting. With his promotion to second soloist in 1979 and to first soloist in 1980, his dream of 'going places' in the dance world became a reality.

'I have great difficulty projecting life into my roles'

His feelings about dancing are very straight forward. 'The graceful movement is beautiful but a challenge. It keeps you in shape. Besides it's in me. I don't know what else I'd do and I really enjoy performing.' Pugh hopes to add the *danseur noble* roles to his repertoire even though he is only 5'6½" tall. 'The

tide is turning in favour of short dancers. Baryshnikov is not that tall and look at Veronica Tennant in *Etudes*. I prefer the classical roles. I don't want to be stuck as Benvolio all my life. Although I'm not ready, I'd like to dance the Prince in *Swan Lake* one day. Besides, it's okay for the girl to be taller on pointe than the guy. The lifts are no problem because height is not important, only timing - and I'm getting stronger.' He also admires the way Baryshnikov attempts all kinds of dancing. A future role for Pugh will be Genaro in the National's new production of *Napoli*. He is 'not thrilled to death' with it, because he does not think that he dances Bournonville well. 'The style calls for small and fast steps. My style is big heavy steps and large hand movements. But even if Bournonville doesn't make me look as good as other things, dancers should try everything.'

To Pugh, dancing is 'speaking through

your body . . . a really superb dancer is able to project excitement to the audience by the sharpness and smoothness of his style. He also has to be a good actor'. Male dancers have two sides to their craft, according to Pugh. On one hand, in pas de deux, 'the women do most of the work and the men make the ballerina look good'. Alone, the *danseur* is 'the complete opposite of the liquid pointe work. He jumps, turns and pounds away'.

In light of Pugh's analysis of the qualities of a 'superb' dancer, his assessment of his own ability is very interesting. As far as technique is concerned, certain things come easily to him such as the jump. Where Pugh sees his chief failing is that he is basically, 'too shy to let myself loose and therefore I have great difficulty in projecting life into my roles. I'm mostly a technician'. This problem is compounded by the fact that he tends to take himself 'too seriously'. In his attempt to overcome his woodenness, he even bought Coles' notes on *Romeo and Juliet* to get a better understanding of Benvolio! However, with the confidence he acquired in Moscow he feels he can, for example, make Puck in Ashton's *The Dream* 'more of a brat'. Moscow convinced Pugh that he can dance. Now he feels he must concentrate on character in order to increase the impact of his dancing although he wishes more time were spent by the company in explaining character along with teaching steps. The preparation for the Moscow competition which took six months included character analysis and this, he feels, helped his dancing. In his favourite role, *Le Corsaire*, he is, 'a slave bowing to the princess. Because I'm close to Kim, it was easy to become her slave'. His Bluebird, 'falls madly in love with Florinda and teaches her to fly'. However, the most challenging of the three Moscow classical pieces was the pas de deux from *Don Quixote*. 'The Spanish flavour' in the characterization, 'the sharpness' which must accompany the technique and 'the subtleties' required in the dancing gave Pugh trouble because he had never tried anything like it before. 'Don Q is like telling a joke between the two dancers, like having a secret from the audience. A lot of the impact depends on the eye contact between the partners.'

The Moscow competition was both a positive and negative experience for Pugh. On the plus side was the Canadian team doing so well. There was also the excitement of dancing with the Bolshoi

orchestra on the stage of that shrine to ballet. He recalls vividly the six curtain calls which followed the second round *Le Corsaire* and the growing certainty that both he and Glasco would go on to round three. In the final round, they were the last to compete that evening. As they desperately attempted to keep warm, they had to go through the agonizing experience of hearing the other competitors receiving the slow clapping which is the way Russian audiences show their appreciation. When their turn came, more than two hours late, Pugh and Glasco were rewarded by 12 curtain calls and an avalanche of flowers. The competition was followed by two sold-out gala performances at the Bolshoi carried live on Soviet television where he and Glasco performed their Bluebird pas de deux. Being asked to appear in Japan and to return to the Bolshoi as a guest artist made Pugh acutely aware of his new status in the dance world. On the home front there were unexpected perks. A ticket was bought for him in Row AA of O'Keefe Centre for a performance of The Royal Ballet and since his return he has not had to go shopping because he is constantly being invited out to dinner!

Roses in Moscow

However, 'the greatest thrill' for Pugh of the whole Moscow event was being coached by Eugen Valukin, the head of the institute for the training of dance teachers in Moscow. Betty Oliphant had arranged for Valukin to work with the Canadians and he was no stranger to the team having taught at The National Ballet School periodically during the past 22 years. Pugh feels that he 'learned more from Valukin in one session than in a whole year of rehearsals. All of us loved Valukin because he didn't make us uptight. He gave us tips on arm placements and how you can express things through body and arms - small things. He told me how to prepare for a jump and made my jump look larger'. Valukin also gave him Russian ballet shoes with elk hide soles for a stronger grip to help in rehearsal although Pugh wore his own shoes in performance. When Valukin arranged for the team to have massages, Pugh began to realize the way the Russians treat their dancers. 'They have a canteen, a sauna and all the massages they need.' For Pugh, one of the greatest moments in his life occurred after the first round of Bluebird when Valukin came backstage and greeted him with tears of joy in his eyes.

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However, all was not roses in Moscow. Pugh believes that 'dancers make a small world. There were dancers from 23 countries and I would rather have watched them as a learning experience only and not as competition. I will never compete again because dance shouldn't be an Olympic event. I did it for experience and recognition but once is enough. Karen Kain told me the same thing - that she thought that the learning is invaluable but that she'd never do it again. I also could have done without the tension between Kim and me that the pressure on us created. I didn't enjoy jumping at Kim and I'm glad that nothing happened to our friendship'.

Pugh is also angry at 'the poorly written rule book' for the competition. He was under the impression that he could compete only as a duo in all three rounds even though the dancers were judged individually and it was not until he arrived in Moscow that he discovered that in the second round contemporary work, he could have danced solo. Glasco and Pugh performed a pas de deux choreographed especially for them by Constantin Patsalas called *Poème Intime* which did not go over well with the judges or the audience. Using three love songs by the composer André Jolivet, the ballet is about two people, infatuated with each other who cannot get together

and ends as it begins, with the man circling the woman. 'I don't know why it was a flop because I had fun rehearsing it. Maybe it was too long. It rated only two or three curtain calls.' Had he known that he could have danced alone, he would have done a solo from MacMillan's *Elite Syncopations*.

A triumph for Kimberly Glasco too

Perhaps the greatest legacy of bitterness Pugh brought home from Moscow was caused by the insult handed to his partner, Kimberly Glasco, by some very tactless person high up in the National Ballet which shocked him to his very core. Pugh had assumed that both of them had been chosen for their promise and he had always felt equal with her as they rehearsed for Moscow. It was not until they arrived that he discovered that Glasco had been told that she was 'scenery' for Pugh and that 'she would never make it past round two. I know how good she is. I'm happier about her silver medal than I am about mine because she's a strong girl, a fighter, and she pulled it off'. He is also worried that the National is trying to change Glasco's style of dance by making her curb her reach and control her arms. 'Now that she's won a medal, maybe they'll leave her alone.' Pugh's com-

ments about Glasco not only reflect the concern of a friend but are another example of his new willingness to speak his mind.

Kevin Pugh suffers from the malaise that affects all dancers - the consuming demands of the profession. 'My life is dancing and this bothers me in a way. It takes away from my free time. I love to play tennis and watch football and hockey on TV but generally, I have to save myself for dancing.' However, having committed himself to a dance future and now that the dust of Moscow is beginning to settle, Pugh can work towards some goals which he has set for himself. A direct result of Moscow is the hope that the Glasco-Pugh partnership will continue both within the company and as guest artists elsewhere. On a personal level, he will continue cultivating 'a streak of rebellion and a sense of humour', both of which he feels will improve his individuality on the stage. He also wants to use the experience he gained in Moscow to define more sharply the roles he already dances as well as working towards new roles in the classical repertoire. Finally, there is within Kevin Pugh, the 21-year-old dance dynamo, the underlying dream that his new confidence and self-assurance will turn a talented dancer into a truly great one.

Canadians Triumph in Moscow

Politics and Art are the Stuff of a Moscow Ballet Competition

Les danseurs de l'Ecole National de Ballet et du Ballet National du Canada sont rentrés du Quatrième Concours International de Ballet de Moscou chargés de médailles et d'honneurs. Ce fut le triomphe d'un travail d'équipe des Canadiens dont la formation leur attira les éloges des juges russes.

Tout de même, comme l'explique Betty Oliphant, les concours de ce genre ne peuvent échapper à bien des manoeuvres politiques et tours de passe-passe administratifs. Mais l'expérience en vaut la peine.

According to Betty Oliphant, ballet principal of The National Ballet School and a judge at this year's Fourth International Ballet Competition in Moscow, 'Anyone who goes to Moscow to win medals is in trouble. If you go for a learning experience, it's incredibly valuable'. By this, Oliphant means that the results tend to be political and the most deserving dancers might not necessarily come first. 'I accept the political aspect of the competition. It's a fact. To think only in terms of medals is totally unrealistic. The politics come with the

territory and one can only hope that the home team will do well in spite of the machinations behind the scenes. When Princess Margaret visited the school recently, I saw Martine Lamy dance for the first time since the competition and her improvement was tremendous. Going through that nerve-wracking experience has got to do something for a young dancer!'

That the Canadian team did so magnificently is shining proof of the quality of the dancers sent to compete. Kevin Pugh and Kimberly Glasco of The



Serge Lavoie and Martine Lamy of the National Ballet School: Best Junior Duo in Moscow.

National Ballet of Canada both received individual silver medals in the senior category. In the junior category, Owen Montague and Martine Lamy of The National Ballet School won a silver and a bronze medal respectively while Lamy and her partner, Serge Lavoie, won the prize for best duo. Canadians received two special prizes as well. Montague was chosen by Madame Galovkina, principal of the Moscow Academy, for an award of excellence and Mary MacDonald, The National Ballet's pianist, won an accompanist award. 'I'm thrilled to bits!' declares Oliphant who knows the competition inside out having been a judge twice and an honoured guest once.

Confusing administrivia

The Moscow ballet competition rotates with the Tchaikovsky piano competition, each occurring every four years at two-year intervals. Besides the medals and prizes, money is also given to the

winners. For example, Pugh and Glasco each won 2000 roubles which works out to about \$3000. This year, for the first time there were two divisions - junior (16 to 19 years old), senior (20 to 28 years old). The addition of the junior category is probably a result of a long letter which Oliphant wrote to the Russians after the last competition, four years ago. At that time she felt that there were too many established dancers competing. For example, the gold medal winner in the men's senior category this year, Jaime Pikierius, from Venezuela, is 24 and the premier dancer of the Munich Ballet while Canada's oldest competitor was Kevin Pugh at 21. Because she had instigated the establishment of this division for younger dancers, she felt she should really show support and so sent two sets of partners. Oliphant admits that she takes age into consideration when she is judging a contestant.

The format of the competition is as

follows. Both juniors and seniors must choose their performance pieces from a list of nine composers and specific pas de deux. Three different classical pas de deux and variations must be performed, one for each round. As well as a classical work, the second round also requires a contemporary piece of one's own choosing. The first two rounds have piano accompaniment only; the last is danced with the Bolshoi orchestra. The 126 candidates from 23 countries drew lots upon their arrival in Moscow and in the first round, the competitors performed in the order of their numbers, juniors and seniors mixed together. However, this practice was changed and in the next two rounds, the remaining juniors competed first. The Soviet contestants were the finalists from competitions held across the country while the others had been arbitrarily selected by principals and artistic directors. Although the participants compete by performing pas de deux, each dancer is judged as an individual. The 32 jury members (19 of whom were from Soviet-bloc countries) assigned a mark out of 12 to each dancer. All contestants with an overall mark of 8 or higher, went on to the next round. As contestants are eliminated, the remaining dancers still compete in the order of the numbers they had drawn initially. This year in the final round, 10 juniors and 20 seniors were left in competition. The winning medalists performed in two gala concerts at the Bolshoi and four special performances at the Kremlin Palace in front of 6000 people, receiving a fee for the latter.

If all this administrivia seems very confusing, it was made more so by the way the Russians tend to 'bend the rules'. Some dancers had non-competing partners chosen to make them look good. A few of the dancers performed only one pas de deux and did single variations in the other rounds. All this was most surprising to the Canadian team who had faithfully prepared the required four pas de deux.

Bending the rules Russian style

Although Oliphant took for granted that the Soviet-bloc judges tend to give high points to their countrymen, 'somewhat like the marking in Olympic figure skating', she was not prepared for the change of procedure which followed the third round of competition. Instead of voting by points, the president of the Praesidium, Yuri Grigorovich, the artis-

tic director and chief choreographer of the Bolshoi, presented a list of winners in a specified order to be voted on by the jury. The judges then voted publicly by a show of hands to approve the list. Although the members were able to make one change in the junior category, no change was made on the senior list even though objections were raised; the Soviet-bloc judges ensured that the list would be accepted. Oliphant felt that the grand prix should not be given out this year because to her, the winner, Irek Moukhamedov from the Soviet Union, was not of the calibre of Nadezhda Pavlova or Mikhail Baryshnikov, the only two previous grand prix winners. She would have preferred to split the gold medal. Evidently this is the manner of voting in the final round of the Tchaikovsky competition but for Oliphant, 'It certainly was a new departure and a surprising one. The list presented to us had all the political considerations taken into account. The winner of the men's junior division, for example, was the son of the great Bolshoi dancer, Maris Liepa'.

The Canadian press gave quite a bit of coverage to the fact that Oliphant had not supported Norbert Vesak who was nominated for one of the two choreographic prizes for contemporary works. Again Grigorovich presented four names for consideration and Oliphant spoke against anyone getting an award 'because to give an award for inferior choreography is to encourage it in future competitions'. She mentioned that there were much better examples of Vesak's choreography than the Rita Joe pas de deux done by the West German couple. 'Robert Joffrey nominated a Mongolian who did receive an award but when the jury was asked to consider a name for the second award, it was a unanimous decision that it would not be given out.' It is unfortunate that Vesak assumed that Oliphant had attacked his choreography in general.

Besides facing the mental rigors of competition, the dancers had to cope with physical problems on the stage. In order to make it look good, the Russians had washed the stage down which made it very slippery and it did not really dry out until the third day. Also, being an old stage, it is filled with pot-holes. The Bolshoi company uses a linoleum cloth when they dance but the stage was bare for the competition. Lastly, the stage is raked so one is always working at an angle. Although the Canadians rehearsed at home on a specially built platform



Silver Medalist Kimberly Glasco.

to try and capture the slope, Oliphant feels that it had not been 'terribly efficient as it was impossible to match the actual bank of the Bolshoi stage'.

Russians dislike diluted classics

The Russians had their complaints as well. Many of the competitors performed versions reworked by western choreographers which tended to use different music from the original as well as making the steps easier. An article from the official theatre and dance magazine of the Soviet Union, *Theatre Life* (January 1981), written after the last Varna competition talks about this trend.

The dancers changed the choreography introducing the tricks and steps from other ballets . . . often changing the steps avoiding certain difficulties, thus simplifying them to their capabilities . . . Evelyn Hart, who won the gold medal and David Peregrine, who won the silver medal, showed this misuse. Even the couple's brilliant performance in the contemporary choreography was not able to lessen the disappointment one felt at their willingness to freely adapt classical techniques.

Thus, to ensure that all the competitors are performing at the same level of difficulty, Oliphant says that the Russians are 'seriously considering notating the pas de deux and variations, and specifying the music for the next competition. Incidentally, she heartily agrees that this would be a good move. The Canadian team 'tried not to leave out any of the difficulties' and perhaps this is why the dancers did so well.

For Sabina Allemann, the lone Canadian who came away empty-handed from Moscow, it must have been a devastating experience. Although Oliphant 'doesn't believe in making excuses', she did point out that

Allemann and Montague were the fifth couple to dance and thus the stage was still extremely slippery. Although Montague was able to recover from two bad falls by making a defiant gesture in character, Allemann's dancing was very much affected by the conditions. Having been through the Moscow mill before, Oliphant was aware that most judges make up their minds about people in the first round. Thus, she and Alexander Grant, artistic director of The National Ballet, scheduled real showstoppers in the first round. Unfortunately, working against Allemann in some respects was the fact that Ashton's and not the Russian version of *La Fille Mal Gardée* was used and many of the judges were not pleased. From all reports she danced exquisitely in the next two rounds, particularly in the third when she had been eliminated and was there only as Montague's partner. 'She simply could not overtake the judges' poor first impression of her. On the other hand, the American girl, Amanda McKerrow, who won the junior category, was marvellous in the first round and awful in the next two.'

Betty Oliphant, now 67 years old, is unlikely to judge another Moscow competition but she has several happy memories to carry with her. Galina Ulanova and Marina Semionova, fellow judges and both legendary dancers, told Oliphant that they felt the Canadians were; 'second only to the Russians in schooling, artistry and musicality'. Since both women currently coach or teach, these compliments mean a great deal to Oliphant.

However, the most incredible happening was the tremendous artistic respect shown for Martine Lamy by the organizers of the competition. In an effort to do the correct version of the peasant pas de deux from *Giselle*, Oliphant enquired among the Russian-trained dancers in North America to be sure she had the right one. However, when it came time for the orchestra rehearsal in the third round, the musicians had never seen the music for the female variation! It apparently was done by the Kirov and not by the Bolshoi. The head of the music library was called in and Lamy's performance was delayed a day. In the meantime, the librarian orchestrated overnight the music from the piano copy for an 80-piece ensemble and there was a special orchestra rehearsal the next morning. 'Can you imagine', says Oliphant with awe, 'anyone over here doing that for a 16-year-old kid?'

Pat Kaiser

New Myths Die Harder

The School of the Toronto Dance Theatre Steps from Graham's Shadow

L'École du Toronto Dance Theatre fut fondée en 1968, la même année que la compagnie, et depuis lors a changé plusieurs fois de direction et d'organisation. Aujourd'hui, elle est la seule école de danse moderne fonctionnant à temps plein et la seule à recevoir une subvention du Conseil des Arts du Canada. Un mythe persiste cependant, selon lequel elle est dominée par les préceptes de Martha Graham. En fait, comme l'expliquent ses deux directeurs, Helen Jones et Christel Wallin, elle s'est fixée comme but de préparer des danseurs capables d'aborder la grande diversité des styles d'un monde de la danse pluraliste. Elle offre aussi un programme d'enseignement général auquel les élèves apportent l'adhésion complète: en outre l'implantation de l'école dans les bâtiments mêmes du TDT redouble leur ambition et leur enthousiasme.

The late Kenneth Tynan, that formidable critic of the English theatre, once remarked that if old myths die hard, new myths die harder.

Helen Jones and Christel Wallin, the current directors of the School of the Toronto Dance Theatre, would readily agree with that observation. The school is 13 years old and in that time has developed its own distinctive curriculum; yet, the myth persists that the TDT school still lives in the shadow of Martha Graham.

While there are certainly worse shadows to be caught in, Jones and Wallin are frustrated by this narrow misconception of the school's purpose.

'We can't spend all day contracting.'

The professional program', says Jones 'does include Graham technique -



daily class is the one invariable, but we can't spend all day contracting. How could we? It isn't a matter of taste or anything like that, but of being realistic. Christel and I want to create dancers who can go anywhere - and we have. Last year, out of our professional class, we had two go to Dancemakers, one to Le Groupe de la Place Royale and one to TDT.'

As Helen Jones's comment indicates, the school has no intention of merely being a feeder for the parent company, even though it shares accommodation with Toronto Dance Theatre on Winchester Street - a large renovated church, situated on the fringe of the downtown core on a quiet side street in Cabbagetown. The building has three studios, of which one is the 110-seat Studio Theatre that, with its stained-glass windows and chapel-high ceiling, is familiar to Toronto dance-goers as the showcase for the company, for visiting artists, and for the regular student workshops. There are lounges, change rooms, showers, and a sauna. The facilities are at once impressive and homey, two qualities that don't often go together.

Impressive and homey facilities

It's a far cry from the school's unofficial, undisciplined early days. The school was first formed in 1968, the year of the company's birth, as a necessary source of revenue for the TDT directors David Earle, Patricia Beatty and Peter Randazzo.

The first studio was in old Yorkville, above an auto body shop. The second, on Lombard Street, was one step up in quality, generous windows on three sides, but, incredibly enough, without a washroom.

In the beginning, the school suffered from the social attitude of the times, a 'do your own thing' sentiment by which people took free classes and attended at their whim. The result was a confusing balancing act for the poor teachers and an entirely unsatisfactory learning situation for any dedicated students.

Professionalism took hold with the next move, in 1974, to East York's Don Hall, an old Finnish community centre. School co-principals were appointed: Marie Marchowsky, who had worked with Martha Graham in the thirties, and

Donald Himes, who had danced with Beatty's New Dance Group of Canada, TDT's forerunner, in its first public performance.

At the Don Hall, the school underwent reorganization, partly because the emphasis of student enrolment had shifted from those casually interested in exercise and eurythmic training to those seeking a thorough technical training, perhaps with the hope of a career.

Classes for the casually interested do, of course, still exist on several strictly structured levels, quite logically beginning with fundamentals and travelling up through elementary and intermediate to advanced. There is also the very popular 'Stretch and Strength' program, which was originally introduced by Himes and is today taught by Wallin and Murray Darroch.

There are usually about 300 students in the General Course although, now, the flashy new Dance Centre, (the Toronto branch of Les Ballets Jazz School), offers an alternative attraction for the casually interested students.

The School of the Toronto Dance Theatre, however, has as yet no challenger for its position as Canada's *only* modern dance school with a full-time professional program and Canada Council grant to support it. This program normally starts the year off with about 50 students. By the close there may be 35 to 40 students - 'a good average', says Jones.

The record of successful former students has grown into a long and respectable one; Kathryn Brown, Peggy Smith Baker, Claudia Moore, Elaine Bowman, Jean-Louis Morin, Nancy Ferguson are but a few of the fine dancers who have graced the studios of the school. Ernst and Carol Eder settled in Edmonton and formed Tournesol, Barry Smith and Germaine Salsberg headed for the Martha Graham Company and eventually formed their own company, Ross McKim went to London Contemporary Dance Theatre and Kenny Pearl (who is also teaching at the TDT school this year) departed for the Graham and Ailey companies.

Since the days at the Don Hall, the school has changed directorship several times both officially and unofficially, passing from the hands of Richard Mortimer to Ricardo Abreut to Simon Leigh. Helen Jones and Christel Wallin come to their task well-equipped. Jones trained at the school from 1970 to 1976 after two years at the London School of Contemporary Dance which were pre-

ceded by a 'thoroughly horrible seven years' at the Royal Ballet School's White Lodge and Upper School. She worked with the Graham Company for three years - 'anonymously, as I couldn't get the magical Green Card': - where the Swedish-born Christel Wallin taught and apprenticed.

Together, they have logged a considerable amount of hours in Graham technique, and the 1981-82 program, which runs from early September to late May, does reflect that. This year's teaching staff includes Marianne Bachman, a faculty member of the Martha Graham school, and Graham Company soloist Bert Terborgh.

Preparing dancers for the varied demands of today's dance world

However, the variety needed to prepare dancers for the multi-faceted demands of the professional dance world is equally well-provided for, this year in the form of Louis Solino and Libby Nye, both ex-Limon dancers, the latter co-director of the New York Dance Ensemble. Peggy Smith Baker, too, is scheduled to return to Toronto on leave from the Lar Lubovitch Company to teach at TDT. Jones, Wallin, Pearl, David Earle, and Patricia Beatty are regular staff instructors, handling elementary, intermediate and advanced classes. (Jones also instructs modern barre and Anne Wooten teaches jazz.) Students must choose from these for two or three daily classes, plus one Saturday class.

The school also offers classes in acting, voice, mime, music, dance history and stage craft. Peggy McCann heads a workshop in improvisation and composition. A kinesiology and anatomy course explores Feldenkrais, Alexander and injury prevention through regular lectures. The Music for Dancers workshops are creative classes dealing with interpretation, timing, phrasing - "How to approach music, how to find it, to 'hear' it", explains Wallin.

The professional student also takes two weekly classes in repertory, which consists of original works created for the students by guest choreographers and works from the TDT repertoire taught by company members.

The school has an active summer programme as well. This past June saw two four-week courses: modern, given by Kazuko Hirabayashi (for the third year running) and jazz taught by Ralph Farrington and Alfred Forrester.

Jones and Wallin stress the impor-

tance of the school and the company itself sharing quarters. Remarks Jones, 'There's something sterile about a school that hasn't an actual company present'. She compares the TDT learning situation to that of Béjart's Mudra in Brussels and Rome, where she taught in 1971 and 1980. 'When the company was present, the students danced better, looked better, attendance was better. It's the same here. When the company is away on tour the students go flat.'

Wallin agrees: 'You can see the difference, when you're walking down the hall and past doorways crammed with students watching [the company] approving, waiting for mistakes, and thinking they can do better.'

The directors work towards creating an environment that duplicates the professional world that the students will encounter once they leave the school. Regular student workshops are held, the advanced classes perform at schools and in TDT's annual presentation of *Babar*.

Classroom to Stage

'From classroom to performing is the most difficult step', says Wallin. 'In New York, dancers are allowed the transition via new choreographers and their experiments, loft performances, shared concerts. That's going on all the time and Toronto still has a long way to go before it matches it.'

'Universities can only go so far', adds Jones. 'They may have their visiting dancers and choreographers, but that's artificially injecting your performing artists into an institution. What they're raising is teachers. It just doesn't work. York University sends its people here to get the 'feeling' - but at the age the students go in, let alone get out, they should already be with a company. Graduating at 23 is not at all the ideal situation. But here, we're getting younger students all the time.'

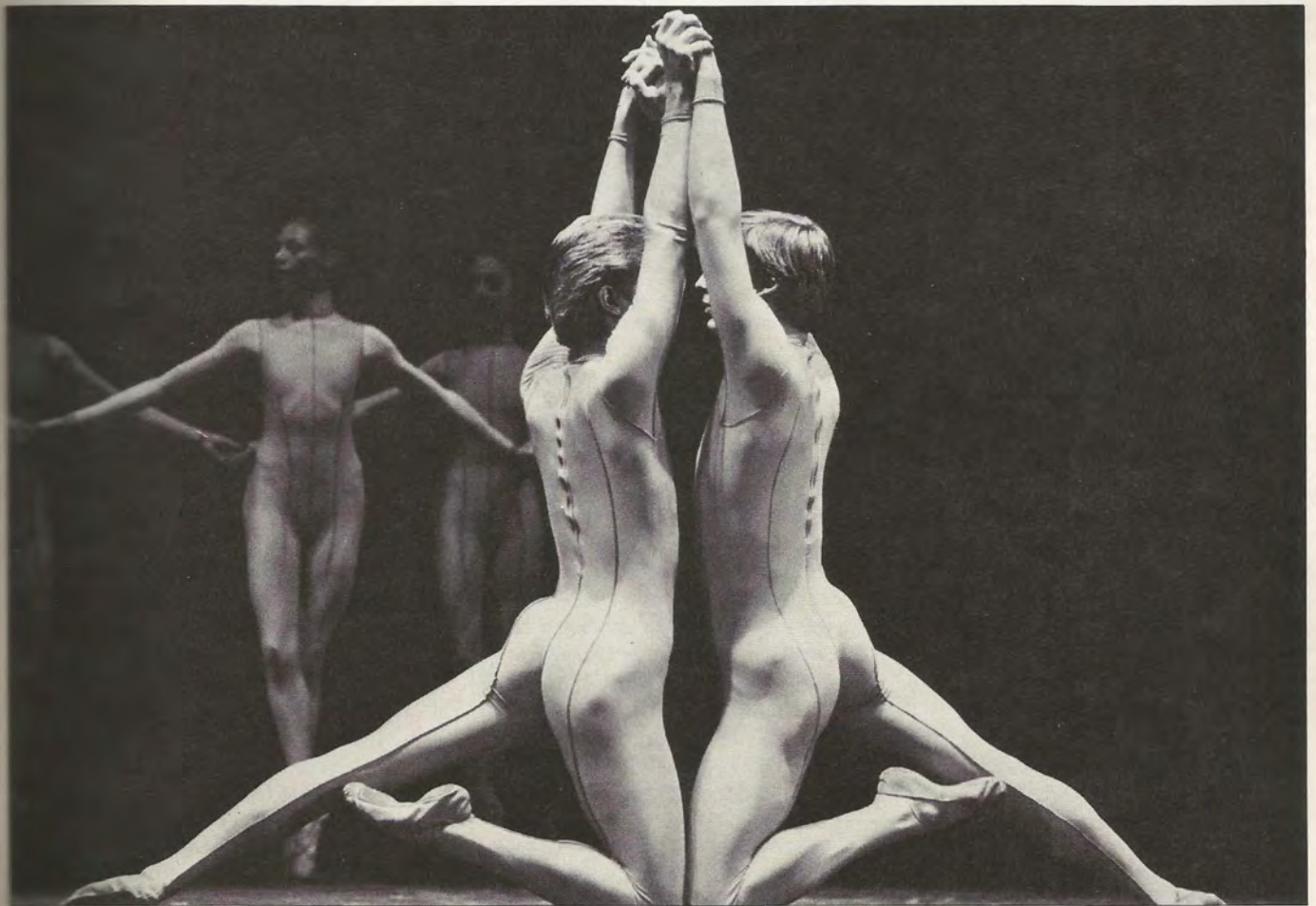
So young, in fact, that the school's General Course included a Saturday children's introductory class this year that is clearly a source of considerable pride and delight for principals Wallin and Jones.

Beyond creating and polishing finished dancers and developing concern for and respect of the human body in non-professionals, the school is planting those vital first seeds of interest in the very young. Commitment to the future of dance in Canada can hardly go further.

Grant Strate

Public Image and Private Reality

Homosexuality and the Male Dancer



Sylvain Senez and Sylvain Lafortune in Ronald Hynd's *Silver and the Circle of Messages*.

Il est difficile d'éluider la double question de l'image de marque du danseur et de l'homosexualité masculine dans la danse et pourtant les auteurs les plus sérieux se contentent de la passer sous silence ou feignent de l'ignorer. D'aucuns l'abordent indirectement et adoptent une position défensive en faisant ressortir le caractère essentiellement athlétique de la danse comme si cela suffisait à effacer les stigmates de

l'homosexualité. L'image défavorable du danseur est perçue de multiples, et souvent imprévisibles, façons; ce qui n'empêche pas que les plus grandes vedettes du jour sont des hommes. On a voulu devancer les objections et proclamer le phénomène homoerotique en composant des ballets homoerotiques; mais ce, non sans danger. En effet, le seul critère valable dans l'appréciation de la danse risque d'en être singulière-

ment faussé: la danse est ni plus ni moins qu'un art et le critère ne peut être qu'esthétique. Certes, des raisons pratiques ou psychologiques pour expliquer l'irrésistible séduction qu'exerce la danse sur les homosexuels ne doivent pas faire défaut; mais il n'en reste pas moins que l'élément homosexuel ne constitue en aucune façon une condition préalable à la juste appréciation d'une danse, pas plus d'ailleurs qu'un élément hétéro-

*sexuel. L'un ou l'autre n'est qu'accès-
soire. Ce qu'il faut savoir dans la danse,
comme dans toute autre activité hu-
maine, c'est d'abord se purger de ses
préconceptions et préjugés de sorte que
les préférences ou aversions sexuelles,
pour ne citer qu'elles, soient totalement
étrangères à la pratique comme à l'ap-
préciation de cet art.*

Too much and not enough has already been said about the public image of the male dancer. It is foolish to avoid the subject of male homosexuality as it applies to dance, yet responsible writers ignore the topic altogether or take the stand that it is not an issue. Of course, the best of male dancing, or any dancing for that matter, assumes an androgynous character quite above mundane sexuality. It can be said that Frank Augustyn, Mikhail Baryshnikov, Anthony Dowell, among the finest of male dancers, achieve a combination of technique and artistry that makes any discussion of sexuality irrelevant. Even so, dance deserves a more honest understanding and acceptance of the fact that a large proportion of male dancers in our western world regard themselves as homosexual or bisexual.

In stating this as fact, it should not discredit dance as a profession. On the contrary, dance as an art form is now mature enough to look truth in the eye. Not all dancers have homosexual tendencies nor, as some would have us believe, is homosexuality a required condition for good dancing. We must, nevertheless, confront the case of homosexuality and the male dancer as one that is important for dance. An acceptance and understanding of its reality will clear the way for the better evolution of the art of dance.

Dance as an art form is now mature enough to look truth in the eye

There are a number of people with a genuine love for dance who adopt a defensive stance on the subject of sexuality. How often have we heard it said that male dancers achieve the physical prowess of the athlete, as if a jock comparison eliminates the suspicion of homosexuality? In my own early dancing days I resented suggestions that a male dancer ranks sexually and physically with the football player, not because I disdained athletics, but because such statements are misleading. The psychological and sexual motivations for sports participation are another subject alto-



Frank Augustyn and Tomas Schramek in Maurice Béjart's *Song of a Wayfarer*.

gether. The fact is that sports activity and dance activity are more widely separated than some physical education instructors would have it. Attempts to link the two areas inevitably fall on the rock of aesthetic intention. There are very different reasons for dancing than for participating in sports, despite recent ballet competitions and the flirtation with artistic expression now required of gymnasts and figure skaters.

It must be admitted that public attitudes have dictated some need for defensiveness. As much as we might wish it otherwise, society has been no freer of sexual bigotry than of any other kind. There are welcome indications that our society is more accepting of homosexuality than at any time in the past, but this is small comfort to most directors of dance companies who still feel compelled to cop out on the subject for box office considerations. There are other directors who wear the badge of homosexuality to encourage support from a new constituency.

In blundering, unwitting ways dancers, choreographers, dance critics and writers have compounded the negative public attitude toward the male dancer. The male dancer often allows himself to be presented badly to his audience, confirming popular prejudices. Dance writers constantly refer to the dancer as 'she'. It would be pleasant to regard these lapses of gender as feminist revenge but one knows that it comes from a general public perception of dance as a predominantly female art. Most dance

teachers in this country (95% of whom are female) capitalize on the commercial drawing power of dance paraphernalia, tutus, pointe shoes, sequins and glitter, to attract the young girl to a dance studio. The industry stacks itself against the young man who might find dance a meaningful art expression. These same teachers complain of the shortage of male dancers. Despite increased positive publicity in favour of male dancers, this condition has improved very little.

It might, therefore, seem incongruous that men outshine females in the hierarchy of dancing stars heralded by the media. Rudolf Nureyev was the first of the superstars and hit the covers of most popular magazines. Mikhail Baryshnikov has received incredible publicity. They have not been regarded as unique phenomena as was Vaslav Nijinski, who stood alone among male dancers of his day. There is now a fairly long list of men lauded by the public as excellent dancers. Obviously the male dancers, homosexual or not, who have gained prominence and have dedicated themselves to their art have come to terms with themselves and dance.

It should be remembered that, prior to the 19th century, European theatrical dance was first and foremost a male pursuit. The male dancer was supreme in the courts of France. The classical code of ballet emerged from martial postures of dominance commensurate with the noble position of kings. In its beginnings, classical ballet was the product of court manners and aristocratic tastes.



Dancers of the Royal Ballet show off their athleticism in Robert North's *Troy Game*.

A superficial glance at the ballet in the court of Louis XIV might seem to confirm the worst suspicions of male dancing, shared by many today. Highly formalistic, decorative, effete, the *ballet de cour* seems unmanly to our 20th century conditioning. The truth is that ballet spectacles, danced by the *crème de la crème* of European nobility, were political exhibitions of power. The ability of any court to mount a lavish, expensive ballet production was regarded as a clear indication of that court's potential success in combat. The courage, agility and endurance required of the court dancer was the result of daily dance classes required for the all-male cast of performers.

The Romantic Revolution of the 19th century was so successful in idealizing woman, largely owing to a new patron class of nouveau riche, that for a time choreographers phased out male dancing entirely in favour of the female *en travesti*. Throughout dance history male or female dancers have been favoured according to current fashion but only the Romantic Age of ballet discriminated so harshly against men. Théophile Gautier, French writer and ballet scenarist of the mid-19th century, was frequently vitriolic in his condemnation of the male dancer. He only reflected the opinion of the dance audience of his day. The male

dancer has never quite recovered from this historical blow to his ego.

Homoeroticism in dance has become an overworked theme

Homoeroticism in dance has become an overworked theme. During the past decade, after years of second-class citizenship, the male dancer seems to be striking back, but in self-conscious ways. Glen Tetley, Hans van Manen, Rudi van Dantzig, Peter Darell and Vincente Nebrada are but a few of the choreographers who have centred ballets around homosexual or male erotic material. These creations have won some acceptance, but one fears that an important support public may have been alienated in favour of another which seeks easy, sensual gratification rather than aesthetic experience.

Dance has always walked a tight rope between art and entertainment, finding greatest success when both ingredients are mixed carefully and well. Sexuality is a powerful component of all dance whether it be the 'white' ballets or the stuff of Broadway. The human body is the material, movement the expression of this primary art form, rendering it highly vulnerable to those who will exploit it for its overt sexuality. Elements

of eroticism are always present, even within the most abstract of dances. This is as it should be, but eroticism becomes destructive to dance when it becomes the strongest *motive* for dancing.

Sexuality, like self-therapy, can be a product of effective dancing, but the dancer who dances to put himself into psychological, sexual balance is certain of failure to communicate dance as art. Similarly, the dancer who dances to display his sexuality is in danger of narcissism and the dancer who loves himself dancing more than the dance itself indulges in short-circuited art activity. If the dance is the reason for dancing, all benefits are reaped.

Homosexuality in dance is not endemic to the intrinsic qualities of dance. We have no evidence that the homosexual is better suited to dance than the heterosexual. At the product end of the process sexual preference is of no real significance, yet we know that many more homosexuals are attracted to dance than to most professions. There are undoubtedly some psychological reasons to do with body, narcissism, and wish fulfillment that contribute to this sexual imbalance. The art form itself, especially the classical ballet, provides the attraction of femininely decorated fantasy-escape, fitting well within the taste of the homosexual stereotype.

Psychological implications must not be dismissed, but social, practical considerations are probably the strongest factors. Until recently there were few professions where homosexuals could work openly as homosexuals. Role-playing is often required of the working gay, so he lives one life at the office and another at home with its consequent schizoid frustrations. Public attitudes have relaxed somewhat but the closet door is only partially and tenuously open. It used to be commonly believed that interior decorators, hairdressers and ballet dancers were all gay. The reputation lingers on and is corroborated by the fact that homosexuals prefer to be accepted openly as homosexuals and therefore seek out the vocations where it is understood that there will be no internal bias against them.

Homosexuality is not a prerequisite to good dancing, nor is heterosexuality

Dancers as artists are socially more accepting of eccentricity. The artist puts himself on the line every time he creates or interprets a work of art. From the first day of study he usually faces an unsympathetic world filled with people

who have little appreciation for the commitment and dedication required of artists. Communities of artists already regard themselves as minority groups, outside the mainstream yet acutely conscious of social realities. It is fair to say that sexual and racial prejudices are not generally prevalent among artists and that homosexuals feel less stigmatized with artists than with most social groups.

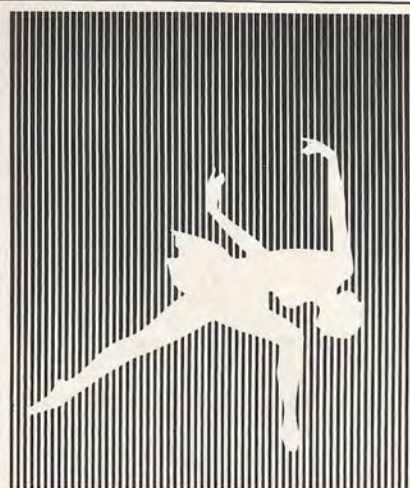
Many men draw away from careers in dance because the financial rewards are so limited. The prospect of security sufficient for the raising of a family is not good except for those men dancing in the few organizations providing reasonable salaries and pension plans. The life style of the performing artist does not encourage domesticity. Men who expect even the average standard of living for married men find it difficult or impossible to exist as a performer. Looked at from this point of view, we should say the dance field *is not* attractive to many heterosexuals rather than that the field *is* attractive to homosexuals. Expressed, however, from either point of view, the consequent reputation of homosexuality certainly acts as another deterrent, particularly to the post-puberty group of dance aspirants.

There are other, deeper motives for

men with homosexual tendencies gravitating to dance and these relate to the physicality of dance. We are led then to questions involving contact sports, sports of danger and any activity which requires extreme physical extensions of mortal capacities. But this is a topic for psychologists, who are better equipped to treat it.

The point is that homosexuality does exist within communities of dance, that denial is pointless and often insulting to those who have contributed so much to the dance profession. While homosexuality is not a prerequisite to good dancing, neither is heterosexuality. In the same way that an enlightened society is obligated to reduce prejudices on all levels, we are obligated to accept dancers without denying, challenging or apologizing for sexual differences.

This article is based on a paper delivered to the 1981 CAPHER conference held in Victoria, BC, last June.



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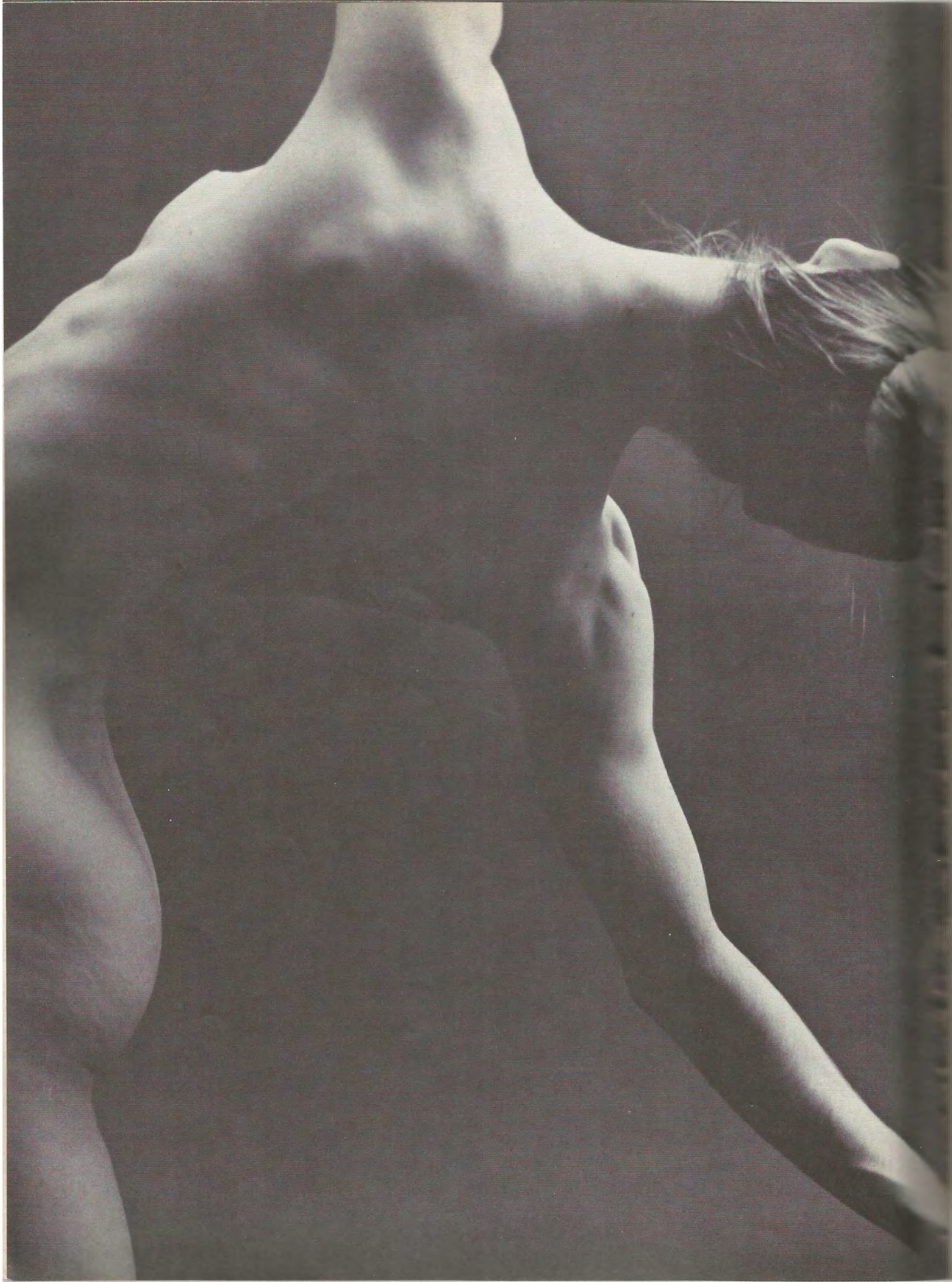


Photo-Gallery: Jerry Davidson



Joy Willis



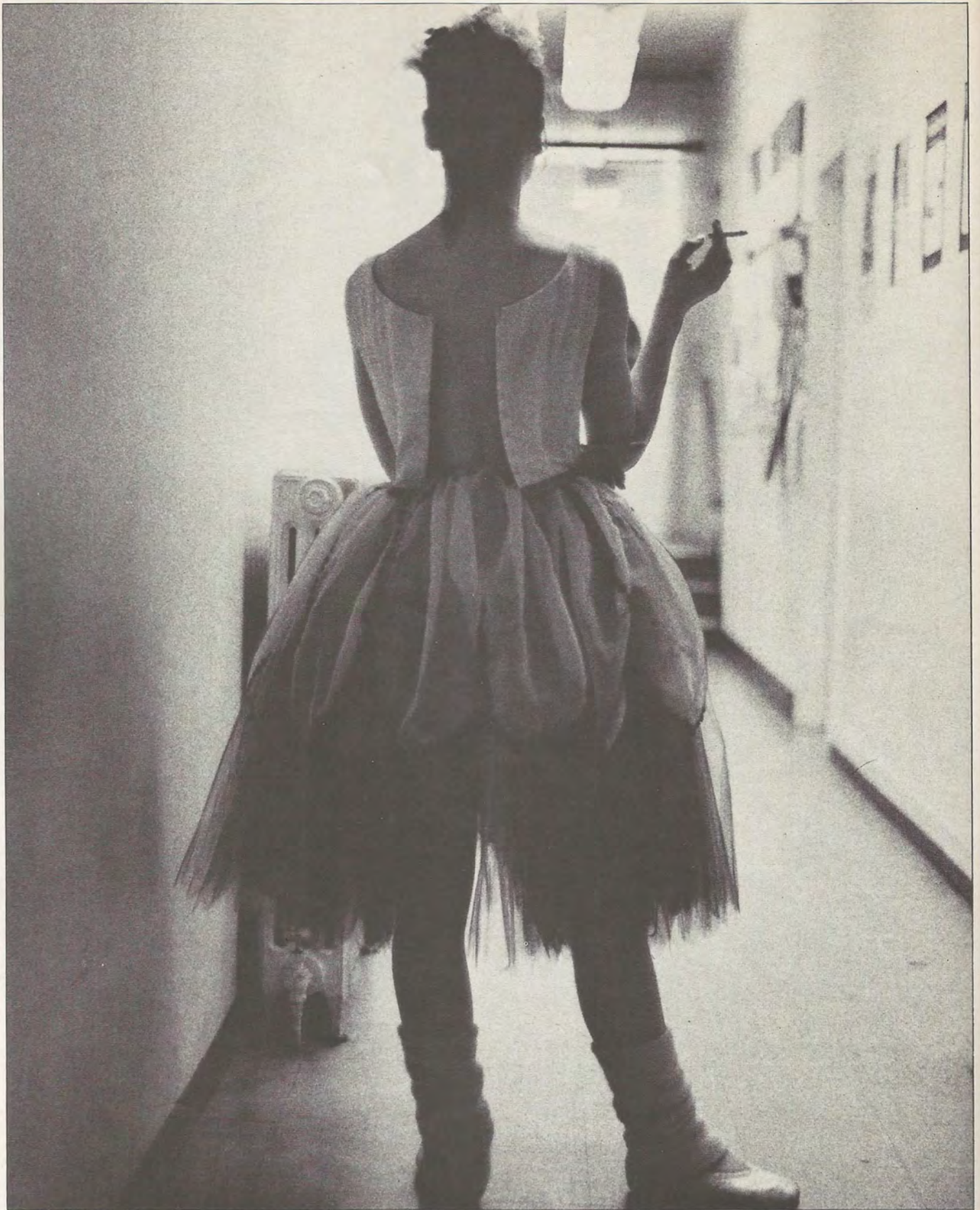
Karen Kain

Jerry Davidson est pilote de CP Air à temps complet et son port d'attache est Richmond, CB. Il a aussi deux passions: la photographie et la danse. C'est le dessin et la peinture qui l'ont mis sur la voie de la première, et c'est après avoir choisi par hasard des danseurs pour thème d'une exposition de ses œuvres photographiques qu'il a découvert la seconde. Il est devenu avec une dévotion artistique peu commune et une affection presque exclusive pour le Pacific Ballet Theatre — photographe de danse. En bon commandant de bord, il est porté à adopter les techniques et procédures

éprouvées. Pour les travaux en studio il utilise un Mamiya RB67 et pour les autres un Olympus OM1 muni d'un objectif de 100 mm. Dans la plupart des cas, il opère avec une pellicule Ilford HP5 qu'il développe dans le Ilford ID 11. En plus de ses activités professionnelles et artistiques — comme si celles-ci ne suffisaient pas à occuper pleinement son temps — Jerry Davidson collabore à toutes sortes de publications, en tant qu'auteur de chroniques de voyages.

Opposite Page: Cynthia Sanchez

Certain professions tend to carry with them rather rigid stereotyped images. Who would easily recognise a great dance lover and highly talented artist and photographer in the smart uniform of a commercial airline captain? Few, one suspects. Yet Jerry Davidson, when he is not flying jets across Canada or the Pacific, devotes his time to drawing, painting and photography. The last of these talents emerged from the other two. The connection with dance began when Jerry Davidson decided to use the theme of the human body for an exhibition of his paintings. Rightly, he chose



Suzanne Oulette

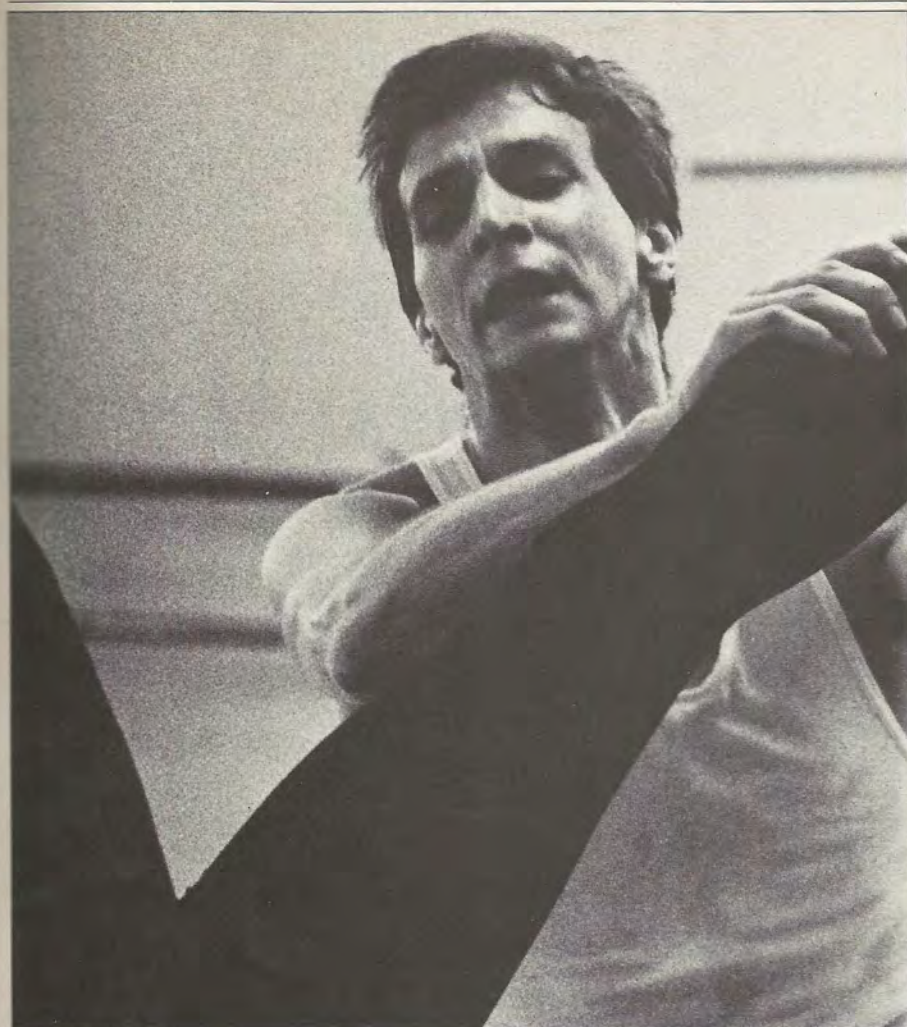
to visit a dance studio to observe bodies in motion and was, in his own word, immediately 'hooked'.

Jerry Davidson's home-base is Richmond, BC, close by Vancouver and he

selected the Pacific Ballet Theatre as a good place to watch dancers at work. The results reveal a sensitivity to the process of dancing and to the glorious beauty of the dancer's body. There is

humour, compassion and admiration in his work.

As befits someone who controls highly complex machines Jerry Davidson is a precise and organized man.



Pierre Lapointe

He likes to keep the technique of his photographic work simple and straightforward. His standard black and white film is Ilford HP5 which he develops in Ilford ID11 and mostly prints on Ilford multigrade paper. He uses a Mamiya RB 67 for studio work and an Olympus OM 1 on location - mostly with a

100mm lens which he finds is an ideal focal length for most 35mm format work.

As if his painting, photography and flying were not enough, Jerry Davidson also contributes occasional articles, mostly on travel, to a variety of publications.



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In Review

Danse au Canada Colloque '81 (Représentations)

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Le neuvième colloque de danse au Canada a permis de sentir les différences au niveau des influences et des champs de références entre les deux communautés linguistiques, entre le Québec et l'ensemble du Canada.

Alors que l'on voit se développer au Québec un courant fermement influencé par le Jeune Théâtre dont les thèmes exploités par les chorégraphes sont puisés à même le tissu social et psychologique, il se dessine au Canada anglais un courant inspiré par les danseurs et chorégraphes post-modernes américains.

Fin de Paul-André Fortier, qui présente des comportements humains étranges tels que: des danseurs qui marchent à reculons en tirant une grosse pierre à l'aide d'une corde attachée autour de leur tête; qui se touchent avec les mains placées en forme de bec d'oiseau ou qui empruntent la marche du flamant pour se déplacer; *Le jet d'eau qui jase* de Giard et Soulières et son atmosphère de rêve; et *Jeux* de Daniel Léveillé qui illustre l'habitude de répéter les gestes d'autrui en société; sont des exemples de chorégraphies influencées par le théâtre.

L'influence post-moderne est sensible chez le Jeanne Robinson's Nova Dance Theatre et le groupe TIDE (Toronto Independent Dance



Linda Rabin's *O Parade!*

Enterprise) ainsi que chez la chorégraphe Sallie Lyons. On sent chez eux une préoccupation plus physique. La recherche va dans le sens du mouvement, de la relation entre les danseurs et de l'exploration de l'espace.

À Montréal, l'espace Tangente privilégie ce genre de recherches mais il n'existe pas encore de groupe. L'esprit y est mais il n'a pas pris forme.

Il serait faux de dire que les éléments du théâtre sont absents des chorégraphies des groupes anglophones et qu'ils sont sans liens avec le Québec, mais ces liens prennent plutôt racines chez les groupes de théâtre expérimental. Par exemple, la chorégraphie *Collector of Cold Weather Part I* présentée par le Groupe de la Place Royale trouve des

éléments de comparaison chez les Enfants du Paradis, ce que Robert Desrosiers présentait (*Plutonian Jungle*) fait penser aux groupes La Veillée et à L'Eskabel, alors que le Toronto Dance Theatre et sa pièce d'inspiration japonaise ne trouve pas de groupe comparable. L'expression d'une conscience sociale n'est pas absente des préoccupations de cette communauté. Sun-Ergos présentait une oeuvre qui met en scène un paraplégique et un danseur. L'artiste cherche ici à montrer la condition de marginaux du danseur et du paraplégique. L'un parce qu'il se déplace avec trop d'aisance et l'autre diminué psychologiquement à cause de son incapacité physique.

On compte beaucoup

d'individus qui travaillent d'une façon indépendante. Ils cherchent de nouvelles possibilités de mouvements et d'attitudes en privilégiant un rapport différent avec le public et en traitant de thèmes inédits dans le domaine de la danse. Ces essais apparaissent parfois fragmentaires mais ils possèdent beaucoup de fraîcheur et de vitalité qui leur confèrent valeur et légitimité. L'oeuvre fragmentaire est peut-être la réponse des artistes au chaos de notre époque.

Propositions terme familier au domaine des Arts plastiques qualifierait bien certaines chorégraphies présentées lors du spectacle des indépendants, par exemple, *For your eyes only* de Jennifer Mascall qui a produit un effet visuel

à l'aide de son costume et des éclairages tout en faisant une satire de certaines attitudes de la danse classique et *One* de Jo Lechay qui utilise le corps comme une pièce sculpturale mobile.

La préoccupation du répertoire n'est pas absente de ce groupe comme en témoigne *Two Ecstatic Themes* de Doris Humphrey, remaniée par Ernestine Stodel et dansée d'une façon émouvante et avec beaucoup de maîtrise par Zella Wolofsky.

Prémonition, chorégraphie de Linda Rabin, ne se rattache pas à un courant particulier. Ici trois espaces sont explorés: l'espace scénique par le mouvement, l'espace intérieur traduit par l'expression des émotions et finalement la suggestion d'un espace cosmique. La qualité de l'interprétation de Margie Gillis nous fait sentir la grandeur et l'harmonie de l'univers.

Par le ton, l'esprit et la forme certaines chorégraphies de groupes canadiens font parties du courant moderne. *Lumen*, présentée par les Dancemakers et *Reflection* du Montage Dance Theatre ont un air de famille avec Paul Taylor et Jennifer Muller. Par contre, la tonalité romantique des chorégraphies présentées par le Pacific Ballet Theatre et par le Dancers' Studio West semblent être décalé par rapport au registre émotif de notre époque.

Présentées dans le cadre informel des spectacles apéritifs les pièces suivantes sont à souligner. D'abord de Duncan Holt, *Pontoon: Vingt et un (Probably a corruption)* pour l'originalité des mouvements, le dynamisme et la coordination entre les exécutants; *Artist in Residence - Childhood Visions*, de Kathryn Brown, pour sa façon d'intégrer le théâtre à la danse et pour sa personnalité; *A travers l'inconnu, le portail souvenu* d'Oded Kafri, pour la pureté des lignes et la beauté de l'ensemble; finalement, *A tout prendre* de Françoise Sullivan, pour son caractère insolite, le remue-ménage émotif et l'illustration du chaos d'une société de consommation en péril.

À l'occasion du spectacle



Leslie Manning in Paula Ross's new solo work, *Untitled*.

des Chalmers, il a été remis à Paul-André Fortier, chorégraphe montréalais, le prix Jean A. Chalmers. Ce prix est décerné au chorégraphe qui fait montre de talents particulièrement remarquables dans le domaine de la danse. Le jury a qualifié ses oeuvres de 'prenantes, intenses, puissamment dramatiques et profondément originales'. Ce spectacle était composé de chorégraphies réalisées par les lauréats du prix depuis sa fondation en 1974.

Marathon (de Anna Blewchamp) a séduit par la qualité de l'exécution, la coordination et le jeu envoûtant des danseurs. L'endurance et la discipline des danseurs sont également à souligner. De plus, la concentration, la souplesse et l'agilité du danseur japonais Reuben Tomkee étaient particulièrement fascinantes.

Mais pourquoi les hués? Est-ce par incompréhension, par refus d'un travail visiblement influencé par une chorégraphe comme Laura Dean ou d'autres qui utilisent la musique répétitive? Je

l'ignore, mais il demeure que si l'idée n'est pas nouvelle, la qualité du travail présenté est incontestable et l'exécution qui en a été faite impeccable.

Gillian Beck, professeur au Dance Notation Bureau de New York, disait lors de son atelier de 'Danse Créative': 'Adapter des oeuvres majeures, transformer des pas originaux, c'est aussi de la créativité'. Il ne faut pas oublier que la digestion des influences est un aspect majeur du travail de l'artiste. L'idée de faire du nouveau est à mon avis un leurre. Il n'y a qu'une multitude de styles, de formes et de personnalités qui rendent vivantes les valeurs fondamentales. Refuser les influences, c'est se rendre la portée bien courte. Les oeuvres sont majeures parce qu'elles expriment des valeurs universelles. Et même si elles ne sont pas toujours perceptibles par les gens qui les voient naître, elles le demeurent.

Alors que de multiples recherches se font dans le sens d'une approche plus douce du corps afin d'assouplir les méthodes et techniques d'en-

traînement, il est frappant de constater la rudesse infligée au corps et la présence de la notion de défi chez la danseuse Leslie Manning (dans *Untitled*, une oeuvre nouvelle de Paula Ross) et le couple, Pamela Grundy et Randy Glynn (dans *Higher* de Danny Grossman).

Pour l'une, le port de protecteur sur les genoux et une certaine rudesse dans l'exécution rappellent les valeurs qui sous-tendent le sport professionnel. Pour l'autre, l'aspect séducteur, les mouvements syncopés, la présence d'un escabeau de métal, le désir de l'homme de prouver sa virilité par des exploits acrobatiques et par la force font croire que l'esprit qui anime ces chorégraphes et danseurs est en complète opposition avec le courant qui s'inspire du Tai Chi et de plusieurs approches comme la technique Alexander et la méthode Feldenkrais, pour enrichir la pratique de la danse et créer des bases solides à une conception de la vie différente.

Cosmos de Judy Jarvis propose une représentation



Monique Giard and Daniel Soulières in Daniel Léveillé's *Jeux*.

d'éléments qui composent l'univers. On y utilise une formule didactique pour présenter chaque partie, et les mouvements et le corps pour illustrer les thèmes. Cette chorégraphie semble s'inspirer des émissions de science-fiction créées pour la télévision. Mais malgré l'intérêt de la proposition, on demeure gêné par l'attitude des danseuses qui paraît prétentieuse.

Si la communauté québécoise de la danse a jusqu'à présent moins développé le mouvement que les images, les atmosphères et l'expression dramatique, cela tient en grande partie au fait que pour notre société il n'y a pas encore une tradition de la danse fermement implantée. Danser, aller voir des spectacles, utiliser le mouvement pour véhiculer une émotion n'est pas chose courante. Notre tradition est plus théâtrale et notre approche plus cérébrale et verbale que gestuelle. La recherche gestuelle existe mais n'est pas encore naturelle.

Par contre, chez les anglophones, l'héritage de la danse

semble vivant et accessible, ce que nous pouvons sentir dans les créations de cette communauté.

Même si la tradition de bouger, de créer des enchaînements, de penser en fonction et en termes de mouvements n'est pas chose naturelle, il est permis de croire que les transformations qui sont visibles aujourd'hui à Montréal vont influencer profondément les attitudes sociales à l'égard de la danse.

Si nous avons un folklore propre, des pas qui nous sont personnels comme ceux de la gigue, nous n'avons pas encore un répertoire de chorégraphies modernes très vaste ni un accès facile à l'héritage de la danse internationale. Cependant, la création des différents programmes universitaires en danse, l'ouverture de La Maison de la Danse (au Grands Ballets) et la multiplication des activités reliées à cette forme d'art devraient contribuer à la formation d'une génération de la danse comparable aux générations du cinéma et des communications qui se sont manifestés durant

les dernières décennies. L'élargissement du nombre de gens conscients de cette activité devrait permettre la création d'un répertoire plus vaste tout en favorisant l'accès au répertoire international.

On peut remercier ici Linda Rabin pour *O Parade* qui d'une façon personnelle a réussi à intégrer des mouvements inspirés de danses orientales, un procession inspirée du Moyen-Âge tout en conservant un caractère moderne facilement accessible à notre culture. Ce genre de chorégraphie facilite l'échange entre les cultures, éveille de nouveaux aspects de la sensibilité et contribue à l'élargissement de notre héritage de la danse.

Le colloque aura permis aux différentes communautés de la danse d'établir un dialogue. La communauté de la danse traverse une période exaltante à beaucoup de points de vue. La société se libère et permet à la danse de s'affirmer. Plus que jamais l'énergie des pionniers de la danse se canalise vers un objectif commun: faire vivre

la danse au Québec d'une façon spécifique, et ce, le plus largement possible.

La décision de présenter des extraits de longues œuvres me paraît être une erreur parce qu'ils ne permettent pas une appréciation globale de l'œuvre et que souvent ils laissent le spectateur insatisfait. Dans la perspective d'un autre colloque, il serait préférable de choisir des œuvres plus courtes ou encore de prévoir à l'horaire, la présentation d'œuvres plus longues. Mais en ce qui concerne les dernières, il faudrait voir si le cadre du colloque leur convient en regard des nombreuses manifestations au programme. La qualité d'exécution des chorégraphies, le travail des équipes techniques ainsi que le déroulement harmonieux des événements ont contribué à faire du neuvième colloque de Danse au Canada un événement important pour la communauté de la danse canadienne.

GAETAN PATENAUDE

CAPDO
Dance Spectacular
 National Arts Centre
 Ottawa
 28 - 30 May 1981

The sharing of one stage by a group of Canadian dance companies, ballet and modern, did not quite originate with the three performances of CAPDO's Dance Spectacular in the National Arts Centre's Opera House last May. Yet, to hear it told, it was an event to be compared with the Second Coming. Perhaps this is a symptom of the bureaucratic mentality at work, and, God knows, there were bureaucrats aplenty involved in the complex negotiations which led to the event. In the recollection of an aphorism about camels being horses designed by committees, one approached the actual performances with apprehension.

And came away with, among other sensations, relief, because against a number of odds, not least of which was the scuttling of a nationwide, live broadcast of the final performance by the NABET strike, the thing was actually pulled off. How grand a success it was might depend upon where one was, metaphorically, sitting, but it was unquestionably a success of sorts.

To state them in order of appearance, the performances by the Toronto Dance Theatre, the Anna Wyman Dance Company, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, Le Groupe de la Place Royale, Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, Contemporary Dancers, the Danny Grossman Dance Company and the National Ballet of Canada represented the most ambitious single evening of dance ever concocted in Canada. Artistically, predictably enough, it was a mixed bag. Anna Wyman shrewdly presented *Dance Is This... and This...*, a striking theatrical number performed almost entirely in silhouette and starring moving vehicles such as bicycles - and she stole the show. And yet, it was by no means a cheap trick, for, apart from its gimmickry, even in spite

of it, there is some fine movement in the piece.

Most companies in fact performed well enough, with the moderns, by and large, outdoing the ballet companies both in execution and in choice of rep. Nonetheless, the National's ballroom scene from *Romeo and Juliet*, given a superb performance by corps and principals alike (notably by James Kudelka, as Paris, who showed that he has the stuff of the principal dancer he has since become with Les Grands), was the classiest act of the night. The most emotionally satisfying was Brian Macdonald's neatly-choreographed finale in which all the companies picked up some of the formality of *Romeo and Juliet* then simply mixed onstage together.

Some of the modern dancers had balked at the balletic form of the joint curtain call, and there were early reports of disputes over everything from place in the lineup to comments on selected repertoire by the CBC. But, by the end of the run, the dancers were expressing agreeable surprise at the pleasure the whole experience had been for them.

Behind these three nights' delights were the efforts of about 15 government agencies, federal and provincial, and money from most, if not all of them. The entire financial history of the 'Dance Spectacular', as it was not inappropriately designated, is obscured, less out of malice than out of typical bureaucratic confusion. Gerry Eldred of CAPDO figured his organization, which we can safely assume is not self-sustaining, was into the project for about a million dollars. As for the rest - the Canada Council, CBC, National Film Board and National Arts Centre, to name the most obviously artistic agencies involved, let alone everything from Secretary of State to the External Affairs Department (which 'assisted' in bringing foreign press to the affair), this is one case where your guess - at budget - is as good as mine. Perhaps there will be a report, which someone can go through with a calculator.

There may be other,

worthier questions of more immediate interest to the dance community, such as just what CAPDO is all about. Eldred has said that it is an organization of dance groups (of which all members but the National Ballet School were represented on the NAC stage those three nights) with common interest. He cautiously suggests that it might be open to applications to join from other companies. Just what exactly Le Groupe and, say, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet have in common, besides wanting to dance in their widely divergent ways is anybody's guess. Another common bond of these companies happens to be that they are smiled upon by the Canada Council. I have a curious feeling that Ottawa Dance Theatre and Les Ballets Jazz, to name two unsmiled-upon companies, might find a welcome in the CAPDO club a long time in coming.

There is no reason why the members of CAPDO should not have sought each other out and joined forces, however, nor why they should not

associate, or not, with whom they please. But, whatever the common strand, they're certainly a clouty bunch - multi-million dollar budget for their extravaganza, a supporting documentary by the NFB, the television production which ought to have glorified it. It's grand that the Spectacular, a mini-festival of sorts, should have taken place, and at the NAC, but in the unlikely event of its repetition, don't expect to see any outsider companies get their turn at the massive exposure that this series of performances was designed to provide, for its privileged participants.

HILARY McLAUGHLIN

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Danny Grossman's *Endangered Species*.

Danny Grossman Dance Company

Young People's Theatre Centre
Toronto
21 - 26 July, 1981

For their only Toronto appearance this year, the Danny Grossman Dance Company chose to present a program of sure-fire proven successes, spiced with two new works. To complement *Bella* (a 1977 collaboration with Judy Jarvis), *National Spirit* (1976), *Curious Schools of Theatrical Dancing: Part I* (1977) and the perennially popular *Higher* (1975) were the Canadian premiers of *Nobody's Business* and *Endangered Species*. Both had previewed during the company's spring tour of Europe and Israel.

Grossman is not the most prolific of choreographers but his new work is so finely honed and crafted it looks as if it were already a staple of

the repertoire from its first performances. This year's new works again reveal Grossman's strong sense of theatre and his view of dance as a vehicle suitable for making political statements. Both characteristics can lead to potent, emotionally satisfying choreography but also carry the inherent danger of dramatic excess or incoherence.

Nobody's Business comes too close to pure pop dance to do justice to its theme of sexual politics. The performers cavort around in white fedoras and hip-skimming white suit jackets (meant to mirror the ethos of Jelly Roll Morton and Joe Turner's music) and two group sections are intersected with a loving and openly homosexual duet. Everyone is *sans culotte* and the message is clearly a political one: what people do with their pants off ain't nobody's business but their own. But the politics are so sugar-

coated that they're barely there at all.

Conversely, *Endangered Species* wields its politics like a sledgehammer. The species is ours and the point is driven home by the way the dancers keep their mouths stretched in skull-grins as they race toward self-annihilation. There's a figure cleverly meant to symbolize both patriotism and death but the standard/spear it carts around keeps getting jumped onto by groups of dancers who straddle it, jerk it up hard under them (like a vulgar witch's broom) and, grimacing fiercely, exit stage left at least 50 times in the course of the dance. There's still something to be said about useless death and destruction, but a little less melodrama would help it get said more effectively.

ALINA GILDINER

Toronto Dance Theatre
Studio Theatre
Toronto
12 - 23 May 1981

At their very best, Patricia Beatty, David Earle, and Peter Randazzo, the three co-directors of the Toronto Dance Theatre, fashion dances of remarkable structural and emotional complexity. At various times in the past, their intellectualism - call it sophistication if you wish - has proven so dense, so demanding of an audience, that the three have appeared to be almost willingly setting themselves up as targets for some justifiably negative criticism.

Today, however, with splashy, glittery, often brainless dance machines a box office rage, a company such as TDT, which will not tolerate mind-slumming, is positively refreshing. This spring, from a season so unheralded by advance publicity that it seemed an intended secret, came 13 rich pieces, many new, some fascinating, all beautifully danced and, although none required preliminary research on the part of the audience, not one allowed for mental lapses.

The season contrasted encouragingly with TDT's dismal little outing at Ryerson Theatre last October. At least a part of the company's dreary flatness on that occasion came of a disastrous choice of works - at first glance, a kind of worst-of-everybody selection that included Earle's *Courtyard*, which handles Renaissance adultery with yawning politeness, and Randazzo's clumsy grab-bag, *The Light Brigade*.

But in the case of stronger pieces such as Christopher Houses's *Toss Quintet* and Earle's *Baroque Suite*, the inhospitableness of the Ryerson Theatre itself was at fault. It seems to me that stage has hurt every company that I've seen dance across it. It is positioned far too high, and as a result, dimension is strangled, flattened. The dancers seem to move on one plane.

For example, at Ryerson, Beatty's exquisite *Skyling* became a boring earthbound



Suzette Sherman, Sara Pettitt and Phyllis Whyte in *Shadows of Formal Selves*.

mess – a suburban crossroads at rush-hour. Restored to the company's tiny Winchester Street studio and an audience perched on a steep rise, it looks like a small masterpiece. *Skyling's* viewers must be positioned *above* the action – or in this case, above the clouds. To Michael J. Baker's buoyant, breathy strings and woodwinds, the five dancers in pale blue skitter and languorously cruise and float where blue sky meets outer space.

Phyllis Whyte's *In the Fullness of Time* has much the same sense of thinning air and hallucination, but time itself hangs slow, calm, and heavy for its three figures, Grace Miyagawa, Charles Flanders, and Karen Duplisea. The brief phrase in which the dancers refresh themselves from invisible glasses is the central keynote; again and again, thirst and weariness give way to resuscitation, endless fits of slumber to brief awakenings.

Peter Randazzo has forged two ferocious new works that are like tests of endurance – gnawing on the nerves and

draining on the spirit. Visually, *In Retrospect* is a parched wasteland of crippled arabesques and eternal balances; *Octet*, a blistering hurricane of razor-edged leaps and whip-pet spins all done up in piercing crayon colours. It's impossible to sit through either without sweating blood for the dancers.

In Retrospect is extraordinary – and at the same time, curiously enough, a failure. One either finds it stunning or hates it with a passion, and it is a very fine line between either reaction.

The piece, set to the brooding piano of Francis Poulenc, finds a man and three women, dressed in black and grey streetclothes, behaving as two distinctly separate lines of thought – sealed up, it appears, in an ever-repeating cycle of a non-relationship.

The Women, a chilling trio composed of Miyagawa, Sara Pettitt, and Sherry Lanier, are firmly ceremonial in manner, and though threatening, they never acknowledge the presence of the Man, just as the Man, played with worried, quivering dignity by Flanders,

seems continually about to discover the Women, but does not.

In spite of many weirdly beautiful images – those harsh Eastern poses and outbreaks of shrill, self-directed violence on the part of the Man – it is the fact that these two independent paths cannot, will not, be tied together that makes the piece a frustrating failure. I was fascinated with *In Retrospect* at my first encounter, but repeated viewings led to an about-face – apathy then finally outright antagonism.

In Retrospect might be let off the hook by saying that it never intended to resolve itself, but if that's so, it's dressed incorrectly. Streetclothes invite an audience to analyse because they infer a link with everyday reality – a reality that Randazzo does not at all mean.

I think that I saw the definitive performances (so far) of several of David Earle's older works; his two misty (1968) *Angelic Visitations*, the angry ropes-of-bondage *Quartet* from 1976, and the refurbished 1980 version of

his brilliant *Baroque Suite*.

The deceptively idyllic *Angelic Visitations #2* still twists the heart in those agonizing final seconds in which the audience learns that the infatuated young man's partner is none other than the Angel of Death. Christel Wallin, blithe and intelligent, closes the eyes of the collapsed Christopher House with a mild brush of her fingertips and scampers off to wreak havoc elsewhere. Earle's is a gentle mind, prone to crafty understatement, but just as instrumental in the work's final effect is the appealing presence of Christopher House.

House's choreography, like his stage presence, is fresh and serene, and underlined with a humour that is both whimsical and oddly sad. The promise of his bubbling, bobbing, *Toss Quintet* is well on the way to fulfillment with his *Schola Cantorum*. *Schola* is a fanciful romp for 10 dancers dressed in perfectly ugly pastel school uniforms. At the heart of the action are Pettitt and Earle, two square pegs in round holes who cannot communicate successfully with anyone – even each other, no matter how they try.

Earle is wonderful; he plays his role like Buster Keaton, grave and humble and alert, which lends the work a silent-film aura. The sparkly 1914 Erik Satie piano score is episodic, definitely silent-film-minded, and the cast uses the wings like a hall of doors for the busy hustle-bustle of its comings and goings.

TDT has added a writer, Graham Jackson, to its ranks, and with him, a new dimension for its theatrical explorations.

Frost Watch was originally one of a trio of works by Jackson and Earle for last September's *Chiaroscuro* program. In a series of stark, precise mobilizations, Flanders and Miyagawa, outfitted in dark Oriental skirts, act out a savagely intense scene of mourning. There is no music, just Jackson, off to one side, occasionally reciting brief sentences that are filled with striking, sometimes bizarre

light imagery – white bodies in seafoam, flowers turned to marble, red leaves, all of which seem to have little connection with the action.

Yet the combination works a shocking and hypnotic magic. *Frost Watch's* poetry splashes into the dancing like moon-beams into cold still night waters.

For *Shadows of Formal Selves*, Jackson has joined forces with choreographer Anna Blewchamp and a cast of 22 dancers, actresses, and actors for a frenetic 50-minute look at the ways in which Western culture carelessly destroys its idols.

To illustrate, Blewchamp and Jackson have chosen creatures close to their hearts, the three Brontë sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne. Blewchamp, in works such as *Tyger, Tyger* and *Arrival of All Time*, has explored the darker side of a more elegant era in pessimistic but tender terms; and Jackson's powerful one-woman play, *Charlotte*, based on the life of the author of *Jane Eyre*, was seen at Toronto's Pauline McGibbon Cultural Centre last year.

On paper, the subject might seem dusty and esoteric; in execution, it is entirely approachable. Three 'real' Brontës, plus their ill-fated brother Branwell, are silent figures, dancers, who must hover sadly in the background while their 'public images', noisily portrayed by actresses, are dragged through a bewildering degeneration at the ruthless hands of an assortment of characters – a Hollywood director, a demented psychologist, sex-obsessed talk-show hosts, Ph.d's, glib fast-talking promoters.

Running parallel to this is a similar deterioration of three of the Brontë's fictitious characters, silent dancers again – the truest and most obvious being how almost every crummy hero in modern romantic novels has firm roots in *Wuthering Heights'* Heathcliff.

Jackson makes his point with splendid, acid-tongued vigor, but there is a problem. By their silence, the 'real' Brontës are helpless. It's there, in the structure, that fairly

early in the work, they must be lost in the shuffle. As we lose sight of them, so must we lose sight of the choreography, which is a shame, because Blewchamp's dances for the troubled, affectionate siblings and their fictitious characters are lovely, eccentric, utterly heartrending in their fragility. Blewchamp paints complete portraits with a handful of gestures; Christopher House's Branwell, conveying weakness and future calamity with a sidelong glance, a hand run through his hair, a touch at his collar; Sara Pettitt's bitterly lyrical Emily, slowly wringing the lace sleeves of her dress and nervously doing a compulsive little one-step over and over; and especially Merle Hollo-man as Bertha Mason, the madwoman from *Jane Eyre*, absolutely mesmerizing as she spins with arms clutched about her and hands alternately fisted and splayed.

Their dance moments made me wish that they could have a separate life of their own, entirely unfettered by the voices of the others – which certainly defeats the theatrical intention, that of blending dance and the spoken word. *Shadows of Formal Selves* goes some way towards setting the credibility of that tricky relationship back.

Blewchamp may simply be a loner and not a collaborator. Certainly, Jackson has shown, in his work with David Earle, that words and dance can be happily married on the stage without giving the impression that either is suffocating the other. As he has found the magic balance before, there is reason to believe that he and Toronto Dance Theatre will find it again.

PAT KAISER

Jennifer Mascall

Harbourfront
Toronto
3 – 5 July 1981

I wonder if Jennifer Mascall enjoys mucking about in cluttered rooms; the kind filled with dusty clocks, stuffed animals, heirloom silver and steamer trunks. Only a mind enamoured of odd fragments and convinced of their value to a paying public could conceive of the kind of work she consistently produces. *No Picnic*, a work too long to be given without intermission, and yet too short to command a full evening's attention, has much in common with the corpus of her previous pieces.

The dance is performed in silence by Mascall and a provocative assortment of collaborators, including Sara Pettitt of Toronto Dance Theatre, Johanna Householder of the Clichettes and independent performer, Jo Leslie. The women are clad all in black, each in a particular arrangement of pleated chiffon dresses, diaphanous shawls and other miscellaneous draperies, and at the outset of the work are deployed calmly throughout the space. This stillness and composure is broken by Leslie, who covers her head and inches diagonally downstage, her face twisted in a silent wail, her hands clutching together, until she subsides to the floor. She does this classic rendition of Mediterranean female grief to bits of reedy singing in Spanish by Pettitt, who faces upstage. The tragedy concluded, some off-hand doodling and twitching of various body parts brings the other performers into play, and the work takes off without a trace of the starkness and intensity of the initial image. *No Picnic* continues in this fashion: extreme interactions and activities involving individuals, twosomes, or trios, either comic or deadly serious, are dropped in favour of casual transitions, which somehow lead to the taking of further drastic measures. The effect of all this, as the precious minutes of performance time wheel off, is to create a sense of pure immediacy, as though each set of

wild antics, or vague dalliances, was discovered on the spot. We seem to be witnesses to a lengthy improvisation whose theme is the irrational and in which the participants have discovered the intoxicating ether that allows the subconscious full freedom. All of the pieces by Mascall that I have seen have this random, shredded feel to them.

Choreographically, the work is like potluck, with bits and pieces of every conceivable movement style and sensibility flung in and turned around, but not blended together. Dancers lounge in suggestive cheesecake poses, lunge and kick athletically, twitch, bluster, batter each other, babble and yammer, and take off on long lyrical excursions, all in the course of mere minutes. While Pettitt is experimenting languidly with classroom adagio, stage right, Jo Leslie and Johanna Householder are engaged in a pitched battle for a piece of clothing stage left. The hallucinations that seem to be the cause of various individual's eccentric behaviour suddenly evaporate, and a group assembles for some messy jumping. Meanwhile Mascall undertakes some complex transfers of weight while simultaneously indulging in extreme facial contortions and attempting to utter certain words. All this is pursued in a mood of distracted introspection, which serves to fix the disconnections that maintain individuals in ignorance of one another's difficulties. No one notices what other people are up against, or what pleasures they have discovered. That a relatively balanced visual field prevails despite all the schizoid meandering is a credit to Mascall's overall command of her material.

The ragged sequences were all attacked with conviction, even when their suitability to individuals was dubious. Householder, for instance, occasionally looked swamped by some of the more elaborate pure movement combinations, and Jo Leslie seemed entirely confined by the various prop manipulations she was called upon to perform. She did obscure things with a pair of white carna-

tions, a box of pins, a lemon peel, and a long string of soup bones. Mascall, of course, remained at all times in command of her weight, her focus and the electrocuted look she employs in order to mesmerize hapless members of the audience.

There were some wonderful and astonishing moments. *Householder* executed with great precision a marvellously comic solo for face that included most of the contortions of which that part of the anatomy is capable. Pettitt was, as usual, cool and elegant, with a drawn pre-Raphaelite look that provided a welcome contrast to the buzz-bombing of the others. Leslie brought a steady intensity to all the stillnesses and minute actions she was given.

But despite the concentration of the performers, the piquancy of certain images, the originality of much of the movement, charges of arrogance and irresponsibility could easily be brought against Mascall for once more dumping in the public view a great heap of unedited material. What right, after all, does anyone have to subject a paying audience to a prolonged free association? Much of the audience may have felt that what they saw was certainly no picnic, but rather a garden party for a group of mental patients. Does all this disorder represent the ongoing concern of a serious practitioner, or is Mascall, the so-called 'enfant terrible' of Canadian dance, simply trying to live up to a reputation?

CONRAD
ALEXANDROWICZ

Roberta Mohler and Dancers

Studio Theatre, Harbourfront
Toronto
8 - 18 July 1981

They dance in whispers, these sisters. In things unspoken. In secrets, in asides. Their vocabulary is mostly arms and hands. Hands shielding faces like fans, hands jutting out at right angles under chins, arms wrapped around heads or Balinese or held out, elbows bent, hands flexed as if carrying tea trays. This is a deliberately restrained and repetitive vocabulary. Occasionally, all that does not get said cannot be contained any longer and frustrations, jealousies, rivalries rage through their decorous garden of familiarities like flash fires. These are as quickly gone though and the old bonds, as indestructible as steel, are reaffirmed. The garden has survived yet another petty apocalypse.

The theme of family ties - particularly the ties of sisters - which Roberta Mohler and Holly Small examine in their dance, *In the Shadow of my Sister*, possesses an immediate and undeniable appeal for most people: the knowledge that chance, not choice, determines one's family is so awful as to be morbidly fascinating. Mohler and Small have held on tightly to this mystical notion of family union while engraving their distinctive cameo and the result is very nearly as archetypal in its definition as Chekhov's family portraits. The sister in the tangerine dress (Holly Small) may seem to be the spoiled youngest;

the sister in dusty rose (Janet Aronoff) the one who is always consulted last; the sister in ivory (Roberta Mohler) the one who thinks she wants to be alone; and the sister in steely blue with puff-sleeves (Monica George) the non-demonstrative, self-sufficient eldest - but they are much more too. Without wasting a gesture, Mohler and Small have designed a cameo that is also a tapestry, a mural.

The score, music for prepared piano by John Cage, contributes eerily to the mystery of the family rites enacted in the dance. The dancers themselves are given plenty of opportunity to demonstrate their individual strengths as performers. Janet Aronoff, I found especially expressive. Even Roberta Mohler's curious diffidence which occasionally threatens to overwhelm her dancing seemed here to possess a specific motive. The only reservation I had with *In the Shadow of My Sister*, in fact, was with Sam Walton's feeble imitation-Klimt backcloth.

As if the Harbourfront concert were not full enough with *Shadow*, it offered two arresting works by Tedd Robinson who is now working with Terminal City Dance of Vancouver. His *Solo*, one of a series of 'dances du jour' by company members, has the choreographer inching along a ledge on the right side of the auditorium as he sings a *capella* the sad, cryptic tale of a loner who lives above a grocery store owned by an Austrian and who can't see a lot of things because of the tears in his 'eye-eyes'. As he advances, ever so tentatively, the

spotlight seems to pin him against the red wall like a wounded but not quite dead butterfly, or, like the loser in a cold-war spy film, to catch him on the wrong side of enemy territory.

The punk gear that Robinson wears seems decidedly ordinary next to his new wave-Isadora dress in *Attitudes of Risk and Uncertainty*. Consisting of a long, loose black blouse over a floor-length red skirt, both piquantly set off by a yellow headband, this dress provides a major clue to the work's pre-occupation: ambivalence. Dragged across the stage in a net by a chorus of four women (a combination of forties and sci-fi future) topped by cowls and red berets, Robinson once again accepts the loner-victim role he described so poignantly in the *Solo*. The soundtrack (by The Human League and Robinson himself) chants another paean to loneliness in which the singer laments his banishment to a little room with only 'a view of the corner', and then erupts into a deadpan new wave rendition of *You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling*. A man in a suit (Francisco Alvarez), a kind of Jungian shadow figure to the man in the net, flies on and argues, 'No! No, I haven't with the soundtrack. Robinson, freed temporarily from his net, dances an angst-ridden attempt at flight while the chorus of women twitch and shake and menace like a set of red-hot feelings, separating Robinson from his conservative side. Although the dance ends somewhat arbitrarily (Robinson striding away from the women, his feet still

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entangled in the net), the dance manages to communicate an impasto image of the psychological dysfunction of a generation for whom the breakdown of old stereotypes regarding male and female behaviour patterns have meant considerable fear and disorientation. As a reporter of this age of risk and uncertainty, Robinson has shown himself incredibly acute, brave – and poetic.

The other dances in the program could hardly help being less interesting than these. James Kudelka's *Tilt* would need a stageful of people to make any theatrical impact; danced as a solo by Mohler, its dance-class-as-hell theme becomes an insider's joke. While Petre Bodeut's *Toccata* had Mohler's lovely, sensitive phrasing to help it gleam, it remains a pretty piece of imported bric à brac. Mohler's own *Cassette* surveys contemporary street scenes observantly, but, unlike *In the Shadow of my Sister*, without a personal perspective. So much contemporary art – painting, movies, and even so-called serious music – is intent on recording the rituals of playgrounds, alleys, bus platforms, intersections from every possible vantage point that any new effort to capture the same almost begs the descriptions, 'inevitable' and 'tired'. Even the amusing cross-overs, performed by Robinson, Aronoff and Mohler herself, all brandishing portable radios-cum-tape-decks like security blankets, failed to give the work an unusual edge. Still, *Cassette* was energetically and faithfully danced by Monica George, Francisco Alvarez and especially the electric Miss Small. That faith is unusual enough.

GRAHAM JACKSON



Patricia Fraser in Paul Taylor's *Aureole*.

Dancemakers

Hart House Theatre
Toronto
22 – 25 April 1981
PAD
Toronto
22 – 24 May 1981

If there is an image to define a company such as Dancemakers, that of certain highly volatile modern nation-states might not be inappropriate: political upheaval at one level, the simple, timeless processes of life and growth at another level.

Since its advent in 1974, Dancemakers has followed a precarious way, losing and replacing members and directors, struggling with financial insecurity but, at the same time, somehow managing to establish a few of its own traditions. Several of these have to do with the qualities found in the company's dancing; qualities which audiences now expect to see in Dancemakers – athleticism, stylistic versatility, and the retention of a strong individuality by each of the dancers. These remain in evidence in 1981.

Confidence, however, seemed lacking in a somewhat shaky programme at Harbourfront

last January. The recent loss of artistic director/dancer/choreographer Peggy Smith Baker, whose influence in the past few years had galvanized Dancemakers into a coherent and powerful performance group, could be at least a partial explanation for the company's confusion. But the company seemed to have lost its entire touch – a touch that in the past had earned it a deserved and special reputation for innovation.

This reputation was, in only some ways regrettably, further undermined by the company's April stint at the Hart House Theatre in Toronto. For if innovation was sacrificed, Dancemakers new directing team of Carol Anderson and Patricia Fraser rewarded audiences with solid, easy entertainment.

It was a programme of the tried and true, with four pieces chosen to display the athleticism of the troupe, their fundamentally sound dance technique rather than any explorative spirit.

Forest and *Lumen* are both some six years old, carefully choreographed, somewhat ponderous works set to the eerie electronic music of David Jaggs and Murray Schafer respectively. Both

deal with abstract structural 'posing' followed by release and 'breaking out'; they are exercises in control and the juxtaposition of different styles of movement. Robert Cohan's *Forest* is perhaps the more interesting of the two with its distinct progression from the mechanical to the free, from isolation to unity, and also in the variations provided by a larger number of dancers.

Judith Marcuse's exuberant *Cuts* is a work that shows Dancemakers at its vigorous best. At Hart House, the five dancers managed to capture *Cuts'* eccentricity in playful movement to a sound collage of 'mouth music'. But after the abstraction of *Lumen* and *Forest*, perhaps a more theatrical piece, like Baker's *Album* or Anna Blewchamp's *Arrival of all Time*, would have been more appropriate. The lack of balance in the Hart House programme was a major problem. One was left feeling dissatisfied and craving more, even after *Cuts* and the much anticipated premiere of Paul Taylor's classic *Aureole*. None of the works was really lightweight but one suspected that there were talents and qualities remaining hidden and unexploited.

Aureole is a demanding work and its acquisition by Dancemakers is a real coup. It was taught to them by Taylor's assistant, Eileen Cropley. In time, the dancers will make the piece their own. However, they paid adequate justice to its quirky romanticism and energetic, joyous projections of Handel's magnificent music. It is a perfect addition to Dancemakers' repertoire, showing off the strength, speed and balletic background of dancers like Pat Fraser and Grant McDaniel.

If Peggy Smith Baker was missed, compensation may have been found in Dancemakers' two performing apprentices, Janet Aronoff and Susan McKenzie, who joined the company in its appearances this year. Susan McKenzie, in particular, has a stage presence and intensity that is exciting to watch. She concentrates (in every sense of the word) and this in itself draws our attention to her. McKenzie's clean power is also a nice contrast to the more ethereal, 'feminine' dancing of Pat Fraser or Carol Anderson.

Given the uneven quality of the preceding season, Dancemakers' company choreographic workshop was approached with some interest. Unfortunately, none of the works performed showed sufficient promise to warrant inclusion in the company's repertoire - with one possible exception. Patricia Fraser's hilarious look at coupledness, *Marital Blister*.

Lip-syncing to Tammy Wynette's *Stand By Your Man*, a farmwife type climbs over and around (Stand On Your Man?) a stoic husband figure trading shoves and hand clasps to the face. The nastiness progresses to the tune of *I Want To Be Enough of a Woman To Hold my Man* and *I'll Take My Chances With You* in a surprisingly erotic blend of sexual lyrics and steamy posing and lifts by dancers Patricia Fraser and Grant McDaniel. The company could certainly find room for more tough, funny, satirical works like this.

Though we may never see *Marital Blister* or any of the other pieces presented at this

workshop in full performance, interesting aspects of the company itself were revealed. As choreographers, Dancemakers' members seem aware of the importance of themes and motifs, the need to keep experimenting with form. All of the new works, from Carol Anderson's '*...a fragment*' (a self-flagellatory solo danced to Gregorian chants) to Grant McDaniel's *Work in Progress* (involving a stylized kimono and graceful flexing on several levels to Debussy and traditional Japanese music) had a recognizable and quite logical line.

The basic understanding of structure displayed by Dancemakers as choreographers cannot but help them as dancers. Modern dance is often best performed when 'understood' on an intellectual level. It is unlikely they will swing the other way and trap themselves in formula, but Dancemakers seem to be trying harder these days to please more of the people, more of the time.

Above all else, Dancemakers should be commended for retaining the spirit of a collective while respecting and even cherishing the individuality of its performers. Such open-mindedness allows personalities like Patricia Miner, Anna Blewchamp and Peggy Smith Baker the freedom to grow, and if in doing so, they expand right out of the company, this same flexibility ensures that the company does not collapse.

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The Royal Ballet

O'Keefe Centre

Toronto

7 - 12 July 1981

So rich was the Royal Ballet's 50th Anniversary season in Toronto that any short review must be idiosyncratic. Let me rest content with a few generalizations, then, before considering the two Canadian premieres, Kenneth MacMillan's *Gloria* (1980) and *Isadora* (1981). The rest of the repertoire focussed on works of Ashton, the company's Founder Choreographer, and rather daringly offered two works more calculated to please the dance historian than the general public, *Daphnis and Chloë* (1951) and *Scènes de Ballet* (1948), both alarmingly dated in sets and costumes but fresh in invention, with *Scènes* showing just how well Ashton could have played Balanchine's abstract geometrical games had he chosen to do so. Ashton's tribute to his master, Petipa, showed in the company's revised *Swan Lake*, whose Ashtonian Pas de Quatre and Act IV rival Petipa's divertissements and Ivanov's perfect Act II, seen here in a pure form unfamiliar to many Canadians. And then there was the sumptuous *A Month in the Country* (1976), a mature masterpiece, blessed not only with superb virtuoso roles to which Anthony Dowell, Michael Coleman, Marguerite Porter, and Merle Park brought consummate and highly individual artistry, but also with those subtle character roles that give emotional ballast to Ashton's work. What a joy, here, to see Alexander Grant as a guest artist as the bumbling and loveable Yslaev, a role he created! This great ensemble company is always astonishing in this ballet, perhaps the best performed of the Ashton works, and one should single out among the brilliant casts the young Douglas Howe, whose innocent enthusiasm as the child Kolia was instantly engaging. But, alas, I must shun the joys of describing new strengths in familiar dancers and the excitement of discovering exceptional talent



Julian Hosking, Jennifer Penney and Wayne Eagling in MacMillan's *Gloria*.

in new dancers and turn to the new works, whose very existence testifies to the importance of Ashton as historical (and continuing!) shaper of the company, now so versatile and coherent an instrument for later choreographers, most notably MacMillan.

Gloria bowls one over; some company members think it MacMillan's finest work, and it is undoubtedly *one* of his best. The sheer sensual impact is staggering: a stark, partly-raked set with twisted metal posts, suggesting prison, battlefield, concentration camp, cage; the boys' unitards, in earthy, rusty, bloody colours, and their helmet-like headdresses, and the girls' silvery tattered tunics, encrusted with stylized shrapnel wounds (designer Andy Klunder's work sounds gruesome but is actually supremely elegant); the speed, risk, and complexity of the choreography; the power of the alternately hard-driving and melancholic Poulenc score, sung live by the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir and Janet Smith; the clean-lined elegance of Jennifer Penney, the quiet strength of Julian Hosking, the demonic energy

of Wayne Eagling, the quicksilver buoyancy of Wendy Ellis. There is intense beauty in the work; it startles, hypnotizes, moves one to tears. But MacMillan, more than any other choreographer I can think of, creates beauty from what might superficially seem something nasty in the woodshed, and this work depends heavily on the ironic counterpoint between the text of the *Gloria* and the images we see, so that what strikes some as an anti-war ballet and others as a religious work is in fact far richer, harder to define, more iconoclastic, than it may seem.

The work opens with a grim, hurried resurrection; dancers pour onto the stage, torsos twisted, elbows bent upwards and hands covering the eyes, as these war dead shield themselves from the light, from the God who has called them forth. 'Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace', the choir sings, but MacMillan uses Poulenc's characteristically short-phrased melodies as the almost military march one suddenly, after long familiarity, discovers them to be. From here on, the ballet

fluctuates between joy, exhausted agony, and futile rebellion; it's all in the music, which MacMillan has heard freshly and accurately. A flashy gymnastic pas de quatre for Ellis and three boys shows gilded youth, forgetting that they are doomed, enact 'We praise thee, we bless thee', while the more wordily-wise central trio - Penney, Hosking, Eagling - image a pietà to 'We give thee thanks for thy great glory'. The point: what glory derives from death, what God demands the death of his children?

A plaintive, placatory pas de deux for Penney and Hosking follows to the 'Domine Deus', with a broken Penney supported in slow entrechats or in skimming lifts while her upper body dangles forward, limp. She unfolds upwards in arrowy arabesque only to shudder back to lassitude in this most powerful stretch of choreography. Ellis and the heedless youths bound back in a section which ends with Ellis tossed high into the wings in one of many steps of breathtakingly significant violence, and then Eagling is hurled over the back onto the stage for a rebellious solo,



Alexander Grant returns to his role in Ashton's *A Month in the Country*.

crammed with bent-knee turns and floor work. The others return, and the three principals are raised in an icon of the crucifixion: 'Qui sedes?' - who *does* sit up there enforcing such pain?

MacMillan has long been notorious for daring to have visual stillness at musically pregnant moments, and so here the choir repeats 'Qui sedes?', the crowd freezes, and in the most chilling sequence of the ballet, their eyes and heads slowly twist upwards from their tortured bodies as they dare look into the light for an answer. 'Amen', 'so be it', the soprano intones; the answer is simply 'Because'. Puzzled and re-

signed, the resurrection into pain or joy suddenly over, the dancers march quietly upstage, each turning back in yearning farewell before sinking from sight. Like Job, they have heard the voice in the whirlwind and must submit as the choir sings, 'Thou only art most high'. Eagling rebels briefly, surging across the stage in angry jetés; he runs upstage, stands irresolute, and, in the final moment, leaps backwards into space and oblivion. As is often true with the compassionate MacMillan, the work explores the deepest human fears, and although the program quotes two stanzas from Vera Brittain's *The War Generation: Ave*, and

thereby might suggest that we see this work in a limited historical context, the ballet relentlessly expands into universality by implicitly identifying 'the fate that held our youth within its power', the one who waits 'imminent and fierce outside the door', with whatever exists behind our concept of God.

If *Gloria* depends in part on the written and sung word, challenging ballet audiences in unconventional ways, *Isadora* too ignores balletic truisms about the necessity of telling everything in movement and mime, truisms that I think have often unnecessarily limited ballet as an art. MacMillan has always been

controversial for choosing unsavoury subjects (*Mayerling*, for instance) and for setting works to great choral scores (*Song of the Earth*, *Requiem*). But perhaps his literariness - his collaboration with Gillian Freeman as librettist, his use of actors and dancers in *Seven Deadly Sins* and now in *Isadora* - is at least as annoying to alleged purists who forget that ballet's courtly origins featured speech and song as well as movement, and that MacMillan is thus truly and intriguingly radical.

Isadora is a natural subject for MacMillan: a rebel, shockingly unconventional in her time, a crusader, visionary if flawed as an artist, a choreographer of relatively naturalistic movement who insisted on using great music (and one recalls that the powers of Covent Garden originally refused to let MacMillan set *Song of the Earth* or *Requiem* on that august stage). Wisely, MacMillan has not presented a standard three-act on pointe about this lady who found ballet training 'an enemy to art and nature', offering instead a theatre pie piece that verges on being a one-woman show, so convincingly Isadorable in speech and movement is actress Mary Miller, who also wrote the evocative and humorous script. I can't imagine the ballet without her, and the admirable dancing Isadoras (Merle Park, showing unsuspected depth of feeling and spontaneity, and Sandra Conley, fluid and dramatic) necessarily pale beside Miller. Such is the power of the spoken word, and another truism bites the dust: a picture (or gesture) is *not* worth a thousand words.

This thoroughly theatrical portrait of Duncan is a brave, exciting work, but it is not the artistic triumph that *Gloria* is. *Isadora* is necessarily episodic, even choppy, limited in its movement vocabulary by soft or character shoes and by considerable faithfulness to *Isadora's* free 'Greek' style, revolutionary in her time but debased coinage thanks to innumerable kindergarten exercises in interpretive dance. Richard Rodney Bennett's



Merle Park in the closing tableau of MacMillan's *Isadora*.

score is serviceable at least, and the ballet is apparently quite accurate historically, nowhere more than in its contrasting of *Isadora's* 'barefoot art' with music hall banalities: a recreation of turn-of-the-century ballet numbers, with jaded sylphs exploding into meaningless *fouettés* and soppy hero(ine)s *en travesti*, is a comic highlight, but Loïe Fuller's spectaculars are degraded to clumsy romps by 'lesbians' in gilt Bermudas. Macmillan is going after cheap laughs at stereotypes, and the profundity of Monica Mason as the lesbian Nursey (and how I'd like to see Mason as *Isadora!*) lets us sense this temporary fall from grace more keenly. But the false notes are few, and if none of *Isadora's* male lovers - with

the overwhelming exception of Stephen Jeffries' *Esenin* - is a match for Duncan's passionate strength, that too is historically accurate.

Isadora gives us competent and theatrical MacMillan, not the choreographer of genius. But the experiment is noble, and even as the work outrages purists, it seems to be winning a new clientele for ballet, though I rather wonder what they can move on to after this: perhaps *Mayerling* or *Manon*, works I sorely missed in the Toronto engagement? Perhaps next time: let's not wait another 14 years for a Royal visit!

PENELOPE DOOB

New York City Ballet

Tchaikovsky Festival
New York State Theater
4-14 June 1981

In New York dance circles two statements are bound to be regarded as blasphemous: that George Balanchine is capable of the occasional artistic indiscretion, and that Jerome Robbins' ballets might be a bit long-winded. These, the revered co-directors of New York City Ballet, collaborated this year with two of Balanchine's long-term apprentices (John Taras and Jacques d'Amboise) and two of a younger vintage (Peter Martins and Joseph Duell) to concoct a smorgasbord of Tchaikovsky ballets. Of the 25, give or take, offerings, there were 12 world premiers, several revivals, and a few reworkings of earlier ballets in the NYCB repertoire. I say 'give or take' because some works were presented both as individual creations and in larger contexts, and two scheduled ballets were withdrawn following an injury to Suzanne Farrell during the gala premier: the much revised *Mozartiana* and the *Meditation* pas de deux.

While sentimentality for Tchaikovsky's music was abundant, there was a striking absence of real reverence as the choreographers continued to turn out amputated or dismembered offerings. Joseph Duell choreographed the Introduction and Fugue of the first *Orchestra Suite*. Peter Martins dealt with the 2nd and 3rd movements of *Symphony No. 1* (Winter Daydreams) and took his

dancers through most of its finale, massing them for an exit some hundred bars before the music ended. D'Amboise tightened up and revised his 1969 ballet to three movements only of the second *Suite* and devised a work to the *Concert Fantasy, op. 56*, only to withdraw the second half after a disastrous premier.

Robbins offered a pas de deux to the middle movement of the first *Piano Concerto* and an ensemble piece to the waltz movement of the *Symphony Pathétique*, the latter being offered on the final night, with the orchestra omitting the first movement and playing the third (without dancing), followed by Balanchine's one-shot ecclesiastical pageant to the finale. Mr B reduced *Baiser de la Fée* to a brief suite of dances and saw fit to reverse the order of the first two movements of *Mozartiana*. Of the ballet called *Diamonds* which utilizes the *Third Symphony*, two movements were shown as separate entities.

An all-purpose set designed and executed by architects Philip Johnson and John Burgee housed the festival. It consisted of 3,600 pieces of Tenite butyrate tubing of various lengths which formed a translucent backdrop and an elaborate array of straight and angled borders, which could be infinitely manipulated and arranged. A chandelier was included for those pieces which could benefit by it. The set, referred to by its champions as an 'ice palace', was most effective for larger ensemble works, but it tended to isolate or dwarf the more



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Dancers of the New York City Ballet in *Tempo di Valse*.

intimate offerings. Particularly in an ice-blue light it often took on an industrial aspect, suggestive of a gigantic show-er-curtain or the interior of a deep-freeze. Often it conveyed no illusion that it might be anything other than a massive bank of plastic tubing.

As a smorgasbord, the festival consisted almost entirely of salads. The tribute to the composer was expressed in strictly academic classical ballet forms. A New York critic I know distinguishes among the various recent Balanchine offerings by color-coding them. Thus *Brabms-Schonberg Quartet* is 'pink and brown', *Allegro Brillante* is 'green and white', and so on. A more helpful means for remembering ballets in this barrage of Tchaikovsky works was to acknowledge the endless echoes of and allusions to other items in the NYBC rep. For example, a brand new Balanchine work set to an understandably forgotten Tchaikovsky score called *Hungarian Gypsy Airs*, is a blue and coral clone of *Tzigane*, a piece created for the Ravel festival some years ago. Structurally almost identical, it has even the same ethnic devices – palm of right hand brushing side of scalp, and arms folded at shoulder height – that we associate with Eastern European folk dance. Both gestures were amply exploited during the season, notably in John Taras'

setting of *Souvenir of Florence* and in Jerome Robbins' *Piano Pieces*. Another popular Balanchine trapping – the presence of a lone poetic male amidst squads of threatening or indifferent women, served as a leitmotif for Joseph Duell's new offerings and was explored exhaustively in Balanchine's own *Suite No. 3*.

On the positive side, the Robbins offerings were particularly enchanting. The pas de deux to the Andante from the first *Piano Concerto* is a luscious creation for the engaging Ib Anderson and a precocious teenager named Darci Kistler, who has the downright greedy stage presence of those legendary baby ballerinas (which Mr B discovered in their pubescent glory some 50 years ago), along with a lot of their special kind of radiance. In *Piano Pieces*, which could use a competent editor, Robbins has selected an odd assortment of Tchaikovsky keyboard works and seems to prefer those in the category of salon music to others which might have provided the kind of broad statement that he matched in his two Chopin ballets. In this collection he seems content to settle for statements of gentle charm and light wit, and Ib Anderson's piquant dancing particularly brings the music to life.

Two Balanchine works

from the 1940s continue to make the definitive homage to Petipa with more finality than ABT could muster recently in an evening length pageant. *Theme and Variations* (produced in 1947 for ABT as a separate work and now presented in its proper musical context as the finale of *Suite No. 3*) remains the epitome of the classical era. *Piano Concerto No. 2*, originally introduced in 1941 as *Ballet Imperial* is now somewhat less regal without the opulence of the Doboujinsky or Berman settings it once sported, yet still portrays with conviction the strength of character inherent in ballet's Russian heritage.

A fragment from an era in which Balanchine found it viable to deal with the literal is the *Divertimento from Baiser de la Fée*, Stravinsky's own homage to Tchaikovsky and originally one of Balanchine's most evocative story ballets, drawn from Anderson's fairy tale of the Ice Maiden. Now an extended pas de deux for Helgi Tomasson and Pat McBride and a small corps of girls, it concludes with the sombre adagio which always gave the choreographer great trouble in his various revivals. Now the proper resolution seems to have been achieved, but with what remains of the ballet, it seems a case of having kept the placenta and thrown the baby away. A full revival of *Baiser*

now seems less than likely in terms of the company's present choreographic direction.

One of the most popular offerings was *Tempo di Valse*, which opens with a blockbuster of a Garland Dance from *Sleeping Beauty*, which Balanchine offered in a grand display of 16 dancing couples and a platoon of students from the School of American Ballet bearing pink floral streamers. Next to this, the *Nutcracker Waltz of the Flowers* was modest fare, and waltz duets by d'Amboise and Taras which I forgot to color-code have slipped completely out of memory. The gorgeous waltz from *Eugene Onegin* in a stringent and bitter-sweet rendering by Taras completes a suite which would gain effectiveness if done in reverse order.

I doubt if the survival quota will equal that of NYCB's earlier Stravinsky and Ravel festivals. There was a slap-dash, careless feeling evident in many of the offerings, best characterized by the song recital interpolated with one of the matinees, in which a soprano rendered three Tchaikovsky songs in German. Surely in Manhattan there are numbers of Russian singers who could perform these works in their original form. Many of the new ballets were contemporary only in the sense that they were examples of a genre of disposable art. And what the Tchaikovsky festival strongly missed was a contrasting viewpoint. One longed for a budding Fokine or Tudor to show means other than the academic for bringing Tchaikovsky's music into a visual form.

LELAND WINDREICH

For the Love of DanceNational Film Board of
Canada 1981

Inside the business, the physicality of dancing is taken for granted; the pain and strain are part of the commitment.

Outside, it's not so clear. Fabrication is a commonplace of art. An actor doesn't rehearse in public; Leonardo's sketchbook wasn't something intended for open display. What's presented for public view is generally artifice, the end of a process, finished product.

Audiences expect it. They buy their tickets fully intending to suspend their disbelief. For the duration of the hours they spend in their rented seats, effect is all; they're willing dupes.

Still, we're all curious. The glamour of *Life Backstage* has always been worth a tidy fortune in Hollywood, and the process of making dance, with all that effort devoted to the effect of effortlessness, is a fine definer of the contrast between image and actuality.

No film I know has caught the physicality of making dance and dancers more clearly than *For the Love of Dance*, the National Film Board of Canada production built around seven of the eight companies that took part in the CAPDO gala last May.

It gave the audience a visible definition of that holy devotion, that committed craziness, that makes dancers do what they do. It's nothing to do with money; Michael Montanaro, of Le Groupe de la Place Royale, works his own commitment out at about \$3 an hour. Rachel Browne, the warrior founder of Winnipeg's Contemporary Dancers, says: 'If one wants money or glamour or lots of prestige, one should never become a dancer'.

Certainly, there's no glamour here. What there is is obsessive effort, hour after hour; tough and beautiful bodies under insistent pressure to be better. Kevin Pugh's search for perfectibility becomes the theme around which the film's little pearls of insight are clustered. We see him at the start, slogging



Sylvie Kinal-Chevalier and camera crew on the set of *For the Love of Dance*.

doggedly away at the Bluebird variation for Alexander Grant; we see him at the end, driving himself almost beyond endurance - collapsing, sweat-stained, chest heaving, flat on his back, dragging himself up, continuing to strive to meet the demands of the choreographer, Constantin Patsalas, who isn't even sure that what he has choreographed can be danced.

Trevor Schalk, of the Anna Wyman Dance Theatre, used to be a footballer, gave it up after a bad concussion, took up dancing, and found it 'one of the most physically demanding ventures of any kind'. 'There's always something that hurts', says Sylvie Kinal-Chevalier, loosening up in the studios of Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, intent on her own progression to technical perfection.

Not many people smile. That may be accurate enough in such driven circumstances, but it doesn't do much to define dance as a form of joyous expression. Perhaps (I'm only a member of the audience) it often isn't. Montanaro (who did seem to enjoy himself) certainly struck a poignant note: 'That's the shame in dance', he said. 'The artistry starts to

go up when the body starts to go down.'

It's all there in the film - a coast-to-coast panorama of physical strain in the service of an art, intercut with enough samples of the finished, on-stage product to alert the unknowing to a beginning understanding of some of the quality and variety of work that's happening in Canadian dance now.

There are, too, some telling excursions into related areas the title justifies. As the Toronto Dance Theatre tours darkest Vancouver Island (with Peter Randazzo as the peg, pensive on the bus, preposterous on-stage in his *Light Brigade* Mountie costume and, later, his sheer seamed tights) Peter Sever is at a dreary arts-group sales conference in New York, bravely hyping the company, marketing Canada's culture.

It's one of the few times the film ventures beyond the country's borders, and the sequence (counterpointed with TDT's adventures) emphasizes our continuing isolation. We're still eager to throw away anything from \$1,000 to \$20,000 to get what Sever calls that one important review from *The New York Times*. Our acquie-

scence to all that cultural bullying remains, it seems, unquestioned, whatever a film like this tells us about ourselves.

There's a further twist on the title before we're through - big Doug King and his burly tech crew, in their Royal Winnipeg Ballet storm-jackets, sizing up a stage, using *their* bodies for their nightly 20-ton removal job . . . but far more than moving men: integral parts of the show, enjoying their bit of kissy-contact with the dancers, watching from the dark wings as Evelyn Hart and David Peregrine do *Belong*.

That's about as romantic as the film gets, actually. Its chief tone is one of glossless honesty, which is itself gloss of a kind, I suppose. The four directors, Cynthia Scott, Michael McKennirey, David Wilson and John Smith, roamed the country, discovered things that surprised or excited or impressed them, and put them in a package to show us. They showed us a bit (no more than that, but enough) of the truth - about dancing in Canada; about dancing.

MAX WYMAN

**International Dance Film
and Videotape Festival
and Conference**
New York Public Library at
Lincoln Center
15-20 June 1981

Depending on where you sat in the Amsterdam Gallery on June 15 at 12:25 p.m., you could have watched a television monitor showing Margot Fonteyn in Fokine's *Firebird*, one offering a program of Martha Graham masterpieces, the Maly Ballet of Leningrad in a tribute to Petipa, or Eva Evdokimova in a splendid new staging by Peter Schaufuss of *La Sylphide* for London Festival Ballet. By Tuesday noon three of the monitors had been shuttled off to separate viewing areas, but the problem of making choices persisted, for there were three other theatres as well in the compound showing dance films simultaneously.

Much of the responsibility for this glorious festival was that of Genevieve Oswald who, several decades ago, began modestly building up a Dance Archives in a corner of the old Music Department in the New York Public Library at 42nd St. and 5th Avenue, and to Jerome Robbins, principal pioneer for realizing the great potential in recording dance performance on film and getting it stored in Ms Oswald's flourishing collection. The International Dance Council collaborated with the library folk for a week of events, including a reception for Mr. Robbins on opening day, and a day-long series of panel discussions on the issues of documenting and producing films on dancing. Choreographers such as Eliot Feld, Michael Smuin, Lucinda Childs and Alwin Nikolais discussed these technicalities with the media and resource people, while during the actual film showings legendary dance personages such as Ruth Page, Birgit Cullberg, Felia Doubrovskaya, and Tamara Geva mingled with the crowd and made personal appearances during the showing of films in which they had personally participated.

Over 200 presentations

were offered. The giant screen in the Bruno Walter Auditorium accommodated those efforts on a grander scale such as the 20th Century Fox cinemascope print of George Balanchine's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and 35 mm productions of the Nureyev-Fonteyn *Swan Lake* (made with the Vienna State Opera Ballet in 1968) and David Blair's version of *Giselle*, with Carla Fracci, Erik Bruhn and Toni Lander (1970). In the Heckscher Oval, a 16 mm projector showed John Mueller's miraculous resuscitation of a 1948 rehearsal film of Leonide Massine's *Symphonie Fantastique*, now fitted with a proper musical accompaniment.

There were a number of brilliant BBC offerings which would have great appeal to Canadian viewers: a master class in the *Giselle* pas de deux by Dame Alicia Markova, an Ashton program featuring enchanting performances of *Symphonic Variations* and *Façade*, a nostalgic documentary on Serge Diaghilev, narrated by Tamara Geva and featuring poignant recollections by such survivors of his era as Alexandra Danilova, Vera Stravinsky, Anton Dolin and the late Leonide Massine. From Danish TV came exciting performances of Paul Taylor works, and from Sweden a gripping new videotape of Birgit Cullberg's *Miss Julie*, cruelly performed by Galina Panova and Niklas Ek.

No area of dance was neglected - least of all the ethnic materials, which were bountiful all week. Delegates to the festival were handed a hunky catalogue of the programme notes for the weeks' offerings. May someone in Canada Council get ahold of it and investigate means for importing this great package of dance information to viewers here at home!

LELAND WINDREICH



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Book Beat

Recent Dance Publications

Pavlova: Repertoire of a Legend, by John and Roberta Lazzarini (Schirmer, 1980) is an ambitious offering for the Pavlova centenary. From her debut in a children's fairy-tale ballet created by Petipa in 1892 to a performance in *Autumn Leaves* in the month before her death, this pictorial documentary covers her career in full. Informative annotations accompany many familiar and some exceedingly rare photos which, in assembly, show the full scope of Pavlova's power.

In *Behind Barres: the Mystique of Masterly Teaching* (Dance Horizons, 1980) Joseph Gale selects for discussion the seven teachers in the United States representing the epitome of ballet pedagogy. Teachers will profit more than students in contemplating the unique gifts of each of these remarkable purveyors of the classic ballet traditions.

The Simon and Schuster Book of the Ballet (1980) is a dud in almost every respect. Its bias is European and its viewpoint is Italian, and the publishers of this American edition of a volume issued in Milan in 1979 erred by not calling in a ballet consultant to tidy up the various messes which the translator, one Olive Ordish, has perpetuated through total ignorance of the subject matter. The book is a chronological listing of ballets created since 1581 and by no means a comprehensive or definitive one. Many ballets are described inaccurately, invariably in odd, garbled prose. Ordish (one presumes) has come up with some dandy new

names for ballets quite familiar to us through their original French titles, e.g. *Light Trap* (for *Piège de Lumière*), *The Portents* (for *Les Présages*) and *Fold on Fold* (for *Pli selon Pli*) – these are but three of the funnier ones. In some of the synopses, names of characters and of the musical scores utilized are inexplicably Italianized. It soon becomes clear that Mario Pasi, who edited the Italian version, loves Maurice Béjart's works and makes endless paeans to each of such established choreographers as Agnes de Mille, Robert Joffrey, Gerald Arpino, Jiri Kylian and Oscar Araiz are simply ignored. Needless to say, Canadian ballets do not rate entries either.

Simon and Schuster should be chided for letting such a tacky job be passed off in the name of scholarship.

The interview technique brings an immediacy to dance writing but often appears to relieve the author from certain responsibilities for appraising and synthesizing the materials which result. In *Conversation with a Dancer* (St. Martin's Press, 1980) critic Kitty Cunningham gets practitioner Michael Ballard to talk about dancing from a variety of viewpoints, but his intelligent observations are somewhat circumscribed by a career limited to the sphere of Alwin Nikolais and Murray Louis. Elinor Rogosin offers a broader spectrum in *The Dance Makers: Conversations with American Choreographers* (Beaverbooks, 1980). Interviews with Ted Shawn and Charles Weidman in the last years of their lives are particularly poignant. As an

erstwhile pupil of Martha Graham, Erick Hawkins and Merce Cunningham, Rogosin draws some fascinating material from her former mentors and delicately picks the brains of ballet enfants terribles, Eliot Feld and John Clifford. Bella Lewitzky, Alvin Ailey, Glen Tetley and Twyla Tharp are also quizzed.

In Performance: a Companion to the Classics of the Dance, by Nancy Reynolds and Susan Reimer-Torn (General Publishing, 1980) deals with 50 ballets in a range from Bournonville to Paul Taylor, most of which can be seen in one form or another in the repertoires of today's dance companies. The tone would suggest that the authors are aiming at a young adult audience, but the skillful way in which the historical and aesthetic considerations are aired make the work a fine introduction to ballet for the novice who wants to look at theatrical dancing with an informed perspective. An exceptionally vibrant offering of colour and black and white photos gives the volume additional life.

The evolution of ballet in Australia was encouraged, as it was in North America, by the infectious visits of the post-Diaghilev Ballet Russe companies and by way of a model afforded by an emerging Royal Ballet in Great Britain. With *My Journey through Dance* (Queensland University Press, 1979) Charles Lisner tells of his training at home under the pioneer Edouard Borovansky and how his studies in various European ballet centres prepared him to create and form a pro-

fessional ballet company in Queensland.

Parade: Cubism as Theater, by Richard H. Axson (Garland Publishing Co., 1979) is an art historian's contemplation of the remarkable collaboration in 1917 of Erik Satie, Leonide Massine, Pablo Picasso and Jean Cocteau which, under Serge Diaghilev's auspices, resulted in the legendary ballet called *Parade*. Unique illustrations offer rare Picasso sketches and some glib statements and graphics from the notebooks of Cocteau.

Gennady Smakov, who assisted Natalia Makarova in writing her eloquent *A Dance Autobiography* (Knopf: 1979) turns to another great Leningrad-trained dancer in *Baryshnikov: From Russia to the West* (McGraw-Hill Ryerson: 1981). The author regards the current director of American Ballet Theatre as a modest and unassuming man, moderate in his economic and romantic requisites. Smakov is more interested in the dancer as a unique artist, capable of assimilating a broad spectrum of dance styles. Fascinating photos of Baryshnikov as a child and young man, ingeniously smuggled out of Russia, add interest to this thoughtful biographical study.

To encourage the pursuit of dancing as a viable occupation for men, Richard Glasstone has produced a practical and convincing handbook with *Male Dancing as a Career* (Methuen: 1980). Demonstrating the place in history that the male dancer has achieved, Glasstone proceeds to examine the various



Isadora Duncan – her relationship with Sergei Esenin is the subject of a new book.

fields open for a dancing career and appends an excellent directory of training centres throughout the world.

The tempestuous and ultimately tragic marriage of Isadora Duncan and Sergei Esenin is explored in depth and scope in Gordon McVay's *Isadora & Esenin* (Ardis: 1980). This is a scholarly account, replete with rare photos and facsimiles and magnificently documented with notes and a source list. The academic approach will not distract for a moment from the presentation itself which reads like a gripping novel and should fascinate anyone interested in the lives and works of the protagonists.

Alicia and her Ballet Nacional de Cuba (Anchor Books, 1981) is the third paean in a decade to the beloved ballerina and, like the others, is mixed in its results. The author, Walter Terry, has known and loved Alonso through her long career and this personal contact, no doubt, accounts for the many amusing anecdotes. However, it is hard to justify Terry's attempted apotheosis when it excludes the important contributions of the many other talents who helped to build a national ballet company in Cuba. Even Alicia Alonso's own artistic stature was not achieved through single-handed effort. Distortion by omission is a

serious fault of this biography.

In *The Royal Ballet The First Fifty Years*, (Doubleday: 1981), Alexander Bland has produced a remarkably comprehensive narrative of the company's achievements. The style is mostly cool and factual with a minimum of subjective historical interpretation. He recounts honestly the Royal Ballet's successes and failures and manages to evoke a sense of the company's organic personality. Perhaps the most enduringly useful feature of this handsomely produced volume will be its elaborate tables of statistics: a list of dancers since 1931, repertoire, productions, itineraries (covering both companies) and even a list of film and television appearances. The book is enriched with a splendid collection of photographs and illustrations – all painstakingly and accurately captioned. Altogether it is a fitting tribute to one of the world's greatest ballet companies.

COMING SOON

Dance Horizons will publish the two volumes of Ballet Russe company histories originally slated as part of the now defunct Dekker 'dance

collection'. Kathrine Sorley Walker's volume, to be issued simultaneously by Hutchinson in London, deals with the company which evolved in 1932 under René Blum's auspices and which functioned until 1951 under the direction of Colonel Vassily de Basil. Jack Anderson's book, *The One and Only*, deals with the offshoot launched in 1938 under Leonide Massine and Serge Denham, which performed thereafter consistently under the name of Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. Chapters on the Massine years and the Balanchine era of the latter company have been offered this year in issues of *Ballet Review*.

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Noticeboard

All *Dance in Canada* conferences have declared themselves to be successes although not all have had as much justification to do so as did the 1981 conference held in Montreal from June 17 to 21. It marked the first time that the Association had returned to the venue of an earlier conference, only on this occasion the site chosen was the new UQAM (L'université du Québec a Montréal). In 1974 it had been Loyola College, out on the west side of town.

This was not the biggest conference either in terms of programming or attendance, nor was it the best organized (Vancouver still holds that record with Edmonton a close second) but it was, arguably, the happiest conference to date.

Although the Secretary of State's office had not seen fit to offer sufficient money to provide the conference with a simultaneous translation service, delegates patiently did their best to understand each other and a spirit of generous tolerance and willing exchange became the key-note of the whole affair. To an extent, this reflected with great accuracy the kind of personal leadership offered by the conference president (and now the Association's new chairman), Vincent Warren. Although, of course, he received sterling support from his many co-organizers, his genial nature cast a warm shadow across all the proceedings.

And what proceedings! Although the title 'Dance and Society' had been bestowed on the conference, as usual it took off in many different



Conference president Vincent Warren (far left) joins former Chalmers Award winners onstage at this year's award presentation.

directions with a huge variety of activities catering to almost all interests. Most of these took place within UQAM which, for all its striking modernity, is a labyrinth of rooms and passageways. Old hands at D in C conferences have got used to the frustrating experience of knowing that they must make difficult choices between items on the program. It lends the annual conference more of the character of a convention and just like a convention, the most important events are the chance meetings, the renewed friendships (and revitalized enmities) which such occasions permit.

Performance was a greater element in the 1981 conference than in any of its predecessors. From opening night onwards there was a continual succession of shows, formal and informal, which caused even the most dedicated audience members to wilt by the final day. There were shows at lunch-time in the UQAM art gallery, and there again in the early evening (merciful Quebec - a bar was open!) and then everyone flocked to the big theatre for the evening's formal performances (reviewed elsewhere in this issue).

The heavy attendance at these evening shows was

among a number of factors which left the conference's financial planners looking at a surplus. Although there were less than 300 fulltime delegates the tally of daily registrants and other revenue sources pushed the total intake beyond what the conference had budgeted to spend - a modest \$57,000.

If there was one area where the conference fell short it came on the final Sunday at the Annual General Meeting. This in fact was not so much a responsibility of the Conference organizers as of the Association's own board. Apart from the problem of bilingualism which became

truly irksome at AGM, the meeting was poorly planned. Reports were not available in advance, business ground to a halt as inveterate attraction-getters pursued trivial points to extinction, and even as expert a chairperson as Ruth Priddle, who had served the Association well for two years, showed signs of impatience.

When the next AGM is held at Conference '82 in Ottawa one can expect to see a change. Among the improvements suggested was the holding of a general membership meeting in the mid course of the conference when an opportunity could be provided for free-wheeling discussion in a relatively informal setting.



This Montreal sun-worshiper remained undisturbed by the Dance Happening going on around him in Mount Royal Park. It was organized imaginatively by Martine Epoque for the Dance in Canada Conference.



Floyd Chalmers presents the award for choreography named in his wife's honour to Paul-André Fortier.

Paul-André Fortier of Montreal is the winner of the 1981 **Jean A. Chalmers Award in Choreography**. The \$5,000 award, presented last June at the Dance in Canada Conference, is made annually to assist choreographers who have displayed outstanding creative ability.

This year's jury assessed 33 candidates, the largest number of applicants in the

history of the award. Paul-André Fortier was selected from a short list of five exceptional finalists. The jury found his work, 'gripping, intense, powerfully theatrical and of great originality'.

Born in Sherbrooke, Quebec, Fortier received an MA in Arts and Education from the University of Sherbrooke. He studied ballet with Le Groupe Nouvelle Aire

where he danced for seven years and created more than 20 roles. Since 1976 he has taught and performed internationally, making appearances in Cuba, Brazil, France and Germany.

Fortier began choreographing in 1978 and has created six works, two for Le Groupe Nouvelle Aire and the others for his own company in Montreal.

This year's jury, selected by the Dance in Canada Association, consisted of Dorothy Harris, Linda Rabin, Karen Rimmer, Max Wyman and Grant Strate.

Submissions are now formally invited for the **1982 Clifford E. Lee Award in Choreography**, presented under the auspices of the Banff Centre School of Fine Arts. A unique feature of the \$3,000 award is the opportunity to spend a summer in residence at the Banff Centre working with advanced students and professional dancers, using the production and staging facilities of the School to mount

a new work for the Banff Festival of the Arts. Submissions should be made not later than December 1, 1981. Contact the Clifford E. Lee Choreography Award Committee, c/o Ken Masden, Associate Director, The Banff Centre School of Fine Arts, Box 1020, Banff, Alberta. TOL 0C0.

Applications are now available to Canadian performing arts organizations who wish to apply for funding from the **du Maurier Council for the Performing Arts** for 1982 projects. November 1 is the deadline for applications requesting support for performances to be staged after May 1982. Full details on eligibility and current application forms may be obtained by writing to Grant Applications, Box 27, 180 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5G 1Z6.

The Court Dance, Theatre and Music Company from Okinawa, Japan makes its first visit to North America this fall. The troupe of 18

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artists from the islands south west of Japan will be performing in Toronto at Hart House (Oct 29) and in Montreal at the Museum of Fine Arts (Oct 30). The program is a rich mixture of theatrical styles reflecting centuries of influence from Japan, China and Indonesia ranging from stately court dances to lively dance-drama and folk dances.

Brian Macdonald has been elected to the eight-member dance committee of the International Theatre Institute for a one-year term.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Mikhail Baryshnikov and Cynthia Harvey danced *Le Corsaire pas de deux* and Balanchine's duet from *Harlequinade* to two sold-out houses at Vancouver's Queen Elizabeth Theatre June 24 and 25. Vancouver Sun columnist, Christopher Dafoe, referred to the performances as a 'Barysh-ripoff', chiding the Russian superstar for such a brief and artless display of

his great gifts and for the exorbitant fee he commanded (\$70,000 for the two evenings' work). Framing the classic warhorses were performances by the Pacific Northwest Ballet: a highly professional rendering of Balanchine's *The Four Temperaments*, Kent Stowell's folksy *Over the Waves*, and a ponderous example of Dutch melancholia called *Ramifications* which Rudi van Dantzig had set on the company this spring. Local audiences paid up to \$35 for their seats and had bought out two performances weeks before programs were announced on the strength of the Russian's magical name.

Vancouver-based choreographer **Judith Marcuse** is presenting a new dance-work called *Playgrounds* which examines the varied moods and aims of the games adults play. The piece incorporates dancers Sacha Bélin, Peggy Smith Baker, James Kudelka, Claudia Moore, Karen Foss and Marcuse herself, actors Ronnie Gilbert and Larry

Lillo and Musicians Harvey Swartz, John D'earth and Paul Grant. The composer/musical director is Kurt Nurock. The text is by Sheldon Rosen with additional material by Jeremy Long.

Playgrounds will be presented at the Queen Elizabeth Playhouse, Vancouver, (Sept. 2 - 5) and then in the large tent at Toronto's Harbourfront (Sept. 8 - 13) where the cast will also be conducting masterclasses. For details of these classes contact Jane Farrow at (416) 862-7296.

Mauryne Allan's Mountain Dance Theatre will give performances at the James Cowan Theatre in Burnaby. (Oct. 2, 3 and Dec. 16 - 20). The company will also tour the Kootenay area of British Columbia and Vancouver Island. The repertory for the fall season includes *The Golden Slipper*, *Street Song*, *And Wild They Shall Remain* and *Here in This Hollow Space*, all choreographed by Allan. MDT has several new company members, Yoo Hyon Kim and Marion Kerr are

both graduates of York University's Dance Department (Yoo Hyon danced with the National Ballet of Seoul, Korea and Marion with Ballet Ys in Toronto). Joanna Archontakis is a former member of Les Ballets Russes de Montréal and Jay Hirabayashi has worked with Evelyn Roth.

The Anna Wyman Dance Theatre will tour northwest and central BC (Oct. 7 - Nov. 7). In February 1982 the company will tour Quebec and the northeastern United States for six weeks.

Vancouver's **Prism Dance Theatre** will tour the interior of BC during October and November performing a children's program, *Masks and Moveable Parts*, choreographed by company co-directors Gisa Cole and Jamie Zagoudakis. The company will also tour Vancouver the first two weeks of December and for the seventh consecutive year will welcome Albert Reid at the Prism Dance Centre where he will conduct his annual Christmas course in Cunningham technique.

Announcing

THE 1982 LEE CHOREOGRAPHY AWARD

The Clifford E. Lee Foundation, in cooperation with The Banff Centre School of Fine Arts will again be offering the annual award established in 1978 to encourage the development of Canadian choreography by means of assistance for promising Canadian choreographers.

The award to the successful choreographer will be \$3000 plus travel and in-residence expenses to enable the successful candidate to spend approximately six weeks at The Banff Centre during July/August 1982. Working with advanced students and professional dancers, and using the production and staging facilities of The School, the award winner will prepare a new work for presentation as part of the annual Banff Festival of the Arts Dance Production.

Submissions to be made not later than December 15, 1981. Final selection to be announced March 31, 1982.

Submissions will be adjudicated on the basis of existing works, supporting references from sponsors familiar with the work of the applicant, together with proposals for a new work to be premiered as part of The Banff Festival Dance Presentation.

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ALBERTA

The Alberta Ballet Company celebrates its 15th Anniversary Season this year with a gala benefit November 20. The company also plans a special program honouring their founding director Ruth Carse in April 1982. Nine tour performances of the full length *Nutcracker* will be presented by the ABC in Regina, Saskatoon, and Spokane, Washington, in December. New works for the 1981-82 season will include *Venetian Twins* by Canadian choreographer Larry Hayden, *Lightsome* by company ballet master Michel Rahn, and new works by Brydon Paige and resident choreographer Lambros Lambrou.

Dance in Edmonton '81 is the name of a pioneering dance festival to be held in the city from October 28 to November 28. The main components will be successive appearances by the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, Theatre Ballet of Canada, the Danny Grossman Dance Company, the Brian Webb Dance Company, the Alberta Ballet and by Dancemakers. In order to generate local enthusiasm for dance this performance series will be complemented by workshops and related activities which will also involve members of Edmonton's own dance community. The event is being sponsored by the University of Alberta's Sub Theatre, Dance-West Presentations (an arm of the Alberta Ballet) and by Grant McEwan College.

MANITOBA

Contemporary Dancers opens their fall season at the Manitoba Theatre Centre (Sept. 23 - 26) with three new works and six new dancers. Cliff Keuter is creating a new work, *Morningtide*, in memory of the choreographer Helen Tamaris, teacher and pioneer of American modern dance. Stephanie Ballard's new work entitled *Marathon* features Joost Pelt. Toronto choreographer Paula Ravitz will also create a new dance for the company. Judith Lander will appear with the company to

perform in two of her collaborations with Lynn Taylor Corbett - *Diary* and *Spy in the House of Love*. Joining the company as dancers are Joost Pelt from the Royal Winnipeg Ballet as well as James Saya, Joel Simkin, Clare Whistler, Karen Unsworth and Philip Richardson.

Contemporary Dancers fall performing schedule includes appearances in Saskatoon (Nov. 25, 26), Regina (Nov. 28), Edmonton (Dec. 1) and Calgary (Dec. 3).

The Royal Winnipeg Ballet will premier Rudi van Dantzig's production of *Romeo and Juliet* in the fall season (Sept. 30 - Oct. 4) in Winnipeg's Centennial Concert Hall. The company will then tour the new ballet to Edmonton (Oct. 27, 28), Calgary (Oct. 29, 30), Victoria (Nov. 4 - 6) Duncan (Nov. 7) and Vancouver (Nov. 9 - 14).

ONTARIO

Ottawa's **Le Groupe de la Place Royale** was invited to three summer festivals this July. The company attended the International Festival of Dance in Montpellier, the International Festival in Villeneuve where they gave four performances plus an 'event' devised by Jean-Pierre Perreault, and were the first dance company to visit the Festival of Valances. They have been invited by the London Dance Umbrella to make a lengthy tour of the British Isles this fall.

Le Groupe's subscription series this year will include Sage Cowles and Molly Davies of Minnesota, Charles Moulton of New York, as well as artists from the Canadian dance scene: Edouard Locke, Paul-André Fortier, Cheryl Prophet, Susan Macpherson, TIDE, Muna Tseng, the Glass Orchestra and Groupe Nouvelle Aire.

Toronto dance lovers, for too long starved of a regular supply of interesting out-of-town companies, will be glad to know that the city's first contemporary dance subscription series was a success. Producers, **Uriel Luft** and **Mark Hammond**, were 'quite pleased' with an overall attendance

figure for the series of 70 per cent. The Ballets Trockadero and Les Ballets Jazz attracted capacity houses and the Louis Falco company came close behind. Remarkably, for such a venture, the series, while not making anyone a fortune, stayed in the black.

Encouraged by their success, Luft and Hammond have already announced a second series which will open with the José Limon Company (Oct. 27 - 31). It will include two Canadian companies; Les Ballets Jazz (Jan. 19 - 24) and Theatre Ballet of Canada (May 18 - 22) as well as three very different New York companies: Bowyer and Bruggeman (Feb. 16 - 20) the Murray Louis Dance Company (March 16 - 20) and finally The Twyla Tharp Dance Foundation will make its Toronto debut (April 20 - 24).

The National Arts Centre in Ottawa begins its 1981-82 Dance series impressively enough with the Martha Graham Dance Company's first Ottawa engagement

(Sept. 28, 29). The series, continuing into June 1982, includes the *Nikolaï Dance Theatre* (Oct. 19, 20), *Les Grands Ballets Canadiens* (Nov. 5 - 7), *The Feld Ballet* (March 5 - 7), the *Ballet de l'Opéra de Lyons* on their first North American tour (March 19 - 21), the *Royal Winnipeg Ballet* (April 19 - 21). The *Twyla Tharp Dance Foundation* (April 26, 27) and the *National Ballet of Canada* (June 3 - 5).

The **Danny Grossman Dance Company** embarks on a western tour in late October which will include BC appearances in Courtney (Oct. 26, 27), Victoria (Oct. 28) and Nelson (Nov. 3), and numerous engagements in Alberta including Fort McMurray (Nov. 6), Prince George (Nov. 9, 10), Peace River (Nov. 13), Grand Prairie (Nov. 14), Edmonton (Nov. 20, 21) and Lethbridge (Nov. 23). The company will be performing Grossman's two new works; *Endangered Species* and *Nobody's Business* as well as popular favourites such as

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Susan Macpherson

Higher and Curious Schools of Theatrical Dancing: Part I.

Susan Macpherson, currently with the Danny Grossman Dance Company, will present three evenings of dance at the Young People's Theatre in Toronto (Sept. 17-19). She will perform solos created

for her by James Kudelka (*Intimate Letter*), David Earle (*Recitation*), Robert Cohan (*Canciones Del Alma*), Christopher Bannerman (*Spirit Catcher*), and Ricardo Abreut (*Chant for a Begger Queen*). Macpherson will be joined by guest artist Danny Grossman in *Bella. Recitation*, will have

a surprise guest artist.

Terminal City's **Karen Rimmer** is working with **Dance-makers** through September to restage her 1979 work *Spiral*. In October the company will do a Prologue to the Performing Arts tour of Ontario schools and perform at the

Oakville Centre (Oct. 15, 16) and in Guelph (Oct. 17, 18). On October 21 they leave for Victoria and a five-week western tour of British Columbia and Alberta which will include a week-long residency at Simon Fraser University. On tour the company will be performing *Spiral*, Paul Taylor's *Aureole*, co-artistic director Carol Anderson's *Quick Studies* and *Arrival of All Time* and, possibly, *AKA*, by Anna Blewchamp.

On December 9, Robert Cohan will arrive from London, England, to set a new work on the company to be premiered in their spring season at Hart House in March 1982.

Toronto Independent Dance Enterprise, (TIDE), is working on a special dance program aimed at introducing adult audiences to modern dance. It will be toured to libraries throughout Ontario during the company's 1981/82 season. As well the company plans a fall tour of their current repertory plus a new work by Jennifer Mascall to south western Ontario and Ottawa where they will participate in the subscription series of Le Groupe de la Place Royale.

The World of Dance Series sponsored by the Dance Department of the **University of Waterloo** offers a varied assortment of dance events this fall in the Humanities Theatre. Reggae and Polka rhythms confront one another in a shared program by the Waterloo Caribbean Students Association and the Schwaben Dance Company (Sept. 23). Jim Sky, one of North America's leaders of traditional Mohawk dance performs with his dancers (Sept. 30). October features Gabby Miceli and Dancers (Oct. 7), Danse Baroque (Oct. 14), Jennifer Mascall



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(Oct. 21) and turn-of-the-century dance films (Oct. 28). *TIDE* (Nov. 18), the Dance-maths (Nov. 25) and The Carousel Dance Company (Dec. 2) complete the series.

The National Ballet of Canada has undergone several changes in personnel this season. James Kadelka, former first soloist, has joined Les Grands Ballets Canadiens as a principal dancer. He retains his connection with the National Ballet as Company Choreographer. Former first soloist Karyn Tessmer has also joined Les Grands. Corps members Valerie Modonia and Paul Chalmer have joined the American Ballet Theatre and the Stuttgart Ballet respectively. Jo Ann McCarthy and David Allan, former second soloists, have returned to the United States to pursue their dance careers.

Dancing Pictures is the title of a dance film subscription series to be held on five successive Tuesday evenings at Toronto's Town Hall (St. Lawrence Centre) from October 20. It is sponsored by the National Ballet's Toronto Volunteer Committee as a fund-raising event and includes the big commercial successes, *The Red Shoes*, *The Turning Point* and *All That Jazz* with slightly more interesting items such as *The Children of Theatre Street* and a black and white print of Markova and Dolin in *Giselle*.

QUEBEC

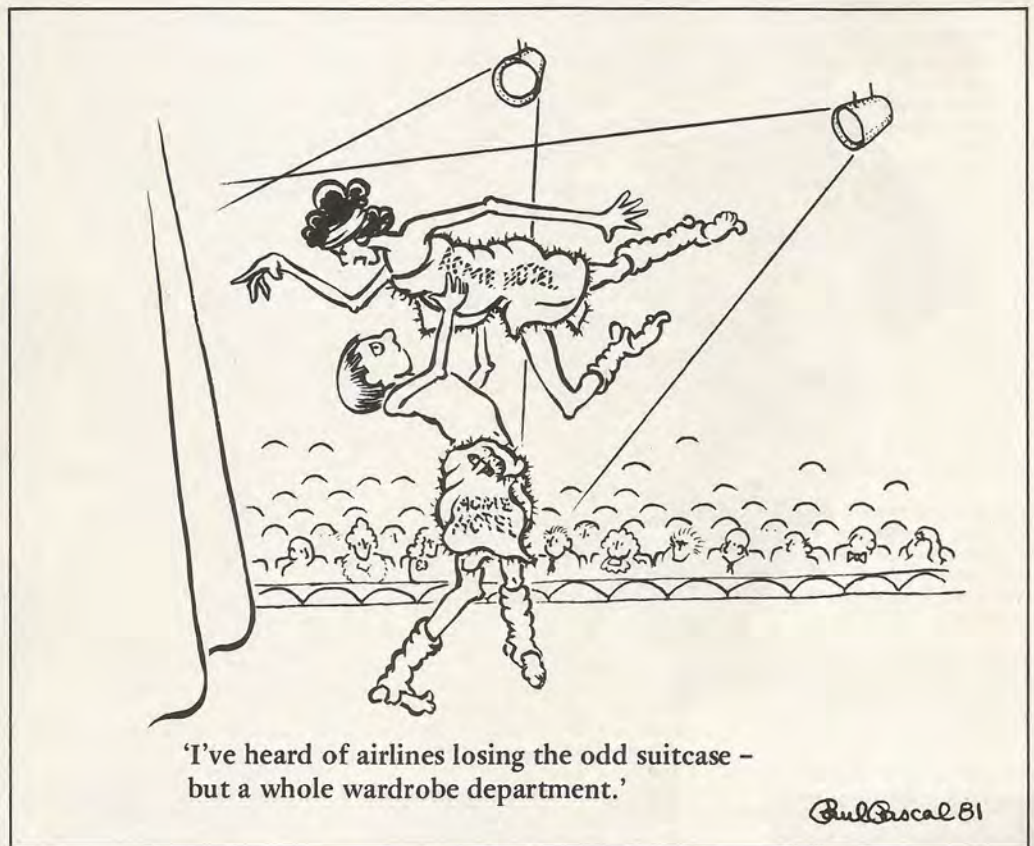
Les Grands Ballets Canadiens' 24th season brings together all three of Canada's major ballet companies in a subscription series running from

September 1981 to April 1982. The series opens with the National Ballet performing Rudolf Nureyev's *The Sleeping Beauty* (Sept. 10 - 12), followed by Les Grand's Repertoire I (Nov. 12 - 14), Repertoire II (March 11 - 13) and Repertoire III (March 25 - 27). These programs include two new ballets by Brian Macdonald set to Canadian scores, John Butler's *Dawns and Dusks* to music by Hoddinot, and his *Othello* to music by Dvorak, Ronald Hynd's *Les Valses* as well as a new work by him to Glazunov's *Raymonda*, José Limón's *There is a Time*, Linda Rabins

Tellurian with music by Philip Werren, *Four Temperaments* by George Balanchine and *Three Epitaphs* by Paul Taylor. There will also be a special Igor Stravinsky Centennial Celebration to be presented by Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, tentatively scheduled to include four of the composer's celebrated pieces: *The Firebird*, *Les Noces*, *Jeu de Cartes* and *Capriccio* (March 18 - 20). The series concludes with the Royal Winnipeg Ballet's new work by Rudi van Dantzig, *Romeo and Juliet* (April 16 - 18).

CORRECTION

In Robert Etcheverry's photograph, page 15 of our last issue, the dancers were incorrectly identified. The caption should have read Michelle Febvre and Paul-André Fortier. Our apologies to both the photographer and dancers for any embarrassment this error may have caused.



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