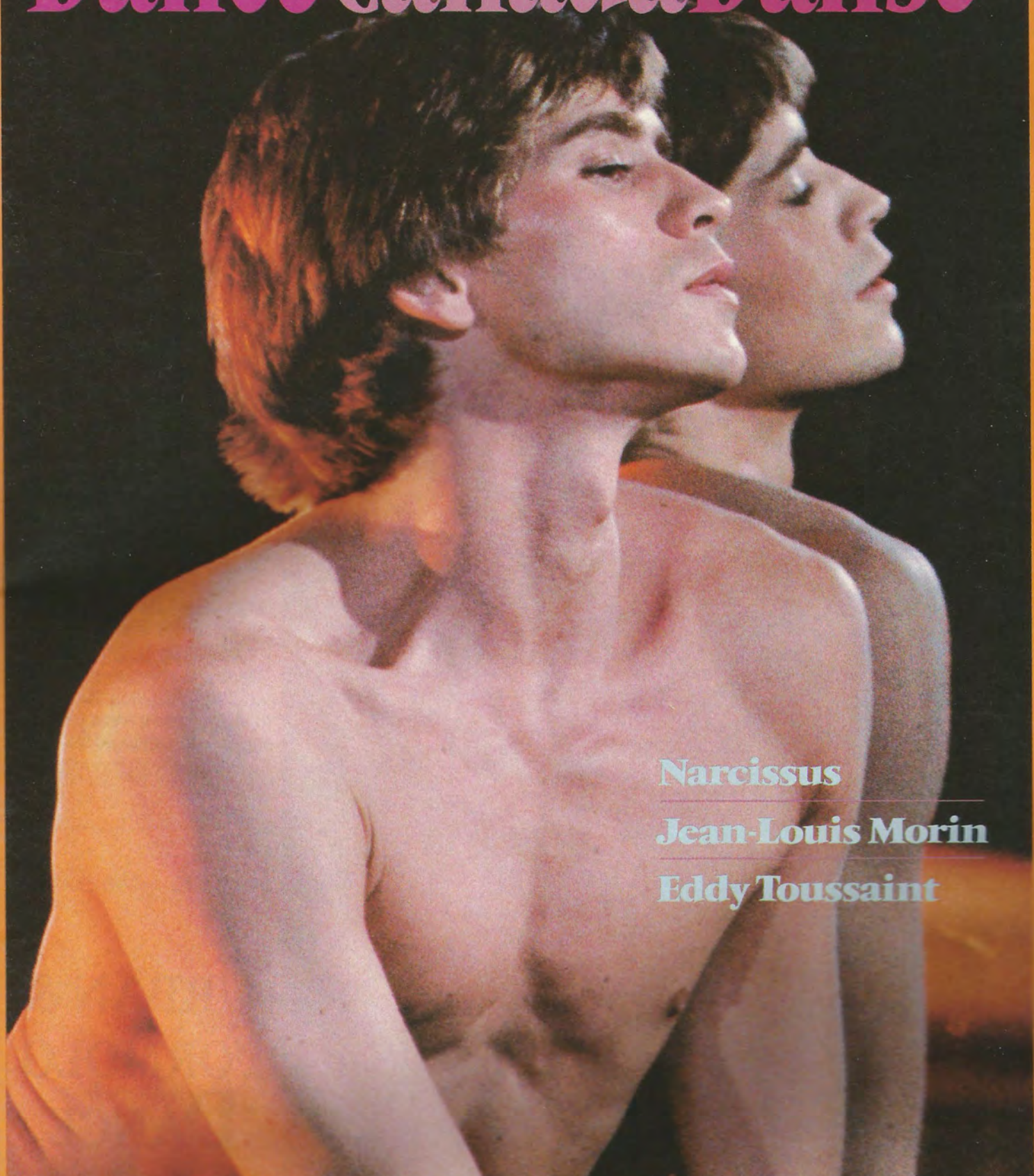


Spring 1982 Printemps \$2

Danceⁱⁿ Canada Danse^{au}



Narcissus

Jean-Louis Morin

Eddy Toussaint

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Dance in Canada

Issue Number 31
Spring 1982 Printemps

Photo-Gallery:
Barry Gray

Narcissus

Norman McLaren Returns to Dance
LORNA BROWN

Jean-Louis Morin
KATI VITA

Peak Performance

Putting the Right Brain First
VICTOR CELESTE

2 **Eddy Toussaint**
Cultural Champion
of Dance in Quebec
6 **LINDE HOWE-BECK**

Dance to the Taxman
An Annual Performance
8 You Must Not Miss
MICHAEL CRABB

11 IN REVIEW
BOOK BEAT
NOTICEBOARD
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

14 **SPECIAL THANKS TO**
The Ministry of Culture and Recreation,
Ontario
The Canada Council
BC Cultural Fund
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COVER:

Jean-Louis Morin as Narcissus in Norman McLaren's new film to be released this spring by the National Film Board. The photograph is by Ronald S. Diamond who recorded the making of this film in still photographs.

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Photo-Gallery: Barry Gray

Barry Gray, un photographe qui travaille au Toronto Sun, a commencé à photographier la danse en 1975. Il était déjà connu pour ses excellents photos du sport et son journal l'a envoyé en Asie, en Europe et à travers l'Amérique du Nord pour prendre ces photos. Il trouve que photographier la danse lui fait un changement agréable, mais il a découvert aussi des parallèles entre les mondes de la danse et du sport. Dans les deux cas, il doit capter sur film des sujets en mouvement. Il trouve également que les professionnels dans les deux domaines ont en commun une grande intensité et une préoccupation avec le corps.

Barry Gray possède un assortiment

d'équipement très varié, comprenant des systèmes entiers de Hasselblad, Leica et Nikon. Il laisse le développement de son film aux autres. Il utilise très souvent le film en couleur d'Ektachrome (en tungstène) ou un nouveau film 640 ASA de 3M. Pour les photos en noir et blanc il emploie Kodak Tri X.

Opposite Page: Martine Lamy and Rex Harrington

Below: Jeff Hyslop and Karen Kain

Since joining the *Toronto Sun* in 1970 Barry Gray has established himself as one of Canada's leading photo-journalists. Born in Giffnock, Scotland, Barry emigrated to Canada with his family in the mid fifties. An early interest in photography was spurred along by his father – a keen amateur – and, during his studies in journalism at Toronto's Ryerson Polytechnic, Barry found more and more of his time devoted to photography. At the *Sun*, he became noted as a sports photographer and has travelled on *Sun* or freelance assignments to Europe, Asia and across North America. His work has appeared in such renowned publications as *National Geographic*, *Time*, *Newsweek*,



Paris Match and *Der Spiegel*. With his own agent, Barry Gray finds work comes to him. 'I don't have to chase it any more.'

His interest in dance began in 1975 when the *Sun* sent him to shoot the National Ballet of Canada's production of *The Nutcracker*. The great dance photographer Martha Swope was working at the same photo-call and Barry Gray watched her with fascination and admiration. Encouraged by the National's then head of publicity, Mary Jolliffe, Barry Gray began to photograph dance, finding it an enjoyable and rewarding complement to his other work.

'There really is a link between sports people and dancers. They both tend to have tunnel vision, an intensity and pre-occupation with self that excludes everything else and sports is as much show business as dance. Of course, the money each earns is out of all just proportion.'

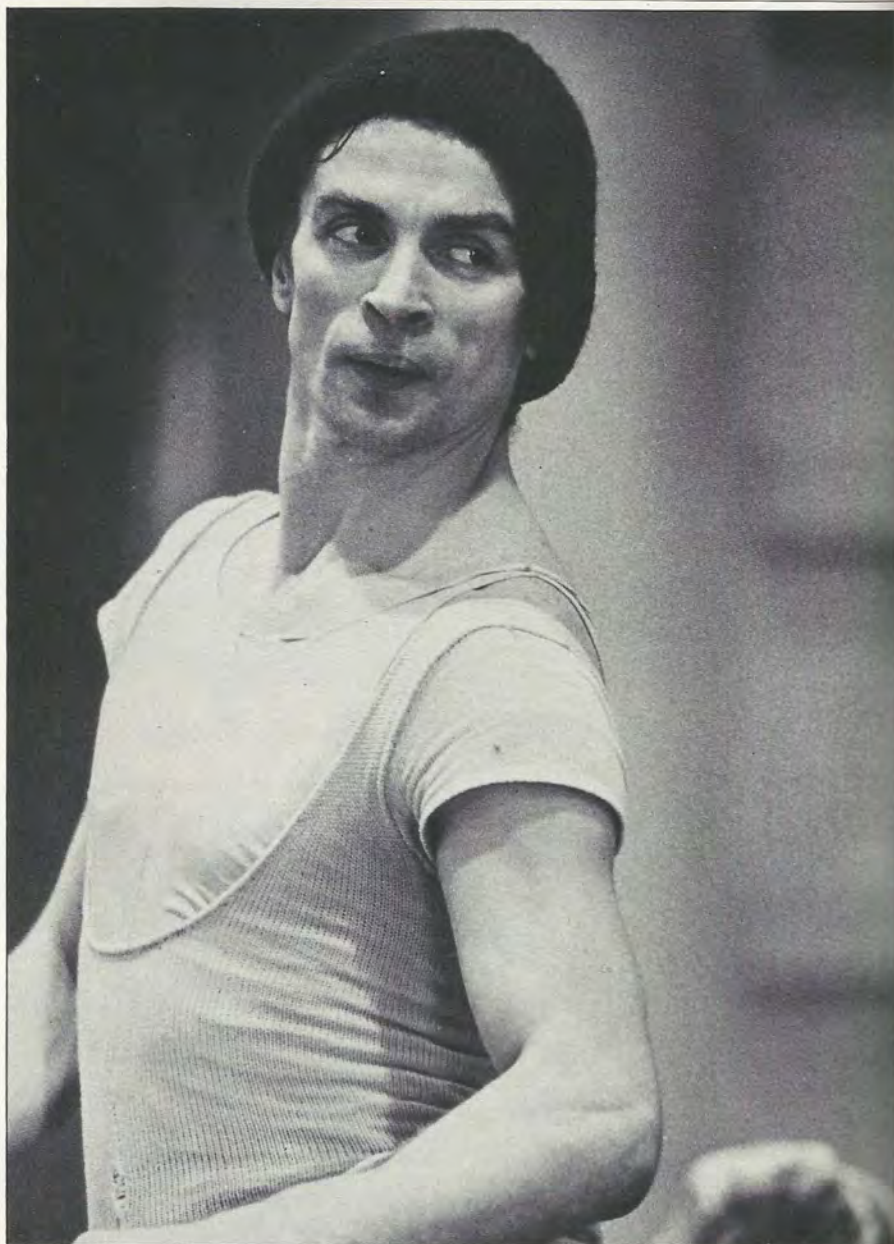
At the technical level, Barry Gray also finds a cross-over between his two main areas of photography since in both cases he has to capture a moving subject. 'It's a question of anticipation and timing - to catch something in the right light at the right time and to convey the quality of movement.' Barry Gray finds dance a little easier to photograph because by watching a ballet one can have a clearer idea of what will happen at any particular point.

Barry Gray works mainly in colour for his dance photography, exploiting the technical possibilities of a comprehensive range of equipment: complete systems of Hasselblad, Leica and Nikon. 'The insurance', bemoans Gray, 'is astronomical'. Because he often has to work in difficult lighting conditions, Barry Gray has collected several very fast lenses, among them a 600mm/f2 (Nikon) and a f0.95 (Leica). Sometimes, he will shoot with three separately placed cameras by use of infra-red triggers.

Generally, Barry Gray prefers to be behind a camera rather than in a dark-room so he leaves most of the processing to others. For black and white he has been a long-time devotee of Kodak Tri X and, for colour, of Ektachrome (tungsten). Now, however, he is experimenting with a new 3M slide film with a standard rating of 640 ASA.

'Working for a newspaper has taught me the importance of having the right equipment to hand. It can give me a slight edge in tight situations. You also learn to work fast without sacrificing quality.'

Top: Rudolf Nureyev
Bottom: Karen Kain and Frank Augustyn
Opposite Page: Anthony Dowel and Veronica Tennant





Lorna Brown

Narcissus

Norman McLaren Returns to Dance

Norman McLaren has long been recognized as Canada's most distinguished, creative film-maker. His contributions to film technique have earned him an Academy Award and international recognition as a genius. McLaren's longstanding love affair with dance produced two remarkable films, 'Pas de deux' (1967) and 'Ballet Adagio' (1971). Now, close to retirement, McLaren has decided to make one last film for the National Film Board, choosing as his subject the mythological story of Narcissus and using dance to express it.

Norman McLaren, en général reconnu comme le créateur des films le plus important au Canada, est revenu à la danse comme sujet pour ce qui sera peut-être le dernier film qu'il tournera pour l'Office national du film. Lorna Brown était l'assistante à la production pour ce projet, qui s'intitule Narcisse, et qui va sortir ce printemps. Elle nous raconte comment McLaren est inspiré par une curiosité technique, surtout par le désir de multiplier les possibilités expressives des techniques de l'animation. Ses collaborateurs nous décrivent aussi quelle expérience extraordinaire c'était de travailler avec un homme aussi créatif que l'est Norman McLaren.

Norman McLaren's love of dance goes back a long way. Although he was raised in a small, isolated Scottish town his artistic nature was in no way inhibited. He was fascinated by motion, jumping and turning, and studied it closely. Drawing expeditions in the Highlands, lying naked in the thin Scottish sunlight, studying the shape and articulation of the human form, preoccupied the young McLaren. At 19 years old, already committed to a life in creative film-making, he saw his first ballet.

'If I'd known about dance before', says McLaren, 'I would have taken it up while still young enough'.

Narcissus will not be a film about dance or dancers as such. It is, rather, an intimate combination of animation and motion. The dancers are the equivalent of paint and tracings, pencil and plastiscene, beads and cutouts. The animator gently bends bodies instead of modelling



Choreographer Fernand Nault with Jean-Louis Morin

clay: he draws shapes with arms and legs on film - not with ink on paper.

Norman McLaren explains the genesis of *Narcissus* in his desire to stretch the expressive possibilities of film animation.

'Mythology has always played a part in influencing my perception of the world. The Narcissus legend provided me with a story to show off my techniques.

Animation to suit a tragic tale

'One of the problems with the usual forms of animation is that it's so difficult to play tragedy, to express certain human emotions. It is easy to show joy, playfulness, trickery, hesitancy, to impart human feelings like these. However, there is a certain range of human feelings such

as love, hate, pride, which are difficult to show. The tragic emotions seem less profound in ordinary animation because the usual techniques are not pliable enough.

'For example, the tempo, a bare mechanical element, can help me explain. You can speed up film and the characters walk like they do in the old silent films. They look foolish and comical; slow the same footage and the characters look dignified and serious.

'I've found stories that were important to me and I wanted to show this. They involved some very moving and complex human emotions. Like many of my films, it all starts with a more mundane experience. I get excited thinking about some technical possibility in the process of film making.



Norman McLaren

That was how I made *Pas de Deux*. I had figured out a complicated optical procedure for making multiple images. I experimented with the equipment. I finally knew I could do it but I wanted to show off that technique. I thought it would be good for sport, gymnastics or dance.

The Narcissus legend brought its own special technical problem. One must start with two images or two identical people. That means you have to re-photograph the image. First the dancer playing the one role, then playing the other, opposite himself. The film must be optically processed to match the images.

'All sorts of possibilities occurred to me as I thought about the optically stage of post-production - even the idea of finding identical twin dancers to take one step out of the process! I had a handful of new techniques that I knew would work. One sequence even required us to use a new kind of camera.

'But, most of all, I wanted to do the legend.'

McLaren is at home with film techniques and film technicians but he is a naturally shy man, less at ease with performing artists. The quality of his working environment is crucial to him. He does not like to work with noisy crews or for long hours under stressful conditions.

Establishing a creative environment

The crew on the shoot was to be kept very small. None of us wanted an atmosphere that would disrupt the dancers or Norman. Weeks before, during a busy

pre-production period, we knew we would be working on a totally black background - muffled, intense, soft. There were special problems for the dancers, barefoot or in sandals, for costuming, for lighting. And, we were working with mirrors. After some deliberation, we added one more to the crew - someone to keep the mirrors spotless and to vacuum the black velour floor!

Once all the right ingredients are assembled in the right context Norman McLaren's genius can express itself fully.

Grant Munro, one of McLaren's long-time friends and collaborators (they worked together on the Oscar-winning allegory *Neighbours* in 1952) talked freely about the many difficulties that had to be overcome during the lengthy period ultimately concluding with the production of McLaren's latest tribute to dance.

'We could not have just any choreographer. It had to be someone sympathetic to our medium and someone who could sketch out near-perfect segments of dance and give them over to the camera, often on the spot. The camera is crucial to dancers, it seeks out the hesitation, the weaknesses, the imperfect execution - and blows it up.

'It's not like a stage performance where choreographer and dancer can build the audience's perception of what is happening. Vincent Warren helped us to do some test shooting. He led us to Fernand Nault.'

A choreographer under pressure

The choreographer did indeed have to design dance on the spot; choreograph

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in the morning, shoot in the afternoon. More than that, and probably more taxing, was the fact that he was not working with one piece of music. He was obliged to work with a stopwatch and a metronome. The musical segments were taken from various recordings of folk instruments, so there was no one score. The precision of the film technique meant the dance had to be accurate to the second: timing, re-timing, measuring and counting.

Fernand Nault was the choreographer presented with the special challenges of *Narcissus*. Nault, who has created many ballets for Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, first met Norman McLaren in 1967 when he returned to Montreal after 22 years working in the United States with American Ballet Theatre.

'Collaboration with Norman McLaren is magic. The atmosphere on the set was so thick, so full of creativity. His technical approach was beyond all of us at first but it actually came within our grasp.'

Nault and McLaren together looked for the three dancers required: a sprite to play the part of Echo, another for the role of Aménus (Narcissus' hunter friend) and a god to portray the tragic figure of extraordinary beauty—Narcissus himself. It took over a year to assemble the cast.

Sylvie Kinal Chevalier, a former principal dancer of Les Grands Ballets and now with the Cleveland Ballet, was chosen to portray Echo.

'I heard of Norman McLaren from my father who was involved with films in the schools', recalls Sylvie. 'It was to me a great honour to be working with him. I found it exciting, much more so than, say, television. I hate dancing for television. But film... you have time to prepare each shot. On the other hand, dancers are not used to breaking down a dance into little segments during a performance and waiting between takes.'

For 19-year-old Sylvain Lafortune, now a member of Les Grands Ballets but then a student in the school, there was no audition. His young body is long, athletic; *très sportif*.

'I have known about McLaren since I was very young. All of my family are in the arts. My father is a graphic artist. I began to dance when I was ten.

'To dance for film is an unusual experience. I found I could not always sense what was expected because film technique was so foreign to me. There's no audience feedback and even the director seems hidden behind the camera. Of course, Monsieur Nault was there. I listened to him. I had a chance to see myself in the rushes, but I hated that. I could see too much of myself, my technique... and in slow motion!'

To find a god

The search for a dancer to play Narcissus continued down to the eleventh hour. All the ballet companies in Canada were contacted. Any film work must be organized in accordance with prevailing

union regulations. This meant excluding some fine American dancers but, as it happened, it was in America that McLaren finally found the expatriate Jean-Louis Morin, a Montrealer at present dancing principal roles with the Martha Graham company.

'Not only did we find a good dancer', observes Fernand Nault, 'we also found an artist. Many dancers could not learn so quickly, interpret with such ease under the pressure of time. We had to build a ballet in two weeks, shoot it, finish it in four weeks. Jean-Louis has that special gift of understanding and learning quickly. It's very difficult to be as expressive as Jean-Louis and to be as involved as he is.'

Jean-Louis Morin held the crew spellbound, working on the black-carpeted stage against the black velvet backdrop. Only the dancer shows on the film. Part of McLaren's technique is to put in the background later, painting by hand.

To light such a thick black stage the crew had to take extraordinary measures. David de Volpi, director of photography, joked about draining the total Quebec power supply. Meanwhile, the dancers had to sweat it out!

Jean-Louis Morin very aptly summed up the special creative aura generated by Norman McLaren within a team of artists and technicians. 'I felt I was in the midst of great beauty.'

Lorna Brown was Norman McLaren's Production Assistant for Narcissus—due to be released this spring.

Kati Vita

Jean-Louis Morin

The resemblance is striking. Almond shaped eyes, broad Slavic cheek bones, wide mouth with gaps between the teeth, unruly brown hair. Powerful frame camouflaged by bulky sweater; hunched shoulders and crossed arms signalling reticence. He lacks Rudolf's studied flamboyance and that look that can freeze the blood but the guarded eyes mask the same coiled-spring intensity.

Sometimes he has actually been mistaken for Nureyev. Once, besieged by

fans backstage at London's Sadlers Wells Theatre, he simply signed 'Jean Louis Morin' with a flourish and now grins: 'I wonder what they made of it when they got home'.

Modern dancers do not elicit the hyperbolic response accorded to ballet superstars. They might get mentioned in reviews but it is the choreographer's name that goes up in lights. Striving for perfection, all the while knowing that recognition is out of reach, leads to stoicism.

'You just dance as much as you can in the best roles you can get', says Morin. 'That's the reward.'

Like all performers, Morin off-stage seems smaller than life. The slim, trim youngster perched on an overstuffed Victorian sofa in his mother's Outremont home bears little resemblance to the striking torso in a prominently displayed photograph. Dramatic lighting accentuates the powerful buttocks, taut tendons, haunches split by dark gashes of muscle:

a dancer's body. Casually elegant in greys and browns, with a touch of white at the throat, the tangible Jean Louis has the severe simplicity of a seminarian.

But Morin is no apprentice cleric: he is a dancer, choreographer, painter, writer of science fiction novellas, product of a comfortable French Canadian bourgeoisie whose eccentricity has taken him to a fourth floor walkup in New York's Greenwich Village.

Second of two sons of an insurance adjuster and a bank loan officer, he was born in the tiny Laurentian resort of Ste-Adèle-en-Haut, on May 28, 1952, under the sign of Gemini, a dichotomy that bedevils him still. He was six when his mother enrolled him in Ludmila Chiriacoff's summer course for tots in order to develop a weak right leg. The lone boy among 30 little girls, Jean-Louis fast became Madame's 'petit prince'. Soon after, a day trip to Montreal's Museum of Fine Arts brought him face to face with his first Picasso, a portrait of Jacqueline. It was love at first sight.

The split has never been resolved. For the past decade, ever since he started taking clandestine after-school classes with le Groupe de la Place Royale, he has earned his living as a dancer: first with Toronto Dance Theatre, later with London's Contemporary Dancers, Louis Falco and, since 1979, with Martha Graham. But his closest friends are painters and sculptors and the New York City apartment he shared until recently with an African pigeon named Gaston (who literally flew the coop one day when Jean-Louis accidentally left the window open) is full of works by Marisol, Nevelson, Castoro and Miner - close friends all.

Though his father liked to draw and cartoonist Robert LaPalme was a frequent visitor, the family milieu was not artistic. 'During the summers we sometimes put on plays in the big hall of the Hotel Montclair', Morin recalls, 'and whatever money we collected we'd spend at the Crêpe Bretonne. But basically it was an outdoors life. When a snow storm wiped out the school bus, I'd ski to school. We had a big fireplace and roaring fires. It was very romantic'.

The idyll came to an end when he was 11 and economics forced the family to move to Montreal. Adjusting to the city was bad enough but worse was to come.

The incidence of nervous disorders in the family caused him to question his own stability. 'It scared me because I thought I'd be next', he explains. He is wary. 'I don't think I have a time limit for staying sane but it has certainly made me hyper-aware of my behaviour.



Jean-Louis Morin

Don't forget, too', he chuckles, 'deciding to become a dancer was so remote from anything going on in my family that that in itself seemed pretty insane. It isn't of course; in any case, today it is no longer negotiable because that is what I am - but when I drifted into it at the end of high school, it was very far off the beaten track'.

After two years with Le Groupe, Morin, at the ripe old age of 19, was accepted by the National Ballet School. 'Talk about a late start', he winces, 'I was so stiff I could barely get my leg up on the barre'. Nonetheless, the school gave him a scholarship and the Canada Council followed suit. He was going great guns, taking night classes with Toronto Dance Theatre when an ill-judged pirouette landed him with a broken ankle. He was laid up for six months, time enough for the siren call of modern dance to reassert itself so, early in 1973, he boarded a plane for London.

'It was a lucky break', he smiles, acknowledging the pun. 'The Place was really jumping in those days. Eight of us formed The Askew Group and toured France. We won a prize at the Compétition de Danse Contemporaine in Paris and the money enabled us to go on to the festival at Avignon. We had two weeks in Cannes taking classes with Rosella Hightower... what a wonderful way to see Europe!'

Back in London, a Greek cinéaste cast him in a film as a 'kind of male Venus on the half-shell', a creature drawn by

the light, emerging from the sea. The enterprise was highly lucrative but the film was shot in early spring and, Morin shudders, 'I nearly froze to death'.

From the water he went straight into Robert Cohan's Contemporary Dancers. 'A great company', he says enthusiastically, 'and Cohan was fabulous to work with. He allowed everyone to contribute; there was a fantastic sense of creativity in the company which you don't often see because the boss is usually so insecure. But he really wanted other people to realize their full potential'.

As a result, Morin choreographed *Ionization*. He took Varèse's title but created his own electronic score, 'mainly bleeps', and had four women in long black gowns and elbow-length gloves illustrate the trauma of performance. One would dance the action while the other three mimed her thoughts: 'pretty dramatic stuff' that borrowed freely from Sokolow.

His next work did not come until two years later in Montreal. A flare-up of the old Toronto injury, exacerbated by calcification of the bone, had lain him low for months. All the English surgeons said 'operate' but Morin decided to heed the lone dissenter, a Danish doctor who advised rest. So he came home, took art classes at Sir George Williams College, taught Graham technique around town and eventually created a 10-minute piece on Miles Davis' *Medianta* for Les Grands Ballets Canadiens. It was an overtly Spanish mood piece about a mother and sweetheart trying to restrain a

matador from entering the ring.

Next, he created *Vertical* for TDT, to percussion music by John Cage and two other composers so obscure he no longer recalls their names. When his ankle improved, he began to dance again and spent increasingly unhappy years with TDT. 'I wasn't getting anywhere as a dancer and I wasn't happy with the work I was dancing', he explains. 'I'd just won \$2,000 from the Ontario Arts Council for *Vertical* and I guess that gave me the final push to go to New York. I'd been afraid to: you know, garbage everywhere, rats, hot in the summer, unsafe on the subway, but I went anyway because what the hell, if I was going to dance, I might as well dance with the best!'

The day after he landed in Manhattan, Louis Falco asked him to join his company. Two years later history repeated itself and in October, 1979, Jean-Louis Morin became a member of the Martha Graham Company.

Everything else just fell into place. Through artist Bill Katz, a set designer for Falco, Morin met Jasper Johns and Edward Albee, got invited to openings, began to entertain himself. 'Never more than six at a time though', he adds. 'I only own six chairs.'

Like all expatriates, he finds himself

delivering long sermons on the natural beauties of Quebec and the aspirations of French Canadians, though his own early resentments have now given way to a certain detachment. 'Not living here, I don't feel the pressures any more', he muses, 'and in New York you are always aware of world tensions'.

The perilous state of the world clearly concerns him. His most recent work, a seven-minute solo to Terry Riley's *Walking Across The Sacred Lake*, (shown at Montreal's Place des Arts on Feb. 4) is an exercise in minimalism, the only response he feels possible to an increasingly threatening world. 'The world is full of such torment', says Morin gravely, 'and you're simply powerless to change it. So all you can do - as opposed to doing nothing at all - is to induce a nothingness with this spaced-out music which just goes ding-ding-ding, close the doors and make a sanctuary for yourself. Thus you reduce your focus to what you can deal with: your own body. It's neither escapism nor denial: it's a rebellion in dance which is saying no; I can't take this any more. The world is impossible to deal with so I'll deal with zero. There's a statement. I am trying to create as small as possible but as unique as possible, letting the music take shape in me. I

want to end up in the Buddha position where the music is finally me . . . and then be engulfed by fog'.

Next, he wants to tackle the atom bomb and the theme of universal destruction. He has notebooks filled with ideas for dances which he keeps deferring because the opportunity to dance is finite. He counts on another five to six years; he can choreograph later. He dreams of unifying his twin interests in art and dance. Worried about not being focussed, he is loathe to let go of either. For the moment, hard as it is, dancing is the easier way to make a living, but he still bears the imprint of early doubt. 'I am a lapsed Catholic', he concludes with a wry smile.

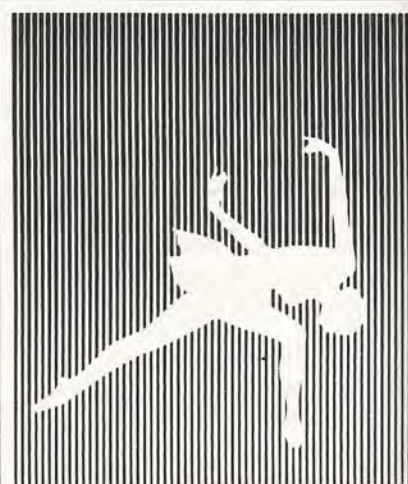
'Everything has lapsed but the guilt. I might be more useful to society as a postman but I certainly wouldn't be happy if I weren't dancing.' For a moment, an unspoken question hovers in the air, he is about to wonder out loud whether happiness is a justifiable end in itself but decides on silence instead. For better or for worse, Jean-Louis Morin is a dancer.

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Victor Celeste

Peak Performance

Putting the Right Brain First

Il arrive assez souvent que des danseurs décrivent des occasions où ils ont atteint un niveau exceptionnel, record, pendant une représentation. Ils n'arrivent pas à expliquer ce phénomène, et, en général, ils considèrent que ces événements magiques sont fortuits et uniques. Le fait est que ces représentations exceptionnelles peuvent s'expliquer. Dans ces occasions, le danseur / la danseuse a réussi à éliminer le blocage mental caractéristique qui l'empêche de faire de son mieux. Une analyse du fonctionnement du cerveau nous aide à comprendre les origines de ce 'blocage mental'. En réalité, le cerveau consiste en deux hémisphères identiques, liés par un cordon de transmission. Malgré leur apparence identique, le cerveau droit et le cerveau gauche fonctionnent d'une façon différente et peuvent quelquefois entrer en conflit l'un avec l'autre. Dans une telle situation, un cerveau lutte pour dominer l'autre. Le cerveau gauche pense d'une façon rationnelle, logique. Le cerveau droit est intuitif et il est le plus important pour un danseur sur scène qui a comme but l'expression artistique. A l'encontre de la conviction générale, il est possible d'activer le cerveau droit consciemment, et ainsi, d'augmenter le nombre d'occasions où le danseur / la danseuse donne toute sa mesure.

It began like any other performance. There had been a class earlier. I'd run through a few things on stage afterwards and had a light snack and a rest. Then I went to my dressing-room to get made-up and into my costume. I remember, for some reason, looking in the mirror at myself and feeling just a little bit ridiculous. It didn't last long; just a flash thought. Anyway, I did a final barre and walked through a few difficult combinations that still gave me trouble. Nobody backstage was paying particular attention to anyone else, me included. I got my five-minute call and was soon stand-



ing in the wings listening for 'my' music. There's always a moment of tension - a tightness in the stomach. 'Here we go again', I thought. Then, wham! It happened.

I wish I could say exactly what did happen. My body didn't just dance. It sang like a lark, soared like a swallow. I felt in ecstasy. I don't remember listening

to the music though I know I heard it - as if it was inside of me. I didn't have to think about what I was doing at all yet I still felt in total control. It was really me, dancing like never before.

I don't remember the applause afterwards. They tell me it was deafening. If only I could dance that way all the time!

Does the little story you've just read sound familiar? Over and over again, in interviews with hundreds of dancers – from young students to seasoned professionals – I've heard variations on this theme. When it was least expected, they suddenly found themselves dancing with an ease and virtuosity way beyond their wildest expectations. It was as if they had experienced a sudden breakthrough – a bolt from the blue. All of them disavowed any personal responsibility for what had happened and, almost invariably, saw it as a freak occurrence, unlikely to be repeated.

Students, and even professionals, tend to reach a point where they feel incapable of improvement. They develop a fixed and essentially negative image of their potential level of achievement. This negative self-image is often compounded by the tendency of teachers and colleagues to pigeon-hole dancers in terms of what they can ultimately achieve.

Not surprisingly then the dancer who encounters an unexpected peak performance is quick to dismiss it as a chance event. Perhaps, they will try consciously to duplicate the experience but, by trial and error, find that no amount of willpower can force it to happen. Inevitably, they accept that only fate and chance can affect such a dramatic and unexplained improvement in their dancing – a phenomenon outside the sphere of conscious mental effort.

As it happens, they are very mistaken. Peak performances are not just chance events. They should not be dismissed as whims of fate. These magical moments present the dancer with a unique opportunity to confront his or her *true* potential.

Anyone with eyes to see is made to accept that what had been perceived as the dancer's lack of ability to transcend mere competence has had nothing to do with fundamental talent. Something else has been interfering with the suddenly revealed gift – a mental block. It's as if a built-in sabotage mechanism has been shut off, silencing some part of the dancer's mind and, finally, allowing everything to work effortlessly and, in terms of movement language, eloquently.

What the dancer needs to learn is how these mental blocks occur and why they are sometimes lifted. That means getting to know the workings of the inner mind, of how the brain thinks. Doing this is the first and, possibly, most vital step in liberating the dancer's true potential.

Two brains are better than one

Viewed from above, it becomes plain to see that the organ we label with the singular noun 'brain', is in fact actually composed of two separate identical hemispheres. These two brains are connected in the middle by a short thick cable called the *corpus callosum* which serves as a communication cable between the two brain hemispheres, allowing transmission of memory and learning information.

Why, you may wonder, did nature bother to evolve a brain made of two identical hemispheres? The reason is that each hemisphere or brain functions in very separate ways, each having a different *mode* or way of thinking, both equally complex.

The left brain contains the speech centre and thinks verbally using logic. The right brain thinks in sensory images and is intuitive. The left brain perceives dance like a computer, seeing it as a sequentially ordered system of movements through time. We use the left brain when we *talk* about dance. On the other hand, (paradoxically, the right brain controls the left hand) the right brain perceives dance as a metaphorical interpretation of feeling *seen* by the dancer through the *eyes* of muscle, ligaments, tendons and bones.

Our two brains at times co-operate with each other, working in harmony to perform a complex task requiring both modes of thinking. At other times they are in conflict, each struggling to protect its dominance over the other. Have you ever had the creeping feeling that you somehow 'sabotage' your own best efforts to improve your dancing? If you have, don't worry. You're not succumbing to paranoid fantasies. The latest scientific evidence supports the view that one brain actually does sabotage the other's efforts, simply because it is not in its best interests to be overshadowed by the accomplishments of the other. Obviously the best conditions for learning and performing can only exist when the two brains reach an understanding and begin to co-operate.

Each brain gathers sensory information equally, but then processes this data in different ways often leading to opposed reactions. Because they are opposed, one brain takes dominance over the other to prescribe what it feels is an appropriate action to take. Because, in Western society, we are products of a verbal/analytic culture, most often it is the left brain that gains dominance. How well you dance depends on how successfully you are able to shift mental

gears from the normally dominant left brain mode of thought to a dominance of the right. This shift in thinking modes is particularly important for the dancer, because it seems the right brain perceives information in a way that contributes to better dancing, while the left brain perceives things in a way that interferes with the ability to dance well. A closer look at each brain's thinking mode will show why this happens.

The left brain mode

The left brain is verbal and concerns itself with processing language, speech, with counting, naming and reading. It thinks rationally, reaching conclusions based on reason and fact. Left brain thinking is linear, keeping track of time and placing one thing after another in an orderly sequence. By nature, and this is of crucial significance to the dancer, the left brain is judgemental and evaluative. It is the seat of the dancer's 'inner' critic and teacher. Nothing could be simpler than spotting a dancer operating in the left brain mode. Just look for the dancer who makes a mistake in a dance combination and then stands in front of the mirror and verbally belittles and berates him or herself with a machine-gun barrage of expletives. Clearly, this is not the optimum mode of thinking to encourage peak performances in dance!

The right brain mode

The right brain mode of thinking enables dancers to 'see' with their muscles, ligaments, tendons, and bones. Close your eyes and move your limbs in random directions; it is the right brain which tells you their location without having to open your eyes. The right brain is the seat of the dancer's muscle memory. This enables the dancer to reproduce a complicated series of movements without having to try to remember consciously. The right brain has the ability to *visualize*, as when you 'see' things in your mind's eye. Close your eyes and form an image of yourself doing a grand jeté. You are now thinking in a right brain mode. New combinations of movement in choreography are understood with the right brain, all at once, without your having to analyze each movement. When you use your hands as substitute feet to help you practise or remember steps, you are again thinking in a right brain mode. By nature the right brain is Italian, that is it seems incapable of description without gesture. Just try describing a pirouette *without* making a spinning movement with your hand. It should seem clear by now that the right brain is

are better suited and qualified to dominate in a dancing situation.

There is one final function of the right brain that should be mentioned. When you struggle rationally to understand information, (as you are now while reading this), you are thinking in a left brain mode. When on the other hand you understand something in a flash of insight, the 'Aha!' phenomenon, you are thinking in a right brain way.

The two familiar dance logos you see reproduced below provide a graphic demonstration of what the right and left brain modes of thinking are like.



Left brain mode



Right brain mode

The key to improving your ability to dance is to set up conditions in your mind that allow you to make a mental shift in thinking from left to right mode. In this mode you will be able to dance more naturally and create conditions necessary for frequent episodes of peak performance. Once the right brain state becomes familiar to you, the mental shift loses its mystery and can be achieved at will.

The following list of suggestions will give you things to try that will help you to make the left/right shift. In fact, you have already experienced the right brain dominant mode many times before, when doing such things as reading, watching television, jogging, meditat-

ing, or listening to music. You have probably then found yourself slipping from ordinary left-brain consciousness to a state of daydreaming, or trance, when you loose all track of time - in fact, to a right brain mode.

Shifting to the right

1 MENTAL PICTURES

Close your eyes and take a ballet barre without looking in the mirror. Pay particular attention to what you are feeling through your feet and see yourself through your muscles. Get a picture of yourself in your mind's eye and see the exact location of your limbs as you move through space. If you doubt that you can 'see' yourself with any degree of accuracy, remember that blind people learn how to ski by learning to see with their feet and whole body.

2 TRUST

Put your body on 'automatic pilot' and let it remember to do the right thing technically. When you trust yourself, the right brain automatically locks into dominance because you have abandoned conscious left brain control.

3 DON'T ANALYZE

When learning a new combination, don't analyze each aspect of the movement but try to see the *whole*. Remember that walking is an extremely complex series of narrowly averted catastrophies. If you try to think about each step involved, you would never move an inch. Yet it is simple enough that any child can learn how to do it through trial and error. Trust your body to see the whole and learn the movements through 'feel'.

4 TIME

Forget time. Don't mark time consciously, let the right brain do it for you. Curiously enough you can quiet the left brain by giving it a simple task to do such as counting aloud!

5 START ANYWHERE

Learn new combinations backwards, or start in the middle. Order intimidates the right brain, let it do what it wants and the proper sequence will come later.

6 METAPHOR

Teachers of dance should describe movement in the language of metaphor. For example, give movement a colour, or describe it like a flower blooming in time-lapse photography, or a balloon exploding, or running through a field of flowers as opposed to walking over hot coals.

7 IMAGE

Use the right brain to practise in your mind first. Remember that the human brain cannot distinguish between a vividly imagined experience and the real thing. Practise the movements this way until you get them perfect while sitting motionless with eyes closed. Once you have it mastered in your mind, then actually go and do it. The right brain will have developed confidence during the visualization process and the left brain will be less able to gain control.

8 CRITIC

Don't judge your performance or your right brain will be so afraid of incurring the wrath of the left that it will be very hesitant to take control. Trust your brain to do the right thing!

Dr. Victor Celeste is a practising chiropractor in Toronto. He would welcome response to this article from those who may find it helpful or who have their own suggestions for quieting the left brain.



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Linde Howe-Beck

Eddy Toussaint

Cultural Champion of Dance in Quebec

La compagnie de danse Eddy Toussaint était fondée à Montréal en 1974. Malgré les attitudes ambivalentes des critiques, la troupe peu à peu a développé un public loyal, très souvent attirant des gens qui n'ont jamais vu la danse auparavant. Eddy Toussaint lui-même est né à Haïti, mais il a fait ses études à Montréal et il a adopté la ville et la province du Québec comme sa patrie spirituelle. Il veut que ses créations reflètent le milieu culturel qu'il a adopté. Plusieurs des thèmes de ses ballets ont comme source les légendes folkloriques du Québec. Toussaint, comme il l'explique dans cet article, n'a pas comme but principal d'être acclamé artiste. Avant tout, il veut créer des danses qui sont accessibles au public et divertissantes. Il a dû lutter contre ceux qui croient que l'art et la popularité ne sont pas compatibles. Depuis des années, la compagnie de danse Eddy Toussaint recherche du soutien financier auprès du Conseil du Canada. Enfin le Conseil lui a accordé un don de \$30,000. Toussaint espère que cela marque le début d'une conciliation, bien qu'il doute que le Conseil comprenne entièrement ses buts et ses intentions. La troupe de Toussaint a beaucoup voyagé à l'étranger (pas dans le Canada 'anglophone') et elle était unanimement saluée, partout où elle allait.

'If my company brings a lot of people to dance, it is more important to me than to be an artist or a big star.'

Eddy Toussaint speaking. Wildly acclaimed by his public, alternately maligned and praised by the media and, until recently, shunned by the Canada Council, Toussaint begs to be heard and understood.

The Montreal choreographer who claims he doesn't pretend to call himself an 'artist' but who nonetheless wants his product to be seen as an enjoyable, non-intellectual kind of art, agreed to dis-



Eddy Toussaint

cuss his dance beginnings, his company and his dreams for this publication. But he had misgivings. For him, *Dance in Canada* magazine is the mouthpiece for an organization with which he feels no empathy, saying it represents his traditional arch-enemy the Canada Council as well as English Canadians – a sector of the population whose sensibilities he has never considered when choreographing.

Toussaint is no racist but he is a cultural champion, a self-designed Quebec cultural minister of dance. Since founding La Compagnie de danse Eddy Toussaint in 1974, his *raison d'être* has been to communicate his love of dance to his adoptive people, the Québécois, through his Latin energies and passions. In doing so he has carved an exclusive audience from East-End Montrealers many of whom had never been to Place des Arts.

His dances have always been slick, showy 'spectacles' mainly in the ballet idiom, often using Quebec folk legends as their themes – *Place Jacques Cartier*, *La Famille*, *Alexis* and *Rose Latulippe*.

'I started in order to attract those young who would never go to Place des Arts to see Les Grands Ballets Canadiens. Not lower classes. It has nothing to do

with class. But a lot of French Canadians were not interested in Place des Arts. I wanted to make them go. The first thing was to bring them to dance. The second thing was to educate them once they were there.

Defending a culture

'My goals were to attract new people to dance and to defend the culture. I found that culture and people are linked. Art is not completely separate from audiences, you know.'

Toussaint made friends with popular Québécois vedettes and musicians like Renée Claude, Clemence Desrochers, François Dompierre, Jean-Pierre Ferland, André Gagnon and Claude Leveillé. The stars were good friends. They gave him their time, their music and introduced him to television producers and directors who for years helped him supplement his dancers' salaries with TV appearances.

Last year they gave him their talents again in a lavish, lively benefit to replenish the empty company coffers. Even Quebec's premier, the stay-at-home René Levesque, attended the gala which raised \$40,000.

Initially working in Montreal and then touring extensively first in Quebec, Northern Ontario, his native Haiti, the Antilles and Europe, Toussaint created dances which gradually cast off their jazz ballet base to become increasingly classical. Today his detractors complain about his jazz influences but admirers such as Rosella Hightower, artistic director of the Paris Opera, laud his classicism.

'Sometimes it's better to go where they don't know what you've done before', Toussaint admits happily. 'In Cannes, Rosella Hightower didn't know I used to do jazz. She just talked about my 'pure' ballet. I've been waiting for years for that moment. When she said that, I told myself "thank God, now you are going to go somewhere"'.

By his standards, Toussaint has suc-



Marie Bissonnette and Claude Caron in *Rose Latulippe*

needed overwhelmingly. Even home-town shows are invariably sold out.

'They say it's too sexy. But we're Latins'

Some people reproach me saying I know too well how to please people. They say my work is pre-digested. I don't think it is but I want it to be very clear. They say it's too sexy. But we're Latins', he says, still surprised that this underlying element which his works share with those of Maurice Béjart and Roland Petit hasn't been accepted after all these years.

'My dances have to be entertainment. They are made to be enjoyed. I don't want to make my audience think. My point is when people pay to see a show they have to see something that leaves them with a memory.'

They say I'm commercial but I program for my audience - not for the Canadian Council and its supporters. I feel sorry for those who don't understand what I'm doing. It's not bad just because it's successful.'

Eddy Toussaint has always yearned for success. The son of a wealthy architect father and a mother who is both a lawyer and a doctor in Port-au-Prince, Toussaint studied ballet with Lavina

Williams before moving to Montreal at the age of 12. Ballet fell by the wayside for a few years while he went to normal school and then the University of Quebec at Montreal to get a degree in physical education. But it haunted him.

'There seemed to be no connection between my reality every day and my love of dance which seemed to be reserved for English people.'

Toussaint is 36 years old now, but he clearly remembers the days when the English were the principal spectators and supporters of Montreal dance. It's because of these memories that he determined to make dances specifically for French Canadians.

By the end of his studies at UQAM, he had already undergone the first of two cornea transplant operations to remedy a congenital disease called kratocone (he is still recovering from the second operation, performed last summer). At the same time he formed an amateur company, Retros, from UQAM students. His dance school had an enrolment of 275 by 1970 when he met a woman who was to change his life - Eva von Gencsy.

'She was the best dancer in Montreal. She was wonderful. She was the first person I saw who danced like black people.

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Plus she had that classical line.'

He adored her. In 1972 they founded Les Ballets Jazz with his 23 amateur dancers and her six students. Funds came from his school and his parents in Haiti.

'I cried more tears than in all my life'

'Eva created the jazz, I did the ballet', says Toussaint. A year later, after Geneviève Salbaing had donated her business acumen to the venture, the bubble burst and Toussaint discovered he was no longer necessary as an artistic director.

'To be honest, there were a lot of bitchy things that happened that I don't want to talk about. I didn't talk to Eva or Geneviève for eight years - but I cried more tears than in all my life.'

Soon, encouraged by Ludmilla Chiriaeff, the founder of Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, Toussaint formed the company and school that bears his name. His parents poured \$5,000 per month for years into this venture, bailing it out with even more money when it was in peril. At one point they also paid the rent of a five-bedroom house where Toussaint accommodated at least as many dancers.

'I used to cook for everybody and they used to scream at me saying they put on weight', he recalls. 'But what

about that? Ludmilla (Chiriaeff) did it too.'

Toussaint and his assistant, Renée Herbert, began building dancers as surely as they expanded the repertoire. They attracted teachers such as Bill Griffiths, Karin Morell, Ana Maria de Goriz and Camilla Malashenko to groom the young dancers. Some, like 23-year-old Louis Robitaille have already achieved international acclaim. At last summer's Avignon Festival, Jacques Fabre, director of the Avignon Ballet Theatre created *Les lettres portugaises* for Robitaille and his leading French dancer Réjane Verité. In turn, Verité agreed to partner Robitaille during the Toussaint company's current spring tour of Europe.

It was an appearance by the tiny teenager, Annik Bissonnette, that sent Rosella Hightower into raptures in Cannes last October. Toussaint said Hightower was so impressed that she said she would like to teach his dancers.

The Toussaint company used to accept commercial television offers as the back-up to pop stars or to create television ballets. For some years, it had the highest public profile of any Quebec company, even dancing at the opening of the monstrous James Bay Power project's LG-2 in a spectacular beamed to half a dozen countries.

But all that, Toussaint says, was designed to give dancers a variety of experience and to help company finances. These days, there is scarcely enough time to meet their tour commitments. Since November they have visited the Caribbean, (a *Radio Canada* film crew worked with them for two weeks in Haiti), pausing for breath in Montreal before launching into their first European tour booked from mid-February through mid-April in Belgium, Italy, Holland, Spain and France where they will dance in at least 10 major opera houses.

'We are one of the first Canadian companies to do that. Us "The Little Eddy Toussaint Company"', the director said with mocking delight before the company departed. He was thrilled at the idea of such a tour even though complications with his eye threatened to prevent him from participating fully in the tour.

Apart from the unequivocally emotional rather than intellectual basis of its dances, the most striking characteristic of Toussaint's company has always been the gutsiness of its dancers. This was evident from their quavering professional stage debut when they looked so weak that willpower alone kept them from collapsing. It was evident four years ago

during the transition from ballet jazz to classical ballet when they occasionally floundered.

Strong technique but financial shakiness

Today, however, the young group's technique is firm and sound, leaving them free to explore their own artistic development with the same strong-willed individualism that marked their first free-spirited forays on stage. Whether dancing the many works by Toussaint or others by Salvatore Aiello (*Les Clowns et les autres*), Oscar Ariaz (*Femmes*) or Domy Reiter-Soffer (*La Mer*), the company sticks to its macho-male, fragile-female role playing with determination.

Financially, the company is on much rockier ground than it is artistically. Even though it paid Toussaint's salary for the first time last July, and pays his 16 dancers salaries ranging from \$150 to \$250 weekly, it still faced an accumulated deficit of \$100,000 last December. It receives annual grants from the Quebec ministry of cultural affairs (\$125,000) and the City of Montreal (\$10,000) and early this year received, for the first time, \$30,000 from the Canada Council. But Toussaint is not satisfied. He says the move is the beginning of a reconciliation between the Canada Council and himself but, 'after seven years they still don't realize what the company is there for. We bring ballet to a lot of people where other companies can't go'.

He despairs continually of his company's future. But in typically charming fashion, contradicts himself.

'My dancers are the most important for me. I'm doing my best for them. When I figure out what they will do when their dancing is finished, then the company will stand on its own.'

And his apparently insurmountable deficit?

'We may have to stop. I honestly don't know what else to do. I can't keep asking dancers to go on unemployment again (like they did in early years). I feel it's not normal.'

'There are lots of people who believe that if a dance gets a standing ovation, it's not art. My work is successful. It is not indifferent to people. Some love it, some hate it. I don't think of myself as an Artist with a big A - that may take a lifetime. Maybe with time I will become one but now I will bring dance - really good spectacle - to the audience and build a good relationship.'

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Malgré le fait que plusieurs danseurs doivent rendre d'un revenu que la plupart des Canadiens trouveraient tout à fait inacceptable, ils ont presque tous à remplir une déclaration d'impôt. Cette tâche paraît très compliquée pour plusieurs danseurs. Ils sont aidés dès fois par un ami ou une compétence spéciale en ce domaine ou ils se livrent dans les mains d'un comptable professionnel. Très souvent, ils paient plus que nécessaire – perdant des déductions qui leur sont dûs. Cependant, s'ils y consacrent un peu de temps, la plupart des danseurs pourront très facilement s'occuper eux-mêmes de leur impôt, ce qui leur donnera même une certaine satisfaction personnelle. Pour réussir, il faut garder des dossiers complets et bien organiser les revenus et des dépenses et il faut anticiper les problèmes à l'avance. Cet article fournit une introduction à la situation fiscale qui s'appliquera probablement à la majorité de danseurs.

According to an old saying, human existence is afflicted by two unavoidable conditions: death and taxes. The first, so far, has proved incurable. The second, with a little bit of effort, can be made at least bearable.

Every year, at about this time, Canadians are gripped by the traumatic realization that shortly they will have to file an income tax return. For many, it is their most intimate contact with the federal government but constitutes a relationship fraught with confusion and potential conflict – and where a head-on collision seems likely there is little doubt who the ultimate winner will be.

Dancers, as artists, tend to approach the experience with particularly grim forebodings. Most of them have to live off incomes that barely pay the rent and feed the cat and the idea of having hard-won earnings taken away by some unseen but notoriously wasteful hand in

Ottawa fills them with justifiable loathing and dread. Sometimes they react negatively, believing that if they ignore the whole thing it will somehow go away. Or, they take the elevated attitude that artists are special people who should never be troubled by as prosaic and materialistic a thing as taxation. Those who do recognize the inevitability of an encounter with Revenue Canada prefer to pass the matter on to someone else – to a professional tax accountant or, perhaps, to a tax-wise friend.

A warm inner glow

If you are one of the relatively small number of Canadian dancers with a large and complex income statement you probably will be best off to seek professional help. Yet, most dancers will find themselves quite equal to the task of dealing with the taxman and may even discover the deep, personal satisfaction that can come from a tax-return well completed. There's a warm inner glow when you know you've held on to every penny of income the law entitles you to have.

Which neatly brings us to a fundamental and important truth. Every resident of Canada with taxable earnings from employment or other sources of income is obliged by law to file an annual return. Even if you do not think, after an allowance for personal exemptions, that you have a taxable income it may still be worth filing a return since some provinces, such as Ontario, have various tax rebate schemes for low-income earners and even Ottawa may have a rebate in store for you.

Tax evasion is a crime. Tax avoidance, is another thing, a grey zone through which the taxpayer roams in search of a route to the light beyond where he hopes to emerge with most of his money intact. So, do not even contemplate breaking the law by willfully evading paying your tax but, by all means, use all the wits

God gave you to pay only what is absolutely unavoidable. This is not selfishness but, on the contrary, good citizenship. Giving governments more than their due only encourages them to greater excesses.

Easier than a choreographic score

The tax act and its various amendments is a complex document which even trained accountants have trouble understanding fully. Most of us, however, do not have to suffer that ordeal and can head straight for a booklet, available at all post offices and often sent directly by mail – the General Tax Guide (it also encloses a return form). Some taxpayers have it even simpler and qualify to use the 'Special' tax return. Most dancers will not be eligible to file this Dick and Jane style document.

But, have no fear. The General Tax Guide is a good deal easier to work with than most choreographic notation scores. All it takes is a little patience and you will soon become familiar with taxation jargon. Read the guide thoroughly and make special note of extra forms your tax situation may require you to file. There may also be some explanatory leaflets or 'Interpretation Bulletins' you want to send off for. (You can also phone to have them sent, toll free).

You will quickly discover that all income is not the same in the eyes of the law. Different kinds of income are taxed in different ways. First, there is the money (or taxable benefit) you earn through your work. Second, there are

such other sources as government grants or awards and, if you are unusual enough to have actually been able to save something or have had it given to you, income from capital (savings accounts, shares, bonds and so on).

Income from employment falls into one of two distinct categories. Either you are employed for a salary or wage, or you are self-employed. It is not at all uncommon, especially in the performing arts, for a taxpayer to receive what the return calls 'Income from Employment' as well as 'Income from Self-Employment'. The catch is that these categories are taxed differently and the circumstances of the individual will determine which category is most beneficial.

Define your categories

What distinguishes a self-employed person from a salaried or wage-earning employee is not a hard and fast thing. Dancers in seemingly similar employment situations may very easily be taxed differently. It may depend on the terms of a contract or on an election your union (if you have one) has made in the past. Whatever the case, you must have a definite idea of what category your income falls under. The distinction is vital.

If you are solely an employee the amount you can deduct as expenses against earnings is restricted. You can file a special form (T2200) listing eligible expenses certified by your employer, but you cannot necessarily extract the full benefit of all the expenses genuinely incurred to earn your living – and, please

note, never fake expenses; they must be real and provable.

If you are one of those dancers who has to supplement dance earnings with such things as income from waiting tables you will definitely have some employment earnings. The tax guide makes it plain how this is handled.

Many dancers, however, consider themselves self-employed. Unlike those with an employee status, these dancers will not have Unemployment Insurance contributions to make (nor will they be eligible for UIC benefits!) and will often not have tax deducted at source. In which case, they must make advance quarterly instalment payments of tax based either on their previous year's earnings or on an estimate of the current year's income.

Self-employed dancers need to be organized, to keep track of income (for which they will not necessarily receive official statements, T4As) and to store carefully every receipt that may conceivably relate as an expense to earnings. You cannot claim an expense without proof. Generally, receipts need not be filed with your return but they must be available. Incidentally, do not discard your records from year to year. Tax returns are open files not closed books. If you are ever put through the third degree of a tax audit – which will surely happen if you try to cheat – you may be asked to substantiate claims for past years.

Once you have categorized your income from all the different possible sources you can get on with the serious business of drawing up a statement of self-employed income and expenses. This need not be complicated but it must be clear.

Most dancers' questions arise over the issue of expenses. The key is eligibility. If you can prove it cost you money to earn your income that cost is deductible before tax is assessed on the net result.

Expenses should be grouped together under logical headings. You do not have to list every individual item. Do not forget that, in some cases, even where you are a member of a company and are still considered self-employed, certain expenses may have been paid to you (touring *per diems* are a case in point) so only claim the related expense if you have also declared the allowance as income.

Typical deductions for dancers would include:

Association fees (ACTRA, Actors' Equity etc). If you are salaried this expense can usually be claimed too; there's a special line for it on the return. You

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could make a good case for deducting a Dance in Canada Association membership.

Agents' fees - if you have one. (Some agents will also handle your tax!)

Publications. Dancers need to know what's going on in their field. They have a professional need to take periodicals such as *Dance in Canada*, *Canadian Dance News* and any number of important foreign publications. Part of the expense of a daily paper could also be claimed since many contain regular information about the arts.

Travel. This is a dodgy one. Normal travel from home to a regular place of employment is not normally deductible but other journeys related to your work could well be deducted. For example, you may have had to go to see a doctor or therapist about your body, or, you may have taken a professional trip to New York or some such dance centre for special classes or simply to see what other dancers and companies are doing. (Note that although you can make a good case to deduct the cost of a visit to say, a chiropractor, the actual cost of his services is only deductible if you can prove it is a professional maintenance expense. The law already allows a personal medical exemption which the tax guide explains fully. Keeping your body in good order, as opposed to repairing it, is different - and essential to a dancer.)

Training. This is a special case for the dancer too. Taking class is inherently part of a dancer's life. It is not training in the sense of receiving an education which, once completed, will give you a job. So, if you decide to tune up your technique the cost is deductible. Be careful, however, if you are a student registered in an eligible course and deriving most of your support from some other job - perhaps modelling, bartending or waiting table - you must make a deduction for tuition fees from employment earnings (see item 25 in the tax guide).

Promotion. This means anything you do that costs you money to sell yourself as a dancer or, of course, choreographer.

Equipment. This is not a straightforward matter. Dancers usually equip themselves with such things as shoes, leotards, leg-warmers, make-up, maybe even a foot-roller, as well perhaps as records of dance music and essential reference books. The full cost of these items should not be claimed. They count for something different called 'capital cost allowance' which is explained in item 15 of the tax guide. Most of a dancer's capital equipment, which may even include a video set-up, qualifies for treatment un-

der Class 8 which means that 20% of the cost is allowable each year. But read the fine print and remember that if you later sell the item you may become liable for tax recapture.

The expenses mentioned above are only those most likely to be incurred by a dancer. You may have others. The important thing is to be able to prove that the expense is real and to be able to document it fully.

Quite apart from the general advantages of being self-employed and therefore able to deduct real expenses, the tax act has a few other breaks in store for everyone if you read your guide carefully. It's unlikely you gave any money away but if you did and it was to a registered charity you may have generated more than the standard medical/charitable deduction of \$100.

If you do have money to save, possibly a legacy from a loving late departed relative or friend, remember that although the income it generates is taxable (as are capital gains) you can avoid paying extra tax - and bear in mind that the object is to reduce the income on which you must pay tax and to keep yourself from moving up the sliding scale of tax rates.

Dividends from Canadian corporations receive attractive tax relief and \$1000 of Canadian interest, dividend and capital gains income goes tax free! If you are the sort who likes to plan a savings program for future security or to purchase a house, you should look into the special tax advantages of Registered Retirement Savings Plans and Registered Home Ownership Savings Plans. Within certain set limits, which you are unlikely to reach unless you have really hit the big time, money contributed to such plans is deducted from income before tax and goes untaxed while accruing interest in the plan. Guide items 22 and 23 give the details. You are too late already to make an eligible contribution for the 1981 tax year but start planning ahead for '82.

And a final note of caution. If you are not a Canadian citizen, even if you are a 'tax resident', and you go on tour to your homeland you may find yourself having to pay tax there. It can usually be reclaimed but it is very complicated. Tread warily.

And many happy tax returns to you all!



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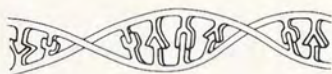
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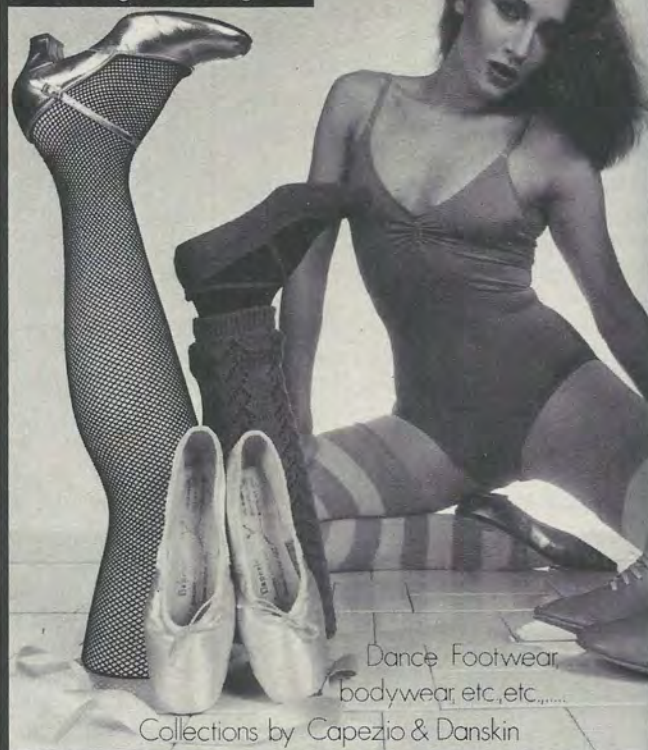
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In Review

National Ballet of Canada
O'Keefe Centre
Toronto
10 - 29 November 1981

To celebrate its thirtieth anniversary, the National Ballet of Canada presented a 'new and much discussed staging, the 140-year old Danish classic, *Napoli*. It was produced, appropriately enough, by a fine exponent of the Bournonville style, Peter Schaufuss, whose own association with *Napoli* dates back to his boyhood days in the Royal Danish Ballet - as one of the crowd on the traditional bridge in Act III, watching his seniors dance the *pas de six* and tarantella. Perhaps some of the students from the National Ballet School who populated the bridge in this Canadian version will likewise graduate to assume leading roles.

As with so many other ballet masterpieces, much of Bournonville's original choreography for *Napoli* has been corrupted or lost over the years.

We are fortunate, however, still to have some of the first act and much of the third. The second has, however, all but disappeared. Since it contained more mime than dancing, no one seemed much to mind; indeed audiences in Copenhagen are reputedly prone to skip the second act altogether. But what is a producer to do for an audience not so sweetly disposed to an old favourite? For his production, Peter Schaufuss decided on new choreography and, for the second act, a significant alteration in the narrative.

In a nutshell, the story tells of Gennaro and Teresina, two young Neapolitans, very much



Niels Bjorn Larsen and Alexander Grant in *Napoli*

in love. While on a moonlight cruise, their boat is overturned in a storm and Teresina is presumed drowned. Gennaro, distraught, decides to go in search of her, and, protected by a medallion of the Virgin, he makes his way to the Blue Grotto. In Bournonville's original production Gennaro had to rescue Teresina from Golfo, god of the sea, and his minions before the lovers could return to the sunshine and gaiety of Naples. Good and evil met in fierce combat. Good triumphed and the dances of the last act celebrated the power of true love.

In Peter Schaufuss' production, Gennaro sets out in search of Teresina and arrives at the Blue Grotto, where, exhausted, he falls asleep. Thus his encounter with the wicked Golfo is not a battle between good and evil but a journey into his own subconscious - that repository of secret fears

and wishes. Golfo, therefore, has no dramatic function; Teresina, no character; Gennaro no manly virtue. And, if one takes the Schaufuss view seriously, there is no need for the celebrations of the concluding act, for what is there to celebrate at the end of a dream?

Audiences must sense this misconception because they do not warm to *Napoli* until the last act. The mime of the first act confuses them, and they cannot keep the lovers in focus; the second act isn't *Giselle* though it somehow should be; but the last act releases everybody's built-up tension and audiences and Bournonville are home free. It would not be surprising at some future date to see only the third act in the repertoire.

That the National comes at all close to Bournonville's Christian humanist intentions is a credit to hard work, and

to the company's experience with a ballet such as *La Fille Mal Gardée*. In addition, the men (most notably Craig Randolph, David Nixon, Raymond Smith, and, of course, Kevin Pugh) are now of such strength as to be able to respond to Bournonville's demands - strong and flexible feet, high jumps, speed of attack.

While Schaufuss draws extensively on his Danish master he also relies heavily on Petipa and Ashton (*The Dream*), setting up resonances that Bournonville's style and the polyglot score simply cannot support. For example, Golfo at one point supports Teresina in a sustained attitude and at another lifts her high into the air, neither of which would have happened in Bournonville's day. What we see, however, is Odette's desperate struggle with von Rothbart. We are confused and cannot react. Interestingly, Karen Kain was most comfortable in the Blue Grotto, as was Veronica Tennant, because the broad sweep of the choreography arises from the classics, *Giselle* and *The Sleeping Beauty*, with which they are most familiar. With the sweep came the allure of a Petipa ballerina, so that Kain kindled images of the vision scene in *Beauty*, Tennant the second act of *Giselle*. The most captivating Teresina was Elisabetta Terabust, from London's Festival Ballet, whose precise feet, lightness of arms and wrists, and unself-consciousness brought smiles of pleasure, much as Bournonville intended.

Probably no dancer can bring to Gennaro the brilliance and authority of Peter Schau-

fuss, though Raymond Smith in his performance with Terabust revealed an appealing innocence and sweetness. These qualities were also evident in many of the younger dancers, most particularly Sabina Allemann, Susan Dromsky, and Kim Lightfoot in the *pas de six*. Victoria Bertram added Teresina's mother to her list of character parts; Constantin Patsalas was the hilarious singer, Pascariello, accompanied by a drunken Drummer, Robert Cole; and Alexander Grant the fussy Giacomo, suitor to Teresina. Guests such as Yves Cousineau (Friar Ambrosio), Niels Bjorn Larsen (Peppo, another suitor to Teresina; or as Pascariello), and Erik Bruhn (Peppo) at the anniversary gala, showed the value of experience and maturity in character parts. George Crum conducted a much-improved orchestra; John Goss made it sparkle.

The National had another addition to its repertoire on hand for its fall season. *Los Siete Puñales: The Seven Daggers* – adapted from works of Federico Garcia Lorca and choreographed by Susana with music by her husband Antonio Robledo – is an altogether starker look at life. Against a large hanging we discover a Bride and Bridegroom kneeling; behind them, the figure of Death. The lights come up and the couple rises, then slowly moves forward in an ever-enlarging circle. Their steps are small, precise. Seven men with tiny bells on their calves carry on the Madonna of the Seven Daggers (Charmain Turner). The men dance for her and there is a brief solo for Kevin Pugh. Each



David Nixon in *Los Siete Puñales – The Seven Daggers*

man carries a knife. Women, in long skirts, enter; they too dance for the Madonna though more slowly and less vigorously than the men. The tempo quickens and the men rejoin the dance. The Bride and Bridegroom join the villagers briefly, then everyone leaves, the Bride last. As she departs she looks back at the Madonna.

Leonardo (Hazaros Surmeyer) enters to dance alone. Death hovers in the background. The Bride reappears and is accosted by Leonardo.

Presumably he is in love with her. Death, by the way, has a cane. He gestures for the fiesta to begin, then moves outside the proscenium to sit and watch. Several couples appear with the newlyweds. All dance. Leonardo once again expresses his passion. The Bride responds in an energetic dance. So too does the groom. A man (Constantin Patsalas) rushes in wearing a bright red dress. His parody of the women momentarily breaks the tension, but the Bride is

pulled to the centre to dance with her Bridegroom. She seems more unwilling now, but the others join in the dancing. Leonardo stands to one side, away from the group. The Bride comes toward Leonardo; she will leave with him. Curious, Death moves closer. The festivities continue until the Bridegroom notices his Bride's absence. Everyone rushes off. Death points in the direction of the lovers.

The backdrop rises, and, after an orchestral passage, Death summons the lovers. They appear upstage and move slowly, hesitantly downstage. Muted sounds frighten them, but they move towards each other. Suddenly the Bridegroom breaks in, there is a fight; the two men kill each other. A voice (Enrique Morente) cries out. The Bride appeals to Death. He turns (helplessly?) away.

Karen Kain and Gizella Witkowsky are fine in the role of the Bride though perhaps Kain, the more experienced performer, has a slight edge. Peter Ottmann looked handsome and proud as the Bridegroom, while David Nixon suggested a weak man, doomed. Hazaros Surmeyer was almost too forceful as Leonardo, and neither Jacques Gorrissen nor Alexander Grant was able to make much of the ambiguous figure of Death. Though *Seven Daggers* is overly long and blandly costumed, it is, on repeated viewing, a highly effective marriage of dance and music.

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Royal Winnipeg Ballet

Queen Elizabeth Theatre
Vancouver
10 November 1981

There's a moment in the third act of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet's new *Romeo and Juliet* when Evelyn Hart as the star-crossed heroine finds herself alone in her often heavily populated bedroom. She reaches for the bedpost and hoists herself into a breathtakingly beautiful arabesque. The stance is entirely inappropriate to her current circumstances, but it gives us the opportunity to contemplate her exquisite line. It also brings to mind the earlier scene with her nurse when her bourrées were every bit as silken as those of Ulanova, whose performance some 30 years ago etched itself into our memories. These were surely the dancing high points in a version of this popular ballet subject which Rudi van Dantzig found himself obliged to choreograph for the Dutch National Ballet when in 1965 offers were turned down by both Leonid Lavrovsky and Kenneth MacMillan to stage their productions for his company.


Obviously, Arnold Spohr, director of the RWB, felt a need to provide a challenging vehicle for Evelyn Hart and her splendid partner, David Peregrine. The choice of *Romeo and Juliet* at this particular time seems contrary to the company's usually progressive artistic policies. There are a dozen acceptable versions being currently performed, and Canada's two other ballet companies each has one; the National also uses Prokofiev's long, cumbersome score. The choice of van Dantzig's lacklustre conception is even more questionable. Devised in a year which saw the premiere of John Cranko's *Eugene Onegin* and the emergence of the opera-house ballet genre, this Dutch version was originally devised for a company of 65 dancers. As the work of a 32-year-old choreographer interested in more contemporary forms and admittedly uncomfortable in having to cope with large-scale spectacle, it contains dance matter that

is dated and often embarrassingly naive.

Where does it fail? It's a neat conception, highly organized and smoothly running, with a spick and span quality — like some Dutch kitchen. Van Dantzig has looked at the few options which a fixed story line and rigid, prescriptive score might present and has made acceptable decisions about how his dance drama will unfold. He has neither intellectualized with any depth about the materials nor attempted to strain the emotional content. Prokofiev's score, which has moments of biting satire and acerbic wit, some soaring romantic climaxes and hair-raising tensions, contains also many long passages of lugubrious swells and lyrical flatulence. It never lets you forget for a moment that you're dealing with a Soviet Russian viewpoint of an English playwright's conception of Verona. Other choreographers have managed to take charge of the score. Michael Smuin recognizes and exploits the brashness and the sentimentality, while Antony Tudor, who found it inappropriate, chucked it entirely and turned to tone poems by Frederick Delius.

Musically and dramatically a ballet to Prokofiev's score grinds to a halt at the death of Tybalt, after which even the most brilliant choreographer must hustle all his resources to keep things moving to the extended largo that follows. Van Dantzig tends to ignore the potential of the more vital music and to concentrate on making the dull passages more interesting.

The result is neutral and Toer van Schayk's richly imaginative sets and expensive costumes don't help much. He's dressed the Capulets in elegant red and black finery and the Montagues in nondescript monochrome to play up the choreographer's insistence that Juliet's family is of a classier and generally less democratic station. In the large ensembles the eye seems automatically to reject the undistinguished and seek out the more intense tones, and had van Dantzig used anything but the most academic of ballet combinations, the danc-



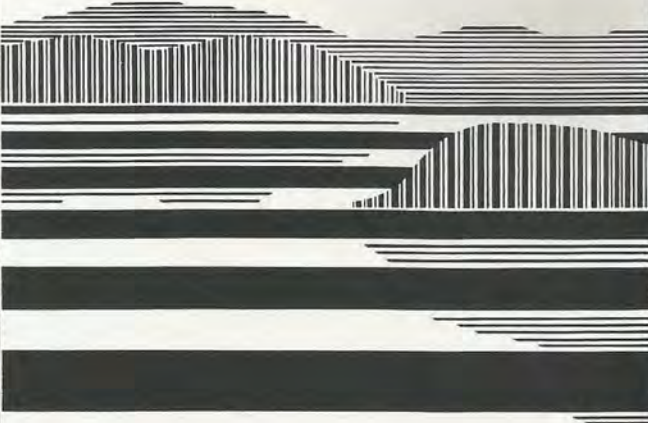
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Evelyn Hart as Juliet

ing might have challenged the dull effect. In most of the ensemble dances there's a reliance on Petipa-like symmetries, while smaller efforts – the solos and duos – display a poverty of dance interest. Some promise was evident in the mandolin dance for the second act street scene, where

some potentially fascinating turns in canon for two men provided momentum, but the pair of girls who assist them were given nothing to do. Romeo's solo in the ballroom scene has a hobbled quality and the generally compelling exhibitions afforded the dancers portraying Mercutio and

Tybalt in other versions are strangely muted. Unlike John Cranko, (whose version the National Ballet dances), van Dantzig does not encourage his Veronese youth to swagger, misbehave or hang on the curtains. Consequently they never achieve shape; and when the various deaths occur, it's hard to lament the passing of those who have remained strangers.

Many details introduced have little point: a monk in a white cowl and habit strolls through the two invariably boring scenes in Friar Lawrence's cell but fails to provide real interest. An obviously truncated religious procession which breaks up proceedings in the first street scene inexplicably returns in the second to perform the same function while crossing the stage from the opposite direction. A hooded dancer in white with a death's head on a pole follows both queues, making it more than clear what will shortly take place in the action. Perhaps the sappiest device is the introduction of the ghosts of Mercutio and Tybalt in billowing black shrouds to conduct Juliet home after she has secured the potion from the friar. At the demise of the lovers the ghostly duo reappears, now on what appears to be the best of terms with each other, slithering over the fresh corpses like twin Draculas and ingesting them into their capes as the curtain falls.

This conspicuously expensive production does give Evelyn Hart and David Peregrine a lot more time on stage than most of the ballets they've been dancing, but it never for more than a flash makes use of their special gifts as soloists or as partners. As a company project it leaves one feeling that Canada's most innovative ballet organization has been asked to perform in someone else's old-fashioned cast-off and inappropriate shoes.

LELAND WINDREICH

Lock Danseurs

Le Conventum

Montreal

9 – 20 December 1981

'L'exactitude', as Matisse observed, 'n'est pas la verité'. To describe what Edouard Lock does is to tackle only a fifth of this choreographic iceberg that is visible to the casual onlooker. With the wisdom of hindsight and as the beneficiary of a patient post-performance explanation by Lock, I am beginning to see glimmerings of structure but others not so privileged might find *Oranges*, his latest hour-long work, (like last year's *Lily Marlene in the Jungle*), a collage of random sequences in a Dadaist mixed media show.

This view is not generally shared. Not by the opening night audience of dancers who laughed, applauded and erupted in bravos. Nor by one local reviewer who wondered in print whether Lock were not a genius.

No; if one reserves 'genius' for Beethoven, de Vinci and Einstein, Lock does not qualify but he does possess at least one prerequisite: an unfettered imagination. He has obviously heeded Polonius' advice to 'neither a borrower nor a lender be' and whatever he does – screwy, startling or dull – he is stepping to a drumbeat only he can hear.

Lock will never be an urbane classicist like Balanchine nor a contortionist wit like the Piloboli. He does not set out to disregard tradition or defy gravity; it has not occurred to him that they exist. Like Chagall's cows which graze among the clouds, Lock's dancers can tiptoe atop milk bottles or turn into ambulatory graffiti.

In *Oranges* Lock is once again working with a dedicated trio of dancers (Louis Guillemette, Louise Le Cavalier and the willowy Miryam Moutillet) and a single all-purpose musician (Michel Lemieux), a one-man band whose space-age technology elicits from a guitar, assorted pedals and black boxes an infinite variety of sounds. Since Lock always involves his musician in the movement, there are really five bodies in motion, including Lock himself who functions

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Lock Danseurs in *Orange*

as combination ring master, stage hand and chief bottle carrier. 'Bottle carrier' is not an idle phrase: \$600-worth of old milk bottles, painstakingly collected from rural junk shops, and huge sheets of brightly coloured paper are the only props on an otherwise bare stage.

Lock is not for the literal minded. Just as *Lily Marlene in the Jungle* had nothing to do with Dietrich in high heels wading through crocodile-infested waters, so *Oranges* ('you know', says Lock, 'as in Anita Bryant') says nothing about the icons of Middle America. It contains a handful of riveting images, strewn over 60 minutes of disjointed action.

The fact that Lock off-stage is a highly articulate young man with a meticulous choice of words, able to expound the most complex theories with amazing clarity, persuades me that he is equally precise in translating his ideas onto the stage. Since, however,

these ideas never coalesce into a decipherable language, he has either invented a new language or has not yet learned to speak.

The vocabulary is recognizably his own. It ranges from the minimalist (sometimes a single pointing finger) through the familiar shimmy, shake, wilt, bump off each other, lift and ooze bonelessly away cycle to a new and unexpected aggressiveness but everything remains unresolved and shies away from the least hint of *enchainement*, let alone subtext.

Actual oranges do make an appearance once or twice, to entice the guitarist from his corner or to be rolled across the stage as in bowls but their role could not be called pivotal. Lock makes far more effective use of the milk bottles. Two dancers walk gingerly toward each other atop the bottles while two others scramble madly to pave their way. As soon as a heel is lifted, the 'used' bottles are

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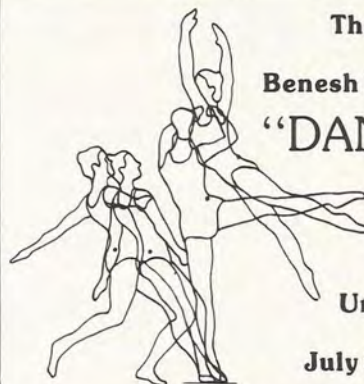
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whizzed ahead of the walker to provide support for her next step. The dancers pause now and then to bend down and take a swig, finally they meet in the middle, clinch, totter and . . . blackout. It is an absorbing game.

In another visually haunting sequence the quartet of dancers delivers and reels from long distance punches in a mimed donnybrook. They are all miles apart but the action/reaction is like clockwork. While it starts off as slapstick, it culminates in a growing undertow of violence.

I have taken two images out of context (whatever the context may be) because they are at least describable. The rest of *Oranges* contains fleetingly recognizable gestures: skipping rope, reading a newspaper, swimming, smoking or drawing a finger across the throat, sign language for Kaput, but none of them forms part of a developing theme or situation. While one dancer may be making traffic cop signals up front, Lock will be writing things like 'Oh, triste amour' or 'La mémoire purifie' or 'To be continued' with an aerosol can on the back wall. When one sheet of paper is covered with graffiti, they tear strips off it, kick it off to the side in a heap and start on the next one. When that one is full, they may stick roses into it or their heads through it.

At one point Lock sprays a red cross on a girl's breast, later a slash of red across her wrist and when she slumps to the ground, he covers her with a plastic garbage bag and proceeds to paint that red. (Correction: 'Not red, pink; pink for girls', Lock explained post-facto, as if that gave it rhyme or reason.) At this point the dancer gets up and stomps off indignantly.

The experience is somewhat like trying to carry water

in a sieve. You look for meaning and it all trickles through your fingers. You latch onto looks, gestures, follow a thread and find yourself out on a limb without one. Lock ascribes most anomalies to his need to break out of a number of stereotypes. He wants to change audience perception ('I'm allergic to the lifter/liftee relationship') which is why his women tend to carry men on their backs and men as well as women occasionally don fussy little veiled hats, dainty gloves, earrings and high heels. This does not so much abolish stereotypes as send contradictory messages. The men may wear feminine accessories but they are not effeminate. The image is recognizable but not codifiable. I found it disorienting.

For all that, there is something likeable about Lock's childlike self-absorption and purposefulness. It is that very purposefulness that keeps one there, hoping that the next piece of business will complete the jigsaw puzzle.

By the time this appears, provided the Quebec grant which is already five months late does eventually arrive, Lock and his danseurs will be installed in a Soho loft for a six month immersion in the New York dance scene. Perhaps such a bombardment of new ideas will push him to articulate his own. Alternately, he may opt for the splendid isolation of the true avant gardist, appealing to the eye but bypassing the brain. In which case I doubt I will ever understand what he is trying to do.

KATI VITA



Muna Tseng

Muna Tseng

Harbourfront Studio Theatre
Toronto

19 - 22 November 1981

When Muna Tseng brought a group of dancers to Toronto last May the concert was almost buried under all the activity and excitement of the Theatre Festival. But, determined to make her presence known in Toronto, Muna Tseng returned alone last November when her cool, clear, allusive dance style could be better appreciated.

Possibly, the company she brought in May, offered a better display of Tseng's choreography but her solo performance was equally distinctive. It was, in fact, one of the highlights of the fall season.

Muna Tseng is happy to identify what she believes makes her dancing distinctive. 'I have an Asian sense of time; contrasting a calm and still-

ness with fuller movements', she said in an interview. 'The use of small details in the tilt of the head and the shapes of the hands are also from classical Asian dance.'

But, although Muna Tseng studied Asian dance in her native Hong Kong she also studied classical western piano. Her family settled in Vancouver when she was 13 and there she began a training in modern dance that spanned the German expressionist tenets of Mary Wigman (with teachers Magda and Gertrude Hanova) and the improvisational, post-modern approach to dance through Heather McCallum, a disciple of Anna Halprin in California. Somewhere in the space between Germany, California and Asia, Muna Tseng found her own style.

Her first concert, at the Vancouver Art Gallery when she was 21, attracted the praise of an unlikely mentor -

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Gerald Arpino, the co-director of New York's Joffrey Ballet. Arpino's choreography for the Joffrey has often been rooted in fads and titillating sex and it's hard to imagine what he found to identify with in Tseng's work. She's not sure either, but in any case he said her work was 'very fresh', and told her to keep on with it. 'It was the right encouragement at the right time.'

Tseng continued choreographing and dancing in Vancouver, sometimes incorporating her dances with sculpture and civic spaces, but three years later a local visit by Jean Erdman's Theatre of the Open Eye changed her direction. Erdman, Hawaiian-born, herself influenced by Oriental culture and a former Graham dancer, has assembled a band of dancers, musicians and visual artists using masks, puppets and special lighting effects to create a form of total theatre. Sensing an energy and commitment in Erdman's work which she was not finding in Vancouver, Muna Tseng joined the company and still has strong associations with it.

Some of those influences were clear in her Harbourfront concert. The music ranged from Bach to Bulgarian shepherdess chants and the dance idioms ranged from the light exotica of an historical Jean Erdman solo, *Hamadryad*, to a long collage featuring American vernacular dance images, entitled *East of the Sun, West of the Moon*.

The heart of Muna Tseng's dancing was found in *Theodora*, a beautiful dance which had been performed locally by Zella Wolofsky in 1980. The 'small details' Tseng spoke of were clearly seen in the delicate hand gestures - flickering movements that were intricate but remained lithe and fluid - which gave texture to the light, surging steps with which Tseng crossed the stage. *Theodora*, rich in rhythm and perfectly scaled, would alone have made the evening worthwhile.

Hamadryad contained some of the same fragmented gestures but with more strength, partly through Tseng's use of her own hyper-extended elbows. They created unnatural-looking angles and

poses that at times transformed the dancer into an image of the god Shiva. Tseng's own *1,000 Flowers*, with its sudden off-centre swirls from the pelvis and tiny cupped-hand movements, had the same profile of small gestures fitting beautifully into the spinning torso that enfolded them. Muna Tseng also displayed another movement style, far simpler in its definition, exemplified by a dance such as *Bach No. 1* - a flawless essay in focus and placement. In such dances Tseng was able to lift an arm or place a foot with such exactness that it seemed as if she was defining some unseen chamber through the boundaries of her movement. The clean, unfaltering style is so pure it barely needed repetition, which made a companion piece, *Bach-Ons* redundant.

When Muna Tseng leaves the airy, other-world of these dances (tailored so perfectly to her own body) her work begins to fall apart. The pulsing, neon red heart which accompanied *Bach-Ons* was a clue to the trivialization of movement that would occur in *East of the Sun, West of the Moon*, which filled the whole second part of the program. The dance was a collage of American folk songs and Edith Piaf love songs, cardboard cutouts, masks and quick costume changes, centring around the characters of a bum trying to hitch a ride and a fussy, bored housewife waiting at home. The best thing about the dance was the deadpan comic style of Tseng's slack-jawed housewife, her legs buckling under the combined weight of tedium and hair curlers.

But the piece suffered from banal mime imagery and theatrical props and a stiffling literal script by Charlene Ellis (with a final passage so unsubtle and heavy-handed it seemed as if Muna Tseng realized, too late, that the dance had said nothing). In a dance with this title, it was ironic that Muna Tseng totally lost the special east-west tension which gives so much of her work its distinctive aura.

STEPHEN GODFREY

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Dansepartout

National Arts Centre

Ottawa

15 - 17 December 1981

As I watched, with increasing reluctance, Quebec City's modern dance company Dansepartout perform in the Studio of the National Arts Centre, several questions crossed my mind. Why were they here, at taxpayers' expense, presenting such an inadequate program for a small but knowledgeable audience (smaller still after the interval)? What possesses an artist to perform a solo dance when neither the choreography nor the dancer's skill provides any reason why one should be interested? What is choreography, anyway? Surely it is not, as seemed here, simply a list of dance steps placed in order.

I asked myself questions in order to prevent a merely surly mood from becoming a positively violent one.

Dansepartout is about six years old, (as it indicates with apparent pride in its program notes), but it has a long way to go, and, if I can dredge up

a little charity, I would prefer that it travel some of that route in the privacy of its own studios or in workshop situations than in the NAC or theatres of its ilk elsewhere. The company's principal problem is the choreography of its artistic director, Chantal Bellehumeur. Four of the seven pieces presented in its Ottawa engagement were by Bellehumeur and among the distressing traits they had in common was an astonishing literality.

Siamese Twins, to a misapplied score by Pachelbel, was really about Siamese twins. Dancing right on the beat, two girls, one with rather discernibly sickled feet (she was not the only offender), stuck together then fell apart. There was a predictable amount of rolling on the floor and slouching around one atop the other. One must presume that no subject is taboo and I wondered more than once if Chantal Bellehumeur was an aficionado of Diane Arbus. Arbus shows without comment, however, and I'm not really convinced that the

dance stage is the best place for mystical explorations of the real meaning of such a tragic affliction.

Ms. Bellehumeur displayed herself to be an adequate but by no means exceptional soloist in a Maria Angela Formolo piece called *Mysterioso*, of the 'after-after-Eden' variety. Lots of sinuous movement, signifying nothing, least of all what the program notes suggested, 'A vision of birth and life in all its forms'. Some visions are apparently shorter than others.

Tedious dance followed tedious dance, heading down towards one of the most tasteless performances, in conception and execution, I have seen on a dance stage. *Scenes of the Life of Mary*, on the Bach Mass in C minor, no less, is some kind of interpretation of the life of the Virgin in which the Passion is translated to the passion and ultimately vulgarised. I cannot imagine what Bellehumeur is trying to do in this intellectually. (The cast includes Mary, Joseph, Jesus, angels, Pilate and Mary Magdalene, and there are var-

ious undistinguished pas de deux). Choreographically, this is the one which made me wonder. Does one stand in a rehearsal studio and simply say, 'Lift her here, put her down, do a *sauté*, then back back off and let him pirouette into centre'? There was no flow of movement, no cohesion, no weight. Appallingly costumed with some sort of textured leotards which made what I must assume were the angels look like pastel tigers, the thing was so misbegotten that I suppose no choreography was going to pull it off. And yet - perhaps if there had been a good *dance* vision in any of the pieces, then the intellectual or thematic or symbolic (or whatever) impulse at the root of it might have been served.

HILARY McLAUGHLIN

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A Dancer's Summer School

Sun•Ergos

University of Calgary
6 - 8 January 1982

Billing themselves Calgary's smallest professional theatre-dance company, Bob Greenwood and Dana Luebke have, ironically, received greater acclaim in Britain and Europe, where they have taught and performed for the past few summers, than in their prairie homebase.

This year, for instance, the Sun•Ergos team were hailed as 'remarkable artists' by London's Daily Telegraph for their efforts at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival.

But, while Sun•Ergos' offerings may have found enthusiastic audiences at the alternative festival and in the hospitals and schools for the handicapped in which they frequently perform, their esoteric and often bizarre offerings earn the four-year-old team only modest (frequently, sparse) turnouts in boomtown Calgary, where audiences favour slick, large-scale forms of entertainment.

Yet, the two-man troupe sets its sights on making social statements and deserves a salute for their unrelentingly individualistic approach to performance. Refusing to pander to the tastes of their audience, the duo attempts to hold up a mirror to society, and care little whether or not the image is pleasing.

In terms of sheer volume, Sun•Ergos' two-part homecoming production (after a summer abroad) was impressive. The show's two sections consisted of *Dialogues for a Dead Day*, a series of scenes depicting the plight of the handicapped in society which the company offered as its tribute to the International Year of the Handicapped last year, and *Newsclippings*, a new effort that pokes fun at the news media.

A total of 23 scenes and dances - presented with a fine soundtrack and effective lighting - stretched the show out to well over two hours. Unfortunately, in what promised to be one of their more accessible programs, Greenwood and Luebke frequently became so caught up in their



Dana Luebke in *Liturgy for any Moral Majority*

messages that they lost touch with the ground rules of artistic presentation. Many of the scenes were overly long, hammering home their points until the audience lost interest.

The troupe's chief weakness is their number - or lack of it. The two men write and choreograph most of their material; combined with the fact that they also direct their shows and appear reluctant to edit their work, the results often lack clarity and focus. The theme of man's insensitivity to man linked a parade of underdogs (paraplegics, cerebral palsy and stroke victims, the elderly and Native Indians), and oppressors (including an evangelical preacher, Nazi commander Heinrich Himmler and a jargon-spouting educator). However, the duo fell short of bringing these types to life.

Part of the reason for this failing is the strict division of roles between the two Sun•Ergos partners. Luebke's forte is dance, Greenwood's is acting; but, while each man wisely restricts himself to his specialty, little attempt is made to integrate talents. The program becomes repetitious, with Luebke's solo dances re-

gularly alternating with Greenwood's dramatic monologues.

Similar self-indulgent repetition is evident in dance and acting styles, with both performers favouring the techniques that come naturally to them. Luebke has a penchant for one-legged balancing acts and knee-to-chest movements, idiosyncracies that form a predictable pattern throughout his work. And Greenwood, regardless of his subject, treats his monologues to similar degrees of caricature and bombast. Several scenes - among them, some of the most potentially powerful - such as Greenwood's depiction of a stroke victim, a paraplegic's plea for understanding (presented last June at the Dance in Canada Conference) and an excerpt from Shakespeare's *Henry IV* - lose impact because of almost identical presentations.

This monotonous repetition might have been avoided if the show had been pared to an hour's duration. And, had they been highlighted, a few of the lighter works could have had more force than many of the gloom-and-doom pieces. Luebke's *Cheap Spaghetti-Thin Pockets-Inflation Rag*,

for example, a zany jig performed to Scott Joplin music, captured the growing frenzy of an inflation-bound society in a lively, whimsical manner. And *Great Performances*, featuring Greenwood as a melodramatic conductor and Luebke as an egocentric performer, proved to be a quirky satire of the 'splashy' performances which Sun•Ergos distains - right down to the elaborate curtain calls.

But although it's easy to dismiss Greenwood and Luebke as either eccentrics on a misguided mission to save the world, or entrepreneurs milking the latest *cause célèbre* for all it is worth, their efforts sometimes have an uncanny way of placing performance in its proper societal perspective. Drawing their inspiration from the world as they see it, Sun•Ergos speaks directly to all levels of our society - whether or not its members are seasoned theatre-goers. Greenwood and Luebke's messages may prove dated in time, but that will be the measure of their success.

ROSEMARY McCracken

Spindrift Dance Theatre

Harbourfront
Toronto

14 - 17 January 1982

The nautical term 'spindrift' means 'to run before the wind', (specifically, the spray blown along the surface of the sea). In the dance world, Spindrift is a collection of bilingual dancers under the directorship of Charles-Mathieu Brunelle and the young company formed two years ago in Montreal, now operating out of Kingston, Ontario, brings with it all the freshness and vibrancy one associates with a crisp wind and rolling waves. The eight-member troupe performing only Brunelle's works demonstrates a strong dance technique combined with spirited energy, much like, one suspects, that exhibited by the fledgling Les Ballets Jazz ten years ago. Brunelle, however, does have a tendency to allow his works to go on too long but this failing is, in part, redeemed by sound choreographic ideas.

Coffee, to the café blues of Astor Piazzolo, is a straight rhythmic interpretation of music in the spirit of jazz ballet. The slow beginning pas de deux for dancers Art Reasnovner and Rebecca Mann is a stylized version of Left Bank Parisian *apaché* dancing with its overtones of erotic menace. The tempo increasingly builds in intensity and at the end, the lights dim as couples violently swing each other in the air. Although Brunelle calls this piece 'a joyous celebration of dance', the overwhelming impact is not of gaiety but turbulence, a quality which infuses much of his work and which adds a disturbing dimension to each piece. A recurring image in *Coffee* is one dancer executing a karate chop at the throat of another. This use of *liet motif* movements is another aspect of Brunelle's style.

On the other hand, *Street Music* brings the violence of Brunelle's choreography to the forefront. Juxtaposed with Russo's plaintive concerto for piano and harmonica are the headbands and black jackets of the dancers depict-

ing urban toughness; thus, the dichotomy between the present and the nostalgic is firmly established. The plight of today's youth is heightened by the clenched fists, the snapping of fingers, the aimless wandering and so forth, while the threatening and defiant stares at the audience hint at the explosive elements beneath the boredom and the restlessness. The work's middle section contains a bilingual harangue as the dancers push around shopping carts and the end has a dancer in a black cocktail dress incongruously waltzing with a black-jacketed partner. The inarticulateness of the lost generation is expressed by the spoken 'blah blah blah' hurled at the audience. The last image in this disquieting work is one of clenched fists, of malevolence poised and waiting. In *Street Music*, Brunelle has created a powerful piece of dance theatre.

Brunelle's lighter side is displayed in *Sometime Yellow* which he regards as 'an absurd piece playing with the colour yellow' (the only other colour on the stage being white). Any serious interpretation of the music is constantly interrupted by a succession of ridiculous props which break the mood of the moment. Bright yellow hula-hoops, bananas, yo-yos, trot across the stage while the loose easy steps of the choreography mesh neatly with Chick Corea's snappy music. The result is a clever pastiche of sheer dancing which manages to mock itself.

Brunelle opted to end his program with a low-key work, a rather unusual choice for a closer. *Yes* is a slow, dream-like dance ending on an optimistic note. Set in a nightclub, five dancers convey the spiritual calm which comes from a soul at peace with life and expectations. The work exudes warmth with strong communication between the dancers, a quality notably missing in other Brunelle pieces. To the strains of Joni Mitchell singing 'floating off in time into my dreams', the dancers express a surreal quality of tranquility, two women by themselves and one couple, while a waitress (on point) weaves in

and out. At the work's climax the five meet, smile, and form a stage picture of contentment. The dancers' slow methodical steps cast an almost hypnotic spell but, since one of the lines of the song is 'high on J&B and coke', one wonders if this tranquility is natural or drug-induced.

Brunelle's works have an enigmatic quality; on the surface they seem straightforward but there is sub-current suggesting a bizarre focus and his somewhat cynical yet tongue-in-cheek viewpoint seems to mirror such other Quebec choreographers as Fortier or Lock. Nonetheless, this quirky approach makes his choreography refreshing. Leaning more towards jazz rather than modern at this point and using very contemporary and unusual music, Spindrift is a company for the 20th century. Brunelle is a craftsman and his highly disciplined dancers, especially Rebecca Mann, Manon Jacob and Ann Langis, are finely-tuned - all the way down to the curtain calls. The result is a polished and expressive company with everything to secure a firm future but a strong financial base. It was risky to relocate in Kingston from Montreal at the invitation of Lucinda Buchanan, a performing arts officer at Queen's, but one hopes that Spindrift can continue to skip ahead of the economic waves which threaten to engulf it.

PAULA CITRON

Santa Aloi and Susan Osberg

Western Front
Vancouver

12 - 13 December 1981

Now that we are such a transient population there seems to be a prevalent assumption that we should take moving to a new house, or city or country in our stride. Addicts of fast pace probably would have our feet mutate into wheels, making changes of environment even smoother and faster. But for many people, the evolution into a new location involves a slow pulling away from old habits, influences and expectations. Only gradually do the images, sounds and rhythms of the new home start to make comfortable sense.

Santa Aloi moved from New York to join the dance faculty at Simon Fraser University in 1976. Much of her choreography over the last few years seemed strongly tied to issues popular in New York, sometimes cool and abstract, sometimes theatrically brash and amusing. Her works were usually well crafted but basically seemed to be rehashings of ideas I'd seen elsewhere - competent, but not overwhelmingly exciting. In *Totem*, Aloi, in collaboration with Susan Osberg, a visiting instructor at SFU, presented a fresh and forceful account of what it is to inhabit this very particular west coast environment.

The work, based on Northwest coast Indian motifs, is in seven sections. The names of the parts communicate their essence: *Formline*; *Wind/Wave*; *Precipice*; *Shaman's Journey*; *Ritual: River/Wind*; *Wooden Wings*; *Trickster*. Each part has distinctive images, pacing and vocabulary, but they all blend to produce a synergistic whole. Local, experimental musician Randy Raine-Reusch accompanies with simple, haunting sounds created on a variety of unusual, organic instruments like wood pipes, a wood whistle and a gourd drum.

Formline begins with the two women discovering and roaming through their space. Their feet gently rub the

Susan Osberg and Santa Aloï in *Totem*

ground with each step; they sound like water lapping over sand. On one side Raine-Reusch massages the tops of wine glasses coaxing out the song of a wailing ancient voice. The women slowly, majestically extend their arms; they appear as birdgods with giant wingspans. The whole section feels like flying; bodies swoosh by each other, join occasionally for unison formation, separate into solo flights, create interlocking puzzles of diving and rising. The back and forthness of wing motion has been translated into a multitude of full-bodied action.

In the next section, *Wind/Wave/Precipice*, Aloï and Osberg show familiarity with the other kinds of energies available in our fecund environment. The women roll under, over and around each other. They take each other's weight easily, absorbing and gently redirecting momentum. Not only do we get nature allusion here, but a chance to see the wonderful results of Peter Ryan's teaching of contact improvisation at SFU. No other dance form is so capable of producing bodies that yield and flow with the nuances of weight and gravity. As an art form on its own, contact improvisation can be repetitive and boring; the rush of the improvisation often makes performers unaware of the nascent levels of meaning in actions that too quickly speed by. But here the lessons

of sharing weight and following momentum have been used to compose a carefully selected series of interconnected images.

The images Aloï creates for Osberg's solo, *Shaman's Journey*, are no less carefully selected. Small fetal-shaped writhings gain in size and strength as Osberg takes command of her power. Her limbs slice the space, cleanly asserting her presence. At one moment she kneads the air around her, her hands molding unseen forces.

All of the sections of the dance are permeated with this sense of natural and supernatural energies. Like a totem pole, the work crystallizes these energies into forms we can experience and contemplate. Members of the audience at Western Front were visibly moved after the performance, a response rarely seen in Vancouver dance concerts.

In preparation for the concert, Aloï and Osberg drenched themselves in the rich environment of the Northwest coast Indian art collection at UBC's Museum of Anthropology and also, obviously, in the essential images of this terrain. They've managed to merge their individual styles and concerns with the larger issues their subject presented and, in doing so, show how to be more than a tourist in British Columbia.

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Left to right: Claudia Moore, Roberta Mohler, Wendy Chiles and Jeannie Teillet in *Quartet for Cannibals* by Holly Small

Musicdance Orchestra

Toronto Dance Theatre Studio
21 - 23 January 1982

It is nearly midnight. The wind roars around the house inciting the snow into not-so little cyclones as it goes. And I'm wondering how to assess the Musicdance Orchestra on its own terms.

Those terms, to quote the program, constitute 'the desire to explore unification of the disciplines of dance and music from as many points of view as possible'. Adventurous and intimidating as such terms sound (to the participating artists, I suspect, as much as to the audience), it strikes me that three of the concert's four entries featured music and dance in a more-or-less traditional relationship - i.e., the former accompanying the latter.

The exception was *Pandora's Box*, a work created in 1971 by composer Mauricio Kagel for an accordion-like instrument of Argentinian origin called the bandoneon and played here, or rather intriguingly manipulated, by accordionist Eugene Laskiewicz. This work had everything - set, costume (by Richard Sewell), lights, orchestra, even

a bit of tragedy and comedy - except dancing, in the strict sense of that word. However, Laskiewicz' relationship to his instruments (in addition to the accordion, a grand piano), his music (spread out on the floor at his feet), the swivel chair from which he played, as well as to some surprising ambient noises (a distant train elicited a sly smile, wind on the roof a shiver) comprised a choreography. As such it came closest to advancing Musicdance Orchestra's stated goal of unifying music and dance. I don't mean by this that I found *Pandora's Box* a successful or even interesting theatrical event: I did not. And yet, provoked by the heady program notes, I could appreciate its place in the concert.

The other works presented sidestepped the issue of 'unification' merely by placing a live musician on stage to complement the physical action. In each the musician provided some interesting movement motifs of his own. The handsome glide of Philip Trow's trombone softened the brittle edges of Susan Cash's *Imagination (Only) Reaches Warmth Across*, a dance which set a woman (Cash) dressed in chic

black culottes at odds with a pair of similarly dressed women (Holly Small and Sylvie Marcoux) in what could have been a battle between consciousness and unconsciousness. From Cash's opening solo, *Imagination* seemed secure enough of its direction (the pair of Nemeses are finally banished leaving the heroine to bask alone in the glow of the trombone), but rather unsure of its idiom: several times I felt I might be watching a classy cabaret number from a Bertolucci movie about Italy in the 1930s, a feeling the tuxedoed, bearded presence of Philip Trow did nothing to dispel.

Holly Small's *Quartet for Cannibals*, the most ambitious dance of the evening, put Eugene Laskiewicz and his accordion behind a large white French window where, oblivious to the clamouring of the dancers on the other side, he played an occasionally insinuating serenade (by Wes Wraggett) to their schizophrenia. His isolation made a point of its own in terms of the relationship between music and dance - the window-as-barrier is a clever symbol - but it ultimately gave us little help in establishing the identity of the

the four women for whom he (sort of) played.

As the lights first picked them out, they appeared to be splattered against a white tile wall. One (Jeannie Teillet) whistled 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star'; two others (Wendy Chiles and Claudia Moore) doodled on white tiles with green crayons; while the fourth (Roberta Mohler) stood rooted in catatonic wonder before turning and defacing the wall with violent red squiggles. Eventually, coaxing themselves away from the wall, they hurled themselves into a series of mostly vicious encounters with one another. These involved hairpulling, mock-tangos, speak-singing (something like 'Take my ears . . . miles' - another comment on the music-dance rendez-vous?), and abortive attempts at eating themselves and one another. Dressed in their rags and feathers and bits of negligée, they seemed most obviously mad. But they might also have been whores, vampires, Pierrette, sorority sisters or simply Outraged Womanhood. The dance's lack of clarity in this regard, however, did not detract from its many resonant images. The performers, too, particularly Claudia

Moore in her first few minutes against the wall (she's playing a lot of squirrely ladies these days) and Wendy Chiles throughout added to its strengths. There were moments when I sensed I was witnessing a desperate though dimly understood storming of Lost Paradise.

Finally there was Patricia Beatty's *Mas'barai*, a work celebrating easy tropical lushness as much as its two leonine protagonists (Grace Miyagawa and Charles Flanders or Karen Duplisea and Michael Conway). It boasts a glorious score by Michael James Baker for virtuoso bass clarinetist Robert W. Stevenson (co-director with Holly Small of Musicdance Orchestra) who is heard both live and on tape. Though not quite as self-sufficient as *Mas'barai*'s score, Henry Kucharzyk's score for Susan Cash and Wragget's for Small also featured taped versus live sounds. In both cases, the effects were exciting, especially Kucharzyk's trombone-synthesizer combo.

Mas'barai has appeared at Toronto Dance Theatre since its premiere four months ago and has rightfully earned a following. It's a beautifully-crafted and at the same time hospitable work that invites you to make yourself comfortable and to succumb to its languor, its fan-against-the-heat, conserve-your-energy, wait-and-watch, preen-a-bit tempo. In the Musicdance Orchestra's concert all was well with *Mas'barai*. Only one change – a felicitous one in light of the evening's theme – struck me: the sight of Stevenson fading in and out of view behind a black screen like some mirage of Alice's Caterpillar, tootling like a fiend on his amazing hookah.

The wind is even fiercer now. It wails like an Italian widow, rattles the window as Roberta Mohler did in Small's *Quartet*, till it sounds like old bones. I am no surer of having assessed my evening chez the Musicdance Orchestra sensitively but I can say, without hesitation, that in these austere and chilly times, it was a full one.

GRAHAM JACKSON

Contemporary Dancers Grant McEwan College

Edmonton
16 January 1982

In dance, a mixed program all too often means a mish-mash of pieces intended to please everyone but overall achieving a mediocrity that satisfies no one. Nor is it an acceptable excuse to dub the offerings as a 'family evening', as Contemporary Dancers did with the Saturday night portion of their contribution to Grant MacEwan College's dance enrichment program for children. The audience was essentially adult and the program plainly set at this level. While it did have some notable strengths, the mixtures of movement and sound, based on the 'something old, something new' recipe did not always result in a happy marriage and the net effect was very patchy.

Regrettably, one of the weakest items was the opener, Judith Marcuse's *Re-entry*. This, despite its program description as 'an exploration of the boundaries we cross daily', remained a disjointed, visually displeasing and largely incomprehensible presentation performed to a cacophonous collage of motor horns, folk music, and an inane radio commercial. Abstraction in dance has its function but when the message is not only obscure but its technical delivery surprisingly ragged the value of a performance becomes questionable.

On a brighter note, both musically and visually, *Flying Colours* gave the company a chance to wave its flag, at least literally. However, Fred Mathews' choreography to Bach's *Concerto #3* in D Major became repetitive and the work was simply too long. The second movement, a pas de deux (danced by Robert Jayne and Gaile Petersson-Hiley), was fluid, well-controlled and very much in the classical style and formed a welcome interlude in the seemingly endless brandishing of banners whose initial impact soon palled as the original idea underlying the choreography failed to develop.

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the artistic director performed might be dismissed by the uncharitable as another couple of verses in Rachel Browne's swan song, yet one, at any rate, had a curious appeal. The solo, *Two Ecstatic Themes*, brutally exposed Browne as one who might be well advised to direct the efforts of others than to exhibit the magnitude of the exertion she herself all too obviously has to make on stage. Sentimentality apart, though, she did vest her performance with an anguish and dignity which transcended any personal pathos.

But *Haiku*, recently choreographed by Rachel Browne herself, lacked this saving grace. The theme is the passage of the seasons, a clichéd metaphor for the passing of youth into age. Although the idea of contrasting Ruth Canfield's diminutive and extreme youth with Browne's maturity is a good one, the concept as a whole was not well translated into dance. Having the two performers recite lines of verse between movements detracted greatly from the physical interplay and undermined the flow of the choreography.

Easily the strongest piece on the program was *Spy*, a collaboration between Lynne Taylor-Corbett and composer/singer Judith Lander. Showing the many faces of a woman in search of her identity, this, too, could well have degenerated into the hackneyed or even the absurd. Instead, it was a consistently tense, technically superb performance, with Gaile Petursson-Hiley projecting a gamut of emotions without a wasted gesture. Her three alter egos complemented her well, and even in the most apparently passive segments one could feel the intense involvement of every dancer on stage. Judith Lan-

der's powerful voice with its raw, sometimes Piaf-like quality also complemented the action to great effect.

Stephanie Ballard's *Construction Company*, a sure-fire winner, closed the evening. Zany shorts and caps aside, this is by no means as easy a piece as the hayseed music and general air of buffoonery might lead one to think. Like all good jokes, the punch-lines have to hit right on cue, and it's to the troupe's credit that the finale went with the snap and precision needed to carry it off.

But despite two very good pieces, the company exuded a stifled air and left one feeling that there is a great deal of unrealised potential of which only the odd, tantalising glimpse shows through. Stephanie Ballard, associate artistic director, clearly merits more exposure, and perhaps innovations by her and other members with a bent towards choreography should be given more emphasis than the undoubtedly worthy but rather weary works such as *Ecstatic Themes*. Contemporary Dancers hallmark has generally been a combination of driving energy and intensity of expression. It's hard to see how these qualities could be replaced by others that would give the group a strong identity. And it's even more difficult to visualise the company retaining its vigour and vitality unless it weeds out the weaker pieces from its repertoire, maintains a clearly defined sense of artistic direction and concentrates on the addition of the new and dynamic material audiences have come to expect of it.

MURIEL STRINGER

Fall River Legend

CBC-ZDF

27 January 1982

The genesis, completion and endurance of Agnes de Mille's popular *Fall River Legend* was chronicled magnificently in her now forgotten book *Lizzie Borden - A Dance of Death*, written in 1968, 20 years after the ballet's trauma-ridden premiere. I remember thinking at the time how the backstage drama which evolved among American Ballet Theatre's principal dancers certainly matched in intensity of horror the actual crime which inspired it, but also that the ballet somehow failed to live up to either. De Mille, who always makes beautifully structured dances insists on turning them into vehicles for the actress-dancers she so admires. Nora Kaye, for whom the role was created, and Alicia Alonso, who danced the coveted premiere when Kaye became indisposed, both gave the kind of rivetting performances that neutralized most of what went on behind and around them.

In 1969 the Royal Winnipeg Ballet acquired *Fall River*, and for the first time for me it could be looked at as a creation, full of fine dance virtues and a few dramatic faults. While ABT's dancers tended to approach the work as a task, the Winnipeggers gave it a kind of reverent seriousness that it had never before enjoyed. And Christine Hennessey was a Lizzie Borden whose tragedy was clearly conveyed to be that of a true victim.

CBC's Spectrum production had the benefit of a performance by the company that does it best, and Sallie Wilson, who was ABT's fifth and second generation Lizzie, brought her own authority to the role.

Produced in collaboration

with ZDF (German Television) the 60-minute presentation turned out to be a film of a performance before a live audience, which prevented it from becoming the enduring document it could have been. Choreography took a back seat as the video camera zeroed into the centre of the ensemble scenes, cutting off significant peripheral action.

Applause was jarring, and frequent close-ups of Miss Wilson's face in a variety of anguished states and a gimmicky superimposure to suggest her flowering dementia in the generally brilliant *cotillon* destroyed any sense of totality. Far more moving than the ballet proper was the 10-minute clip of de Mille in the studio, passing on to the company a number of gems from her vast experience, presented with her invariably salty wit. Few choreographers can verbalize so movingly, and few companies have the respectful attentiveness of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet.

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Recent Dance Publications

The Dance Photography of Carl Van Vechten. (Schirmer, 1981: \$35)

Understanding Balanchine, by B.H. Haggin. (Horizon Press, 1981: \$22.95)

Novelist and critic Carl Van Vechten knew just about everyone in show business and was an amateur photographer. His sittings were a lark, and his subjects got copies of the prints. Now collectors' items, the photos are considered unique statements of the aesthetics of dance in the 1940s and 1950s. Black entertainers and Spanish dancers were favorite subjects, as were the American and English luminaries of the company then known as Ballet Theatre, who posed for him generally in the costumes of their current roles. Van Vechten's craft was primitive, and he doted on glitzy drapes and bold-figured patterns as back-grounds. Some of these neutralized his dimly-lit subjects. All of the ballet stars seem particularly earthbound and static: artists such as Alicia Markova and Ian Gibson – both remembered for their *ballon* – appear downright ponderous, while such raving beauties as Nana Gollner and Diana Adams seem singularly plain. Faring considerably better are the comic dancers – Agnes de Mille, Janet Reed and the young Jerome Robbins – whose witty personae are captured with sensitivity.

Music critic B.H. Haggin, who has been watching dance long enough to remember the legendary Diaghilev Ballets

Russes seasons in America in 1916, saw his first Balanchine work during that company's Stravinsky gala in Paris in 1928. *Apollon Musagète* made Haggin an instant champion of the young Russian choreographer's art which he observed with continuous fascination at seasons of the two Ballets Russes companies and the short-lived American Ballet during the 1930s. In 1940 Haggin wrote his first piece on ballet for *The Nation*, which prompted Lincoln Kirstein to invite him to meet Balanchine. Critic and choreographer achieved a rare rapport, and a lasting friendship.

Haggin's 43-page text is little more than a sketch of Balanchine's creative process and its results; the second half deals primarily with anecdotal stuff: Balanchine's own and frequently opinionated comments, glimpses of his various wives, and observations of special dancers in rehearsals and performance. Pity that the 135 photos (all in black and white) are mainly the work of Martha Swope, official photographer of New York City Ballet, and that the representation weighs heavily in favor of works created for that company, danced by recent performers in roles made on dancers of earlier vintage. Only *Apollo* and *Concerto Barocco* are depicted in their original formats, and dancers such as Roman Jasinsky, Alexandra Danilova, Maria Tallchief and Tanaquil LeClerc, so brilliantly portrayed in Haggin's word-pictures, are absent in the gallery of action photographs.

100 Lessons in Classical Ballet, by Vera S. Kostrovitskaya. (Doubleday, 1981: \$22.95)
Classical Dance, by Jane Robbins. (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1981: \$22.95)
Dancer to Dancer, by Melissa Hayden. (Doubleday, 1981: \$25)

A protégée of Agrippina Vaganova, Mme. Kostrovitskaya was a soloist with the Kirov Ballet from 1923 to 1937 before retiring and devoting her life to ballet pedagogy. Her syllabus, translated and introduced by Oleg Briansky, offers teachers the entire eight-year curriculum presently taught at the Vaganova Choreographic Institute in Leningrad and is amply illustrated with photographs of children participating in the revered program.

Jane Robbins, presuming that knowledge of dance technique and its manifestations in classical forms will enhance a viewer's appreciation of what happens on stage, takes the reader through an examination of a dancer's anatomy, through the basic positions to the complex combinations which choreographers devise. Multiple-exposure photos help clarify the points she makes and she strips down eight popular classic and modern ballets to their basics, showing how the movements in each contribute to the whole.

Canadian ballerina Melissa Hayden shares with young readers a philosophy resulting from the practical dedication which turned a dance-obsessed child into a finished ballet artist. Hayden offers a generous, humane examination of the business of making the obsession viable, always considering first

and foremost the needs of the total person. An unqualified success as an internationally acclaimed ballerina, Hayden fares equally well now as a teacher. Marriage and motherhood presented no problems in an ongoing career which spans four decades. Anyone seeking a career in dance will profit from this wise consideration of all the physical, psychological, economic and social factors which confront a performer.

The History of Dance, by Mary Clarke and Clement Crisp. (Crown Publishers, 1981: \$35)
Enter the Colonies Dancing, by Edward Pask. (Oxford University Press, 1980: \$30)
The Royal Ballet: a Picture History, by Kathrine Sorley Walker and Sarah C. Woodcock. (Threshold/Corgi, 1981: \$19.95)

The reputable British team of Clarke and Crisp offer a new world survey of dance which is every bit as good as a half-dozen others currently in print. The illustrations are particularly lavish and technically superb. At least half of the volume is devoted to ethnic dance, with special attention to the evolution of forms in Europe and Asia. The chapters on ballet history are concise but comprehensive. Treatment of dancing for stage and screen is superficial, while a scant three columns on television dancing reflects the attitude of a nation where it has simply not flourished. Canadian ballet, incidentally, is mentioned only in passing in a sweeping view of activities in the Commonwealth.

Edward Pask's fascinating

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Port Hawksbury Community & Recreation Centre - 8:00 p.m.

Sackville, Nova Scotia - March 31

Mount Allison University, Convocation Hall - 8:00 p.m.

Fredericton, New Brunswick - April 1 & 2

Playhouse - 8:00 p.m.

Charlottetown, P.E.I. - April 5

Confederation Centre of the Arts - 8:00 p.m.

Rimouski, Quebec - April 5

Georges-Beaulieu Hall - 8:00 p.m.

Sherbrooke, Quebec - April 6

Salle Maurice O'Bready de l'Université de Sherbrooke

- 8:30 p.m.

Deep River, Ontario - April 10

Mackenzie Auditorium - 8:00 p.m.

Quebec City, Quebec - April 13

le Grand Theatre de Quebec - 8:30 p.m.

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Ottawa, Ontario - April 19, 20, 21 & 22

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history of theatrical dancing in Australia covers a century full of both indigenous activity and exciting visits from such fabled pioneers as the notorious Lola Montez (in transit from her triumphs in the California goldrush communities) to the more refined Adeline Genée and Anna Pavlova in the 1920s. Between these and the three visits of Colonel de Basil's Ballet Russe companies in the early years of World War II, the Australians managed to provide their own entertainment, producing as early as 1931 a full-length *Coppélia* (for a forerunner of the Australian Ballet).

Kathrine Sorley Walker has written an affectionate tribute to the Royal Ballet for this intended companion-piece to Alexander Bland's recent fiftieth anniversary history of the company. Sarah Woodcock did the research to yield a remarkable collection of illustrations and facsimiles. These enable the reader to scrutinize the evolution of the company from an assortment of enthusiastic albeit klutzy amateurs (referred to caustically by Ballet Russe advocates as 'the deacon's daughters') to a sophisticated, svelt professional team of fastidiously groomed artists. While Margot Fonteyn's image, which makes its first appearance in the entries for 1935, virtually provides a point of continuity right up to the present decade, the book offers also such pictorial surprises as Elsa Lanchester performing the *Danse Arabe* in a 1933 *Nutcracker*, and a replica of the famous 1949 *Time* Magazine cover allegedly subsidized by Sol Hurok to insure the company's success on its first American visit.

Reprieve: a Memoir, by Agnes de Mille. (Doubleday, 1981: \$19.50)

Always a gifted and persuasive journalist, Agnes de Mille draws the reader into her experience as the victim of a crippling stroke which occurred in 1975, costing her the realization of her Heritage Dance Theatre and almost her life. Objectivity, an enormous ego, a God-given sense of humor and the ability of a trained dancer to accept the discipline of rigid therapy provided an eventual recovery which enabled her to resume her work as choreographer, lecturer and writer. Often painfully intimate, this chronicle of near fatal illness and rehabilitation reveals much about the frailties and strengths of human relationships and the particular tragedy caused by an impairment of the ability to communicate.

International Folk Dancing USA, by Betty Casey (Doubleday, 1981: \$20.00)

Despite its title, the many Canadian enthusiasts of international folk dancing will find this compendious volume both instructive and fascinating. Those with attention firmly fixed on theatrical dance frequently neglect the important part folk dance plays in a broader dance culture.

Betty Casey, herself an active folk-dancer, has allowed many of the movement's pioneers to tell their own stories. A large segment of the book is occupied by 'how-to' descriptions of 180 dances from over 30 countries.

LELAND WINDREICH



Early Memoirs: Bronislava Nijinska

Toronto: Holt, Rinehart and Winston
1981

Bronislava Nijinska died in 1972, only a few months after completing her monumental collection of memoirs. In 1981 her daughter Irina, assisted by her editorial collaborator Jean Rawlinson, finished an English translation of that section covering the first 23 years of Nijinska's long and productive life. *New York Times* dance critic Anna Kisselgoff was called in to scan, endorse and frequently clarify certain elements in a text derived from diaries kept since childhood and notebooks begun as early as 1909. The result is a detailed chronicle of the Nijinsky family which illuminates many issues clouded in the various biographies of her brother Vaslav, offering as well an elaborate tapestry of the era in which the celebrated family of dancers flourished.

'Bronia' is the first writer to indicate the true historical importance of her Polish parents, Eleanora Bereda and Thomas Nijinsky. Her father was not only a dancer of great technical prowess but a pioneer in taking ballet to Russia's far flung provinces. He also proved himself an exceptionally adept choreographer of large-scale ballets in several theatres outside the Moscow and St. Petersburg spheres.

His nomadic career offered a diversified childhood to the children - Stanislav, Vaslav and Bronia - whose fantasies were nourished by the exotic world of itinerant theatre. They performed in their father's creations and absorbed the substance of national and regional dance from his colleagues.

Thomas Nijinsky's compulsive womanizing ultimately destroyed the marriage and the children were thrown into a distressingly erratic existence. Frequently in desperate financial straits and subject to the melancholy which inevitably affects the abandoned, the Nijinsky children seemed easy prey for illnesses. Typhoid felled Stanislav and Bronia, disabling them for several



Bronislava Nijinska

months. Other serious ailments and hideous accidents followed: Stanislav's fall from an upper window in St. Petersburg doubtless caused the brain damage which later led to a life spent in psychiatric wards. As a pupil at the Imperial Ballet School, Vaslav attempted a high vault over a rigged music stand in a contest with his peers. The resulting fall rendered him comatose and near death for several days. Later a dose of venereal disease contracted during a proof-of-manhood ritual with a prostitute yielded protracted suffering accompanied by guilt.

At 20, Bronia was told by a lung specialist that she would die within six months unless she submitted to long-term treatment in a Swiss sanitor-

ium. Like her compatriot George Balanchine, who would be presented with the identical edict some years later, Bronia achieved recovery through behaviour which contradicted all accepted treatments for tuberculosis. She accepted life's stresses, continued her dancing, got married and shortly became pregnant. Undoubtedly the strongest of the three, Bronia would be the sole survivor of a family with a morbid penchant for disaster.

Bronia's account of her developing years reveals much about the moralities and standards of the era. She recalls with excitement her first ride in an automobile owned by the devoted Prince Lvov but suggests no awareness of her brother's relationship with his

first benefactor. Nor does she ever discuss his intimacy with Sergei Diaghilev. Instruction about homosexuality was obviously not part of a young woman's education. Her own grand romance with Feodor Chaliapin was never more than a frustrating exercise in sighs and whispers. Young virgins and married men simply took no chances, and Bronia's existence was well-populated by vigilant chaperones.

As an adoring and dutiful sister, Bronia observed her brother's triumphs with awe and recounts them in her notebooks with great passion. For the first time in print we see the miracle of his gifts through accounts of his early assignments at the Maryinsky and are made aware of the genius that brought into being the three extraordinary ballets he devised for the Ballets Russes. As participant in the creation of *Faune*, *Jeux* and *Sacre*, Bronia offers profound insights into the nature and substance of these works. She is also the first witness to suggest that Diaghilev personally deplored these ballets and felt threatened by the growing artistic stature of a protégé he could no longer manipulate. In Bronia's view Diaghilev dismissed her brother from the company for artistic rather than personal concerns.

Within a few years she would assume the coveted spot which her brother held for two short years - principal choreographer for Diaghilev's Ballets Russes. But these early memoirs take us only to the beginning of the European war. They set the stage for a story of a remarkable career which would span six decades and which, hopefully, the descendants and champions of Nijinska will bring forth before too long.

LELAND WINDREICH

Noticeboard

The tenth annual Dance in Canada Conference, to be held in Ottawa June 23 - 27, has no catchy title this year, nevertheless it does seem to have an overall theme - the realities of dance. Many of the panels and workshops will address issues of a practical nature, the business end of the art and the possibilities for the future. There will be a major session dealing with the important Dance Study sponsored jointly by the Canadian Association of Professional Dance Organizations (CAPDO), the federal Department of Communications and the Hickling Johnson Company. There will also be a session devoted to the potential impact of pay television. Corporate fund-raising and alternative fund-raising will be discussed by a panel of experts. Dance writer Michael Crabb will head a panel on Public Relations and the Media while Grant Strate, director of the Centre for the Arts at Simon Fraser University, will conduct a choreographic workshop which will run daily throughout the conference. As well there will be all the usual dance technique classes. John Stanzel of Les Grands Ballets Canadiens will teach tap. Patricia Wilde, Ottawa-trained and formerly one of the New York City Ballet's most distinguished principal dancers, then ballet mistress of American Ballet Theatre and currently director of the newly designed program of the American Ballet School will give master classes. And, of course, there will be a wide representation of performances ranging from the big ballet companies to the experimental independents.

The conference will begin with an opening night dinner at the National Arts Centre which will be highlighted by the presentation of the Jean A. Chalmers Award for choreography and the announcement of the first Dance Canada Award (for significant and distinguished contribution over the years to the Canadian dance community).

Conference organizers have applied to the Secretary of State for simultaneous translation funds. Sponsors for the conference include *The Citizen* and The Four Seasons, Ottawa. For more information contact Kee van Durs, (613) 232-3138.

The duMaurier Council for the Performing Arts has awarded five of its 50 arts grants this year to dance companies: The Alberta Ballet Company (\$5,000), The Royal Winnipeg Ballet (\$15,000), The National Tap Dance Company (\$2,000), Les Grands Ballets Canadiens (\$12,000) and La Troupe Folklorique Les Sortilèges (\$3,000).

Jennifer Penney, the Canadian-trained ballerina, danced the title role in Kenneth MacMillan's three-act dramatic ballet *Manon* with the Royal Ballet in a performance on January 19 which was recorded by the BBC for broadcast later this year. *Dance in Canada* magazine will feature a profile of Jennifer Penney, prepared by Penelope Doob, in a forthcoming issue.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Vancouver's **Terminal City Dance** is hosting a series of performance exchanges this spring which feature invited artists from many different

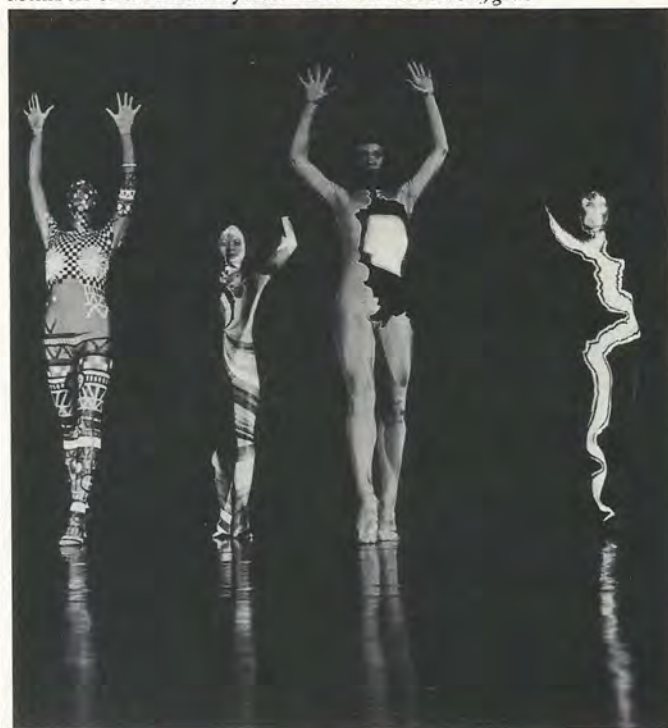
disciplines. The next performance exchange takes place at Terminal City studios March 12 - 14 and includes a new work by choreographer Karen Rimmer as well as David Rimmer's film *A Portrait: Al Neil*. Terminal City will be performing at the Vancouver Playhouse on March 14, Presentation House on March 20 and the Firehall Theatre May 5 - 9. Following the Vancouver dates they will travel to Toronto to appear in the Harbourfront Dance Series May 13 - 16. Musician Ahmed Hassan has joined the company this year.

Leland Windreich, a frequent Vancouver-based contributor to *Dance in Canada*, will speak on Canada and the Ballet Russe at a seminar to be held

in Tours, France, May 23 - June 12, entitled *The Influence of French Culture on Western Theatrical Dance*. Information for interested Canadian participants is available from Alan Robertson of the Faculty of Fine Arts at the University of Calgary (with George Washington University, a co-sponsor of the seminar).

The Paula Ross Dance Company will be performing at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre March 2 - 6. Their season will feature a revival of Ross's 1975 work *Coming Together* as well as the premiere of her latest choreography. The company has two new dancers, Barbara Bourget and Jay Hirabayashi.

Members of the Anna Wyman Dance Theatre in *Oxygene*



The Anna Wyman Dance Theatre is on tour in Quebec from February 18 - March 20. The company's itinerary includes performances in over 18 centres, among these Montreal, Quebec City and Sherbrooke as well as smaller towns such as Rimouski, Chicoutimi and Alma. The tour is hooked into four different dance series and will include three new works by Anna Wyman, a group work set to the music of Jean Michel Jarre's *Oxygene*, an inside look at the company on tour, from bus to hotel to rehearsal and performance and a duet for two women - Dianne Garrett and Denise O'Brien set to the music of André Gagnon.

On returning to Vancouver the company will present its first home season in three years at the Queen Elizabeth Playhouse (April 15 - 17). Wyman's new works will be presented in Vancouver at an opening night gala with an invited audience.

This series of shows is dedicated to the 25th Anniversary of the Canada Council.

Following the Vancouver season the company will perform at the Vancouver International Children's Festival (May 3 - 10).

ALBERTA

Ernst and Carole Eder, the founders of the Edmonton arts magazine *Interface*, have resigned as publisher and editor respectively, following the completion of the December 1981 issue. The Eders stated their reasons to be irreconcilable differences over the future editorial and aesthetic directions of the magazine. Since it began four years ago *Interface* has rapidly grown from a newsletter format to a glossy, full-colour magazine with a combined circulation of 90,000 in Edmonton, Calgary and Vancouver. Howard Pechet, President of Mayfield Investments, the sole owner of *Interface* intends to broaden the appeal and heighten the profile of the magazine and to this end has hired Mary Beth Knetchel from Vancouver as editor as well as local television personality Wendy Brunelle as consulting editor.



An historic gathering of dance pioneers - the founders of Canada's three major ballet companies. (Left to right) Betty Farrally, Gweneth Lloyd (Royal Winnipeg Ballet), Celia Franca (National Ballet) and Ludmilla Chiriaeff (Les Grands Ballets Canadiens). The 'Founding Ladies' were honoured guests at the Alberta Ballet's 10th Anniversary Gala.

The Alberta Ballet embarked on a four-week tour of Alberta and British Columbia, February 18. It is the company's longest tour to date and includes performances in 23 cities. Returning April 18, the ABC will go almost immediately into their spring season at the Jubilee Auditoriums in Edmonton (April 20, 21) and Calgary (April 28, 29). The program for the tour and the home season will feature artistic director Brydon Paige's productions of two classics, Stravinsky's *Firebird* and Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloë*, *The Grey Goose of Silence* by Norbert Vesak to the music of Anne Mortifée, Larry Hayden's *The Venetian Twins*, set to a Respighi score and two works by resident choreographer Lambros Lambrou, *Motif* to Poulenc music and a new ballet to the Shostakovich *Piano Concerto*.

Brian Macdonald, head of the Banff Centre's restructured summer dance program, made a cross-Canada tour in mid-January to explain and promote the plans outlined in an earlier announcement. David Earle, a co-director of Toronto Dance Theatre and Eva von Gencsy, a noted authority on jazz dance, will be among this

summer's instructors in the regular program.

Macdonald confirmed that the Alberta Ballet Company's 14 dancers, (along with artistic director Brydon Paige and resident choreographer Lambros Lambrou), will be in residence at the Banff Centre. Fourteen other dancers, selected by audition, will complete the enrolment in the new professional program which runs from June 28 to August 7 (including three final days of performance). The 'Banff Festival Ballet' will then return to a custom of earlier years and make a short tour of Alberta centres.

As a result of these changes the winner of the Clifford E. Lee Award for Choreography will not be a part of the summer program. The Centre is tentatively evolving a scheme which might bring a number of the smaller Canadian modern dance troupes to Banff in late April/early May where a work would be created for them by the Lee Award winner.

Dancers' Studio West of Calgary will give their spring hometown season, April 22-23. Included will be a new work by Kathryn Brown, *Three Figures, By Day, By Night*,

premiered earlier this season during a DSW tour. DSW has also sponsored Ricardo Abreut and Gail Benn as visiting artists/teachers.

The Brian Webb Dance Company will present a season of new works and selections from the repertoire during appearances in Edmonton, March 18 - 20. On March 19, original company members Andrea Rabinovitch and Ken Gould will present their own works.

SASKATCHEWAN

Regina Dance Works will premier three new works in March, *Beauty and the Beast* by Keith Urban, *The Unicorn in the Garden* by Maria Formolo and *Tocatta* by Petre Bodeut. This show will run March 5 & 6, 12 & 13, 19 & 20. Urban and Formolo then will begin an eastern tour including performances at Toronto's Harbourfront (March 25 - 28), Montreal's Tangente (April 1 - 4), l'Institute Canadiens, Quebec City (April 8) Ottawa's NAC Studio (April 13 & 14) and the Riverside Dance Festival in New York (June 9, 11 & 13). Students of the Dance Works School will present a dance concert on May 15 with choreography by Urban, Formolo and Bodeut.

MANITOBA

Winnipeg's Contemporary Dancers are in deep financial peril. That was the gist of a number of news stories coming out of Winnipeg after announcement of the substantial losses suffered by the company in touring its production of *A Christmas Carol*. Contemporary Dancers decided to cancel a planned tour to England this March, including appearance at the Camden Festival - an action which drew criticism from Monique Michaud, head of the Canada Council's dance division. She feared it might jeopardize the credibility of other Canadian dance troupes seeking similar foreign touring engagements. The federal department of external affairs had already paid \$20,000 towards costs of the tour, money which Contemporary Dancers must now repay.

Further controversy surrounded a claim by former executive director Tom Scurfield for \$3,440 of guaranteed holiday pay which, according to Scurfield, has been owed to him since his resignation on October 2, 1981, following disagreement with the company's board concerning the way the troupe was to be managed and directed.

Evelyn Polish, Scurfield's successor, was quoted by one Winnipeg newspaper as saying that the financial statements left by Scurfield were inaccurate and misleading. Scurfield has gone on record to insist that everything in those statements was accurate and did not, as he had been imputed, include an overstatement of fund-raising pledges.

Now, Contemporary Dancers may be facing a 1981/82 deficit as high as \$170,000. There were conflicting reports about whether this would result in the laying off of dancers. Joost Pelt, who left the Royal Winnipeg Ballet to join Contemporary Dancers last year, has resigned and the company's office staff has been completely changed since Tom Scurfield's resignation. The company will need to mount a vigorous fund-raising campaign and lobby hard for government help if it is to avoid collapse. This will be difficult to do at a time when the Manitoba government has a declared policy of fiscal restraint and when Contemporary Dancers' own reputation has been adversely affected by a stream of fact and rumour concerning the company's administrative and artistic health.

ONTARIO

Francis Fox, federal Minister of Communications, visited Toronto on January 19 to announce formally the government's grant of \$835,000 to aid completion of the new dance theatre in the Queen's Quay Terminal at Harbourfront.

Since plans for the theatre were first announced the project has evolved both in physical size – and cost. The 450-seat theatre, due to open in the spring of 1983, will be the first in Canada designed specifically with dance in mind. Great attention will be paid to the (sprung) floor, to sight-lines, technical equipment and general accessibility.

The 'Cultural Initiatives' grant announced by Francis Fox supplements the \$700,000 grant made earlier by the Ontario government. Olympia and York, private developers of the Queen's Quay Terminal, have joined willingly in the expansion of the project and are sharing with Harbourfront a considerable portion of the remaining \$2.3 million required to complete the theatre.

Reuben Baetz, Ontario's Culture and Recreation minister also announced his province's support for two other Toronto dance projects. \$43,000 will be contributed to costs for renovating the Ryerson Theatre (home of an important dance series) and \$2.2 million ('in principle') to the National Ballet School for its planned stage-training facility. It has been hoped that the federal government would also contribute to this latter scheme

but this now seems unlikely to happen and the Ontario government has said that even if it goes ahead and grants money to the National Ballet School without matching federal funding it would not be able to increase the \$2.2 million already announced.

Brian Robinson is this year's recipient of the Dance Ontario Award. Robinson is currently vice-chairman of the Dance in Canada Association, a member of the Ontario Dance Committee, and a founding member of the Dance Ontario Regional Office through which he has organized many new projects including workshops, the Dance Ontario quarterly newspaper, the Poor Alex Dance (PAD) project and the annual Dance Ontario conferences. This year's award was a cheque for \$1,000.

The National Ballet is presenting both a winter and a spring season this year: February 10 – 28 and May 5 – 23, (which will include the company's annual ballet gala). The winter season featured the world premiere of resident choreographer Constantin Patsalas' ballet *Nataraja* set to Jacques Charpentier's India-inspired *Third Symphony*.

Toronto Dance Theatre, which suspended operations on November 21 last year to confront longstanding financial problems, reopened on February 8, a week earlier than originally planned. General manager Edward Oscapeella reports a significant improvement in TDT's current fiscal position and encouraging signs that the trend will continue. The company's deficit has been lowered by more than \$59,000 and 30,000 of previously outstanding bills have been paid off. The drain on cash-flow to service these liabilities has been proportionately reduced. In addition, more than \$49,000 has been brought in by aggressive fund-raising since last September. (Fund-raising by TDT in the fiscal year 1980/81 was \$21,542). Amounts raised by fund-raising above the base figure of approximately \$21,000 will eventually be eligible for matching grants under a Wintario scheme.

Soon after reassembling

TDT resumed performances: at Mohawk College, Hamilton (February 24), in Oswego, New York (February 26 and 27) and will be presenting Donald Hime's *Babar* once again, this time in Oakville (March 14) and at Westmount High School in Montreal (April 3 and 4). From March 23 – 27, TDT will feature a short season of works by company co-director Peter Randazzo including the premiers of two new dances. April 9 – 11, the company hopes to perform David Earle's *Requiem* (Fauré's) at the TDT Studio Theatre and will later give lunchtime shows in the business-heart of Toronto at Solar Stage (April 13 – 23). There will be a regular season at the company's home (May 4 – 8 and 11 – 15) followed by a visit to the National Arts Centre, Ottawa (May 18). A choreographic workshop will round out the current season, June 3 – 5.

Eight of TDT's dancers will then be rehearsing for an appearance in the Stratford Summer Music Festival's production of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* with choreography by David Earle (July 6 – 8).

Pavlychenko Studio of Toronto sponsored an intensive choreographic workshop last fall (September to December) which culminated in performances of two different programs in the Nathan Cohen Studio, Young People's Theatre (Dec. 16 – 23). Ten local choreographers were invited to participate in the workshop: Anna Blewchamp, Kathryn Brown (director of Pavlychenko Studio), Susan Cash, Murray Darroch, Nancy Ferguson, Susan McNaughton, Gabby Miceli, Claudia Moore, Holly Small and David Wood. The choreographers were given access to studio space, technical staff and equipment and set their works largely on dancers from Pavlychenko Studio and the School of the Toronto Dance Theatre. The workshop was funded partly by the Ontario Arts Council, the Canada Council and the Laidlaw Foundation.

Susan Cash returns to Harbourfront's Brigantine Room March 19 – 21 with a program of new and old works entitled

Toronto's new dance theatre at Harbourfront's Queen's Quay Terminal.



Eighty Ladies. The program will feature performances by eight Toronto independent dancers as well as guest choreographer Joe Bietola who has been working in New York for the last two years. Music will be by composers Patrick Kennedy and Henry Kucharzyk.

Theatre Ballet of Canada presented two new works in its winter season (February 11 – 13). Guest choreographer Phyllis Lamhut, who has directed her own company in New York since 1970 and is known to Canadian dancers particularly for her teaching engagements at Québec Eté Danse, created a new work for TBC entitled *Mirage Blanc*. Artistic director Lawrence Gradus' new work, *Corridors* is set to a score by Béla Bartók. Gradus' lively and lyrical ballet *Tribute* completed the program.

Ottawa's Le Groupe de la Place Royale will premier three new works in its spring season (March 31 – April 3) at the National Arts Centre. Artistic director Peter Bonham will unveil the continuation of his episodic *The Collector of Cold Weather*, a new work by Jean-Pierre Perreault and a company collaboration for which the dancers have created dance, music, instruments and sets. Le Groupe will present the same program at Les Grands Ballets Canadiens' new Maison de la danse (April 7 – 10). April 12 – 20 Le Groupe will participate in a cultural exchange with Montreal's Groupe Nouvelle Aire which will take the shape of an intensive choreographic collaboration and performances (April 19, 20) at the Nouvelle Aire studios.

Le Groupe will be performing at Toronto's Harbourfront (April 22 – 25) and at the Polyvalente de Papineauville in Québec (May 1).

York University's summer dance program will host a six-week residency by Le Groupe which will include instruction in all aspects of the company's uniquely versatile performing style as well as performances by company members and York students.

Jean-Pierre Perreault, whose long association with Le

Groupe de la Place Royale has earned him a reputation as a highly innovative choreographer, has been working at the Laban Centre for Movement and Dance in London, England where he created a new work for Dance Theatre III students and guest artists. It will be performed March 25 and 26 at the Laban Centre as part of the spring concert series.

QUEBEC

Tangente, Montreal's foremost performing space for new dance will present performances by Carmen Beuchat (March 11 – 13), *Portes Ouvertes*, a selection of work by dance students of the three Montreal universities (March 19 – 21), *En direct . . . et avec autres* by Sylvie Pasquin, Nicole Renaud and Luana Santini (March 25 – 27), Regina Danceworks' Maria Formolo and Keith Urban (April 2 & 3), Ginette Laurin (April 8 – 11), Barbara Dilley (April 23 – 25) and Lisa Kraus of the Trisha Brown Dance Company in New York (April 30 – May 2). Also scheduled for the spring are performances by Jennifer Mascal and Sara Shelton, Lee Saunders from Halifax, and Julien Meuni, Marc Guirard, Sylvie La Boudigue from Bordeaux,

France. Tangente also has a resource centre for modern and experimental dance which provides information on performances, festivals, tours, classes, studios and dance organizations. Eventually a dance library will be installed for use by the dance community.

Qui danse will present a program of new dance this spring at Le Conventum (March 24 – April 4). Dancers Louise Bedard, François Graham, Daniele Tardif and Mascarade are among the 22 artists who will be presenting 16 new works on four different programs.

La compagnie de danse Jo Lechay will perform at Centaur Theatre April 29 – May 2 with several new dancers. Company members now include Jean-Rémi Arseneault, Gurney Bolster, Françoise Cadieux, Andrew Harwood, Jacqueline Lemieux, Ginette Morel and Carolyn Shaffer.

To commemorate the retrospective dedicated to choreographer **Françoise Sullivan** last year at the Montreal Museum of Modern Art a catalogue detailing the profusion of achievements by the Quebec artist has been published. The catalogue contains a forward by the museum director Mme Letocha and a text by Claude

Gosselin which deals with five different periods in Quebec's culture from 1940 to 1981. A text by David Moore entitled *Françoise et l'espoir* discusses Sullivan's work from both psychological and historical perspectives and includes biographical notes, a chronology of her choreography and a list of her writings. The catalogue also contains a large sampling of photographs of Sullivan's work.

CORRECTION

In our winter issue (number 30, page 23) we identified Barbara Bourget as Patty Caplette in a photograph of Judith Marcuse's *Playgrounds*. Our apologies to both dancers. The photo was by David Cooper.

Vickey Tansey opened the Tangente's current season on February 12.



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Letters

Dear Sir,

I would like to throw a little more light onto the questions raised (by Hilary McLaughlin) in the report of the CAPDO Dance Spectacular (Issue 29). First of all, the financing of this project was never confused nor obscure; however, it was complex. No single agency, nor the box office, could have provided sufficient dollars to stage this project. Therefore, financial help was sought from the Canada Council and its Touring Office, the Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia, the Departments of Communications and of External Affairs. In addition, CAPDO appealed to the CBC, the NFB and the National Arts Centre to provide 'inside' costs in their appropriate areas. Finally, the corporate community was to be tapped for a reasonable share of the costs. We succeeded in our persuasions to a very great degree.

A guesstimate of 'a million dollar event' made interesting press; however, the event actually cost \$295,000 and revenues provided \$270,000. The short-fall will be shared by the eight dance companies involved. This was the total of the three budgets that were CAPDO's responsibility and under its control. In addition, the Canada Council and the NFB combined forces to cover costs of *For the Love of Dance*. The CBC was responsible for the actual costs of the telecast (only partially incurred because of the NABET strike) with the NFB ultimately responsible for the costs involved in filming the Saturday gala performance. The NAC provided the Opera, their wonderful orchestra and local publicity costs, and in return kept the regular box office income. The Department of External Affairs provided transportation for the English and European critics and impresarios.

CAPDO was not party to these 'inside' budgets, but it is reasonable to suggest the combined energies could reach the million mark. Final reports have been given to all the va-

rious government departments and have been approved and accepted - I suspect they might even have checked my addition and the attached receipts.

When CAPDO came into being in 1978 we identified our composition, purpose and objectives. I have attached a copy for your information. I believe we have in common a strong belief in the statements contained in this document.

Criteria for membership was established in a separate document and we are presently considering applications for membership from three dance companies. The Ottawa Dance Theatre and Les Ballets Jazz have, however, never made application, nor to my knowledge, ever expressed interest in joining with us.

Finally, CAPDO hoped that this 'first' would be just that - and that in the future many events of this nature would happen within Canada to show Canadians a little more of the quality and quantity that exists within all of its dance, theatre and music organizations. In representing and furthering the interests of our own membership we hope that we have helped to serve the interests of all artists across Canada, whatever their stage of development and experience.

Yours sincerely,
Gerry Eldred
President
CAPDO

Canadian Association of Professional Dance Organizations: Composition, Purpose and Objectives

Composition

The Canadian Association of Professional Dance Organizations was created in 1978 as a result of a growing realisation among a number of dance organizations in Canada of the need for an effective voice to speak for professional dance. CAPDO's members are the

major professional dance companies and institutions in Canada with proven records of professional achievement and artistic merit; they cover over 80 percent of the dance audience in this country. In representing and furthering the interests of its membership, CAPDO helps to serve the interests of dancers and dance organizations across Canada, whatever their stage of development and experience.

Purpose

CAPDO exists to promote excellence and to create a strong and distinct role and identity for Canadian professional dance as a vital member of the performing arts. It represents the collective interests of its members to potential sources of support and seeks to expand opportunities for professional development and creativity within the discipline.

Objectives

1. To maintain and enlarge the audience for Canadian professional dance.
2. To promote standards of training and increase opportunities for developing dancers to attain professional competence under the finest teachers.
3. To achieve for Canadian choreographers the opportunities to create new material, to test and refine their creative ideas using professional dancers, to present new works in a suitable experimental setting and to travel and learn by exposure to international artists.
4. To review and collectively seek solutions to the common funding problems of CAPDO members as they relate to fund raising, government and corporate sup-

port, deficit retirement, capital costs, negotiated working conditions, creative development costs, touring, salaries, pensions, taxes, and related financial requirements.

5. To develop the necessary year round employment opportunities for professional dancers to perform and maintain their art, to ensure dancers earn an adequate income and that they

have available in Canada the diverse resources needed to support them in practising their art form.

6. To promote understanding of the unique requirements of the profession of dance for theatres in which to perform, space in which to rehearse and train, national and international touring opportunities.
7. To assist member organizations in achieving sound

standards of internal management that will provide both a secure environment for dancers and help attract the support of outside funding agencies and institutions.

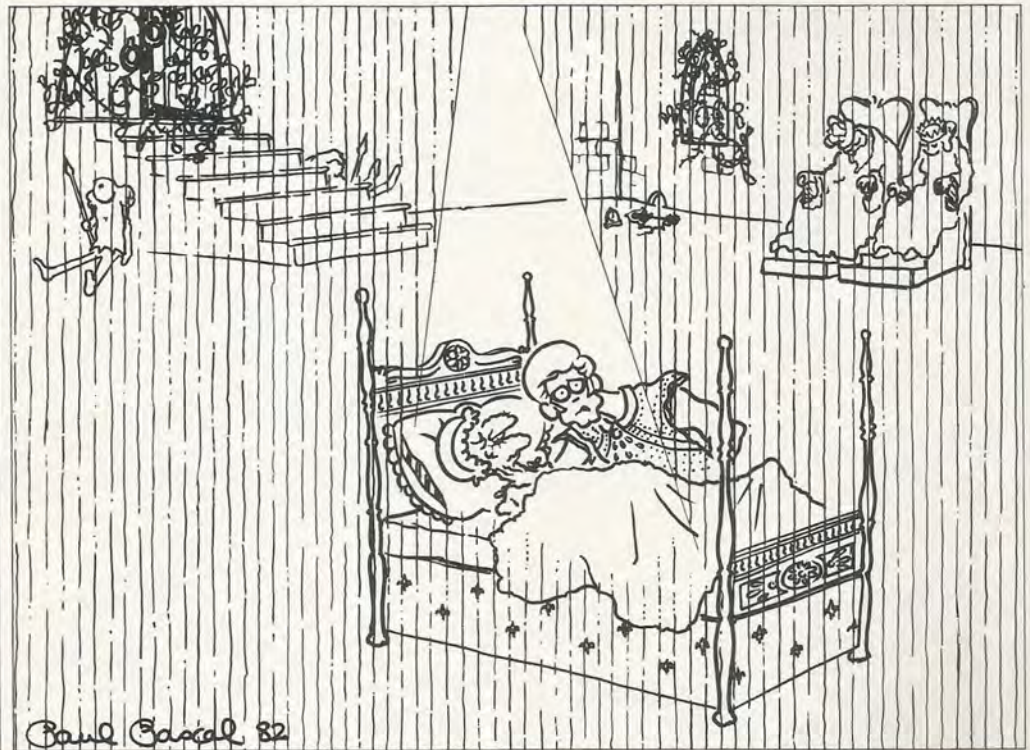
8. To maintain and enlarge the opportunities for publicity, promotion and public relations events which will serve the collective interests of CAPDO members.

Hilary McLaughlin comments:

The source of the 'guesstimate', to adopt Mr. Eldred's regrettable word, was Mr. Eldred, in a conversation we had at the initial CAPDO press conference. He assured me that he spoke only for CAPDO itself, and the group is to be commended in the event for so reducing that figure in these financially-pinched times. As he concedes the million-dollar

figure shortly after implying a criticism of it, one can only assume that once again 'interesting press' and factual reportage have worked hand in hand. As for the 'inside' budgets, I, like CAPDO, have not been party to them, but I feel entitled, as CAPDO is, to know them, since every agency involved is a public one, supported by the taxpayers in virtually its entirety. Perhaps

a summary report will be made public in due course. In any case, dance companies are about the last constituencies in the country that could be accused of being spendthrift, used as they are to financial constraints, and the Dance Spectacular, in execution and effect, was worth whatever it cost.



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National Dance

THE PROGRAMME

I 17.5 hours per week Ages 9 - 13
Ballet • Exercise • Creative Movement •
Pre-Character • Character • Pointe

II 21.5 to 27.5 hours per week Ages 14 - 17
Ballet • Pointe • Character • Pas de Deux •
Modern • Jazz

III 25 hours per week Ages 18 and over
Master Class for advanced students •
Ballet • Pointe • Pas de Deux • Modern •
Jazz • Repertoire • Variations

NOTE: Students are placed in the appropriate programme by staff, with consideration to prior training.

SPECIAL FEATURES

Seminars on Dance Injury Prevention •
Dance History • Nutrition

TEACHERS SEMINAR

(August 2 - 7)

Classes in technique and theory • films •
discussion • lecture demonstrations
Elements of both the Russian (Vaganova)
method and Cecchetti syllabus

FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION AND REGISTRATION FORMS CONTACT:

Faith E. Rynders, Registrar

Royal Winnipeg Ballet School

Professional Division

289 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba

R3B 2B4, (204) 956-0183

Early registration is recommended to ensure placement in the Professional Division Summer Session.

